

Gorby's secret plan exposed

Fight fair, you red swine!
If there's one thing you can expect from the commies it's sneaky, underhanded tactics. As some sharp folks have pointed out, you just can't trust that Gorbachev fellow. He's got more tricks than the World Bridge Federation.

Well, now he's done it again—but worse. Gorby's given the West a below-the-belt kick in its chic Calvin Klein undies that marks an all-time low in Russian perfidy. What? Why, this week those sneaky Soviets actually accepted NATO's plan for conventional arms reductions in Europe.

Da, comrades. That's right! For the past few weeks, George Bush has been needling the reds about not being serious about non-nuclear arms reductions. After all, they're the nice people with 37,000 tanks in Europe, all gassed up and ready to roll toward Gay Parre. So what happens? Gorbachev says to NATO, "Okay, we accept your deal. You want us to cut our tank force by 50%. You got it, boychiks. We agree that both sides can each have no more than 20,000 tanks and, sure, let's also limit guns and aircraft."

This dastardly plot comes hot on the heels of earlier Soviet reductions of 10% in their armed forces and gradual thinning out of offensive forces in East Europe. If that wasn't bad enough, Gorby has also ordered a 26% cut in Soviet forces in the Far East as a kind of housewarming gift for his new Chinese pal, Deng Xiaoping. Incredibly, the Russkis so far seem to be taking all this seriously. Troops are pulling back. So are tanks, guns, armored vehicles and bridging units. Divisions are being reconfigured with fewer tanks and more anti-tank

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weapons. Ground attack aircraft are being cut back. The Soviets even claim that they're going to mothball half the tanks withdrawn somewhere in the sticks of Asian Russia, and turn the rest into industrial vehicles.

Now just a minute, Mikhail! Hold your troika. I am very fond of tanks. In fact, I never met a tank I didn't like. There's nothing like hearing the roar of their diesel engines or that wonderful crump their 120mm guns make. Do you mean to tell me you're going to take those gorgeous, elegant T-64Bs and T-80s and make them pull hay wagons out in the boonies? Or even melt some down, as you said? Have you no decency? Holy halfrack, do you want to go down in history as the man who destroyed Mother Russia's mighty tank armadas?

At this rate, tanks could become an endangered species, like whales, rhinos or the undersexed Tasmanian warbled plover. It's enough to make me want to start PanzerCare, a sort of olive drab answer to Greenpeace. Maybe we could get Sting to come and do a benefit for us at the Kaiserlauten tank range. "Save the tanks!" that's what I say.

But it's not just tanks we have to worry about. I'm off in less than two weeks to the Paris Air Show, the high-

fashion event for jet fighters, radar and missiles. Now what could be finer than running your fingers down the sleek flank of a sexy Mirage or F-16 fighter. Or nuzzling up to a radar-controlled anti-aircraft gun and locking your cross hairs on an incoming target. All this, mes amis, in the French sunshine, with a glass of vin superior in your free hand.

But now that horrid Gorby fellow is threatening even this. He wants to pack up lots of his radars, ack-ack guns, and artillery—even soup kitchens—and ship them back to Pinsk. Which means that NATO will cut back buying sexy Mirages and French guns, which means that the glory of France will be jeopardized.

Worse yet, the tricky Russkians are claiming that some of their defence plants are being converted to civilian use. Sure. All you do is go to plant manager and say, "Boris, is new plan. Stop making T-80 tanks right and now start turning out T-90D Mark IV skateboards so Soviet youth can be stupid just like western youth. Aircraft plant 12 in Gorky will switch from making MiG-29s to producing canned borscht."

Let's see how well Lockheed and deHavilland do at making video games or low-cholesterol sausage.

Once the Soviets have gotten everyone to junk their nice tanks, guns and aircraft, guess what? That will leave the Russkis with the biggest infantry army in Europe. All they have to do is oil up some of those old, WW II T-34s still in storage in Central Asia. Or get out cannon from the museums. Most important, that will also leave Russia with the ultimate weapon—the Cos-sacks. And you can bet your babushkas that those sneaky Russkis have piles of lances and cavalry sabres secretly stashed away.