This week's contest was proposed by Elden Carnahan of Laurel, who wins a working harmonica the size of a matchbox. Elden points out, shockingly, that there are no federal holidays between Presidents' Day and Memorial Day, a cheerful run of more than three months. Let's stick one in there, somewhere. The holiday should celebrate something or someone uniquely American. Tell us the date, the name of the holiday and how it should be observed. First-prize winner gets a pair of "Poo Pets," which are garden fertilizer bricks in the shape of animals, made from decomposed, 100 percent cow manure. This prize dollar value of $25, though obviously its sentimental value is far greater. Runner-up, as always, gets the cowbell Style Invitational lesser T-shirts. Honorable Mentions get the modestly 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 50, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Feb. 21. 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 47:

In which you were challenged to write very, very bad Valentine's Day poetry.

◆ Third Runner-Up:

Darling, I neglected you, it's true,
And then you were lost to me.
But now that you're back, I'll do anything for you,
Except possibly get a colostomy.

(Nick Dierman, Potomac)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

You are so handsome and so kind,
And your shoes are always shined.
Your skin is flawless, your teeth so white,
Your hair and eye shine so bright.
Your clothes are tailored, very hot.
Your butt is perfect, your stomach taut.
You're sensitive, you have a way...

Gracious, you must be gay.

(Linda K. Malcolm, Silver Spring)

◆ First Runner-Up:

When it comes to verse
I'm no Stephen Sandhelm,
But you could do worse,
I'll always use a colostomy.

( Fred Dawson, Breville)

◆ And the Winner of the really ostentatious bouquet, delivered tomorrow:

My love for you, it sails with the wind.
It's like one of those sailing ships.
I want to kiss you again and again,
Without not one, but both of my lips.
My love for you is much stronger
Than my love for travel and fine luggage,
My .. . pancreas .. . gets longer.
When we embrace in human luggage.

(Michael Paulovich, Burlington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

I love you, my darling,
Really, really, really.
If life were like the Pentagon,
You'd be my Shattucksville.

(Bruce W. Aller, Springfield)

The Secret Agent's Lament

When I thought of you I scarce could cry my eyes down,
And all of my tears came a-dripping down,
I couldn't stop but for my eyes to weep,
And for respirs do I think not but a clown.

(Steven J. Charles, Alexandria)

And what would I do for your love?
I'd change my name to Mervyn.

(Anthony D. Aitken, Springfield)

I love you more than
The Style Invitational
I don't think backs suck.

(Robin D. Grove, Washington)

◆ And Last:

What would I do for your love? You name it. I'd scale C.S. Lewis's pink handrail.
I'd lose my soul on weekends to the Fleed, I'd re-wash dishes someone else has cleaned.
I'd take a bath in caviar and Bar-Kremlin oil.
But I will not write poems for the Style Invitational.

(Eldon Carnahan, Laurel)

I'd mean the Super Bowl for you
The QE II with all her crew,
I'd mean the monster of Loch Ness,
My love for you is bottomless.

(Mary Olson, Springfield)

I love you more than
The Style Invitational
I don't think backs suck.

(Robin D. Grove, Washington)

Next Week: You Beg Us for Shirts.