The Style Invitational

WEEK 9. Vanity Unfair

Mike Wallace  B MBO  Vanna White
Oriole Team Bus  I 8 NY  Godzilla
Roger Maris  NITENTE  Jack Kevorkian

This Week’s Contest: Create vanity license plates for famous people. Maximum number of characters is eight, with spaces counting as one character. You are limited to letters and numbers and common symbols found on a typewriter keyboard.

First-prize winner will receive several irresponsible how-to books published by Loompanics, Unlimited, including “The Complete Book of Razor Fighting,” “Successful Armed Robbery,” “Home Workshop Explosives,” and “Physical Interrogation Techniques,” a value of about $50. Runners-up will get the coveted “Style Invitational” losers’ T-shirt. As always, winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 9, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or be them to 202-334-6312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, May 10. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

Report from week 6

...In which we asked you to supply captions to these two cartoons.

CARTOON A

But first, a few words about excellence. Although we received more than 500 entries to this contest, and have selected only 15 of them as winners, you will note that several people are represented more than once, including the highly mysterious "Oslo of Alexandria," the winner of Week 2 who darn near won again this week. You may reasonably wonder: Is this fair? Answer: Of course it is fair. The Style Invitational is the nation's last remaining pure meritocracy. The best is chosen, without regard to previous history, demographics, national origin, sexual orientation, dental anomalies, annoying personal habits, or cash inducements you may have included with your letters. In fact, one reader is done completely blindfolded, so we cannot see your name, or your address, or your entry. We hope this clears matters up. Thank you.

Fifth Runner-Up: (Cartoon A) Pheidias was training flover to guard his lunch box when something occurred to hiss. (Ken Schwartz, Burke)

Fourth Runner-Up: (Cartoon A) "You scoter the shoo... I got the flats," (Mathilda Blackfield, Damascus)

Third Runner-Up: (Cartoon B) "Okay, kid. They're all warmed up," (Oslo, Alexandria.)

Second Runner-Up: (Cartoon B) "Did you see that idiot back there carrying his packages in a shopping cart?" (Elliot Greene, Silver Spring)

First Runner-Up: (Cartoon B) Identical twins separated at birth often lead identical lives without knowing it: tomorrow, on Gilda. (Shawn Schupak, Chevy Chase)

And the winner of the Big, Ugly Diamond: (Cartoon A) Near starvation, the Giant Rat of Sumatra and the lawyer begin to eye the cajas chine... and each other. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Honorable Mentions:

Cartoon A  It was bad enough that his master had him neutered, Sparky felt, but to keep his cajones in a box on the kitchen table as a constant reminder of the man's power over him was just too much. (Charles Layman, Silver Spring)

Murge Schott's dog could not relax until the will was read. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

In a split second before Rowsey and Henry even had time to blink, that annoying bug shot out of its box, flew into Bowser's eye, carried off Henry's eye, them safely made it back, lacking the lid from the inside. (Kathy Weiss, Sykesville)

Each plotted to have the Maltese Brick all to himself. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

What do you do with a giant Flager's crystal? (Bob Zane, Woodbridge)

Cartoon B  "How was I to know," said Ziese to his paramour Francis, "that when we made our lover's suicide pact, we'd end up in Hell, spending eternity dancing with Carmen Miranda routines and elm dancing?" (Charles Layman, Silver Spring)

Stephen and William had never really gone the bang of "side and go work." (Robin D. Grove, Washington)

In an effort to revive the beady of the Cornedbeats, the cast of Saturday Night Live tried everything. (Oslo, Alexandria)

And last: "No, I don't know what the hell that R. is doing up there, either." (Gary Johns, Columbia)

Next Week: Beat The Bands.