



Ch Craven

AT our house we had what is called a "yard sale." Except we had it in the basement because of the rain.

It was a very interesting business experience. The kids all made a little change. I watched some of my favorite paperback books go. And I had to relinquish my sentimental attachment for some of the toys that had been around the house for years.

But it seems that the nicest people come to "yard sales." They're not looking for much just a few big things they can put to use for themselves. Or old things they might be able to sell at a yard sale.

One gent bought a tie rack that I'd long ago ceased using. I began using door knobs.

Two young men drove up in an old convertible. A ladder was stretched out in the back. Their friendly smiles seemed almost like laughter.

They had bought the ladder at another yard sale. "It's broken, but it can be fixed," said one of the young men. "What the heck . . . only cost a dollar."

"I thought you were coming to paint," I said, looking at our back porch where the dogs had pawed the door.

The boys bought some ancient hymnals. I didn't even know we had. Also some toys

and little-boy clothing. They carried the stuff to their car. They paid \$3 for it. A toy truck was bent and the paint was chipped. "I'm going to fix it up for Christmas," said one of the young men. "I've got a little boy."

I knew they were college men. "Where you go?" I asked.

"State."

One was working toward a graduate degree in chemistry. The other was in poultry science. These were part of the happiest times.

When they had gone, I said to Sylvia: "Those guys will really contribute something to the country and the world. Now they're living so frugally and are content with it. They don't put on any airs. They fix up things like a little old toy truck and it does beautifully. I bet they treat money wisely, but they're not greedy . . . Not yet."

"Maybe they won't be," said Sylvia.

Our 14-year-old Anne, the boss of the yard sale, was counting the money.

"I feel awfully good when I see young guys like that," I said. "They'll be the country's new strength."

Then I had an afterthought: "If they don't get mixed up in politics."