



By Camille Howland
Woman's Page Editor

One of my neighbors brought over a bunch of old newspapers as well as a collection of sketches by Charles Dana Gibson, in which many of his famous Gibson Girls are depicted.

The People's Literary Companion, which was published in Augusta, Maine, claimed, "The People's Literary Companion has attained a circulation larger, by hundreds of thousands of copies, than any other paper or magazine in the world." How great can you get?

One copy, published in 1871, has a dramatic illustration on the front page showing a woman, with her arms outstretched running toward the edge of a cliff and a man with his arms outstretched, falling backward over the cliff, his hat nearly to the shore where there were jagged rocks and seagulls. One senses the intrigue, for there is a man just showing behind a rock on the cliff. It turns out that he was the one who had hurled the guy off the cliff, while the lady wasn't watching. And the poem underneath the picture reads: "That which seems to be is not: That which is, is not yet known; Ill-got gains are dearly bought, Retribution soon will come."

The title of this fateful story is "Known and Unknown - or - Old Hepsy's Prophecy." The author, E. S. Getchell, also wrote "The Ghost of the Cliff," "Shiftless Sam," and "Out In The Cold," etc. etc.

One man, a servant, had come to the family with no references, had sharp and regular features, "and his eyes of light blue were very small, and had a look of greed and cunning about them." However, prior to that statement, "but he appeared so honest and well meaning that the nobleman's kind heart would not permit him to refuse the employment he craved."

Well, the story builds from there, and the ill-got gains prophecy is made by a "witch" by the name of Hepsy. Her warning goes unheeded, and the devil has his day.

The trouble is I just began to get interested in all the sadness and violent happenings when I came to those dreadful words "to be continued."

Well, that's what sold papers, I guess. "Over a month since The People's Literary Companion reached the enormous and heretofore unheard of circulation of three-quarters of a million. We are now in for a million and are happy to be able to say, that at the present daily increase the much desired point will soon be reached."

For 75 cents a year (published monthly) people get a truly story-filled paper with several stories about "Which will triumph? Right or Might?" and the like. There was poetry, wit and humor, items for the ladies, a children's section, correspondence, and a long continued account of personal and thrilling adventures in the Franco-Prussian War. They don't publish like that any more!



Dear Abby

By Abigail Van Buren

DEAR ABBY: I have recently married a kind, considerate and generous man, who took on a divorced 40-year-old woman, plus her three rambunctious teen-agers and a cat.

He wants to move us out of our present home into a larger, more pretentious one. I would like to stay put for another four years, until my youngest is out of high school. My children have changed schools many times in their lives, and now they are happy, and I don't want them to have to adjust to another change. I believe the teen years are the most difficult when it comes to breaking into a new circle of friends.

My home is pleasant and adequate, and in an entirely acceptable neighborhood, but my husband would like something a little less modest. I want desperately to make this wonderful man happy, but at the moment I am torn with indecision about where my first obligation lies. Please tell me what you think.

DEAR TORN: You seem to be a very unselfish, sensitive and thoughtful woman. Tell your husband why you prefer to "stay-put" rather than move into a more pretentious home. If he's as kind, considerate and generous as you say he is, he will respect you for your attitude, and defer willingly.

CONFIDENTIAL TO "HURT" IN MENNEAPOLIS: It takes an enemy and a "good friend" to hurt you to the quick. The enemy to say something rotten about you. And the "good friend" to tell you she said it.

What's your problem? You'll feel better if you get it off your chest. Write to ABBY, Box 69700, Los Angeles, Cal. 90069. For a personal reply enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Lee P. Finley Says

Retire? Not When You Can Write Poetry

By Camille Howland
"I don't think I ever wrote over eight or 10 poems until about the spring of two years ago."

Since that time, Lee P. Finley of 207 Montgomery St. has written more than 190 poems and 82 of them will appear in a book, to be published by Carlton Press, Inc.

"The Wheat Field and Other Poems" is due out the end of February. "I had no training in poetry. I just write my feelings," Finley says. "Then I try to get it so it's understandable to someone else."

He noted that he began by jotting down his "inspirations" and then put-

ting them together in the form of poetry. "It looked good to me, so I kept on."

Encouraged By Others
Later, after he had written some hundred poems, people in the community began to show an interest. "Various people, not just a particular group, suggested that I should try to publish them," he said. "Last spring I noticed an ad in a Watertown paper that Carlton Press would be interviewing writers in the area, and welcomed new talent."

He sent in several of his poems prior to the interview, so that when he did meet the publishing company representative the interview was short and to the point.

"We like your work," the man told Mr. Finley.

A former commissioner of Social Services in St. Lawrence County, Finley took up writing both as hobby and therapy.

"I left the Social Services Department at the end of 1966 after I had had heart trouble. Later, I had four operations and after I began to straighten up from all that, I started writing," he explained.

He is a native of the area, having lived on a farm with his wife and five children until 1953. "It was a rather successful farming operation," he said, "But I left it and then ran for the post of commissioner, which I won in 1954."

He had also served as justice of the peace for eight years and had taught in the Heuvelton and Madrid schools for special agricultural courses under the On-The-Job program.

Asked whether he is excited about the forthcoming publication, Finley said, "I don't think I really thought about it too much until one day at the Center someone said 'It must be nice to know you'll be known 100 years from now! Then it hit me that that is so. It is quite a good feeling."

Reflections On Life

Finley's poems reflect a religious attitude and serious feelings about life and death. "The Ill," for instance, is a poem that begins "It's so sad to watch a loved one grow weak and slip each day like a rose that blooms in spring-time we watch life's luster fade away."

Here, he said, he was telling of the loss of a favorite aunt—actually a foster aunt. "She was dying of cancer," he said. "But she had been such a fine person all her life and what I wrote was the way I felt, and everyone else felt, about her."

O.D. Is O.K.

Go out this fall O.D. That's military for olive drab. But in today's fashion context, it's anything but drab. It's stylish to go about in all kinds of military paraphernalia such as combat boots and canvas sacks. And the fad includes everything from private's jackets to the long officer's coat that belts in the back and buttons with brass in the front. Or go fly-boy with a coat, also in olive, but piled with furry white sheepskin.

Before and After Eyes

Don't be a victim of habit. Especially when it comes to make-up. Just because you've been wearing heavy eye liner or hardly any eye make-up doesn't mean you should continue. Try a before-and-after test. Experiment in looks from the dramatic to au naturel. Then select what best fits you. Consult others so you'll see how they'd like to see you look.

Pleasant Potions

Old amulets and charms containing mysterious potions that dangle from the neck are being worn even in this scientific age. But fear not, we aren't reverting to former superstitions—only updating an old jewel. Now the amulet is minus the mysterious potion and plus exciting new perfumes. Small absorbent rocks are inside and they're saturated with pleasant scents that float around with you.



YOUNG INSPIRATION—Russell Finley is one of the 13 grandchildren Mr. and Mrs. Lee Finley have. Here, he strikes his favorite pose in front of the television set for afternoon cartoons, while Mabel and Lee relax, too.



SAUCY AND SWEET A big girl look with little girl charm...100 percent cotton sateen floral print smock - the white sheer sleeves reach past the wing sleeves for a two piece look. The white collar and pearl buttons complete the look. From Cinderella's Holiday Collection.



HEAVEN SENT—Looking like one of the littlest angels herself in 100 percent cotton white dotted swiss voile, with all the ruffles and flourishes she loves, sashed 'round the wide soft blue satin. Just the surprise to put under the tree!



CINDERELLA'S FASHION POINTERS for the girls who know the fashion...Cinderella Sportswear's suspended one-piece hot suit in lush pink "velvet" (100 percent cotton) worn with a soft, billowy sleeved Banlon white shirt.

LITTLE GIRLS ARE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION in 100 per cent polyester navy party look she'll love. The embroidered dirndl skirt creates a detailed hand-crafted touch, while the butterfly sleeves edged in red ric rac make this dress a timely fashion favorite. Sash it round in rich red velvet.

THE KITCHEN

...and beyond



JOTTING IT DOWN "When I get an inspiration, I have to jot it down right then, or it leaves me," Lee P. Finley says. His book, "The Wheat Field and Other Poems" will be on the market the end of February. (Howland Photos)

"Destiny" looks at life in general today, with its racial blow-ups and its sit-ins and protests. "The women seek more freedom. They wish to live like men. Have they forgotten they control the destiny of man?" Finley wrote. "I have always had a high regard for women," he explains. "They control the nation—teach the children and keep society on a cultural level. I hate to see them brawling like men or boys."

Another poem entitled "Aging" is an expression of sorrow that people don't appreciate those who are aging. "They seem to want to stow the old ones away and keep them out of sight," Finley said.

Exchange Student At Lisbon Is Leaving



Lisbon - One of three American Field Service students in Lisbon this year, Francisco Castro of Mexico City, will soon be going home.

It's not that he doesn't like it here with the Robert Backus family. But he had come here under the six-month plan and now "I have to go back to school," he said, "so I am here only four months."

A sophomore back home, Francisco "is just one of the family," Mrs. Backus said. "My oldest boy John has gone to college, and Francisco has fit right in with the other four. We really hate to see him leave."

The other four are Lonnie, 16, Jody, 14 and Susan and Shelly, 10-year-old twins.

Francisco is the son of a doctor and has two younger brothers and two older sisters. The family lived in the United States for a while, three years ago, in Texas.

Speaking perfect English, Francisco said he finds the country quite a change from the huge city of more than five million people.

He is a typical 14-year-old. "I like to swim, read comics and hear records." He's not at all interested in sports, he says, and his favorite subject he thinks is social studies. "I am going to go to

college, but I'm not sure what I will major in. Maybe I'll become an accountant."

Outside the friendlier people and the vast country, Francisco finds that mealtimes are the most different from his own customs.

Mrs. Backus explained, "They eat different than we do - early in the morning, then about 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. and then again in the evening. And, of course, Francisco goes to school six days a week."

Here, Mrs. Backus offers apples to Francisco, left, Jody and Lonnie as they listen to records.