

PM

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1945

Men Cheer, Boys Shout, Ladies, They All Turn Out

Complete, ineffable joy is epidemic these hours from the rock-bound coasts of Maine to the sunny slopes of California.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific President Truman's announcement of the Japanese surrender touched off the wildest and nosiest victory celebration in the nation's history.

This was the day that meant Johnny would come marching home. In the President's words:

"This is a great day . . . the day we've been looking for since Dec. 7." It was that day and the folks went to it.

In the capital, says Ruth Moore of the *Chicago Sun's* bureau, the roar was like that of the sea. "We want Truman, we want Truman," chanted the crowd jammed against the iron grille of the White House fence, filling Pennsylvania Avenue and overflowing in every direction. The words were clear above the honking of horns and the mounting sound that seemed to fill the sky as well as the ground.

Let Her Rip

In a few minutes the Missourian who, by a strange twist of fate, had been brought to the historic house in a historic moment, came out of the columned portico. As the people saw him the roar changed to a happy, welcoming scream. The President with Mrs. Truman, realizing that he was too far away for the people to see him, walked with her down the White House lawn toward the fence.

The Capital, which up to that time had refrained from cele-
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Cheer

brating, then let go for fair. Traffic stopped, every single person kept up a continual yelling. People grabbed each other, slapped backs, formed crazy dancing snake lines, jumped, waved, kissed, shoved, sweated, blew horns, rang bells, cried, laughed. Down on F street thousands sang Hail, hail, the gang's all here, and guests at the Willard hotel slit pillows to toss their feathers on the thousands below.

Fully Clothed

It was the same stuff with slight variations all over.

In Los Angeles and Hollywood, wildly cheering throngs filled the streets. Bars were closed but bottles were in evidence. In 'Frisco a mob of yelling sailors tore 'down a sign that said, "Air Raid Shelter," and an old woman with a rhinestone American flag pinned on her lapel stood on the curb with tears streaming down her face.

Eastward in Chicago, where a premature celebration had died down, the situation flared up again.

The show went on in Indianapolis where young people had been jumping fully clothed into the fountain pool of the Indiana Soldiers and Sailors monument.

In a Denver Hotel a soldier fell out of a third story window and was killed.

In Green Bay, Wis., street dept. employees made a calliope from a dozen whistles and a portable air compressor and let her go.

People danced in Detroit streets, some 4000 workers in a Rouge River plant walking out early to get going.

Conservative Independence, Mo., President Truman's home town, went "plumb wild" according to the police desk. For the first time in its 125 years of existence confetti covered the square where the people danced.

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