

Timland had elephants at work, festival dancing, Thai boxing, cock fighting, silk weaving, the growing of rice, and collections of monkeys, fish, birds, and snakes.

The last night in port the congregation of sailors in the riverside restaurant grew slowly as most of us made our way back close to the ship. We were unwilling until the last minute to say farewell to this beautiful country. The restaurant was busy with fried rice, sandwiches, and "more beer". As we sat there with officers and men sharing experiences, something unnoticed was taking place — the river was rising. The floor, being only 18 inches above

sea level didn't provide much of a challenge. We were already knee deep in sea stories but it was unusual to find ourselves actually knee deep in sea. However, we were unwilling to give up our position even in the face of such an inhospitable act as trying to flood us out. We just took off our shoes and socks, put them on the table, rolled up our pant legs, and continued the conversation. Even the captain was caught in the flood, but as long as he held on we would too.

We enjoyed Thailand even until the last few minutes of liberty and will never forget it.

