was Mandalay. We had an escort of soldiers there because of local "insurgents" or dacoits. Incidentally, that town is too far from the ocean for flying fishes to be playing around. However, the example of Kipling with poetic license was evoked when I went on another trip with some consulting engineers to locate good "fill dirt" for the proposed Saingdin Falls dam which was planned for hydroelectric power in the Arakan Yomas (mountains) where the annual rainfall is 200 inches. My impressions from that trip in the monsoon season were recorded as follows:

"WE CAME BACK"
Ship me somewhere north of Akyab Where the best is not so worse. Where Love and Flash seek soil Pits and I raise an awful thirst For the hills are steep. The Coolies bear our tools as up we climb, While we carry our umbrellas To prepare for rain or shine " " " " .

Chorus: On the road to Saingdin Falls in July five feet rain falls And the waters roar like thunder And the lonesome leopard squalls On the road to Saingdin Falls Where the Diesel 'dozers crawl And the drill bites in the mountain From the rig the coolies haul.

Thru the cane brakes on the hillsides We plod o'er mud and stone And the hungry leeches suck the blood which was our very own: For they lurk in lean concealment till they find our passing feet, Then they inch their way to bare spots And grow fat on human meat " " " " .

Chorus: O'er pathways worn a thousand years by sandals and bare feet-

Thru lanes slashed thru the Jungle laid out so straight and neat Go men with knives, and picks And rods to carry out the plan That Saingdin Falls, against all Odds, shall light up Arakan " " " " .

Chorus: There's something in the soil There that provokes a putrid pun— (It's the lowest form of humor By which a laugh is won) That's why a six-inch auger Bored down to sixteen feet Brings up large gobs of that stuff Which does not smell so sweet " " " " .

Chorus: Down the stream we go in sampans To the mouth of Rebe chaung, Then up to Camoy village which Will suffer grievous wrong— For the spillway will course down Ere the waters reach the top Of the dam across the river And the Falls forever stop " " " " .

The mixture of impressions from sixteen months on the job in that "far away country with strange sounding names" also was reflected in the following lines which started out to be an aerial photo school song:-

A LA 88 PROME ROAD
We are the folly Foresters, Geologists and all The City Planners, and the Ags, And Engineers on call, we closely scan our air photos For trees and soils and dams Interpreting for all we're worth To pass the course exams.

The pictures seen by stereo Or mighty multiplex Give 3-D views with just our eyes, or with our colored specs.