

YANK

THE ARMY

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SAN FRANCISCO Peace brought something akin to a state of chaos to the Pacific's largest port of embarkation. The good news was almost too much for San Francisco. Hundreds were injured and a number killed in a celebration that lasted two nights and that at no time had any element of the peaceful about it.

Some of the highlights: Firecrackers, hoarded in Chinatown for eight years, rattled like machine guns. . . . Servicemen and civilians played tug-of-war with fire hose. . . . Market Street, the wide, bar-lined thoroughfare that has long been the center of interest for visiting GIs and sailors, was littered with the wreckage of smashed War Bond booths and broken bottles. . . . A plump redhead danced naked on the base of the city's Native Sons monument after servicemen had torn her clothes off. A sailor lent the woman a coat, and the pair disappeared.

Marine Pfc. James Prim, 34, had as much to celebrate as anybody in San Francisco. He had come safely through bitter South Pacific campaigns. In the early hours of August 15, when the mass hilarity was at its height, Prim fell down a flight of stairs. He died of a fractured skull.

There were thousands of San Franciscans who marked the day soberly and with prayer, but the end of the second World War seems likely to be remembered here as a celebration that got way out of bounds.