The most interesting aspect of my stay at Lewisburg involved my personal interactions with with the inmates. Working in a prison clinic was no different than working in any hospital clinic—patients were scheduled, generally kept appointments and were well behaved. Conversation, though, usually centered around how the person ended up at Lewisburg and how long he would be there. Most of the inmates had backgrounds very different than mine so listening to them was enlightening. A favorite inmate game was seeing how much they could get away with. This ranged from signing up on sick call to avoid going to work, to cheating on exams, to trying to get a certain drug (usually narcotic) prescribed. This game went on constantly between inmates and administration, sometimes with severe consequences.

ALASKA

by Deborah Haas '79

Kotzebue (pronounced Kotz-a-bu) is a small town of 2,000 people on the northwest coast of Alaska, 26 miles above the artic circle. This summer I worked with the COSTEP program in the PHS Native Hospital Dental Clinic here. Even though our location is so far north, the summer is fairly warm. Temperatures range in the 50's but it feels warmer because the climate is so dry. This area is actually considered desert as there is less than ten inches of rainfall per year. The land surrounding Kotzebue is tundra and with the spring it is dotted with beautiful wild flowers which change from week to week. Long walks across the tundra may bring you to the Kotzebue National Forest which consists of one tree—a reminder of the 'treelessness' of the land.

Transportation off the peninsula is only via plane or boat. This is part of the great dichotomy of his northern land. Although communication with the 'lower 48' is often by satellite and almost every villager owns a boat and/or plane—subsistence fishing accounts for the livelihood of most. Dried fish, muk-tuk (whale), balooga (white whale), seal, salmon, caribou, reindeer, rabbit, and homemade bread are the staples of the coastal village diet. Canned food and fresh vegetables are brought in by air or barges. Living is very expensive here but then the pay rate is often proportional. Since the pay and prices are so high, going to the 'lower 48' or flying yearly to Hawaii is not unusual. Due to the lack of trees and the expense of shipping in wood, the houses are very small and usually only one story high. This also aids in winter heating as the snow piles very high around the houses and acts as insulation. From the outside, most of the houses appear to be one room buildings with bare wood walls. However, they are very comfortable and cozy inside.

People here are very nice and the elders still speak mostly Eskimo and only English when necessary. Provisions for dentistry here are surprisingly modern and it is a joy to be working for people who are so appreciative. The single largest problem is that of Baby Bottle Syndrome and campaigns are going on concerning this. Again the culprits in the adolescent dentition are soda pop and candy of which enormous quantities are consumed. General dentistry occurs in a very relaxed and realistic environment and is a true joy!

ALASKA

by Alan Rosenthal '79

... mush, mush. Another dull boring afternoon, eating a medium rare blubber burger, a moose malted, fried walrus rings and a delicious caribou short cake, in my igloo (with built in sauna and tennis court), watching my 20-team dog sled parked next to some Eskimos shooting a 1500/lb. polar bear, which just attacked a reindeer, by a salmon stream (yawn) . . .

It seems a majority of the major Eastern city populus rarely become overwhelmingly impressed with—particularly anything. Especially after blackouts paralyzing cities with eight million people, rampant sensational crimes glorified by the media, and perhaps the finest exposure to culture in the world. "What." a proud New Yorker would say, "is left to see?"

Well, after being through an earthquake seeing: wild caribiu, moose, grizzly and brown bears, bald headed eagles; spawning salmon; humpback and killer whales; arctic marmots; dolphins; sea otters; seals; icebergs; glaciers; camping at Mt. McKinley State Park; living and working with Eskimos and American Indians; and taking a boat through the Alaskan Marine Highway, 1029 miles from Juneau through Canada to Seattle, Washington—I now differ with that majority.

During three months in Alaska, my priorities in territorial preference were being questioned and attacked by the unyielding beauty of nature. Like many of my friends, I had been geographically blinded by the shadows of skyscrapers omnipresent in a metropolis.

Culture shock was inevitable. Feelings of apprehension and confusion dominated my first encounters in the great northwest continent.

ALASKA'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER



Strong Quake Rocks Area

Pilot Still On Course to Mu

Anchorage, Alaska, Friday 18, 1978.