

Spirit of Apathy Shown in World's Worst Bombed City

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told me: "I'm glad to see you. I never approved of this foolish war. I have been jailed and beaten for my beliefs."

He added that he was glad "that it's over."

Another exception were the Japanese children who waved and cheered at us as we drove along the dusty roads in the outskirts of Tokyo.

The adult Japanese did not cheer. They stared without expression and, once in a while, you could detect a flicker of hate in the eyes of these people who were our enemies until a few days ago.

I talked to many people in Tokyo today and found almost as many different attitudes as there were people. One of the most worried men I spoke with was Jorge Vargas, ambassador here for the puppet Philippines regime.

Wonders a Bit

Vargas, a short, chubby man with gray hair, sat in the luxurious living room of the villa which the Japanese gave him for an embassy and said he had stayed behind and worked with the Japanese because "certain responsible people" wanted him to.

But he wondered what Gen. Douglas MacArthur would think of his actions.

One thing made him happy. He had been given some American cigarettes when he visited Atsugi airfield yesterday.

American cigarettes made some of the Japanese happy, too, when they tasted them for the first time in four years. There was a look of wonder in their eyes as they fondled the cellophane-wrapped packets. They don't have much left in this bomb-ravaged land.

The food situation is very bad. We were told that the famous earthquake-proof Imperial hotel served the best meals in Tokyo. But the lunch we had there today was terrible.

It started off with some kind of cereal soup, a kind of fish cake and some very, very ersatz spaghetti with broiled cucumbers. That meal cost a little under two dollars for four persons.

The price didn't seem to jibe with the tales of inflation we had heard, especially since we had come from Shanghai where the Shanghai dollar now is exchanged for American dollars at the rate of 100,000 to one.

Using Okinawa Money

The Americans are using the same occupation money here as they did in Okinawa but the rate has been changed from 10 to 15 yen to the dollar.

Despite the pulverizing bombing, the water supply and electricity were working in Tokyo and there was telephone service in part of the city. I saw a few trolley cars and a very few buses running. For every trolley moving along the tracks there was another one on an adjoining track which had been caught in a raid and burned where it stood.

The suburban electric trains from Yokohama to Tokyo are running but the Tokyo terminal, the central station, has been burned out.

At some points we saw improvised station platforms on bridges.

Look Healthy

The Japanese on the streets looked healthy despite their ordeal. But they were very poorly clothed. Instead of the gay kimonos which they affected before the war the Japanese women wore a baggy kind of pantaloons slacks.

Like the men and women of any nation they smiled at the sight of the strange foreign uniforms.

We drove into Tokyo from Yokohama where Gen. MacArthur has his headquarters in the New Grand hotel.

There used to be a city named Yokohama. All that's left of it are several blocks of buildings immediately adjacent to the New Grand hotel. The rest of it is block after block of rubble with rusted tin shacks built on the ruins.

That's where the Japanese who stuck it out are living—in their little shacks which look like the kind tramps back home used to build in their "jungles" on the outskirts of town.

From Yokohama to Tokyo there are 18 miles more of that—level ground covered with dust and cement from the great factories that once stood there.

HOOSIER FIRST INTO JAP BASE

Indianapolis Man Raises Flag at Yokosuka.

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Indian commanders reported the occupation was going ahead smoothly. Adms. Chester W. Nimitz and William F. Halsey went ashore early this afternoon and drove in a Japanese limousine through cheering lanes of marines drawn up in the Yokosuka naval base.

A handful of Japanese guards stood at attention as American naval leaders inspected the deserted and badly battered naval station.

From daybreak until long after nightfall a steady stream of marines, soldiers and bluejackets poured into Yokosuka and Atsugi. Both towns rapidly were taking on the appearance of an American base.

United Press correspondents who landed with the troops found the Japanese courteous but impassive. The G. I.'s got their biggest kick out of the midjet Japanese cars they found at Atsugi. By mid-afternoon, they were deserting their own jeeps and whizzing delightedly about the field in the tiny cars.

Fleet Stands By

The bulk of Halsey's mighty 3d fleet maneuvered inside Tokyo bay off Yokohama during the landings, ready to back up the marines if necessary.

But there was no fight in the Japanese. The few officers remaining in Yokosuka were almost fawning on the leathernecks.

Within a few minutes after the landings, all U. S. naval personnel and correspondents were restricted to the immediate area of the base, while the Japanese were being evacuated.

The handful of Japanese troops permitted to stay were armed with grenades, pistols and short swords.

Final Goal Reached

Rear Adm. Oscar C. Badger, commander of Task Force 31 which led the way into Tokyo bay, broadcast a step-by-step account of the landing to the officers and men of his fleet.

"This landing which I describe brings the 3d fleet to its final goal," Badger said as the first devil dogs swarmed over the side of their landing craft and raced across Yokosuka's deserted wharves.

"Goodbye and good luck," he concluded. "Mom, we'll be home soon."

This correspondent went ashore at 10 a. m., 30 minutes after the vanguard of the Fourth regiment—the famous Fourth whose original members were killed or captured on Bataan—began landing.

They went in with guns at the ready, backed by the big guns of the 3d fleet and hundreds of carrier planes thundering overhead.

No Opposition

But not a shot was fired in the surrender of Yokosuka or its protecting Ft. Okahodai on Cape Puttsu, directly across Tokyo bay.

Fifteen Japanese officers and 15 interpreters, one of them a beaming chauffeur who announced he had driven a taxicab in New York a decade ago, greeted the Yanks at Yokosuka.

Everything was in order when the marines came ashore and at 11:20 a. m. formal control of the great naval anchorage was passed into American hands by Rear Adm. Michitara Tozuka.

The admiral, a fat-faced little man with baggy eyes, handed a plain white envelope to Rear Adm. Robert Carney, U. S. N., chief of staff to the 3d fleet's skipper, Adm. William F. Halsey.

Brief Ceremony

The brief surrender formalities were completed on the dockside in the shadow of the American cruiser San Diego, Badger's flagship and the first Yankee man o' war to tie up at this newest American naval base.

Tozuka took the surrender document from one of three Japanese aides, who looked ready to burst into tears. He handed it over to Carney, and the American tore open the envelope and began reading the few lines, typewritten neatly in English.

Then Tozuka and his aides saluted smartly and clambered back into an old sedan bearing a Domei news agency press card on its windshield.

Badger, Carney and Brig. Gen. William Clement, Richmond, Va. commander of the marine landing force, entered a waiting car and began an inspection tour of the navy yard.

Simultaneously, a boarding party from the U. S. destroyer Bass seized the wrecked Japanese battleship Nagato, lying partly awash, but still afloat off Yokosuka.

The bluejackets were led by Capt. T. J. Flynn, executive officer of the battleship Iowa, who will command the Nagato prize crew.

Neighbors Refuse to Believe Pfc. Bob Colby Is Murderer

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the church draws better than a 200 membership from the area.

FROM people in the vicinity is drawn the life story of young Colby . . . typical of other youths in a community which neither knows or understands crime.

Born and reared at Geetingsville, he quit high school after a year and a half to help his father in general farm work, carpentry and painting. Meanwhile he continued to read and study on his own time.

His room is just as he left it the day he went into service Jan. 5, 1943. His clothes hang in the closet. All is typical of the American youth. Airplane and pin-up pictures vie for spots on the walls.

His books and magazines are of chemistry, engineering, math, popular science, physics, news, poetry and religion.

HE DID little dating, preferring to spend his time with other youths of his age. They called themselves the "Geetingsville Gang."

Most of them went into service. Some are dead. Their big times came on week-ends when they would "go to town" at Frankfort.

Otherwise the gang's headquarters was the modest Colby home where they would tinker with radios in young Colby's

room and eat his mother's fried chicken.

"Long after Robert went into service, the boys still would come and work in his room or talk with me as I handled the telephone exchange," his mother, Mrs. L. O. Colby, said.

"I just can't believe that Robert could do such a thing as commit murder if he were in 'his right mind,'" she said. "Nothing like that ever has happened in our family."

"I AM sure that if Robert is guilty his mind must have snapped temporarily from all the combat he had been through. He always was a good boy and his letters were full of concern for us."

Colby tried to enlist in the marines in Jan., 1942, but was turned down because of sinus trouble. Called early in '43 he shipped to Africa in December.

Later he was transferred to England and on D-Day his battalion was among the first to land on Normandy. From there he fought his way through Belgium, Holland, the Battle of the Bulge and into Germany where he helped build the last bridge thrown over the Rhine river.

DAILY neighbors drop in at the Colby home to see if there is anything they can do to help. These and others in the area have only the finest to say of the youth.

"He is a very fine boy, straightforward," said the Rev. Mr.

Latham. "I know of nothing in his past that is bad."

This was echoed by Mrs. Opel Shaffer, a friend who dropped in. Her boys, now in service, and Colby were fast friends.

Vernon Chittick, chairman of the church board of trustees, has known the youth since birth. Mr. Chittick, who has three sons in service, led the spontaneous prayer meeting Sunday for Colby.

"HE IS a regular American boy," he said. "I've seen him work in the fields and at other jobs. He is no slacker but a good worker. I never have known him to do a mean thing let alone commit a crime."

And so the community swarmed to Colby's aid. More than 75 attended the prayer meeting and two pages of names signed the letter to President Truman vouching for the youth's character.

Meanwhile cables are flying back and forth across the Atlantic to determine the exact status of the case and an army cousin, Pfc. Victor E. Colby, has obtained a pass from his European base to investigate.

As Mr. Chittick said, "We turned to the Lord."

The prayer meeting proved that. And prophetically on the outdoor church bulletin board are the words: "Commit thy way unto the Lord."

Organizations

The final youth organization, Alpha Zed Alpha, north side chapter, is opening a month pledge drive today in honor of one of its gold star members, Milton Olshewitz.

"WELL, WE GOT HERE!"

No Bloodshed or Violence Seen Coming by MacArthur

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rounded MacArthur as he stepped from the plane, among them a Japanese cameraman. The Americans pushed the Japanese back out of camera range.

MacArthur laughed and told the Americans they would have to get their Japanese competitor to capitulate.

Lt. Gen. Robert Eichelberger, commander of the 8th army, greeted MacArthur.

MacArthur's first words were: "Hello, Bob."

"Hello, General," Eichelberger replied.

"It's been a long, hard road from Melbourne to Tokyo," MacArthur said, "but this looks like the payoff."

Eichelberger told correspondents:

"This is the beachhead where I was supposed to land in the invasion of Japan. Gen. MacArthur gave me this area. I certainly never expected to get here by plane without a shot being fired at me."

Flew With Aid

For the first time in the war MacArthur was accompanied in the same plane by Lt. Gen. Richard Sutherland, his chief of staff. Never before had they taken the risk that both might be lost in a single plane crash-up.

Others who rode with the generals were Brig. Gens. Bonner

Fellers and Charles Whitney, and Col. Roger Egeberg, his aid. The plane was piloted by Lt. Col. W. E. (Dusty) Rhoades, Palo Alto, Cal., former chief pilot of United Airlines who has been MacArthur's pilot for a long time.

Hundreds of G.I.'s surrounded MacArthur a few moments after his plane landed. They cheered and shouted and MacArthur smiled and waved back at them. MacArthur puffed at his corn-cob pipe. He wore his usual dark glasses.

In Japan Before

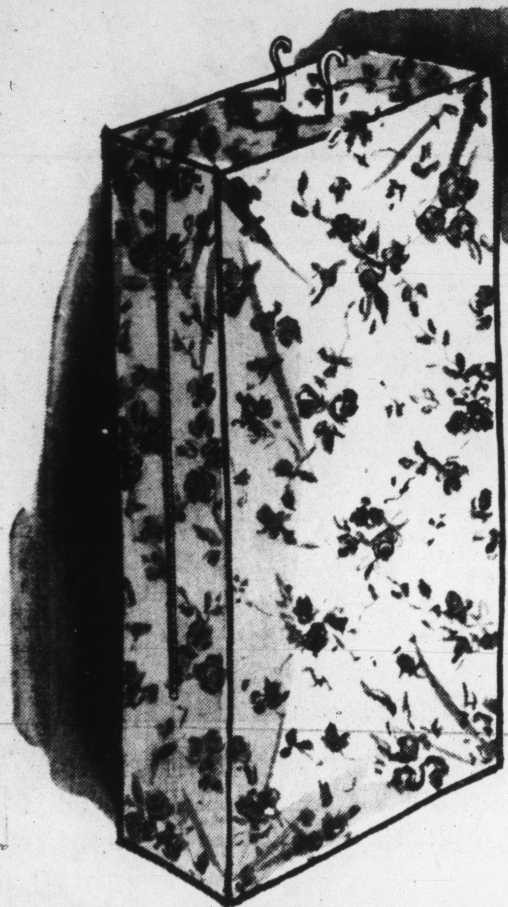
It was not his first trip to Japan. He had been here almost 40 years ago as a young lieutenant just out of West Point.

Aside from the Japanese newspaper photographer there were no Japanese on hand to witness the general's landing. MacArthur paused only momentarily at the airstrip, glancing at the operations tower where there was a sign: "Atsugi airbase base operations, 3d airdrome squadron, first in Tokyo."

Before getting into a car and driving to his new Yokohama headquarters, MacArthur said there was every indication the Japanese were acting in good faith. He said they had disarmed and demobilized some 300,000 troops in this area although 15 armed Jap divisions are still believed to be in the vicinity.

In the outlying war theaters, he said, the war has practically ceased.

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RAISER OF FLAG EX-GRIDDER HERE

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February, 1944, being assigned to the Cowpen the following July.

"He was home on a 15-day furlough in April," his mother said today, "and he was wearing five battle stars, but he couldn't tell us anything about it then." He was married during the furlough to his girl friend of high school days. His wife is employed by the Universal Gear Co.

Pfc. Moore has two younger brothers, James, 14, and Donald, 9; and three sisters—Mrs. Helen Scarbrough, 715 Mickley ave., and Miss Mary Alice Moore and Miss Hazel Louise Moore, both living with their parents.

"We haven't had any mail from him for six weeks," his mother said. "I'm glad to know he's all right. My, I'd love to have been with him!"

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