**FATHER’S DAY**By Oliver Hailey *ESTELLE*.

I admire Marian very much. At the orphanage, the biggest battle they had with us was self-pity. They were always having people come and talk to us about it. I usually didn't listen. I'd put my fingers in my ears. Who needed it - right? I only remember one old guy - I think he was a Lutheran - but I remember him because he didn't try to kid us. Everybody else was always telling us it didn't matter whether we had a mother or a father-it wasn't that important. He said hell yes it mattered. Face it, we'd gotten a lousy break - but that was the way it was. A husband, a wife, a set of kids -life doesn't always work out that neatly. Sometimes all you get is an aunt in Dubuque who might come and get you next year. Bits and pieces. So what you have to do is take those bits and pieces and ~ only then I put my fingers in my ears again. Because I knew what *I* was going to do. I was go- ing to get out of that place and get married and raise a family and : no bits and pieces life for me. Only this evening I lost my ., husband - really lost him ~ and the twins are going to love her - and love meeting all the DuPonts - who wouldn't? - and so I'm back to bits and pieces again. Only Marian's shown me what you do with them. You take them and you put them together as best you can. Of course there'll always be people to tell you you can't. You can't make a life that way. Lives aren't made that way. Well, you're wrong, Louise. Lives are made every way. The thing to do is to keep them going. And not to hate. Marian doesn't hate. I'm not going to, either. I wish you wouldn't.