Cam's letter prior to
Smith/Talley wedding
May 2, 1982

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* ASK UNCLE BUBBA *
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Today, Uncle Bubba answers readers' questions about the Big Wedding.

Dear Uncle Bubba,

Is it true that the Big Wedding is to be held on May2, with preliminaries on May 1, in order to coincide with the interlocking cusps of Jupiter, Mars and Pluto? If so, like, what is the astrological significance of the confluence of the earth signs at 3:30 pm, the precise hour of the ceremony?

Also, what makes my garden grow?

- Dr. B., Farmington, Maine

Dear Doc,

First, Uncle Bubba thinks you ought to stay out of the pharmacy for a while.

The bride and groom report that astrology played no part in the selection of the 3:30 post time, nor in the 5:00 reception kickoff. In fact, the groom told Uncle Bubba that the hours were suggested by a pattern he discerned from the otherwise-random bombardment of insects he experienced recently while sticking his head out the car window.

Your veggies prosper because of the nocturnal churnings of long slimy wormy things Uncle B. doesn't care to think about.

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Dear Uncle Bubba,

So Pat Nixon says, "Is that you, Bubba?" - get it? Yuh yuh yuh! What I want to know is, was it you, Bubba? Yar yar yar! Also, are you a white man? I never have knew a white guy named Bubba. Finally, what type of events can I expect, recreation-wise?

- Mr. J. M. R., Newton Ctr., Mass.

Dear Racist Wise Guy,

Don't think race, think base! Base ball! There will be baseball on the lawn on Saturday afternoon, as a pretext for drinking all the beer in eastern North Carolina. Bring your mitts. Swimming is also a possibility. If arriving Saturday, check in at the Talley house (919/483-4869), or drive straight (!) there. A map may or may not be enclosed, depending on your standing in the social order.

It has been Uncle Bubba's policy not to comment on White House allegations ever since Uncle B's experience with gross media distortions of the Mamie Eisenhower-Uncle Bubba-walrus episode (the walrus was her idea, I swear it!)

Dear Unk,

As a victim of chronic narcolepsy, I am seriously. . . .uh, worried about whe. . . huh!. . .about where I a. . .am. . . . huh!Wha? Oh, uh. . . about where I'm going to sleep. How about a little pillow talk?

- Mr. R. D. B., Boston, Mass.

Dear Drowsy,

How is life on the borderline of consciousness? Uncle Bubba says not to worry your sleepy little head - a place to lay it down has been arranged. Check at 202/362-7503 before Wednesday the 28th to lay the issue to rest. Sheet! Spread the word! Blanket the group!

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Say Bubba,

As a sportsman, I don't want to eat anything I haven't killed myself. Will there be any animals for me to club or throttle? I'd also like to strangle the little shrimps if there is going to be an appetizer course.
Please advise.

- Mr. D. R. G., New York, New York

Dear Secretary Watt,

While there will be some pigs roasted at 6:00pm on Saturday, these porkers will be offed previously by means of a required reading of Paradise Lost. Any pig with hide tough enough to survive this assault will be sold to the football factory. The little shrimps will not be dead, but will be served immediately after receiving the traditional treatment, i.e., after being put down on their little beds of ice for their naps. That's right - all those cocktail party shrimp you've been eating have just been ASLEEP! THEY'RE NOT DEAD AT ALL! YOU'VE BEEN EATING LIVE SHRIMP!

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Dear Sweet Bubba,

After making the season's Big Splash on daytime TV, I'd like to go to this quiet little wedding and, you know, blend in, without attracting a bunch of media-types. What do you suggest?

- Ms. K. A. G., Manhattan, of course

Dear Starlet,

Of course Uncle Bubba understands. Since it's just an informal garden ceremony, simple springtime garden party attire will be perfect. Uncle B. himself is going with the old reliable Candyapple-red vinyl hotpants. Be guided accordingly.

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Well, that's it for Uncle Bubba this week. See you next time, when Uncle Bubba will answer the question, "How Do I Know When I've Been Saved?"

Uncle B.

Piedmont 239. Got it. See you there.