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 play 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 Saingdnin 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 Lowe 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 Saingdnin Falls in July five feet rain falls
And the waters roar like thunder
And the lonesome leopard squalls
On the road to Saingdnin 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 Saingdnin 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 PRONG 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.