

7 Nuns Fearful Held in Atomic Bomb Hit Area

Canadian nuns of the Order of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus, at Nagasaki, where the second atomic bomb was dropped shortly before the capitulation of Japan.

Montreal — Seven French



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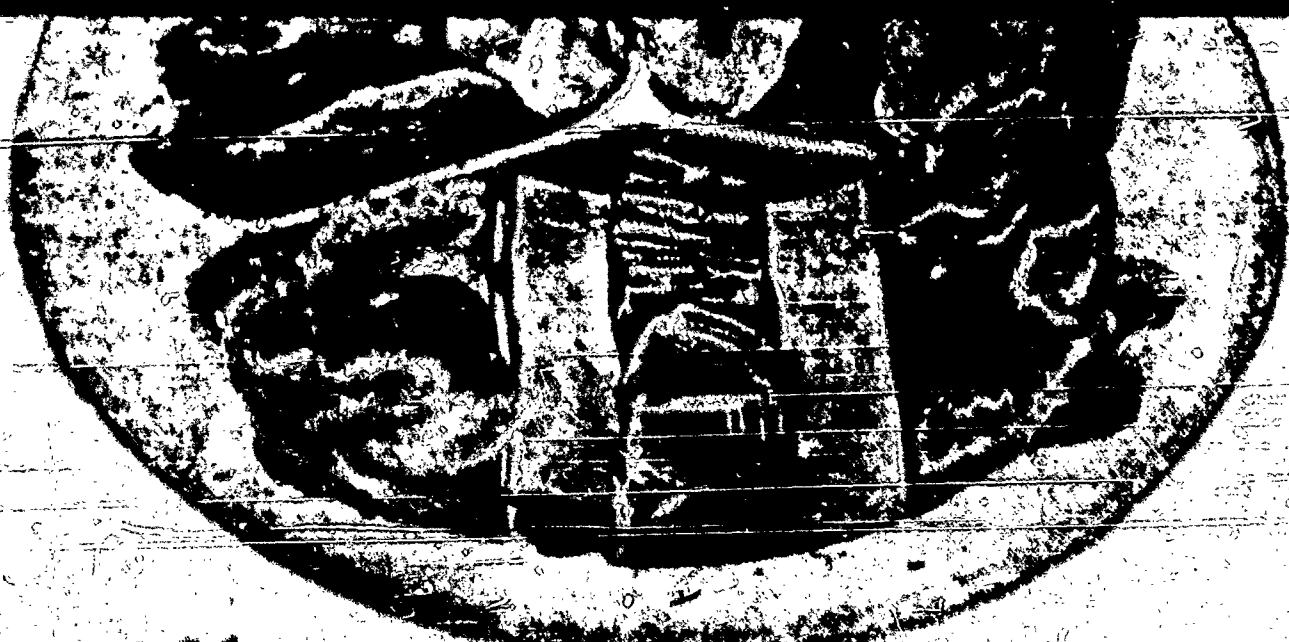
... which means very young, very new. This one a soft dressy two piece... the pattern looks wool and rayon jacket with its winged sleeves, rounded shoulders and gay contrasting spaghetti bows tops a trim black or brown skirt. 9 to 15. 10.95

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**Books on Trial**

By JOHN C. TULLY



We are supposed to believe that this is a young man's war but judging from Bill Mauldin's cartoons one would not suspect we had any combat men under fifty. Nevertheless, Mauldin has secured for his characters Joe and Willie a place in history as the classic dogfaces of the war. Many newspapers have run samples of these cartoons which have now been collected in *Up Front*, \$3.00, dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for July.

Riley Hughes of Providence College says there are only two of the scores of cartoons which show a lapse of taste, and he picks two as his favorites:

"... one showing the two officers watching the sun set over a mountain range. Says one: 'Beautiful view. Is there one for the enlisted men?' Or the infinitely tender glimpse of Joe and Willie sitting dejectedly in the marshes with their feet in the water. The captions 'Joe, yestiddy ya saved my life an' I swore I'd pay ya back. Here's my last pair of dry socks.'"

The descriptive material accompanying each cartoon was also written by Mauldin.

*This Bread*, a novel by Rosemary Buchanan, \$2.50, will excite opposing reactions. Eileen Hall, staff writer on the *Atlanta Journal*, in a *Books-on-Trial* review, says she started to read it at bedtime and kept right on to the end. "At the end of each chapter you just have to read one more."

"You know, of course, how it's all going to end, but it's imperative that you know, too, what will be the next step toward that inevitable conclusion... and the next, and the next... until both Anthony Drew, the nice young Episcopal curate and Valerie Maddox, organist and choir director, are safely within the Catholic Church and securely married to each other."

"We're still naive enough to be fascinated by this happy-ending type of book, and to wish there were more of them, many, many more, in the Catholic field. Somehow we believe this is the kind of book *The Average Catholic Reader* would really LIKE; and equally important, the kind of book *The Average Non-Catholic Reader* would also read to the last captivating sentence, whether or not he LIKED it, once he ever got started on it. Let's hope many of both classifications will make its acquaintance."

"One thing for which Miss Buchanan will probably be criticized is her characterization of Dr. Havern, Anthony's superior and rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Giles. It might, perhaps, have been better had Dr. Havern been pictured as a less disagreeable and worldly

person, lest the author be accused of belittling the Protestant clergy in general. Too many casual readers, you know, have the notion that characters in novels are supposed to be representative types rather than individuals. They may not stop to consider that, while a Dr. Havern may exist here and there in any church... yes, even the Catholic... he is not necessarily the prototype of all clergymen of that faith. Probably Miss Buchanan didn't mean him as such, but some may think she did."

**Down the Primrose Path**

By Rev. Richard Ginder

Our grandfathers had a saying that the road to hell was lined on both sides with roses. They were closer to the truth than they dreamed, for roses come on prickly stalks and, even though they do smell sweet, one would grow fairly sick of them after awhile. Even roses cloy.

Hell is the fate of those who have preferred themselves to God. We have been made for God, you know. We are like machines which lack a part, and we must remain incomplete until that part has been supplied. We are restless. We wander from place to place seeking happiness, and always it is just over the next hill.

Wasn't that wise of God? — when you think of it? If we were able to find real happiness in this life, we would stop right there and sit down forever. But no, the Lord has fixed it so that we must go on with our quest. Happiest are those who realize that only God can provide lasting happiness. Fortunate are those who, while they haven't yet discovered their need for God, still find happiness an elusive will-o'-the-wisp leading them on and on in their quest. For as long as we remain unhappy, we shall go on in our travels, up hill and down dale, in search of greener pastures, until one day we shall find a land where the sun always shines, where there is no grief, where there is nothing but peace.

Accursed are those who have paused, content with the husks of an alien land. They have preferred to be their own company for all eternity. The Lord has placed in us an appetite, a desire, for the infinite, which can be satisfied only by the Infinite God Himself, and they have chosen to feed it with their own limited natures.



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