

TRUMAN - POLAND

*L.I. - Lunco, Wednesday, June 13, 1945*  
President Truman spoke with much ~~and~~ <sup>optimism</sup>

today about a probable settlement of the Polish dispute. After conferences with Harry Hopkins, just returned from a presidential mission to Moscow, he indicated that the Hopkins conversations with Soviet leaders had broken the deadlock on Poland.

This breaking of the deadlock consists of what we heard last night - the Soviet invitations to Polish representatives to meet in Moscow.

These include three Polish leaders in London, who have ties with the exiled Polish government. But the exiled government, itself, is not invited - is not offered any direct representation at the Moscow conference.

President Truman today said he believed that the Poles who have been invited to journey from London to the Moscow gathering, would not reject the offer. However, the news from London is that one of them has already turned down the invitation. We are told that he bases his refusal on his allegiance to the exiled.

government. The London word is that the other two, who have been invited, are likely to accept.

President Truman today stated that the invitations to Moscow represent a concession on the part of the Soviets. He said the United States and Great Britain will recognize the exiled Polish government — they haven't changed. He added that Russia is as eager to get along with us as we are to get along with Russia, and suggested that American newsmen refrain from saying things that might make a Polish solution more difficult.

The sum and substance of it all is that the White House believes the ~~■~~ meeting of the Poles in Moscow is likely to bring about an agreement on that much ~~■~~ debated point — the reconstitution of the Polish provisional Government, broadening it to square with the decisions of the Yalta Conference.

At the same time, President Truman indicated that Harry Hopkins had discussed with Stalin the question of the Sixteen Polish leaders who have been arrested by the Soviets. On that subject, no agreement was reached.

In his news conference today, President Truman disclosed that the time and place has been fixed for his first meeting with Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill. The time will be some time before July Seventeenth. The place, apparently, will be overseas. The rumors are - either somewhere in Germany or somewhere in the Near East.

This conference of the Big Three, the President indicated, will decide on the broadest matters of peacemaking - getting ready for a general peace conference.

President Truman, in meeting Stalin and Churchill, will be accompanied by Secretary of State Stettinius, Harry Hopkins, and the Chiefs of Staff - just as President Roosevelt was at the Yalta Conference. And perhaps Joseph E. Davies, former Ambassador to Moscow, will go.

This next meeting of the Big Three, as in previous cases, will not be covered by news reporters.

The newsmen won't be there. The President explained today that secrecy is necessary in the deliberations - deliberations that will formulate the final peace arrangements.



SOVIET STATEMENT

In newspaper circles much attention is being given to a statement issued by the Soviet delegation to the San Francisco Conference. The statement is a denial - a denial of a previous declaration, which had likewise attracted much attention.

A week ago, newspapers and radios carried a United Press dispatch from San Francisco which quoted a member of the Soviet delegation as saying all kinds of nice, moderate, and encouraging things. The delegate was represented as saying that Russian policy (quote) "has never been inflexible" (end quote) Also - that if there was a dispute, and the Russians found that the other side was right, they gracefully conceded the point. The [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] widely reported by [REDACTED] of State [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] least.

All of which puts a focus of interest on today's denial - and particularly, on the drastic terms of the denial. "I wish to state", declares Chief Soviet

Delegate Gromiko, "that the delegate has not issued any statement of any kind. Hence, he goes on, "the public should know that the purported statement is fiction and the delegation cannot be responsible for it".

BORNEO

Latest news from Borneo is news that the  
Australians have captured the Brunei airstrip and are  
within two miles of the town of Brunei. They made an  
eight mile ~~xxxx~~ advance today.

~~In Borneo, the Australians~~ <sup>They</sup> ran into fighting today. The invasion, hitherto unopposed, encountered Jap resistance. No major battle, just outbreaks of ugly stubborn fighting here and there.

At the capital city of Brunei, great clouds of smoke were rising - the Japs burning oil wells and oil field installations. One detail in the news concerns the sultan of Brunei, a fabulous potentate who is reported to have fled to the hills, taking his harem with him. What would a Sultan do without his harem?

The fighting is described as a series of rear guard actions by small parties of Japs, who have dynamited the bridges across the many rivers of the jungle country. The Australians are making progress, thanks largely to a new method of bridge building. They are using bridge building tanks - amphibians that lay bridges as they cross rivers.

It is tough going for the Australians, the news dwelling on that familiar evil of tropical war - the jungle. Driving into the province of Brunei, the invaders must push through the equatorial forest nearly every mile they go.



I spent many weeks collecting birds, mammals, <sup>and</sup> reptiles ~~for~~ for the American Museum of Natural History in that very region. I know it well, from bitter experience. I know the impenetrable wall of tangled vegetation; the thorny vines and creepers; the giant trees interlaced to their very tops like a gigantic barbed wire entanglement. I know the breathless steaming heat; the insects, ~~the~~ leeches, the leeches that suck out your life like tiny vampires. Strangely enough, my first impression of a Borneo jungle was one of sound rather than sight. Myriads of singing insects filled the air with such a medley of shrill vibrations that my ear-drums ached. I prayed for just a moment of silence. But silence did not come until after the daily deluge of rain at half-past-four. There were sights enough too for it was just as I had imagined a Borneo jungle ought to be. An ~~impenetrable~~ <sup>almost solid</sup> ~~le~~ <sup>rampart</sup> of giant trees stretching up and up seemingly almost to the clouds. The white camphor-wood and kayu rajah or "king trees", more than two hundred feet tall, dominated

all the rest. ~~Each~~ Each was hung with a tangled network of vines and creepers; below palms and banana trees grew thickly between the larger trunks.

I soon found that it was impossible to move in the forest except by cutting a path with a huge native knife, machete. I tried to break through an opening but in two minutes was caught in a dozen places. Three-inch palm thorns had me by the ~~trousers~~ trousers and spiny wait-a-bit vines laced across my chest and back. I lost my temper and tried to back out, but I tried just once! The more I pulled the deeper went the thorns. Every move was agony. ~~Finally~~ Finally, Miranda my native boy, cut me loose. My clothes were in rags and I was out and scratched all over.

Miranda looked at me and grinned. "Master better learn not get angry. No use. Better use knife", said he.

He was right. The jungle is no place for an impatient man.

On Okinawa, the Japs are ~~■~~ hurling Banzai charges - and that is seen as the beginning of the end. In the invasion of other Pacific islands, it has been the custom of the fanatical Japs to stage suicide assaults when they realize the end is at hand. Now they are doing it on Okinawa - banzai charges. In one of these, three hundred Japs surged forward and tried to hurl satchels full of dynamite into the Marine positions.

The final battle is being fought on that rugged plateau, about which the news has been telling for days - high ground with steep ridges. *a plateau on which I myself stood, years ago, looking out over the peaceful bay.* And today American troops, attacking from three directions, cut their way through Jap fortifications or rather - burned their way. They are ripping through the enemy lines along the ridges of the plateau by the use of a new type of flame thrower.

## HUNTER

Among American troops in Europe, there's a legend about - the "Mad Hunter of Metz." According to the yarn, the Mad Hunter was an American officer who, during the bitter fighting along the Moselle last November, went hunting birds and rabbits between the fighting lines.

The story doesn't lose anything as it passes from one G. I. to another, and a sort of Paul Bunyan romance has grown up around the "Mad Hunter of Metz."

Now the truth is out, the source of the legend has been discovered. The Mad Hunter is Captain E. C. Boykin, an engineering officer of Camden, South Carolina. Today he admitted with a slow Carolina drawl: "I don't like to tell that story. It makes me seem such a dog-gone fool. But the boys here somehow got wind of it and I have to admit it".

The Captain tells how his outfit of engineers made a long push across France, and arrived at the front tired out. "I was dead weary"   
"And when I'm weary, I don't like anything better than hunting".



Well, that's an interesting South Carolina view - going hunting as a way of resting up.

"It appeared the natural thing to me", Captain Boykin goes on, "so I took an old shotgun and some shells and sauntered around looking for game". He admits there was a lot of shooting going on, but adds: "I figured that <sup>it</sup> wasn't important enough for either side to bother about".

What about the minefields, he was asked? That section where he went hunting was just loaded with mines.

"Oh" explained the Captain, "I just followed some fresh cattle tracks." "That sounds like South Carolina, too - following the cattle tracks.

"I was right in the middle of No man's Land", the Captain relates, "when I caught sight of a magnificent bird - and stalked it. Just then an American patrol rushed up, and the Sergeant gasped:

'Sir, don't you see there's a battle going on?'"

To this the Captain replied -- sure he knew there was a battle going on, but the bird-shot in his gun were too small to help the patrol any. "So I sent them back, and got that bird."

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## GIRL

Tonight at Macon, Georgia, a girl will dance on her eighteenth birthday. She'll be entertained at a party given by the Marines, and a marine corps band will play while she waltzes and steps the tango. She is wearing the prettiest evening dress that could be found, and a handbag covered with emerald green sequins. These are gifts to her from Marines on Okinawa. Also a corsage of orchids - the first orchids she has ever had. These were sent to her by a General on Okinawa - the General in command of the outfit in which her brother served.

Her brother, Sergeant Bob Newman, was killed in action months ago, and sister Frances wrote a letter to his outfit. In this she told how she had planned to dance with brother Bob on her Eighteenth Birthday.

Out there on Okinawa, drenched with blood, the Marines talked about this, and decided that Frances Newman should dance on her birthday - though not with brother Bob.

She must dance, they decided, in the prettiest way. And so, from private to general, they made arrangements - a Marine Corps party for her at Macon tonight, a Marine band playing, and Frances dancing in the prettiest of dresses, with a gleaming evening bag and the orchids the General sent.

*And now Goodnight*