

Energy 'Iceberg' Style

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His 'Reserve' Is Ready, Khrushchev Tells Nixon

By Marie McNair and
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SOVIET PREMIER NIKOLAI Khrushchev called himself an "iceberg" in a bit of receiving line repartee with Vice President Richard Nixon last night.

But the metaphor was friendly — not frigid — and had nothing to do with the Cold War. This was just the Russian leader's way of denying that he was fighting fatigue after his energy-sapping nine-day itinerary. He looked weary every time he relaxed his guard while shaking hands with nearly 500 guests who lined up for introductions at the Soviet Embassy.

"How's your health?" Vice President Nixon inquired with genuine concern as he and Mrs. Nixon were greeted. "Fine," replied Khrushchev with a smile. "Did you think I had succumbed?"

"No," Nixon said. "You have too much energy for that."

"Like an iceberg—partly hidden," responded Khrushchev, patting his substantial stomach. "I still have some in reserve."

It was a specially selected group invited by Soviet Ambassador Menshikov last night to get closer to Khrushchev and his wife than any other Washingtonians have done except top government leaders. It was a mob scene on the second floor of the 16th Street diplomatic mansion.

Despite their plane being an hour late landing at Andrews Air Force Base, the Khrushchevs alighted from their limousing with precise punctuality exactly on the dot of the appointed time of 6:30 p. m. This had meant a bit of quick-change en route with a stopover of only minutes at the President's Guest House. Mrs. Khrushcheva had donned a simple dress, the usual princess lines. Her husband wore his customary

GUESTS were greeted in varying degrees of enthusiasm. Anyone not singled out by Ambassador Menshikov with a word or two emphasizing his importance was hurried through the line with perfunctory politeness. Failing to recognize party-giver Elsa Maxwell, for instance, Menshikov allowed her to pass almost unnoticed.

At the other extreme, pianist Van Cliburn was almost overwhelmed with welcome. Khrushchev clasped him to his ample chest in hearty hello and kissed his cheeks before moving away to permit Mrs. Khrushcheva to embrace the young Texan.

"When you come to Moscow next time," said the Premier to the young Texan who captivated the Communists when he won their Tchaikovsky prize last year. "You will stay with us!"

Cliburn was anxious to know whether the Khrushchevs had received his flowers. He had sent three dozen red roses to them at

the President's Guest House (Mrs. Khrushcheva had sent him a bouquet when his talents triumphed in Russia.)

Cliburn wasn't asked to play the piano, he told reporters later, although in the past he has been pressed into impromptu performances when he showed up at the embassy. But the crowds were so large this time there wasn't room for a recital.

WHEN the Nixons came along midway through the party, which lasted only until about 8:15 p. m., they were singled out for the longest exchange of social courtesies.

Unintentionally, Nixon got Khrushchev on the defensive when he asked how the Premier had liked the town. "I was born here," Nixon said yesterday.

"Very good," admitted Khrushchev. "I like it very much. I like that too. You know, I think you are a very

But Nixon refused to be provoked. He parried the challenge with deft, good-natured humoring. "You and I respect each other," he said, and added in an aside to reporters: "We have an agreement that we don't say

to each other that we are better in this or that." Khrushchev agreed.

A BIT of explanation was necessary when pretty Nancy McElroy, daughter of the Secretary of Defense, came along with her teenage brother Malcolm. The invitation had been extended to their parents, they admitted, but the two young people had wanted so much to meet the Khrushchevs that they coaxed permission to come as substitutes.

New York Rep. Adam Clayton Powell and his wife, Hazel Scott, got effusive acknowledgement. So did columnist Walter Lippmann, with added congratulations on his 70th birthday.

Reporters standing behind the Khrushchevs and their interpreters took advantage of one lull in the line to inquire about the unusual silk of Mrs. Khrushcheva's dress. She was silent to their queries. Then, 20 minutes later, she had a change of heart about this personal question and instructed her interpreter to say the dress had been bought in an ordinary downtown Moscow shop.

Another couple who needed no introduction to the Khrushchevs were the Cyrus Eatons of Cleveland, Ohio. He is the Industrialist, who has long been outspoken for increased trade between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. His wife, titan-haired and lovely in a portrait gown of black velvet, is confined to a wheel chair. Her eyes sparkled and she chided Khrushchev cheerfully: "It was the most terrible day of my life when I didn't see you in Moscow, with you and my husband running all over the Kremlin looking

for me." "I am myself," the Premier replied.

Cameras clicked on Premier Mesta and the Premier who had visited the Mesta Machine steel plant in Pittsburgh earlier yesterday. Mrs. Mesta reminded the Soviet leader that her husband was a poor man when he founded the company and Khrushchev told her it was one of the best plants he had ever seen.

AS the receiving line slowed down and finally stopped, Khrushchev turned his attention studiously for a moment on newswoman Helen Thomas, United Press International reporter who had met him earlier as president of the Women's National Press Club. "You look Georgian," he told the dark-haired, dark-eyed Helen, who is of Lebanese ancestry. "If you went to Georgia

(in Russia), they would think you were Georgian."

Then Khrushchev dispatched an embassy aide to bring him a glass of Georgian mineral water. The Premier's preference for this clear liquid, which he thinks is good for his stomach, has misled many observers in the past to conclude that he stows away enormous amounts of vodka.

Khrushchev passed off lightly questions about what he intends to discuss with President Eisenhower at their talks this weekend at Camp David, Md. "I don't consider these matters," he said. "I have a protocol man to decide. I am like a cavalryman. As we used to say, I don't have to think. I have a horse to think for me and he has a big head."

THE Khrushchevs had been receiving in a reception area at the head of the double stairway. After moving through the crowds in the paneled dining room, the Premier joined his wife in a small private sitting room to have refreshments with the elite of his guests. In this inner circle mingling in the room, with its red-brocade walls, were Ambassador and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge.

Also there was Mrs. Hubert Humphrey, whose Minnesota Senator husband made a headlined trip to Russia, and the wife of her husband's fellow Senator from Minnesota, Mrs. Eugene McCarthy.

Also present were Mrs. Albert Brodsky, whose husband is a TV College Press Conference

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