The original documents are located in Box 71, folder "United States Information Agency - America Illustrated Magazine, 1/76 (3)" of the John Marsh Files at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

though. Almost all of them are fashioned from a "permanent press" blend of 50 per cent cotton and 50 per cent synthetic -- usually polyester -- fibers, so that they resist wrinkling and need no ironing after being laundered.

Another boon: many manufacturers now offer entire collections of sheets and matching accessories. The linens alone are an asset to any bedroom, especially when paired with a solid-color blanket that picks up one of the shades in the design. But when the sheets work in unison with plump comforters, fluffy towels and crisp curtains -- all in the same or closely related pattern -- their decorative impact is boosted immeasurably.

Inspired by this diversification, thousands of homeowners are buying the new sheets, not only for their beds, but also as the raw material for all sorts of matching accessories that they can make themselves. /((At least one "sewing-with-sheets" article appears in the various women's magazines nearly every month.))/

Sheets-for-material sounds expensive, but it isn't: square inch for/inch, bed linens still represent one of the best fabric buys available. /Trans: 206 by 264 cms/ At 81 by 104 inches, the standard flat, double-bed sheet is about twice as wide as commercially sold, cotton-blend material. /trans: about 36 by 45 inches; 91 by 114 cms/ If that extra width was translated into additional length, it would make a piece of fabric about five and a half yards long. /trans: about five meters/ Good-looking,

cotton-blend material costs about $2 to $3 a yard, so a sheet's worth of fabric would cost about $11 to $16. A good-looking, cotton-blend sheet, though, costs only about $10.

The large size of sheets also means they're especially handy for making large items such as drapes and slipcovers. And sheets are now coming out with beautiful trimmings, from ruffled to scalloped to delicately embroidered edges, which can easily be incorporated into homemade creations for a truly finished appearance.

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/Trans: linen closet/

Sheets, it seems, are out of the closet for good.

CAPTIONS C, D, E, F & G

No captions.

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

Story No. 203-75
6/10/75 (HC/law)
English Count: 1,500

RUSSIAN 231

THE FORECAST FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON:

WEATHER BAD AND PROBABLY GETTING WORSE

Photographs by Ellis Herwig

The winds frequently surpass hurricane force (74 miles [118 kilometers] an hour), temperatures drop 20 degrees [11 C] in an hour, and the two together -- low temperatures and high winds -- can produce a wind-chill factor of 150 degrees [100°C.] below zero or colder. But such weather conditions are all part of a typical day's work for the weather observers atop Mt. Washington in New Hampshire.

The northeastern United States -- New England specifically -- is noted for its bad, unpredictable weather, and nowhere in New England is it as consistently bad and unpredictable as on the 6,288-foot [1,886-meter] summit of Mt. Washington. Clouds envelop the peak 60 per cent of the time, and snowfall averages 18 feet [5.4 meters] a year; in 1973, the snowfall was much heavier -- about 40 feet [12 meters]. But the biggest problem with the snow is not its depth it is the windblown ice and snow that constantly sift through cracks in buildings and threaten to short-circuit electrical equipment.

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Layers of rime which accumulate when water in the atmosphere crystallizes around an object, sometimes coat guy wires with ice seven feet /two meters/ in diameter. And since winter lasts from September to June, weather observers such as Jon Lingel (right) spend a great deal of time chipping away ice from meteorological instruments.

The winds are bitter, unceasing and unbelievably powerful. In fact, the strongest surface wind ever measured by man -- 231 miles an hour /373 kilometers/ -- was recorded on Mt. Washington on April 12, 1934.

CAPTIONS A & B

No captions.

ATOP MT. WASHINGTON, THE DAILY ROUTINE OF GATHERING WEATHER DATA AND CHECKING TRANSMITTERS ALSO INCLUDES LIBERAL DOSES OF WIND, SNOW AND SOLITUDE

Why would anyone want to work, let alone live, on top of a blustery mountain in New Hampshire? One reason: with the highest elevation east of the Rockies and north of the Smokies, Mt. Washington is a superb vantage point from which to observe New England's fickle weather develop. But there is another reason as well: the rewards of a demanding job with long hours and plenty of solitude. Says chief weather observer Guy Gosselin, pictured relaxing with lunch and a magazine at left: "The job is challenging and appeals to those who have trouble relating to the pace and nonsense of

(more)

jobs at which they could earn considerably more." Observers work in rotating turns of a week at a time and earn a modest $400 to $650 a month plus room and board. An example is 29-year-old Jon Lingel, shown bundled up above and recording weather data at right. He first worked summers at Mt. Washington, then quit a higher paying job as a draftsman to work on the mountain full time.

In all, eight men usually occupy Mt. Washington at any given time. Four of them work for a private, nonprofit, weather-observation group, operating the observatory and conducting special experiments such as measuring cosmic-ray activity. Four others are engineers who maintain transmitters and communications relay systems for television networks as well as half-a-dozen government agencies. The engineers are also local celebrities: each evening one of them appears on a local television station (far left) with a 30-second summary of the day's weather at the summit.

The changeable climate, however, isn't the mountain men's chief complaint: it's the 250,000 tourists who swarm over the summit during the summer to admire the spectacular view. The men atop Mt. Washington prefer the company of ice, wind and snow -- at least for a week at a time.

CAPTIONS C, D, E & F

No captions.

IN A RARE INTERLUDE OF TRANQUIL WEATHER, THE SUN GLINTS

BRIGHTLY OFF MT. WASHINGTON'S WIND-BATTERED SUMMIT

CAPTION G

No caption.

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

Story No. 197-75 RUSSIAN 231
4/25/75 (SKO/bp)
English Count: 25,940 w/options
24,456 w/o options

CONQUERING THE QUIET KILLER

Fayore Curry, 47, a Chicago mental health worker whose unlined face and trim figure belie her age, knew from her first pregnancy at age 21 that she had high blood pressure. But it was not until two years ago that she realized what it meant. One day, a friend told her that she was slurring her words; her boyfriend noticed that she was limping; she herself found that she could not comb her hair. She then drove to a hospital, where she learned that she had suffered a stroke.

John Wilson, 57, a black construction worker from Katy, Texas, enjoyed vigorous good health until 1971, when he suddenly began complaining about feeling weak. A visit to his doctor quickly revealed why: his blood pressure was dangerously high, and unless it was brought down quickly, Wilson risked death from a stroke or heart attack.

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Ann Naan, 60, a secretary for the American Heart Association (A.H.A.) in New York City, learned from her doctor during a postoperative checkup that her blood pressure was slightly elevated. About a year later she began to be short of breath, and a screening of A.H.A. staffers revealed that her blood pressure had risen dangerously.

* * *

Curry, Wilson and Naan are all victims of hypertension, a medical term that means high blood pressure. They are more fortunate than most of the 23 million people in the United States alone estimated by the A.H.A. to be suffering from the disease. They know about their condition and are under treatment. Most hypertensives are not even aware that they are being stalked by a quiet killer that often produces no symptoms until it is too late. The A.H.A. believes that less than half of all hypertensives know that they have high blood pressure. Even worse, according to the A.H.A., only half the hypertensives who are aware of their illness are under treatment to control their blood pressure, and of these, only half are getting the proper therapy.

For the remainder, the consequences can be fatal. The damage produced by hypertension may well be the nation's leading cause of death. Heart attacks and strokes kill more Americans than the other leading causes of death combined: cancer and accidents. High blood pressure alone is listed

as the primary cause of only 60,000 deaths a year. But hypertension, which rarely appears on death certificates, is the underlying cause of hundreds of thousands of other deaths. Heart disease will claim an estimated 600,000 Americans in 1975, and hypertension is the major contributor to heart disease. Strokes will hit an estimated two million Americans and kill some 200,000 this year; hypertension is the leading cause of stroke. Kidney disease may account for as many as 60,000 deaths in 1975; hypertension is the major contributor to kidney disease. An untreated hypertensive is four times as likely to have a heart attack or a stroke as someone with normal blood pressure and twice as likely to develop kidney disease. Thousands of Americans will have their eyesight impaired, suffer from internal hemorrhages or miss work because of hypertension.

High blood pressure is no respecter of age or sex; men and women are almost equally susceptible to the disorder. It strikes the powerful as well as the poor. King Charles II of England and his mistress Nell Gwyn both died from the complications of severe hypertension; so did such modern-day statesmen as Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. Hypertension hits the young as well as the middle-aged; doctors have found a surprising number of cases of high blood pressure among teen-agers and "swinging singles" and have even detected the disease in young children.

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The irony is that many of the deaths that can be traced to high blood pressure are, in fact, avoidable. Doctors may not be able to cure cancer or the common cold, but modern medicine can now treat virtually every case of hypertension from the mildest to the most severe, effectively and relatively inexpensively.

Much of the credit for this successful treatment belongs to a professor of medicine named John Henry Laragh. Best known for untangling the hormonal relationships that control blood pressure, Laragh, 51, pioneered in the treatment of high blood pressure by founding the nation's first hypertension center, at New York City's Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in 1971. Now he is expanding both his research and clinical interests into new fields. Recently he left Presbyterian Hospital, where he was vice chairman of the board of trustees for professional and scientific affairs, to assume an endowed professorship at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. There he has intensified his assault on hypertension and other circulatory disorders as director of a new cardiovascular center that has been organized to study and treat the entire circulatory system.

Laragh's move came at an appropriate time. Medicine is better equipped than it has ever been to handle hypertension. Yet the disease remains perhaps the most neglected of health problems. Many physicians, in fact, still believe that

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moderately elevated blood pressure need not be treated. Laragh is determined to change all that. "Hypertension does not have to be the single leading factor in disability and death in the United States today," he insists. "We have the means to control it. What we have to do is use them. We're ready for an all-out attack."

That attack has been a long time coming, for high blood pressure has been an enemy of man throughout recorded history. A Chinese medical text dating back to 2600 B.C. noted that a diet high in salt (now known to affect blood pressure) could cause changes in pulse and complexion. The Bible contains several accounts of paralysis and apparent stroke that may well have been the results of hypertension. But it was not until the 17th century that the great English anatomist William Harvey provided the foundation for the understanding of blood pressure by mapping the human circulatory system. And not until the beginning of the 20th century did physicians develop a practical means of measuring the pressure that pushes blood through the body: the sphygmomanometer. The link between high blood pressure and fatal illness was not documented until 1929, when a Harvard physician, Dr. Samuel Albert Levine, noted that of 145 heart attack patients, 60 per cent had been hypertensive.

The adult human body has some 60,000 miles (96,540 kilometers) of blood vessels. As the body's blood (five quarts (4.7 liters) or more in the

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average adult) is driven through a network of arteries, capillaries and veins by the pumping action of the heart, it exerts force on the walls of these vessels. /(Without the pressure generated by the heart, oxygen-carrying blood could not be forced up to the brain or out to the muscles; the blood could not be returned to the lungs for reoxygenation or passed through the membranes of the kidneys for filtration and excretion of wastes.)/

To function properly, the body must carefully control blood pressure through a number of complex mechanisms. Baroreceptors -- clusters of pressure-sensitive cells scattered throughout the arterial system -- respond to changes in pressure and signal the nervous system to make the necessary adjustments. The nervous system in turn helps lower or raise pressure by 1) expanding or dilating arterioles, the smallest branches of arteries, or 2) retarding or speeding up the heart's beat and changing its force of contraction.

When these systems function normally, the circulatory system has few problems. Blood pressure rises during exercise or excitement, falls during sleep or relaxation. Like pipes in a plumbing system, the arteries can tolerate high pressure for brief "surges." But when the pressure persists, damage is likely.

One area where hypertension is particularly hazardous is the brain. High blood pressure can cause a rupture or

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blowout of an artery feeding the brain. When it does, part of the brain is deprived of its blood supply and thus its oxygen. The resulting damage is called a stroke. High blood pressure also forces the heart to work harder, for it must pump against increased resistance. The overworked organ may enlarge, demanding more oxygen than the system can provide; the chest pains of angina pectoris or even damage to irreplaceable heart muscle may soon follow. Or the enlarged heart may be unable to empty itself against the pressure of blood in the arteries, causing fluid to accumulate behind the heart, in the lungs and extremities. In either case, the result will be the same: a heart attack that can cripple or kill its victim. High blood pressure can also trigger complex mechanisms that will reduce blood flow to the kidneys. That, in turn, reduces the capacity of the kidneys to help rid the body of its waste material, and the kidneys themselves may eventually fail.

For all their increasing ability to control high blood pressure, doctors are still not sure what causes it. Some cases of hypertension stem from kidney disease. Others can be traced to a condition called coarctation or pinching of the aorta, the main artery leading from the heart. A handful of cases have been attributed to pheochromocytomas and other tumors on the adrenal glands that cause overproduction of certain hormones involved in blood-pressure control. But all these conditions together probably do not account

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for more than five per cent of hypertension victims. In most cases the cause cannot be identified.

Nonetheless, researchers have discovered several factors that are almost surely involved in essential hypertension. Among them:

b.f. OBESITY. Excess weight, whether it is only a few extra pounds, or many, may bring an increase in blood pressure. more than three kilometers .45 kilogram It takes a mile of capillaries to nourish each extra pound of fatty tissue. With each extra pound, there is a corresponding increase in blood volume. This means that the heart must work harder to pump more blood through a more extensive circulatory system.

B.F. HEREDITY. No researchers will go so far as to say that hypertension is inherited like, say, blue eyes or an aquline nose. But most feel that heredity plays some role in high blood pressure. Those whose parents are hypertensive are far more likely to have high blood pressure than those whose parents have normal blood pressure.

b.f. DIET. Modern studies have strengthened the connection between salt intake and pulse changes. Tribesmen in Africa, who eat almost no salt, rarely if ever develop high blood pressure. But in northern Japan, where people eat around 50 grams of salt a day, half the population dies of strokes, a common complication of high blood pressure.

To Laragh, the explanation is obvious. "Salt is the

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hydraulic agent of life," he explains. "It is salt that holds the water in humans, causes swelling and a high fluid volume. This means an increased blood pressure." It does indeed. Doctors have known since 1900 that lowering salt intake drops a patient's blood pressure, and most doctors agree that Americans eat too much salt. One of the first things a doctor tells, or should tell, a hypertensive patient is to throw away his salt shaker.

b.f. RACE. For reasons that remain to be fully determined, blacks are particularly prone to hypertension. According to the A.H.A., one out of every four adult black Americans has high blood pressure, compared with one out of seven adult whites. Some scientists theorize that blacks are genetically incapable of handling large amounts of salt that are found in a diet rich in pork and highly seasoned soul food. Others suggest that the pressures of being black in America are enough to cause the disease.

b.f. STRESS. Though many of those with apparently complete control over their emotions have high blood pressure, researchers have found that there is a relationship between stress and hypertension. Blood pressure normally rises with excitement or alarm. In most people, the pressure drops when the excitement is over. But according to one theory, in many the level drops by smaller increments, eventually stabilizing at a higher level than before. Significant increases

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in blood pressure were recorded among Russians who survived the siege of Leningrad.

Until the end of World War II, doctors treated hypertensives, if they treated them at all, mainly by diet. Patients with high blood pressure were told to take off weight and lower their salt intakes. Some patients were put on an almost totally salt-free rice diet so unappealing that most of them abandoned it as soon as they left the hospital and medical supervision. A handful of doctors even tried surgery to depress blood pressure. The operation was called a sympathectomy; it cut certain nerves leading to the organs of the chest and abdomen on the theory that this would relax the arterioles. It did but only temporarily; the arterioles soon responded to hormonal signals to constrict.

Today, doctors treating hypertension rarely resort to surgery; drugs are the therapy of choice. One of the first of the new drugs in the medical armory was discovered by Dr. Edward Freis, a researcher with the Veterans Administration. He had noted from test reports that large doses of an antimalarial drug called pentaquine dramatically lowered the blood pressures of normal men. Figuring that it might do the same for hypertensives, Freis administered it to a patient with severely elevated blood pressure. It worked, and although the patient eventually died of kidney failure (the organ had been badly damaged by his hypertension), his

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case demonstrated the practicality of drug treatment.

Since then, a host of other antihypertensive drugs have been introduced. Some, such as hexamethonium and chlorisondamine, are blocking agents. They work by interfering with the nerve signals and chemical reactions that cause blood vessels to constrict and raise blood pressure. Others, like hydralazine, are relaxers that seem to act directly on the muscle walls of the blood vessels, causing them to dilate and thus decrease pressure. Still others, such as guanethidine and reserpine -- a drug extracted and purified from the Indian plant Rauwolfia serpentina -- achieve the same effect by reducing the action of norepinephrine, the body chemical that causes blood vessels to constrict. Another class of drugs has proved equally useful. Diuretics decrease the kidneys' retention of salt. This in turn decreases the amount of fluid retained by the body. The volume of blood is lowered and blood pressure drops.

Used singly or in various combinations, these drugs have enabled physicians to offer the hypertensive something better and more certain than diet or surgery to control his disease. But they do not solve all the difficulties of dealing with high blood pressure. Many of the antihypertensive drugs can, and frequently do, produce undesirable side effects, such as impotence, dizziness and drowsiness. Doctors have learned to lessen these reactions by adjusting dosages or

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switching from one drug to another. Another problem was less easy to solve. Doctors had known for years that there are many forms of hypertension that affect different patients in a vast variety of ways. Some respond to one kind of treatment, others to something completely different. It remained for Dr. Laragh to show how to predict an individual patient's response to a particular drug.

In many ways, Laragh was an ideal man for the job. As a cardiologist, he concentrated most of his efforts on the workings -- and failings -- of the heart. But he also looked elsewhere in the circulatory system, and in 1955 he made an important discovery: he learned that increases in the blood levels of potassium can stimulate the production of aldosterone, an adrenal hormone that raises blood pressure by causing the kidneys to retain salt.

In the years that followed, Laragh made even more spectacular findings, which, like so many other achievements in science, were serendipitous. Doctors had been aware of the role of aldosterone for some time. But they had been puzzled by the part played by renin, a kidney hormone produced in response to a drop in blood pressure. (Renin is not to be confused with rennin, an enzyme or chemical catalyst used, among other things, in the manufacture of cheese.) Laragh solved the puzzle. In 1958 he and his colleagues began treating a man with malignant hypertension, a rare form of

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the disease that is characterized by kidney damage and usually kills its victims within a year. Tests showed that the man was, to their surprise, producing far more than the normal amount of aldosterone. This finding led to another series of tests that proved even more revealing. They showed that high aldosterone was probably due to increased secretion of renin.

Usually renin production ceases when blood pressure reaches the proper level. In this case, the cutoff mechanism had failed. The man's renin was triggering the production of excess aldosterone, which in turn was increasing the body's tendency to retain salt. The process caused fatally high blood pressure.

Laragh's discoveries, which won him a share in the $50,000 Stouffer Prize, for original research in the field of arteriosclerosis and hypertension in 1969, explained the hormonal controls of blood pressure for the first time. They also permitted the development of a renin profile -- a computer-aided analysis of the patient's hormonal output. There are patients with low renin levels who nonetheless have high blood pressure; excess of fluid is probably at the root of their problem. Diuretics counteract this tendency to store salt and fluids, thus lowering the blood pressure. Those with high renin levels can be best helped with renin inhibitors that will slow or even shut off production of the

hormone. "Until we figured out just what renin did," says Laragh, "therapy was conducted on a hit-or-miss basis. You'd try a drug, see if it worked, and if it didn't, switch to something else. Now you know in advance what to try."

Laragh's finding also cleared up another of the mysteries surrounding hypertension. Many hypertensives dismiss the seriousness of their conditions by citing the case of a relative who lived to be 80 despite a blood pressure that nearly popped the mercury out of the doctor's sphygmomanometer. Laragh's work indicates that these exceptions, which seemingly violate the rule that high blood pressure is dangerous, were probably low-renin hypertensives. Patients with this condition are less likely to suffer strokes and heart attacks than high-renin types. But they do not escape hypertension's hazards; the damage merely takes longer.

Some physicians still challenge Laragh's theories. But many doctors now do, or plan to do, renin profiling on all their hypertension patients. Most physicians already follow Laragh's lead in another area. In 1967 Laragh discovered and reported a link between oral contraceptives and high blood pressure. Other researchers confirmed the connection, but it remained for Laragh to explain it: the Pill's estrogen-like substances stimulate the renin system, which in turn causes increased aldosterone production. The result in about 25 per cent of all women who use the Pill: high blood pressure.

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Laragh and his colleagues now routinely recommend that victims of Pill hypertension try another method of birth control.

A quiet, modest man, Laragh credits his accomplishments to an open mind ("You have to consider every possibility") and painstaking research. "You learn more by studying a few patients in great depth than you do by studying thousands superficially," he says. "If your methods are good and your experiments carefully conceived, it doesn't matter whether you study a handful or a multitude; the results should be the same."

/(Laragh believes in hard work. He gets to his office by seven o'clock most mornings and shuttles between there, the Hypertension Center and his laboratory until hunger, exhaustion or Jean Sealey -- a biochemist and his wife -- force him to stop. "We haven't even had a honeymoon yet," complains newly wed Jean in a soft burr that attests to her origins in Glasgow, Scotland. "The day after we were married we went off to a hypertension meeting in Milan." But Laragh, who has two sons by a previous marriage that ended in divorce, does find time to relax. His golf game is good enough (in the low 80's) to allow him to pair up occasionally with an acquaintance named Jack Nicklaus, the champion golfer.)/

Many of Laragh's colleagues and coworkers at Columbia Presbyterian followed him in the 100-block move to The New York Hospital because they like what one calls "the atmosphere

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of scientific ferment" that surrounds their leader. One female lab technician has another reason for tagging along with Laragh. "It's those Irish eyes," she says. Laragh's reason for taking his new post: "It's a chance to do more."

Whatever the reason, Laragh's move should come as good news for most victims of hypertension. The new cardiovascular center will not only treat but study hypertensives and all the problems caused by their disease; it should help to focus more attention on a controllable illness that has suffered from professional neglect for too many years.

Elsewhere, doctors, health officials and concerned citizens are also making a concerted effort to identify and treat as many victims of high blood pressure as they can find. Stanford University in California has been working through its Heart Disease Prevention program to acquaint people in three northern California cities with the dangers of high blood pressure. Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, Texas, has just begun a massive education effort. Hospitals in some 20 cities are participating in the federally funded "Mr. Fit" program designed to prevent heart attacks in a test group of men between 35 and 57. It aims at identifying probable heart attack victims and helping them to reduce their risks by giving up smoking, losing weight, reducing cholesterol and bringing their blood pressure under control. The Chicago board of health has a mobile blood-pressure unit cruising the

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streets of the city giving free hypertension tests to all. Local health organizations are setting up sphygmomanometers in supermarkets to test shoppers; in some states dentists and dental technicians are taking their patients' pressures. The A.H.A. is urging both patients and their physicians to take blood pressure seriously. DO YOU HAVE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE? asks an A.H.A. poster. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR CAN TELL.

For those who have high blood pressure, the outlook is bright. Exercise and diet groups to help hypertensives shape up are in operation in most major cities and many smaller communities. Researchers at Rockefeller University in New York City and other institutions are experimenting with biofeedback to teach hypertensives to dilate their arteries and lower their blood pressures slightly. (Biofeedback is a technique that employs electronic monitoring devices to help patients learn how to control autonomic nervous system functions such as heartbeat and blood circulation.) A Boston, Massachusetts, physician, Dr. Herbert Benson, has taught some of his patients to reduce their blood pressure by means of what he calls "relaxation response," a sort of transcendental-meditation technique.

/(Drug treatments for hypertension continue to improve. Propranolol, a British-developed drug licensed in the United States for use in heart problems other than hypertension, is nonetheless widely and successfully used to control high blood

(more)

pressure. Other potentially valuable drugs, though widely used in Britain, have not yet been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use in the United States. Reserpine remains an effective antihypertensive despite reports linking it with a slightly increased incidence of breast cancer in some women.

Despite these encouraging advances, many hypertensives still fail to get treatment. Either their condition is not diagnosed, or their doctors do not realize the importance of mildly elevated blood pressure. Others, bored by the drug regimen and lulled into a sense of false security by a lack of symptoms, drop out of treatment programs. Such lapses can be lethal. Dr. Freis once treated a young, dangerously hypertensive law student by putting him on diuretics but could not induce him to continue with the medication. The patient died of a stroke at 29. Other dropouts have been more fortunate. Helga Brown, 46, of San Francisco, followed her doctor's orders carefully for a year after a fainting episode revealed that she had high blood pressure; then she dropped both the drugs and her diet. She suffered a recurrence of dizziness and was hospitalized. She recovered and now takes her medication faithfully.)/

Treatment for hypertension, whether by diet or drugs, cannot undo the damage that has already been done, but it can unquestionably prevent the disorder from getting worse.

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In a now classic study, Freis compared death rates from stroke, heart disease and other hypertension-related ailments among treated and untreated patients at 17 Veterans Administration hospitals. His findings showed that treatment can reduce the death rate from hypertension by half.

The lesson is one that should not be lost on anyone suffering from high blood pressure. Laragh and his colleagues have given medicine the weapons for conquering the quiet killer. All its potential victims must do is arm themselves.

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

Story No. 170-75
6/13/75 (MO/bp)

RUSSIAN 231

TIPS FROM A TOP COACH
Soviet Swim Team at Indiana

Photographs by C. David Repp

Since 1958 swimming teams from Indiana University have enjoyed 13 seasons without defeat, won 15 divisional championships in a row and have been national champions six times. Obviously, these teams had different swimmers, as seniors graduated from the college and new students entered. The common link is coach James E. (Doc) Counsilman, 55, trainer of champions. Mark Spitz, who won seven gold medals swimming in the 1972 Olympics, says Counsilman's teaching, faith and enthusiasm sparked his triumphs.

Counsilman's international reputation (he also coached the 1964 U.S. Olympic swim team) attracted three Soviet swimmers and their coaches to the Midwest in late 1974 to absorb some of his natatorial secrets. The visit was jointly sponsored by the U.S. State Department and the Soviet Sports Committee.

CAPTION A

Doc Counsilman's approach to swimming goes beyond the physical aspects of the sport and enters into the realm of philosophy. Here he advises Soviet swimmer Sergei Kopliakov.

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CAPTION B

A healthy diet and abstinence from tobacco and alcohol are essential to Counsilman's training techniques. Below, Soviet swimmer Andrei Smirnov (second from left) discusses the program with Indiana University swimmers and divers.

CAPTION C

Observing a swimmer's form underwater as well as on the surface is important in Counsilman's method. With her coach, Gleb Petrov, he watches Marina Malintina from an underwater port with a glass wall.

A THOROUGH ANALYSIS OF STYLE IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF COACH COUNSILMAN'S SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO SWIMMING INSTRUCTION

Indiana University swimming coach Doc Counsilman considers the sport a science; he is particularly proud of the number of his graduates who went on to obtain advance degrees. So Soviet swimmers who spent four weeks training with Doc expected -- and got -- rigorous workouts with some exotic machinery, in addition to hours of careful observation in the pool.

The trip was not all work for the visitors, however. They enjoyed opera and concerts at the university, shopping in town and a huge Thanksgiving dinner with their hosts. Before leaving the United States the Soviet swimmers had an opportunity to test results of their training at a collegiate swim meet in Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAPTION D

Using equipment designed to detect mistakes in form, Soviet

coach Nicolai Mitrichenko checks out swimmer Sergei Kopliakov (on table).

CAPTION E

Doc Counsilman observes a student's progress on weights. Sergei Kopliakov (far right) waits his turn while doing foot exercises.

CAPTION F

Hand movements and the height of elbows above the water are keys Counsilman uses to judge Kopliakov's speed while swimming.

###

TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

THAT BEAUTIFUL SHORE

By James Idema

Courtesy of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

/(EDITOR'S NOTE)/

During the 1950's, when he was living in Michigan and working as a newspaperman, Text Editor James Idema wrote short stories. This story appeared in The Atlantic Monthly and won an "Atlantic First" award for 1957.

/(END EDITOR'S NOTE)/

"Not that I begrudge him the food that he eats and the whiskey he drinks and the oxygen he breathes in my house," my father said. "It's just his old crankiness that works under my skin!"

"Not that," my mother said gently, but not put off, either, by my father's pointed tolerance. "He's just a mind of his own is all. He's independent."

I had stayed in bed that Friday morning with a cold, and had an uninvolved awareness of our small household as the mildly querulous voices of my parents floated up through open doors and stairway from the big farm kitchen. The subject of their idle breakfast argument was my grandfather, the hunter Oak Davis, who lived with us and who was, I think, beloved only by me. He was bent and thin, brittle as a winter leaf.

(more)

Once he had been tall, like his very name (though it was really Oakfield, my mother's middle name), but now when he looked into someone's face to help his deaf ears catch a word it was the strain of looking up as well as the effort of listening that creased his forehead. Most of the time, however, he kept his view down, saying little to the people with whom he lived and moving about with the almost tuneless little songs on his lips. It was a wonder, people said, that he could even carry a shotgun any more, but my grandfather was hard and strong and could walk a mile or so of woods and swamp without apparently tiring, and in our part of the county he was regarded still as a kind of old wizard with the gun. Tomorrow he was going to take me hunting with him.

I could see them in my mind's eye, my father poised restlessly for the day's work as he sat at the kitchen table by the west windows, my mother walking back and forth as she fixed his eggs and coffee, the two of them talking, almost out of habit alone, about the old man who years ago had come from Vermont to live out his days at his daughter's home in Michigan, and who, partly out of his own choosing, was an alien among us still.

"He's hardly in your way, Tom," my mother was saying. "He's hardly in anybody's way. He keeps to himself."

"Not in our way, no," my father said impatiently. "Just there, that's all. Just around in his old clothes

(more)

and singing those hymns under his breath whatever he's doing, like he'd never stop."

"He's old, don't forget. He can't hear. And he is my father," she said.

"He hears more than you think," my father said knowingly. "He hears what he wants to hear is the better way of putting it."

"Why don't you try to be a little more friendly?" my mother suggested. "Make a little effort."

"A little effort!"

My father was apt to seize on an easy phrase when an argument approached hopelessness for his cause, and put an emphatic end to it. Tom Easter was the editor of the weekly newspaper in Alto, the Alto Note, and was called on frequently to make speeches at the Fraternal Order of Eagles or the Baptist Men's or the Grange, and sometimes in conversation he gave you the idea he was talking to a crowd.

Their quarrel was interrupted by the opening of my grandfather's door and his funny voice announcing "I'm up now" to no one. For a minute there were just the busy kitchen noises, and I could see my mother putting a forefinger to her lips. /Trans: congested/ In spite of my stopped-up head, I could smell the coffee. Then the door to the bathroom closed and I heard my grandfather clear his lungs and spit, and I visualized my father wincing at the common sound, then hurrying to finish

(more)

his breakfast before the taciturn old man would enter the kitchen to eat his.

"And why, will you tell me, should I 'shhh' for him," my father said finally, "if he can't hear?"

The old man emerged, and was humming to himself as he felt around in the closet where the hunting clothes and guns were kept, and I heard the chair stutter along the kitchen floor when my father got up quickly.

"So he's going hunting again," my father said, though more gently now, "and we are being treated to hymns at breakfast." Things were working out close to the pattern of his prediction, and he sounded pleased. "I suppose he'll be wanting to take the boy, too."

"Tommy has a cold," my mother said.

"Well, just explain that to the old man, will you," my father said. "As long as he's home from school the old man won't be able to figure out why he can't go hunting. You know that."

"He knows it," she said. "They plan to go tomorrow."

"Besides, he's so old, is it safe?"

"Safe?" my mother said quickly. He had struck effectively her cold and irrational dread of guns, though he knew well my grandfather's singular reputation was come by honestly, and for all his skill as a hunter he knew guns and handled them with respect for the rules. But this was my father's

(more)

way, that's all.

"Oh, safe enough, I guess," he said. "But he's so old, how about his reflexes, and that hair-trigger cannon he shoots with?"

There was a muffled crash from the closet. I turned over in bed and put my face into the pillow with the knowledge of what had happened, yet kept an ear cocked for what would come out of the sudden silence.

But at so commonplace an annoyance Tom Easter only muttered "Damn!"

My grandfather once more had tipped from its place on the closet shelf the German helmet, pierced by a bullet, which my father had borne proudly home as a souvenir of /Trans: World War I battle/ Chateau-Thierry. It always fell to the closet floor with a shocking clatter; shocking when you considered what it was.

"Good morning!" my father shouted as they met at the bottom of the stairs. "You're going hunting again?" My grandfather probably answered him, but I didn't hear him.

"You dropped something?" my father said. It was another question, but now not really a question, and I imagine that my grandfather didn't even bother to turn around as he replaced the helmet and continued sorting out his hunting things from the racks. I heard his nearly voiceless little song begin.

"Maybe you'll shoot yourself today, eh?" my father said,

(more)

just loudly enough for my mother to hear. She said "Tom!" before the front door closed, and I knew my father was on his way to his newspaper office in Alto, six miles away, where 9.6 kilometers the climate was more agreeable, where he was respected as someone of great importance, where he truly was the voice of the people. "Throw out the lifeline, O throw out ..." I heard the old man softly singing. "Someone is drifting away."

I turned over to gaze at the ceiling of my bedroom, and I remembered the time a year ago that I had surprised Oak Davis grinning into the bathroom mirror, my father's helmet coming down almost over his fuzzy ears, and he had stuck a finger impishly into one of the bullet holes which once had made of the helmet such a heroic conversation piece in the columns of the Alto Note. When my grandfather saw me laughing at him, his face sagged into an expression of great gravity, and he lifted the helmet slowly from his head and replaced it with innocent ceremony on the closet shelf. I thought now of him warmly, and plotted to go hunting with him that very day instead of waiting.

I might just run out of the house, and take him a pint ½ liter of whiskey.

I heard him go into the kitchen, where my mother greeted him in her kindly if perfunctory way and fed him breakfast.

"Tommy is sick -- he has a cold, upstairs in bed," she said. Probably she pointed upward after the last phrase,

(more)

like an interpreter. I heard him answer in his rather high slow voice, but couldn't make it out.

"You think you ought to go out there alone again today?" she asked him.

I knew he would not bother to reply to such a question, but after a while he would muse on the only subject that really interested him. He would say that the grouse would be "out on the feed a morning like this one"; he would surprise them on the sunny slopes, and shoot as they flushed in the direction of the poplars, and that would be answer enough to my mother's solicitude. I thought of the soft brown birds who fed on the wintergreen berries of a frost-crisp hillside, and of how they would fade to trembling, hiding at the footsteps of the old hunter, then explode into flight with a wingbeat to make your heart stand still.

"Bring another bird home," my mother said, "and I won't have a place to put it 'less Tom starts giving them away."

The back door closed against her mild complaint, then opened again as she told the old man loudly to be careful. I could watch him now, from my bedroom window. At her voice, he turned around politely, but with his curious reserve, to acknowledge her before continuing on his way. He knew I was watching him, but he would never wave to me. He was cold and indifferent in the opinion of most people, and never effusive toward me, not even after I had killed my first grouse under

(more)

his tutelage one morning a year ago, but I believe that this was part of why I liked him so much. When he did things or said things, they were accomplished without waste or excess, and in my memory this gives him an original sort of grace. Down the lane he walked toward the orchard, this morning a diaphanous green against the late October sky, a thin small man from the back walking carefully, as if studying the ground immediately ahead, his once-Sunday felt hat square on, with the brim turned up, and the gun, the lovely Parker double, crossways in the crook of his arms. /Trans: brand name of gunsmith/

He would be singing absorbedly, I thought, "We will meet by and by," or another of the old gospel favorites of my family's church, not so much to blaspheme the hymn as to mock my father, whose pew was in the middle of the third row and who sang, as he talked and as he wrote in his newspaper, with authority. My grandfather would be smiling, too, partly in anticipation of what he loved most to do in this world and partly in mischief: he knew that the eyes of this small boy were watching him and that this boy's heart, on such a morning, was reaching out after him.

It turned out that I joined Oak Davis that day without any special guile, but that I regretted having joined him then for the rest of my life.

I was sitting in my pajamas at the kitchen table later in the morning, looking hopelessly at the woods out beyond

(more)

the pasture hills and thinking that it might have been better to go to school than spend the long day in the house waiting for the next day, and even that one in doubt. For uncertainty of weather haunted me as a young boy, and I did a lot of bargaining with God, trying to match up the fair days in my prayers with the importunate and elaborately fragile projects of youth. Today, alas, was a fair day.

My mother said suddenly, "He's forgot his lunch!"

She picked up the little bundle of sandwiches which he had wrapped in last week's Note and bound with a rubber band, and which he generally carried in his hunting vest.

"He's getting so forgetful," she said mournfully, looking out the window of the back door. "I wonder where he went to."

I jumped up from my chair and snatched the package from her hand.

"I'll take it to him!" I said. "I know just where he went, where he always goes in the morning. Oh please, please let me take it to him!"

My mother was startled at my enthusiasm, then settled down sensible, and reminded me of my cold and didn't I want to be completely well so I could go tomorrow with my grandfather? Besides, he would come back for his lunch when he got hungry and discovered he had forgotten to put it in his pocket. Better yet, she would take it to him herself.

(more)

"Oh, you could never never find the place; not even if I told you, you couldn't find it," I said. "And even if you could find it, you couldn't walk through some of the stuff. You'd get all scratched."

"Well," she said with a pursed expression which I recognized as the edge of surrender, "we'll just have to leave it here then. He can come home when he wants it."

"Isn't that sort of mean?" I suggested after a pause. "It's pretty far. You can't even see it from the top of the orchard, the hill over there."

I kissed her, and ran to get on my pants and shirt and boots, then walked down the lane in the direction my grandfather had gone, his lunch and a couple of cold apples in my jacket. I wanted to run, but didn't. I had thought of getting my own gun out of the closet, but gave that up. Also, there had been no way to get his whiskey. I was lucky just to be going, even though I had been told to return home as soon as the mission was accomplished.

Fall where we lived is a swift and golden season, with both the perfection and transience of a spell about it, and although I seemed to run about heedlessly in my boy's world I was dogged during those autumns by a nameless urgency. Here was a casual errand, when you look at it. I was taking his lunch to my old grandfather, who being somewhat forgetful

(more)

had set out without it, but as soon as I had reached a point past the barn, where the lane branches off to join the Alto road, I broke into a run west across the field, startling larks and sparrows and finches from the brown weeds and, later, a blue heron who croaked miserably as he rose from the pasture pond ahead.

I found him about noon, when in October the day already is beginning to turn old. He wasn't hunting in the relatively open country of what we called the slopes -- the middle ground between swamp and woods -- but sitting under a big gray beech on the very edge of the woods themselves and facing somewhat toward them, away from me. I surprised him, and that is unusual because my grandfather in spite of his deafness seldom permitted himself to be surprised. Not even -- or perhaps I should say especially -- by the grouse, which he spotted almost unerringly when they plunged into flight. He felt them rather than heard them, he once told me.

I hesitated before running into his view. His head was tipped back and he took two swallows of whiskey while I watched, then rested the little flat bottle on his lap. His gun lay alongside him in the yellow carpet of curled beech leaves. I was breathing hard from the long flight from the house, and I felt that he would turn and see me at any moment. I angled off on an arc to approach him more head on, more honestly, but I got quite close before he seemed to

(more)

see me. Perhaps he dozed, or perhaps he was just getting me into focus. Then his head moved slightly, his eyes brightened in welcome. He smiled, but said nothing. I reached into my pocket and pulled out his lunch and one of the apples.

"You forgot," I said.

The old man took them from my hand, then moved the gun to a position across his lap and motioned for me to take the place beside him against the tree. We sat together for a little while, letting the breeze wash us with speckled, uncertain sunshine. I knew that I should go back. He capped the bottle and put it in his pocket.

"I meant to bring you that, too," I said. "I didn't know you had it."

In exchange, from the back of his hunting vest he drew two birds, and winked at me merrily, like a magician. I held them, still warm, tenderly, and stroked the mottled feathers which have the colors of lichen clinging to a rotted log in the autumn woods, and gazed down at the bills stiffened agape, and at the sad dead eyes.

"You're not going to mourn for them, are you, boy?"

I handed them carefully back to him. "Why are their mouths open like that?" I asked. "Are they open when they fly, before they die?"

He patted my knee and looked up through the branches.

(more)

"Did your mother let you out of the house to fetch my lunch, or did you run away from her?"

I stood up, full of mingled wonder, of him so old whose big gun was such certain death and of those birds back now in the dark of his pocket, scarcely to be counted in this game he played so flawlessly.

"I better go back now," I said. "She'll worry. And you better eat. She'll ask me if you ate."

My grandfather stood, too, wincing with the effort, and put a thin hand on my shoulder. He was just my height. "I was thinking," he said, "she might not worry too bad iff you was to stay for a little bit."

"She might be mad," I said. "She might even say I couldn't go with you tomorrow. I'm supposed to be sick, see."

"I was thinking," he said again, stooping to pick the gun up out of the leaves and reaching into a pocket for a couple of shells, "there's a little piece the other side of those trees. Willow and thornapple mostly, and thin, but the leaves are down from it, and there's berries in there, too. I think a fat partridge might be just setting there waiting for you."

"For me?"

He squeezed my shoulder. "You ever shoot this before?" he asked. "This's a Parker," he said, not looking at me at all but away off through the trees, toward the cover he had

(more)

described, as though not to lose track of it, and then I had the big gun in my hands and I was walking slowly beside him, his hand still on my shoulder, and already the private little song was on his lips and he was giving none of his concern to my filial responsibilities, but all to the tangled willow copse at the foot of the next rise, where the grouse hid. "We will meet by and by," the old cat-footed hunter murmured under his breath as he urged me along the leafy path. "We will meet on that beautiful shore."

We found the cover where he said it was, but as we approached, the gun felt suddenly heavy and unwieldy, and I was afraid of it.

"You shoot first," I said. "I'll watch." I handed it to him quickly, then fell in behind him, in the old way. Almost at that instant a grouse clattered up out of the leaves, here mostly rusty oak, on the near side, directly in front of us, and died as the big gun still roared in my ears.

Oak Davis shot with a grace which you saw only if you happened to be looking right at him. Most of the time your eye was on the flushed bird, and you looked back at the hunter only after the bird crumpled in the air and fell. But I had walked behind my grandfather like this often, and I saw this small man, stiff with age and deaf for as long

(more)

as I can remember, kill many birds. I had carried a gun, a single-barreled 20-gauge, for the first time the year before, and had killed a partridge with it, too.

When we hunted a piece of cover together, one on a side, my grandfather was apt to stop his intent little song as we approached a likely spot of brush, and he would say some soft low work like "now" or "here," as if to himself, and I would take my eyes from the ground ahead to watch him. When the bird tore out of the thick stuff, the old man seemed sometimes to wait forever; then there would be this beautiful spare upward movement so quick I could never tell exactly how it went. At other times, I would be behind him, like this, as we pushed our way through some particularly heavy cover, and even when a bird flushed unexpectedly ahead, my grandfather waited him out. I remember that from behind I could see that he lowered his head ever so slightly to meet the gun coming up, all in the one movement, and through his vest that the thin shoulders knotted into lumps as he swung along the line of flight.

He walked on into the brush to retrieve the bird he had shot, and I found the big Parker in my hands again. I turned the old weapon in the sun. Dull arrows of light glanced along the barrels. Behind them the receiver glistened with oil. When this hot odor, like burned spice, floated up I raised the gun tentatively to my face.

(more)

I pressed on the oily steel with my thumb, feeling over the worn grooves of engraved ivy. Then the gun burst again. The recoil slammed it against my cheek.

I looked down in numb horror where it lay in the leaves, smoke curling up from the muzzle. Then I looked at Oak Davis. From the middle of the thicket he was holding the bird up for me to see, as a prize, with a smile on his face that I could see through the lacy tangle, but in that moment he dropped the bird, reaching around and behind him for his other hand, his right one. I screamed and plunged toward him. Before I reached him the old man seemed to bow, and his hat tumbled off. Then he pivoted slowly lower as he sought the wound with his one whole hand, and, finally and inexorably, collapsed gently within himself in a small faded heap.

When I reached him I fell to my knees. I did one of those things which in retrospect are appalling but which in that frenzied exigency seemed altogether right. I put his hat back on his head. His head, with the breeze wafting his white hair as he lay there in the woods, had been more unforgettably vulnerable than what I had not yet seen, the shredded right hand and the blood from it spreading into the cloth of his clothes. With that he looked up at me. His eyes seemed to search my face. He smiled and said, "Thanks."

I dragged him to a place near a tree, where with his left hand he managed to claw himself into a sitting position,

(more)

and it was then that I saw all that I had done to him. Nausea racked me before I could speak or act to help; then with vague intuition I pulled the bottle from his pocket and handed it to him. It was while he was holding it that I became conscious of the bemused everlasting song working under his breath, and I knew that his mind was clear and practical. Then he said, simply and seriously, "Maybe you better take the cap off the bottle," and when I did that I felt a little less tragically unnecessary there. He took two long pulls, then poured some of the liquor directly on his butchered hand while I watched. He raised the bottle up and squinted hard as if to appraise the liquor's quality. "Time you get back here," he said, "this'll near be used up." Then he looked quickly at me and said, "Now, boy, you got to run. You got to run all the way."

I ran all the way. I was sure that Oak Davis, lying still and small, would die without a word and before I ever saw him again.

He didn't die. Not then. But that was the start of an almost endless year during which I thought he might as well die -- no right hand to shoot with and so the golden hunting days ended, then for a long time having to be fed like a petulant infant because he refused to eat with his left. Out of the hospital just before the holidays, he was put to bed in the spare room upstairs. Out of the way.

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But, my mother reminded, he'd have a nicer view, and when /Trans: Fraternal Order of Eagles/ the F.O.E. and the Baptist Men came with their Christmas prayers and presents it was a nicer place to talk.

At first I avoided him with elaborate care, but after they let him get up and wander about the house and yard I felt drawn to him more than ever. When he was in his room I would hurry past the open door, but look in always to search the sad ambivalent face for its lost smile. Beyond his chair and bed was a dormer window. I longed to catch him looking that way, just as I longed to hear the sound of his small song again, for the window looked out on the same window did: north, where the barn stood across my cherished aspect my/mother's snowy garden and, beyond, where bare orchard and pasture rolled out, and finally where the dark woods started and the grouse hid.

Spring and a long summer passed. Another hunting season, observed in our household by an almost holy silence, had come to Michigan and very nearly passed, too, when I decided suddenly one afternoon to go hunting by myself. I was 13. The months had been doing their slow work of softening my guilt. When I announced boldly that I was going, my mother stopped her sewing and looked at me, but she said nothing.

"The season is almost done," I said then, and opened the door of the closet under the stairs.

It could have been the first time that door had been

(more)

opened since the accident, since they burned my grandfather's old vest and carefully replaced his boots and hat, and the long-barreled Parker next to my gun, then sealed these things off by shutting the door for perhaps all eternity; and there until now they had been undisturbed, along with the fierce /Trans: German/ helmet of the Hun, gathering the dust of disuse, and discomposed now only because this day suddenly had seemed to me mysteriously precipitate, as if something had signaled an end to their tacit inviolableness.

I acted quickly, took his own, the Parker, gun from the rack next to mine and a handful of 12-gauge shells, slipped on my hunting coat and boots, then shut the door again. I left the house quietly and did not look back. Now I know that I was watched.

It was a changing November day with the feeling to it of an anxious winter, and here and there the dry ground held a dust of snow. Weeds in the field yielded stiffly to the wind, and the leaves on the floor of the woods moved fitfully as I approached. It would be difficult to hear in the woods. A bird could get up quite close to you, but if a gust came throwing the leaves he'd be out of range before you get a shot off. Oak Davis said partridge know how to take advantage of the wind. They flushed wild on days like this. You had to feel them.

Reluctant to enter the uneasy woods, I hunted along

(more)

middle
familiar/ground for an hour, hoping to jump a partridge off the slope for a going-away shot, but nothing happened until I had angled off on a shallow course among the first trees, then, with dusk turning the day deeper gray, begun to circle to a point near our fields. A grouse flushed that I never heard get up, but saw out of that part of the eye which catches and recognizes only when it is turning away. It flushed close by from a clump of scrub oak which still held its brown leaves and would all winter, then flew quickly into taller hardwood where I could see it ghosting faster and faster among the file of tree trunks, but could see it plain and close for that long instant when every feather seems etched on and you move, if you move at all, as if in a dream. I felt at the moment of firing I had hit clean, knew it by the right place on my shoulder that the recoil bruised. The bird folded up and slanted down into the leaves.

Then, as I broke the gun and shucked the two shells, I knew he was there somewhere, watching.

I spun around, not really believing. He stood, draped
18 meters
in an old overcoat and bareheaded, on a little rise twenty yards away, just inside the first line of trees, shadowy and preternatural, a figure weird enough to send a boy flying in panic, appearing as it had in the dimming and windy woods, out of nowhere. "You!" I whispered. I stared hard, then knew I would cry.

(more)

My grandfather was smiling, but a smile to dissolve at a stroke any possible sorcery, or even any doubt, and I had to turn away from it.

He spoke, now from quite close by.

"You going to pick up your bird, or you going to leave it behind for the foxes?"

I put the bird in my coat and hefted the big gun across the crook of my arms. We walked side by side for a little; then the path which led into our pastures narrowed, and I fell in behind him, in the old way.

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

Story No. 205-75 RUSSIAN 231
5/8/75 (TB/bp)
English Count: 3,170 w/options
2,960 w/o options

SPOTLIGHT

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, ONSTAGE 2,890 w/ops 2,680 w/o ops

James Whitmore's portrait of President Harry S Truman in Give 'em Hell, Harry! is so magnificent that while you're laughing your eyes fill up and your nose gets spongy.

Partisanship ultimately has nothing to do with the skills and emotional force of this rare theatrical characterization.

For this deeply moving monodrama -- the finest since Hal Holbrook introduced his Mark Twain Tonight! -- three things had to have happened.

Harry S Truman had to live that life. He wrote about it himself in three volumes. Daughter Margaret Truman Daniel gave us her immensely moving informative view. Merle Miller gave us his tape recordings in Plain Speaking. The life was lived and the record was made more completely than most people realized at the time.

From this material Samuel Gallu had to refine a script. He does this by starting in the Oval Office where the new President is writing to his daughter. He leafs in and out of time, sometimes into the past, sometimes with Harry talking to invisible

(more)

contemporaries or a crowd from his campaign train.

This construction is immensely effective, varying mood and pace, allowing us to watch him mow the lawn in Independence, Missouri, walk the beach at Wake Island with General Douglas MacArthur /(, to write The Washington Post's Paul Hume about Hume's review of Margaret's Constitution Hall recital (and hunt for a stamp for the letter))/. Ultimately the details add up to a man's life in depth.

With this material, director Peter H. Hunt and scenic designer James Hamilton have achieved their responsibilities with immensely imaginative effects. The lighting breathes in and out of the scenes, from Harry at his Senate desk, to Boston's Symphony Hall to Truman at his piano.

Finally comes the actor. Whitmore must have lived his life to get Harry in his grasp. His pinched voice rattles at staccato pace. His jaw juts out and there is the thin neck Harry showed in all his pictures. There are the thick glasses, the direct eyes, the totally assured walk, close to a strut but not quite. There are the hands, straight down the sides usually, but sometimes chopping away in the air, edging invisible squares. There is the smile, so increasingly pleased with himself as he gets used to his office, over a thought that has struck him, an incident that reminds him of a joke, a word that he knows will startle. The transitions are made with mercurial aplomb, a technical lesson in

(more)

acting.

And so, through this marvelously honed portrait, years after leaving the White House, audiences learn what he really must have been like at close quarters. Whitmore has a role he can play for the rest of his life and he should. For Give 'em Hell, Harry! has a lot to tell us about the differences between style and content. This is a glorious evening.

RICHARD L. COE, Courtesy of THE WASHINGTON POST

TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USE IN AMERICA ILLUSTRATED RUSSIAN.

ROMANTIC FESTIVAL 1,280

Every year on the campus of Butler University in Indianapolis, Indiana, the Annual Romantic Festival of music takes place. Begun in 1968 by Frank Cooper of Butler's faculty, the festival has been the major impetus in sparking the romantic revival that has swept concert halls and recording studios in the United States and Europe.

Such pianistic giants as Jorge Bolet, Gunnar Johannesen and Raymond Lewenthal, violinists Aaron Rosand and Charles Treger, and cellist Jascha Silberstein -- the first cellist of the Metropolitan Opera -- have frequently joined Cooper in bringing new life to neglected music by Ferruccio Busoni, Pablo Martín Melitón Sarasate and Joseph Joachim, Alkan (Charles Henri Valentin Morhange), Ferencz Liszt and a host of others.

Every festival has been enriched by the remarkable work of George Verdak, choreographer and director of the Butler Ballet. In a day when audiences often find brand new music sterile and unsatisfying, there is a special allure to the programs Cooper devises, which are performed on the highest level, and whose contents are works that were for many decades regarded as among the world's great compositions.

Their presence on more programs elsewhere would be welcome any time. Indianapolis is fortunate to have Cooper and his Romantic Festivals.

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Story No. 205-75 RUSSIAN 231
7/17/75 (TB/bp)
Spotlight

CAPTION A

James Whitmore as Harry S Truman

A WHALE OF A PROGRAM

One of nature's most miraculous creatures, the whale, has recently come in for its share of publicity -- and concern. With some families of the species on the endangered-wildlife list, environmentalists and others have been protesting against the hunting of whales, which is now forbidden by U.S. law. A television show, "The Magnificent Monsters of the Deep," filmed by zoologist Dr. Roger Payne off the southern tip of Argentina, vividly brought the plight of whales before a huge public as well as capturing the gentle, playful nature of these delightful giants.

CAPTIONS B & C

No captions.

CAPTION D

Nowadays, an exhibition of paintings by Helen Frankenthaler is an event in the art world. She is, according to The Washington Post critic Paul Richard, "The acknowledged queen of American abstract art," and is consequently treated royally by the press and public. Helen Frankenthaler has been in the forefront of the Abstract Expressionist movement since the early 1950's. She knew, and worked with, such leading

(more)

figures of the movement as Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline and her former husband, Robert Motherwell. Her original method of pouring wet paint onto unsized canvas made a new kind of color painting possible and influenced other contemporary painters. /trans: 1975/ Last spring, 34 of her huge canvasses, dating from 1969 through 1974, were on display at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., prompting Richard to comment: "One would not expect the general public to adore her abstract art. Its beauty is subjective. Her stains of once-wet color, soaked into raw canvas, evoke ineffable suggestions -- hints of seas and landscapes, horizons, canyons, clouds -- but the viewer is not sure he is meant to so interpret these works."

CAPTION D1

Helen Frankenthaler and "Rapunzel, 1974"

CAPTION E

Ellsworth Kelly is a contemporary sculptor/painter who works in the abstract style, most notably using hard-edged, geometric forms. /trans: 1975/ An exhibit of his latest works last spring reflected those twin concerns and featured tall, slim aluminum and steel sculptures. In their sophistication and craftsmanship, they marked a turning point in Kelly's career and, according to New York Times critic John Russell, turned the Leo Castelli Gallery into a "thinking man's Stonehenge."

CAPTION E1

Sculpture, Ellsworth Kelly, untitled, 1975

(more)

CAPTIONS F, G, H & I

The debate is still raging whether cartoons should be considered fine art or just fun -- but it really doesn't matter. Many of them have become prized works in their own right and often, displayed together, they make one helluva good exhibit. For "Art Now '75: Cartoon," some 500 original pieces by 262 artists attracted hundreds of thousands of spectators during a six-week showing at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. It included originals of political cartoons, single-panel "gags," running strips, stills from animated films and pages from comic books, providing a rich sampling of the medium, which has become an integral part of every American's visual experience.

CAPTION F1

Steamboat Willie, Walt Disney, 1928

CAPTION G1

The Kinder-Kids, Lyonel Feininger, 1906

CAPTION H1

Tarzan, Burne Hogarth, 1949

CAPTION I1

B.C.

CAPTION I2

By Johnny Hart

CAPTION I3

Where are we going?

CAPTION I4

Nowhere.

CAPTION I5

I have a question.

CAPTION I6

What is it?

CAPTION I7

Why are we walking so fast?

CAPTION I8

B.C., Johnny Hart, 1974

CAPTION J

Renowned Soviet composer Dmitri Kabalevski came to Washington, D.C., last spring to conduct his choral work, Requiem, at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and, in the process, made some devoted new fans. They were members of the Sidwell Friends Middle School Chorus, ages 11 and 12, who took part in the performances and who were coached by maestro Kabalevski himself. At a rehearsal, reporter Joan Reinthaler of The Washington Post noted the following give-and-take between Kabalevski and his slightly awed charges: "'Are you tired?' the composer asked. 'No,' the children cried. 'You are never tired,' he responded. 'Children all over the world are never tired and I too am never tired, particularly when I work with you.'"

CAPTION J1

CAPTION K

Yet another adaptation of dramatist S. Ansky's classic play, The Dybbuk, has recently won acclaim. Periodically revived on the stage, the drama has also been translated into a classical dance piece by the New York City Ballet (see America Illustrated #221) and now, a modern dance work by dancer/choreographer Pearl Lang. This latest version, called The Possessed, sticks closely to the original narrative of the play, tracing the story of a young girl possessed by the spirit of her dead lover. But, commented dance critic Anna Kisselgoff in The New York Times, "It is in those moments when dance can add its own dimension to the original source, that The Possessed really succeeds. Without question /one of those moments/ is the solo possession, danced with horror and beauty by Miss Lang herself."

CAPTION K1

Pearl Lang, The Possessed

REMEMBERING RURAL AMERICA

America's Bicentennial year is a natural time for looking at the past and one of the best rememberers around is artist/writer/journalist Eric Sloane. The author of 33 books, numerous newspaper columns of folksy wisdom and an avid collector of Americana, Sloane had a popular one-man show of his works at the U.S.S.R. Academy of Arts in Moscow in the fall of 1974.

The sketches shown here are from his latest work, Recollections in Black and White, a collection of farm scenes

(more)

and rural landscapes in Pennsylvania and the Southwest, which captures the quiet dignity of an earlier America. But Sloane, who is also an authority on clouds, weather, early American tools, barns and numerous other things, is no simple nostalgia fan. He once explained in a newspaper column: "If my readers have the idea I've been talking about an American heritage of antiques and quaint obsolescence. . .they have not read between my lines. . . .I don't want to revere the past, but only to recapture those good and valuable things in the past."

CAPTIONS L, M, N, O, P & Q

No captions.

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Story No. 213-75
5/27/75 (JI/bp)
Back Cover

RUSSIAN 231

CAPTION A

No caption.

Their appetite for thrills obviously jaded by too many 90-meter jumps and too many downhill races at 100 kilometers an hour, young American skiers are turning to "hot-dogging" to restore their competitive spirit and general /enjoyment of life/ joie de vivre. In athletic vernacular, "hot dog" applies to any performance of an exhibitionist variety. In skiing, the term takes on a special aura of derring-do because it means a show-off extension of a sport that is already fraught with perilous activity. Hot-dog skiers perform their incredible stunts both for the delight of spectators and, as in this photograph, for trophies. Our midair skier is doing the Double Flip at the national championships held in the Rocky Mountains at Vail, Colorado.

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/BOX/

1976: A BICENTENNIAL CALENDAR OF
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CAPTION A & B

No captions.

From Lexington to Yorktown and the Stamp Act to the Treaty of Paris, this 1976 calendar marks the dates of epic events of the American Revolutionary period and provides a fuller explanation of them on the reverse page.

b.f. January 15, 1776:

Publication of Common Sense.

b.f. January 20, 1783:

Articles of Peace take effect.

b.f. January 30, 1774:

British discipline Benjamin Franklin.

b.f. February 6, 1778:

Franco-American Alliance.

b.f. February 11, 1768:

Massachusetts Circular Letter: "no taxation without representation."

b.f. February 28, 1780:

Russia's armed neutrality.

b.f. March 5, 1770:

Boston Massacre.

b.f. March 22, 1765:

Stamp Act.

b.f. March 23, 1775:

Patrick Henry's speech: "... give me liberty or give me death!"

b.f. March 24, 1765:

Quartering Act.

b.f. April 18-19, 1775:

Paul Revere's Ride and Battles of Lexington and Concord.

b.f. April 23, 1778:

Raids of John Paul Jones.

CAPTION C

1. Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense. 2. Americans at signing of Paris Peace Treaty. 3. Statue depicting Franklin and Louis XVI of France agreeing to treaty of alliance. /trans: propaganda drawing/ 4. Paul Revere's broadside of Boston Massacre. 5. A Colonial-era stamp. 6. Patrick Henry's speech: "... give me liberty or give me death!" 7. Paul Revere, artisan and revolutionary. 8. Two views of the battle of Lexington. 9. Bonhomme Richard, captained by John Paul Jones, battles Serapis. 10. Early American flag. 11. Exterior of Colonial inn.

CAPTION C 1

No caption.

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b.f. 1. May 10, 1775:

2. Second Continental Congress.

b.f. 3. May 20, 1774:

4. Coercive Acts.

b.f. 5. May 25, 1787:

6. Opening of the Constitutional Convention.

b.f. 7. May 29, 1765:

8. Virginia Resolutions.

b.f. 9. June 2, 1774:

10. Extension of Quartering Act.

b.f. 11. June 10, 1768:

12. Seizure of the Liberty.

b.f. 13. June 14, 1777:

14. Choosing a flag.

b.f. 15. June 15, 1775:

16. George Washington named Commander-in-Chief.

b.f. 17. June 17, 1775:

18. Battle of Bunker Hill.

b.f. 19. June 19, 1778:

20. Washington leaves Valley Forge.

b.f. 21. June 21, 1779:

22. Spain enters the War.

b.f. 23. July 2, 1788:

24. Constitution ratified.

25.

(more)

b.f. 1. July 4, 1776:

2. Declaration of Independence.

b.f. 3. August 26, 1765:

4. Sons of Liberty incident.

b.f. 5. September 5, 1774:

6. First Continental Congress.

b.f. 7. September 12, 1775:

8. Congress of all 13 colonies.

b.f. 9. September 17, 1787:

10. Final convention approval of the Constitution.

b.f. 11. October 1, 1768:

12. British troops arrive in Boston.

b.f. 13. October 18, 1774:

14. Continental Association.

b.f. 15. October 19, 1781:

16. Cornwallis defeated at Yorktown.

b.f. 17. November 2, 1772:

18. Committees of Correspondence.

b.f. 19. November 15, 1777:

20. Articles of Confederation.

b.f. 21. November 29, 1775:

22. Congress authorizes foreign contacts.

b.f. 23. December 16, 1773:

24. Boston Tea Party.

25.

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b.f.

December 26, 1776:

Victory at Trenton.

CAPTION D

1. The burning of Charlestown, a part of Boston, during the Battle of Bunker Hill. 2. British troops storm the heights overlooking Boston at the climax of Bunker Hill battle. Painting is by the noted American artist John Trumbull. 3. With scant food or clothing, American soldiers endure the harsh winter of 1777 at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. 4. The historic signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia. Painting is also by Trumbull. 5. Convention endorses the new Constitution in 1787. 6. British troops land in Boston, that hotbed of Colonial resistance to royal authority. 7. John Trumbull's painting of the surrender of British commander Lord Cornwallis to George Washington at Yorktown, Virginia. 8. The Boston Tea Party: Colonials disguised as Indians dump chests of imported tea into Boston harbor, protesting British-imposed taxes and trade monopolies. 9. Tax officials were never popular: Bostonians display their displeasure over British taxes by tarring and feathering a revenue agent. 10. George Washington crosses the Delaware River in the middle of winter to win a surprise victory over German mercenary troops at Trenton, New Jersey. 11. The famous Liberty Bell, now on display at Independence

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Hall, Philadelphia. 12. An example of American folk art: a painting of George Washington and his close French ally and friend Lafayette at the battle of Yorktown.

CAPTION D 1

No caption.

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IMPORTANT DATES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

Calendar Dates Chronologically

b.f. 1765:

March 22: Stamp Act. The first direct tax levied on the colonies, the Stamp Act provided for taxing virtually all publications and legal documents. It provoked widespread opposition. Before repeal in 1766, the Act sparked the founding of a secret organization called The Sons of Liberty, and the convening of a Stamp Act Congress which asserted that only colonial legislatures could constitutionally levy taxes.

March 24: Quartering Act. One of a series of Parliamentary laws that drew heated colonial opposition, the Act required the colonies to provide barracks and supplies for British troops stationed in America.

May 29: Virginia Resolutions. Introduced in the House of Burgesses by Patrick Henry, the Resolutions asserted Virginia's right to manage its own internal affairs and claimed the sole power to tax its own citizens.

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August 26: Sons of Liberty Incident. Organized in opposition to the Stamp Act, the secret Sons of Liberty burned records and ransacked the offices and residences of several high British officials in Boston.

b.f. 1768:

February 11: Massachusetts Circular Letter. The Massachusetts House of Representatives, led by Samuel Adams, denounced new British-imposed import duties (created by the Townshend Acts) for violating the principle of no taxation without representation. In a public letter The House called for united protest action by all the colonies. /(British officials attacked the letter as seditious.)/

June 10: Seizure of the Liberty. When British customs officers in Boston attempted to seize the ship Liberty for failure to pay import duties, citizens rioted and forced the officials to flee.

October 1: British Troops Arrive in Boston. With Boston in an uproar over import taxes, two regiments of British infantry landed in the city without incident -- despite threats of armed resistance from the rebel Sons of Liberty.

b.f. 1770:

March 5: Boston Massacre. Frequent clashes between Boston citizens and British soldiers culminated in a riot during which outnumbered soldiers fired into a demonstrating mob, killing five persons. At a subsequent trial, most of the soldiers were acquitted. /(The incident was exploited by

(more)

colonists eager for the ouster of British troops.)/

b.f. 1772:

November 2: Committees of Correspondence. Militant colonial leader Samuel Adams urged the city of Boston to organize a committee of correspondence to explain Boston's grievances against Britain to other colonies and to the outside world. Other communities quickly followed Boston's example /(, creating an effective communications network through the colonies)/.

b.f. 1773:

December 16: Boston Tea Party. Protesting the import duties and potential British trade monopoly embodied in the Tea Act, a group of rebels disguised as Indians boarded ships at Boston and dumped over 300 tea chests into the harbor. The following year, the British Parliament responded with the Coercive Acts.

b.f. 1774:

January 30: British Discipline Franklin. Serving as a representative of Massachusetts in London, Benjamin Franklin was reprimanded harshly by Britain's Privy Council for releasing letters that reflected unfavorably on several British colonial officials in America.

May 20: Coercive Acts. Angered by opposition to the Tea Act, the British Parliament moved to punish Massachusetts by enacting measures closing the port of Boston and greatly extending the power of the royal governor -- at the expense of the

elected legislature -- to appoint and remove civil officials.

June 2: Extension of Quartering Act. A new provision legalized the billeting of troops not only in taverns and deserted buildings, but also in occupied homes.

September 5: First Continental Congress. Delegates from 12 of the 13 colonies met in Philadelphia and adopted resolutions which opposed the Coercive Acts, urged Massachusetts to collect its own taxes, called on citizens to arm and form and militias,/recommended economic sanctions against Britain.

October 18: Continental Association. Delegates to the First Continental Congress pledged to embargo imports and exports to and from Britain in retaliation for the Coercive Acts. /(By 1775, the boycott association was operating effectively in 12 of the 13 colonies.)/

b.f. 1775:

March 23: Patrick Henry's Speech. An outspoken proponent of independence, Henry electrified the Virginia House of Burgesses with a fiery speech that contained one of American history's most famous phrases: "...give me liberty or give me death!"

April 18-19: Paul Revere's Ride and Battles of Lexington and Concord. Warned by Revere and other riders from Boston, colonial militia assembled to oppose British troops marching to nearby Concord to destroy caches of arms. After a light skirmish at Lexington, the British reached Concord, but were

(more)

badly mauled on their return to Boston by rebel soldiers swarming across the countryside. /(Lexington and Concord were the first pitched battles of the Revolution.)/

May 10: Second Continental Congress. Delegates convened in Philadelphia and, in the next two weeks, resolved to put the colonies in a state of defense and called upon Canada to join them in opposing British rule.

June 15: George Washington Named Commander-in-Chief. Nominated unanimously by the Second Continental Congress, Washington agreed to organize a Continental Army from the rebel troops then besieging British soldiers in Boston.

June 17: Battle of Bunker Hill. British troops repeatedly assaulted rebels on Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill overlooking Boston, suffering heavy casualties before finally overrunning the American positions.

September 12: Congress of All 13 Colonies. With the appearance of a delegation from Georgia, all the colonies were represented for the first time. The split between Britain and America widened when King George III declared the colonies in open rebellion /(and closed all American ports to foreign commerce)/.

November 29: Congress Authorizes Foreign Contacts. With heavy fighting under way, Congress established a committee to communicate with European governments and determine their attitude toward American independence. /(Congress shortly received assurances that France might offer material aid.)/

b.f. 1776:

January 15: Publication of Common Sense. Thomas Paine's simple but eloquent pamphlet stating the case for American independence succeeded in converting thousands to the side of the Revolution.

July 4: Declaration of Independence. Drafted by Thomas Jefferson and approved by the Congress, the Declaration specified the colonies' grievances against the British Crown and asserted the "inalienable" rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

December 26: Victory at Trenton. Forced to retreat after several defeats by the British, George Washington crossed the ice-choked Delaware River and scored a surprise victory against unprepared German mercenary troops. /(The battle of Trenton and a subsequent victory at Princeton greatly boosted American morale.)/

b.f. 1777:

June 14: Choosing a Flag. The wartime Congress resolved that the new American flag would be 13 alternating red and white stripes, and, in the upper inside corner, a circle of 13 white stars on a field of blue.

November 15: Articles of Confederation. After intermittent debate lasting over a year, the wartime Congress finally approved a loose confederation of states that gave America its first formalized central government.

1778:

February 6: Franco-American Alliance. Encouraged by America's decisive military victory at Saratoga, New York, France formally acknowledged American independence and entered into a military alliance with the United States against Britain.

April 23: Raids of John Paul Jones. America's finest naval leader, Jones successfully raided the British coast and later captured the British sloop Drake. In the most famous naval encounter of the war, Jones's ship Bonhomme Richard defeated the ship Serapis in 1779 after a long, desperate battle.

June 19: Washington Leaves Valley Forge. After enduring a bitter winter with scant food and clothing, Washington's Army pursued British troops evacuating Philadelphia and fought a disciplined, evenly matched battle at Monmouth.

1779:

June 21: Spain Enters the War. When Britain refused to cede Gibraltar, Spain declared war and began joint fleet operations with France. /(Fearful of her American possessions, however, Spain refused to acknowledge America's independence.)/

1780:

February 28: Russia's Armed Neutrality. Catherine II's declaration that her navy would protect Russia's trade with all nations helped undermine Britain's blockade of Spain and France, America's chief allies.

b.f. 1781:

October 19: Cornwallis Defeated at Yorktown. Trapped on the Virginia coast by a French fleet and a combined French-American army under George Washington, British commander Cornwallis surrendered after a month-long siege. Yorktown ended Britain's chances for military victory in America.

b.f. 1783:

January 20: Articles of Peace Take Effect. The Paris Peace Treaty that ended the Revolution and recognized American independence became effective with a parallel settlement that ended hostilities between Britain and France.

b.f. 1787:

May 25: Opening of the Constitutional Convention. Faced with the need to devise a strong national government to replace the ineffectual Articles of Confederation, delegates gathered in Philadelphia to draft the Constitution which established the basic federal institutions that have existed to the present day.

September 17: Final Convention Approval of the Constitution. Meeting in Philadelphia, delegates hammered out provisions of the new Constitution establishing a strong central government, and gave it final approval by a large majority.

b.f. 1788:

July 2: Constitution Ratified. Having been agreed to by the required nine states, the Constitution was ratified and

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the Congress formally announced that it was now the law of the land.

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