

Budding Basket Case

Dear Tim:

I'm not sure if my neighbor is just a really committed gardener or a showoff. But every year she puts out a flower display that would put the people at HGTV to shame. I mean it's every color and type, with layers and patterns and stuff. It's unbelievable. People from other neighborhoods literally stop on their walks and take pictures. Now I don't know if I'm appreciative or jealous, but I've decided to get in the game. Here's my problem. I have no skill or experience to draw from, and, with spring quickly slipping away, I don't have time to learn. Got a good solution for me that doesn't involve running a reel mower through my neighbor's shrub beds?

—Envious on Elmwood

Dear Envious:

I appreciate your dilemma. The grass is always greener, they say, and they're right. We all have something we secretly admire and despise about our neighbors. It's just human nature. But before you head to the shed for your mower, consider this. We've got some pre-packaged,



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goof-free flowers right out front that can give you a colorful head start without a lot of work. Take home a couple of our hanging baskets and see if that doesn't get you going in the right direction. Just put them in the right place and add water, and you'll be well on your way. Plus you'll avoid being forever known as the "lawnmower lady," which has a real horror film kind of ring to it.

Dear Tim:

I'm a big baseball fan. I've followed the game since I was a kid. And while I realize that every generation

thinks their era was the best, I'm starting to realize why that is. It seems like every game I watch these days, pitchers are getting more and more aggressive. Between the brush backs and the out-and-out beanballs, it seems like they spend more time throwing cheese than they do strikes. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but I like to see guys beat batters on their merits, not on intimidation. What do you think?

—Diamond Dave on Daventry

Dear Diamond Dave:

I probably don't watch as much baseball as you do, but I agree that it's a little less civil than it used to be. Personally, I think the only cheese there should be in baseball is the kind that comes on my nachos. But I doubt we're going to see that change any time soon. If you're a fan of cheese off the diamond, we've got good news for you. We've just expanded our domestic and imported cheese offering. And while some of our cheeses do come in balls, I can assure you none of them will come whizzing by your head while you shop.

Dear Tim is presented as a public service by Tim Huffman, owner of Huffman's Market. Write to him in care of Huffman's Market, 2140 Tremont Center, Upper Arlington, Ohio, 43221 or www.huffmansmarket.com.