



I've been riffling through my books in recent days. I'm putting up some new bookshelves, and while I'm at it I'm sorting out my books.

Those which have completed their useful life under my roof I'm giving to the Friends of the Library book sale. The sale is on this weekend at the Linda Mar shopping center community fair.

In all likelihood I'll buy some books there as well. I don't think of that kind of thing as a sale, anyway. It's just a way of trading books with some of my neighbors. The Friends are just collecting a "display" fee.

BOOKS ARE something to be shared. A good many of the books in my house started out as someone else's.

Or they started out as library books that got culled along the way.

One of the books I value most is a 1942 edition of the

Dewey Decimal system. It cost me a dime at a library sale, which figures out to about a cent a pound. I didn't buy it for a doorstep, though it would do the job. Reading it has helped me discover the genius of Melvil Dewey, the man who 100 years ago devised his system for cataloging books. It's an achievement I rank on the same level with that of Linnaeus, who systematized the study of plant and animal life and invented the system of binomial nomenclature.

THE "TRADING FEE" that the Friends collect will, of course, go toward helping out the libraries in town, and especially the Sanchez, which was declared legally dead and then resurrected through the dedicated efforts of a lot of good people.

I hope you'll bring your contributions to the sale. That will give me a chance to choose from among books you found interesting enough to buy and read in the past. What intrigued you might just intrigue me, too. And its for a good cause.

Just reviewing the books you have accumulated will be a lesson in how you have developed over the years. You were interested in a subject. Now you've outgrown it. Books sometimes do that to you. A book helps you grow. And then it's time to pass it on so it can help someone else grow. That's what I mean by sharing.

SOME OF THE books I'll be passing on my kids have outgrown. Now it's time to let another child enjoy them.

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