

Deep Freezing May Save Many Lives

It would take about eighteen months for a man to go by space ship to Mars or Venus. As for the stars — and the habitable planets which presumably encircle some of them — light from the nearest has to travel for four years at a speed of 186,324 miles a second before it reaches the Earth.

In other words, a life-time would be needed to cross the vast void dividing this solar system from the next.

But the world's scientists have a plan . . .

If men could be deep-frozen and then brought back to life months, years or decades later, they could journey to our planets and, perhaps, one day to the stars without requiring food, water or oxygen in any significant quantity.

They would, in effect, be human time machines, the scientists' version of the science-fiction writers' invention.

Of course, there would probably have to be spells of live "sentry" duty to see the space ship was functioning properly and also to arrange for the rapid resuscitation at planet-fall of all the floating, frozen passengers in their refrigerated "caskets."

Hypothermia, the science of suspending "life" by extremes of cold, is only ten years old, out of it is now providing one of the most dramatic advances known to medicine.

Dr. Charles Huggins of Boston, who heads the government-sponsored U.S. research team, revealed recently that deep-freezing experiments are being carried out in that country with space travel especially in mind.

"It would," he says, "take eighteen months to send a man to Mars or Venus by rocket. Think of the food and water and oxygen he would need. To hold it you would require a vehicle of staggering size. If you could degrees centigrade, it would solve the problem. It would stop his heart beating and his other organs working."

"Anyone whose heart ceases beating for five minutes is technically dead. But if we could bring him back afterwards . . ."

That is the big snag. To serve life, it seems that everything must be frozen quickly and simultaneously so that no part of the body, whether it be the big toe or the brain, has a chance to decay while other parts are still functioning.

The effect must be like that when a motion picture is suddenly arrested.

At absolute zero, which is approximately 273 degrees below zero centigrade, all molecular motion stops. And it is now possible to register 265 degrees below in a laboratory deep freeze.

To bring a man back to life from such an advanced state but suspended animation, it is thought it will be necessary to warm him up rapidly to 37 degrees centigrade, the normal body temperature, and also to give his heart a restful jolt and his lungs a respiratory action.

Meanwhile, in Moscow, scientists are talking about the fantastic experiments of Russia's top heart specialist, Professor Vladimir Negovski, who claims to have revived more than 3,000 people after they were declared "clinically dead."

He, too, is working on the preservation, or suspension, of life through deep freezing in the hope that a planet-bound astronaut can be "rescued" for weeks, months or years.

This year the driver of a bulldozer was lost in a snowdrift on the Caucasian mountains. Thirty hours later his body, frozen stiff, was recovered.

The Russian news agency Tass reported that there was a film of ice over the man's eyes. "When his rescuers tapped him with a hammer, his frozen body gave out a hollow, wooden sound."

After adrenalin had been injected, the man's body was rubbed with oil and alcohol and taken to Professor Negovski's laboratory. There, in five hours, he brought the driver back to life.

Britain is not lagging behind in this amazing new science — with its infinite possibilities, not only of frozen immortality, but as a tremendous aid to surgery. Writes Basil Bailey in "Tit-Bits."

At the National Institute for Medical Research, at Mill Hill, London, warm-blooded animals have been frozen almost solid and then revived completely — without suffering any apparent injury or loss of powers.

They were refrigerated in a special apparatus by Dr. Audrey Smith until they became as hard as wood. Breathing stopped, the heart beat and all other signs of life disappeared.

After as long as half an hour in this condition the animals were warmed by a beam of hot light focused on their chests.

Their hearts began to beat again, breathing restarted and, within a few minutes, they were running around normally.

Says Smith, soft-spoken Dr. Audrey Smith: "The stopping of heartbeats does not mean an animal is dead. By treating certain organs with glycerol small creatures can be started in deep-freeze indefinitely. They are still alive — and no older — when thawed out."

Dr. Alan Parkes, who also works at Mill Hill Research Institute, said recently: "As knowledge increases, the means of resuscitation will extend to that which constitutes death today will not necessarily constitute death tomorrow."

Hypothermia heralds the era of spare-part medicine.

By freezing human organs and storing them, surgeons believe that one day it may be possible to transplant kidneys, lungs, hearts, even complete limbs, after the blood cells have been kept in a state of suspended animation.

Already the new technique is being used to freeze parts of the body while delicate operations are performed.

By lowering temperatures even more, the time may come when coronary artery disease — that killer of so many old people — will also be curable under the knife.

The brain, too, can be slowed down by freezing to allow extra time for a tricky operation. The British Medical Journal told last year of a thirty-seven-year-old woman who was saved by such deep-freeze treatment at Guy's Hospital, London.

There have been many similar cases throughout the world, but perhaps the most remarkable concerns Mrs. Ellen Moore of Wallend, Northumberland, who was struck on the head by a log.

This twenty-three-year-old mother-to-be was unconscious for 169 days — six of them under deep-freeze. Yet her baby, born while she lay in a coma, and the child suffered no ill-effects.

After treatment under deep-freeze to her injured brain, Mrs. Moore also recovered.

When Anna Mary Robertson Moses was born 101 years ago, there were many pictures in the United States, undecorated and unknown. They painted pictures for their homes and their families. There was not much discussion about merit, and certainly no reference was made to their value.

In the generation in which we live, there has been a pressing revival of American art history, a search for artifacts, and an appetite for Americana, for art of the people, art nurtured on the land.

Grandma Moses was a characteristic woman living down country, with farm chores, with religion. It was in character for a woman like this to be exceedingly modest. To Grandma it was no more important to paint a picture than it was to cook a batch of berry jam, or to embroider a fine piece of needlework.

In her rural, domestic, happily unsophisticated world there was no division between major or minor art, between the status of



BIG BEAUTIFUL DAHL — For Arlene Dahl, a Rome dress designer made up this whimsical blue-and-white-dots bow.

TABLE TALKS

Now that the plump pudding and mince pie season is pretty well over, perhaps a few suggestions for other sorts of desserts might be welcome. Here are a few that I think you'll like.

BANANA SPLIT
ICE CREAM PIE
You'll need a deep 9-inch pie pan for this dessert. Make a crust by combining 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs and 1/2 cup chopped walnuts with 5 tablespoons melted butter; save 1/4 cup of this mixture and pack remaining mixture in bottom and sides of the pie pan; chill.

Filling
2 medium-sized bananas, sliced lengthwise 1/4-inch thick
1/2 cup strawberry jam
1/4 cup chocolate sauce
1 pint each, strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla ice cream

Cover bottom of the chilled crumb crust with sliced bananas. Pack for cream firmly over them, alternating flavors. Cover ice cream with jam and chocolate sauce.

Topping
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Whip cream; add sugar and vanilla. Sprinkle remaining crumb mixture over whipped cream. Serve immediately or freeze for future use.

A light, sweet, rich dessert that can be made the day before serving and refrigerated is made with fruits and marshmallows. This recipe serves 8-10.

MARSHMALLOW FRUIT DESSERT
1 pound marshmallows
1 No. 2 can cherries
1 No. 2 can pineapple
1 No. 2 can maraschino cherries
1/2 cup almonds, blanched and sliced
1 egg yolk
1/4 teaspoon salt

Juice of 2 lemons
2 cups heavy cream
Cut marshmallows into fourths with wet scissors or use the small ones. Drain all fruit. Split and chop cherries. Cut pineapple and maraschino cherries into small pieces. In a large bowl, mix marshmallows, fruit, and nuts. In 2 cups heavy cream, add egg yolk, salt, and lemon juice; simmer until thickened; cool. Whip cream and fold into cooled mixture. Add the marshmallows, fruit, and nuts to cream mixture; mix lightly but well; cover. Chill in refrigerator several hours or overnight.

Have you ever eaten cheese pie? Here's the recipe:
CHEESE PIE
1/2 pound Swiss cheese, grated
1 tablespoon flour
3 eggs well beaten
1 cup milk
Salt, pepper to taste

Pie crust for 9-inch pie
Dredge cheese with flour. Beat eggs well; mix with milk; season lightly; pour mixture over cheese. Turn into unbaked pie shell. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (400° F.); reduce heat to 300° F.; bake until knife inserted in center comes out clean, about 25 minutes. Yields 4 servings.

CRANBERRY CHEESE PIE
Crumb Crust
30 thin lemon water cookies (1 1/2 cups crumbs)
1/4 cup melted butter
Finely crush or put through food chopper (fine blades) the cookies. Blend with the melted butter. Press into bottom and sides of an 8-inch pie plate. Chill.

Filling
2 packages (3 oz.) cream cheese softened
1 1/2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 egg yolk
1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind

Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve over hot water. Beat cream cheese until fluffy. Add egg yolk, condensed sweet milk, salt, orange rind, and vanilla. Beat egg white until stiff but not dry. Gently fold into cheese mixture. Pour into crumb crust. Chill until firm.

Softening gelatin in cold water
Dissolve over hot water. Stir in cranberry-orange relish. Spread on top of cheese mixture; garnish with a circle of coconut.

CRANBERRY-ORANGE RELISH
1 pound fresh cranberries
1 oranges (quarter and remove seeds)
2 cups sugar
Put cranberries and oranges through food chopper (coarse blade); stir in the sugar; chill. Use 1/4 cups of this relish for the pie topping. Save remaining 2 1/2 cups (freeze it if you like) to serve with chicken, turkey, or pork.

Largest Flower In The World
When the world's largest flower, a specimen at the New York Botanical Garden, bloomed in 1937 for the first time since its arrival there six years earlier from its native Sumatra, the news was published everywhere and caused a sensation.

Now there is news that, for the fourth time since it reached the Botanical Garden, this strange plant, the amorphophallus, is likely to bloom again — next year.

In her pictures there was a good deal of fun, pictures, skating, country fairs. She painted farmhouses, barns, and the white church with its tall spire; she painted the picket fences.

It was not until after Grandma Moses was 80 years old that she was "discovered" in her simple rustic living, and advertised. The massive promotion of a beloved elderly woman with a genuine talent was an utter inconsistency.

The pressures and public acclaim could not touch a person of her character. She had no higher opinion of herself as a painter than she had of her own work. After the moment of national recognition, she continued to work, and she spoke in her modest provincial manner. She wrote the notes for her endearing autobiography, a touching human document, in the opinion of Dorothy Aldous, art critic of the Christian Science Monitor.

The memory of this elderly woman was prodigal and aged so that she managed to think back to her first Thanksgiving Day in 1864, and to the black hunting that marked the passing of Abraham Lincoln.

Grandma Moses — A Sincere Tribute

When Anna Mary Robertson Moses was born 101 years ago, there were many pictures in the United States, undecorated and unknown. They painted pictures for their homes and their families. There was not much discussion about merit, and certainly no reference was made to their value.

In the generation in which we live, there has been a pressing revival of American art history, a search for artifacts, and an appetite for Americana, for art of the people, art nurtured on the land.

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the modern art world is oriented in other directions very remote from the thinking and the mode of visualization of a rural home-bred painter. No wonder city dwellers have been refreshed and delighted by the honesty and unaffectedness of our primitive.

In Grandma Moses there was unmistakable talent; a buoyancy, an ever-replenishing liveliness. She achieved a position in the public eye that was not due to skill; but a proper estimate of Grandma Moses should embrace with the achievement and the painter.

DIES AT 101 — Grandma Moses — died in Hoosick Falls, N.Y., aged 101.

the brush or the needle. She had a sound, wholesome, a healthy standard of values, her own definition of what was good and beautiful.

To Grandma a picture was good when it was "pretty." As she said, what she knew, a remembrance of times past, the beauty of valleys and hills seen from a window in the farmhouse; a snowstorm, in which she gently filled out all the spaces springtime on the farm, the livestock, the industrious farmers plowing the good earth. Grandma painted railroad trains, and the old-time automobile.

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When They Painted the Schoolhouse

October was a good month in the little Wisconsin village. Even the boys who had thought the opening of school something of a catastrophe were getting reconciled to it now, and most of us welcomed it after the long vacation, especially when we found that Miss Ellen Anderson, the new primary room teacher, didn't seem to be so bad after all.

All over our little farming community, people had been very busy getting the fall work done. Dear Forest kitchens were fragrant with grapes being made into jam and jelly. It was fun to come in from school and find Mamma filling rows of jelly glasses with clear purple liquid that miraculously would turn to firm, sparkling jelly in an hour or two.

But now came a lull in all this activity and people began to think a little fun would be in order.

"I wish we could think of something new," Mamma said one evening at supper. "We've done the same old things over and over — box socials and harvest socials and church bazaar and —"

"Miss Ellen's got an idea," I ventured. "She thinks it would be nice if everybody got together and painted the schoolhouse."

There was a moment's almost stunned silence. Papa, who was on the schoolboard, didn't seem at all pleased. "The schoolhouse doesn't look so bad," he said. "Had it painted just —"

"It was over five years ago," Mamma said. "It does look pretty shabby, but it hardly seems a new teacher's place to mention it. Did Miss Ellen say that right out in class?"

"Oh, no," I said quickly. "I really liked Miss Ellen, and she seemed to me to be the wrong thing, as I realized I often did."

"I heard her talking to Miss Crabtree. She said the place her sister taught, the whole village got together and painted the schoolhouse, and made a kind of picnic of it."

"And what did Miss Crabtree think of it?" Papa asked. Miss Crabtree was our principal, for whom he had great respect.

"She said that was quite an idea, and maybe it would make the big boys take more interest in the school, as if it kind of belonged to them, and Miss Ellen said yes. He did, and did Miss Crabtree think maybe we could do it here? Our building could have a coat of paint and it might be fun for a fall get-together. But Miss Crabtree said no, she was afraid not."

"Well, she said paint and things were expensive, and the board had spent a lot of money on new desks for the upstairs room last year, and anyway they might not like to have the teachers' act-up as if they weren't satisfied and —"

"M-m-h-m," said Papa thoughtfully. "Well, maybe I'll drop over and talk to Miss Crabtree."

I went flying back to school that noon, eager to report to Miss Ellen. But to my surprise she looked alarmed instead of pleased. "Oh, Atta!" she exclaimed. "You didn't go home and tell your papa I thought the schoolhouse needed a coat of paint, did you? And how did you know about it, anyway?"

"Well, I just kind of heard you and Miss Crabtree talking," I faltered, "and I thought maybe if Papa knew he could do something about it. And I guess he's coming to school this afternoon."

"I added, feeling very much delighted."

"Oh, Atta," said Miss Ellen again. "Well, it was my own fault, but I just didn't realize."

I saw Papa walking into the schoolyard as we went out and waited at home somewhat anxiously for word of his visit.

To my great relief he was

Instead of looking flushed and embarrassed, Miss Ellen began to beam. When the ladies politely asked for her recipe, she made such a funny story of it that she had everyone laughing. "And by the time I was through, I had it all over my arms, and it was so sticky, it was just sure it would jelly," she finished.

"Well," said Mamma thoughtfully, "and one of the best things to miss Ellen. Some of them thought she was — well, you know, — be just a little too smart."

"Well, she is smart," I defended her quickly. "Mamma agreed, and I kind of think one of the smartest things she ever did was to make that jelly that didn't quite jelly."

"He never smokes, drinks, swears, plays cards, he's never married. He's going to celebrate his 88th birthday." "How?"

GONE TO HIS HEAD — This chimpanzee seems to be taking the success of his brethren who are successful artists too seriously. Named "Gentleman Jim," he has free run of Southampton Zoo, England.

CHOWING DOWN — King Saud of Arabia dines at a restaurant in Lynfield, Moss, after release from a Boston hospital where he was treated for an abdominal ailment.

STRINGS ATTACHED — Busy spinning yarn are women working in the Mutankiang textile mills in Heliangkang Province in Red China. Perhaps, Communists like to spin yarns.

Ingenuity teamed with mechanization have made Ed Anderson, 61, one of the largest carrot potato merchants in the United States. This fall, he harvested 250,000 bushels from his fields on Washington Island, off the northeastern tip of Wisconsin. The spuds were transported across Lake Michigan to Benton Harbor, Mich., aboard two old auto ferries. Enroute, processing machinery sorted, graded and packaged them so that they were ready for customers' trucks. Anderson owns 1,800 acres on the island, which was once divided into many small, marginal farms. He removed the stone fences and opened the acreage for large-scale mechanized farming. The stones went into ock land in potatoes every year; rest is rotated in oats and red clover. Pictures courtesy of Harvester World magazine.

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