

There seemed to be no alternative.

I'd put it off. And put it off. And then stalled a little longer.

Before the sun rose on another day, that attic was going to have to be cleaned.

"Well, you're lucky. At least you have an attic for storing things until you need them," I'd been told by an envious non-attic house owner. Yeah. Lucky.

Lucky I could avoid making decisions about throwing things out that I might someday, in the next century maybe, find useful.

Lucky I was going to get stimulating exercise stretching and bending, while searching in

dark, dusty - corners with my

faithful and long-suffering broom. Lucky I was going to get in some ballet practive as I pirouetted around the floor, tossing my skinny, straw-headed partner toward the ceiling to return covered with villages of cobwebs.

Now, I told myself, be positive about doing this job. After all, employees at the Smithsonian Insititute - the nation's "attic" are engaged in identical inventory and clean out procedures.

And I'd read that they were having problems, too.

One curator found a priceless collection of old Indian Handwoven basketry, jumbled together, dusty and forgotten, in a storage drawer.

Our attic, too, yielded up a collection of baskets. Easter. Circa 1970 through 1981. Assorted bright pastels, crafted in assembly line plastic and balsa wood. Complete with artifacts of straw stuffings and one inevitable, forgotten stale ielly bean.

Apparently the Smithsonia is

experiencing some problems with their storage being sometimes less than ideal, and valuable items are deteriorating.

I can identify with that.

After the farmer's stored 20 years worth of registered Holstein magazines, the lone issue I need for information is the one on top of the pile stacked under the leak in the roof.

As supper and milking time drew near, I knew the half-hearted attempt at attic re-organization would have to cease temporarily.

For my efforts. I could count two

less stacks of magazines, one banished bird's nest, and a donation for the trash removal service of two boxes full of assorted papers, odds 'n ends, and an abundant collection of common attic dust and dried flower drop-

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pings.

I'm still debating sending the jelly bean to the White House.

And maybe the Smithsonia would want the two more pairs of pointy-toed shoes unearthed in the search?

They have more room than I do.







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