

The Style Invitational

Week 516: Err Apparent



1. At traffic court.
2. In a job interview.
3. To a waiter.
4. To a car salesman.
5. To your best client.
6. To Saint Peter.

This Week's Contest was suggested by Stephen Dudzik of Olney. Come up with unwise things to say in any of the above circumstances. First-prize winner gets "Bosom Friend," an elegant, antique 1940s-era lace pouch, still in its box. "Bosom Friend" was to be pinned to one's brassiere. It held "mad money," for use when a date went bad.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312 or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com. U.S. mail entries are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, Aug. 4. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the

subject field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Russell Beland of Springfield.

Report from Week 512, in which we asked you to use a person's name as an acronym for an appropriate description or quote:

- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **Most advisers recommend to hold assets. "Sell this evening," Waksal advised. "Repent tomorrow."** (Bill Kivela, Ellington, Conn.)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **"How insignificant little lying angers Republicans! Yes, repeatedly, our deeds have animated malicious conspiracies, letting ideologues nefariously terrorize our nation."** (Malcolm Fleschner, San Mateo, Calif.)
- ◆ And the winner of the Charo-like costume: **"Yo, Ariel Sharon! I'm really a Rumsfeld agent fighting Arab terrorists!"** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **Christopher Histopher, Reads Invitations (Style), triumphantly Obtaining prize. He enters readily, Doubledactylically. Ostentatiously? Yes! Let's euthanize.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

- ◆ Honorable Mentions: **Gutted economy? Overspent? Ruined global ecology? We'll beat up Saddam Hussein!** (William Bradford, Washington)
- "My income can't handle another [expletive] lawsuit—jury awards certainly kill spending on noses."** (Norm Hecht, Golden, Colo.)
- See how effortlessly rational, logical observation cracks knotty headaches open—leaving merely elementary solutions.** (Danny Bravman, Potomac)
- "Regarding our budget: Everybody resents taxes, everybody hates reductions. Let's invite casinos here!"** (Eileen S. McClellan, Stevensville, Md.)
- Ear, meter, iamb—Listless—Your Dashes inserted ceaselessly—Keep irritated Novices Struggling on—needlessly—** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)
- "Babe, Outlaw Blues dnnh yrrr lfff ann nggh."** (Roy Ashley, Washington)
- Minc'd in ladies' things on national broadcast—everyone's raucous laughter ensued.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- "Jethro, Ellie's dog's cryin' like a moon possum eatin' turned tuna!"** (Scott Campisi, Wake Village, Tex.)
- Clearly had extensive renovations.** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)
- Highly impassioned liberal loves a redneck yahoo; reaches office despite his amorous misadventures; could land in national ticket one November.** (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)
- "... respect. Other day, nurse enters yelling, 'Doctor, anesthetic's niking guy's epidermis!' Replies fellow: 'Inspected epidermis—let die.'"** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- My reckoning: "Scarlet, Wrench, Hall" in the envelope.** (Danny Bravman, Potomac)
- "Me? One naughty intern. Clinton? Acting like everything was, incredibly, not sex. Ken? Yuck!"** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- Haters of W., awake! Real Democrat detected! Electable? Alas, not.** (Sarah Manchester, Silver Spring)
- He opposed war and rouses do-gooders; Democrats envision another Nader.** (Kevin Tingley, Fairfax)
- He is forever lost, alas: gone, silenced, through our neglect.** (Bruce W. Alter, Fairfax Station)
- Face it, dude, everyone's laughing. Communism's a stale theory, rendered obsolete.** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)
- "Movie insufficient! Kill ending, edit, insert sappy new ending reel."** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- A liberal fraud—really a nitwitted keister, entertaining nobody.** (Sanford Horn, Alexandria)
- Serve effectively. Return everything. Nail all.** (Mel Loftus, Holmen, Wis.)
- Loose lips of yenta deluxe gush reverently or vilify entirely.** (Rabbi Michael Bernstein, Longmeadow, Mass.)
- Dull as vanilla in dotage, but once was innovative eccentric.** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)
- "I contracted a really unbelievable sunburn."** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- "Koreans, I'm making jokes over nukes! God, I'm loony!"** (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)
- What if legitimately legal information effectively helped opponents reach their own nominations?** (Greg Arnold, Herndon)
- "Eccentric lunatics vouch I survived."** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Austrian Republican now ostensibly loves Democrat Shriver. Can't he wed a Republican zealot? Enough nonsense, eh? Get Gingrich's entire Rolodex!** (Joe Braverman, Silver Spring)
- Maybe all Lower Virginia's oblivious.** (Joshua Kaplowitz, Alexandria)
- "Might I suggest that everyone request pasta, or tomatoes, avoiding tubers? Or have every available dish."** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- My appearance reeled in lovers, yet none made overly nice relationships (outfielders excepted).** (J.J. Gertler, Alexandria)
- Pistol resting in a pocket? Uh, sure.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- "See Constitution as 'living'? I'm against!"** (Tom Kreitzberg, Silver Spring)
- "Sodomy? Can't allow lovin' in . . . arrears."** (Drew Knoblauch, Falls Church)
- Only jury suspected imaginary murderer perpetrated slashing of Nicole.** (Joe Braverman, Silver Spring)
- During another nightmarish season, new younger defense errs regularly.** (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)
- Another Democratic loser; alas, ill-advisedly spoke truth. Egghead voters evidently not sufficient of number.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Made a roast; traded her accomplice's stock; tried everything—wriggling, acquiescence, recriminations: Toast!** (Stephen Kann, Clifton)
- "My applique rose tablecloths help a slammer turn elegant, with a raffish touch."** (Holly Hacker, Columbia, Mo.)
- Slugger admits mallet modification, yields squat on steroid assistance.** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)
- Trumpeted hate, ultimately reconsidered. Married old. Now dead.** (Ken Stern, New York)
- "Seems that really old man truly had united races," muses outcast nonwhite daughter.** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)
- Eisenhower-appointed Republican liberally went about radically reconstructing entire nation.** (Greg Krakower, New York)
- Baritone artist requires requiem: yon walrus's hits induced tumescent eros.** (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)
- This is golf's exalted ruler, winning often over demoralized schlemiels.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- "Answers like enquiries!" Xanadu? Tyrannosaurus rex? Eggs Benedict? Evel Knievel?** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)
- Temperamental humor editor collates zaniness about rectums.** (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)
- Just one entrant can acquire Charo kitsch. Losers express relief.** (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)

Next Week: The E- No One Reads

Richard's Poor Almanac
DISCARDED WASHINGTON
by Richard Thompson

Briefly, in 1906, they tried mooring Zeppelins to the Washington Monument. But everybody hated climbing down the little ladder & the lightning rod kept poking teeny holes in the gasbag.

In 1893-5 the area around 8th & C St. NW was known as the 'mink ranching district.' The smell was unbelievable.

The old Dept. of Health & Human Services building had a 90-foot tall statue on top called "the Spirit of Mercy Succoring Everybody." Because of weight concerns it was made of grout, chalk & papier mâché. It lasted two weeks.

The Hirshhorn was originally a cyclorama entitled "Bohemian Paris" featuring Live Nude Art Models. After a few visits from the Vice Squad they were forced to put in some real art instead.

MISS MANNERS

Judith Martin

Ominous Counter Claims

The tabloids at the supermarket checkout counters must be turning timid. Customers who should be concentrating on how movie stars manage to get disillusioned after only two days of marriage are, instead, focusing their attention on one another.

Miss Manners knows how volatile a situation this is. With nothing to do but stand in line, they turn into etiquette vigilantes. They have no trouble finding outrageous offenses.

There is the trickster who gets into the express lane by counting two lemons as one item. And the criminal who secures an illicit advantage by leaving a half-filled basket in line and then darts off to collect more groceries. And the dummies who try several swipes before they figure out which way to insert their credit cards.

They are generally met with glares that can sizzle steak and sotto voce comments that can be heard as far away as the produce department. But lately, Miss Manners has been hearing more ominous analyses of scofflaw strategies and motives.

"I was at the supermarket waiting in line for one of those automated teller machines," reported one Gentle Reader, "and I've been waiting for five minutes or more on my lunch break and I'm itching to get back. I was distracted for a moment when I was next in line, and this woman and her kid cut in and started using the next available teller. Now part of me is thinking, did she just cut in line or what? Then I thought, who is worse, me telling a mother off because she did something so stupid like that and she hopes that people will keep their mouths shut because she has her kid with them, or her because she's doing stuff like that with her child in tow thinking that nobody will say anything?"

The next Gentle Reader was at the deli counter. "Ahead of me was a lady who arrived just before I did. She proceeded to request five different items, all of which had to be sliced to her exact specifications, and one or two of her selections required discussion beforehand. The lady behind the counter was not exactly moving at snappy speed, nor did she request help. It took about 10 minutes, and by the time it was done, three people had lined up behind me. But at last the lady moved away, and the counter person had taken my order, when suddenly the first customer was back, wanting to know about

a spot on her bologna—a spot that was there because it had been cut off the end of the loaf. She asked for a substitute slice, which the counter lady did, abandoning me as in mid-order.

"I was silently seething at this last, pointless delay when the lady turned to me and said, 'Sorry.' I suppose she expected me to say, 'Oh, that's all right,' but, in fact, it wasn't. I was annoyed. So I said nothing, and did not look at her.

"When she got her bologna back she went away in a huff. Was I wrong in inflicting the silent treatment? I run into this situation often enough that I wonder if the people at the front of the line aren't stretching things out as a strange little power trip."

Miss Manners sympathizes with people who are kept waiting by miscreants or fussy budgets and has no objection to polite protests, such as "Excuse me, but I believe I'm next" or "Could you finish my order first, please?" But when she hears dark speculation about a power trip at the deli counter or the use of a child as a human shield to cut ahead, she worries that there must be a national dearth of headline-worthy sex scandals.

Dear Miss Manners:
I was told that in a restaurant the man should sit on the outside so as to be closest to placing the order with the waiter or waitress. My boyfriend insists that he sit so that his back is not facing the room. Please advise.

Miss Manners must advise you that either the gentleman has serious enemies or he is making some. If he wants to keep his back to the wall so that no one can sneak up and attack him, you might want to know why. If he merely likes to sit there and considers it irrelevant that you or anyone else might also prefer that position, you might want to know that. Either way, he is in danger.

Feeling incorrect? E-mail your etiquette questions to Miss Manners (who is distraught that she cannot reply personally) at MissManners@untiedmedia.com—if you promise to use the black or blue-black ink you'll save by writing those thank-you, condolence and congratulations letters you owe.

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BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

Neither side vulnerable

NORTH				EAST			
♠ A 10 6				♠ 5 4			
♥ 10 5 3				♥ K J 9 2			
♦ K 9 7 4				♦ 5			
♣ Q 10 9				♣ K J 8 7 5 2			
WEST (D)				SOUTH			
♠ K 8 3 2				♠ Q J 9 7			
♥ 8				♥ A Q 7 6 4			
♦ Q 10 8 3				♦ A J 6 2			
♣ A 6 4 3				♣ None			

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	Pass	Pass	1 ♥
Pass	2 ♦ (1)	Pass	4 ♦
Pass	4 ♥	All Pass	

Opening lead: ♠ 2

At a panel show, the late Alfred Sheinwold was asked whether men or women make better players. Freddy had the perfect answer: "Women are better; men are best."

Most of the game's top players have been men, but the gap is narrowing. Cultural and societal factors that may have favored men are diminishing. Still, some studies on how sex hormones influence prenatal brain development suggest men have an inborn edge.

Whatever your view, you must admire South's play in today's deal. South won the first spade with the seven, returned a spade to dummy's ten and led a trump to the queen. If South next takes the ace of trumps, West shows out, and when South leads a spade to the ace, East ruffs and cashes the king of trumps, leaving declarer

with a spade to lose plus at least one diamond. But South carefully led a spade to the ace at Trick Four.

East ruffed, but South ruffed the club return, cashed the ace of trumps and ruffed the queen of spades in dummy. East overruffed with the king—a winner in any case—and led another club, ruffed.

South still had to play the diamonds—and could afford one loser but not two. So South led the ace and a low diamond, and when West played low, South played dummy's nine. If East could win, South would easily take the rest, but South's safety play paid off when East showed out.

South was England's Nicola Gardener, a former women's world champion. No man could have handled the play better.

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