THE CURTAIN RISES - - 1935

by Ernest W. Veigel, Jr.

President, Rochester Business Institute

The stage for 1935 is all set. Props are in position. Music, footlights. Actors, stage hands, managers wait expectantly.

What part will you play?

They say it will be a great show. Dramatic critics, even those habitually pessimistic, admit that 1935 bears every promise of break[illegible]. The building trades, clothing manufacturers, automotive producers, department stores and retail trades generally are expected to head fields of particular promise.

A survey of 125 business and industrial publications reveals an overwhelming optimism for gross sales, earnings, foreign trade, and increased employment. The steel outlook indicates that this basic commodity with a sales balance in its favor for the first time in four and a half years will continue its gains through the entire first quarter.

1935's drama will not be an amateur production [illegible] from it. The best brains of the country, made even more [illegible] by years of quiet business, will be at the helm. Their [illegible] will be trained, capable men and women who have proven [illegible] tige. The rank and file of business workers, even, will have to be skilled in the particular tasks assigned to them.

[illegible] short an all star cast is waiting. It may be important here to note that even jobs in the chorus sometimes lead to better things. The opportunities of 1935 are such that it will indeed be worth our while to give any part all the thought, preparation and enthusiasm we can muster.

To follow the course will leave no question as to the [illegible] [illegible] my wish to you this day. The Happiest New Year (Adv.)

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NEW DAYS . . . NEW MONTHS
NEW YEAR
May It Be A Happy One
Rochester Savings Bank

MOONLIGHT MANOR

A Romantic Story With Scenes Laid in the Genesee Valley

By AGNES HORSCH HOFMASTER

CHAPTER I

Maryana Changes Her Name

Maryana had a small stone in her shoe. Right under the arch of her foot. She was limping rather badly, because she was trying to save time and pain at the same moment, for what was the use in sitting down, taking off one's pump and extracting the stone, when the Manor was but a stone's throw distant and there were strawberries for breakfast? That is, there would be strawberries if some one hadn't eaten them all up. Maryana hobbled along faster. She was starvingly hungry after a long night at the switchboard and Mom always had something good to eat in the morning, if she got there in time.

The dawn was just waking up and yawning with her red lips and stretching her shell pink arms, in abandon, toward the approaching sun. It was summer and Maryana [illegible] in spite of the stone and the primitive call of her stomach for sustenance. "Gee, but it's peachy," she declared to herself. "I am good and glad we got so hard up that we had to move out to heaven instead of burning up in that hellish back alley where dollars were scarce." She breathed long and deeply as if to lave out the memory of unwashed babies and family laundry hanging from all angles of tenement house windows. "I suppose tho, if I am to live in heaven I'd better cultivate the language of the country too, in place of the tripe I been spouting. Eileen's got the right dope on that alright. I'll just cut out the slang and study up some of her books. Gee, that stone hurts."

If Maryana was a post graduate in the school of slang, she was a poem in flesh and blood and, certainly no back alley was her natural setting. The miracle that robbed "daddy pop" of a lifetime job at the factory had caused consternation in the family bosom but showed up an unrecognized stiffness of backbone that had hitherto been obscure, and when in a reckless moment, Maryana had waved her last five dollars in the face of old lady misfortune and dared her to swamp them, Mom put her foot down and flashed her Irish eyes, enunciating clearly and definitely, "We'll move out in the country and raise chickens. There's houses falling to ruin that'd satisfy Helen of Troy [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. O'Doone knew there [illegible] in the [illegible] never tried was ridiculous but seemed true [illegible] the last five they [illegible] direction [illegible] Genesee Valley. The [illegible] of the [illegible] was with them [illegible] they had a choice of three houses the like of which they had never dreamed of inhabiting. But though they had never thought of living thus they fit into [illegible] as if they had thought of nothing else in all their lives. The three girls and [illegible]

Andy Named It

[illegible] Moonlight Manor, one was [illegible]

MOONLIGHT MANOR

Beginning here this week in the CATHOLIC COURIER is the first installment of MOONLIGHT MANOR, a romantic, suspenseful, human story of the O'Doone family and their experiences in the old manor. The tale is from the pen of Agnes Horsch Hofmaster, of Groveland, N. Y., a recognized writer of fiction.

With its locale in the beautiful Genesee Valley, the story will have real interest throughout the Diocese of Rochester. Readers will enjoy the three O'Doone girls and will learn to like them immensely. Start the story this week and do not miss a chapter as the story unfolds.

[illegible] of self, and the tap of her crutch on the garden flagstones.

She flushed softly and her eyes began to shine as she leaned up against the kitchen wall and opened the typed envelope Maryana had tossed her.

Maryana finished her breakfast and leaned her elbows on the table. "Gee, the house looks spiffy through the trees in the morning," she ruminated aloud. "Paint sure makes the difference, alright. I'll finish that last post before I go to bed, I guess."

"That's a thought," Eileen assured her, continuing in true sisterly affection, "and while you're painting up the Manor, dont forget to touch up on manner, too. Your slang continues to improve daily, sweet sis."

Kennedy Expected

"It does, that! And it's a shame, too. Living in such a grand house and dressing so swell well! I should say—and using the language of the alley may be American but it ain't—isn't Irish. Just leave a grammar home and I can hold it in the other hand while I paint. There's nothing that can't be done if . . ." she broke off, wide eyed, and stared at Andy, who was white to the lips and frightened. Andy! white and frightened! Blessed Mother! what was wrong? Maryana limped over and put a protecting arm about the beloved slender shoulders. "What has he said, Alanna? I'll hang him in the morning if he makes you look like that." Maryana's Gaelic ancestors left their mark [illegible] in her soul and tongue, though she seemed entirely unconscious of the fact. Eileen, quieter, looked up with deepened color and troubled eyes. Nothing must hurt their Andy. She had been so happy all along. Nothing must hurt her now.

"He['s] coming. Owen Kennedy's coming here." Andy buried her bright hair on Maryana's shoulder and listened to the deep silence in the big kitchen. "He'll be here to-day," she added in a wail. "Oh what'll I do?" The lies I've told him and me loving him and all."

"You loving him"

"The lies you've told"

Andy nodded her curls to both questions while the other two sisters gazed into each other's eyes in bewilderment. Mrs. O'Doone came in with an apron full of peas and took in the scene with wonderment. "What's wrong, darlings?" she asked quietly for she was accustomed to trouble and found that facing it was the quickest way to frighten it into a corner. "[illegible] Andy—What's wrong, dear?"

"Andy lied!" moaned Eileen.

"But she loves him!" championed Maryana.

"Lied to what? Loves who? For the mercy of God what is this?"

"Owen Kennedy!" chorused both girls.

Andy raised her miserable little face and Mom saw that she really was unhappy and shamed. "Oh Mom! Mom, what'll I do?"

With seeming placidity Mrs. O'Doone emptied her apron and pushed back the few stray locks from her damp forehead. "Get pans, girls, and we'll hear more about these lies and this love while we work. Blow your nose, Andy, and tell what there is to tell. No use sniffling over anything except a cold in the head. It don't get you anywhere."

So Andy blew her dainty little nose and shelled peas with hands that would shake in spite of her, while she told how she had made [illegible] and the family, wonders of the earth. And how she and Owen Kennedy had fallen in love with each other, though their typewriter and pen.

If Mom's eyes misted, she kept them on her work. If her heart contracted as little Andrea, her dearest, her sweetest, unconsciously laid bare the secrets and the desire of her young, innocent heart, nobody knew it. The girls had lumps in their throats themselves, that were hard to manage. And so there was a bit of silence about the heap of green shells when Andy had finished. Mom ached for the bitterness of the falling of the castle of dreams that could never come true. She was at a loss to answer Andy's repeated "What'll I do?" What but face the music, poor lamb.

"Ye'll just have to be telling him, darlin'," she said, slipping easily into a pleasant burr that was very comforting to Irish hearts.

But Maryana had been thinking rapidly while she strove to swallow the lump. Not for worlds would she allow a breath of winter to blow on Andy Alanna, if she could fan it away.

"She'll not be tellin' hi neither, Mom. It's Maryana she's described to the life and the same will be Andy now."

"What is the meaning of that, child?"

"Just what I said, Mom. Andy is not to be found out. The man is already on his way out and there's no stopping him now. It's plain as the day in yer your hair, Alanna, she is unfit to face the music as you say. Who, then, but Maryana? We'll trade names, so we will, and I'll be her and she'll be me and Owen Kennedy none the wiser. We'll fall out of love the same as we fell in and Owen Kennedy can go back to the city and we'll trade our names back again and—"

"Calm yourself, do, Maryana. The plan sounds grand but Andy says there's horses and dances and bathing suits involved. How—"

"Now leave it to Maryana, will you? I didn't tell you yet, I've got my vacation and I can dance as well as the next. Better! And I can ride and swim too—and there'll be no need to argue on that. Andy's to be saved and—heaven's, who may be ringing the bell at eight o'clock in the morning? Heaven help us, maybe it's him! Well, I'm Andy. Here, give me my pump."

(Continued next week)

How to Make Christmas More Joyful Next Year

The joy to those you love is one of the most beautiful Christmas experiences. It's a wonderful thing to contribute to the happiness of a dear friend or a beloved relative.

Put the practical problems of finance invariably enter into Christmas giving. Often these problems are not easily solved; you may not be able to do what you would like to do [illegible]

You need not be handicapped [illegible] Thousands [illegible] Rochester [illegible] at the [illegible] Bank

Hornell Briefs

Mrs. Frances O'Connor, 66, died [illegible] State Street [illegible] after a week's illness. She is survived by her husband, [illegible] three daughters, Mrs. B. M. [illegible] and Mrs. [illegible] of Hornell [illegible] Chicago [illegible]

[illegible]

RECORD SURPASSES 40

Chicago, (NCWC)—A group of 75 adult Negroes were baptized in Corpus Christi Church last Sunday, bringing the total number of converts over the 300 mark since this parish was turned over to colored people two and a half years ago.

MASSES in the Rochester Diocese

BLESSED SACRAMENT

Oxford St. Rev. [illegible] Masses: Sunday, [illegible] Holydays, [illegible] Daily, [illegible]

CORPUS CHRISTI

Main St. East. Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. M. Hart. Masses: Sunday, [illegible] Holydays, [illegible] Daily, [illegible]

HOLY ROSARY

Lexington Ave. Rev. W. A. [illegible] Masses: Sunday, [illegible] Holydays, [illegible] Daily, [illegible]

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Plymouth Ave. So. Rt. Rev. Msgr. [illegible] Masses: Sunday, [illegible] Holydays, [illegible] Daily, [illegible]

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

[illegible]

ST. MARGARET MARY'S

[illegible]

SACRED HEART

[illegible]

LET'S GET DOWN TO "BRASS TACKS" ON THIS QUESTION

The following editorial appeared in the New York Herald Tribune of December 26, 1934:

Wanted: Less Fire and More Light

Whatever may be the merits of the controversy between the power industry on the one hand and those in and close to the Administration on the other, one point has stood out clearly in the several clashes that have occurred between the two in the last few weeks. That is this: Every effort that has been made to air the controversy on its merits has come from the utilities, while every effort to avoid a full revelation of the facts has come from the opponents of the utilities.

Three specific instances can be cited in support of this general observation. The first was the Tupelo incident. On November 18 President Roosevelt, speaking in that Mississippi town, painted a glowing picture of the results of government operation and embellished it with numerous "facts" and figures. Two days later Wendell L. Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, issued a statement in which he suggested that the President had "obviously been misinformed," and challenged him on five main points of fact. Neither the President nor any of his spokesmen has chosen thus far to dignify Mr. Willkie's very damaging challenge with a reply.

The second incident of the sort occurred early this month following publication of the results of the "study" by the New York Power Authority to the effect that power rates in this area were excessive. The New York State Public Service Commission, of which this was naturally quite as much an indictment as it was an indictment of the public utilities themselves, demanded that the Power Authority submit its evidence. This the Power Authority refused to do, advancing the remarkable explanation that to comply with the request would constitute a surrender of its authority! Finally, there was the incident last week of the visit to the White House of Thomas N. McCarter, president of the Edison Electric Institute, to present to the President a memorial urging an early legal test of the T. V. A. Although Mr. McCarter stated that he did not come to the White House "in any spirit of antagonism," his memorial was immediately turned over to the head of the Federal Power Commission, Frank R. McNinch, whose reply was an ill-tempered tirade generally against the power industry.

Most people who believe in the achievement of justice through established processes must regard with great misgiving the un-American policy of the Administration in respect to the power industry, a policy of bludgeoning it into surrender through direct competition through heavily subsidized public projects. But even those who do not feel that way and it would be folly to ignore the fact that there are many in this category, are going to wonder if the government continues to avoid every opportunity to enter into a discussion of the facts, and if it is going to continue to meet argument with evasion and abuse, why, since its case is so strong, it does not meet the issue squarely. Sooner or later the facts regarding power rates will have to be aired. Why not now?

ROCHESTER GAS AND ELECTRIC