

# Freezeup Near in Arctic

The glamor of adventure has changed to the monotony of isolation for five teenage lads near the roof of the world.

They are on a year's trip with Oblate Father Bernard Brown as he serves scattered mission outposts in bleak wastelands of Canada's Northwest Territories.

**THE FIVE** youngsters are Robert Haughwout, Barry Haeefe, Frank Wratni, Bryan Martin and Francis McDermott. The boys and the priest are all native Rochesterians.

Earlier reports to the Courier Journal described their trek by canoe and through forests to

each their goal at Colville more than a hundred miles above the Arctic Circle about midway between 120° and 130° west longitude.

The following account describes their work to build winter quarters before the long Arctic night settles on them.

Wednesday, Sept. 12 — Anticipating the return of Father Leising, flying our mission plane "CF-OMI," who promised to be back around Sept. 8 with a transmitter and small Onan Generator, we got cracking this Wednesday morning on our three fifty foot antenna poles. Not that we hadn't worked on them before.

Due to the fact that we were on permafrost here with sheer ice just a foot below the surface we were faced with a problem of bracing these tall masts against the terrific blasts out of the Northwest. We finally hit on the idea of two parallel

support logs stationed in cement with four legs going out ten feet spiked to buried green logs.

This morning we raised our masts on these supports and were pleased to note that they all seemed to be solid. But we couldn't really judge as there was no wind to test them in.

Father Leising has been instrumental in setting up a series of voice transmitters at our isolated posts which operate on a frequency of 4350. The master set operates from our headquarters at Fort Smith which goes on the air at 7:30 p.m. Pacific Standard time nightly calls all the missions in turn.

We were especially anxious to have a set installed at Colville as there is no means of communicating from there with the outside world. Hence our concern to see that our antenna poles meet with Department of Transport regulations no matter how difficult the terrain. In the evening Father Brown began again to frame up the steeple which must be put up before the roof is shingled. It was a beautiful evening to work with a brilliant sunset directly across the lake behind Old Baldy Mountain.

Two of the boys took the canoe and went out to visit the net. A flock of ducks swooped by; a muskrat cut a wake in the calm water. It was one of those rare warm Arctic evenings in September. Only one thing marred our usual schedule, we had run out of wine and could not have Mass. Father saved about an ounce in case no plane came before Sunday.

Thursday, Sept. 13 — A clear, calm, sunny day. We continued work on our rafters, some cutting the fire-killed trees, others facing one side with axes and finally another crew putting them up. Suddenly the old cry went up that a plane was sighted. It turned out to be an official visit of the R.C.M.P. and game warden along with the Administrator of Inuvik. They were interested mostly in Charlie Masezumi's small trading post which he ran in one end of his one room shack. The officials complained that he hadn't the price marked on all articles and that his books were not kept according to the law.

Friday, Sept. 14 — Every morning now the ground is glazed in a hard white frost. We took advantage of the continuing good weather to extend our dock out another 60 feet as the water in the lake was dropping and we feared that the big Otter could not discharge at our dock. When we reached thirty-six inches of water we quit.

Late in the afternoon a terrific scare swept through the settlement when Jos Martin, a native, out in his small kayak-like canoe to visit his nets let out a yell that he was tipping. All the village yelled encouragement and advice. Father went out in the motor boat and found Joe in near the shore in a rather dizzy coma.

It seems that these people often get that way looking down into deep water. They fear tipping as they are not good swimmers and the water is paralyzingly cold.

Saturday, Sept. 15 — Brian Martin and Barry Haeefe are helping Father put up vertical logs over the end walls while Franks McDermott and Wratni are sheeting the steeple. We are recuperating after a very hectic early morning.

When our cook, Sarah, made fire at 8 a.m. the end of the tent caught fire from the stove pipe and only quick action from the boys put the fire out before the entire tent went up. A great hole in the front end is burned out and two of the women are busy sewing in a new piece of canvas. The cookstove has been moved outside for the day. We determined to move our tent to a more sheltered spot behind the rising Mission.

But as we were preparing for this a shout of "ellakiheta" split roof.

the air. This time it was Father Leising and he landed with a load of supplies from Fort Good Hope with a promise of returning on the morrow with the new radio and Brother Jurzyck to set it up, our Brother Electrician. It was late before all hands turned to moving the big tent which was our home and our church.

Sunday, Sept. 16 — During the sermon in Slavery the drone of an aircraft was heard from the south. It was Father Leising returning with the treasured transmitter but the heavy fog kept him from landing anywhere near the settlement. He did find an open spot of water about ten miles north and set down there to spend an hour taxiing back to our settlement.

As soon as he reached our port Brother Jurzyck lost no time in getting busy on the work of setting up the transmitter and generator to run it. In the meantime Father Leising made two trips back to Good Hope to bring in building material. On the second trip he was joined by Bob Inglis of Northwest Territorial Airways in his big Otter which carried about twice the payload of our Beaver.

We did get the radio set up and working and used it first to talk with Father Leising in his aircraft. He was in a hurry to get away and bumped his tail on our dock doing some damage. Then when he gunned his motor for the takeoff we heard some terrific backfiring and wondered what could be wrong with his motor.

Later we found out that a ten gallon keg of kerosene intended for our oil lamps for the winter had accidentally been put in his gas tank at Good Hope. Luckily he switched to another tank in time. Father took away with him three of our group: Barry Haeefe, Frank McDermott and Bob Haughwout who would winter at other posts. This left Frank Wratni and Brian Martin to spend the winter with Father Brown at Colville. We tried our new transmitter that night and had a long talk with the Oblate at Fort Norman. It worked fine and we no longer felt so isolated.

Monday, Sept. 17 — The Otter returned at 10:30 and began hauling building material from Fort Good Hope which continued all day long. . . in the rain! Father Bretter, the pastor at Good Hope came in to see what we were up to on one of the trips and returned on the next. We put roofing paper on the Fish House and asphalt shingles over the workshop and kitchen section of the Mission.

At 7:30 p.m. as Bob Inglis was unloading and the bad weather continued, he decided to camp with us for the night and the his plane to our dock. We contacted our three Rochesterians at Inuvik where they had flown 300 miles north with Father Leising on the night radio schedule. They said they were already homesick for Colville Lake! Frank McDermott was the lucky one who stayed at Inuvik to help out for the winter.

Tuesday, Sept. 18 — Another white frost covers the land and we saw our first ptarmigan — northern grouse — which are already turning into their winter white plumage. Bob Inglis and his mechanic flew away south after they had eaten breakfast promising to come back and finish the freighting on Saturday. It was a sunny but windy day. The Indians are learning to put shingles down with nails and find the work very difficult and make many mistakes. They know how to work with an axe but without it they are lost.

Frank Wratni went to the nets with Alfred Masezumi and returned with a load of trout including two thirty pounders. We should open this lake to sport fishermen from Rochester next summer.

Wednesday, Sept. 19 — In a wet foggy drizzle we continued putting shingles on our vast roof and the first log support for the steeple after supper. We set our third net. It is dark now at 7:30 p.m. and we are using our small generator to light the rooftop as we can work another 2½ hours after supper. Frank got in at dark from visiting the nets, while Brian helped on the roof.



IN PHOTO ARE: Miss Ruth E. Mandell, Coordinator of Clinical Nursing, School of Nursing; Sister Constantia, Nursing Consultant, Daughters of Charity; Miss Mary Ellen Lawler, Staff Nurse in the Emergency Department, St. Mary's Hospital.

## Nursing Head Visits St. Mary's

During the week of Oct. 15 through 19, Sister Constantia, Nursing Consultant, Daughters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Maryland, visited the nursing personnel and faculty of St. Mary's Hospital.

MEMBERS of the administrative supervisory and head nurse group attended a series of daily discussions on managerial techniques and human relations. Opportunity was given during each session for free exchange of ideas and approaches to problem-solving.

Other special sessions were arranged for all other groups of workers within the hospital nursing department: Nursing Aides, Orderlies, and Child Care Technicians — to emphasize their responsibility in assisting with bedside patient care; staff nurses, to discuss their abilities and responsibilities as leaders of the Nursing Team; ward clerks, to emphasize their function in assisting

## John P. Flynn Joins DePaul Clinic Staff

The DePaul Child Guidance Clinic, a member of the diocesan Catholic Charities and a Community Chest Agency, announced last week the addition to their staff of John P. Flynn, A.C.S.W.

Flynn, who did his undergraduate work at Flint College of the University of Michigan, received his Master of Social Work degree from that univer-

Thursday, Sept. 20 — Today we raised our steeple and hung the bell to put the seal and emblem of our religion on this Mission. It went up without a hitch and looks beautiful. Father Brown followed the same pattern he had used to build a similar one for Mission St. Bernard at Camsell Portage just ten years ago this summer.

Friday, Sept. 21 — Today we finished our vast roof surface in just nine hours flat with eight men up there. In spite of terrific winds out of the SW, Brian put the rafters on our log privy while Frank came in from the nets with a 38 pound trout and two ducks. Father Brown as usual ran from one job to another helping and instructing by turns. One minute he was up on the roof cutting shingles to fit the steeple supports, then down below to fit supports for the workshop floor, then out on the dock building an unloading platform with the chainsaw.

In between times he moved his small tent behind the Mission to get out of the wind. We may still be in tents until after the ground is well-covered with snow for the winter.

Twenty-four came for the evening Mass with a half dozen receiving Communion an average for a week-day Mass. Afterwards the chief, Joe Codzie, asked in behalf of the men for the day off tomorrow in order to visit their nets and do a little hunting. There are many ducks and the ptarmigan and prairie chicken have moved into the area on their migration south.

Father readily agreed but with one reservation. . . if the plane comes as promised a crew must be mustered to unload our final shipment of materials. Silhouetted against the green fingers of the Northern Lights flocks of geese could be seen and heard winging their way south. Freezeup is imminent.

The Clinic serves the 40,000 children of the parochial school system by way of evaluation and treatment programs as well as school consultation on general mental health problems. Powers, the Clinic's executive director, anticipates that the present staff augmentation will greatly facilitate the Clinic's work.

Flynn's addition to the Clinic raises the number of professional staff personnel to eight. These include Philip Powers, Gerald H. Pashby, Arthur Connors and Mrs. Grace Meade, psychiatric social workers; Drs. Robert M. Dowling and Harold A. Schwartz, clinical psychologists, and Dr. Albert W. Sullivan, psychiatrist and Clinical Director. The administrative staff is made up of Miss Anne B. Christoff, Mrs. Marcella Tailie and Mrs. Alene Hayes.

Since that time, he has been practicing his profession of psychiatric social work at the Saginaw Valley Child Guidance Clinic in Saginaw, Michigan. He

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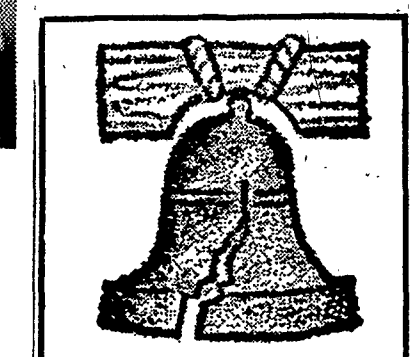
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## Noonday Book Review

Peter Wyden's well-syndicated book, "Suburbia's Coddled Kids," will be the next offering on the Noonday Book Review Slate. Dr. John P. Kelly, a suburban physician and father of six children, will do the critique.

The review will take place next Tuesday, Oct. 30 at 12:30 p.m. in the Catholic Evidence Library, 50 Chestnut Street.



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By MOST REV. FULTON J. SHEEN

The Sacred Heart never hid His scars to win a disciple. Indeed, He did just the opposite — He wore His Wounded Heart upon His sleeve. This was contrary to the advice of Shakespeare, who said: "Wear not your heart upon your sleeve for daws to peck at." But the Savior wears His Heart openly, even to have it wounded again. That is why in His revelation to St. Margaret Mary He shows His Heart rather than His Head crowned with thorns, thus indicating that His Love is wounded.

Some leave the Church because they see the scars and the crowned Head. But there are others who come into the Church because they want a challenging Faith that will take all they can give, and then want even more. Pink-pill Christianity appeals only to those who are ruled by the flesh!

Oh, that we who have the Faith might understand that the Kingdom of God is won only by passion and crucifixion! Satan tried to tempt Our Lord away from the Cross by giving Him three short cuts to being a world leader. Peter, later on, would accept the Divine Christ, but not the Suffering Christ; for that reason Our Lord called him "Satan."

Our Lord never pretended that we could find eternal life in any other way than by losing our lives in this world. Thus, at the center of each day's life is a Cross. Think of what others would do if they had our Faith, our belief in the Eucharist and in the Vicar of Christ. May we not, then, summon you to just a tiny sacrifice each day, though it be only a penny, a nickel or a dime? Begin now by putting a coin in a cup daily, and as you do it say: "I offer this in union with the Cross of Christ out of love for its preaching throughout the world by missionaries." At Christmas time, and on the sacrifice-offerings you have put into the cup. And remember, your generosity will depend upon the kind of Cross you want to bear!

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