[illegible]dly Radiation of the Atomic Bomb Claimed Many Inhabitants

[illegible] from Preceding Page

[illegible], but his appetite remained only [illegible] before the bombing, he used [illegible] rice balls at every meal, [illegible] after it he could manage [illegible] two, he felt tired all the time. [illegible] I have to realize," he said, [illegible] the whole community is [illegible]"

A year after the bomb was dropped, Miss Sasaki was a cripple; Mrs. Nakamura was destitute; Father Kleinsorge was back in the [illegible]; Dr. Sasaki was not capable of the work he once could do; Dr. Fujii had lost the thirty-room [illegible] it took him many years to acquire, and had no prospects of rebuilding it; Mr. Tanimoto's church had been ruined and he no longer had his exceptional vitality. The lives of these six people, who were among the luckiest in Hiroshima, would never be the same.

What they thought of their experiences and of the use of the atomic bomb was, of course, not unanimous. One feeling they did seem to share, however, was a curious kind of elated community spirit, something like that of the Londoners after their blitz — a pride in the way they and their fellow-survivors had stood up to a dreadful ordeal.

Just before the anniversary, Mr. Tanimoto wrote in a letter to an American some words which expressed this feeling: "What a [illegible] this was the first night! About midnight I landed on the riverbank. So many injured people lied on the ground that I made my way by striding over them.

"Repeating 'Excuse me,' I forwarded and carried a tub of water with me and gave a cup of water to each one of them.

"They raised their upper bodies slowly and accepted a cup of water with a bow and drunk quietly and, spilling any remnant, gave back a cup with hearty expression of their thankfulness, and said, 'I couldn't help my sister, who was buried under the house, because I had to take care of my mother who got a deep wound on her eye and our house soon set fire and we hardly escaped.

"'Look, I lost my home, my family, and at last myself bitterly injured. But now I have gotted my mind to dedicate what I have and to complete the war for our country's sake.' Thus they pledged to me, even women and children did the same. Being entirely tired I lied down on the ground among them, but couldn't sleep at all.

"Next morning I found many men and women dead, whom I gave water last night. But, to my great surprise, I never heard any one cried in disorder, even though they suffered in great agony. They died in silence, with no grudge, setting their teeth to bear it. All for the country!

"Dr. Y. Hiraiwa, professor of [illegible] University of Literature and Science, and one of my church members, was buried by the bomb under the two storied house with his son, a student of Tokyo University.

"Both of them could not move an inch under tremendously heavy pressure. And the house already caught fire. His son said, 'Father, we can do nothing except make our mind up to consecrate our lives for the country. Let us give Banzai to our Emperor.' Then the father followed after his son, 'Tenno-heika, Banzai, Banzai, Banzai!'

"In the result, Dr. Hiraiwa said, 'Strange to say, I felt calm and bright and peaceful spirit in my heart, when I chanted Banzai to Tenno.'

"Afterward his son got out and digged down and pulled out his father and thus they were saved. In thinking of their experience of that time Dr. Hiraiwa repeated, 'What a fortunate that we are Japanese! It was my first time I ever tasted such a beautiful spirit when I decided to die for our Emperor.'

"Miss Kayoko Nobutoki, a student of girl's high school, Hiroshima Jogakuin, and a daughter of my church member, was taking rest with her friends beside the heavy fence of the Buddhist Temple. At the moment the atomic bomb was dropped, the fence fell upon them. They could not move a bit under such a heavy fence and then smoke entered into even a crack and choked their breath.

"One of the girls begun to sing Kimi ga yo, national anthem, and others followed in chorus and died. Meanwhile, one of them found a crack and struggled hard to get out. When she was taken in the Red Cross Hospital she told how her friends died, tracing back in her memory to singing in chorus our national anthem. They were just 13 years old.

"Yes, people of Hiroshima died manly in the atomic bombing, believing that it was for Emperor's sake."

A surprising number of the people of Hiroshima remained more or less indifferent about the ethics of using the bomb. Possibly they were too terrified by it to want to think about it at all.

Not many of them even bothered to find out much about what it was like. Mrs. Nakamura's conception of it — and awe — was typical. "The atom bomb," she would say when asked about it, "is the size of a matchbox. The heat of it is six thousand times that of the sun. It exploded in the air. There is some radium in it. I don't know just how it works, but when the radium is put together, it explodes." As for the use of the bomb, she would say, "It was war and we had to expect it." And then she would add, "Shikata ga nai," a Japanese expression as common as, and corresponding to, the Russian word "nichevo": "It can't be helped. Oh, well. Too bad."

Dr. Fujii said approximately the same thing about the use of the bomb to Father Kleinsorge one evening, in German: "Da ist nichts zu machen. There's nothing to be done about it."

Many citizens of Hiroshima, however, continued to feel a hatred for Americans which nothing could possibly erase. "I see," Dr. Sasaki once said, "that they are holding a trial for war criminals in Tokyo just now. I think they ought to try the men who decided to use the bomb and they should hang them all."

Father Kleinsorge and the other German Jesuit priests, who, as foreigners, could be expected to take a relatively detached view, often discussed the ethics of using the bomb.

One of them, Father Siemes, who was out at Nagatsuka at the time of the attack, wrote in a report to the Holy See in Rome, "Some of us consider the bomb in the same category as poison gas and were against its use on a civilian population. Others were of the opinion that in total war, as carried on in Japan, there was no difference between civilians and soldiers, and that the bomb itself was an effective force tending to end the bloodshed, warning Japan to surrender and thus to avoid total destruction.

"It seems logical that he who supports total war in principle cannot complain of a war against civilians. The crux of the matter is whether total war in its present form is justifiable, even when it serves a just purpose. Does it not have material and spiritual evil as its consequences which far exceed whatever good might result? When will our moralists give us a clear answer to this question?"

It would be impossible to say what horrors were embedded in the minds of the children who lived through the day of the bombing in Hiroshima.

On the surface their recollections, months after the disaster, were of an exhilarating adventure.

Toshio Nakamura, who was ten at the time of the bombing, was soon able to talk freely, even gaily, about the experience, and a few weeks before the anniversary he wrote the following matter-of-fact essay for his teacher at Nobori-cho Primary School: "The day before the bomb, I went for a swim. In the morning, I was eating peanuts. I saw a light. I was knocked to little sister's sleeping place. When we were saved, I could only see as far as the tram. My mother and I started to pack our things. The neighbors were walking around burned and bleeding. Hataya-san told me to run away with her. I said I wanted to wait for my mother. We went to the park. A whirlwind came. At night a gas tank burned and I saw the reflection in the river. We stayed in the park one night. Next day I went to Taiko Bridge and met my girl friends Kikuki and Murakami. They were looking for their mothers. But Kikuki's mother was wounded and Murakami's mother, alas, was dead."

End of Line for Hiroshima Bus

This photo gives a graphic idea of the utter ruin which engulfed Hiroshima when the atomic bomb fell. The bus is wrecked and only a few stumps stand where trees stood in their summer glory a few days before.

Catholic Press Revival In Germany Proves Rapid

By MAX JORDAN

Munich—(NC)—The revival of Catholic publishing and journalism amidst general desolation continues to be one of the most amazing experiences for the observer in Germany.

Except for the Russian zone of occupation where the dearth of Catholic literature remains one of the serious problems of the Church, new books and periodicals come off the presses almost every week.

The firm of Josef Koesel, one of the leading pre-war Catholic German publishers whose headquarters here suffered severely in the frequent air-raids, has just resumed its activities. The firm announces six new books.

Stimmen der Zeit, another famous monthly edited by the Jesuit Fathers here, but suppressed under the Nazi regime, has now been licensed by the French authorities, with the firm of Herder in Freiburg as its old publishers.

Benedictine Monthly

Also, Benediktinische Monatsschrift, a monthly magazine edited by the Benedictine Fathers of Beuron, will once more start regular publication at an early date. "Documents," a Herder series dealing with Catholic problems in both France and Germany in the languages of the two countries, continues to be received with growing interest.

The German Catholic Charities organization has been authorized to issue its own monthly magazine under the title Charitas. In Koblenz, Begegnung edited by Wilhelm Peuler and Helmut Meisner, has now seven issues to show. It seeks to promote better understanding between Catholics and Protestants and counts among its contributors many distinguished writers.

At Regensburg, the firm of Josef Habbel again publishes Father Alois Wurm's Seele, a monthly which ever since its foundation has had a wide following throughout Europe's German-speaking territories and even overseas, and now appears in its 22nd year.

At Nuremberg, the Glock and Lutz Verlag has established a new bi-monthly Die Besinnung, which proposes to revive the best of Catholic traditions in Germany in the light of recent experiences.

Stresses Common Heritage

Another Catholic periodical that promises well for the future is Neues Abendland, published monthly by Johann Wilhelm Naumann at Augsburg and edited by Walter Ferber. The magazine stresses the common heritage of Christian civilization in the life of all Europe. To promote its fuller appreciation, the publisher has announced a competition for a novel on the theme of the struggle between Christianity and Nazism.

Mention should also be made of the inter-denominational Christian monthly Die Luecke, of Heidelberg, which is profusely illustrated and gives proper recognition to Catholic values.

In the youth field, Michael, once the foremost organ of the Catholic youth groups of Germany, is now published as a fortnightly magazine by the reborn Carolus-Verlag of Frankfurt am Main, with Dr. Johannes Maassen as editor.

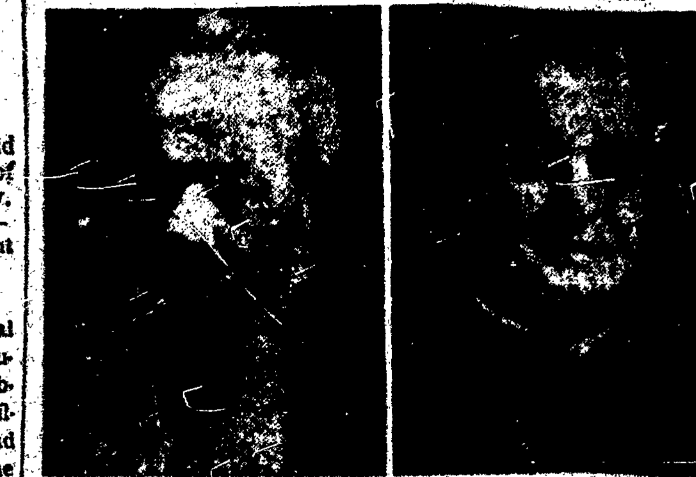
Another fortnightly, Ende und Anfag, issued by the Kyriosverlag at Meitingen near Augsburg, seeks to encourage independent thinking among the younger generation, in harmony with Catholic teachings.

Argentine Cardinal Lists Youth Program

Buenos Aires — (NC) — A three point apostolate has been recommended to the Catholic youth of Argentina by His Eminence Santiago Luis Cardinal Coppello, Archbishop of Beunos Aires before the Fourth Federal Youth Assembly of Argentine Catholic Action.

The program included widespread charity work among the needy, an educational campaign to remind citizens of their serious moral obligations in exercising their civil rights, and a concerted effort to instill the practice of vital Catholicism among Argentinians.

BENEDICTINES CENTENARY



Ceremonies held this week at St. Vincent's Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., marked the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the first group of Benedictines to found a monastery in the United States. Other sons of St. Benedict had been here before as missionaries, but those who came in 1846 established St. Vincent's, and from this archabbey other Benedictines subsequently went out to found other prominent Benedictine establishments in this country. Archabbot Boniface Wimmer (left), was the founder of St. Vincent's. He was born at Thalmassing, Bavaria, Germany, January 14, 1809, and died at St. Vincent's on December 8, 1887. Archabbot Alfred Koch (right) is the present head of St. Vincent's Archabbey. He, too, was born in Bavaria. He has been Archabbot since 1930. (NC Photos)

Prayer For A Bride

(The following prayer was found among the effects of a young bride who died during an operation for appendicitis. She was only twenty-five years old, and had been married fourteen months.)

A BRIDE'S PRAYER

O Father, my heart is filled with a happiness so wonderful I am almost afraid. This is my wedding Day. I pray Thee that the beautiful joy of this morning may never grow dim with the tears of regret for the step I am about to take. Rather may its memories become more sweet and tender with each passing anniversary.

Thou hast sent me one who seems all worthy of my deepest regard. Grant unto me the power to keep him ever true and loving as now. May I prove indeed a helpmate, a sweetheart, a friend, a steadfast guiding star among all the temptations that beset the impulsive heart of mine.

Give me skill to make home the best loved place of all. Help me to make its light gleam rather than any glow that would dim its radiance. Let me, I pray Thee, meet the little misunderstandings and cares of life more bravely.

Be with me as I start my mission of womanhood, and stay Thou my path from failure all the way. Walk with us even unto the end of our journey. O Father bless my Wedding Day, Hallow my Marriage night, Sanctify my Motherhood if Thou seest fit to grant me that privilege. And when all my youthful charms are gone and cares and lessons have left their traces, let physical fascination give way to the greatest charm of companionship.

And so may we walk hand in hand down the highway of the valley of the shadow which we will be able to lighten with the sunshine of good and happy lives.

O Father this is my prayer. Hear me, I beseech Thee. Amen.

The name of the bride was Mrs. Norman Drevers, and the above is being sent for publication by the Rev. Irenaeus Herscher, O.F.M., Librarian, St. Bonaventure College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. A printed copy of the above prayer will be sent by him upon request accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Toni and Her Favorite Circus Clown

"Toni will belong to the whole circus for the time being," said Mr. Randolph, and since he was the owner of the circus his word was law.

Beelie, the lady lion tamer, took the child under her care, [illegible] saw that she was clean, properly dressed, well fed, and got the proper hours of sleep. Stella would have loved having Toni for her own little girl.

Mrs. Brown, the wardrobe mistress, wanted to add Toni to her already large family. It was Mrs. Brown who made the spangled costumes Toni wore when she rode a prancing white horse in the parades.

Mr. Scarelli, who taught Toni to whirl a baton and be drum major for the band, hoped the little girl would want to stay with him and Mrs. Scarelli, because they didn't have any children of their own.

There were others, too, who wished to adopt small Antoinette, called Toni for short. Mr. Randolph wanted to be sure that the child had the best possible care. He ruled that for the whole spring season Toni should belong to all of them. He would watch the child and decide what would be best for her. And everyone had to agree.

The circus left winter quarters and went on tour. The busy, exciting days slipped by. And as the season advanced everyone noticed that Toni was more and more drawn to one member of the troupe who had not tried to claim her. 'Lonzo the clown became Toni's favorite.

Everyone knew Toni had been made an orphan when an auto accident took her parents' lives. They had been trapeze and tight rope performers in the circus. They left their little girl well provided with a trust fund for her education but a child must belong to someone special, and many members of the circus wanted to adopt Toni.

'Lonzo was a man of mystery to the circus people. He was well educated and seemed to have enough money so that he didn't need to work. His merry eyes and friendly smile won everyone's heart. 'Lonzo just seemed to be so happy he had to spread his joy to others. He was a wonderful clown.

Toni never tired of watching 'Lonzo perform in the big tent. Her delighted laughter rang out over the shouts of the children in the audience. But it was when the two talked quietly together that Toni learned to love 'Lonzo.

Most of the circus people tried to make Toni forget her parents. 'Lonzo spoke of them often, making her feel how they loved and watched over her from their place in the dear Presence of God. 'Lonzo could talk to Toni of the angels and saints who had been dear to her mother and father. 'Lonzo knew just about everything, Toni thought.

Toni began to wish that 'Lonzo wanted her as the others did but 'Lonzo never even hinted at such a thing. One day Toni told Mr. Randolph how she felt about 'Lonzo. Mr. Randolph called 'Lonzo into his office for a long, earnest conversation. When 'Lonzo came out there was tender, serious look in his twinkling eyes.

When the circus arrived for a long stay in a lovely city in the South, 'Lonzo one day invited Toni to make a tour with him.

"Are we going any special place, 'Lonzo?"

"Yes, we are going to visit a convent," answered 'Lonzo.

"Will there be sisters there? I know about sisters. My mother told me."

"There will be sisters, especially one," said 'Lonzo.

The two came to the beautiful grounds of a convent. It was a boarding school, too. Girls of all sizes were playing under the trees. 'Lonzo left Toni by a Grotto and went up to the house. He came back with a young sister whom Toni loved at first sight.

The young sister showed Toni and 'Lonzo all through the school. At every step Toni grew more excited. At last they returned to the Grotto and sat on the bench near the brook.

"This is a wonderful place," said Toni. "Lonzo, how do you happen to know just exactly what little girls like?"

"I had a little girl of my own, Toni. Her mother died when she was just your age."

"Oh, how did you take care of her?" Toni leaned on 'Lonzo's knee and looked up into his face.

"The best place for a little girl whose mother was dead, I thought, was with the sisters," answered 'Lonzo. "I brought my little Mary here to go to school."

"Here, 'Lonzo? At this very convent?"

"Yes, here. Oh, I had Mary with me at vacation time. We traveled a lot, even to Europe a time or two. Mary came back here to the convent. She grew into a lovely young lady, the pride of my heart."

"But, 'Lonzo, where is Mary now?"

"I showed Mary the kingdoms of the world, Toni, but Mary chose to come back here to stay for always, to take care of other little girls."

Toni turned to the young sister. She looked up into Sister's eyes. Then she noticed something. Sister's eyes were the same color and had the same twinkle Toni loved in 'Lonzo's. Toni understood.

"You, Sister. Is it you?"

Toni drew a long, trembling breath.

"Lonzo," she asked, "Would you like to have another little girl to take care of you just exactly as you took care of Mary?"

Grounds of Agreement

By Rev. Richard Ginder

Catholics and Protestants, as we eye one another, are often likely to forget that we are bound by close ties in this twentieth century battle against the forces of unbelief. We are so close to one another that, missing the forest for the trees, we tend to enlarge upon our differences rather than upon our points of agreement.

Just think of it — all of us receive the Bible as the Word of God. All of us take our oath upon it and there are many of us, Catholics and Protestants, who spend many hours of each week perusing its sacred pages.

We believe in God, of course, and most of us believe in the Holy Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with the truth included in that belief, namely, that Jesus of Nazareth was at once true God and true man.

We believe, Catholics and Protestants, that we have a soul destined to live forever, and that the human race has been redeemed by the death of Jesus on Calvary. We believe, as well, that we have not here a lasting city, that we have been created for a better day, that after death there shall come a glorious reunion with our family and friends in eternity.

We believe in sin. Think of that and all it means! We admit the Ten Commandments and in the next breath, we grant it is possible, for man, a free agent, to go against the law of God and place himself in what we call the state of sin.

We believe in the great dignity of the individual — whether he be weak or strong, genius or imbecile. A man's a man, beloved of God and deserving respect from his fellow men.

We follow the Law of Love, the Golden Rule laid down for us by our Saviour. Catholic or Protestant, we call the same God our Father, the same Christ our Brother.

There are differences, it is true — important differences which lead each to follow his own conscience wherever it takes him.

But we have so much in common, we stand to lose so much by sniping and bitterness; we gain so much by practising charity; our enemies are more rabid, more violent, more powerful than ever before in history, why can't we join hands and make common cause against the forces of godlessness.

Convert Priest Is Oxford Chaplain

London — (NC) — Msgr. Valentine Elwes, private secretary to the late Arthur Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, has been appointed by the British Hierarchy to be chaplain to the Catholic students of Oxford University.

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ONTARIO	1,679
SCHUYLER	104
SENECA	453
STEUBEN	1,755
TIOGA	434
TOMPKINS	575
WAYNE	677
YATES	234
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