

WAR AT THE RIVER AS A WAY TO FINANCE

JET PROPELLED JET NEEDLED TO KEEP PACE

By FRANK CONNIFF
I. N. Staff Correspondent

WITH THE U. S. 30th INFANTRY DIVISION—A correspondent needed a jet-propelled jet to keep up with this runway train today as flying columns of doughboy-carrying tanks dashed west behind Nazi lines in the wide scalloping trough.

It was a war of movement with the forward elements after hours of riding along dust-smothered roads and through sectors still dotted with German pockets of resistance.

In fact, I was stopped cold by Nazi mortars before reaching a regimental command post which instead of occupying the usual safe position behind the line had actually by-passed several enemy-held positions.

We were riding jauntily through a wooded area when Lieut. Claude Curtis of 319 Carnahan avenue, San Antonio, Texas, saw the first jet-propelled tank. He was riding in a little bus. Exploding shells kicked up little white spurts in an adjoining field.

Our jeep slammed to a stop and we hit a roadside ditch—but fast. Pvt. Gerald Boyd of Alabaster, Ala., driver, grabbed his carbine and crawled beside his vehicle. He was distinctly unhappy about the whole thing, but which reflected our mood to perfection.

OBJECTIVE REACHED

He had fought through woods for many times not to dislike them. He said:

"There's nothing worse than tree-burns."

We cautiously turned our vehicle around when we thought the Nazis weren't looking. We reached our objective after going several miles into the enemy.

It was the only tactical victory of the day.

The 30th Division was alive with movement on a lovely spring day reminiscent of May in America. But the air was filled with the plop-plop of half-way across the river.

Large balloons floated high above the Rhine and fighter planes maintained a continuous patrol as tanks and artillery, jeeps and jeeps rolled ceaselessly forward despite enemy shelling.

The optimistic attitude of dough boys pouring toward the combat zones loaded to the teeth and cursing their engines under the old Rhineland sun was:

"Hold your helmets, boys, here we go again."

As they crawled aboard tanks to exploit what one divisional staff officer termed a "definite breakthrough" and to feel this drive could win the war.

"Everybody's pepped up and rarin' to go," said Lieut. Edward Golden of Swanton, Mo., as he said:

"We've got the Jerries slugging and now's our chance to finish them."

DESTINATION: BERLIN

I chatted with tankers and dough boys as they awaited the signal to start. One of them said that the ultimate destination was Berlin. That attitude seemed to permeate the drive.

"If the Jerries were ever going to stop us, they would have done so long ago," said Capt. Grissold of New York city.

"Look at us now—we're way out there and that's where we're going to stay."

Perched on the tank with Grissold were Lieut. Frank Brown of Detroit and Pvt. Gilbert Crooke of Michigan.

"L. I. L. and Milton Hall of Bausch, N. C. are going to play a wide open football game," Col. Branner Purdue of Fayetteville, Ark., said.

"First we cut behind them, then we reversed our field and swung around them. Now we're able to take them on."

As Purdue thought I saw one of the most thought-provoking sights in my four hours on the front—a column of 300 prisoners trudging morosely toward their beloved Rhine, which already is considered lost.

I have seen many a group of Nazi prisoners, but this was undoubtedly the most pathetic I have ever seen of them all. They were dust-covered from marching and none appeared to be more than 40 years old. They shuffled along without looking up at their captors. Despairing cases were written all over them.

NO COMPLAINTS ON 'K' RATIONS HERE

Coloquy.—[AP]—Most soldiers here "K" rations after eating them month on end.

But Pvt. Joseph I. Goebel of Cincinnati, O., never will complain again.

"Last October, fighting in the Siegfried Line, we hit in the chest by a shell fragment. A surgeon probing for the fragment found pieces of 'K' rations in Goebel's pocket had broken his nose and cracked his forehead but came back with his unit in the 30th Division.

WAR BEATS US

GERMANY IN WATER CHAS

By JOHN F. MECKLIN
Chicago Sun Foreign Service

U. S. 97th ARMY HEADQUARTERS, GERMANY, April 4.—The war in Europe is being fought before our eyes because the things has become so immense that the men who created it have long control of the world knows the whole story of what is happening. The Allied forces have broken up all of western Germany into a place of utter chaos.

At headquarters like this one, German units are being destroyed in 12 hours or more delayed in the field, unit commanders are being taken into custody. But everywhere orders are the same: "Keep going eastward."

Mass of Speeches Shown
Headlines about "maps" show Allied speeches lingering across Germany as though fustils of loose paper. If you ask the officer in charge about any specific column, his reply is in every instance: "We heard in them, and God only knows where they have gone since the French Observer Assured."

Yet each of these figures represents a line of tanks or trucks loaded with soldiers in 1940 when the German army overwhelmed us and we were rolled underfoot by the tanks. The German soldier is now known. But this, this thing here today, is greater than anything in Europe ever conceived was possible. Your strength must be beyond measure."

But even in disaster the Germans have more places where a stream of German armor are catching a few hours of badly needed rest. At the very least they are being supplied forward with gasoline, ammunition and food for the next sprint.

Vast Oil Stores Found
The German's bankruptcy is mounting hourly. The 9th Army, commanding 5,180 prisoners, is now being pushed forward with gasoline, ammunition and food for the next sprint.

Reports are jamming the German lines of communication. Captured, hospitals overrun and vast oil stores found abandoned and burning.

Allied air forces already are flying from fields east of the Rhine and several airfields are now under attack. Several have been captured in forward areas.

Scene At Rhine Crossing Real Tribute

To Genius Of Great American Army

By GORDON CUMMACK
Staff Correspondent of the Minneapolis Morning Tribune

EAST OF RHINE—The Ninth Army's assault across the Rhine Sunday was fast proving to be a tremendous success. The hard-fighting Thirtieth infantry smashed through the well-entrenched defenses to points at least nine miles east of the Rhine. High ranking officers call it a "breakthrough" without qualification.

What the Germans had to stop the Ninth army from going on this rampage seemed meager after my trip across the Rhine Sunday.

DRIVE FOR BERLIN
There were all the old, familiar breakthrough signs. Everything and everyone was on the move toward Berlin. Command posts were making two and three moves in one day. One division officer said:

"We're moving this afternoon but the only thing is that the last we heard our troops hadn't entered the town we're supposed to move to."

There was a natural amount of confusion among our own forces.

Regimental command posts were moving up so fast that no one seemed to be able to direct any of them. Roads were filled with rubble and tree branches. Jeeps bounced and bumped all over the place.

Artillery pieces were pulling out of their positions to get far enough forward to shoot at enemy targets. There was the old spooky feeling along the roads with the uncertainty that accompanies rapid thrusts.

NAZIS OFF GUARD
At division headquarters there were indications that the powerful thrusts of the Thirtieth and Seventy-ninth divisions caught Germany off guard. Prisoners were being herded together in large numbers. The Thirtieth reported at least 2,000 prisoners since the crossing—and they seemed glad to be out of it.

It is strange on the Rhine was a testimony to American genius. Traffic moving smoothly with great amounts of equipment and men going across. The fact that bridges are up so fast is one of the war's miracles. Our mastery of air is so great that dough boys dozed on banks, goats grazed on hillsides.

GI's actually were fishing from bridge pontoons and commanders usually wary about such things permitted Winston Churchill to indulge in the thrill of crossing the Rhine. Thought I'd see the prime minister at the river but somehow I missed him. Just about a stone's throw from the river bank a GI sat by his artillery gun strumming on a guitar.

Successes of the infantry are so rapid that it is hard to get the engineers who put in the bridges is likely to be forgotten in everyone's enthusiasm but it shouldn't. One bridge was under construction in operation nine hours after work started. Before the operation a Ninth army engineer estimated it took 30 hours to put one required and many estimates were even greater. But listen to what engineer Lt. William N. Doyle, Kansas City, Mo., had to say about the bridge building:

BOYS WORKED HARD
"Boys worked harder putting in that bridge than they ever did before. I guess we were all so scared we wanted to get our job done and get out of there. The bridge is over 1,100 feet long. We had it assembled beforehand but we put it in faster than we ever put one in before. We figured we could construct it in eighteen hours."

I thought it was supposed to take us at least 36 hours," said.

"Yes, but that's what the higher ups said," he said. "We knew we could do it faster."

Present commanding the 2nd Battalion, 127th Infantry, he said he had heard reports that German women were taking up arms against us.

He said he liked they're going to keep fighting until they run out of people," he said.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 117th Infantry Regiment.

Service Company, 117th Infantry Regiment.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, First Battalion, 117th Infantry.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 117th Infantry.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 117th Infantry.

Medical Detachment, 117th Infantry Regiment.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 120th Infantry.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 120th Infantry.

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 120th Infantry.

Medical Detachment, 120th Infantry.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 30th Infantry Division Artillery.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 113th Field Artillery Battalion.

Service Battery, 113th Field Artillery Battalion.

Medical Detachment, 113th Field Artillery Battalion.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 118th Field Artillery Battalion.

Service Battery, 118th Field Artillery Battalion.

Medical Detachment, 118th Artillery Battalion.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 197th Field Artillery Battalion.

Service Battery, 197th Field Artillery Battalion.

Medical Detachment, 197th Field Artillery Battalion.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 197th Field Artillery Battalion.

Service Battery, 230th Field Artillery Battalion.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 531st Anti-Aircraft Battalion.

Service Company, 743rd Tank Battalion.

Medical Detachment, 30th Infantry Division Artillery.

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Service Battery, 113th Field Artillery Battalion.

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WINTER FIGHT IN ARDENNES TESTS DOUGHS

By W. C. HEINZ

WITH THE 30th INFANTRY DIVISION IN BELGIUM, Jan. 15.—[NANA]—There was red on the snow outside the battalion command post in the grey, feldstone of the high places looking down. This was right after the 30th Division had kicked off on Saturday morning for its part in this northern offensive against the Belgian bulge, and some of the wounded had come walking back and that was the red on the snow, and there were other things. They had their crude camouflage they had been able to make with their own hands.

"It stood around on the ground floor of this farmhouse, a floor that was black and wet from the snow that had melted from their boots and their clothes. They had their wrists tied over their helmets, and in their loose-fitting sheets or whatever they were, they looked like Arabs or guerrilla fighters and not like American GIs.

MILLEDEVILLE CAPTAIN
"No patterns," a captain said. "Every guy just took whatever the civilians would give him, olive drab, a blouse, a cap, a piece of his head, and tied the two pieces together, or something, and that's it."

The captain said it was a good thing of such camouflage. He said it would help a lot, save some lives.

"We worked for two days on the stuff to get it ready," he said. "What with the curtains and sheets and mattress covers and some long white underwear. It was just about able to outfit them for the winter."

This was the Second Battalion of the 120th Regiment. The captain was Capt. Philip Chandler, of Millerville, Tenn., and there was a medic standing there, and he was talking about the cold, and said that his biggest trouble was keeping the men's feet warm.

"He gets to his foxhole at night and he gets to his blankets and puts on the special slippers we've got."

FAYETTEVILLE COLONEL
The medic was Lt. Forest Newman, of Leaksville, N. C. He said that the slippers had been designed by his regimental commander, Col. Branner Purdue, of Fayetteville, Ark., and he said that he got a pair.

The slippers were made of three thicknesses of khaki blanket material from an Army salvage dump. They were thick and warm, and they had the ankles, but they were the kind of thing that a guy might design while using a couple of sheets of newspaper for the sole of the shoe.

"In this weather," the medic said, "two are better than one wounded. When a guy is hit, the tendency is for him to lie there and wait for us to come and get him, but not in this weather, it's better if he can't."

AMBULANCE SLEDS
Somebody said that walking 100 yards in this snow was the same as walking 250 yards over bare ground. It was true. It started talking about the sleds they were using to evacuate the wounded because they could not carry litters through the snow. It was true that some of the guys in the battalion had made these, too.

There were three of the sleds on the snow. They were crude things of raw wood, like short ladders with toboggan bottoms of sheet metal and a couple of sheets of canvas for the litters on, and the lieutenant said that Capt. Thomas Hooper, of Boston, had designed them because he had had some of the training in Michigan the winter before.

"It's tough as hell, even with these sleds," the lieutenant said. "It's better than trying to carry men up to litter."

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