



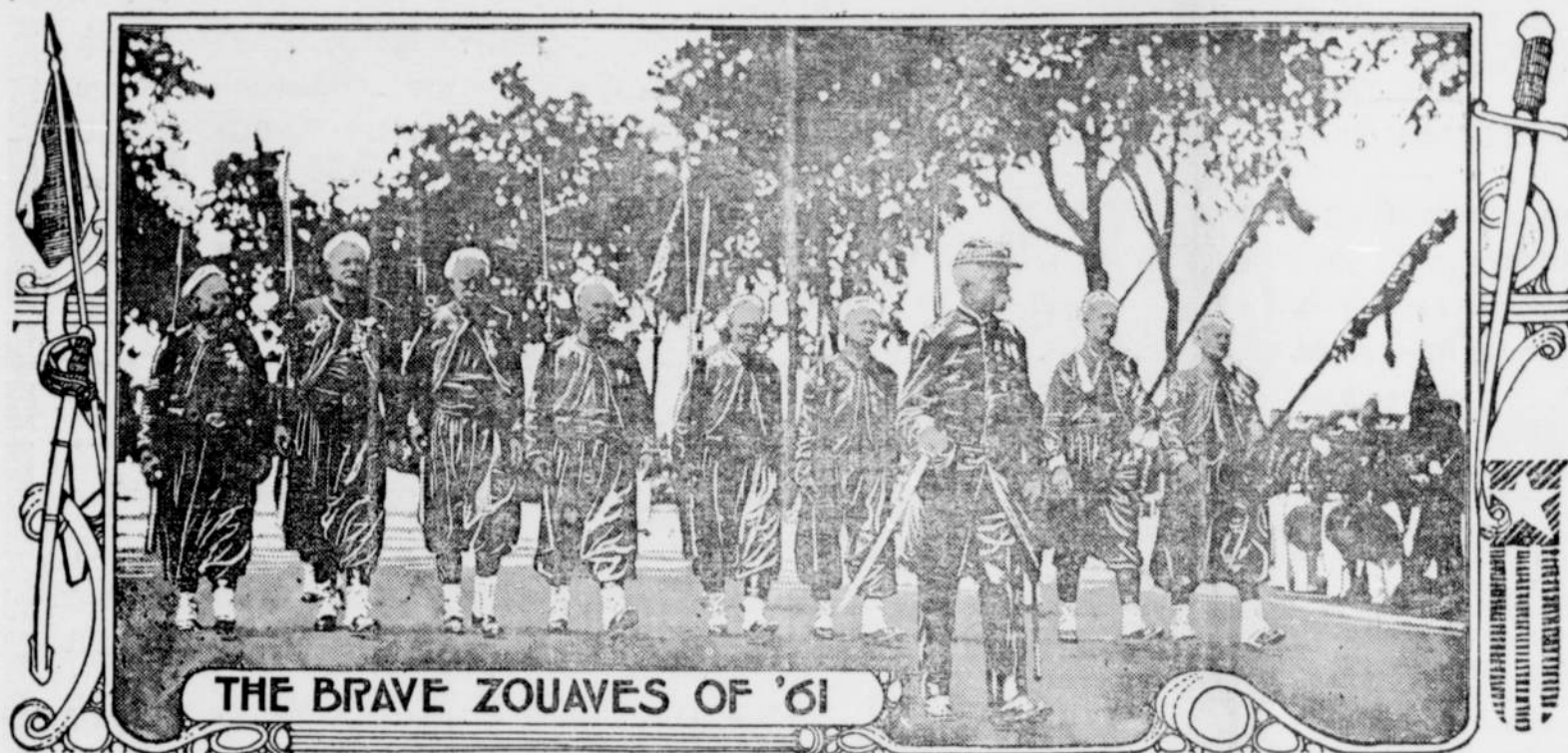
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THE BRAVE ZOUAVES OF '61

MEMORIAL DAY.

By Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.
This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons. Here in this peaceful land of ours—here, where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play—millions of armed men battled for the right and bled on a thousand fields the iron storms of war. These brave, these incomparable, men founded the first republic. They fulfilled the prophetic, they brought to pass the dreams, they realized the hopes that all the great and good and wise and just have made and had since man was man. But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

Roy's Decoration Day.

I brought blue violets from the dell
For grandma's grave today.
For grandma says he loved them well
Before he marched away.

The other grandpas all are old.
With thin hair almost gray,
But he has curls that shine like gold
And blue eyes full of play.

Grandma showed me his picture, hung
Upon a chain of gold.
How strange that he should be so young
And she should be so old!

Zouaves a Striking Feature of Memorial Day Parade

THEY were queer looking soldiers in their short jackets and knee breeches, but they could fight," said a Union veteran of the zouaves. "We boys had lots of fun in camp making sport of them, but on the field they proved that a man didn't have to wear a regulation uniform to make a good soldier."

The idea of dressing in the showy uniforms, imitations of those worn by the French zouaves, appealed to adventurous, unconventional spirits in the north at the opening of the civil war. One of the most noted of the zouave regiments was recruited from the volunteer fire fighting force of New York city, a body of men whose respect for law and order was not always strong enough to prevent them from enjoying a rough, turbulent time. These were the famous Ellsworth zouaves, led at first by Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, killed at Alexandria, Va., in the early days of the war.

Washington beheld them with interest when they marched into the capital in response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, but the interest was mixed with anxiety when the city saw the manners of the Rowdy prevailing on Pennsylvania avenue. But for all that it made much of the New Yorkers, especially after the latter did he-

role work in fighting a big fire in the capital city.

In many places the history of the war is dotted with mention of the zouaves. They had the usual proportion of skulkers and shirkers, of course, and men in whom the duration of war wore thin the sense of duty, but on the whole the records of the zouave regiments compare creditably with those of others. Their gaudy attire, in which red was the prevailing color, made them good targets when they met the enemy.

The same zouaves were especially noted for their proficiency in drilling and gave exhibitions in northern cities. Memorial day parades in some of the big cities generally see turnouts of some of the zouave survivors. They form invariably one of the most conspicuous features of the processions.

The name "zouave" is African in origin. The Zouaoua are or were a tribe of Kabyles living in Algeria. When the French assumed control over that country, about 1830, they found that the Zouaoua would make good fighting men and organized them into two battalions. French officers were placed in command, and some French soldiers were admitted to the ranks, adopting the distinctive Moorish dress, sometimes with European embellishments. Later the regiments were composed entirely of Frenchmen, but the distinctive Moorish garb was retained.

Now the zouaves form an integral part of the French army, being organized into four regiments of five battalions each, divided into four companies, the total strength being about 13,000. There were papal or pontifical zouaves in the days of the temporal power of the pope, and they fought gallantly against the Italian occupation of Rome.

COUNTRY EDITOR IN PANAMA

Strange Lands and People Meet on Voyage to the Isthmus

as Recorded by the
Editor of a Weekly
Newspaper.
Through the Canal

What does the canal look like.

I look like a lake, and a look with two projecting canals at either end. It reminds me of the days when as a school boy I studied physiology. The Panama canal looks like the illustration of the human stomach with the alimentary canal and the duodenum attachment. The stomach part is Gatun lake, the great artificial body of water bottled up in the interior of the isthmus where ocean going vessels will steam along for twenty-four miles, 85 feet above sea level.

Approaching as we did from the Atlantic side we will follow the canal first to Gatun by a channel 500 feet wide at the bottom. Here a flight of three locks rises to the summit level of 85 feet. This brings you into Gatun lake which is an artificial body of water formed by damming Chagres river. Through the 24 miles of this lake the channel will be from 1000 to 5000 feet in width. Boats will go ahead here at full speed. As the lake becomes settled and cleared of deposits and decayed vegetation I can foresee that this part of the journey will in the future prove very interesting. At present the lake is covered in places with moss and vegetation which have torn loose from the bottom and the dead palms standing partly submerged look ghastly in their solitude. Covering as it does 164 square miles of land formerly covered by jungle and forest, and in some cases even towns, it is reasonable to suppose that as the waters kill the vegetation and loosen the bogs, timber and mosses, that the surface will become covered with all kinds of floating things. Even now there are vast patches of floating islands resting here and there upon the lake. But in time this will be a minor factor and as the tropic vegetation adapts itself to the shores of the new lake, which in this latitude will be but a short time, the appearances will be suggestive of permanency, as though it had always been. Out upon the broad surface of the lake the ships will steam, over town sites wiped out by rising waters, across the bed of the old Panama railroad, leaving the locks behind a bend in the channel. The scene will be one of idyllic grandeur.

In the distance the blue foot hills of the children of the Andes—the Cordilleras, slope gradually away from the shores of the lake. The ship will move along smoothly under her own steam at this point and with every mile of travel new vistas will open before the eyes of the beholder. Tropical foliage the tall graceful coconut palm, banana trees and thousands of tropical plants in full bloom with hundreds of colors to dazzle the eye. Occasional orchids will be espied clinging to some trunk or branch and strange water fowl will add a touch of life to the scene. All this will be attended by the brilliance of the tropic sun shading down its splendor on a scene tempered by the spice laden breezes which at this altitude and on this open stretch of water will be a factor in adding to

the comfort of the journey.

Imagination plays with reality. Out here in Gatun Lake one finds it difficult to realize that we are traversing a continental pathway. Where the Great Divide looms straight ahead and the mountains take on majestic heights it seems incongruous that a ship of commerce, or perchance a great battle ship should be floating over the waters of this inland sea, penetrating the heart of the tropics at an altitude of 85 feet.

Were we assured that we were in some landlocked lake in the Adirondacks it would seem more real and we look around for the familiar birch bark canoe to carry out the similitude. But in looking out gaze is once more held by the lithographed landscape and the comparison vanishes.

Again we find the illusion destroyed as we sight the light houses of glistening concrete, tucked away landward as range lights to guide the mariner over the waters of the lake at night.

The route leads directly over the site of the abandoned town of Gargona where the top of the base ball pavilion can be seen about a foot above the surface of the lake. But on the whole the scene along this portion of the lake will be one of wilderness, of jungle and forest backed by a curtain of rugged mountains.

At Bas Obispo the vessel enters Culabra Cut where the passage for nine miles has a bottom width of 300 feet. Here is where the greatest amount of actual digging took place and it is a fact that here is the last work of finishing. As the work progressed the nature of the soil was such that land slides were the bane of the engineers. There was nothing to do but let it slide and then carry it away. When the waters were turned in it was expected that the counter pressure would have a tendency to offset the difficulty, but the slides still occur and the last work on the canal is about this cut where the dredges are working night and day cleaning out the channel.

There has been in all 26 slides in Culabra Cut, making an additional twelve million cubic yards of material for the canal diggers to remove. This is some task in itself and yet the canal will be finished and in fact is finished on time.

When I say the canal is finished I mean just this. The canal can be used for military purposes now at any time. The only work remaining is that of cleaning on the sides of the big cut. Dredges have been passed through the locks, the water has been turned in and the canal is a perfect working success. There remains plenty of work, and there will always be work of some kind in connection with the big enterprise. The matter of fortifications the breakwaters and docks will all come after, but this is not, in a sense, part of the building of the canal. These are necessary because of the canal but the canal part is built.

At Pedro Miguel where the summit level ends, a lock lowers the vessel to a small lake, with surface at about 55 foot level above the sea. At a distance of about a mile and a half beyond, the flight locks on Miraflores are encountered. Thru the vessel descends to tidewater and continues its way to the Pacific by way of a channel eight and one-half miles in length and 500 feet wide at the bottom. The depth of the canal throughout is forty-five feet except at the Atlantic entrance where the bottom will lie forty-one feet at mean tide.

The great problem of the canal as I have pointed out previously was first to make it possible for men to live in the zone. This being settled the next problem was the impounding of the waters of the Chagres river and the construction of the locks and spillway. The engineering difficulties here overcome have aroused the admiration of the whole world, both for the speed of accomplishment and the stability of the completed work.

There is little in figures; one cannot grasp the immensity of the undertaking until one stands in the shadow of this giant enterprise. For instance I am told that the actual amount of cement poured in the construction of these locks is placed at two and a quarter million cubic yards. This seems like a lot of cement but to me it really means nothing. But when I stood in contemplation before these giant stairways and realized that there were twelve of them all in duplicate and that any one of them would stand up even with a six story building, I could understand something of their magnitude. And then when I realized that ninety-two leaves were used to operate these several locks and that the electric controlled devices for operating them were controlled by a mechanism that worked as smooth as clock work, there came home to me that down here under the vertical rays of the tropics, sun our American brethren had been really doing something. And when

one considers the effect all this will have on the future history of the world we are prone to swell up a trifle over the fact that we are alive in an age when big things are the regular order.

Just briefly let us look over this new American possession which is so small in area so big in consequences. The Canal Zone contains about 436 square miles. It begins at a point three marine miles from mean low water mark in each ocean and extends for five miles on each side of the center route of the canal. It includes the group of islands in the bay of Panama named Perico, Naos, Culabra and Flamenco. The cities of Panama and Colon are excluded from the Zone territory, but the United States has the right to enforce sanitary ordinances in these cities. Of the 436 square miles the United States owns about 353 and 73 are held in private ownership. Under the treaty with Panama the United States has the right to acquire by purchase or by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, any lands or properties necessary for the protection or maintenance of the canal and can therefore acquire the remaining land at any time. The population of the Canal Zone outside of Colon and Panama is 62,000.

This is the strip of land lying down near the waistline of the universe on which the eyes of a whole world are resting at this time; and this is the property which means so much toward the development of trade with our sister republics in South America, and so much for our own military protection.

What it will mean in a commercial way is the big factor, for while we may get into a war and need the canal at some time, we will surely get busy with commerce at once and will need the canal all the time. What it will mean in a commercial way is the item fraught with big interest and I shall look into that matter in my next letter.

Lou D. MacWathy

Our Boys in Blue

A Memorial Day Poem Dedicated to the G. A. R.

SLEEP sweet and rest, brave ones!
The air is teeming
With sunshine golden and with
bird song gay.
Sleep sweet and rest. The blossoms
fair are leaning
Their bright cheeks on your graves
the livelong day.
Above you floats the flag so well de-
fended,
The dear old flag—the stars and
stripes we love.
Hither your comrades true their way
have wended
Their loyalty and loving praise to
prove.



NEITHER YOUR COMRADES TRUE THEIR
WAY HAVE WENDED,
THEIR LOYALTY AND LOVING PRAISE TO
PROVE.

Softly and solemn plays the dirge
above you.
With bowed heads turning gray and
growing old
Stand silently the comrades brave
who love you,
Whose days will soon be as a tale
that's told.
Sleep, then, brave hearts, with pale
hands folded meekly;
Sleep sweet and take your rest, brave
hearts and true.
Like lilies fair your memory blossoms
sweetly
Forever in our hearts, O boys in blue!
—Harriet Franconie Crocker.

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