

*This is sure a clear story of how Japan looks to me everywhere I've been.*



Two Japanese civilians walk on a road cleared through the dead ruins of Hiroshima. For four square miles the city was left in total destruction by the atomic bomb.

**H**IROSHIMA—In the bombed-out cities of Europe there were always plenty of eyewitnesses who were only too eager to tell you exactly how it was the day their house fell in. It wasn't like that in Hiroshima when I came here with the first group of Americans to enter the city since it was almost completely destroyed by our atomic bomb on Aug. 6. For the first two hours, as we walked through the utterly demolished downtown section, we couldn't find a single Jap on the streets who had been here when the bomb landed. Practically all eyewitnesses seemed to be dead or in the hospital.

"I knew lots of Hiroshima people, but only one of my friends survived safely," said the Japanese naval officer who acted as our interpreter. "He was at work in the second floor of a building. He fell through to the basement. Everybody else in the building was killed or injured, but he wasn't hurt."

The scarcity of healthy survivors gives some idea what our first and most effective atomic

bomb did when it struck Japan. There's no doubt when you look at it that Hiroshima is the greatest man-made disaster in the history of the world.

You can stand at its center and for four square miles around there is nothing but total destruction. The only things left standing are a few concrete-reinforced buildings, with their insides charred and ruined, an occasional bare chimney, and trees with every limb and every leaf torn off.

The fire engines that the city needed so badly are still standing in the fire station, their radiators folded inward like accordions and their mechanisms scattered on the floor.

The hospital which people tried to reach is a hollow, blackened shell.

In parts of the outskirts the smell of the dead under the debris is unbearable. In the center of the town there are not enough ruins to hide a corpse. Everything is level ashes.

We found that the few surviving Japs who

had been in Hiroshima the day the bomb fell became inarticulate when we asked them to describe what they had seen and done during the blast and during the few hours that followed the explosions. In reply to our questions, they would just stare at the ceiling and stare at the floor. Then they would make a helpless gesture with their hands and say things like, "The town was in the worst condition you can consider," or, "I was terrible beyond imagination." Evidently the people in Hiroshima were too shaken and too stunned to notice much about what they were doing or what was going on around them that morning of Aug. 6.

One of the Japs we talked to was a Government official named Hirokuni Dazai, a little fellow with a bandaged head who described his job as Commissioner of Public Thought Control in the Hiroshima district. Dazai returned to Hiroshima from a trip to Tokyo only 40 minutes before the bomb fell. There had been an air-raid alarm shortly before 8 o'clock that morning, but Dazai



remains are burned to almost nothing. You see a bit of machinery or a chimney here and there, and every 50 yards or so a cast-iron or steel safe, probably with a roll of bank notes and the bookkeeper's ledger still inside it.

As you bounce your way into South Tokyo, the concrete highways in Japan give you the feeling that they haven't been repaired in five years. There are increasingly more signs of bomb destruction. Jap families have gone back into the ruins of their homes and made little shacks out of the pieces of sheet metal and slabs of blackened wood, and you get the impression that you're driving through a hobo jungle. Whole families peer out as you pass, and a little boy grins and salutes. On the edge of Tokyo a man and a woman who have evidently heard that the war is over are busy with shovels filling a bomb shelter.

**D**OWNTOWN Tokyo looks badly beaten. Along the *GINZA*, which is the Japanese Fifth Avenue, every other building is either burned to the ground or wrecked inside. A lot of the department stores and smart shops have English and French signs over their doors. The Brett Pharmacy looks like a typical American super-drugstore, but only its front is standing. There is nothing inside except a stream of water bubbling up from a broken pipe where a soda fountain may have been.

The few large stores which are still intact are swanky ones with indirect lighting and subdued color schemes. Their display windows are covered with heavy, brown, corrugated metal screens and they haven't much to sell. The entertainment and night-club district has also been hard hit. A few of the movie houses are still operating and there are long lines of people outside them waiting to buy tickets. There are lines outside the newspaper offices, too. The press runs of the afternoon editions are small, and it's first come, first served.

The section of Tokyo which suffered most from the punishment handed out by the B-29s was Asakusa Ku, a residential section with a population of 140,000 per square mile. Probably it was the most thickly populated city district in the world. There is hardly anything left of it today.

Our official estimate of the bomb damage in Tokyo is 52 percent of the city. Air Force Intelligence officers visiting Tokyo now think the percentage is really higher than that. A great many buildings which showed up as undamaged on our aerial photographs are destroyed and useless. The bombing here, of course, was all incendiary work and the targets were whole areas of the city rather than individual buildings. The idea was to get small shops and factories—optical, electrical, tool-making and precision-instrument plants that the Japanese war effort depended on heavily but that could not be attacked individually.

Tokyo looks as though the Strategic Air Forces carried out the idea almost to perfection. You can see evidence of the people's fear of the Superforts everywhere. No city in Europe ever dug as many bomb shelters as this one. Every sidewalk is lined with them. They are shallow affairs, with cement walls and two entrances.

There isn't much traffic on the streets except for dilapidated Army trucks, a few busses and overloaded streetcars and, of course, bicycles. The few people who remain look down-at-the-heel and shabby. Their clothes need cleaning, and only a few of them have leather shoes. Practically all the men and women wear clumsy wooden slippers that clack on the pavement. Most of them look as though they have not been eating regularly. I haven't yet seen a fat person in Tokyo. The women, who wear baggy pants, look well padded but shapeless, as though they were carrying more layers of cotton than flesh.

The people of Tokyo are taking the arrival of the first few Americans with impeccable Japanese calm. Sometimes they turn and look at us twice, but they have shown no emotion towards us except a mild curiosity and occasional amusement. They don't seem to be trying to sell us a bill of goods, as the Germans did after VE-Day. They are still proud and a little bit superior. They know they lost the war, but they are not apologizing for it. In general, their attitude seems to be: The war is over and you won, now you go on about your business and we will take care of ourselves. We don't need any help from you.

The higher-ranking Army officers, wearing their long *Samurai* swords and high tan boots, look at the Americans coldly and cross to the other side of the street to avoid walking near them. The

Japanese enlisted men stare at us with their mouths a little bit open, but without fear or anger. The Japs are great umbrella carriers. It was drizzling the first couple of days we were in Tokyo and, without doing it noticeably, the Jap girls and older women would maneuver their umbrellas so that when they passed us on the street their faces would be hidden from us. Nobody here wants to have much to do with us. It looks as if there will be no fraternization problem in Japan. It also looks as if we will have no trouble from the Japs. They do a wonderful job of hiding their feelings. I have not seen a single Jap anywhere in Tokyo making any kind of an angry or unfriendly gesture or facial expression.

When we come near to what we think is an average Jap, it is hard to tell yet exactly what he feels about the future and about the way the war turned out for him, because the average Jap speaks no English. The English-speaking Japs are not average Japs. They are people who have lived abroad and who are better educated than the rank-and-file.

One of the English-speaking Japs I talked with in Tokyo was a newspaperman who said that he and most of the other intelligent people in Japan knew for more than a year that Japan was going to lose the war. The suddenness of the ending came as a big surprise to him, however; he said that everybody expected it to last another year. I asked him about the reports I had heard in Guam and Okinawa about the people in Tokyo dancing and singing in the streets with joy when the news of the surrender came. He said that the reaction was just the opposite. Instead of singing, most of the people were crying. For an hour or so, he added, they were excited and sorrowful. After that, they gained control of their feelings.

I asked how much the people knew about the war and if it were true that many of them thought the Japs were fighting in California. He said that nobody here ever believed that their troops had invaded the U. S. and that the Jap Government had never spread such an impression. "But," he added, a little proudly, "we shelled your California coast from a submarine early in the war, didn't we?" Then he mentioned the Jap diplomats who conferred with Cordell Hull while Pearl Harbor was being attacked. He seemed to think it was a big joke.

"Do you know that you could have invaded Hawaii easily after that attack on Pearl Harbor?" I asked him. "Our defenses there were not strong. Our defenses in California were not strong, either, in 1941. You could have invaded there. Why didn't you do it?"

He shrugged his shoulders: "The lines of supply would have been too long for us to maintain." "If the lines of supply were too long for you to maintain, why did you go to war against us?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders again, and we changed the subject. He told me that he had been to Hiroshima a few days ago to visit relatives and found them all dead from the atomic bombing. "There is absolutely nothing left in Hiroshima," he said, and he wanted to know if it was true that the soil there would be barren for the next 70 years because of radioactivity.

**H**E asked how much press censorship we had in the U. S. during the war. When I told him that anybody could criticize the war effort in the newspapers and that the press quoted opponents of our administration, he was amazed, although he admitted he had heard such was the case. "That's what we hope to be able to do here in Japan now that the war is over," he added. When I told him that a number of American war correspondents in the Pacific were considering nominating the Domei News Agency for a Pulitzer journalism prize because it had scooped the world on the Jap surrender, he laughed. Then I showed him some pictures in *YANK* of the terrific construction job that the Army Engineers and Seabees had done in the Marianas during the past year and told him that they were now doing the same thing in Okinawa. He was hardly able to believe it. "Japan doesn't have equipment for such work," he said.

As a matter of fact, most of the GIs who arrived here with the early occupation forces can't get over the lack of transportation and engineering equipment in Japan and the poor quality of the little rolling stock that is available. There are quite a few good American cars—Fords, Studebakers and Buicks—but the Japs have ruined

them with poor fuel and bad mechanics. I rode from Yokohama to Tokyo in an antique passenger bus, a sort of motorized Toonerville Trolley with creaking, blue-plush seats. Every two miles or so the driver had to climb out to clear the gas-line.

GIs who have been looking forward to a good time in Tokyo are in for a big disappointment. The town hasn't much to offer. It is too thoroughly burned out to have much excitement or entertainment, and the people are in no mood to give any American a warm welcome. There isn't much to drink except beer, and in most places they don't sell even that in the daytime. Sake is rationed.

The food is pretty bad. The Japanese serve canned salmon and canned sardines morning, noon and night, generally with cold potato salad and in a very tasteless fashion. The bread isn't good and the eggs are powdered. The day I arrived here I had lunch at the Imperial Hotel, the best hotel in Tokyo. The meal started with a thick soup made out of barley or some other kind of grain. Then there was a piece of salmon fried in a batter of brown gravy which did not exactly make me smack my lips in glee. Then came a dish with a little boiled cabbage and a lot of things that looked like boiled scallions on it. These turned out to be little pieces of soggy dough. Finally there was a glass of hot tea that didn't taste like tea. The whole meal cost only 30 cents in American money, but it wasn't worth 15.

**I**F you are lucky enough to find a room in Tokyo you soon discover that the bed is as hard as a rock. The pillow is a thing shaped like a loaf of bread and filled with something that feels like gravel. They don't have screens on most of the windows and Japan, at this time of the year, is full of mosquitoes and various other kinds of bugs. The bathrooms are really something. They do not have toilets as we know them; just porcelain holes in the floor. They don't have showers or the kind of tubs we use in the States. Instead, each bathroom contains four stone tubs. The first tub is filled with warm water; you get into it and bathe and wash off. The next has cold water; you get into it and shiver. Then you dip yourself in the third tub, which has more warm water, and finally you finish off in the fourth, which is cold again.

Tokyo, like every place we've been in Japan so far, is dull, drab and depressing. The first afternoon I was here I went to have a look at the Emperor's palace. It is beautifully laid out in the center of a huge park, but you can't actually see the palace itself. A moat and a high stone wall separate the palace compound from the rest of the world and there is another moat inside the first one that separates the palace from the rest of the palace compound. It is forbidden to drive a vehicle even near the first moat; you have to get out a quarter of a mile away and walk to it. When you get there guards won't let you cross it, but they'll let you stand around. All day long Japs keep coming to the entrance to the palace grounds, alone or in pairs or sometimes in family groups. They stand silently for a few moments facing the Emperor's quarters and then they bow down in prayer. After that, they put on their hats and walk away.

The day I was there a Buddhist priest wearing yellow robes was facing the palace, beating on a drum. Two officers in the Jap Army came up and stood rigidly at attention, gazing in the same direction. Then they bent from the waist, prayed and snapped a salute. Before leaving, one of the officers turned and looked at me. His face showed nothing, but it was easy to see that he hated my guts and thought it a sacrilege for an American to be so close to the Emperor's presence.

An elderly man with a girl in her 'twenties maybe his daughter, came up nearby. The girl knelt and leaned forward until her face touched the ground. The old man bent over respectfully and prayed for a few moments while the girl still crouched on the ground. Then the man put on his hat and came over to me, smiling. "You are from Baltimore?" he asked. I told him I wasn't and explained where I came from in the States. "I have been in Baltimore and New York and Chicago many years now," he said. "Well, the war is over now and we are no longer enemies. Let us hope we can forget it. There is no need of talking about it."

Just then a B-29 on a sightseeing tour roared low over the palace grounds. The old man looked up at it. "We were wrong," he said. "Yes, we were very wrong."



**A GI eye-witness report on metropolitan landmarks of the air campaign that brought Japan to her knees—Nagasaki, where the second atomic bomb fell, Tokyo, gutted by incendiaries, Hiroshima, where the first atomic bomb leveled 4 square miles.**

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**I**N A B-17 OVER NAGASAKI—Looking down on the vast stretches of level reddish-brown earth that used to be the smoky and crowded industrial section of this big steel city, you can understand why Japan decided to quit the war a few hours after the second American atomic bomb landed here on Aug. 9.

The heart of the city of Nagasaki was squeezed empty by the flash of the bomb, which threw out heat waves estimated by some scientists at 3,600,000,000° F. And even from the windows of this Fortress, as it soars unmolested over the remaining rooftops and dips down to 25 feet above the

water along the shipyards and docks, you get the impression that the hearts of the people of Nagasaki are empty, too. A few of them on the streets and at the ferryboat terminal pause to look up at the plane. But most of them just keep on walking, paying no attention. Seemingly they wouldn't give a damn one way or another if 10,000 American planes came over and buzzed their homes.

A popular GI opinion concerning the atomic-bombed cities has been that no American soldier, especially a soldier from the American Army Air Forces, would be able to set foot near Nagasaki or Hiroshima for the next 20 years. They were saying how people here must be filled with bitter longing for vengeance and how they

would surely tear to bits any American they could get their hands on. We won't know for sure until we go into Nagasaki on foot, but it doesn't seem that way from our 200- and sometimes 100-foot altitudes. Ours is one of the first unarmed American planes to fly over Japan and at these low altitudes we'd make a nice target for any kind of firearms. But we haven't seen anything below beyond docile indifference.

Eight miles down the bay from Nagasaki there's an Allied PW camp on a small island called Koyagi Shima. Capt. Mark Magnan of Milwaukee, a veteran ETO combat pilot who was flying the *Headliner*, our Fortress, buzzed low over this camp several times while T/Sgt. Jack Goetz of Fayetteville, Pa., engineer, and S/Sgt. George A. Kilzer of Richardson, N. D., tossed 10-in-1 rations out the rear door. The prisoners had rigged up British, American, Chinese and Dutch flags on their buildings and were scattered outside the enclosure, apparently unguarded. If the people of Nagasaki had been filled with bitter hatred of their enemies after the atomic bombing, it seems logical that they

# 3 BEATEN CITIES

## NAGASAKI

This is what was left of the industrial city of Nagasaki after the atomic bomb hit it.



would have stormed every nearby PW camp and lynched the inmates.

And every inch of Nagasaki wasn't completely demolished, either. This may have been a result of the geographical layout and the ter-  
 itation of the atomic bomb. Nagasaki is divided in half by a bay and a river. Part of its residen-  
 tial and downtown section lies in a valley be-  
 tween two hills. The reddish-brown atomic de-  
 struction covers almost everything outside the  
 valley but it apparently didn't get inside. About  
 40 or 50 percent of the town seemed to have  
 been utterly demolished.

The destruction in Nagasaki looks nothing  
 like the debris in Cassino or Leghorn. The  
 strange thing here is the utter absence of rub-  
 ble. You can see a couple of square miles of  
 reddish-brown desolation with nothing left but  
 the outlines of houses, a bit of wall here and  
 half a chimney there. In this area you will see a  
 road, and the road will be completely clean. It is  
 too soon after the bombing for the Japs to have  
 done any cleaning of the roads and you can't see

a single brick or pile of broken plaster or lumber  
 on any street or sidewalk in the town. Evidently  
 the bomb blast demolishes the wreckage as well  
 as the buildings themselves, just as the scientists  
 say it does.

The bomb blast does strange things. Like that  
 of the V-1s in London last year, it sweeps an  
 area but skips some buildings there altogether.  
 Here and there in the middle of the leveled  
 section of town we could see factories standing  
 alone and looking like hollow boxes, with their  
 roofs, doors and windows gone but with four  
 concrete or stone walls still up. Most of the  
 bridges across the river that divides Nagasaki  
 are still intact. So are the railroad tracks spider-  
 webbing its good-sized freight yard. According to  
 reports, most of the railroad cars came into Naga-  
 saki from other parts of Japan with relief supplies  
 after the atomic bombing, and it is obvious that  
 they wouldn't have been able to make it if the  
 blast had destroyed the tracks they had to travel  
 on.

The atomic blast spread out over plenty of  
 distance where it wasn't halted by hills or wa-

ter. We could see fields far on the town's out-  
 skirts burned brown.

The Mitsubishi Steel and Arms Works, the  
 same thing to Nagasaki that Jones & Laughlin  
 or U. S. Steel are to Pittsburgh, won't be paying  
 a dividend to its stockholders. Some of its build-  
 ings are mere twisted piles of girders. Others  
 are not around any more.

Flying over Nagasaki, as we did for a full  
 half-hour, circling roof tops and diving so low  
 that you could see clearly the faces of its people,  
 you get a much more convincing impression of  
 the power and the finality of the atomic bomb  
 than you can get from any photos that have  
 been taken to date. The great empty areas, cov-  
 ering so many square miles of city blocks, al-  
 most take your breath away when you first see  
 them. The thing that hits you is not the terrific  
 bomb damage but the terrific nothingness. It's  
 a tough job to describe in writing what Nagasaki  
 looks like today because there's nothing much  
 to describe.

More than anything else, Nagasaki looks right  
 now exactly like the place the war ended.



In the Ginza district, Tokyo's equivalent of Fifth Avenue, only a few big stores were left intact.

**T**OKYO—Driving from Yokohama to Tokyo is  
 about the same as driving into New York City  
 from Newark, N. J. You pass through flat,  
 marshy country filled with big factories and in-  
 dustrial towns that are like Kearny and Bayonne  
 and Elizabeth and Jersey City.

To complete the comparison there is an electric  
 railway from Yokohama to Tokyo with overhead  
 trolley wires and the same kind of cars that the  
 Pennsylvania Railroad provides for its Jersey  
 commuters. You keep expecting to see a billboard  
 announcing the rates for rooms at the Hotel New  
 Yorker or advising you to get tickets at once for

"Life With Father." But unlike the Jersey flats,  
 these Tokyo suburbs, which were jammed with  
 factory-workers' houses before Maj. Gen. Curtis  
 LeMay and his men started their devastating  
 series of low-level incendiary-bombing raids last  
 March, are now in burned ruins. The ruins do  
 not look like those of the bombed cities of Europe,  
 which were mostly heavy-explosive, demolition  
 jobs that left piles of broken bricks and plaster  
 and twisted beams. On the road to Tokyo some  
 of the big industrial plants still stand, windowless  
 and charred inside, but the houses and other  
 smaller buildings are flat on the ground and their



A Jap cameraman awaits MacArthur's arrival.



doesn't remember seeing or hearing any planes overhead. The all-clear signal sounded about five minutes past eight and the people came out of the shelters and started home to have their breakfast. Dazai was standing in front of his house between ten minutes and a quarter past eight when he saw a light moving across the sky.

"It looked like some sort of electric flash," he told us. "It was arc-shaped and bright orange." Then he was knocked to the ground by a wave of concussion. His house shook and fell apart, some of the rubble landing on top of him. That's how he got the bandage on his head. He picked himself off the ground and got his wife and two children out of the ruins. His wife had been knocked out but she came to quickly. The children were unhurt.

"Our house did not start to burn immediately," Dazai said, "but I saw great towers of black smoke advancing toward me across the city from the east, south and north."

Dazai took his wife and children to the home of a relative two kilometers away and tried to get downtown to his office, but the heat of the fire there was too overpowering. He wasn't able to go near his office until after 4 o'clock that afternoon.

The whole city burned steadily for the next two days. Dazai and other officials found relief work almost impossible, since the fire-fighting equipment and the hospitals were destroyed and almost every telegraph pole and wire was flat on the ground. Finally, the Government managed to get some help and supplies up the river by boat to Hiroshima but it wasn't enough.

Later, the trains came into the town. We noticed that there, as in Nagasaki, railroad tracks and bridges had been completely undamaged by the atomic blast. Evidently it doesn't affect things close to the ground.

We asked Dazai how many bombs he thought we'd dropped on Hiroshima. He said at first he thought the city was hit by several hundred but shortly after the blast, when he saw the whole area in burning ruins, he thought it was some new variety of "aerial torpedo." One thing that baffled him and other Japs with whom we talked and who had experienced the bombing, was the complete absence of noise in Hiroshima before and after the bomb landed. One Jap said he was deaf for a week afterward from concussion, but heard no explosion. The Japs at the naval base in Kuri about 12 miles away, however, say they heard a terrific roar. Vice-Adm. Masao Kanazawa said the effect in Kuri was like a tornado. There was "a great wind," he said, and trees around the naval base were bent to the ground by it.

The Japs who went to Manila to arrange the peace signing said their dead at Hiroshima numbered 11,000. That was a great understatement. Reading figures to us from his black notebook, Dazai estimated that the Hiroshima dead so far number around 80,000.

Hiroshima was made to order for effective atomic bombing. It is built on a river delta like New Orleans, and it is as flat as a billiard table. There are none of the hills that protected part of Nagasaki from the blast of our second atomic bomb. Hiroshima was a new and modern city, the home of many Japanese who had lived in the States and had brought back with them American ideas about houses and gardens. It had a population of 343,000 in the 1940 census. Now the population is about 120,000. Most of the residents who are injured or sick as a result of the bombing are living in battered and misshapen houses on the edges of the city.

Dazai said that when the Japs took the first count of the Hiroshima casualties on Aug. 20 there were 3,000 known dead and 30,000 missing persons who had been given up for dead. There were 13,960 "seriously wounded" and 43,500 injured. On Sept. 1 the toll of known dead was up to 53,000.

Japanese doctors who have

been attending Hiroshima casualties say that a lot of the weird stories about the effects of the atomic bombings on the civilian population are apparently true. They say that people who were only slightly wounded when the bomb fell and some others who didn't enter Hiroshima until a few hours after the bombing have died from loss of white blood corpuscles. The effect of the atomic bomb as far as they have been able to determine is about the same as over-exposure to the rays of a very powerful X-ray machine. Sufferers, say the Japanese doctors, develop a temperature of around 105°; their hair begins to fall out and they feel ill and vomit blood.

The first thing these Japanese doctors asked was if the Americans who had designed the bomb had also figured out a cure for its after-effects on the human body. So far, the Japanese have found no way of restoring the normal count of white corpuscles. They are trying transfusions, but these seem to have no effect on whatever is destroying the white corpuscles. The corpuscles added to the blood stream by a transfusion are quickly eaten up. We told the Japs that a group of American scientists were coming to Hiroshima soon to study the radioactive effects of the bomb on people and the area.

The doctors also say that the severely blistering X-ray-like burns are generally found only on the side of the body which faced the atomic blast. They say two men were fencing in Hiroshima the morning the bomb exploded. One of these was facing the direction of the blast and died almost immediately. The other, burned only on the back of the neck, lived for a week.

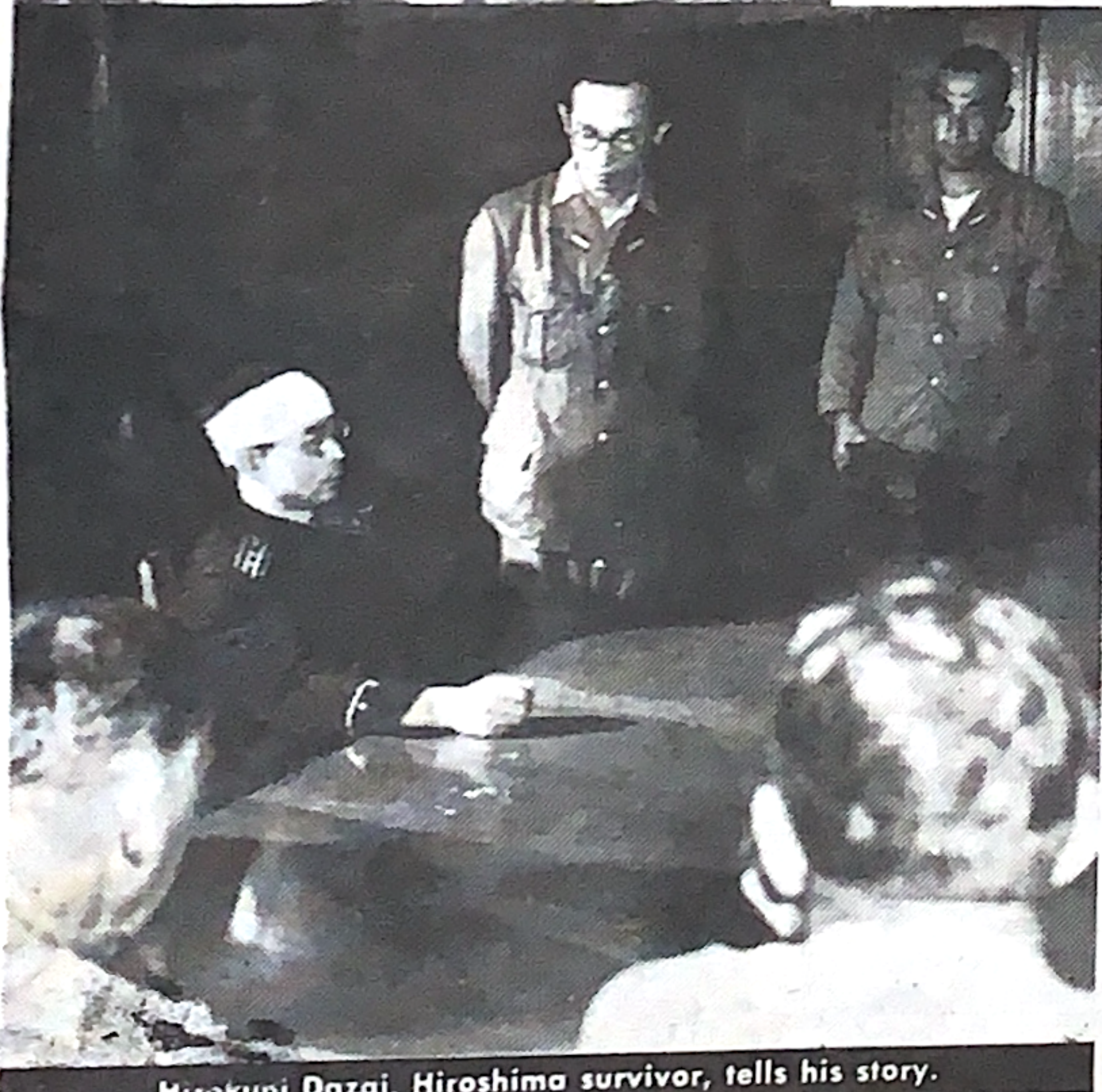
The native doctors also say that clothing serves as protection against atomic burns. People wearing thick undershirts didn't get it as badly as those who had on only a kimono or a shirt. There was a strong rumor, both among Jap civilians here and among GIs back in the Philippines, Okinawa and the Marianas, that anybody even walking into the atomic-bombed area a week or more after would be sterilized by the radioactivity in the soil. Jap doctors haven't had time to check that one yet. They think the victims who were exposed to the bombing itself may not be able to reproduce again, but they don't know for sure. Nor do they know yet how long it will be before Hiroshima will be an absolutely healthful place to live in. Some scientific writer back in the States said recently that Hiroshima's soil would be barren and radioactive for the next 70 years. One Jap doctor says this is the malarkey. He made tests of the soil in Hiroshima a few weeks ago and found no radioactivity in it.

Walking into Hiroshima in broad daylight, wearing an American uniform and knowing that you were one of the first Americans the people in the utterly ruined city had laid eyes on since the bombing, was not a comfortable feeling. I couldn't help wondering what would have happened to me if I'd been a Jap entering Brooklyn after Japan had dropped an atomic bomb, or, for that matter, any kind of bomb, on Flatbush. I was accompanied by the crew of a B-17, who were wearing Air Force insignia all over themselves like an Irishman wears green on St. Patrick's Day, and that didn't help matters. But the Hiroshima Japs—men, women and children—gave us exactly the same treatment we got in Yokohama, Tokyo, Kuri and all the other Jap towns we have visited—the same prolonged, unabashed, curious stares unmixed with any expression either of hatred or welcome.

All through Hiroshima we've passed close to men and women pointing at ashes that evidently used to be homes of relatives or friends. We've seen them at the wrecked police station trying to locate missing people and walking toward their shrines to pray. I noticed one woman leaning over a water faucet, the only thing left of her home, filling a pan to wash some clothes. There was no wreckage around her, no broken walls or glassless windows. Just the water pipe, with the faucet on the end of it, sticking up out of the ashes. "I don't feel sorry for these people," said a GI with me. "It's tough on them, sure, but it saved lots of guys' lives."

One of the Jap Navy officers acting as our interpreter was born in Sacramento, Calif. We asked him if the people in this part of Japan accepted the atomic bomb as one of the misfortunes of war and held no particular resentment against us for it. Or, we asked, do they hate us?

The officer studied his boots and then peered quizzically through his tortoise-rimmed glasses. "They hate you," he said.



Hirokuni Dazai, Hiroshima survivor, tells his story.



# ATTLEE

Something about England's new Prime Minister and the Labor Party he belongs to.

By Cpl. JAMES DUGAN  
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON—The man who was Winston Churchill's deputy, the man who didn't know he was going to be Prime Minister, was speaking at the election rally in his constituency, the Limehouse Division of Stepney, London.

The meeting was held at Trinity Church Hall, the only large hall left in the Limehouse after the blitz and V-bombs. Shreds of VE-Day decorations still hung from the rafters. The crowd of poorly-dressed working people—dock hands, seamen, busmen, housewives—listened, undisturbed by the shunt-engines and suburban trains hurrying through the Limehouse slums on the Great Eastern Railway Line just behind the church.

The speech was unexciting. Elsewhere crowds were cheering or heckling Winston Churchill, but here, in Limehouse, people came out and listened respectfully to Clem Attlee, their Member of Parliament since 1922.

The speaker was a man of middle height with a long, bald head and black mustache. He had spoken eight times that day but he relaxed with his own people. They responded to the familiar chords in his extemporaneous speech—the need of people for houses, the bettering of living conditions in the gruesome Limehouse slums, friendship with Russia and the U. S., employment and prosperity after the war.

Clem Attlee had been fighting the cause of Limehouse since 1918, when he came back from the war as an Infantry major. Clem Attlee commanded the landing party of the South Lancashire Yeomen in 1916 at Suvla Bay, where Winston Churchill authored his first amphibious landing on the tragic beaches of Gallipoli. In the relief of Kut, in the Mesopotamian campaign, Maj. Attlee was severely wounded. When he recovered he went to France. He served there in the newly-formed Tank Corps.

The voice of the speaker on this June evening in Limehouse was thin. He did not saw the air with his arms or beat out his sentences in a bewitching cadence. He walked around a little and made some mild, sarcastic jokes about Lord Beaverbrook, "the Svengali of the Tory Campaign," but mostly he talked about issues. Since the last war, Limehouse had wanted what he was talking about. Now another war was over, and the people still had their patient hunger for words to come true.

There were people in the room who remembered Clem Attlee being elected Mayor of Stepney in 1919. They had heard the dry, friendly, factual voice talking at Toynbee Hall, a famous East End settlement house before the last war. Like Harry Hopkins, Attlee had once been a social worker.

Clem Attlee had believed in Socialism since 1907, when he was working as a young lawyer on the Poor Law Reform with Sidney and Beatrice Webb, famous Fabian Socialists. As a law student he believed in imperialism and tariff reform. The influence of the Webbs turned him to the mild, evolutionary socialist theories of the Fabians, of which Bernard Shaw was also a prominent advocate. Attlee practiced law for only three years. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he was a lecturer in social sciences at the London School of Economics.

AFTER Attlee concluded his sober, friendly speech at Trinity Hall, Mrs. Attlee drove him away in a midget car. His audience walked home through the neglected churchyard with its sooty trees stunted by railroad smoke and stripped of leaves by flying-bomb blasts. One contented elector said to his wife, "Nice, quiet meeting."

That "nice, quiet meeting" and thousands like it throughout the United Kingdom resulted in a political explosion that shook the world and put the quiet man of Limehouse and a Labor government in power for the first time in British history. The party had been in office twice before, but never with a majority.

Clement Richard Attlee first entered the House of Commons in the 1924 election that gave Britain her original Labor Government, in which he served as Undersecretary for War. The platform he supported that year was very much like the one he outlined to his Limehouse voters in 1945. It called for the support of the League of Nations. (Merely substitute "United Nations.") It called for independence for India and nationalization of the mines and railways. And it called for a national housing scheme. The people of Limehouse thought houses were a good idea in 1924 and they still think so in 1945.

THE 1924 platform advocated a capital levy on fortunes exceeding \$20,000, but this change was not attempted when Labor got in, and it was not listed in the 1945 appeal. Two of the 1924 planks have since been realized— independence for Egypt and recognition of the Irish Free State. Little else has changed. The great explosion of 1945 came from a delayed-action charge, which had been quietly accumulating sticks of political dynamite since the last war. The electorate remembered many things.

Attlee himself typifies many of the popular causes which were lost during the years of Conservative rule. In 1927 he was appointed minority member of the Simon committee which went to India to report on conditions there. Attlee has remained an advocate of Indian self-government ever since.

In 1929 the second Labor Government was elected under Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald with a squeak majority of 288 seats to 260 for the Conservatives. In 1931 Attlee, who was then serving as Postmaster General, warned against Japanese preparations for assault on Manchuria. He came into open conflict with Prime Minister MacDonald, whom he accused of diverting attention from the aggressive plans of Japan.

In 1931 the consequences of the MacDonald fiasco were a defeat of Labor by a bigger majority than Labor won in 1945. The Tories gained 470 seats to a mere 52 for Attlee's party. Attlee was among the Labor handful elected and he was obliged to sit in a House led by Ramsay MacDonald, whose reward from the winners was the post of Prime Minister of the Conservative-controlled coalition.

While Mussolini was warring with Ethiopia in 1935, Attlee was urging the British Government to apply sanctions against the Italian Fascists. The Government, however, encouraged Mussolini by means of the Hoare-Laval agreement, which endorsed his conquest. Attlee introduced a motion in Commons in December 1935, condemning the Hoare-Laval plan as calculated to "reward the declared aggressor at the expense of the victim, destroy collective security and conflict . . . with the Covenant of the League of Nations." The resolution was defeated by 397 votes to 165, but the resulting public outcry caused the Government to withdraw the Hoare-Laval deal. The Laval of this agreement was none other than Pierre himself, the French politician who betrayed his country.

In 1937 Attlee vigorously opposed the "non-interventionist" policy toward Republican Spain. He said that the supposedly fair policy of forbidding the sale of British and French arms to either side—either to the government or to the rebel Franco—was denying the legally elected Spanish Government weapons it needed to defend itself against Hitler and Mussolini's war machine. He visited the front in Spain that year. British and American volunteers who were fighting in the International Brigade of the Republican Army named one of their ill-armed units "the Major Attlee Company."

Most of the questions Attlee opposed as minority leader were not hypothetical ones. There were deep party differences as Britain skidded down the last half of this century's third decade on its way to war. Attlee was the most important Labor figure in the attempts to get the British Government to crack down on Fascist

dictators. He spoke against the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the invasion of Austria and the Japanese inroads in China.

In May 1940 the Munich Cabinet fell under the ominous threat of an immediate Nazi victory. A general election was due that year—the Tories had ended their constitutional five years of power—but no election was held due to the military crisis. Churchill, and later Eden, the Tory critic of appeasement, came into power. Two of Labor's strong men, Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin were invited into the coalition Cabinet. Clem Attlee came into the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal and Churchill appointed him Deputy Prime Minister. Churchill meant to insure that the leader of the opposition had a voice in the war decisions of a true unity Cabinet.

But an important change did not take place. The same majority that had supported Munich remained seated on the red leather benches of the House. Governmental power passed from the House to the bold man at 10 Downing Street. People remembered this when the 10 years were up. They did not repudiate Churchill; they repudiated a party which Churchill himself had opposed in 1939, and for the same reasons—they did not think it fit to run the country's affairs.

IN the Churchill Cabinet, Attlee, as Deputy Prime Minister and as Secretary of State for the Dominions, an additional portfolio he was given in 1942, relieved Churchill of departmental detail which would have distracted the Prime Minister from running the British military effort.

While Attlee stayed home as Acting Prime Minister, Churchill made more than a dozen trips abroad in five years—an aggregate absence from 10 Downing Street of eight months. On Aug. 14, 1941, Attlee broadcast the eight points of the Atlantic Charter while Churchill and Roosevelt were still at sea on the cruiser *Augusta*. Three times Attlee gave war reports to Parliament in Churchill's absence. In September 1943 he was made Lord President of Council.

Attlee did not make headlines. In the more than 2,000 days of war his name was in the top headlines of London papers only a dozen or so times. There was no reason why Attlee should have rivalled Churchill in newsprint acreage. Churchill was the desirable legend, the fighting captain; Attlee was the quiet executive who saw that decisions were carried out. It was a smooth-working team.

Attlee's personal life is the ultimate in normality. He has four children. The eldest, Janet, 22, is a section officer in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Felicity, 19, is training as a nurse. Martin, 17, is an apprentice in the Merchant Navy. Alison, 15, is at school. Mrs. Attlee keeps house, like Bess Truman. Until recently she had no help. She spent long hours in food queues, like other Brit-

