

FRIDAY, 26 MAY 1972
U.S. SALT DELEGATION

Ambassador Smith, the other members of the Delegation, Ray Garthoff and Howie Stoertz returned to the Kalastajatorppa Hotel from a late night session at the office shortly after midnight. ^{of May 25th} We all got to bed. At four o'clock in the morning the telephone rang and Ambassador Smith suggested that I join him and the others out in the corridor. I already had packed my bag to be ready to leave at any minute for Moscow, so I had no bathrobe or bedroom slippers. I paddled down the corridor in my pajamas with two buttons missing at the top and joined Ambassador Smith and the others, also in their pajamas; they, however, had bathrobes.

A message had come in from Henry Kissinger indicating the latest state of play in Moscow and asking for our comments. Sometime after five we had made our minds' up and had drafted a reply; Howie Stoertz went off to see to its transmission while the rest of us went back to bed.

At 9:30 in the morning we got another communication indicating that agreement had been reached in Moscow on the substance of the various remaining outstanding points, that we would receive full instructions shortly, that after we had received those instructions we were to negotiate the necessary agreement

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language with the Soviet delegation, that we were then to fly to Moscow and that the signing would take place ^{that evening} in Moscow at 7:00 p.m. their time, which ^{was} ~~is~~ 6 p.m. Helsinki time. We then waited for the promised instructions -- normally communications from Moscow to us had required about twenty minutes. An hour went by and we had not received the instructions. We telephoned Moscow on the open wire and were assured that the message had been sent. Howie Stoertz checked through his channels and could find no record that a message had been sent. An hour later, we were still waiting for the missing instructions. Half an hour after that we finally found that Washington had a copy of the message and would relay it to us. At 12:30 p.m. the instructions finally came in.

We found it not to be an easy task to translate what had been agreed in substance in Moscow into clear and consistent agreement language. It seemed impossible to meet the seven o'clock signing deadline. We recommended to Moscow that the signing be postponed until Sunday when the President was to return from Kiev. We were told that this would be impossible; that the hour for signing could, however, be delayed; we were now expected to arrive in Moscow in time for dinner at Spasso House at 8:00 p.m.; the signing to take place at 11:00 p.m. This implied wheels up from Helsinki at around 4:00 p.m.

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In an hour or two we had worked out language for Article III of the agreement and for the Protocol which seemed to us correctly to express our understanding of what had been agreed in substance in Moscow. The problem was whether we could get the Soviet Delegation to agree. We called the Soviet Delegation. They were evidently having problems similar to but perhaps greater than ours; they were not yet prepared to meet. It was 3:00 p.m. before a meeting at our Embassy between Garthoff and Kishilov could be arranged. It was decided that if the two General Secretaries could come to a tentative agreement on wording, the full delegations would meet immediately thereafter at the U.S. Embassy. We then drove off to the U.S. Embassy with Garthoff, who went into a separate room to negotiate directly with Kishilov. From time to time he came out to report the tentative agreements they had come to and the remaining differences. By 4:00 p.m. a text had been agreed and the Soviet Delegation was requested to come to the Embassy.

In the meantime, it had become evident that we barely had enough time to get the new text typed on treaty paper and get it to the airport in time to catch the two delegations who would proceed directly from the American Embassy to the airport when they had finished the final plenary meeting. Frank DeSimone drove off

to the U.S. SALT office with the agreed language. Jeannette Christian, Peggy Coyle and Wanda Lewis were given the task of typing up the final text on treaty paper. Wanda was given an electric typewriter with which she was not familiar. She ran into trouble with the initial pages and found that before she was through she had one sheet of treaty paper too few. Sid Graybeal made the decision that the last page of the fourth copy of the agreement package would be single-spaced rather than double-spaced, thereby saving a sheet. Howie Stoertz commandeered a Helsinki police force car and drove off at 80 miles per hour to the airport.

In the meantime, the final plenary meeting of the two delegations was taking place. Originally it had been planned that certain unilateral statements would be made by one delegation and replies made by the other side to perfect the record on the remaining outstanding issues, and that, in addition, all the agreed interpretive statements would be read into the record and initialed by both sides. Ambassador Smith proposed that only the first task be carried out at the plenary and, since the second task presented no substantive problem, that it could be carried out on the plane when we became airborne. This was agreed to by Semenov. As a result, we were able to conclude the plenary by 4:30 p.m. We drove off with police escort to the airport.

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Several days earlier, General Allison had arranged with CINC U.S. Air Forces Europe, for a VIP configured C118 to stand by in Helsinki ready to take us in a moment's notice to Moscow. Early on May 26, Ambassador Smith had invited Minister Semenov and a group of Soviets of his choice to ride with us in the U.S. aircraft to Moscow.

The U.S. delegation reached the airport in record time, the Soviet delegation some ten minutes later. Finally, another five minutes later, Howie Stoertz came driving up with the treaty text and the electric typewriter. We climbed aboard and flew off to Moscow.

On the plane, the remaining actions with respect to the agreed interpretive statements were taken and the treaty text was checked. It was found to contain imperfections. In the U.S. text the "United States" was to precede the "USSR" wherever the two names appeared together, and in the Soviet text the "USSR" was to precede the "United States" in similar cases. This had not been consistently done. Furthermore, some of the copies read "President of the United States" instead of "President of the United States of America." It therefore appeared necessary to have some of the pages retyped upon our arrival in Moscow. It was arranged that Charlie Bevans, the State Department treaty expert, and Curt Kamman would meet Garthoff and Grinevsky and the electric typewriter

in the VIP room in the airport immediately upon arrival. They would check the text and have the necessary corrections made. The rest of us were to proceed directly to Spasso House.

We arrived at the Moscow International Airport at 8:50 p.m. As Ambassador Smith went down the stairs, Secretary Brezhnev's aide came up to him in great agitation and said that he had instructions to take Ambassador Smith directly to the Kremlin. Ambassador Smith said that he had instructions from his authorities to go directly to Spasso House. Brezhnev's aide insisted that his instructions overrode those which Ambassador Smith had. Ambassador Smith finally decided that the wiser course was to let himself be taken directly to the Kremlin. He then disappeared in a cloud of Soviet automobiles and police outriders driving at high speed out of the airport. Car #72 had been assigned to take me, General Allison and Garthoff to Spasso House. We stopped first at the VIP room so that Garthoff, Grinevsky and the typewriter could meet up with Bevans and Kamman. We found the room empty. A Russian stewardess appeared who told us that Bevans and Kamman had been there up until a minute or two previously but they had seen Ambassador Smith and a series of other cars leave at high speed and had concluded that all of us were with Ambassador Smith. They had left in hot pursuit of the calvacade.

Colonel Scott, the air attache who had traveled to Helsinki to escort General Allison and the Delegation to Moscow, told me that there was an American Command Center at the Rossiya Hotel. He got through on the telephone for me and I found myself talking to a Mr. McGuire. I told him what had happened and asked him to find Bevans and Kamman. I told him that Garthoff, Grinevsky and the typewriter were going off to ~~Mir~~ Mir, the Soviet Ministry of External Affairs. Bevans and Kamman should meet them there. McGuire said he would do his best. He, in turn, asked me whether we had an extra copy of the documents, as had been requested earlier, for the briefing of the press. I told him we hadn't had time to prepare an extra copy and that they would have to wait until a copy could be xeroxed at the Ministry of External Affairs and gotten to them.

Garthoff, Grinevsky and the typewriter then departed for ~~Mir~~ Mir. General Allison had been intercepted while getting off the aircraft and told that he was expected to be in uniform at the Spasso House dinner. He had been unable to find any place in the VIP room where he could change. Colonel Scott suggested the change be made in the Scott apartment in the U.S. Embassy compound. With that, Allison departed with Colonel and Mrs. Scott for their residence to change into his uniform and agreed to meet me at Spasso House.

At this point, I was left alone with car #72, a Russian driver who spoke no English, and Ambassador Smith's luggage, my luggage and Garthoff's luggage. We started off for Spasso House. By this time, it must have been 9:20 p.m. Everything went smoothly enough until we got to Tschaikowsky Boulevard where one must turn left on one of several side streets in order to reach Spasso House. At each one of the side streets there was a group of Soviet policemen whose task it was to maintain the security of Spasso House by letting no cars turn into the nearby side streets. After my driver had driven back and forth two or three times trying to find a way through the police cordon without success, I managed to get it across to him by a series of gestures that he should try talking to the police and use my diplomatic passport as evidence that we should be let through. After two or three failures of this technique, he finally did find a group of policemen who would let us turn left. We then found ourselves in the street which I recognized as being the one leading to Spasso House, but we were still more than a block away whereⁱⁿ it became evident that we could proceed no further, the street was completely filled with police motorcycles waiting to lead the calvacade of cars from Spasso House to the Kremlin for the signing ceremony.

I got out of the car and managed to get through the motorcycles police force by waving my passport in their faces. I finally got to the front entrance of Spasso House and gave a sigh of relief as I saw American faces in the driveway.

I walked about three paces into the driveway when I was seized from all sides and found myself in the clutches of the U.S. Secret Service. I protested that I was a member of the SALT Delegation and was expected at the dinner. It was quite clear that they had never heard of SALT or the delegation. I protested that they must let me speak to someone. They asked to whom I wished to speak; I suggested Secretary Rogers. By this time they were convinced I was either a nut or a member of the press corps. But they gave me one more chance and asked if there was someone else I wanted to see; I said, "Mr. Sonnenfelt." They said, not only Secretary Rogers and Sonnenfelt, but everyone else with the Presidential party were listening to a concert. They told me there was no one I could see and I should go away. At this point, a Navy Lieutenant Commander with an aide's aiguillette came out of the door. I asked him whether he could help me; that I was a former Secretary of the Navy. It appeared that I had merely succeeded in embarrassing him because he promptly disappeared without doing anything.

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At this point, a young man in a dark suit with a red button in his lapel appeared and asked me whether I was Mr. Nitze. I said I was indeed and asked him who he was. He said that he was associated with the Soviet Ministry of External Affairs and he would like to be of help to me. He suggested that the wisest thing to do would be to go straight to the Kremlin and to give up trying to enter Spasso House. He said there was one difficulty, however, he did not have an automobile to get us there. I said that car #72 had been assigned to me; I had left it a block and a half away; if he would find it we could use it. He went out and succeeded in finding car #72 and in due course we started for the Kremlin.

As we approached the Kremlin there were police groups protecting the approaches to the Kremlin as there had been at the approaches of Spasso House and it appeared that my Ministry of External Affairs friend did not have the necessary passes to get us through. Ahead of us there he saw a car containing one of the deputy ministers. We slipped in directly behind him to get through the various barriers and arrived at the entrance to the Kremlin. At this point, the Deputy Minister emerged from his car and I emerged from my car and he proceeded into the Kremlin and I proceeded after him some ten paces behind.

We went through corridor after corridor, all of which seemed to be totally empty. We finally entered a large room in which the signing was to take place. It was empty except for a small group in a far corner consisting of Semenov and two or three men unknown to me who were in deep conversation. I walked up and said hello to Semenov. It was clear that he wanted to continue his discussion with his associates. I went off and stood alone some distance away waiting for something to happen. At this point, Semenov and his friends disappeared down a passageway at the rear of the room, leaving me all alone.

Some minutes later two figures appeared entering the room at the far side. They were Secretary Rogers and Ambassador Dobrynin. Rogers greeted me with the greatest warmth and suggested that I join the two of them in the reception room behind the treaty signing room. At this point, the First Deputy Foreign Minister, Kuznetzov, joined us and the four of us sat around a small table and discussed a number of matters. Despite the fact that the last time I had seen anything of Kuznetzov was in connection with the Cuban missile crisis we got along famously. At this point, Marshal ^{Grechko} Grechko, the Chief of Staff of the Soviet General Staff Kulikov and General Ogarkov came into the room.

Kuznetzov introduced me to Marshal Grechko, who seemed to have a permanent grin. His comment was, "He is from that SALT Delegation. The SALT group is the greatest bureaucracy ever invented." Much laughter on all sides. At this point other Americans appeared, including Ambassador Beam, Assistant Secretary Hillenbrand and Flannigan. At about the same time, from the other direction, Brezhnev, Podgorny, Kosygin and the other members of the Politburo entered the room. Dobrynin introduced me to them in turn. Brezhnev and Podgorny seemed to have the same kind of permanent grin that Marshal Grechko had. On the other hand, Kosygin and Gromyko had as dour faces as one could imagine. I had the impression that I was watching a group of actors pretending to be the Soviet Politburo. At this point, Henry Kissinger, Ambassador Smith, General Allison and others who had been at the press briefing entered the room. Kissinger seemed to be preoccupied and did not say hello and went off to a far corner deep in conversation with Bill Hyland.

At the same time Shchukin arrived with his friend, Keldesh, who is President of the Soviet National Academy of Sciences. Keldesh said that Shchukin had often talked to him about me and I said that Shchukin had often sung Keldesh's praises to me.

We were in conversation about Harold Brown when Brezhnev began to move toward the treaty signing room. The entire Soviet mass pushed and shoved and jockeyed to ensure that each got exactly to his correct position. I found myself way at the end on the American side, and Secretary Rogers pulled General Allison and me in to stand beside Ambassador Smith and himself. After the signing, Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny began clinking glasses with those of us who were nearby and later Brezhnev went out of the way to walk across the bottom of the platform to clink his glass with Henry Kissinger. A very few minutes after the signing Brezhnev suddenly moved toward the door and the entire Soviet delegation pressed after him like a school of fish.

President Nixon also made for the door and all in the President's party followed on after him. Within seconds there were only four people left in the room -- Ambassador Smith, General Allison and I and Herb Klein. The three of us had been told to participate in the press briefing after the signing. We asked Herb Klein how to get there. Herb said that it was not at all clear that there would be a press briefing and that we should just relax; if we were needed someone would let us know.

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Ambassador Smith said, "What do you mean, relax? I have no car and I have not had dinner, no one has told me where I should go." Herb asked Ambassador Smith where he was staying. Ambassador Smith replied Spasso House. Finally Herb offered to drive him to Spasso House.

At this point, General Allison and I were the sole remnants. Herb Klein pointed out to us the tower of the Hotel Rossiya which dominates the skyline and suggested we might want to walk there. We said we did. He told us that no one would bother us if we wandered around the Kremlin grounds nor would we have any trouble leaving; one only had difficulty getting into the Kremlin -- not getting out. General Allison and I then wandered through the Kremlin grounds which are illuminated and of extreme beauty at night. We finally wandered out through Red Square and on to the Rossiya Hotel.

The Rossiya is an enormous building -- one must enter the proper side at the proper street level in order to find anybody familiar with your particular case. General Allison and I went from one entrance to the other until we finally found a girl who, although she spoke no English, understood our problem and directed us to the right street level at the right entrance.

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We walked into that entrance and found the hall filled with chauffeurs for cars assigned to Americans, but still no one who could tell us how to get to our rooms. We found another girl who spoke no English, but directed us to another girl who eventually got us to the right floor. I finally got to my room but found no signs of my luggage. After a good deal of telephoning I was put in touch with a man who said he was fully appraised of the problem. Not only was my luggage lost, but Ambassador Smith's luggage was lost, Mr. Garthoff's luggage was lost and Ambassador Smith had been complaining vigorously for the last two hours. By this time neither General Allison nor I had had anything to eat for many hours. We enquired as to whether food could be produced. About 1:30 a.m. two tiny steaks and a bottle of beer arrived in General Allison's palatial suite, to which we had retired from my cubicle. Finally, at 2:00 a.m., my luggage was found and delivered and so to bed.

The story, however, is not complete without recording Ambassador Smith's adventures and those of General Allison and Ray Garthoff. After leaving the airport, Ambassador Smith's calvacade proceeded at high speed directly to the Kremlin entrance. He entered the Kremlin and found no one there. He asked why he had been sent to the Kremlin. No one knew; he demanded that someone be found who ^{could} can find out why. Eventually someone

appeared who said that a press briefing was being held by Mr. Kissinger in a press room in the U.S. embassy compound.

Ambassador Smith finally arrived in time to join with Henry in the pre-signing press conference. The transcript of that press conference is public property. At the end of the press conference Ambassador Smith was still uncertain as to whether he was expected to go to Spasso House. He finally decided that the safest course was not to let himself get separated from Henry and his party. So rather than going to Spasso House, Ambassador Smith finally found himself back at the Kremlin, but this time in the reception room behind the treaty signing room.

Garthoff's difficulties were even greater. He and Grinevsky and the typewriter arrived at the Ministry for External Affairs. They decided to plug the typewriter in to the wall socket to see if it would work on Moscow current. Lo and behold, the power supply had been turned off at the Ministry. In the meantime, Bevans and Kamman had found their way to the Ministry of External Affairs and found that several pages needed to be retyped. Grinevsky had the power turned on and the typewriter did work on Moscow current. A secretary from the American Embassy was asked to come to the Ministry to type the necessary pages and they waited patiently for her to arrive, but she never got there.

She had gone to the Ministry of External Affairs' guest house for foreigners rather than to the main office. Finally, in desperation, Garthoff and Bevans took the treaty package, as typed in Helsinki, and arrived at the Kremlin. Those were the documents that were signed. ^{Whether} ~~the~~ faulty pages were ever replaced with revised pages, ^{the following day} ~~I do not know~~. Incidentally, they were not able to find a xerox machine for Ziegler's copy for press briefing purposes. For security reasons copying machines are generally forbidden ^{in the USSR}.

General Allison, having gotten to Colonel Scott's apartment in the U.S. Embassy compound, was busily changing into his uniform when Colonel Scott, looking out of his window saw Henry Kissinger followed by a large group of the press corps approaching the entrance to the hotel. He thought he also saw Ambassador Smith. General Allison, thinking he might have been expected at the press briefing, went down quickly to the barn-like room where the briefing was being held but found himself totally ignored by those conducting the briefing. At the end of the briefing he also was in somewhat of a quandary as to where to go since no one had told him anything either. He finally decided not to let himself get separated from Ambassador Smith --

the two then arrived together safely at the Kremlin for ten to
fifteen minutes of ^{the} ~~meeting~~ ^{with} the Politburo type\$ in the anteroom
and proceeding with the entire group, U.S. and Soviet, into
the great Vlademir Hall for the signing.

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29 May 1972