We love to see the little rills,  
And creeks and rivers too  
That run into the inland lakes  
Or to the ocean blue.

We note the many clumps of bush  
So scattered o'er the land  
Where termite colonies once worked  
Deserted mounds now stand.

In tropic forests ranging wide  
It's not India we seek  
But giant boles and towering  
Crowns of phinkado and teak.

In cities, villages and towns  
Which grew without a plan  
The pictures show where streets  
Might run instead of where they ran.

See Inle Lake where all the homes  
Stand out above the water  
And in its clear depths down  
Below lie Grandmama and Pater.

We plan a highway o'er a route  
On pictures plotted thru  
The Pegu Yoma barrier between  
Prome and Toungoo.

The mighty Irrawaddi stream  
Sweeps down from north to south  
And runs to meet with Bengal Bay  
Thru many a separate mouth.

Its islands change from year to year,  
Its bottoms grow or shrink  
As shifting currents spread the silts  
or banks cave in the drink.

There by the river see the group  
Of derricks of oil wells  
Atop the geanticline of which  
The picture tells.

We see the sinkholes in the  
Plains and hills of Shan Plateau  
Where rivers run beneath the ridge—or go—where? we don't know.

In sparsely wooded mountainlands  
The hillmen raise their crops  
Of upland rice on steepest slopes  
From creeks up to the tops.

See delta rice fields spreading  
Far from Rangoon to the sea  
That's Burma's major crop  
And base of her economy.

On many a peak, or knoll or flat,  
Pagodas raise their spires  
Where many men, both high and low  
Expressed their souls' desires.

We see this thru the camera's eye,  
In office chairs. Why ride a jeep  
And risk the rough road bumps?

And when we've read the pictures  
Thru and seen all there's to see  
We wrap our longyis 'round our waists and have a cup of tea.

There were many Americans  
in Burma dedicated to their jobs  
And doing pretty well at them,  
but it was not all work and there was some pleasant social life.  
One affair was at the American Embassy residence on a beautiful moonlight night—sponsored by the American Women's Club.  
Even a confirmed Fedologist can find much to recollect besides PEDA in such a setting—as recounted below:—

**MOONLIGHT AND DOUGHNUTS**

March 9, 1955

The moon thru the hole in the doughnut  
Is shining o'er Inya Lake.  
I gaze at its silvery splendor  
As sips of the coffee I take.

It's glorious disk is enframed there  
By circle of golden brown dough  
And, circled by U.S.A. women  
The sinkers I stow down below.

The tropical romance enthralls me  
As in thru the Embassy screen  
The murmur of rippling wavelets  
Enhances the clattering scene.  
The doughnut, held at full arm's length.