

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 767: Questionable Journalism



BY JEFF BRECHLIN, EAGAN, MINN.

A. I can't believe that even a French doctor would be okay with this, and I think she's being terribly selfish.

Q. Miss Manners, do you think it's fair for my grandma to smoke an entire carton of cigarettes every day, and refuse to share any of them with me?

The Washington Post prides itself on a readership — still numbering in the plural — that not only peruses the paper with avidity, but also has the penetrating intelligence to question what it reads. **This week: Find any sentence (or a substantive part of a sentence) that appears in The Post or in an article on washingtonpost.com from May 31 through June 9 and come up with a question it might answer,** as in the example above from today's Carolyn Hax column. Please cite the date and page number of the article you're using (or if you're online, copy out that section of the article).

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives the genuine idiotic beanie pictured here, found by the Empress lying in a pile of discards in the newsroom (she *must* start sitting up at work) and modeled here by the genuine Chuck Smith of Woodbridge, the Hall of Fame Loser whose name is more closely associated with The Style Invitational than any other, with the possible exception of Preparation H. Chuck posed with the chapeau at the behest of the Empress and at the urging of the crowd at this month's Flushies, the Losers' own awards banquet, which this year drew 70 odd (no hyphen necessary) lunchers to College Park.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, June 9. Put "Week 767" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are 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 June 28. 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 results was submitted by both John O'Byrne of Dublin and Tom Witte of Montgomery Village. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Howard Walderman of Columbia.

REPORT FROM WEEK 763

in which we asked you to breed grandfoals, so to speak, from the winning foal names of Week 759:

- 5** Best in Shoe + Don L'Arson = Prada the Yankees (Rob Wolf, Gaithersburg, a First Offender)
- 4** Ponderosé + Westward Ho = Light Red District (Kevin Dopart, Washington)
- 3** Artsy Fartsy + YachtaYachtaYachta = PootinOnTheRitz (Beverly Sharp, Washington)
- 2** the winner of the souvenir Preakness glasses and assorted memorabilia: Letter of the Law + PIN the Tail = Throw the Book ATM (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

THE STALL WARTS: HONORABLE MENTIONS

- Acid Trip + AZ the World Turns = pHoenix (Danny Bravman, St. Louis)
- Acid Trip + Dr. Shoals = Reef Madness (Ron Bottomly, Columbia)
- Acid Trip + Scared Icon = Timothy Leery (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)
- Artsy Fartsy + Holy See = Hallow Dali (Chris Doyle, traveling in Lima, Peru)
- Artsy Fartsy + Oh, He's Only 71 = Fartsy (Harvey Smith, McLean)
- Best in Shoe + I Hate That Dog = Jimmy Chews (Cy Gardner, Arlington)
- BFD + Torah!Torah!Torah! = Surly Temple (Jay Shuck)
- Bugs Stops Here + Westward Ho = What's Up, Doxy? (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- Bugs Stops Here + I See Debt, People = Blanc Check (Michael Mason, Fairfax)
- Buy Your Leave + What Goes Around = Ransom Laps (Mike Hammer, Arlington)
- Cherubimbo + Mover and Shaker = Babe Magnate (Chris Doyle)
- Don L'Arson + Holy See = Perfect Goyim (Larry Yungk, Arlington)
- Dr. Shoals + Hoss's Ass = Hippocratic Oaf (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Handheld + Holy See = Palm Pilate (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville)
- Holy See + Pants on Fire = Hot Cross Buns (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Holy See + What Goes Around = Roamin' Catholic (Brad Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)
- Hoss's Ass + \$0\$ = Bottom Dollar (Kevin Dopart; Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)

- Hoss's Ass + Hamburger Hamlet = Fanny Get Your Bun (George Vary, Bethesda)
- I Hate That Dog + Hits the Fan = Shih Tzu (Ira Allen, Bethesda; Chris Doyle)
- I'll Call You + Roger, Houston = Let's Do Launch (Andrew Hoenig)
- In Obits + I'll Call You = Dead Ringer (Kevin Dopart)
- Mock Twain + Hits the Fan = Parody Pooper (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)
- Oh, He's Only 71 + There Will Be Bud = McCain-Rheingold (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Oh, He's Only 71 + Tyger Tyger = Turning Right (Harvey Smith)
- Pants on Fire + Atlas Chugged = Randy McNally (Mae Scanlan, Washington)
- Projectile Varmint + Hits the Fan = PopGoesTheWeasel (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)
- Projectile Varmint + I Hate That Dog = Pukingese (Chris Doyle)
- ReplyHazy TryAgain + Westward Ho = Can U Whore Me Now (Roy Ashley, Washington)
- Reports of My Death + I See Debt, People = Bury Bonds (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Roger, Houston + Pants on Fire = We Have a Problem (Kathy A. Fisher, Kerrville, Tex., a First Offender; Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

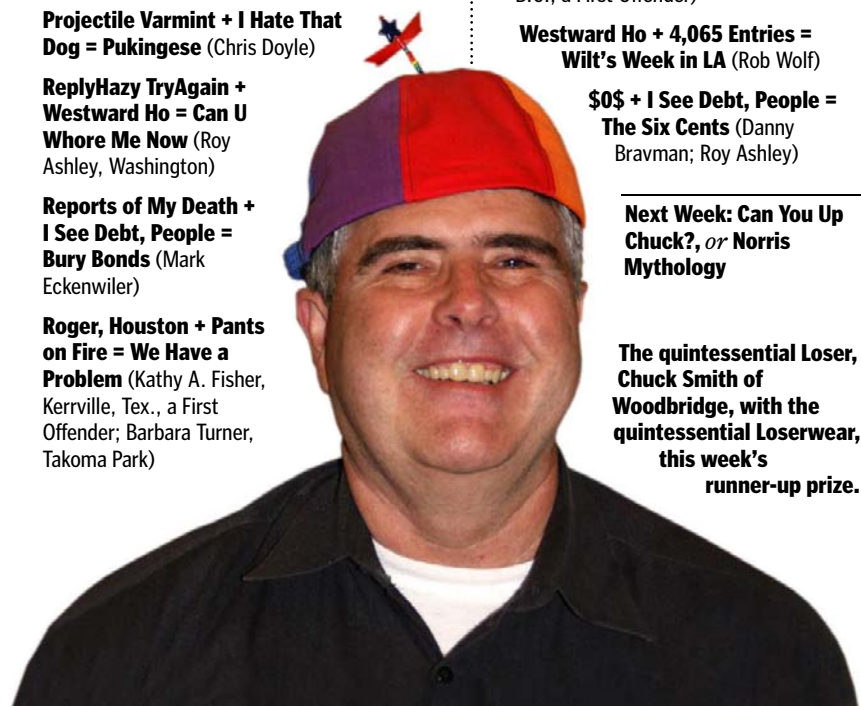
AND THE WINNERS OF ONE INKER EACH

Bugs Stops Here + Torah!Torah!Torah! = Yo, Semite Sam! (Pam Sweeney, Germantown; Kevin Dopart)

- Samuel Longhorn + Tyger Tyger = Steers and Stripes (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Talk to the Hand + Artsy Fartsy = Parlez à la Main (Chris Doyle)
- The Foresight Saga + Westward Ho = Seersucker (Bryan Crain, Modesto, Calif.)
- There Will Be Bud + Bugs Stops Here: There Will Be Fudd (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- There Will Be Bud + In Obits = King of Biers (Andrew Hoenig)
- There Will Be Bud + Hits the Fan = Keg Potty (Dave Komornik, Danville, Va.; Christopher Lamora)
- Torah!Torah!Torah! + Acid Trip = Shul Daze (Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)
- Tryst and Shout + Bun Baby Bun = Rock 'n' Roll (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington; David Roberts, Victoria, B.C., a First Offender)
- Westward Ho + 4,065 Entries = Wilt's Week in LA (Rob Wolf)
- \$0\$ + I See Debt, People = The Six Cents (Danny Bravman; Roy Ashley)

Next Week: Can You Up Chuck?, or Norris Mythology

The quintessential Loser, Chuck Smith of Woodbridge, with the quintessential Loserwear, this week's runner-up prize.



BY JEFF BRECHLIN, EAGAN, MINN.

Looking for Friends With High Places

ROOFTOP, From C1

But actually enjoying someone's company is merely a bonus where rooftop property in D.C. is concerned.

"I was friends with this girl for two months" whose most positive quality was her rooftop pool, Lauren Posten admits.

Rachel Houge recently met a guy at a party who said he had a rooftop — are you ready for this? — *hot tub*. She's not going to lie. That didn't hurt his friendship potential.

"I once thought about placing a Craigslist ad," Beth McClimens says, "just to find someone with a rooftop deck."

When you do find someone, there's the whole matter of finagling the invitation, something that Colette Luke likes to accomplish through flattery. "I start with something like, 'You're a great entertainer. I bet you would throw a really awesome party.'" Maybe on ... the roof?

And then there's the whole mat-

ter of being an awesome enough guest (*Who wants homemade potato salad?!*) to get invited back.

Young urbanites, gasping for fresh air, negotiating friendships based on a hierarchy of summer that begins with "balcony" and progresses through patio and courtyard. Dreaming of transacting their way to the top: meeting someone who lives in the Cairo, a lofty Dupont Circle building constructed before height restrictions. The deck on the Cairo is so very desirable that residents are supposed to limit their rooftop guests to one person at a time.

Not that there's a shortage of outdoor space in D.C. There's Rock Creek Park, that enormous green blob on the city map. There's the Mall, which is why everyone lives in the city anyway — at least that's the story for friends in Reston. *No, no, I don't have a yard, per se. But the Mall is right there. The Mall is basically my yard.*

Except that there are so many dogs and games of ultimate Fris-



BY BILL O'LEARY — THE WASHINGTON POST

From left, Clint Davis, Frederick Oldfield, Craig Collins and Frank Garcia are all decked out for summer, courtesy of Garcia's rooftop perk with a panoramic view.

bee. And there's no handy public restroom, and you certainly can't *drink*, and there's always some antiwar protest going on that you didn't know about.

But the rooftop deck? Ahhhh. It's a promise of the summers we mean to have, tanned and social, with coolers of Corona sitting next to lawn chairs. An urban rooftop deck is the gateway drug to the suburban patio, but it seems so much hipper.

Adam Catterton still lives in D.C., and he's currently in between friends with rooftops.

He used to have a friend who had a rooftop pool. Actually, he had a girlfriend who had a friend with a rooftop pool, a really nice one on Mass. Ave., with brick walls that

"I once thought about placing a Craigslist ad just to find someone with a rooftop deck."

Beth McClimens

prevented it from feeling too windy. Those were the good days.

The friend moved away. A desperate Catterton refused to let the dream die. He tried to sneak into the building, mumbling the name of a fictitious resident to the front desk and packing a concealed beach towel. He tasted sunlight before the security officer realized that something was amiss and escorted him back down the stairs.

ISO new friend with rooftop pool. Call him if you have any leads. If your lack of access to personal

rooftop space in D.C. makes you desperate enough, you are probably on your way to moving out of the city and into Northern Virginia.

Not that it will necessarily help, because the hierarchy of summer also exists in the suburbs. "If I lived in D.C., I would probably use someone for their rooftop pool," says Chuck Korasick. He is eating chips and salsa at a Mexican restaurant in Clarendon with some buddies from the financial firm where he works. He doesn't have to mooch off of anybody, though, be-

cause he lives in Ballston, in a building that has its very own, very nice pool. All of their buildings do, his friends say. Rooftops for everyone.

"But sometimes I call my friend Mike," Jared Salvetti says, "and say, 'Dude, get out of work. We're going to your pool!'"

Wait, didn't Salvetti just say that he lives in a building that *has* — "Oh, I have a pool," he says. But Mike lives in Fairfax. Mike has a pool at his own house. With a grill. And a yard.

Huh. And what does Mike do if he senses the water is bluer elsewhere?

"He probably calls Brad." Brad, see, belongs to the country club in Chantilly. It has a pool, horseshoes and a snack bar. *The life.*

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By David Green
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