

FIGHTING QUALITIES of The AUSTRIAN



Count Lacy, an Austrian General of Irish Ancestry.



Tzerias, Count of Tilly, Distinguished in Hungarian Wars.

BY RICHARD G. CONOVER.
FOR generations the soldier of Austria has been the military martyr of Europe. His lot and his role in the present great war may demand a repetition of his martyrdom. Fate has made him the foil of glory in the past—the flint upon which the rival nations have struck their steel for battle spark. He has fought and fought, and will fight again; but the records show that he has suffered defeat much oftener than the fighting men of the other great states and has profited far less from his lean list of victories.



Andreas Hofer, who Led the Rebellion Against the French.

And this defeat distinction is not deserving of gibe. To suffer overthrow one must engage in battle. Austria has never slipped out of a fight and her soldier has ever marched forward and never murmured. His endurance and perseverance through decades of conflict, when not a single star of past victory gave a hope-pleasure to guide or cheer, make him well worthy of epic. His marital optimism has made him the ever rallying point and faith-center of war.



Austrian Hussar and Infantryman, Period of the Seven Years' War, 1756-1763.

blend is enough to puncture patriotism beyond repair. Still the Austrian soldier "is there with the fight." At home curbing outbreak, and abroad trying to uphold national prestige, he has been kept busy. And he has no pivotal conquest point from which to date an animating impetus. Austrian accessions come in a great measure from wedding bargains, marriage inheritances and diplomatic connivances, and not through the sword. There is connected with gaining them no martial epoch around which shines the inviting light of battle incentive—no memorable struggle for independence, no building up of a nation from nothing through brave deeds and sacrifices.

Instead there is a constant slipping away, or dwindling, and a loss of the few fruits of valor. It has been so now for, at least 175 years. Still the Austrian soldier has fought on. His defense against Turkish invasion is understandable, but his aggressive battling in the face of continued defeat is not. The fighting man of Austria rises to his knees at the bugle call, grips his musket, gets on his feet and mutters "I'm ready!"

In turning the glass on the battling accomplishments of the Austrian soldier it must be borne in mind that he has done a great deal of fighting while blended with his German-speaking kinsmen of the Holy Roman or German Empire, of which he was but a part. When the empire waged war as a whole it was impossible to segregate his deeds from those of the other states. For this reason, although the fighting man of Austria has performed valiantly for centuries, it is only since 1741, or at the beginning of the war of the Austrian succession, that his national militancy has stood out to world notice.

During the period between 1741 and 1866 the soldier of Austria engaged in seven periods of conflict and was whipped so often that it seemed a habit. In the war of the Austrian succession, waged to decide whether or not Maria Theresa of Austria was to succeed her father on the throne of that country, he was well trounced at Molwitz, Ho-

trounced at Jemmapes by the convention army of France under Dumouriez. At Rouremonte General Jourdan beat the Austrian again, October 6, 1794. Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1796 brought the defeat of the Austrian soldier at Lodi, Brescia, Castiglione, Bozardo and Bassano. Again he was beaten by the young conqueror at Arcole and completely routed at Rivoli, Mantua and 20,000 Austrians fell into Napoleon's hands as a consequence. The treaty of peace stipulated that France acquire all the Austrian Netherlands.

In 1798 the combined armies of Russia and Austria won a number of minor successes on Italian battle grounds, the French Generals Moreau and Joubert being the losers. In 1809 Generals Soult and Massena were also defeated, and the tally for the Austrian soldier in these affairs raised his hopes. However, Napoleon, having settled the political situation after his return from Egypt, turned his attention to Italian conditions. June 14, 1800, after a surprising march across the Alps, he defeated the Austrian army in the famous battle of Marengo, regaining for France all Italian territory lost during two years of piecemeal losses. And Napoleon's army was but little more than half that of Austria. General Moreau inflicted another crushing defeat on the Austrian soldier at Hohenlinden, December 3, 1800.

On October 28, 1805, the Austrian soldier was badly beaten at Ulm by Napoleon in a series of engagements that led to the surrender of the place with 30,000 men. Again, on December 2, 1805, the Austro-Russian army was cut in pieces at Austerlitz, one of the most famous of famous battles, the allies losing 10,000 killed, 23,000 prisoners and 120 pieces of cannon. April 22, 1809, the Austrian soldier put up a hard fight against Napoleon at Eckmuhl, but was beaten, and again on his retreat at Ratisbon. But May 21 and 23 he came back under Archduke Charles and at Essling and Aspern caused the great Napoleon to retire July 4, however, Bonaparte having been reinforced the Austrian fighting man went down to defeat again at the celebrated battle of Wagram. At Leipzig, the Austrian soldier joined with the Russian and the Prus-



Wenceslaus Wallenstein, who Equipped and Maintained an Army of 50,000 Men.

This was in June, 1757. At Leuthen, shortly afterward, Frederick beat the Austrian soldier again. But he came back at Frederick, at Kunersdorf somewhat, being aided by a large Russian army. At Leignitz once more the Austrian soldier succumbed. The war ended with the Prussians keeping Silesia and Glatz, over which the conflict had been waged. Generals Count Daun, Count Lacy and Gideon Loudon were Frederick's famous opponents.

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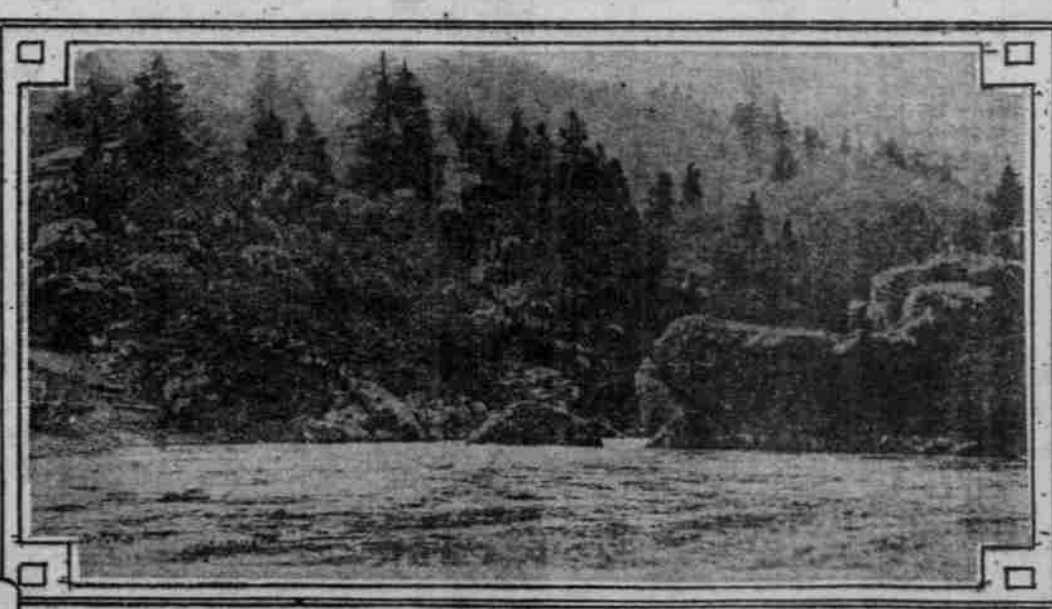
Down the Swift Rogue River In A Rowboat



Entering the Devil's Chair Canyon.



The Mouth of Hell's Gate.



The Rogue Near Galice!

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL.
TO go down the raging Rogue River from Grants Pass to the sea in a little more than 13 hours "running time" was the recent swift and remarkable feat of Alva Gunnell, a mining engineer of the Southern Oregon city. Mr. Gunnell, like men of his

type, believe most heartily in red-blooded sport, and in running the rapids, cataracts and breakers of this mad river, he found something that met his desire in every particular. With him, on the trip, went a companion—another fellow who wanted sport of the real kind—and a third man, a half-breed who knows the Rogue perfectly and who acted as guide and general director of the expedition. The trio outfitted at Grants Pass, tak-

ing for the trip a fishing boat, flat-bottomed and of very staunch build. This type of boat was needed to carry the load, and to withstand the hard pounding of the rapids and rocks. Mr. Gunnell declares that the Rogue is no place to attempt a run on a Peter-boat or a light canoe. Also, he would advise no one to attempt the run unless accompanied by a guide who actually knows the river. And in this regard, it should be added, that there are few rivers in Oregon, and very few in all America, that are as little known

as the Rogue from Grants Pass to the sea. There was only one stretch of the river where oars had to be used; this was from Grants Pass to the entrance of Hell's Gate. Even over this stretch there are rapids that would make upstream going an impossibility. Hell's Gate is about 15 miles below Grants Pass and is the White Horse Rapids of the Yukon multiplied by 10. Even so, it proved very tame as compared with rapids and cataracts struck lower down the stream. Hell's Gate, however, is typical of all lower Rogue River—with sheer walls of stone, narrow, crooked and swift.

The only portage was round Reuben Falls, below Galice, and at a point where the Rogue cuts a shoulder off Mount Reuben. This fall is between 12 and 14 feet high—a sort of succession of falls, not too much for salmon to ascend, but a little too much for a row-boat to safely descend. The portage was made in a few hours' time, however, and from here on to the mouth of Mule Creek, or "navigation" on the lower river, the adventurers were on a stream about as little known as Mr. Roosevelt's fabled river of South America.

Shortly after leaving the falls, the river surges, or rather boils into a succession of narrow, deep and turbulent slits that form the passage-way for the Rogue across the Coast Mountains. The walls are in many places 2000 feet high. And the river, in places, is so narrow that the boat would hardly have run through had it not crossed broadside. In fact, to have got crossed in the "Devil's Stairs," as the lower gorge is known, would mean instant disaster. For the whole river is confined to a passage that is but little more than 20 or 25 feet across in many places. Once in this gorge, there is no turning back, no stopping, no possibility of getting through or going to the bottom. Gunnell and his companions got through!