



Ask Uncle Mike

Dear Uncle Mike,

If you could be any kind of tree you wanted, which one would you be?
A Fan in Tillamook

Dear Bored Person,

One whose pulp isn't used to make People Magazine.

Dear Uncle Mike,

My vacation is coming up and I can't decide where to go that I haven't already been. Any favorite hideaways you'd like to recommend?

Restless in Salem

Dear Restless,

Uncle Mike regrets he can be no help shaping your itinerary, being one of those who summer where they winter. The last madcap getaway Uncle Mike took was four years ago when he trekked to Pheonix for spring training (something done by baseball persons) with Captain Bill, Upper Left's nearly intrepid editor. Uncle Mike spent six days drinking Bombay and tonic by the pool. He found it rejuvenating.

Dear Uncle Mike,

My 6 year old daughter, Brie, is an absolute gem, but lately she's become a fussy eater. After years of giving her whatever she wants to eat (within reason of course) she now refuses to eat anything she hasn't seen on television. She's quite determined, especially about broccoli which they've found is quite good for us. What should I do?

Perplexed in Netarts

Dear Perplexed,

Uncle Mike assumes you've ruled out adoption or a boarding school in a third world country. Your idiotic parenting practices aside, the "quite determined" human you're dealing with is 6 years old. You are, if not more intelligent, at least bigger than her. Point this out to the little tyrant. Then at the next family meal, put nothing on her tv tray but a handful of grass. If, after several hours, she asks for food, give her leftovers and a great big wink.

Dear Uncle Mike,

I think my husband is cheating on me. Late nights at the office, Saturdays he needs, "just for myself", a dreamy look on his face when he's shaving. We've been together ten years and I love him. I know he loves me. It would be hard, but I could live with knowing he's having an affair. What I can't live with is the dishonesty. What should I do?

End of My Rope
Toledo

Dear Rope,

Uncle Mike has heard many stories of spouses who believe they wanted the truth. What they really want is for the truth to stop. Pick the right night for a romantic, candle lit soak in the bathtub, perhaps a nice beaujolais. Ask your mate once again, tickling his tummy with your big toe, if he's been jumping the fence. When he says no (and Uncle Mike would be willing to bet his mother that he will), merely nod with relief. Tell him not having to geld him in his sleep is a great burden from your shoulders. Then tell him you think he's lying through his teeth, ask him if he'd like the shoe on the other foot, and give him a week to save his manhood.

Baseball in the Sunshine

by Marsha Morgan

UL Chicago

Snap. I turned off the baseball game. Angry. Frustrated. Heartsick as only a real diehard Cubs fan could be watching the nightmare team stop playing about five innings short of a victory. And to think, I traveled across the continent to watch them die on the vine like rotting marion berries. It's that damn super station WGN-TV that's accessible right here in Cannon Beach, Oregon.

There are nine million ways to lose a baseball game, but having one linger into two or three extra innings is an especially painful one. The manager, whoever this year's kamikaze pilot may be, got a pinch hitter on base and then left him out there to run the bases on tired, sore old knees. When he rounded third like the little train that could, and puffed in toward home, the catcher had time to hitch up his pants, adjust his cod piece, spit, and settle his mask before the old guy did a belly flop at his feet. It was really sad. Humiliating.



Damn Cubs. They know they'll sell tickets whether the team is in first place or the cellar. And for the baseball devotee, there is no finer, nor sacred place than Wrigley Field. Baseball in the sunshine on real grass. Ancient ivy climbing 100 year old brick in the outfield. A ball field located in a neighborhood where you can sit on top of your roof across the street and watch the game for free. Where kids stand on the curb, leaning against huge oak trees outside the park with their mitts, waiting for homerun balls to sail over the walls.

With the exception of the lights and a very small electronic strip under the original scoreboard, the friendly confines looks the same as it always has. There's magic there. And Harry Carey, old enough to be the great grandfather of half the pitching staff. A Cubs fan and a Bud man. Old Harry leads us in song. He leans way out of the press box and rumbles, "A

one, a two, a three. Take me out to the ball game...."

As much as I grumble about the Flubs, I always try to think of the positive side of their seemingly chronic fatigue. Here's my most recent rationalization: If the Cubs had won the World Series a couple of times, by now, they'd have built on of those megabuck, domed atrocities out in some god forsaken suburbs. But as long as they maintain their spot just a little short of 500 it'll probably insure that no circle of city violators will pluck Wrigley Field out of the ground like awed and build condos in left field.

And besides, I mean really, there's always next year.

(Marsha Morgan is a writer from Chicago, Ill. who will be keeping us up on the Cubs this year.)

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