"I am an innocent man."
Bob Packwood said touchingly.
"Thank you, Dr. Kevorkian,"
the new patient said breathlessly.
"I still love my wife,"
John Bobbitt said gushingly.
"I’m sorry, we do not accept walk-in clientele,"
Duke Zelbert snifled unsincerely.

This week’s contest was proposed by Jim Metzger of Arnold, Md., or possibly by Jim Arnold of Metzger, Md. We cannot read our handwriting. Jim proposed resurrecting the Tom Swiftly joke, perhaps the only form of humor lower than the knock-knock joke. For his efforts, Jim receives a rubber severed finger. So. Write us a Tom Swiftly or two, updated for the ‘90s. Each must include a reference to a famous person or institution. First-prize winner receives a twitching rubber rat caught in a trap, a value of $35. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers T-Shirts. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 44, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20001, or fax them to (202) 334-4312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Jan. 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 43:
In which you were asked to come up with a bumper sticker to be awarded to all Style Invitational Honorable Mention winners. But first, a digression. It is astonishing how the promise of free merchandise, however craptastic, provokes paroxysms of greed in otherwise reasonable and mature individuals. More than a dozen people who received Honorable Mentions in the past year have sent letters informing us to award these bumper stickers retroactively. Are you people lacking even a shred of dignity? Are there no limits to your capacity for degradation? Tell you what. Let’s find out: To the first 15 people who mail us some of their navel lint, we will send ABSOLUTELY FREE an item so stupid only a complete idiot would want it. Mail your list to “Special Idiot’s Offer,” The Style Invitational, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20001. Allow two weeks for delivery.
Ahem. Now, for the bumper stickers. We will be printing and distributing The Winner and First Runner-Up, starting this week:

Close, But No Gopher Drool
(Frederick T. DeKuiper, Baltimore; also, Lori C. Fraind, Reston)

ATTACH HOSE TO PIPE BELOW
THAT SUCKING SOUND WAS MY ENTRY

“To Try Is Good Enough”
—HERODOTUS

“SHIRT HAPPENS”

And the Winner of the 10 Bumper Stickers and the Flimsy Chinese Accordion:

How’s My Drive?
FAX 202-334-4312

(Stephen Dutzlik, Silver Spring)

Honorable Mentions:
Oftan An Usker, Never A Bridesmaid (Eileen Carahan, Laurel)
Keep It Stupid, Stupid (Eilen Raphaeli, Falls Church)
The Style Invitational! (Steven King, Alexandria)
Covered Bumper Sticker (Lisa Zucker, Bethesda; also, Bob Hodges, Manassas)
Yes, I Can’t (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
I’m a Lesser. Ask Me Now. (Lisa Zucker, Bethesda)
Breivy Is the Soul of Wit, Which Is Why I Got This Bumper Sticker Instead of the Big Prize or One of Them T-Shirts. (Stephen Dutzlik, Silver Spring)
Pens Don’t Kill People, People Kill People. (Chris Lyst, Alexandria)
They Ran Out of Perforp Poo (Jim Reagen, Reston)
It’s the Bumper, Stupid (Paul Kordis, Alexandria)
I and My Immediate Family Are Not Employed By The Washington Post (R.D. Chaney, Frederick)
Willing To Not Vote For Money (Kevin Mahur, Washington)
Woke Up, Got Stupid. Entered Style Invitational. Lost. (Kathy Eares, Burke)
I Never Win Anything Good (Dan Kaufman, Washington)
Iannotti/ElyS. (Paul A. Altes, Hyattsville)
Breivy Is the Soul of (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
And Last:
I Don’t Know Chuck Smith, But Apparently I’m Not Chuck Smith. (Pai Rosenthal, Sterling)

Next Week: Hey, It Could Be Worse.