



President Nixon with Leonid I. Brezhnev, the Soviet Communist leader, who went to Moscow's Vnukovo Airport to bid him and his companions a sprightly welcome.

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Two Leaders in a Jovial Reunion

By HEDRICK SMITH

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MOSCOW, June 27—President Nixon's first summit visit here in 1972 began like a respectful but restrained and tentative testing of the waters of détente. His second visit today began like a jovial reunion.

Where two years ago, Leonid I. Brezhnev, the Soviet leader, had held himself in reserve at the Kremlin, today he broke with official protocol and went to Vnukovo Airport himself, upstaging President Nikolai V. Podgorny and Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin, who were beside him for the official greeting.

Mr. Brezhnev, beaming broadly, his gray hair blowing in the snappy breeze, strode across the tarmac to welcome Mr. Nixon like an old partner. The two men plunged into smiling courtesies before the Soviet translator, Viktor M. Sukhodrev, could catch up to them.

In the tangle of people at the foot of the stairway, Mr.

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Brezhnev was bubbling with welcomes, introductions, and handshakes for Mrs. Nixon, Secretary of State Kissinger and other familiar figures in the Presidential entourage.

After having reviewed the troops and taken the colors together—Mr. Nixon got a smart hurrah from the honor guard—the two leaders went over to a crowd bused in for the occasion and they began "working the fence" together, like two politicians on the campaign trail.

"Nixon looked as though he was enjoying the experience of shaking hands with people who really wanted to shake his hand," commented a Briton watching the scene.

Disciplined and Silent

The disciplined phalanx of men, women and children, who had been led in as a long column not long before, was friendly but subdued. They flapped their Soviet and American paper flags as the two men approached but made no sound, like a thousand extras in an old silent movie.

As the two men turned to walk away, someone shouted at them and they turned back, apparently to pose for a brief moment for an amateur photographer.

It was curiously split-level welcome: new warmth at the summit, but the same old restraint at the curbside. For if there were more smiles, more flags, more handshakes, more privileged people at the ceremonial airport welcome than there were two years ago, Mr. Nixon was just as far removed today from the ordinary man in the street as he was in 1972.

At intersection after intersection along the 17-mile route from the airport to the Kremlin, where the President and Mrs. Nixon are staying, gray-uniformed police and internal security troops cordoned off sidewalks and pushed people back to the building lines or even a hundred yards away from the motorcade route.

Perhaps 20,000 people, in carefully organized, screened groups admitted to strategic points along the route, were standing on the sidewalks. When President Tito came here in June, 1972, hundreds of thousands were allowed to give him a hero's welcome.

Streets Are Deserted

The heart of Moscow seemed almost as deserted as on a holiday, blocks around the Kremlin were shut off to traffic and concentric rings of policemen held ordinary peo-

ple back.

"I wanted to see the President; but they wouldn't let me closer," complained a man stopped at the Lenin Library, 200 yards away and out of sight of the Borovitsky Gate used by the motorcade to enter the Kremlin.

At October square, along the route, three lines of brown-uniformed internal security troops held back the crowds.

"What's going on?" A young man asked his girlfriend.

"Nixon's coming," she replied.

"I don't understand why they won't let us see," he commented. And they walked away.

The security sweep in front of the Borovitsky Gate cleared out not only normal pedestrians but a National Broadcasting Corporation television crew. They were told they needed press accreditation. They got it, but were still turned back.

"You need special passes," said a police lieutenant.

Shortly before 3 P.M., as the President's jet was landing at the airport, long columns of Russians were led through the security lines into the square. This group was later shown on television waving their little paper flags as the motorcade whizzed past.

It was all over in an instant. The only warning was the passing of two yellow police cars. Then came two flying wedges of motorcycle policemen flanking the long black limousine that carried Mr. Brezhnev and his guest.

Some Moscovites grumbled over the tight security measures that kept them from

getting a look at the American leader.

"Did you see him?" one onlooker asked another.

"I didn't see him," the

"You can't see him. Its all closed."

woman next to him replied.