

The Style Invitational

WEEK 153: STUMP US

I should be elected president of the United States because...

...My lack of genitalia makes me sex-scandal proof!



BY BOB STANK FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Today's contest was proposed by Gary Patishnock of Laurel, who wins the following fine anagram of his name: "Any Hock-Spit Rag" Gary points out that America seems to be lacking political leadership right now, as evidenced by the posse of pinheads running for president. He wonders if it might be time for a dark-horse candidate such as yourself to break free of the pack. All you need is a winning platform. Gary suggests that you complete the above phrase, in one sentence only, and launch your campaign. In addition to getting invaluable

publicity in a major American newspaper (pols call this a "bounce"), the first-prize winner, and presumptive next president of the United States, receives a wooden horse's-ass tie tack handcrafted by world-class duck decoy carver Robert Lord Jr. It was donated to The Style Invitational by Leslie P. Campbell, who did the painting and detailing work. The tail itself was donated by Lady Patricia, a racehorse currently residing at Linda Albert Stables at the Bowie Training Center. The pin is worth \$40.

Runners up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper stickers. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 153, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312, or submit them via the Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the appropriate Week Number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Feb. 26. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, appropriateness or humor. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & The Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Ned Bent of Herndon for today's Ear No One Reads. Also, we wish to thank several readers who called and wrote to point out that they checked, and contrary to last week's Ear, the word 'gullible' is indeed in the dictionary. Boy, are our faces red. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 150,

in which we asked you to tell us what these people were saying.

For only the second time in three years, we are awarding a special prize for a great, funny entry that was too revolting to print. How revolting? We tried it on three colleagues and they all died. Congratulations to John Kammer of Herndon, who wins a T-shirt and the contempt of all decent people everywhere.

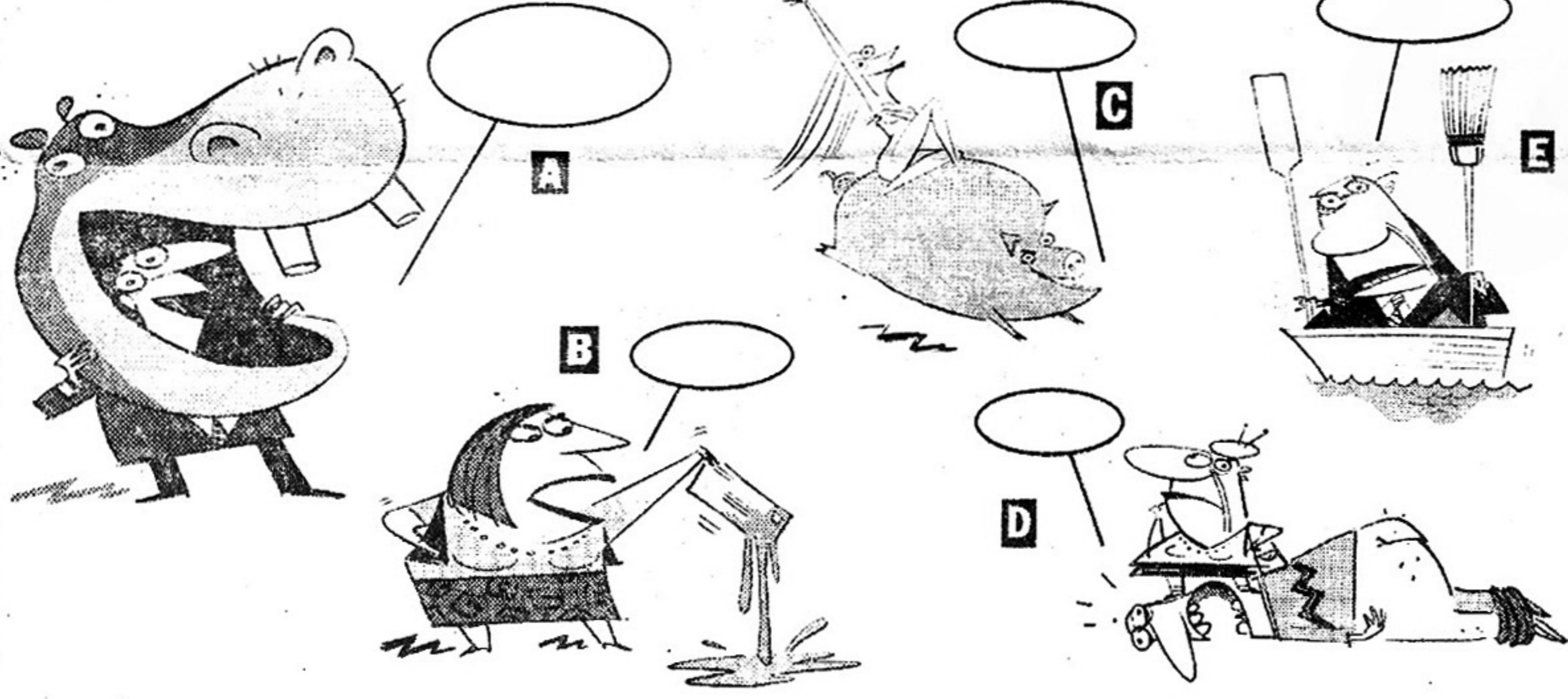
◆ Second Runner-Up (Cartoon D): **Exactly when did Fruit of the Loom start using repo ladies?** (James P. Senft, Silver Spring)

◆ First Runner-Up (Cartoon A): **The West Virginia School of Medicine has invited me to administer the Hippocratic oath to its graduates.** (Allison Kamat, Washington)

◆ *And the winner of the framed Keane painting:*

(Cartoon A): **Because of cutbacks in government funding, there have been some small changes in the federal Witness Protection Program.**

(Rahul Simha, Williamsburg)



◆ Honorable Mentions:

Cartoon A:

In honor of the long tradition of fat players, such as John "Hot Lunch" Williams and Kevin "Roast" Duckworth, we present Hippy, the mascot of the newly named Washington Buffets. (Philip Delduke, Bethesda)

For Halloween, I'm going as a hippopotamus's uvula. (Jonathan Roslyn, Alexandria)

Hi, I'm Hippo-crit, the official mascot of the Senate Ethics Committee softball team. (Susan Reese, Arlington)

Some exhibits at the National Zoo have been impacted by fiscal downsizing. (Patrick Brown, Woodbridge)

Cartoon B:

Hi, I'm Elizabeth Dole, with a public service announcement from the American Red Cross. We thank you for the response to our recent appeals for blood and for money. We do ask, however, that the donations be made separately. (Noah Meyerson, Cambridge, Mass.)

There's venom coming from the Nixon stamp! (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Stand back! This might be from the Unapuker! (Thomas Brenner, Arlington)

I TOLD them not to send it postage dew. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

He must have misheard me. I distinctly said "E" mail. (Scott Vanatter, Fairfax)

Those neighborhood kids are so lazy, now they're MAILING their water balloons. (Joel Knanishu, Hyattsville)

Oh boy, my O.I. video has arrived! (Joel Knanishu, Hyattsville)

Uh-oh, not another sob story from my deadbeat brother-in-law. (Susan Reese, Arlington)

I don't think this Pus-of-the-Month Club is going to work out. (Philip Delduke II, Bethesda)

Cartoon C:

This is the worst ad campaign for Godiva truffles ever. (Phil Plait, Silver Spring; Fred Dawson, Beltsville)

Long live the other white meat. (Rahul Simha, Williamsburg; Jennifer Hart, Arlington; Tommy Litz, Bowie)

Hi! I'm Bob Porkwood. (John Kammer, Herndon)

Welcome to the Central West Virginia High School interpretation of the story of Lady Godiva. (Gloria Federico, Springfield)

Cartoon D:

No, I don't know what happened to your gerbil. (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

So, Mr. Hoover, do I pass the Bureau's entrance exam? (Joseph H. Sisk, Arlington)

Are you sure people really want to see an anatomically correct snow angel? (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

Doctor, I am grateful for the rectal exam, but I came here because of this wart on the side of my head, which looks like a woman holding a purse. (Jonathan Roslyn, Alexandria)

That's the last time I wrestle with YOU, du Pont. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

But Mom, all the kids are wearing their pants this low. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Okay, Hillary. I give up. You can wear the pants. (Moe Hammond, Falls Church)

Are you sure Ned Beatty started this way? (J.F. Martin, Falls Church)

Cartoon E:

I realize the EPA has had cutbacks just like everyone else, but it's too much to expect me to clean up the Chesapeake with a washtub, a broom and a giant tampon. (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

"In case of attack, repel enemy with oar and set broom on fire to use as signal flare." Man, these Navy cutbacks are getting grim. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Thanks to a \$100,000 Pentagon grant, we will soon know which of these is better for propelling a boat! (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

This is what I get for signing up with the Clinton administration: a broom for sweeping things under the rug, a paddle for when I get sent up the creek, and a lifeboat for the sinking ship. (Scott L. Vanatter, Fairfax)

I kept getting starboard and port mixed up, so now I just say "oar side" or "broom side." (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Next Week: Strip Mining