

You try to scare us— We plan only defence

From SYDNEY SMITH
MOSCOW, Sunday.

KISSES, hugs, and
handshakes —
with toasts to Eden
and Eisenhower —
tonight rounded up
a Soviet Air Day in
which the emphasis
was all on peace.

**MARSHAL BUL-
GANIN** called 10
American officers to
step up in turn.

He shook hands with each,
raised his glass and said:—

"Here's to friendship with
America—which rendered us
considerable aid in the war.
You Americans are nice, nice
people. Together we routed
the Nazis."

MARSHAL BULGANIN also
toasted Sir Anthony Eden as
"this great man, this remarkable
man" and insisted that everyone
drink "bottoms up."

MR. KRUSHCHEV hoisted a
glass of Armenian brandy to
President Eisenhower and said:
"We hold him in high esteem."
And **MARSHAL ZHUKOV** sent
"the greetings of an old soldier"
to the President, his wartime
comrade in arms.

They joked

It was the greatest show of
friendship for America seen in
Moscow since the end of the
Second World War.

Mr. Krushchev joked and
jollied with U.S. air chief General
Twining about deadly guided
missiles.

In a burst of enthusiasm
Marshal Bulganin hugged and
kissed the Soviet Minister of
the Aircraft Industry, Mr.
Dementyev, while General
Twining raised his glass of
brandy to them both.

Between all this sloshing
through oceans of toast, Marshal
Bulganin took Britain's Air
Minister, Nigel Birch, for a row
in a boat.

When they got back, Mr. Birch
reminded Mr. Krushchev of his
visit to the R.A.F. bomber estab-
lishment at Marham, Norfolk,
during the B and K British tour
and said: "We showed you more
bombers than you showed us
today."

Mr. Krushchev shot back:
"You were just trying to frighten
us. You are planning all the time
who and what to bomb. We plan
only for defence."

"Glad to hear that," said Mr.
Birch.

The aces

Certainly in their display
today the Russians showed fewer
than half the bombers which
took part in last year's show.
Seven new red-starred fighters,
all capable of speeds faster than
sound, were the aces of today's
display.

There were more than 500,000
people in and around Tachino air-
field and it took me 90 minutes to
traffic-crawl the 10 miles out from
Moscow.

A mighty salvo of starting guns
crashed out dead on time despite
bad weather with cloud down to
4,000ft., wind at 37 miles an hour,
and steady drizzle.

The moment for which everyone
—especially the foreign air chiefs
—waited was **ITEM 13**, the fly-
past of jet bombers.

It was disappointing—only four
turbojet Bears, the NATO code
name for them, and three Tupolev
four-engined Bison jets, and nine
twin jets, all seen before.

ITEM 16 was the next big hope
—the fighter fly-past—and it was
more than satisfying.

New types

Eight fighters, seven of them
new, though one might have been
a light twin jet bomber, tore across
the two-mile-long grass field not
more than 500ft. up at between
500 and 670 miles an hour.

There were three new-type
delta wing fighters considered
by British and American Air
Force observers to be flying only
a trace behind the sound
barrier.

The other never-seen-before
planes, two new Yak twin jets
with long, slim, pencil point
Perspex noses and two MiG
fighters, one looking like a thick,
blunt-ended cigar, whipped across
the field and climbed away up
into the clouds just in a few
seconds.

I suppose we didn't see any of
them for more than 10 seconds.
Hundreds of diplomatic cameras
clicked, binoculars swung upwards,
but there was little chance of
learning the things we wanted
most to know—armament, fuel
tank position and capacity.

However there is one agreement
tonight among Western observers.
All these planes are designed for
and capable of supersonic speeds
in level flight.

We also saw 110 jet fighters in
tight groups of five each—planes
known to NATO as the Farmer

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THE BIG FLY-PAST

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capable of supersonic speed in level flight and definitely in mass production.

Big surprise was 40 helicopters flying at not more than 200ft., flattening the crowds with the down-draught of their propellers.

Four were enormous, bigger than London buses, with two engines and two propellers. The other 36 were comparatively small.

Yet in this gusty weather they landed in mass formation only a few feet apart.

And out drove 22 Army lorries towing 12 field guns and four mobile multiple anti-aircraft pom-poms, with their crews.

The helicopters ticked over for a few moments as the tough, square-jawed, helmeted men—175 of them—unloaded their equipment and drove away in front of the foreign air chiefs.

And then, almost as though with a single thought, the 40 helicopters left the ground at the same moment.

Air Minister Nigel Birch told me that he considered this the most impressive moment of the whole show.

An R.A.F. delegate said: "It looks as though the Russians understand what helicopters mean in present-day tactics."

The snort and chatter of the helicopters and the howling of the jets gave place to the clink of glasses in the high-columned Soviet Officers' Club in Moscow.

The major theme was friendship. But there was humour in the air and, occasionally, the bite of high controversy.

To China

Up popped Krushchev, looked straight at America's ambassador, Mr. "Chip" Bohlen, and began: "Not everyone here will like the toast I'm going to propose—to Communist China."

Russian glasses were emptied, but neither Mr. Bohlen nor any other American responded.

Said Krushchev: "There cannot be two Chinas any more than you can separate a potato from its skin."

Still no American reaction, so the Russians switched their toasts to "Peace."

General Nathan Twining, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, pointed to his khaki uniform and said: "Nobody is more interested in peace and disarmament than the men who wear this suit, because we know what war means."

"My country has proved that

we are a peaceful people. We always got into wars very late. After World War II, we completely disbanded our forces.

"We had to build up our forces at Korea and we are not going to reduce them again until we are sure of world-wide arms control. But we would like to bring them down again."

Mr. Krushchev said the world needed economic competition between the U.S. and Russia.

General Twining replied that the U.S. would welcome it.

"It's the best thing I've heard in a long time," he said. "I wish Mr. Krushchev would appear before Congress and say that Russia wants to compete with the U.S."

Mr. Krushchev cut in: "They won't let me into America."

Then he tackled General Twining on the subject of ballistic missiles.

Rockets

"You are probably very interested in our rockets and missiles," Mr. Krushchev said. "We will show you all you want to see. You would like to see them, wouldn't you?"

There was a moment of silence. Then General Twining nodded agreement and Mr. Krushchev slapped his knee and roared: "Well, we want to see yours. Show us your planes and we'll show you our ballistic weapons."

What, with the brandy, the vodka and the jollity, no wonder the officers' club grew hot and stuffy.

So Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev led their guests down to a lake.

Someone asked: "Who's for a row?" And Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, was on his feet helping Lady Hayter, wife of the British Ambassador, into a little blue and white boat.

He pulled out from the wharf to a shout from Krushchev: "We'll send a rescue party."

Back to shore again . . . for another round of toasts. Marshal Bulganin noticed the American air attaché, Colonel Charles Taylor, emptying some fiery brandy out of his glass to even up the odds with the well-trained Russians.

With a shout across the table, the Soviet Prime Minister demanded Colonel Taylor's glass, emptied the rest of the brandy away—and gave him a new glass twice as big, brim-full. The colonel downed it at one gulp, and was cheered.