Sirs: My commendation for your timely presentation of symptoms of Khruschev Reminiscences ("The Terror of Lille with Stalin," Nov. 27). Indeed, Stalin was a man of evil genius. His answer for treachery involved nothing less than annihilation. Can anyone today or during our next lifetime consider killing a woman part of her "humanity"? No. Khrushchev is too good for that.

BILLY JACKSON

Paoli, Pa.

Sirs: Tell me it's not true! You say that a knickering beast of molehill "is moving quickly for $400 at Jacques Kaplan's. Wouldn't it be far better to buy a cow of $200 instead, and with the remaining $600 buy a few for a child that has never had one, shoes for a ghetto school, a can of beans for a family that has already had one child die of malnutrition? It isn't nice to be rich, but you can be without being morally ugly on the inside.

Cora KONKAARD

Iowa City, Iowa

EAST PAKISTAN

Sirs: The U.S. weather satellite photo ("Portrait of a Deadly Pinwheel," Nov. 27) does present a vivid picture of the devastation that East Pakistan suffered. In addition to our satellite reconnaissance, we the U.S. have at our disposal a vast weather forecasting service which, I suppose, I have used in many years of worldwide flying. If anything is to be learned by this disaster, I would think the allocation of foreign aid funds to prevent future calamities would be appropriate.

MAJOR ARThUR AUTHOR, USAF(Ret.)

Fort Worth, Texas

PLO

Sirs: Hugh Sidey has his facts wrong about that. Your story did not impress me at all. I don't think we should shed any crocodile tears of grief for people who were involved in the Russian Leaders. Even this in lack of a new blackmailer. I wouldn't admit to the authorship of the Russian Leaders were chosen to destroy efforts to something current and more desirable.

THE PRESIDENCY

Sirs: While reading your article on Ethiopia concerning the wanton destruction of one of the world's ancient sanctuaries ("On the Rim of the Primeval," Nov. 27), I nearly died. It is so very sad that man must wait until they are fewer than 150 while these birds live in their natural habitat and then will be under enforcement of an imperial edict. We'll continue to be pheasants, though, because as yet only a few species are gone forever.

GUY LANGER

Selinsgrove, Pa.

Sirs: Man kills animals for pleasure in the U.S. and for convenience in Ethiopia. Perhaps one day man himself will become rare. And when extinction comes—who will mourn?

Mrs. E. R. BALCH

Pittsburgh, Pa.

COMMENT

Sirs: I laughed so hard reading Calvin Trillin's review of The Senator Woman ("The Adventures of Rosemary," Nov. 27) that I decided to open my husband's essay to stare at a concerned Senator Woman. So I put the 80th toward some Cold Duck and hopped down the stairs. But my over-exhausted

 ergonomic husband asked me if I had read the book. And I thought I was being sensitive, not sensible.

Kovar, N.Y.

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1A
Khrushchev speaks out on Mao, Kennedy,
Soviet Premier Khrushchev was joined by world Communist leaders in 1961 to salute the 44th anniversary of the Revolution. Between Cuba's Fidel Castro and Khrushchev is Vietnam's Ho Chi Minh. Others, moving right from Khrushchev: Rodion Malinovsky, then Defense Minister; Hungary's Janos Kadar; Leonid Brezhnev, who three years later helped oust Khrushchev; Central Committee Secretary Felix Koslov; Party theoretician Mikhail Suslov; Anastas Mikoyan; Nikolai Shvernik.

**HIGH STAKES**

Nixon and the Cuban missile crisis
Khrushchev's favorite American statesman was John F. Kennedy. They met at Vienna (left) in 1961, shortly after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, and Khrushchev set out to intimidate the young President. But he was charmed by both Kennedy and his wife (below), and Kennedy's murder was for Khrushchev a personal tragedy.
Khrushchev's real education in foreign affairs began with the Big Four summit meeting in Geneva in July 1955. He was then Party First Secretary, although he was two years away from consolidating his personal power. Geneva was both an ordeal and a climax for the peasant who was now meeting opposite numbers with backgrounds of West Point, Eton and Oxford, the Lycee and the Sorbonne. In this conclusion to Life's series, Khrushchev seeks to justify his actions before history, and his interpretation is clearly self-serving.

Right up until his death Stalin used to tell us, "You'll see, when I'm gone the imperialistic powers will wring your necks like chickens." We never tried to reassure him that we would be able to manage. Besides, we had doubts about Stalin's foreign policy. He overemphasized the importance of military might. For him foreign policy meant keeping antiaircraft units around Moscow on 24-hour ready alert.

Our trip to Geneva gave the bourgeois heads of state a chance to look us over. I think it was actually Churchill's idea to open contacts with the new Soviet government after Stalin's death. Churchill believed that the new Soviet government would be more vulnerable to pressure. We too were in favor of a meeting. It was our feeling that after such a bloody war we and the West could come to terms.

I think one reason we were able to agree to the Geneva meeting at all was that [Georgi] Malenkov had been released from his duties as Chairman of the Council of Ministers. Malenkov was unstable to the point of being dangerous because he was susceptible to the pressure and influence of others.

Prime Minister [Nikolai] Bulganin was to head our delegation (the other principals: Khrushchev, Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov and his deputy Andrei Gromyko).

We knew that the No. 1 goal which the English, Americans and French would be pursuing would be what they called "the reunification of Germany," which really meant the expulsion of Socialist forces from the German Democratic Republic and the creation of a single capitalist Germany. We wanted simply to sign a peace treaty which would recognize the existence of two German states and would guarantee that each state be allowed to develop as its own people saw fit.

The leaders of the other three delegations arrived in four-engine planes, and we arrived in a modest two-engine Ilyushin. Their planes were certainly more impressive than ours, and the comparison was embarrassing.

At the airport an unpleasant incident occurred. Bulganin was supposed to step forward and inspect the honor guard. Just before he did so, a Swiss protocol officer stepped right in front of me and stood with his back up against my nose. My first impulse was to shove him out of the way. Later I realized he had been told to make sure that I couldn't step forward with Bulganin to review the troops. The Swiss government rudely had that man stand in front of me!
The 1960 U-2 incident, in which American pilot Francis Gary Powers was shot down over Russia in a spy plane like the one above, wrecked a Paris summit conference. It also spoiled the "spirit of
Dulles was snapping at Eisenhower'

Camp David established a year earlier during Khrushchev's visit to President Eisenhower (below). The U-2 affair weakened Khrushchev's position at home (see box, p. 488), although his text does not comment on that point. When Soviet-commanded tanks confronted U.S. troops (left) during the Berlin crisis of 1961, Khrushchev claimed a victory, but he did not get the U.S. out of Berlin.

President Eisenhower's visit to Moscow was not the first time I met Eisenhower. I'd met him at the end of the war when he came to Moscow. If I had to compare the two American Presidents with whom I dealt — Eisenhower and Kennedy — the comparison would go in favor of Eisenhower. Our people have told me that they considered him a mediocre military leader and a weak President. He was a good man, but he wasn't very tough. There was something soft about his character.

Our conversations with the American delegation were generally constructive and useful for both parties, although the United States refused to make even the most reasonable concessions because Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was still alive. It was he who determined foreign policy, not President Eisenhower. I watched Dulles making notes with a pencil, folding them up and sliding them under Eisenhower's hand. Eisenhower would then pick up these sheets of paper and read them before making a decision. He followed this routine conscientiously, like a dutiful schoolboy taking his lead from the teacher. It was difficult for us to imagine how a chief of state could allow himself to lose face like that in front of delegations from other countries.

We had made a point of including our Defense Minister, Marshal [George] Zhukov, in our delegation. Zhukov had been a friend of Eisenhower's during the war. We hoped that Eisenhower and Zhukov might have a chance to talk alone together. But that vicious Dulles was always prowling around Eisenhower, snapping at him if he got out of line. Eisenhower did give Zhukov a spinning reel and sent personal greetings to Zhukov's wife and daughter; but other than such pleasantries, nothing came of Zhukov's conversations with Eisenhower. Eisenhower suggested that after each plenary session we meet for refreshments. His idea was that if there had been any hard feelings aroused, we could wash them away with martinis.

The atmosphere of our conversations with [Sir Anthony] Eden was certainly warm. Naturally he was following the same general line as the Americans. But he seemed to be more flexible. During dinner one evening Eden asked us, "What would you say if you were invited to make an official visit to Great Britain?" We said we would accept such an invitation with pleasure. [Eden had succeeded Churchill as Prime Minister in April 1955.]

Ultimately we prepared a joint statement setting forth the position of the four delegations. The wording was the result of various compromises which allowed all of us to sign. The Geneva meeting was a crucial test for us: would we be able to represent our country competently; would we be able to keep the other side from intimidating us? All things considered, I would say we passed. We returned to Moscow knowing that we hadn't achieved any concrete results. But we were encouraged, realizing now that our probable enemies feared us as much as we feared them.

Vietnam

Khrushchev does not date his first meeting with Ho Chi Minh, but it must have taken place after open warfare broke out in 1946 between the Vietnamese Communists then known, and the French.

Ho Chi Minh really was one of Communism's "saints." I first met him while Stalin was still alive. He had flown to Moscow directly from the jungles of Vietnam. During our conversations, Ho kept watching Stalin intently with his unusual eyes, shining with a special kind of sincerity and purity. Once he reached into his briefcase and took out a copy of a Soviet magazine and asked Stalin to autograph it. Stalin
I don't think China will release Vietnam

Khrushchev was proud of his prowess with a gun and liked to hunt whenever possible. Above, he relaxes in the woods of Usovo near Moscow. Below, during his last year of power (1964), he watches the trophies of a bear hunt being cut up in Romania, the satellite country which in the post-Khrushchev era has had the greatest success following a foreign policy independent of Moscow.
from its paws'

Another Nikita Sergeyevich, the son of Khrushchev’s son Sergei, enjoys a pool swim at Pitsunda, on the Black Sea, with his proud grandfather (above). In this 1963 picture, a rare private glimpse of Khrushchev relaxing, little Nikita’s face shows a decided family resemblance. A genial family man, Premier Khrushchev posed in the early 1960s in front of a house at Usovo used for foreign guests. Khrushchev stands between his daughter Helen and son Sergei. The others, left to right: daughters Galina and Rada; Mrs. Khrushchev (Nina Petrovna); Rada’s husband Aleksei Adzhubei, a career journalist who from 1959 to 1964 was the chief editor of Trieste.

CONTINUED

gave Ho his autograph but shortly afterwards had the magazine stolen back because he was worried about how Ho might use it.

Before the Geneva Conference (the earlier meeting, in 1954, when Vietnam was partitioned) there was a preparatory meeting in Moscow. China was represented by Chou En-lai and Vietnam by Ho Chi Minh and Prime Minister Pham Van Dong. The situation was very grave. The resistance movement in Vietnam was on the brink of collapse. Hanoi was securely in the hands of the French.

After one of these sessions in Catherine Hall at the Kremlin, Chou En-lai buttonholed me and said, “Comrade Ho Chi Minh has told me that the situation in Vietnam is hopeless and that if we don’t attain a cease-fire soon, the Vietnamese won’t be able to hold out against the French. They want China to be ready to move troops into Vietnam as we did in North Korea. We simply can’t. We’ve already lost too many men in Korea—that war cost us dearly. We’re in no condition to get involved in another war at this time.”

I said, “The Vietnamese are putting up a good fight. The French are taking heavy losses. There’s no reason why you should tell Ho Chi Minh that you will refuse to help him if his troops retreat to your border. Why don’t you just tell him a white lie? Let the Vietnamese believe that you’ll help them if necessary, and this will be a source of inspiration for the Vietnamese to resist the French.” Chou En-lai agreed.

Then a miracle happened. When the delegations arrived in Geneva, the Vietnamese won a great victory and captured the fortress of Dienbienphu.

At the first session of the conference Mendes-France [French Premier Pierre Mendes-France] proposed to restrict the northern reach of the French forces to the 17th parallel. When we were informed of this news from Geneva, we gasped with surprise and pleasure. We hadn’t expected anything like this. The 17th parallel was the absolute maximum we would have claimed ourselves. We instructed our representatives to demand that the demarcation line be moved farther south to the 15th parallel, but only for the sake of appearing to drive a hard bargain. After haggling for a short time, we accepted Mendes-France’s offer, and the treaty was signed. We had succeeded in consolidating the gains of the Vietnamese Communists.

All would have been well if everyone had adhered to the commitments of the Geneva accords. But then that sinister man Dulles and the United States stepped in and imposed a long, bloody war on the Vietnamese people, a war which is still going on today.

When the rupture between the Parties of the Soviet Union and China came out into the open, China began to lead the Vietnamese Party around by a halter. We have been unsparing in our efforts to assist Vietnam, and the hostility of the pro-Chinese elements in Vietnam has been a bitter pill to swallow. Why am I bringing this up now? Because it relates to what we can expect now that Ho Chi Minh is dead.

According to what I read in the press, it appears that all is going smoothly in Soviet-Vietnamese relations. But certain information that has reached me indicates that the Vietnamese are showing unwarranted restraint toward the Soviet government and Party. I would like to believe that Vietnam really does desire good relations with the Soviet Union, but I don’t think China will release Vietnam from its paws. If that happens it will be a great pity, and it will be a poor memorial to Comrade Ho Chi Minh.

China

The friction between Moscow and Peking began to build in the middle 1950s, although the signs were not yet evident in the outer world.

A few years after I retired, the story started circulating that I was the one who started the quarrel between the U.S.S.R. and China. I won’t even bother to refute this slander.

CONTINUED
'I had run out of patience with Mao'

After the split with China, Khrushchev regularly hosted Communist chiefs like Poland's Gomulka, whose support he needed.

Visiting Yugoslavia in 1963, Khrushchev seemed reconciled to the determination of Marshal Tito (above) to go his own way.

CONTINUED

Ever since I first met Mao I've known that Mao would never be able to reconcile himself to any other Communist Party being in any way superior to his own. If Stalin had lived a little longer, our conflict with China would have come into the open earlier. Stalin was always fairly critical toward Mao Tse-tung. Stalin used to say that Mao was a "margarine Marxist."

When Mao's victorious revolutionary army was approaching Shanghai [in 1949], Stalin asked Mao, "Why didn't you take Shanghai?"

"There's a population of six million there," answered Mao. "If we took Shanghai, then we'll have to feed all these people."

"Now, I ask you, is that a Marxist talking? Mao didn't want to take responsibility for the welfare of the workers. But the fact remains that Mao, relying on the peasants and ignoring the working class, achieved victory. It was certainly a new twist to Marxist philosophy. Mao Tse-tung is a petty bourgeois whose interests are alien, and have been alien all along—to those of the working class."

One day we were sitting around at Stalin's, trying to figure out some way to meet the demands of our rubber industry without having to buy crude rubber from the capitalists. I suggested getting Mao to let us set up a rubber plantation in exchange for credit loans and technical assistance. The Chinese replied that they would use the island of Hainan. It turned out that the area we were given on Hainan was too small for a decent rubber plantation, and the idea was dropped.

Then all of a sudden Stalin took a liking to canned pineapple. He dictated a message to Malenkov: "Get a message off to the Chinese that I'd like them to give us an area where we can build a pineapple cannery."

I said, "Comrade Stalin, the Communists have just recently come to power in China. There are already too many foreign factories there. This is sure to offend Mao Tse-tung."

Stalin snapped at me angrily, and I said nothing more. A day or two later we received the Chinese reply. Mao Tse-tung said, "We accept your proposal. If you are interested in canned pineapples, then give us a credit loan and we will build the cannery ourselves. We will then pay back your loan with the produce."

Stalin crumbled and fumed. In my time we took great care never to offend China until the Chinese actually started to crucify us. And when they did start to crucify us—we, I'm no Jesus Christ, and I didn't have to turn the other cheek.

I remember when I came back from China in 1954 I told my comrades, "Conflicts with China is inevitable." During my visit to Peking, Mao and I used to lie around a swimming pool, chatting like the best of friends. But it was all too sickeningly sweet. The atmosphere was nauseating. I was never exactly sure that I understood what Mao meant. I thought at the time that it must have been because of some special traits in the Chinese character and the Chinese way of thinking.

Mao once asked me, "What do you think of our slogan, 'Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom'?" I answered, "We simply can't figure out what this means. There are all kinds of flowers—beautiful flowers, nauseating flowers and even lethal flowers." Now it's clear that the slogan was intended as a provocation to encourage people to express themselves so that any flowers whose blossom had the wrong color or scent could be cut out and trampled into the dirt.

Then there was Mao's other famous slogans: "Imperialism Is a Paper Tiger." I found it perfectly incredible that Mao could dismiss American imperialism as a paper tiger when in fact it is a dangerous predator. Mao and I were lying next to the pool in our bathing trunks, discussing the problems of war and peace. He said to me, "If we compare the military might of the capitalist world with that of the Socialist world, you'll see that we have the advantage. Think of how many divisions China, the U.S.S.R. and the other Socialist countries could raise."

I said, "Comrade Mao Tse-tung, that thinking is out of date. You can no longer calculate the alignment of forces on the basis of who has the most men. With the atomic bomb, the more troops on a side, the more bomb fodder."

"Listen, Comrade Khrushchev, All you have to do is provoke the Americans into military action, and I'll give you as many divisions as you need to crush them—a hundred, two hundred, one thousand." I tried to explain that one or two missiles could turn all the divisions in China to dust. But he wouldn't even listen and obviously regarded me as a coward.

Surely there was basic disagreement. But our split with China went even deeper. The Chinese understood the implications for themselves of the 20th Party Congress's repudiation of personality cults, autocratic rule and all other antidemocratic, anti-Party forms of life. Stalin was condemned at the Congress for having had hundreds of thousands of people shot and for his abuse of power. Mao Tse-tung was following in Stalin's footsteps.

In 1956, when we put our long-range submarines into service, we needed a radio station in China to keep in contact. The Chinese answer was no. I said to my comrades, "It's Mao's turn to make a state visit here. But given the present situation, maybe we'd better go talk to him so we can find out where we stand."

This was our last trip to China. It was in 1959. We discussed the radio station. I said [to Mao], "We will give you the money to build the station. It doesn't matter to whom the station belongs, as long as we can use it to keep in contact with our submarines. Couldn't we come to some agreement so that our submarines might have a base in your country for refueling, repairs, shore leaves and so on?"

"For the last time, no. I don't want to hear anything about it."

"The countries of the Atlantic Pact have no trouble cooperating and supplying each other, and here we are—unable to reach an agreement on so simple a matter as this!"

"No!"

I made one last attempt to be reasonable: "If you want, you can use Murmansk as a port for your submarines."

"No! We don't want anything to do with Murmansk, and we don't want you here. We've had the British and other foreigners on our territory for years now, and we're not ever going to let anyone use our land for their own purposes again."

It's always difficult to know what the Chinese are really thinking. It's difficult to figure out whether China is really for or against peaceful coexistence. There is one thing I know for sure about Mao. He's a nationalist, and when I knew him he was bursting with an impatient desire to rule the world. He asked me, "How many conquerors have invaded China?" He answered the question himself: "China has been conquered many times, but the Chinese have assimilated all of their conquerors."

He was setting his sights on the future. "Think about it," he said. "You have 200 million people, and we have 700 million."

Later the Chinese press started to claim that Vladivostok was on Chinese territory, that the Russians had stolen it from China. We insisted to negotiate about our borders. They sent their version of how the map should read. We took one look at it and threw it away in disgust.

If you read my report to the 22nd Party Congress [in 1961], you'll see that I dedicated many of my remarks to the problems of China, although I didn't mention China by name. It was at the 22nd Congress that we rejected the main tenets of Mao's position. I had run out of patience with him.

I do subscribe to one of Mao's "egalitarian" reforms. He was right to remove epaulets from Chinese army uniforms. Who the hell needs them? We won the civil war and I didn't have any epaulets or stripes. Nowadays our military men are all dressed up like canaries.

While Mao Tse-tung may have abused his power and misled his Party, he's not a madman. He is very intelligent and cunning.
Fidel Castro, Khrushchev says... furious at the decision to pull Soviet 'Missiles out of Cuba in 1962. But the two had made up when Castro visited Lake Rine in the Caucasus in 1963.

KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Only a few years ago people were predicting that Mao Tse-tung would never win the power struggle which was going on. I said, "Nonsense, of course Mao will win." And I was right. But the Chinese don't recognize any law except power and force. If you don't obey, they tear your head off. They strangle you in the middle of a square in front of thousands of people. What sort of "politics" is that? You can't even call it barbarism. It's more than that.

Berlin

Khrushchev's account of the Berlin crisis, following the 1961 Vienna meeting at which Khrushchev sought to bully John F. Kennedy, is sketchy, but it is an interesting view of the conflict over Germany as seen from the other side of the Wall. The "victory": Khrushchev claims was not complete; the Allies backed down on the Berlin Wall, but their troops remained in West Berlin, which was the central point of the argument.

By this time President Kennedy was in the White House. Not long before the events in Berlin came to a head, I had met Kennedy in Vienna. He impressed me as a better statesman than Eisenhower. Unlike Eisenhower, Kennedy had a precisely formulated opinion on every subject. I joked with him that we had cast the deciding ballot in his election to the presidency over that son of a bitch Richard Nixon. I explained that by waiting to release the U-2 pilot Gary Powers until after the American election, we kept Nixon from being able to claim that he could deal with the Russians; our play made a difference of at least half a million votes, which gave Kennedy the edge he needed.

I had met Kennedy before, during my visit to America. I remember liking his face, which often broke into a good-natured smile. As for Nixon, I had been all too familiar with him in the past. He had been a puppet of [Senator Joseph] McCarthy until McCarthy's star began to fade, at which point Nixon turned on him. So he was an unprincipled puppet, which is the most dangerous kind. I was very glad Kennedy won the election, and I was generally pleased with our meeting in Vienna. Even though we came to no concrete agreement, I could tell that he was interested in finding a peaceful solution to world problems.

Nevertheless Kennedy reinforced the American garrison and appointed a general named [Lucius] Clay to take command of Western forces in Berlin. We had picked up the gauntlet and were ready for the duel.

[Marshal Ivan] Konev reported that he had learned on what day and at what hour the Western powers were going to begin their actions against us. They were preparing bulldozers to break down our border installations, followed by tanks and waves after waves of Jeeps with infantrymen. We concentrated our own infantry units in side streets near the checkpoints along the border. We also brought in our tanks to take command of Western forces in Berlin. We had picked up the gauntlet and were ready for the duel.

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These were the American bulldozers, tanks and Jeeps that were heading in the direction of our checkpoints. Our men were waiting calmly and did not move. Then all at once our tanks rolled out of the side streets and moved forward to meet the American tanks.

The American bulldozers and tanks came to a halt. The Jeeps drove past them and we opened the gates into East Berlin and let the Jeeps through. After they'd gone a short distance beyond the checkpoint, the Americans saw our infantry troops in the side streets and our tanks coming toward them. They immediately turned their Jeeps around and sped back into West Berlin.

The tanks and troops of both sides spent the night lined up facing each other across the border. It was late October and chilly. It certainly must have been invigorating for our tank operators to sit up all night in cold metal boxes. The next morning Marshal Konev reported to us that both the American tank crews and our own had climbed out in turn to warm themselves, but that the barrels of the Jeeps
We had to confront America

In a lecture from the Soviet Mission balcony to U.N. newsmen in New York City, Khrushchev in 1960 was a mix of toughness, cunning and ebullient charm.
A 1969 conversation with Khrushchev: the beginning of his fall from power

by Dr. A. McGhee Harvey

A work-stressed internist, Dr. Harvey is Director of the Department of Medicine at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. A year ago he and his wife, Elizabeth spent a week in the Soviet Union seeing, in mooded consultation, a member of the Khrushchev family. They had a very pleasant time, said the former Premier at his dacha, 15 miles southwest of Moscow. In the course of the day's conversations Khrushchev offered an insight into the circumstances which led to his fall from power, a subject not dealt with in his reminiscences.

Dr. Harvey has arranged that the fee for this report be paid to Johns Hopkins.

I guessed that they were a prominent family, but I didn't know my patient's name until the night before we left the United States. Then I was told to wear a big red rose in my lapel so that the Khrushchev family could recognize my wife and me when we got off the plane at Moscow's Sheremetevo Airport. My patient turned out to be a member of the Khrushchev family, but not Nikita Khrushchev himself. His son, Sergei Khrushchev, came to the airport with two cars and arranged our plans.

We toured Moscow for a day. Sergei said that the next day, Sunday, we would visit the art collection at the Yusupov estate 15 miles outside Moscow, then leave our Intourist guide and spend the rest of the day at the dacha with "my friend." During our entire stay Sergei never referred to Nikita Khrushchev as his father, but always called him "my friend."

Sunday morning turned up with the first big snowfall of the year and the roads were slippery. The Intourist guide was upset. She wanted to turn back and cancel the excursion. Cars were sliding around on the road, and I was afraid that we weren't going to get there. A young Khrushchev just insisted and made the driver press on. We slid down a hill and just got by six cars all jammed together on the road.

We finally got to the old Yusupov estate, which looked beautiful in the fresh snowfall. After a quick tour we said goodbye to our guide and drove past snow-laden pines and hedges to the family dacha, which is surrounded by a green wooden fence. There were guards in plain clothes at the entrance, but they didn't delay Sergei's car.

There's a little road through the birch trees that leads up to the dacha. The house looks like an old Vermont or New Hampshire cottage, the kind a fairly well-to-do person would have. It's painted green with white trim and has a neat, well-constructed feeling.

Mr. Khrushchev and his wife Nina Petrovna came to the doorway to greet us. As we entered and took off our coats, I saw him smile. He was 75 then and I was prepared to see him looking a little older and a little more fragile, but he was quite vigorous and full of beans.

The inside of the dacha is filled with all sorts of interesting gifts he's gotten from all over the world. It is simply but tastefully decorated. There were fabulous ivory carvings, tapestries and crystal, things that are sent to a head of state. The table was already set for lunch and most of the family were there, including the grandchildren. I immediately got the impression of a strong family ties and great personal warmth.

The table was set with heaping plates of salads, bread, caviar, herring, wine and vodka. Mr. Khrushchev was especially proud of the greenhouse, which he had grown in his own small greenhouse next to the dacha. He kept explaining to me how he grew the tomatoes, while Mrs. Khrushchev was especially proud of the tomatoes and chatted again, in detail. He talked about his interest in photography. He was very fond of a magnificient Siberian soup she had prepared, with raviolette dumplings called pelmeni.

At first we talked about Khrushchev's visit to the United States. I told him I had been interested in his career and had watched him on television and that I had met some of the people he had known, including Nehru and Presidents Nixon and Eisenhower. "Would you mind if I asked some questions about them?" I ventured. "Certainly not," he said.

He described his encounter with then-Vice President Nixon at the American trade fair held in Moscow in 1959 and indicated that he thought he had stolen the heart of Nixon as he described the kitchen debate. "How would you see it now?" I asked.

"His manner was interesting," he said. "He's a typical middle-class American businessman."

Mr. Khrushchev told me, "Eisenhower was an extremely nice person. I liked him and respected him," he said. "Eisenhower was a very conscientious man and he really had a sincere desire for peace, but I never could get it out of my mind that when I was meeting with Eisenhower, I always felt as though I were talking to John Foster Dulles."

Of the three American Presidents, Khrushchev indicated that he had the deepest interest in Kennedy. I think Khrushchev seemed a little sad that he hadn't had a greater opportunity to know the young President. Khrushchev said, "When I first met President Kennedy in Vienna it was clear that he was a very intelligent, likeable person. At that time I felt he was politically inept, but that he was learning fast."

Then I asked Mr. Khrushchev if he would be willing to tell me what had happened, what had caused his sudden change in status. Again he answered with a rueful smile. He said that his own ideas always had been to have our two countries live together peacefully and competently economically, not militarily. He said that the United States newspaper columnists had been so aggressive in de-Stalinizing him and in removing Beria from power. And he said: "Things were going well until one event happened. From the time the nuclear powers were shot down in a U-2 over the Soviet Union, I was no longer in full control."

I remember asking, "How did you feel when you lost your status?"

He said unequivocally that his decision-making powers were weakened after the U-2 crisis in the spring of 1960 and that he was no longer calling the shots. He explained that "those who felt America had imperialistic intentions and that military strength was the most important thing had the evidence they needed, and when the U-2 incident occurred, I no longer had the ability to overcome that feeling." He said very simply and straightforwardly that after CIA Powers was shot down, his own ascendancy during the next four years was over.

Mr. Khrushchev took me on a tour of the dacha and his greenhouse. His bedroom has a nice picture window looking out on the birch woods and there were lots of bonsai trees scattered on the table. We talked about his interest in photography. He was very proud of the greenhouse and chatred again, in detail, about how he grew tomatoes, cucumbers and flowers. He also told me about his summer vegetable gardens and pointed out that he had planted himself on the grounds around the dacha.

We'd been there most of the day and only as it got dark did we say goodbye.

I was deeply impressed at how alert, intense and alive Mr. Khrushchev was. You've seen him on TV. The way he approached political topics of the day directly and in an earthy manner. He was exactly that way even when he was talking only about his tomatoes and cucumbers. He's that kind of man.
Every minute counts.

'Our ships headed through the U.S. blockade'

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missiles already to destroy New York, Chicago and the other indus-
ttrial cities. We didn't let our- selves be intimidated. Our ships headed straight through the Amer-
ian navy, but the Americans didn't try to stop our ships or even check them. [After the U.S. proclaimed a naval blockade, some Russian ships did idle at sea to await developments.] We kept in mind that as long as the United States limited itself to threatening gestures, we could afford to pretend to ignore the harassment. We had the same rights as the Americans. Our conduct in the inter-
national arena was governed by the same rules and limits.

The Western press began to seethe with anger and alarm. Our people were fully informed of the dangerous situation, although we took care not to cause panic by the way we presented the facts. Seeking to take the heat off the situation somehow, I suggested to the other members of the government: "Comrades, let's go to the Bolshoi Theater this evening. Our own people as well as foreign eyes will notice, and perhaps it will calm them down." We were try-
ing to disguise our own anxiety, which was intense.

Then the exchange of notes began. I dictated the messages from our side. I spent one of the most dangerous nights at the Council of Ministers office in the Kremlin. I slept on a couch, and I kept my clothes on. I was ready for alarming news to come any moment.

President Kennedy issued an ultimatum, demanding that we re-
move our missiles and bombers from Cuba. I remember those days vividly. I remember the exchange with President Kennedy espe-
cially well because I initiated it and was at the center of the action on our end of the correspondence. I take complete re-
sponsibility for the fact that the President and I entered into direct
contact at the most crucial and dangerous stage of the crisis.

The climax came after five or six days when our ambassador to
Washington, Anatoli Dobrynin, reported that the President's brother, Robert Kennedy, had come to see him on an unofficial visit. Dobrynin's report went something like this: "Robert Ken-
edy looked exhausted. One could see from his eyes that he had not slept for days. He himself said that he had not been home for six days and nights.

"The President is in a grave situation," he said, "and he does not know how to get out of it. We are under pressure from our military to use force against Cuba. Probably at this very moment the President is sitting down to write a message to Chairman Khrus-
shchev. We want to ask you to pass President Kennedy's message
to Chairman Khrushchev through unofficial channels. President
Kennedy implores Chairman Khrushchev to take into consider-
ation the peculiarities of the American system. Even though the
President himself is very much against starting a war over Cuba,
an irreversible chain of events could occur against his will. That is
why the President is appealing directly to Chairman Khrushchev
for his help in liquidating this conflict. If the situation continues
much longer, the President is not sure that the military will not
overthrow him and seize power. The American army could get
out of control."

I haven't overlooked this possibility. We knew that Kennedy was
a young President and that the security of the United States was in-
deed threatened. For some time we had felt there was a danger
that the President would lose control of his military. We could
sense from the tone of the message that tension in the United States
was indeed reaching a critical point. We wrote a reply to Kennedy
in which we said that we had installed the missiles with the goal of
defending Cuba and that we were not pursuing any aims except to
deter an invasion of Cuba and to guarantee that Cuba would be

CONTINUED
KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS

We have to look for a dignified way out

...continued

able to follow a course determined by its own people rather than one dictated by some third party.

While we conducted this exchange through official channels, the more confidential letters were relayed to us through the President's brother. Once, when Robert Kennedy talked with Dobrynin, he was almost crying. "I haven't seen my children for days now," he said, "and the President hasn't seen his either. I don't know how much longer we can hold out against our generals."

We could see that we had to reorient our position swiftly. "Comrades," I said, "we have to look for a dignified way out of this conflict. At the same time, of course, we must make sure that we do not compromise Cuba." We sent the Americans a note saying we agreed to remove our missiles and bombers on condition that the President give his assurance that there would be no invasion of Cuba by the forces of the U.S. or anybody else. Finally Kennedy gave in and agreed to make a statement giving as such an assurance.

As soon as we announced publicly that we were ready to remove our missiles, the Americans became arrogant and insisted on sending an inspection team to the island. We answered that they'd have to get the Cuban government's permission. Then the Chinese and American press started boasting about how Khrushchev had turned coward and had backed down. I won't deny that we were obliged to make some big concessions in the interests of peace. We even consented to the inspection of our ships—but only from the air: we never let the Americans set foot on our decks. We did let them satisfy themselves that we were removing our missiles.

The situation was stabilizing. Almost immediately after the President and I had exchanged notes at the peak of the crisis, our relations with Cuba, on the other hand, took a sudden turn for the worse. Castro even stopped receiving our ambassador. It seemed that by removing our missiles we had suffered a moral defeat in the eyes of the Cubans. Our shares in Cuba, instead of going up, went down.

We decided to send Mikoyan to Cuba. I said, "He will discuss the situation with the Cubans calmly." Not everyone understands what Mikoyan is saying when he talks, but he's a reasonable man.

The Americans had, on the whole, been open and candid with us, especially Robert Kennedy. The Americans knew that if Russian blood were shed in Cuba, American blood would surely be shed in Germany. It had been, to say the least, an interesting and challenging situation. The two most powerful nations in the world had been squared off, each with its finger on the button. But both sides showed that if the desire to avoid war was strong enough, even the most pressing dispute can be solved by compromise. And a compromise over Cuba was indeed found. The episode ended in a triumph of common sense.

I'll always remember the late President with deep respect because, in the final analysis, he showed himself to be sober-minded and determined to avoid war. He didn't overestimate America's might, and he didn't let himself become frightened, nor did he become reckless. He left himself a way out from the crisis. He showed real wisdom and statesmanship when he turned his back on right-wing forces in the United States who were trying to goad him into military action. It was a great victory for us, though, that we had been able to extract from Kennedy a promise that neither America nor her allies would invade Cuba.

But Castro didn't see it that way. He was angry. The Chinese were buzzing in Castro's ear, "Just remember, you can't trust the imperialists to keep any promises they make!"

After consulting with Mikoyan on his return from Havana, I decided to write a letter to Castro, candidly expressing my thoughts:

"The main point about the Caribbean crisis is that it has guaranteed the existence of a Socialist Cuba... for at least another two years while Kennedy is in the White House. And we have reason to believe that Kennedy will be elected for a second term. To make it through six years in this day and age is no small thing. And six years from now the balance of power in the world will have probably shifted—and shifted in our favor, in favor of Socialism!"

My letter to Castro concluded an episode of world history in which, bringing the world to the brink of atomic war, we won a Socialist Cuba. The Caribbean crisis was a triumph of Soviet foreign policy and a personal triumph in my own career as a statesman and as a member of the collective leadership. We achieved, I would say, a spectacular success without having to fire a single shot!

We can be gratified that the revolutionary government of Fidel Castro strives and grows. Cuba exists as an independent Socialist country, right in front of the open jaws of predatory American imperialism. Other Latin America peoples are beginning to realize what steps they can take to liberate themselves from American imperialists and monopolists. Hopefully Cuba's example will continue to shine.

As for Kennedy, his death was a great loss. He was gifted with the ability to resolve international conflicts by negotiation, at the whole world learned during the so-called Cuban crisis. Regardless of his youth, he was a real statesman. I believe that if Kennedy had lived, relations between the Soviet Union and the United States would be much better than they are. Why do I say that? Because Kennedy would never have let his country get bogged down in Vietnam.

Kennedy's successor, Lyndon Johnson, assured us that he would keep Kennedy's promise not to invade Cuba. So far the Americans have not broken their word. If they ever do, we still have the means to make good on our commitment to Castro and defend Cuba.

It's no small thing that we have lived to see the day when the Soviet Union is considered, economically, the second most powerful country in the world.

I think our foreign policy should be based in part on an old folk
From the Captain's Locker

Commanding, brisk, rugged — a cargo from the teakwood forests of the South Seas. One of a kind. Burley Cologne. After Shave and Gift Sets. From the men at Old Spice.

BURLEY

COLOGNE

BY THE MAKERS OF OLD SPICE

I live with my memories and little else'

CONTINUED

KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS

custom which I remember from my own childhood. If a housewife went to another village to visit friends or relatives, she would never go without taking a bundle of pastries—or, in our Kursk Province, a dozen eggs—as a house present for her hosts. The policy of giving "house presents" to other countries must be pursued intelligently so that our generosity will always repay us economically and politically.

There is a battle going on in the world: will the working class prevail, or the bourgeoisie? We Communists believe that progress is on our side and victory will inevitably be ours. Yet the capitalists won't give an inch and swear to fight to the bitter end. How can we talk of peaceful coexistence with capitalist ideology? Peaceful coexistence among different systems of government is possible, but peaceful coexistence among different ideologies is not.

Therefore I allowed myself at one point to use the expression, "We will bury the enemies of the Revolution." I was referring, of course, to America. Later I clarified what I had meant: we, the Soviet Union, weren't going to bury anyone; the working class of the United States would bury its enemy, the bourgeois class of the United States.

Now that I'm living with my memories and little else, I think back often to that period when in a creative surge forward we rearmed our Soviet army. Now that it's the size of our nuclear missile arsenal and not the size of our army that counts, I think the army should be reduced to an absolute minimum. There's no question in my mind that we have reached the stage where that's possible.

We must not lower our guard. We must keep in mind the true character of all imperialists, capitalists, monopolists and militarists who are interested in making money out of the political tension between nations. We must be prepared to strike back against our enemy, but we must also ask, "Where is the end to this spiraling competition?"

I remember a conversation I once had with President Eisenhower at his "dacha" at Camp David [in 1959]. He asked, "Tell me, Mr. Khrushchev, how do you decide the question of funds for military expenses?" Before I had a chance to say anything he added, "Perhaps first I should tell you how it is with us."

"Well, how is it with you?"

"We need such and such a sum for such and such a program. I say, 'Sorry, we don't have the funds.' They say, 'We have reliable information that the Soviet Union has already allocated funds for their own such program.' So I give in. That's how they wring money out of me. Now tell me, how is it with you?"

"It's the same. Some people say, 'Comrade Khrushchev, look at this! The Americans are developing such and such a system.' I tell them there's no money. So we discuss it some more, and I end up by giving them the money they ask for."

"Yes," he said, "that's what I thought. You know, we really should come to some sort of an agreement in order to stop this rivalry."

"I'd like to do that."

But we couldn't agree then, and we can't agree now. I don't know. Maybe it's impossible for us to agree. I keep coming back to my own feeling that we should go ahead and sharply reduce our own expenditures, unilaterally, if our enemy wants to go ahead inflating his military budget, then he's sure to lower the living standards of his own people.

I think Stalin's cultural policies were cruel and senseless. You can't regulate the development of literature, art and culture with a stick or by barking orders. You can't lay down a furrow and then harness all your artists to make sure they don't deviate from the straight
"We should open our borders"

in retirement, Khrushchev, a man who could be many things to many people, gives wide scope to his thought and action. He is a politician of the first rank, a man whose influence on world affairs is considerable, and one who is often quoted. His views are well known and respected, and his ideas are widely discussed.

I was intrigued by this approach. I have no doubt that it's practically feasible for us to open our borders. Is it possible that our confidence and trust in individuals will ever be betrayed? Of course it is. So let the garbage of our society float to the surface, and let the waves carry it far from our shores. We've got to stop looking for a defector in everyone. We've got to stop designing our border for the sake of keeping the dregs and scum inside our country. We must start thinking about the people who don't deserve to be called scum. We've got to give them a chance to find out for themselves what the world is like.

When I found out that Svetlanka [Stalin's daughter] had gone to bury her husband in his homeland and that she wouldn't return, I wanted to believe it was just the latest slanderous hoax concocted by bourgeois journalists. Then I received indisputable confirmation. I can't understand how she decided to take this step. She abandoned her Homeland and her children. She gave the enemies of the Soviet way of life something to gossip about, and she allowed her name, the name of Stalin's daughter, to be exploited by the enemies of Socialism. Nevertheless I still feel very sorry for her.

For her to run away to the West can't be justified. But there's another side to the whole case. Svetlanka was dealt with sternly. Apparently after her husband's funeral she went to our embassy in New Delhi. [Iran] Benediktov was our ambassador there. He's a very straitlaced person. Svetlanka said she wanted to stay in India for a few months, but Benediktov advised her to return immediately to the Soviet Union. Svetlanka was particularly familiar with our habits in this regard. She knew it meant she wasn't trusted. This was an offensive, humiliating tactic which would throw even a stable person off balance, and Svetlanka wasn't a stable person. She broke down and turned to foreign powers for help.

What do I think should have been done? When Svetlanka came to the embassy and said that she had to stay in India for two or three months, they should have told her, "Why only three months? Get a visa for a year or two or even three years. Then, whenever you're ready, you can go back to the Soviet Union." They should have showed her that she was trusted. And what if we had acted the way we should have and Svetlanka still hadn't returned home? Well, that would have been too bad, but no worse than what happened.

The very thought of Svetlanka brings tears to my eyes. I felt like a parent toward her. I felt a certain human pity for her. As a little girl she would be running around the house whenever we came by. Stalin always called her, "the hostess," and we started calling her "the hostess" too. She was always dressed smartly in a little Ukrainian skirt and an embroidered blouse. She looked very much like her mother with her ash-burn hair and tiny freckles. "The hostess" grew up before our eyes. Things were never easy for her. Stalin never showed any paternal kindness. His was the tenderness of a cat for a mouse. Stalin broke the heart first of a child, then of a young girl, then of a mother. It all resulted in Svetlanka's gradual psychic breakdown.

There's something odd and even sick about her book. I've heard excerpts from it over the radio. For instance she writes that she used to cross herself and that she was very religious. How could a Soviet citizen who grew up in our society write this kind of stuff?

I still think that everything has not yet been lost. Her thoughts about returning to her children might grow stronger. She should be given another chance. She should know that if she wants to come back she's welcome, and that the weakness she showed when she left and went to America won't be held against her.

There you have it. That's the substance of my viewpoint. My time has come and gone. There's nothing I can do now but share my experience with anyone who cares to listen.