



for kateri lovers...

something new,
 something chic:
 kateri in enamel
 on a four inch square
 ceramic tile
 mushroom colored to
 blend into any background
 by the well-known artist
 daniel lareau.

(\$2.25 postpaid.)

last towards the east is Oneida Lake, close enough to the town of the same name. Cayuga and Seneca Lakes are the most beautiful. This extraordinary country was formed by the glaciers. After descending from the northland, they dug the beds of the lakes and rivers and deposited on their banks the good tilth they carried down from the immense territory of the actual Ontario and Quebec Provinces. The Iroquois certainly chose their country well.

That day we had hoped, from Rochester, to reach Union Springs on the eastern shore of Cayuga Lake. Somehow we went astray and followed the western side of the lake to Interlaken (you would have thought yourself in Switzerland!). It mattered little since we were in Cayuga country. Morgan clearly says without beating about the bush: "The Cayuga territory extends on both sides of Lake Cayuga..." We drove up to the northern tip of the lake and down towards our destination by passing through the little town of Cayuga. It rightfully prides itself on the Cayuga Museum of History and Arts under the direction of Prof. Walter K. Long. We would have enjoyed visiting it, but museums are not open to the public on Sunday mornings.

Union Springs, a lakeshore town, was dozing in the hot sunshine. We knocked at a few doors: nobody knew anything about Indian sites. It was even difficult to find something to eat. In a cook-shop, we finally were served some doughy pizza (which I did not in the least enjoy!). As we battled with it, we listened to the news on the radio about the march of the colored people on Washington, planned for the next day. In all the churches of the United States the American Bishops have ordered the reading, at each mass, of a very straightforward letter condemning segregation.

And our Cayugas? I quickly glanced over my notes. The *Relations* mention three missions: St. René or Ontontaré two miles and a half east from the town of Savannah; St. Stephen or Thiohero, two miles north of Cayuga village; and St. Joseph or Goioien, a little south of Union Springs, where we were at the time. Without a local historian or archeologist, we could have spent hours and even days in search of the sites of these towns long ago disappeared. With a special thought for Father Stephen de Carheil, who devoted himself to the Indians in this locality, we turned towards Route 5 which led us to Oneida. At five o'clock in the afternoon, at the rectory of St. Patrick's rectory, the pastor, Father William J. Shannahan, assured us that we would be