

# WASHINGTON

## Calling

A Weekly Sizeup by the Washington Staff of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers

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Of letting Japan emerge partially intact, capable of coming back industrially. Japan would count on continuing economic penetration of China.

### Bretton Woods Meets Difficulties

BRETTON WOODS agreement on world currency stabilization and reconstruction—first major step toward post-war collaboration—is running into trouble in the house banking and currency committee. Here's the picture:

As the agreement came out of last summer's Bretton Woods meeting, it was pegged on two main sections—an international fund to stabilize currencies and an international bank to aid world reconstruction. Each would have a kitty of about 10 billion dollars, with the U. S. contributing about three billions to each.

State and treasury departments have gone to bat for the plan in Capitol Hill hearings; the American Bankers' association has sought to whittle it down.

Briefly, the bankers would accept the reconstruction bank but would have the same agency handle currency stabilization—and with the overall capital at 10 instead of 20 billions.

Today's size-up by friends of the agreement places most committee Republicans against it as it stands, and they probably will have other votes with them; looks as if the committee might line up 13 to 12 against accepting the stabilization fund as of today.

Administration people are worried; say they're danger that the first test of U. S. co-operation with the world may go against them; urge that modification will mean rejection by other nations. Already they compare this fight to that over league of nations.

### Harmony Goal

THE DELEGATION to San Francisco is trying to assure harmony among members in both deed and word. They'll be unfettered for the next month, but delegates have agreed that after sessions open, none will make statements for the press until after these have been cleared through a central control agency. That agency will not edit statements, but it will give all a chance to see what's being said before the words appear in the papers.

THERE WILL be a lot of talk at San Francisco about the voting system in the United Nations organization, as agreed upon at Yalta, but it will be approved. More ticklish, however, will be the problem of fitting regional agreements—such as that set up at the Mexico City conference for this hemisphere—into the general United Nations organization.

Hope of home leading American delegates is that the problem can be settled this way:

If there is a flare-up in the Western Hemisphere, for example, first efforts to settle it would be immediately made by the nations of this hemisphere. Only if they were unable to quiet the trouble would main organization be called on to help.

They hope that in any region, local troubles can be settled locally, and United Nations organization called upon only in rarest instances.

### Wait Taft's Views

MUM TO date, Senator Taft of Ohio will disclose his views on a world peace organization in a major senate speech prior to opening of the San Francisco conference. (Taft is chairman of the senate G. O. P. steering committee).

While he has been vigorously anti-administration, the senator's friends expect him in the end to be on the side of whatever is agreed to at San Francisco.

He has family precedent for this. His father, William Howard Taft, fought side by side with Woodrow Wilson for the League of Nations.

## IF THIS RAMBLES, BLAME THE SPRING

Mom went down to city market to buy some meat and came away with a sweet pea nosegay instead.

Sis, outfitted in pink and blue, had her picture snapped in front of the monument with her serviceman date from Oswego.

Kid brother is turning over in his mischievous mind the possibilities of getting the car for tonight.

Pop stood around in the backyard for awhile staring at what he hopes may be a victory garden, then went down into the basement and muddled over some fishing tackle.

Later, he might go down to the corner tavern for a bock beer, but they won't have any. It's another war casualty.

Anyway, it all adds up to spring and even the wet weather report. Weatherman R. M. Williamson put out today shouldn't dampen your spirits.

"Showers tonight and tomorrow. Slightly warmer tonight."

## REPORT SCOTCH AND BOURBON STOCKS LOW

NEW YORK, March 24 (U. P.).—Distillers warned today that the nation will face one of its worst whisky shortages in three weeks.

Allied Liquor Industries, Inc., said Scotch and bourbon will be practically unobtainable because bourbon stocks were 40 per cent less than normal and importation of Scotch is the smallest in history.

### HOTEL CLERK DIES

Jess M. Tindall, 401 N. Arsenal ave., died of a heart attack early today in the Lorraine hotel where he was night clerk.

## W. SIDE PEEPER FATALLY SHOT

Allison Foreman, Father of Two, Dead.

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neighborhood," Syverson told police after the shooting.

"For the past three nights somebody has been peeping into our windows and last night I decided to wait for him. I heard a car pull up in front and saw a man get out about 10:30 o'clock. I saw him look into several windows, then I saw his face in our bedroom window."

"I was in the kitchen and started to shoot, firing two or three times. I saw the prowler run across the street, then fall into his automobile."

Mr. Syverson said Craig told him and Ralph Shiner, Edward Barnaby and Reed Waller, Berwick st. residents, that he had been looking into the windows on the street for the past three or four nights.

Craig came here with his family two years ago from Anderson. His wife and the two children, a girl 11 and a boy 2, survive.

He had been a trusted employee at the Allison plant and had a pass to enter and leave at will, plant guards told detectives.

The body will be taken to the Baker Bros. funeral home at Anderson for services and burial.

## AIRMEN CALL RHINE BATTLE 'COLOSSAL'

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which he flew "came home over the most terrific ground battle I ever hope to see."

Capt. Louis Wieser, Hammond, Ind., a Liberator crewman, said hundreds of allied fighters were diving and gunning over a "tremendous battle."

"The ground surface east of the Rhine was covered by planes that looked like gliders," said Lt. Charles Shimm, Bartlesville, Okla. Observers at Folkestone said an hours-long glider tow force flew over the straits in brilliant sunshine. Fighters darted

their flanks in strong force. One observer said the air formations spread over a wide area, and it appeared that "thousands" of planes were overhead. They included two-motored and four-motored tow planes, in formations up to 50, flying low with Spitfires wheeling protectively overhead.

Harry Hickingbotham, United Press correspondent at Folkestone, reported:

"Crowds gathered on the sea front beginning at dawn to watch the biggest air armada of the war sweep across the channel. I never have seen so many airplanes pass over this town on any one set of operations during the last five years of war."

And as for Lewis, his experience in dealing with government as nominal employer have not been completely to his liking.

Trade Barriers

SCORE on removal of state barriers: Four legislatures have increased size or weight limits on motor vehicles so far this year—Arizona, North Dakota, Tennessee, Wyoming.

STATE DEPARTMENT and railroads have taken step to make transportation available for delegates to the San Francisco conference by freeing space on trains from Chicago to the Golden Gate from April 17 through April 23.

Only those with state department approval may travel—and only delegates, correspondents and others officially connected with the conference will be approved.

Only fast, direct-route trains are involved, though. Would-be travelers west from Chicago may follow a roundabout route, without hindrance.

## Patton Thrust Sends Germans Into Turmoil

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may have just been unable to cope with the situation.

Berlin placed Patton's crossing in the Oppenheim area, 10 miles south of Mainz and 142 miles south-east of the Wesel bridgehead.

About 150 Germans were quickly rounded up in the first few hours after the crossing, but that apparently was the end of the opposition.

Foe Vanishes

Neither airplane spotters who flew over the bridgehead nor doughboys streaming along both sides of a dirt road from the river saw one German soldier today. The German army had just vanished.

"Today the crossing place is rapidly assuming the aspects of a busy ferrying point on any American river. Boats are moving in every direction and only the smoke from a nearby town is giving evidence of war."

Our artillery stood by during the crossing, prepared to blast the Germans at the slightest provocation, but it never arose and they did little shelling.

While Patton's feat was accomplished with about no opposition, officers cautioned against over-optimism.

"G. O. P. ON TRIAL"

"Republicans are on trial in Indiana and are striving to give the state an exemplary administration," said Mrs. Fern Norris, reporter of the supreme and appellate courts, in a speech before the 16th Ward Republican club last night.

DON'T OVERPAY TAXES

NEW YORK, March 24 (U. P.).—William S. Webb, district supervisor for the state department of taxation and finance, told state income taxpayers today to be certain not to send too much money in with their returns. Refunds cost a lot of time and money, Webb said.

## Eye-Witness: Assault Boats Chug Across, Spill Troops on 'Berlin Bank' of Rhine

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the main weight of our attack will fall.

Waiting Was Tense

My crossing of the river was almost an anti-climax after the days and hours of tense waiting.

In the hours before the kick-off possibly the world's greatest artillery barrage had crashed down on the Nazi positions across the river, flattening their strongpoints around the defenders' heads.

But as we crossed the Rhine it was deadly still. Only the quiet lap of the water against the sides of our boat could be heard. Later there was a burst of small arms fire all around but none seemed to be coming our way.

Pick Up Prisoners

I accompanied an infantry battalion headquarters across the river. We rode in an assault boat. When I paused to write this dispatch two hours later the battalion had flushed half a dozen prisoners from their holes and was advancing against what could hardly even be dignified by the term "scattered resistance."

We rushed up to what we had expected to be the first German line of resistance. All that happened was the capturing of some stunned prisoners.

From a railway embankment beyond us and from both our flanks there came the occasional clatter of machine guns. And snipers were still active in the darkness behind us.

But the famed German artillery and even the bristling Ruhr valley flak guns were opening up only occasional fire in the sector where I am writing this dispatch.

Earthquake Bombardment

Our divisions are pouring across the river with ferocious precision. The outfit I jumped off with crossed the stream an hour later than the neighboring 9th army unit just to the north of us. That gave us the benefit of an extra hour of earthquake bombardment of the Nazi positions.

But we had also figured that the Germans facing us would have an extra hour to get ready for our attack. Whatever they did with that hour they didn't use it to brace themselves. Perhaps they used it to withdraw to the east.

When daylight broke over the Rhine it was obvious that the main Nazi forces have not gone into action.

May Be Manpower Crisis

Possibly the desperate German manpower crisis has forced them to pull back everything but outposts along the river and to hold their main forces further back for a possible counter-attack when the pattern of our offensive becomes clear.

But there are guarantees that the Germans won't be able to mount a counter-attack as fast as we build up our bridgehead.

First of these is the great width of our assault. The second is our overwhelming air and artillery effort which has isolated the assault area.

And third is the speed with which our troops are pouring across the Rhine and plunging ahead into the interior.

The 9th army isn't waiting for navy craft, ferries, barges, bridges, rafts, infantry support weapons—or anything.

It is storming across as fast as the racing storm boats and assault craft with outboard motors can shuttle between the two Rhine banks.

Hiding in Villages

The assault went like this: For the last two days or so we have been billeted in hiding in hamlets and villages half a dozen miles back of the river, waiting for our vehicles and weapons for D-day and H-hour.

About 10 p. m. after the men have finished a late supper, checked and re-checked their equipment, they began strapping it on. Trucks are rolling up to battalion headquarters.

Headquarters personnel took the last deep drags on their cigarettes, crunched them out under their heels, climbed into the trucks and the first small column was rolling toward the Rhine in the dense blackout.

Timed to Split Second

Everything had been timed to the split second.

As the lead car passed the company area, the woods, thickets and barns erupted with more trucks and jeeps, joining the procession until the whole battalion was in line.

It took only a few minutes to drive to a point four miles from the Rhine where the battalion dismounted from the trucks and began the last march-in.

In a long column of twos the

men swung down the dirt road while the jeeps and trucks turned back to the assembly point to await their priority turn for rafts and bridges.

Heard British Barrage

Our battalion was well ahead of schedule. A couple of miles down the road we halted. And through the stillness we could hear the sullen, distant and continuous rumble of the British 2d army barrage that started at midnight.

At 1 a. m. on the nose the 9th army's massed artillery roared into action with a deadly time-on-target salvo that crashes down with precision every few minutes on the trans-Rhine objectives. Between these crescendos came the bark and growl of individual guns, firing singly.

Windows on the nearby houses rattled and the ground trembled perceptibly. But it didn't satisfy the infantrymen. The infantrymen are never satisfied.

They were Wrong

They growled that the barrage wasn't stout enough to keep down the German machine gunners and artillery. As it turned out the infantrymen were wrong.

At 2 a. m. we started forward again. And the infantrymen had the answer to their complaints. The barrage really started into high. The roar was so continuous that you had to put your lips to a man's ear and yell to make yourself heard above the thunder.

The ground was shuddering under the shock of the explosions and the sky was lit by huge flashes that seemed to tear apart the clouds of smoke.

Front in Flames

After the first few moments of the intensified barrage the German positions are wrapped in great flames and a dull red glow marks the German lines.

The infantry moved across the flat ground, completely devoid of cover. It was guided by white tape on the ground. The moon, nearly full, was beginning to be bloodied by the haze and smoke. The columns closed up with a distance of five to 10 yards between the men.

Silhouetted against the glare of the fires we moved like a strange snake-dance past German farms.

We moved through a bank of black smoke, still rolling northward from yesterday afternoon's air attacks and came ahead of the artillery belt. Now we could hear the machine guns pumping away and the dry cough of the heavy mortars.

Looking for Holes

The enemy shells were more audible, too, and at each halt the men glanced around trying to spot some handy hole or ditch—just in case.

Finally, came an uncomfortable wait in the open for our turn to go across. The storm battalion jumped off at 3 a. m. in two waves. We waited for their boats to return.

Finally, guides led us on the dog trot across the last couple of hundred yards up the dikes and down the other side into the boats.

We were lucky. Our motor caught on the first pull and we were on our way across the Rhine.

The crossing was strictly anti-climax. Both banks of the Rhine were a pandemonium of noise but the river itself was quiet. There was only the chugging noise of the motors and the slap-slap of the boats hull against the waves.

Some Delayed

And a minute actually seemed like 60 seconds instead of hours, as I had expected.

Some units were delayed in getting off and when we got to the west bank it was no longer a cohesive battalion as we joined up on the sandy beach bank for the march inland.

Small groups punched in ahead with the rapid crouching, round-shouldered stumble of the infantryman—not sure what was ahead and expecting fire any moment from any direction.

There was plenty of small arms fire all around but none seemed to be coming in our direction.

Orders Advance

We got to the shelter of an embankment without event.

The battalion commander with his walkie-talkies man and a couple of colored flashlights for signalling, ordered one company to advance.

The colonel and a couple of men decided to take a look over the embankment. As we neared the top a helmeted figure rose in silhouette against the sky and snapped a challenge in German: "Who goes there?"

The German didn't even have his luger out of its holster, let alone

cocked. The colonel grabbed the luger and the doughboys took the disarmed German forward a few paces where he persuaded a second German to surrender in his pillbox.

I spoke to the prisoner in German and he said there were three more Germans in the pillbox who might or might not surrender.

We called a couple of times but the Krauts were lying low.

"We got business," said one doughboy. "Let the rear echelon pick them up."

So we continued down the embankment. In a shelter the battalion commander got A and B companies rounded up and learned that C company was still assembling at the river's edge.

Against the kind of resistance we had met so far it seemed that two companies would be enough, although the battalion was now on its own, swinging out in flank and scrimmage line beside the battalion which crossed ahead of us.

A company and then B company, followed by the command post, crossed the embankment and fanned out on the other side.

Still there was no resistance. Small arms fire reminded me of the snipers and I decided I had better get back with this dispatch before daylight gave them a chance to pop away at me.

## SKY TROOPS NOW IN REICH TRAINED HERE

Troop carrier command airplanes and gliders which dropped thousands of airborne troops across the Rhine and behind German lines this morning were trained, rehearsed and sent out by the I troop carrier command, with headquarters at Stout field, Brig. Gen. William D. Old, commanding general, announced.

"The immensity and effectiveness of this new airborne attack," Brig. Gen. Old stated, "are the results of the doctrine and training developed here in Indianapolis."

He said this fourth major troop carrier attack in the European theater "confirms our belief in the deadly precision of this newest weapon of the allied military."

"Though still in their infancy, troop carrier-airborne operations have become our most effective weapon of surprise."

Glider pilot training of the troop carrier command is carried out at the Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air base, Maxton, N. C., the only school of its type in the country.

Other troop carrier command training bases in the United States are located at Bergstrom field, Tex.; Sedalia Army air field, Mo.; George field, Ill.; Baer field, Ind.; Pope field, N. C. and Lawson field, Ga.

## SEES BRIGHT FUTURE IN TELEVISION WORK

Television may become a 10 billion dollar industry after the war in the opinion of Dr. C. B. Joffe, vice president in charge of the RCA-Victor division laboratories.

The Princeton, N. J., executive spoke last night at the World War memorial to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the Institute of Radio Engineers in Indiana.

Citing a bright future for electronic "miracles," Dr. Joffe predicted that such innovations as frequency modulation in radio reception "may entirely revolutionize our life."

He also predicted a widespread use of "walkie-talkies" whereby persons will be able to contact each other in all circumstances by simply pressing buttons.

The research expert thought it might be possible to replace our present communicative wire systems with a network of radio transmitters spaced 25 to 40 miles apart and "carrying" messages simultaneously through the ether from coast to coast.

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## PARACHUTISTS STRIKE RUHR

Hundreds Are Seen Floating Down to Battle.

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confused when we approached the bridgehead.

I kept minute-by-minute notes, however, which showed we flew over the wreckage of what once was Xanten at 11:05 a. m.

No Enemy Planes

We didn't see a single German plane over enemy territory and we were very happy about that.

It had been expected that the Luftwaffe might make a desperate effort to break up the airborne landings with fighters.

Suddenly, I heard, "It won't be long now," and I grabbed for my crash helmet, which I should have had on long before.

Looking out, I could see a clearing so filled with collapsed parachutes that it was hard to see any ground between them.

Right at this point we heard the first flak. There was a short concentrated burst of what probably was machine-gun fire, mingled with what sounded like rifle cracks. We were plenty low to be vulnerable to that sort of fire.

Sat on Flak Vest

It is not a comfortable feeling to sit crouched at 100 on half a flak vest spread on the floor as armor, peering through a window literally down the German's throats.

This airborne show is using 1500 transport planes. That is aside from the thousands of escorting fighters, the fighter-bombers and the mediums, lights and heavies prepared to plaster the battle zone.

This was the first time in combat that C-47's simultaneously towed two gliders, and the first time that two "series" or squadron formations of glider-towing C-47's flew together on the same mission.

"Good luck" was the word of every airman, every infantryman, every ground man who sent us off with the hope that today's operation would mark the beginning of the final battle of Germany.

No Wishful Thinking

But these troops, carrier men and glider infantry were old hands at war. They knew too much about it to indulge in wishful thinking. They were prepared for a tough battle.

I watched them huddled on wooden benches in a barn-like building takes notes through an hour and a half briefing Friday afternoon.

They were expectant but not tense. There were some wisecracks, but they approached this first airborne invasion of Germany in a serious business-like manner.

When the chaplain, Capt. Sumner W. Johnson of Terryville, Conn., opened the briefing with a prayer, every one of several hundred pilots, crewmen and paratroopers bowed their heads