

The Style Invitational

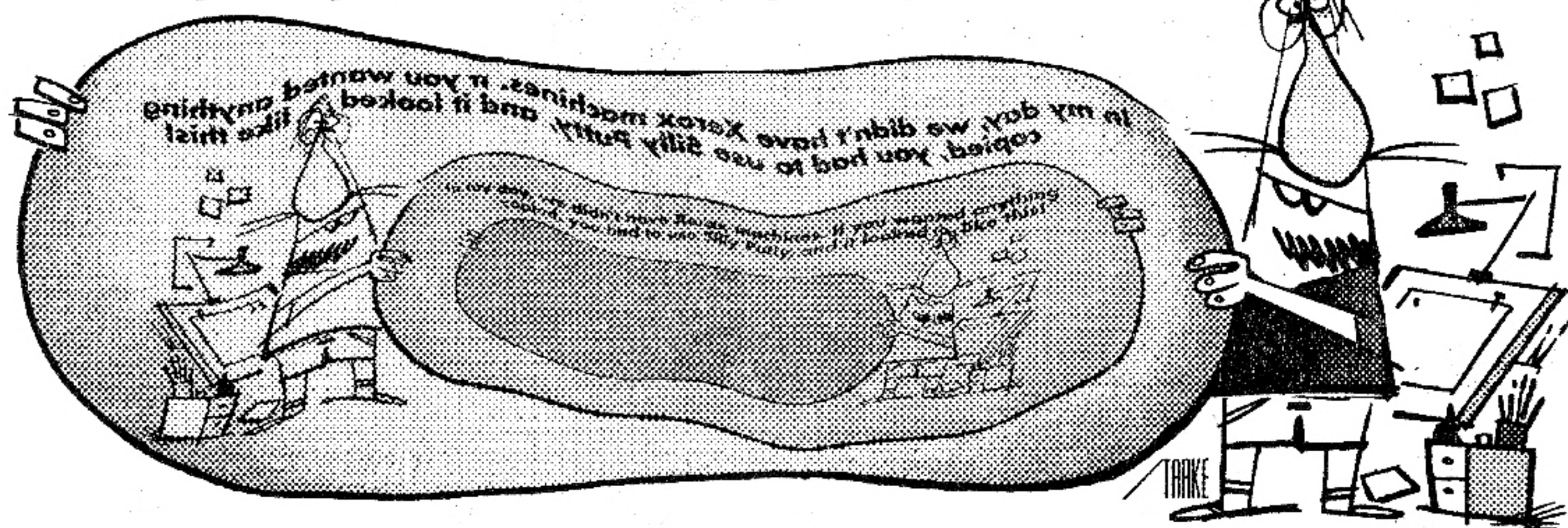
WEEK 228: MAKE MY DAY

In my day, we didn't have sneakers. We had calluses.

In my day, not only didn't we have indoor plumbing, we didn't have outhouses. We had to go in our pants, assuming we had pants.

When I was a kid, we had to walk to school— on our hands.

In my day, we didn't have Xerox machines. If you wanted anything copied, you had to use Silly Putty, and it looked like this!



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's contest was proposed by Jean Sorensen of Herndon, who wins a copy of "Welcome to Your Facelift," by Helen Bransford, who is 47 and looks like a 20-year-old veteran of Kabuki theater. Jean suggests that you supply advice to today's spoiled kids about how bad

things were when we were growing up. First-prize winner receives a huge, vintage American Bicentennial commemorative poster made of genuine flocked faux-velour, and elegantly framed in what appears to be masking tape. This is worth \$50.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly 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 228, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071; fax them to 202-334-4312; or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Aug. 4. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. Tell us how to best credit the author of The Ear No One Reads, which today was written by David Genser of Arlington. Employees of The Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 225,

in which we asked you to come up with T-shirt slogans or bumper stickers that hide their real messages in small type.

But first, a digression. For months we have been waiting for a week where the winning entries were so lame we had plenty of space to take care of old business. Week after week, you made this impossible. We were losing hope. We even considered re-running the famed Cockney Rhyming Slang contest, but, thank heavens, this week you finally reeked sufficiently to give us the room.

And so, we are able to present the winners of the contest to come up with nicknames for persons with unusual physical characteristics. This contest is so old we don't even recall it precisely, but, by cracky, the winners will get what is coming to them, just as soon as we remember what that is.

- ❖ Fifth Runner-Up: **A baby with a large head: "Caesar"** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- ❖ Fourth Runner-Up: **A loud talker: A "racket scientist."** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- ❖ Third Runner-Up: **A person with no teeth and an outie bellybutton: Both "Gumby" and "Pokey"** (Mary K. Phillips, Falls Church)
- ❖ Second Runner-Up: **A person with a high squeaky voice: a "Strug"** (Mary K. Phillips, Falls Church)
- ❖ First Runner-Up: **Someone with multiple chins: "Chinatown"** (Jessica Steinhice, Washington)
- ❖ *And the Winner:* **Someone with many moles: "KGB"** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Ok, back to the hidden messages.

◆ Third Runner-Up: **HOW'S MY DRIVING?**
Do I look sober?
(David Genser, Arlington)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

You'll
FREE size
your butt off in
TIBET
(Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ First Runner-Up:

I never know what to do when I see those
QUESTION
AUTHORITY
bumper stickers. Do I blindly comply with the command, or decline to obey, or just stand around waiting for further instructions?
(Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

◆ *And the winner of the mounted turkey foot:*

IF YOU THINK EDUCATION IS EXPENSIVE, TRY IGNORANCE_{osity.}

(Dan Kaplan, Arlington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

PRACTICE RANDOM KINDNESS AND SENSELESS ACTS OF BEAUTY, fatso.
(Roy Ashley, Washington)

My **B.U.M.**
is so big it won't fit
on exercise equipment.
(Stephen Dudzik,
Silver Spring)

I am
JESUS
and Napoleon
IS MY
CO-PILOT
(Susan M.
Henderson,
Washington)

Some
ANIMALS ARE
carnivores and will eat
PEOPLE TOO
(Barry Blyveis,
Columbia)

I VO_{mi}**TED**
(Carmelo Milici,
Alexandria)

VISUALIZE
Newt roasting over an open fire, an apple wedged between his teeth, while a small tribe of Polynesian cannibals does a ceremonial dance thanking the gods for the unsurpassed bounty before them, and, oh yeah,

WORLD
PEACE
(Jose Cortina,
Centreville)

A WOMAN'S PLACE
IS IN THE HOUSE
AND THE SENATE
and any other place she can nag her way into.
(Philip Delduke, Bethesda)

HAVE A NICE DAY
with no more sappy cliches.
(Courtney Knauth, Washington)

I had a **♥** attack in **NY**
(David Genser, Arlington)

VIRGINIA
IS FOR
conservative heterosexual
gun and cigarette
LOVERS
(Jennifer Hart,
Arlington)

Next Week: **Going Without**