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JEAN CAMPBELL reports from MOSCOW

What it's like when the Krushchevs say 'Come to tea...'

MOSCOW,
Wednesday.

TODAY we were invited to tea with the Krushchev family.

Unhappily Mr. Krushchev fresh from his success with the Red Summit is not well.

However, Mrs. K managed to conceal any worry about her husband's health which she may have been feeling and with the help of her daughter, son and granddaughter, gave a most entertaining tea-party.

Mrs. Koslov and Mrs. Gromyko, wife of the Foreign Minister, were also at the tea-party.

So, too, was our genial host, Mr. Georgi Zhukov.

Tea in Russia is served in glasses, housed in silver holders. It is usually drunk with lemon and sugar.

The second drink is cordial—either lemon or cherry. Food, as usual, was plentiful—nuts, cakes, ice-cream, chocolates.

Mrs. K. was dressed in pale grey-blue with a tiny horse-shoe brooch. She wore her hair coiled on her back in a long-loose net.

Again I was impressed by her great warmth and merry smile. She wears neither make-up nor nail polish. Many toasts were drunk in both cordial and tea—to peace, co-existence and lasting friendship. I was sitting between Mrs. K. and her 25-year-old son, Alexew, who is an engineering student who already has a one-year-old son himself.

Prettiest

THE prettiest member of the Krushchev family is their 22-year-old granddaughter, child of the Chairman's eldest son who was killed in the war.

She has been brought up by her grandparents. She is going to be a journalist. And she is blessed with a great sense of mischief.

During tea she passed me some delicious looking fruits. They seemed to be most inviting.

I took a large bite out of one of them and spat it out immediately. It tasted like white iodine.

Mr. Krushchev's granddaughter roared with laughter and said: "Cold war—that's my kind of way of waging cold war."

Many people say that Mrs. Krushchev is just as bright and effective as her husband.

She is known to have a very profound, and at times a soothing, influence upon him.

She is greatly respected among the womenfolk of this country because of her passionate interest in education.

All her children are scholars and she is said to have taken a large hand in helping them in their work.

The young of the Soviet Union adore her also, because of the public interest she takes in the propagation of education in all its fields and stages.

Mrs. Cyrus Eaton, who is visiting Russia with her husband, Mr. Krushchev's American millionaire friend, had a long talk with Mrs. Krushchev about their respective daughters. Mrs. Eaton presented Mrs. Krushchev with a rag doll called in America a "rabbity ann." Mrs. Eaton's own name is Ann but she is no rabbity ann.

For she wears almost constantly what she calls her co-existence outfit, a capitalist mink coat made in New York and a Communist fur hat made in Moscow.

Gift

SUDDENLY Mrs. K got up from her conversation and handed me a huge box. "That's from all of us," she said with a beaming smile.

Inside the box I found the most extraordinary assortment of presents I have ever seen.

Six jars of caviare, five bottles of scent, a huge illustrated book



Between East and West, a "rabbity ann." Mrs. Eaton (left), with her husband behind her, presents Mrs. Krushchev with a rag doll

on the Bolshoi Theatre, an album of Russian records and a beautifully painted lacquer box.

The Russians never do anything in a small way, as we all well know, and their Soviet womenfolk are probably the warmest human beings on earth.

Perhaps because they have suffered so much in both war and peace.

Chinese welcome

VISITING the Red Chinese is no Marco Polo venture.

I had expected them to look a trifle glum after the results of the Red Summit meeting. But not at all.

They were only too ready to receive Mr. and Mrs. Eaton and me in their Moscow embassy.

American journalists tell me that Cyrus Eaton is probably the only American man Red Chinese will speak to, let alone welcome as their guest.

The Chinese have built an enormous modern building near the university—it is by far the largest embassy in the USSR.

"They've come to stay," said a Soviet friend, and indeed the red marble pillars in the front

hall and the golden decorations of Chinese garden scenes in the drawing-room show that a lavish amount of money has been invested in their Moscow project.

Guards dressed in Mao's uniform of dark blue battle tunics and workers' caps stood by to welcome us into the great marble hall.

Conversation was frank—and firm.

The Chinese claim it is their legal right to take up their seat in the United Nations, but did not say whether they wished to get into the UN or not.

"It is simply our legal right to hold a seat there," they reiterated.

There can be no official talk with America, they said, until the 7th Fleet sails away homeward and Chiang Kai-shek is removed from Formosa.

The Chinese, as we all know and have known for centuries, have a delicate and rather delightful humour.

And at this point in the conversation one of the embassy staff said: "China is a vast country and we could easily give Chiang Kai-shek a little territory on the mainland for himself."

There were quite a lot of jokes about the important place the Isles of Quemoy and Matsu had taken in the American elections.

After lashings of Chinese tea and Chinese grape wine, served with rather dry lichees, someone suggested taking a photograph. "Not with the Ambassador in it," came the instant reply.

Answered

MR. EATON who is a master of diplomatic questioning and well understands the Communist mind in a way few Westerners have bothered to do, said in his slow and thoughtful manner: "Tell me, Mr. Ambassador, what do you think as a Red Chipman that the U.S. should do in order to re-establish a relationship with your country?"

The Chinese are a little quicker than we Westerners.

The answer came with the rapidity of a Sten gun.

"That is for America to work out for herself."

"And we Chinese have an ancient proverb which says: He who ties himself into a knot must learn how to untie the knot again."