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MISS CASSELL, THIS PLACE
PRESENTED A RECITAL
 The recital presented by Miss Maryfrances Cassell, violin artist at St. Bartholomew Church, 50th and Park Ave., New York last Wednesday evening was well attended and

received a fine ovation, at her first appearance in New York. Miss Cassell resides with her grandmother, Mrs. J. C. Cassell, on South Market street, and is well known here, having appeared locally at Rotary and Lion's Clubs.

She was reared in Oklahoma City, studied in Paris also Juilliard School of Music at Boston, Mass., and made a complete tour of New Mexico, and various cities in the States.

Mrs. Walter Sloan, of this place was her accompanist and has appeared in many recitals professionally. Mrs. Sloan is a teacher of piano and voice, received her degree at Temple and was music supervisor of the Avon Grove School System, Chester Co., before coming to Mount Joy.

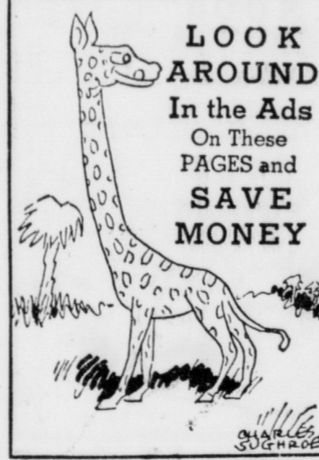
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SHORT STORY
Impossible Journey
 By SHIRLEY RAY

IT WAS the fifth morning in a row so Mrs. Laughton was not surprised. She slipped out of bed quietly, reached for a robe, and put it over her shoulders.

Before dawn, every morning of that week, her four-year-old daughter had awakened her with gentle but insistent tugs to tell her about the dream she'd just had. Had they been nightmares, Mrs. Laughton would have been eager to get up to comfort a frightened child, but they were never nightmares. They were always gay and fanciful dreams that made the little girl's small face glow with wonder and delight.

So Mrs. Laughton, as on the other mornings, took Ellen into the kitchen and poured a glass of milk for each of them.

With both small hands wrapped around her glass, the little girl sat on the edge of a too large chair and with shining eyes, eagerly told her dream.

"I DREAMED I was sleeping, Mommy, and that the North Wind stopped right outside my window and called my name. He said, 'Ellen—Ellen—wake up and come to the window. Then I'll put you on my shoulder and take you for a ride with me.'"

Mrs. Laughton took a drink from her glass of milk. This dream was going to be very much like the others. Something or someone—once a bluebird, once a fairy—she couldn't recall what the others were—came to the window and offered to take Ellen on an impossible journey. Mrs. Laughton yawned. She would like to have put her daughter to bed and ended the tale at once, but the thought of Mr. Laughton and his sure-to-be-bed disposition made her ask patiently, "What did the North Wind look like, dear?" Ellen was enthusiastic.

"He was green," she declared importantly.

Mrs. Laughton thought to herself. "She doesn't know one color from another."

The child continued. "He had long pointy green shoes and long green hair and a long green nose." The wide eyes and little blonde head leaned forward and the small voice became confidential. "He was all green except for the buckles on his shoes. They were silver and shaped like stars and they sparkled so bright that I had to blink



"We went way up high over the houses and trees."

my eyes as we went through the air."

Mrs. Laughton yawned again. Ellen didn't notice.

"After I climbed onto his shoulder," she said, "we went way up high over all the houses and trees. We woke the leaves and they made shivering noises whenever we passed by. We stirred the dust from the streets so they would be clean for morning."

"BUT soon he said that he must take me back home because there were other towns he had to visit before the night was over. So," (she sounded genuinely disappointed) "we came back to my window. He lifted me down from his shoulder, said goodnight and went away—way up in the sky."

"That's fine, dear—such a fine dream," she said, and added hastily, "Now let's go back to bed."

It was morning. Mr. Laughton had left for the office a couple of hours ago, and Ellen was playing in the yard.

Mrs. Laughton made Ellen's small bed. She picked up a rag doll and set it in a chair. She put the two miniature bedroom slippers in their place in the closet. She picked up a rumpled nightie and started to hang it away.

There was something in the pocket—something heavy. Mrs. Laughton put her hand inside and felt. It was cold and hard.

She drew it out slowly and held it in her hand for a long time. It was a silver buckle in the shape of a star. Released by W&J Features.

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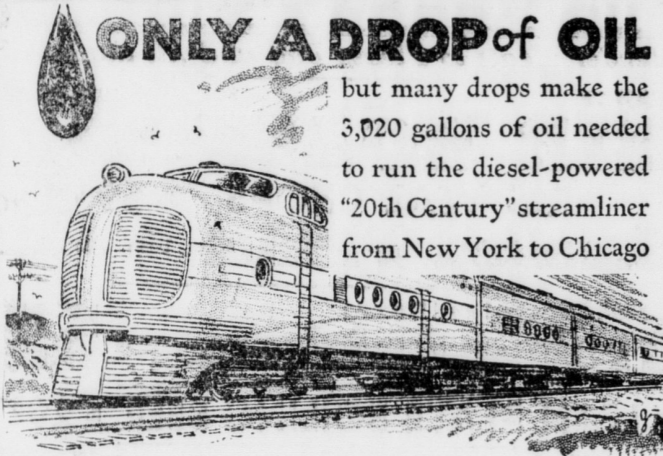
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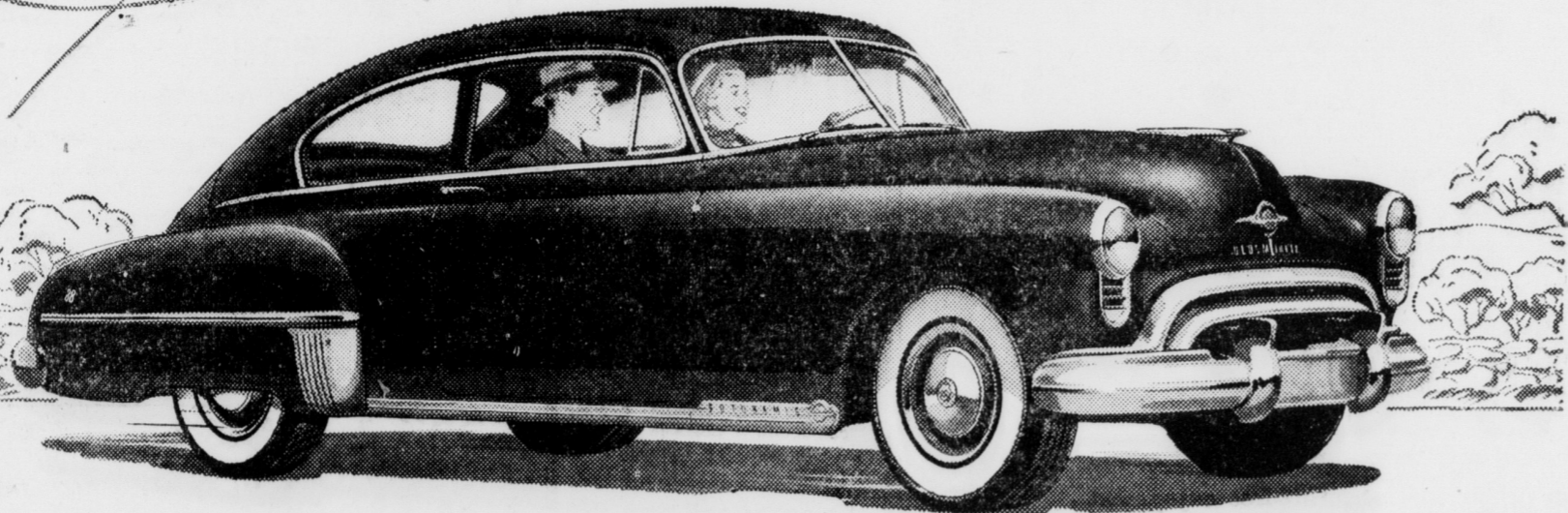
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