

And our recreation tent is a little better than it was before, with a floor, now! We've been loaned a nice radio, to which we listen faithfully for news broadcasts, as we used to at home. We gave a dance on the night of St. Patrick's Day, at an officers' club in the city. It was lots of fun. Though it lacked a Sierra Club schottische, we provided champagne, and so were one up on that score. I wish some of you could have come! BESSIE LAWRENCE

*By a Vitamin Chemist, from Ketchikan, Alaska, April 1943*—This town is beautifully situated on one of a cluster of large mountainous islands. When we have fresh snow, the terrain reminds one of Norden, with the ocean moved up to the 5,000-foot level. We have rain, snow, sleet, storms, and calm—but sunshine never.

Sunday I started up the mountain behind the town. Not knowing any trails, I started cross-country. Cross-country going is as interesting as it is time consuming. By dark I had arrived on a bare shoulder of the mountain at about 2,000 feet above the town. The view was gorgeous. The last twilight showed the rough, mountainous, snow-covered islands all around. The faint dull reddish glow in the west, the soft, deep blue of the twilight, and sparkling lights of the town below, made even the struggle through waist-deep, slippy snow worth while.

I got a couple of limited views into the interior of the island. It looked as though I might have a High Sierra topography right in my back yard. The rub is that much of it is forbidden territory patrolled by armed sentries.

The job does have its interesting moments. Last Sunday I went down under the wharf to repair a frozen water line. The route down was a rock climber's delight over barnacle- and ice-encrusted piling. That was at low tide. By the time the repairs were made, the beginnings of an 18-foot tide had submerged my route down. There I was, trapped, with only a "horror pitch" for escape. The expedient route was along the definitely overhanging under side of the dock, with the protection of an icy aquatic belay. No dunking occurred.

There is no social activity in this town except on Saturday nights. Last Saturday I crashed a dance club and had a grand time, even though there were only two women under forty. (USO competition.) They danced the old-fashioned dances to a piano and guitar played

by ear. The whole thing was corny, but I ate it up. Some of the old girls were excellent waltzers!

*May, 1943*—The town, situated on a narrow coastal strip between high mountains and the Tongass Narrows, has one interesting mountain standing just behind it. Steep, snow-covered, it has a long undulating ridge (perfect ski terrain) extending toward the interior of the island. Last Sunday I got bored with keeping my nose to the grindstone, and hiked up on to this ridge. It was the first brilliant sunny day after a week of storm, so all of the snow forms (cornices, snow-cased trees) were still fresh and at their best, sparkling in the sun. Toward evening the snow softened enough to avalanche easily. I had never had such an opportunity to study avalanche formation. I could throw a big block of snow down a cliff and watch a fair sized avalanche develop and come to rest on the lower slopes. Just as I was coming out of the forest and entering the town (at about 10 P. M.) the northern lights cut loose, defying dimout regulations in a grand way.

After a jaunt like that, I am not likely to be working Sundays any more. JOHN A. DYER

*By a Lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps, from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, April 1943*—In this historic spot in Cumberland Valley the Medical Field Service School has been established at the old Carlisle Indian School. Many years before this was an Indian School, it had military significance. Started in the 1750's by the English, as a barracks, it was taken over by the Continental forces during the Revolutionary War. Here Washington had a camp for the Hessians he captured at the Battle of Trenton, and it is said that the old stone building which appears on our letterhead was built by them as a guardhouse. During the Civil War a raiding party of Confederates burned the barracks a few days before the Battle of Gettysburg. So you can see the place has memories. It is at this spot that a school is now conducted by excellently trained young officers for the purpose of teaching medical, dental, and veterinary officers the best ways of integrating with the fighting forces.

I know the people at home thought and said, when I told them I was going to such a school: "Don't you know what to do as a doctor? Is Army medicine any different from medicine at home?"