

Battle Ahead in Illinois



Illinois primary ballots may carry the names of these two gentle-men if Colonel McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, accepts the challenge of Mr. Willkie to run as a Republican presidential candidate in 1944.

Monty Takes Time Out for Tea

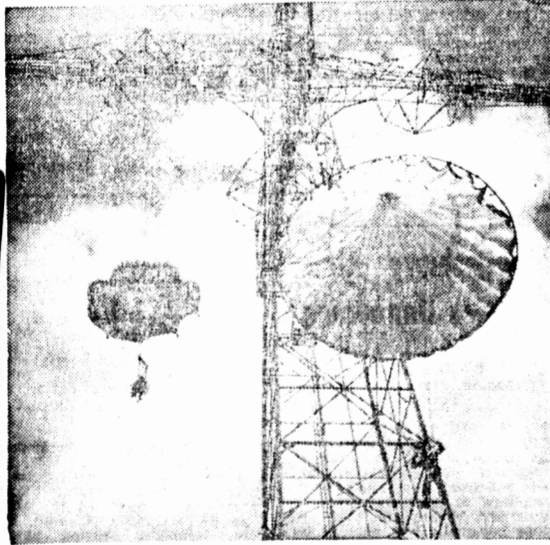


Still wearing the famous black beret which became his "trademark" during the Tunisian campaign, General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, commander of the British 8th Army, is seen out for a cup of tea, during a roadside pause with members of his staff in a Sicilian orchard.

The Germans Passed Here



Nazi sadists evidently receive "inspiration" from photos like this, for they are frequently found on dead Germans in Russia. These victims of a Hitler henchman in an abandoned Soviet village speak eloquently for the brutality of our common enemy.



Two Canadian paratroopers are pictured (left) descending together in a controlled parachute jump from the 258 foot steel training tower now in operation at Camp Ebb, Man., training centre for Canadian paratroopers. The "chutists" sit together in a chair suspended from a parachute. This is the first stage of training on the tower. In foreground another paratrooper is being raised on one of the free arms of the tower. On reaching the top this chute will be released to permit a "free" jump exactly as from a plane. (Canadian Army Photo)

FUN IN WORK

Frequently it will interest a child in home duties when mother makes a list of things to be done and pencil alongside the list.

There are very few youngsters who will not get a kick out of crossing off each accomplished chore. Lancelot, a wormlike fish, attach themselves in chains of six to swim about the sea bottom.

War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press) JULY 22, 1918— Allied troops crossed the Marne at Chassins and Passy and Germans continued to retreat north of Chateau Thierry; powerful German counter-attacks between the Curoc and Marne repulsed. French successful at Montdidier, on Western front.

Desert Destiny

By Joseph Chaitwick

CHAPTER XIX

Tracy, emerging from the ranch house shortly after Jim rode away, had seen Ruth overtake him and ride on toward the village with him. The sight of those two together made her strangely angry. She dashed at a stubby growth of cactus with her riding quilt as she turned toward the corral. Clint Hanlon saw her through his office window and came out to catch and saddle a pony for her. When he had helped her to mount, he stood looking up at her with a smile. There was something about that smile and about the expression in his eyes that made Tracy recall that Pete Donohue had said the ranch manager was interested in her. Nervously, she smiled back at him. "We had a little trouble while you were away last night. Probably, you've heard about it. Jose was acting up again." "I hear Phil Garrison took a gun away from him," Hanlon said. "Yes—it was a risky thing to do, but he handled it well." "He's a bit different from the other Garrisons." Tracy nodded. "Yes, quite a bit different." That wasn't surprising, she thought. He was different from the Garrisons because he wasn't a Garrison. Hanlon said, "He came to me this morning for information about the ranch. He wanted to know why it isn't making money and whether I thought the Senora should sell out, as Hanlon wants."

"And you told him?" "I gave him my opinion, Tracy—and you know what this is. I believe the ranch is doomed under Garrison ownership." "I can't agree with you, Clint—not now, at least." He frowned. Do you mean not now because this Phil Garrison has come? He's no stockman. "He could be anything he wants to be," Tracy replied. "Why don't you and he get together, Clint—work and plan to build up the ranch." Hanlon didn't answer immediately. His eyes shifted away, and his dark face took on a stubborn look. "Then: 'I'm only an employe here. I do what I'm told to do, no more.' His eyes came back to Tracy. "There's only one person here who could make me want to see the ranch go on. That's you, Tracy." "What do you mean, Clint?" He hesitated, then said, "I'm not yet ready to explain." He gave her another smile and stepped back. As she rode away she was more than a little puzzled. If Clint Hanlon had tried to tell her he loved her, his love-making was terribly crude. Then she decided that Clint was incapable of being really in love. Was he playing up to be because he thought that someday, on the Senora's death, she would become part owner of the ranch? And yet, how could he know that the Senora had made such a promise to her. Tracy rode far, taking a seldom traveled trail that led to the hills. She followed an arroyo that ran between rock cliffs, then climbed the trail to a crest overlooking a small valley. Reining in, she suddenly stiffened. Below and across the valley stood two saddled horses. The riders had dismounted and were beside a spring bubbling from a formation of rock. Jim Conroy and Ruth Garrison. Tracy watched them, felt a tightening in her chest. Jim was supporting Ruth as the girl leaned over the spring to drink. Now Ruth raised up and turned—turned into Jim's arms and remained there. An instant later, Jim bent his head and kissed her. A pang shot through Tracy. Abruptly, she turned her horse away. She knew she was jealous—admitted it to herself. She was jealous because, for a while, she had thought herself in love with Jim and because she had never been held in his arms and kissed. Jim, finding Ruth in his arms, had kissed her on impulse, but her response was more than he had bargained for. She slid her arms about his neck and clung to him. After a moment, he reached up, disengaged her arms and put her from him. "That was no cousinly kiss," he said. "My dear, I was right about you—you are a flirt." "Cousin Phil," Ruth sighed. "Why do you have to be that?" He turned away and walked to the horses. Ruth followed him. He held her stirrup for her as she mounted, then gave her a frowning look. "This has got to end here," he told her. "Next time, you ride with Pete Donohue. He's your game."



"Tell the women.."

"Things are really humming. My big regret is that I'm going to be out of the show for a while. Now another fellow has to take my place. The question is who's going to take his place? That's where the women come in. They've got to take over any jobs in the forces they can do. Tell them that. They'll understand. They won't let us down."

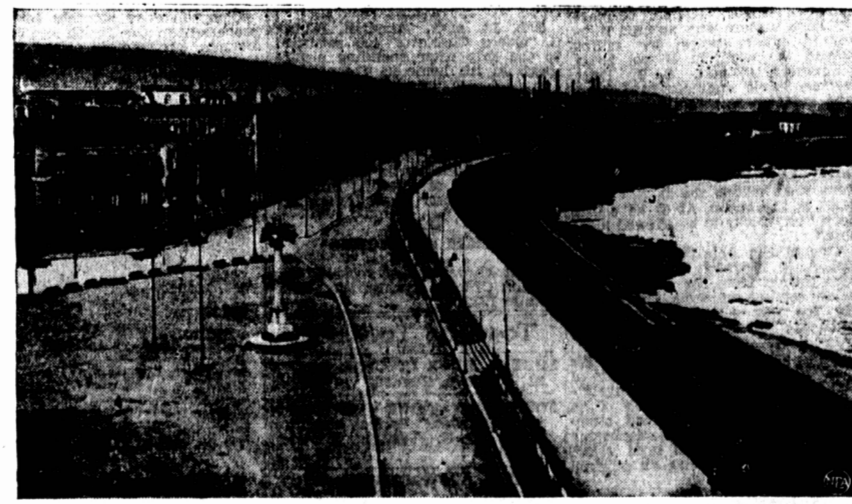
Women are urgently needed in the Navy, Army and Air Force. If you realize how great the need actually is, you'd join the other women in the services and get behind your men. Enlist now.

"It's a Woman's War, Too"

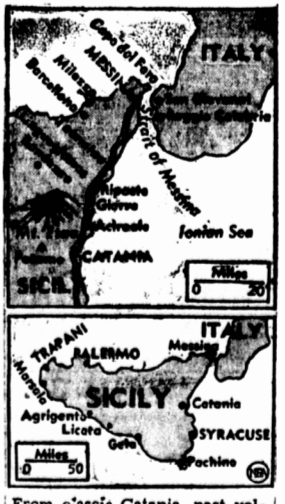
WRCNS . CWAC . RCAF

Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service Canadian Women's Army Corps Royal Canadian Air Force

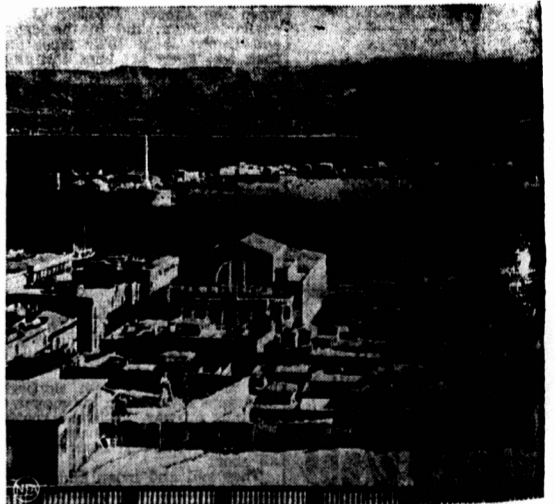
CATANIA AND MESSINA ARE TOP TARGETS ON SICILY'S EAST COAST



Catania, with its port and airfield, became an important Allied objective after the fall of Syracuse and Augusta farther south. This picture shows the waterfront of this city on Sicily's east coast.



From classic Catania, past volcanic Mt. Etna and up to the point where Sicily is closest to Italy runs the road to Messina that is an Allied highway of conquest.



When Allies reach Messina, at the northeast tip of Sicily, they will be in sight of the Italian mainland. Here are some of the modern buildings in Messina, the hook-shaped harbor and, in the background, the coast and hills of Italy.