A River's Tale: A Year On The Mekong

Edward A Gargan

The River's Tale: A Year has been added to your Cart. Add to Cart. Turn on 1-Click ordering for this browser. A Really interesting and observant 3,000 mile trip down the Mekong, primarily by boat. From the river's mouth to its end in the Mekong Delta: Tibet, China, Laos, Thailand, Cambodia, and Vietnam. Ed Gargan could have played a medical trump card to avoid the draft during Vietnam war, but instead he stood up for his beliefs and refused to register, thus serving time in federal prison. This was an influential experience, and he did refer to it at times, and American war situation in Indo-china, understandably. A river boat sits on the Mekong in Pak Beng, Laos. Outsider exploration of the river was stymied by difficult terrain—the river is broken with difficult rapids and waterfalls. The headwaters weren't identified by Western sources until 1900. The splendid temple complex of Angkor Wat sat quietly in the jungle, relatively ignored by travellers, until a French naturalist, Henri Mahout, published accounts of the site. There were earlier visitors, some as early as the 1,500s, but it was Mahout's writings that popularized the site with Western adventurers. Mahout's facts were off—he described Ang The Mekong River massacre occurred on the morning of 5 October 2011, when two Chinese cargo ships were attacked on a stretch of the Mekong River in the Golden Triangle region on the borders of Myanmar (Burma) and Thailand. All 13 crew members on the two ships were killed and dumped in the river. It was the deadliest attack on Chinese nationals abroad in modern times. In response, China temporarily suspended shipping on the Mekong, and reached an agreement with Myanmar, Thailand and Laos to jointly
The River's Tale. Prehistoric. Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew— (Twenty bridges or twenty-two)– Wanted to know what the River knew, For they were young, and the Thames was old And this is the tale that River told:— “I walk my beat before London Town, Five hours up and seven down. Up I go till I end my run At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington. Down I come with the mud in my hands And plaster it over the Maplin Sands. But I’d have you know that these waters of mine Were once a branch of the River Rhine, When hundreds of miles to the East I went And England was joined to the C