

LEGENDS *of the* LEGIONARIES

ORIGINS • OF • THE • CUSTOMS • AND • SAYINGS • OF • THE • FIGHTING • MEN : *by* W.A. WINDAS :



• ARCHIMEDES •

Although no soldier himself, Archimedes was the father of all artillerymen. He designed many weapons for defense of Syracuse against the Romans. By skilled use of triangulation, he enabled catapult crews to score hits at incredible ranges, and kept the Roman fleet at a distance. Syracuse was finally taken, however, from the land side.

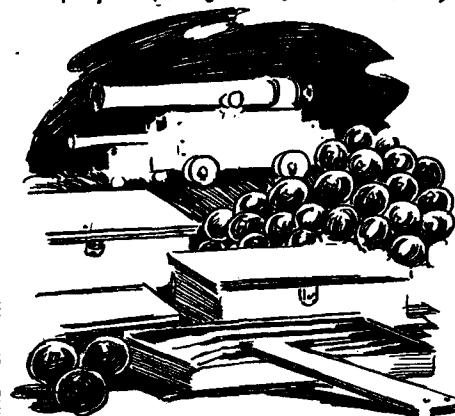


• THE POINTED SWORD •

While all ancient nations used swords, most preferred the pointless "chopper" type. The Romans, however, soon learned the true advantage of the thrust, and beat the others for 1000 years.

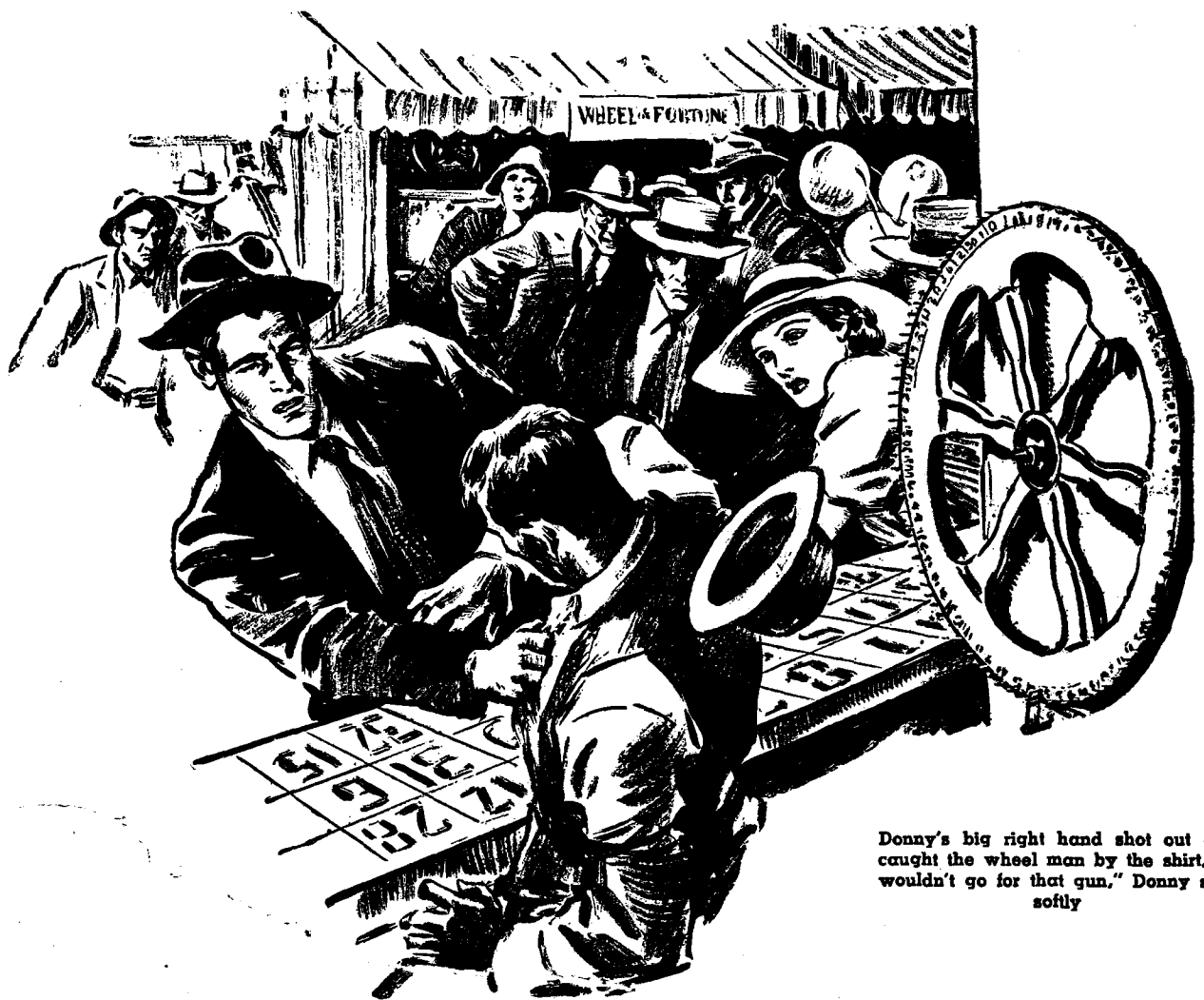
• CAPTURE OF BELGRADE •

The Yugoslav capital has been the scene of much historic fighting. Once it fell under Turkish domination for 160 years, all for lack of \$24.00. (The city's rulers bought plenty of ammunition, but could not raise the extra money needed to pay shipping charges to Belgrade.)



• NAPOLEON'S FIFTH COLUMN •

Napoleon enticed the soldiers of conquered nations into his service by offering better food than that of the defeated army. The French ration, while poor by modern standards, was excellent for the period, and seems to have been responsible for an effective "fifth column".



Donny's big right hand shot out and caught the wheel man by the shirt. "I wouldn't go for that gun," Donny said softly

As Long as the River

By Thomas W. Duncan

Author of "When the Wind Blows," "Cable to Tahiti," etc.

The log-rafts were gone, and the river boats, and the brawling feuds of that brave era. But while two men still fought the old way, the raftsmen's code could not die

SOMETIMES in those days you could still see a stray steamboat tied up at Broken Ax, but mostly the river flowed empty of traffic. The log-rafts were gone. The packets were nearly gone; and that night when Donny McDermott came back he traveled by the evening local.

He'd been gone a dozen years—west, north, any old place where he could add to his pile—and when he strode down Front Street he thought maybe a boom had hit the town, there were so many people.

Now and then he recognized some face dimly, but nobody knew him. He'd cleared out at fourteen, and the years had muscled him up considerably. He stood over six feet tall now, with the shoulders and lean stomach and

powerful legs that a man that big should have. A generation before he would have been a raftsman. Built for it. He had a raftsman's disposition, too, when he let himself go.

"What's happening?" he asked the clerk in the Commercial House. "Did they strike gold here?"

The clerk said he hadn't smelled any gold in that town. "If you mean all the people," he added, "it's the carnival they've come in for."

Donny asked, "Does old man Matthews still run the Rivermen's bank?"

"Fred Matthews? Sure, he still runs it. Do you know him?"

"I used to."

Donny tried to keep the hate out of his voice when he talked about Fred Matthews. He'd waited a long time to come back and even things up, but he was going to play the game cold and smooth. He'd never end anywhere except in the jug if he tried rough-housing. Rough-housing had gone out on the Upper Mississippi along with the packets. . . .

After supper, he moved along Front Street, sizing up