

The Style Invitational

WEEK 213: A SIN OF THE TIMES

Unethical: Soliciting donations using a White House phone.

Illegal: Pretending to be the pope while doing so.

Unethical: Having your chief of staff put the arm on foreign nationals.

Illegal: Having your chief of staff rob Mahmoud, clerk at a 7-Eleven.



BY BOB STAMKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest was suggested by David Genser, of Vienna, who wins a tube of something from China that we think might be toothpaste. The only English word on it says "Fairygourd." David points out that the White House and Congress have been preoccupied lately trying to distinguish campaign finance

practices they've engaged in that are illegal from those that are merely unethical. Let's help them out. Submit campaign or other political practices that would be illegal and/or unethical. First-prize winner gets a slightly used "Kebab n' Grill," a huge chrome object that uses both an electric motor and a canister of charcoal to roast skewers of meat. ("Do not use indoors.")

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 213, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, April 21. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank John Kammer of Herndon for today's Ear No One Reads. Do we owe you any prizes? Speak now, or forever be silent. For the next two weeks we will entertain and investigate complaints from people who contend we have stiffed them: send in a postcard with your name and address and what we owe you, specifying the week number of the contest or contests in question. Bear in mind that delivery takes up to eight weeks, so we don't want to hear about anything after Week 201. Employees of The Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 210

in which we asked for embarrassing While You Were Out telephone messages to leave on the desks of famous people.

◆ Third Runner-Up — **To: Kathie Lee Gifford**

Carlos says the kids didn't meet their quotas this week. You want we should bust some legs? (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ Second Runner-Up — **To: Marshall Herff Applewhite**

April Fool! Hope you didn't fall for that old spaceship-behind-the-comet gag. (Dave Ferry, Leesburg)

◆ First Runner-Up — **To: Judith Martin**

No, up yours. (Mike Connaghan, Gaithersburg)

◆ *And the winner of the Tannu Tuva globe —*

To: President Clinton

Your son called. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

To: Zsa Zsa Gabor

Willard Scott just wanted to double-check that your birthday is tomorrow. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

To: Bob Vila

The handyman will be at your home between 8 and 10 a.m. (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

To: McVeigh

From: Nichols

Found some old fertilizer receipts. Need them for your taxes? (Marc Lipman, Chantilly)

To: Robin Givhan's mom

D.C. General says your daughter will be fine, but they were shocked at the state of her underwear. (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

To: Cal Ripken Jr.

The pharmacy has your refill of amphetamines. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

To: Lillian Vernon

From: Your East Coast distributor

Finished crapping up the merchandise. Ready to ship. (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

To: Chelsea Clinton

Your application to Strayer College has been accepted. (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

To: Orenthal Simpson

U-Stor-Mor in Islamabad called. Time to renew the rental on your unit. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

To: Al Gore

From: Kenneth Starr

Sorry, there is no such position as "Secret Assistant Special Prosecutor." (Russell Pittman, Takoma Park)

To: Judith Martin

The Guinness Book of Records did not accept your submission of longest continuous belch. (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

To: George Bush

Celebrity Impersonators Inc. wants to know when they should return your parachute. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

To: Dr. Kevorkian

The vet called to say please please let us put down Fluffy. She's suffering so. (David Genser, Vienna)

To: Bill Clinton

Yes, Mustang Ranch says it is wheelchair-accessible. (Tim Morgen, Laurel)

To: David Twenhafel

From: Al's Magic Shop. Your plastic dog poop and dribble glass are ready. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ And Last:

To: The Czar

From: Washington Post Procurement Dept.

Inventory asks when you're going to award the blow-up doll you purchased in Year 1.

(Mike Connaghan, Gaithersburg)

Next Week: **Dumb as The Post**