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Pages 18, 19: United Press, Wide World.
Pages 22, 23: Chicago Historical Society.



AS YOU WERE SAYING...



"With This Ring..."

AFTER 18 YEARS of marriage my wedding band and engagement ring were worn thin, so my husband had them remounted. When he presented them to me on Mother's Day, I said, "You slip them on my finger and we'll repeat our marriage vows."

We did, and that same lump came into my throat. Once again the words took on deep meaning. I was filled with a new determination to live up to them.

Many tired marriages might be saved if more couples would repeat those sacred vows every so often throughout their years of married life.—Mrs. Donald Dillon, Canton, O.

DECISION CONFIRMED. Sixteen years ago I was left with six small children, ranging from five months to 10 years old. Friends and relatives advised me to place them in an orphanage and make a new life for myself. I loved them too much, so we stayed together and trusted in God.

There were rough times, painful to recall. Many nights I stayed up making over clothes so the children would be presentably dressed for school the next day. We never had any means for going anywhere, so we stayed home and I read stories.

The years passed quickly. This year my fifth child was graduated from high school with honors. I have never regretted my decision to keep them, because nothing could ever have replaced the joys we have shared.—Mrs. E.N., Pendleton, S.C.

LED BY A BLIND BOY. When I first visited the State Deaf and Blind School as a volunteer worker, I almost became ill. I felt especially sad for the children with deformed eyes and no eyes at all, but one little tyke, blind since birth, taught me a lesson. Standing on the lawn listening to a robin, he said, "I feel so sorry for the deaf who can never hear a robin sing."

We should all count our blessings as that little boy did.—Ada Marie Patten, Ogden, Utah.

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters

We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If we print your letter, you will receive \$10. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Letters cannot be returned. Address Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.



... I'VE RECENTLY discovered a couple of my good friends in whopping lies.

"Reminds me of Uncle Pierce," said Mother. "He'd rather lie than tell the truth."

My friends were like that. Telling the truth would have been so much easier, but their lies were works of art. They were elaborate expenditures of talent. There was no real reason to lie at all; they had to. It was like a compulsion.

Uncle Pierce could roll a good lie around in his mind in a twinkling and spew it forth in storied splendor. According to Uncle Pierce, that bird in the tree wasn't a mockingbird. It was a rare species of canary he encountered in Trinidad. No matter that we all knew he'd never been there. No matter that he knew we knew it. He lied and basked in it.

Sometimes a liar is amusing when he lies for the unadulterated joy of pure exaggeration. But a man who lies for the love of untruth has an edge of blackness in his heart.

I understand why my friends lied. They lied to seek sanctuary. They lied because they are plagued with their own inadequacies, and reality for them will never be a jeweled treasure. They must lie to create greatness within them.

I pity them. I find no laughter in their lies nor any compassion for their fabrications. But I suffer for them that they must see themselves so starkly that ugly fantasies are their world of words.

And even though I am aware of their reasons, I cannot forgive them. For they destroy the truth no more than they destroy themselves.

I comprehend the need for glossing the truth sometimes when it is too painful, too bald. When that is so, I have no compunction about lying for the sake of solace.

But a man whose being is based upon a tower of lies will one day crumble. In the stillness of that single truth, there will be no one to hear.

FAMILY WEEKLY, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Leonard S. Davidow, Publisher; Walter C. Dreyfus, Associate Publisher; Ben Kartman, Editorial Director; Patrick O'Rourke, Advertising Director; Melanie De Proff, Food Editor; William A. Fetter, Art Director; Robert Fitzgibbon, Managing Editor; Associate Editors: Kevin V. Brown, Jack Ryan, Honore Singer, Jerry Klein, New York.

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