

YANK

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BOSTON Boston's peace celebration exploded suddenly after the official news of Japanese surrender poured out of countless radios. All morning and afternoon, while many other cities were already wildly celebrating, the Hub, with true New England caution, waited soberly for confirmation.

But this staid attitude was swept away in a surging tide of mass enthusiasm a few minutes after the news came. In a celebration that topped Boston's two-day madness following the collapse of Germany in 1918, over three-quarters of a million people crammed narrow, twisting downtown streets and the famous Common in the wildest riot of noise in the city's long history. It was like 50 New Year's Eves rolled into one.

The most general impulse seemed to be to shout, sing and hug passers-by. For men in uniform the celebration seemed to be more of a kissing fest than anything else. They were seized by girls and women of all ages, and their faces soon burst out in what the movie ads would have called "flaming Technicolor," because of the varied hues of lipstick prints.

Doors of hundreds of churches were opened, and many thousands entered them briefly, if only to pause in silence for a few moments in gratitude in the midst of an evening in which many ordinarily powerful Boston inhibitions were swept aside.

Though nearly 200 persons required treatment for minor hurts, as they were squeezed and pushed around in the throngs, there were no serious accidents.

The next day, happily, was a holiday, so Boston's celebrators enjoyed a late morning's sleep. They needed it.

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