

Nixon Walks To Palace For Lunch

Brussels

President Nixon chose to walk two blocks to lunch with Belgium's king yesterday while the leaders of Europe rode in limousines.

Mr. Nixon's ailment, phlebitis, which had given him a blood clot in his left leg, didn't seem to bother him.

Ronald L. Ziegler, the White House press secretary, said the President's leg is still swollen but he is not wearing a bandage and he is no longer feeling the pain he suffered on his Middle East trip.

The luncheon was a 100-plate affair at the royal palace, hosted by King Baudouin of Belgium. The leaders of Western Europe were Mr. Nixon's fellow guests. Only Premier Jacques Chirac of France didn't show up, having returned to Paris to see the Shah of Iran.

It was a 500-yard walk along the Parc Royale from Mr. Nixon's Brussels headquarters at the U.S. Embassy, and the President didn't tell his Secret Service es-

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corts in advance.

There were quite a few people around as the President headed for the cast-iron fence that separates the park from the sidewalk. Mr. Nixon went through the crowd campaign style.

He pushed his hand between the bars to shake hands and sign autographs, looking occasionally at his wristwatch.

One American, who was with his wife, told Mr. Nixon: "God bless you — we are for you."

Mr. Nixon's advice to a Georgia couple about the Okefenokee swamp that straddles the Georgia-Florida state line was: "Dry it out."

The President agreed with a man from Toronto that his city ought to get a good football team. "You're paying enough for it," Mr. Nixon remarked, alluding to high-priced contracts with which the Toronto team in the new World Football League has lured players from the established National Football League.

The President reached the

broad Place des Palais in front of the palace, which looks something like a smaller edition of Buckingham Palace in London. There were shouts of "Vive Nixon" and "Welcome Nixon" from a small crowd.

"Welcome to our land, sir," shouted one eager young man.

Outside the palace, Mr. Nixon stopped to chat with Mary Colson, a Brussels housewife with a lettuce-laden shopping bag.

"How is the price of lettuce here?" the President

asked.

"Going up," Mrs. Colson replied, struggling to shake his hand. How are they with you?"

Mr. Nixon's pedestrian arrival created a problem for the leader of the military band assigned to greet the arriving dignitaries. Geared for an arrival by automobile and a rendition of the American national anthem, the band leader had his men play "The Star-Spangled Banner" over and over again as the President approached.

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