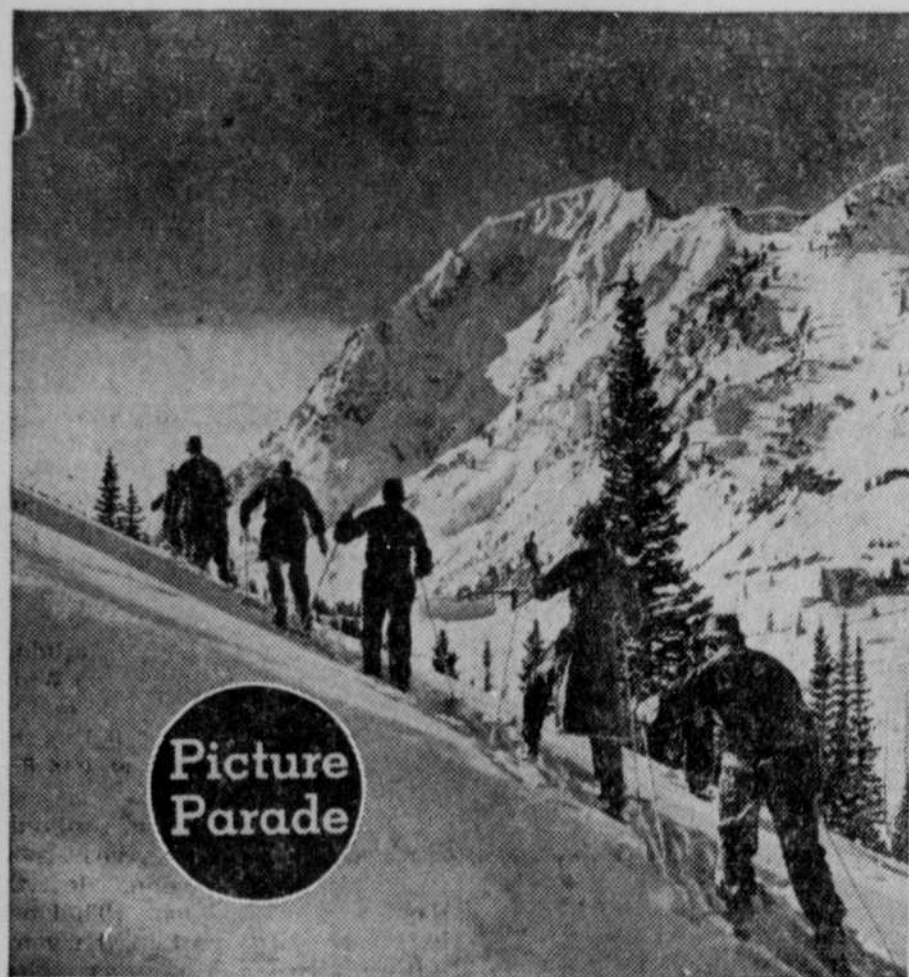


With U. S. Para-Ski Troopers

Para-ski troopers in training near Salt Lake City are advancing rapidly from embryo skiers to full-fledged experts. Some of these trainees had never seen snow until they arrived here.



Picture Parade

Troopers move swiftly and silently on cross country training run. Beautiful Mt. Superior can be seen in the background.



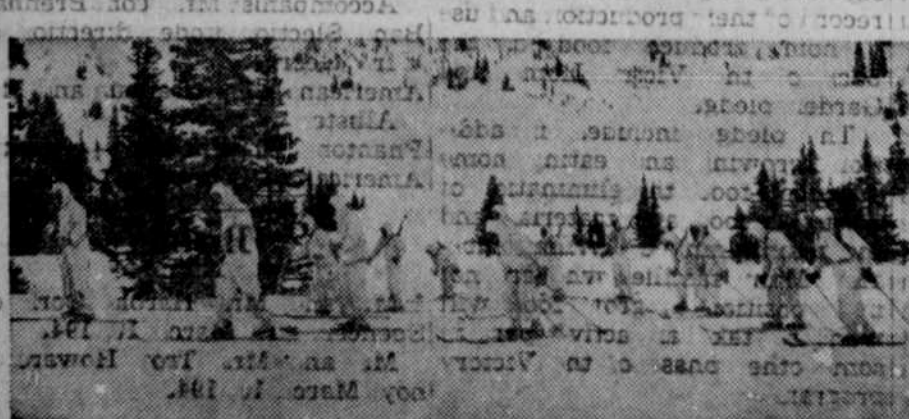
Gliding swiftly and silently atop Mt. Baldy, para-ski troopers take on moral and physical fiber.



Capt. Arthur Gorham, commander of Company B, 503rd parachute battalion, shown on this and ready for action.



Going down the mountain is one thing, but going up is another. Here you see para-ski troopers using the ski lift at Alta Lodge.



Short Story of the Week

A Tale About Two Snobs Who Found Themselves in Love...

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT

IT WAS startling and unbelievable, but quite true. Miriam had fallen in love after meeting the man only two weeks ago. Silly, yes. But a fact. She knew it was a fact because they had had their first quarrel, and you don't quarrel with a man unless—

Miriam tried to give her attention to Carlton Masters, who sat beside her at the wheel of the roadster. But this was hard, because a picture of Gilbert Sales, the man with whom she'd quarreled, kept projecting itself in her mind. This was annoying. Carlton had asked her to go to the country club dance and she had accepted. She ought at least to try to act civil toward him.

Accepting Carlton's invitation was the first step in putting Gilbert Sales in his proper place. Gilbert would be at the country club dance, too, and when he saw her there with Carlton he'd realize that he couldn't call her a little snob and get away with it. He'd ask her to dance, or cut in anyway, and Miriam knew exactly how she'd act when this happened. Of course she was going to let him make up. Even though she hated the man. Because if she didn't, how could she ever expect to teach him the lesson he deserved?

Miriam squirmed in her seat, recalling for the hundredth time that awful moment when Gilbert Sales had called her a snob and a flirt. Whom did he think he was talking to like that, anyway? Oh, she'd bring him to his knees with a vengeance!

The country club was crowded when Miriam and Carlton arrived.



Gilbert, why have you avoided me all evening?

They were late, which was Miriam's idea, as she liked to arrive places after everyone else was there. She liked to stand in the doorway for a moment, looking around sort of casually, seemingly oblivious but wholly aware that most everybody had turned to stare at her admiringly. Oh, Miriam knew she was pretty—about the prettiest girl who had ever come to Rocky Point.

Miriam stood in the doorway, as per her custom, and looked around, but she didn't see Gilbert Sales. This was annoying, because she had expected that Gilbert would be there waiting for her, even standing near the entrance with a dull, hopeless look in his eyes.

But Gilbert wasn't near the entrance or on the floor, and it wasn't until a half hour later that Miriam saw him, and then it was she who was watching the entrance and Gilbert, who arrived and stood looking casually around. Gilbert was waiting for Anne Raleigh, who had left the room, but joined him presently and stood looking around casually, too.

Miriam was furious. It hadn't occurred to her that Gilbert would take someone else to the dance, above all, Anne Raleigh. Anne was a brunette and had black eyes and knew how to wear her clothes.

It was maddening. Just wait until Gilbert asked her to dance, or cut in! She had it all planned. She'd let him make up first. Oh, she'd be very sweet about that. Then equally as sweetly she'd lead him on, and then when all of Rocky Point was just about ready to expect an announcement of the engagement she'd throw him over. Flat. Drop him like a hot potato. Make him the laughing stock of the resort. Oh, it would be a delicious revenge.

When Miriam was in a position to see the door again, Gilbert and Anne were gone. She saw them dancing together. Anne's black head tucked under Gilbert's chin, and this made her blood boil. She waited, black vengeance in her heart. There was nothing of appeal or misery in his eyes. He seemed perfectly content.

And he didn't ask her to dance, either, or cut in. The evening wore on, and Miriam began to experience little sensations of panic. Perhaps when she glanced at him she hadn't injected the old "Come hither" look in her eyes, that had always been her main support. Perhaps she had let too much of her true feelings reflect themselves.

And so the next time she passed Anne and Gilbert she smiled in a manner that should have proved devastating. But Gilbert only grinned back in that maddening, amiable fashion he had.

was weak from the strain. But she rallied nobly. Now was her chance. "Hello Gilbert," she said sweetly.

"Hello," said Gilbert matter-of-factly. "Nice dance."

"Beginning now it is," said Miriam.

Gilbert grinned. "You women are certainly gluttons for punishment. I'm about dead."

Miriam was furious. He hadn't caught her meaning at all. Why, he acted as though they'd never even quarreled. A terrible thought struck her. Could he have forgotten? Lord! Was that all the impression she'd made?

"You weren't so agreeable the last time we were together."

He looked surprised. "No? When was that?"

Miriam's eyes blazed. "When was it? It was a week ago last night. We were out sailing. You called me a snob!"

"Oh, that?" Gilbert grinned. "Say, you've got a memory! I'd forgotten."

Tears were on the verge of brimming in Miriam's eyes. She could have died. She could have killed Gilbert Sales. He hadn't even remembered!

The music suddenly stopped, and Gilbert said: "Let's step outside. I'm boiling hot."

He seemed to take her acceptance of the suggestion for granted because he stepped through the french doors, and there was nothing for Miriam to do except follow. Gilbert leaned against the rail and lit a cigarette. "What a night," he said, looking at the moon.

"Gilbert, why have you avoided me all evening?"

"Avoided you? Why, my dear, I—"

He paused, looking down at her, and suddenly his lips set grimly. "Because," he finished, "you're a snob!"

"I know it, Gilbert. I am. But I'm going to try and change."

Gilbert choked over some cigarette smoke, coughed and fought for air. Presently he retrieved his voice. "Good lord! You, Miriam Van Allen, admitting you're a snob! Saying you're going to change! He shook his head. "No. It isn't true. It's too—preposterous!"

"But it is true, Gilbert. I am a snob. And I am going to change." There was no doubting the genuineness of her statement. Gilbert knew she meant it. He looked down, and saw only a meek and wholly submissive little girl. Something caught in his throat. He reached out and took her in his arms. She yielded. His lips found hers. He crushed her to him, held her securely for long moments.

At length he drew away. "Miriam—I—love you!"

"And I love you, Gilbert. Oh, so very much. I—I've known it all the time, but I was too much of a snob to admit it. You must believe me. It's the first time in my life I've ever humbled myself. I—I had to, when you said you'd forgotten—about our quarrel. I was conceited enough to think I'd made more of an impression than that."

"But you did, darling. A whole lot more. I didn't forget. I lied. It was pride, I guess. If I let you know how I felt I thought you'd gloat over it. I—I'm too much of a snob. I can't stand being humiliated."

And Miriam drew his face down to hers. "Neither can I, darling. Ever again."

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

Czar Founded Leningrad As 'Window to West'
Leningrad is in northwestern Russia. It is the second largest city in the Soviet Union.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

End of the Trail

WHEN Capt. James H. Cook died recently on his 15,000-acre Agate Springs ranch in Sioux county Neb., the passing of this 84-year-old Westerner broke one of the few remaining links between the present and that era in American history epitomized in the phrase "the Wild West." For "Captain Jim" was an authentic frontiersman—a cowboy who trailed Texas longhorns north to the roaring cow towns of Kansas and Nebraska, a guide and big game hunter, a scout for the United States army in the last of the Indian wars and a pioneer ranchman in the heart of the Indian country in western Nebraska.

A descendant of Captain James Cook, the famous English explorer, the future frontiersman was born in southern Michigan August 26, 1857. His father was a seafaring man but young Cook did not choose to follow in his sire's footsteps. "I think the spirit of the hunter was in me at birth," he once said and, as a boy, he became an expert marksman with the rifle.

By the time he was 17, the call of adventure had taken him west—to Kansas, where he found a job as a herder near old Fort Harker. Then he went to Texas with some cowboys who had brought a herd up the trail from the Lone Star state. In San Antonio he became acquainted with the redoubtable "Big Foot" Wallace who liked the "shorthorn"



CAPT. JAMES H. COOK From a photograph taken in 1886

kid so much that he gave young Cook one of the best of his three-year-old colts. But Cook didn't remain a tenderfoot long. Within a year he was working as a cowboy for the famous Ben Slaughter and during the next four or five years he became one of the most expert "brushpoppers" in the cattle country. During this time also he helped trail many a herd north to the Indian agencies in Nebraska and the Dakotas, became acquainted with the Sioux Indians and laid the foundation for a lifelong friendship with such famous chiefs as old Red Cloud, Young Man Afraid of His Horses, Little Wound and American Horse.

At Fort Laramie he met Baptiste Garnier, famous on the frontier as "Little Bat," hunter and army scout. Under the tutelage of "Little Bat," young Cook became a skilled big game hunter and in 1878 he made his last trip up the trail as a cow waddie. At Cheyenne, Wyo., he fell in with "Wild Horse Charlie" Alexander, renowned for his skill in capturing wild mustangs. The two men became partners in supplying game for the markets in Cheyenne and other towns along the Union Pacific railroad.

During the next four years Cook served as a guide for many a hunting party of Easterners and Englishmen in the wilds of Wyoming and this led directly to his being employed by one of them—Harold C. Wilson of Cheltenham, England C. Wilson took charge of the ranch which Wilson purchased in southwestern New Mexico. Cook was manager of the "W S" ranch until 1887 and during that time he won his greatest fame as a scout by serving with the United States troops in running down the Apache leader, Geronimo, after his last outbreak in 1885-6.

In the meantime Cook had purchased the ranch in western Nebraska which was to be his home for the next 50 years. At the time of the Ghost Dance excitement among the Sioux in 1890-91 he performed valuable service for the army because he was one of the few white men whom the Indians trusted. Ever afterwards they were frequent visitors at his Agate Springs ranch and when he died on January 27, 1942, there was sadness among the Oglala Sioux for they had lost their good friend, "Little Eagle."

In 1923 his autobiography was published by the Yale University Press under the title of "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier" and the introduction to that volume was written by Gen. Charles King, who served as a lieutenant and adjutant of the "Fighting Fifth" cavalry in the Sioux and Apache wars. In it General King paid tribute to "the scouts of the Plains, men famous in song and story, of whom Kit Carson and Jim Bridger in the early days and "Buffalo Bill" Cody and, later still, "Captain Jim" Cook were the shining lights."

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