A general all-same predictions, we are approaching the end of our first year in business, not yet closed down by the gardeens of polite society. And so we have wandered the coated Style Invitational's iron's T-shirt, the new ones will indicate "Year II" on them. This leaves us with a small surplus of shirts from the first year, which now, because of the camping success of this clinic competition, have acquired an approximate resale value of $12-500salve.

This Week's Contest
Bag for the three, Propose deals, Threaten, Cajole. Flash your dignity right down the pooper. Whatever it takes. The more relentless and outrageous the better. All published entries will be considered turned-in, and will win a shirt. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Full your name to the Style Invitational, W. Washington Post, 11203 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20029, or leave them at 202-334-1312. Entries must be received by the latest Friday, Feb. 1. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Entries of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

Report from Week 8
In which we tell you to deliver a good news/newsworthy news.

First, the good news. Last Sunday, for the first time in months, the universally annoying Chuck Smith of Woodridge did not even sing a single honorable mention, rating the postion in the best of history's records of reactions drug is finally bought up with him, rendering his brain a sac of goo, and clearing the field for other worthy contestants.


The Great News: You never have been afraid to keep in the house for a new pair of shoes.

The Great News: On your way out of the clump, you've shot to someone who wants your shoes. (Thom LeBett, Ottmar)

The Great News: A thorough investigation of all available whitehouse company records ovenlives the Clomottom of any wrongdoing.

The Great News: The White House towels are chaged.

The Great News: Your dentist is very generous with the citrus juice.

The Great News: You always play the clown and put on a paper gown.

The Great News: God has been taken off the respirator and released from the basilad.

The Great News: He's dead. (Philip A. Hanot, Upper Merkild)

The Great News: D.C. legislators Quarterly houses. (Chuck Smith, Woodridge)

The Great News: Schools in the Washington area are now again closed for less than four hour of snow.

The Great News: He's dead. (Mary Ann Johnson, Lebowick)

The Great News: It's finally cancelled.

The Great News: The police terrify the letters to you.

The Great News: Lumenaw found the first hits.

The Great News: She could not find the chessman glands. (Bonnie Auguste, Fontywalla)

The Great News: In a high-speed car crash, air bags save your life.

The Great News: An emergency room, the doctor tells your mother that you had an outer dvd.

The Great News: Chuck Smith, Woodridge)

The Great News: You just picked all the winning numbers in the Virginia Lottery.

The Great News: Your ticket is in the Maryland Lottery.

The Great News: God bless you to be fed.

The Great News: He marries you to sacrifice a bowel one.

The Great News: Church invited to be good for you.

The Great News: Only if it is in.

The Great News: God bless you to be fed.

The Great News: Hopkins near its usual foul army for Ruthenib's limbo, Ruthenib the Brown-Bed Reission, is chosen instead. (Chuck Smith, Woodridge)

The Great News: Hopkins choir as soon as is considered for the job of once of Santa's replacement reindeer.

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Next Week: Bad Enemies Only

Who's Who

[Image 0x30 to 353x1217]