

*"Don't sweat petty things... or pet sweaty things."*

## U.S. Fat Reserves Full

*An Investigative report by staff writer Charlie Myers*

WASHINGTON, DC--Unable to keep pace with the fat-storage needs of an increasingly prosperous, inactive and consumptive American populace, the nation's 140,000 federal fat-reserve tanks are in danger of bursting their seams and discharging several billion gallons of clotted human fat into sensitive ecosystems across the U.S., Department of the Interior officials said Monday.

"On Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 11:23 a.m. EST, the federal fat reserves reached their official absolute design limit," Deputy Interior Secretary Richard Rominger said. "A crisis state now exists during which the Department of the Interior will operate its fat-pipeline and tank-storage units under emergency conditions only."

The fat reserves, estimated to hold 230 billion gallons of excess U.S. lipids, adipose tissue and cellulite, have now been packed into triple-hulled steel tanks at up to four times standard pressure, seriously threatening the structural integrity of the system. Federal fat-management personnel, using computer flab-flow monitoring systems, project that the reserves will suffer at least one major rupture in the next three months. Further, almost all of the tanks have experienced overflow conditions ranging from minor lard seepage to explosive catastrophic weld failure.

"What we're dealing with here is a simple but dangerous overpressure problem," said James Soto, a federal fat dynamicist. "The tanks in question are reinforced, three-bulkhead solid/liquid fat-scavenging designs made of roll-tempered high-tungsten steel, feeding off a centrifugal fat-recovery slurry turbine. But some of them are over 30 years old, and we've packed them with raw, semi-solid human-obesity by-products at pressures nearing 13 fatmospheric units. That's 13 times the pressure found in the stomach region of your average 300-pound man."

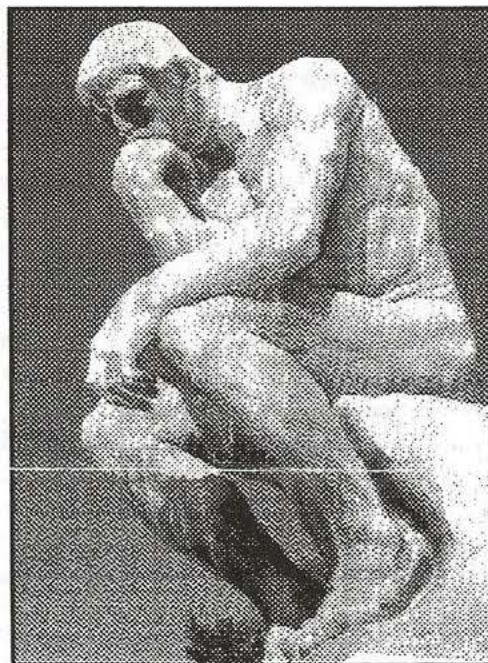
Until the crisis passes and more room can be made in the tanks, the government is urging Americans to try to fit a little more weight on their frames. "If everyone could just squeeze on three or four extra pounds--whether it be in the thighs, the hips or even, in some extreme cases, the ankles and wrists--it would tremendously help relieve the strain on our badly overtaxed national fat reserves," Rominger said. "We realize that most Americans are already doing their part, carrying as much fat as humanly possible, but this truly is an emergency situation. Again, I want to stress," Rominger said, "we are not asking Americans to lose weight. We're simply asking them to carry around a few extra pounds until the system is up and running again."

"Unfortunately, a number of recent American life-style trends, including super-sizing, an expanded offering of cable TV channels, and the new, even more delicious taste of Jennie-O brand breakfast sausages, have placed an unbelievable strain on our nation's fat reserves," Rominger said. "The U.S. girth rate has been so explosive, it's been almost impossible for our storage facilities to keep up. To give you an idea of what we're talking about, in the past five years, the national pant size has soared from 36 to a whopping 48."

At least one ecosystem has already felt the effects of the current crisis. Some 250 fat-holding tanks in South Florida suffered total structural failure Tuesday, flooding the Everglades with streams of glistening, pink, basketball-sized lumps of lard drained from the bodies of some 40,000 buffet-going Pompano Beach retirees. At least 15 Everglades species, including the Florida crested tern and the swath-bellied kingsnake, are in danger of extinction as a result of the floating chunks of slowly decomposing necrotic flab.

"The disappearance of species from our planet and the wholesale destruction of our ecosystems is only the beginning," said Raymond Thorne, director of Florida's Department of Conservation. "If the U.S. government doesn't start getting serious about expanding federal fat reserves now, the American people themselves may one day suffer, forced to ease up on the ham-and-cheese omelettes, Pringles potato chips, juicy prime rib, and rich, creme-filled pastries that no person should ever have to live without."

*See related back page article: Upcoming NRARS Society Breakfasts*



High priced industry consultants are brought in from think tanks around the country to help government officials avert a potential disaster.





Jonathan Paul

## Page 2 Filler Material *by staff writer Jonathan Paul (we think)*

June 21 -- Garrett Park. While engaged in usual study of wallpaper at social event, am approached by kid who says am in her way. Odd. Usually at these affairs am about as visible as an Ear No One Reads. Am wearing Loser T-shirt. Could this be the key to the elusive secret of visibility?

July 4 -- Garrett Park. Have been wearing crisp new T-shirt all day without incident. Attend picnic in evening. Sitting opposite unknown female. Subject suddenly points at me and shouts, "You're that guy in the Style Invitational!" Seems very excited. Subject finds husband who is Metro Section reporter. Recites his favorite entries from contest, "Bad Advice for Tourists." Interesting. She grabs other people and points at me. Feeling a bit too visible.

July 26 -- Harper's Ferry. Despite wearing canary yellow shirt there is no reaction from nearby humanoids. Could it be because everyone is wearing Loser T-shirts and busy fighting dangerous Shenandoah rapids? Oh, right, this is Loserfest. Silly me. Get drenched and swallow copious amounts of water. Revived by Weaselbrau.

July 28 -- White Flint. Picking up Loserpalooza snapshots. Am suddenly hailed by passerby. It's Paul Styrene! Seems he just flew in from Vegas. Curiously, his arms seem ok. Hmmm. T-shirt must emit some kind of Loser pheromone.

August 31 -- Garrett Park. Am I having auditory hallucinations? There is constant ringing in my ears as of a bicycle bell growing louder and louder, more and more insistent. Suddenly male subject pulls up next to me and removes helmet. It's Jerry Pannullo! Could it be mere coincidence that the Acting DORK Himself is riding through GP at this moment? No, it couldn't. Though, maybe it could. Or could it? Perhaps. Then again, perhaps not.

September 27 -- Giant Mantis attacks Laurel, MD! Causes train wreck and overturns bus. General panic. Guess they'll have to cancel October brunch. Oh, wait ... must have fallen asleep while watching rerun of "The Deadly Mantis" on TV starring William Hopper as Dr. Ned Jackson (played Paul Drake on "Perry Mason.") Didn't realize he was son of Hedda Hopper. Mantis flies to NY and is trapped in Holland Tunnel. Col. Joe Parkman (Craig Stevens, TV's "Peter Gunn") gets girl newspaper photographer, Marge Blaine (Alix Talton, Corinne Ralbot in "Rock Around the Clock.")

October 4 -- Davis, WV. While on Audubon field trip with about 20 others, guy named Mike spies shirt and admits to being SI enthusiast. Asks for mildly sought-after bumper sticker. What am I, Santa Claus?

October 5 -- Davis, WV. Mike has bought Sunday paper. Cheerfully tells me I got no ink. Oh yeah, he's gonna get a bumper sticker REAL soon.

October 10 -- Washington, D.C. Submit findings to learned journal. Lasting fame and permanent visibility will soon be mine.

October 12 -- Washington, D.C. Manuscript rejected by Depravda. Editor says it "won't fit." Send it back to him and suggest he try rolling it up first. Starting to fade.

October 25 -- Garrett Park. Wearing multiple T-shirts now but still losing visibility. Feeling vaguely disoriented. October Depravda arrives. Find entire issue incomprehensible, not just the Kondis stuff.

October 31 -- Garrett Park. Go to Halloween party as invisible man.

November 10 -- Garrett Park. Can't hold out much longer. Article ... still ... not ... long ... enough ... must ... keep..... padding .....

## Breakfast at Timberlakes *by disgruntled staff writer Jan VerrEy*

Unlike the rustic strip malls of Laurel or the parking lots of high rises in suburban Virginia filled with colorful taxicabs, Timberlakes is located on tres chic Connecticut Avenue, amidst vast amounts of pigeon poop, the embodiment of cosmopolitan living. Timberlakes has all the trappings of an important DC bar...pictures of the Hogs, a framed rave review by Larry King, fruit of the month Stoly and cute names for beer...Coors Sorbet, Bud Latte.

The staff is very efficient [a lot of blonde people]. At exactly 10:30, our waiter, Helmut, marched us into a private room reminiscent of a high school cafeteria, except there was no lingering smell of fish sticks and cherry jell-o. [Helmut took down the names of everyone who came in after 10:30.] At exactly 10:45, Helmut began shouting at us to order, "ze sooner you make up your minds, ze better it will be for all of us!"

Judy "Mongoose Lady" Daniel ordered Eggs Sardu, which is the color of old army tent. Judy said when dining out, she always orders something similar to the color of her outfit so she can spill her food at will. Joe Romm, that hedonistic ne'er do well, brought his own water. Greg Arnold pouted because there were no bagels and refused to eat. It was the only time I saw the Helmut smile. Jennifer Hart was very upset at the prospect of winning the Style Invitational a third time in a row. The Losers rallied to her side and assured her we hoped she didn't win either.

Dave Genser brought a friend from Hexagon, who gave a talk on what exactly is satire. Chuck Smith mumbled something about the Losers knowing all there is to know about satire and hit Mr. Hexagon in the face with a pie. As Mr. Hexagon went to sit down, Sandra Hull, pulled the chair out from under him.

At exactly 12:30, Helmut ordered us to leave. Kitty Thuermer gave a tour of the many interesting specialty stores along Connecticut Avenue: Chez Oh Pain, Mercenary Mart and her personal favorite, Tawnee's Tool Shack. I was particularly taken with a lovely black leather paddle studded with jumbo silver nail heads that spelled out SPANK. John Kammer bought a gold lame cod piece. As I left, Kitty and Steve Dudzik were fighting over a day-glo pink tutu. Surprisingly, no one asked me for a ride.



## IN THE PRESENCE OF GREATNESS

by: Gatorado producer Sarah Worchester



The weekend of November 1-2, I blew off the NRARS brunch (sorry guys) to attend the 1997 World Championship Punkin Chunkin at the Eagle Crest Aerodrome in Lewes, Delaware. For those of you unfamiliar with the event, Punkin Chunkin is a competition between builders of pumpkin-hurling devices. There are 4 rules: pumpkins must weigh between 8 and 10 pounds, pumpkins must leave the machine intact, no part of the machine may pass the starting line, and **ABSOLUTELY NO EXPLOSIVES** are allowed.

There are different types of devices in popular use. The giant slingshot-type and catapult devices seem to be mostly human-powered, though at least one used compressed air as its power source. The centrifugal-type devices (some capable of hurling a pumpkin better than 2000 feet) seemed to be mostly engine-powered. The big stars of the event, though, are the compressed air cannons with barrels up to 100 feet long, capable of shooting a pumpkin into the air at speeds of 400 to 600 MPH or more.

These are the distance stars of the competition. A new world record was set this weekend. The compressed air cannon named 'Universal Soldier' shot a pumpkin more than 3700 feet (I can't remember the exact number, but it was 3700 and change) to take the championship. The second-place finisher was an entrant from Morton, Illinois, the 'Aludium Q36 Pumpkin Modulator', with a longest shot of, I believe, around 3500 feet. The Aludium Q36 Pumpkin Modulator was last year's Champion, having set a then-world-record of 2710 feet. You will notice that this year's competition bettered last year's record by 1000 feet or more.

Last year's win by the Illinois team was the first time the Championship had gone to an out-of-state team. Morton, Illinois reportedly supplies 80 percent of the country's canned pumpkin, and entry into the Punkin Chunkin competition was prompted by civic pride. A punkin chunkin competition was also held in Illinois this year, in September, and several Delaware teams hauled their machines out to attempt to bring the trophy back home. Alas, it was not to be. The Aludium Q36 Pumpkin Modulator (named after the machine used by Marvin the Martian in the cartoons) won that competition handily. In a conversation with the wife of one of the Delaware entrants, I learned that the Delaware teams had somehow stolen the Marvin the Martian mascot off the tip of the Aludium Q36 Pumpkin Modulator at the end of the Illinois competition and had brought it back to Delaware with them. The mascot was then photographed at the beach and various local sites before it was finally returned to its owners on Sunday, when it was put back on the tip of the barrel of the Aludium Q36 Pumpkin Modulator.

Another highlight of the competition was the opportunity to see a pumpkin rocket across Delaware Rt. 1 and smash into a tree on the other side. As this happened, a collective gasp arose from the crowd. An air cannon had fired at a far lower trajectory than normal. And the State Police had not stopped traffic. While the pumpkin wasn't THAT close to any of the passing cars, a

*Continues on P4.*

## PAUL KONDIS PRESENTS...

### Rotisserie League '97,

**Good God, Y'all, What is it GOOD FOR??? --** Washington DC. - Taking advantage of an easy part of the schedule brought on by the end of the season, the Petunias went on a winning streak, and began the long climb up the trellis. However, the goal of growing underneath the siding of the Eisenhower House and out the bedroom window was nipped in the bud, as it were, by the Laurel Gardening Club's fall outing.

Meanwhile, the other owners had scattered to rest up for the annual Loud Stereo League in Barbados, complete with wheeling, dealing, and rum punch. Not that we are prone to gossip, but due to a bizarre set of circumstances, one owner used the break to commit matrimony, not that we encourage that sort of thing - believing as we do that owners are role models, too. The happy (so far) couple plan to honeymoon with the bride going to Virginia Beach and the groom going to Ocean City.

It is rumored that another, rookie owner, felt so rested after several weeks, that he went and had a birthday, after which he was so enervated that he rescheduled the entire December slate of events - including brunch, Christmas-type party, and front-end realignment - just so that he could get some more sleep. This infuriated the rest of the owners, as it caused the further misuse of dashes, not the sort of punctuation they want their daughters hanging out with.

The ending of the Rotisserie League season coincided with a lift of the 'Happy Hour Ban' on the athletes playing the season, and they took immediate advantage of this and their loose morals to be seen at several local establishments being 'Happy', at least until they fell behind in the floating craps game. A bear market existed for pickles, fries, and those peppers that turned out to be a little hotter than they looked.

*Note to Tom Witte: there was very little boinking.*

*2<sup>nd</sup> Note to Tom Witte: and you were not involved in it.*

Next week: A report from Barbados

*Next Month's Featured Team: The Losers*





# Hatemail to the Editor



Dear Depravda Editor Guy:

I'm not suggesting sabotage or anything, but wouldn't it be a hoot if you took Genser's happy hour notices and just printed the headline, Genser's byline and then just printed a page from the phone book or Tax Code? Alternatively, you could alter the names of the attendees to be Gilligan's Island characters or Biblical personages. You're a minister now, you can do stuff like that. If you do puppy out and print what he actually wrote, I noted at least one typo: "Inaugurate" has but one "n"

- Sincerely, The Rev. Sandra Hull, Arlington

Dear Rev,

*It tough enough keeping up with the changes Genser makes to his own articles. For example the October Depravda had to be entirely reprinted when shortly after the last minute Mr. Genser called to inform us the place he identified for the upcoming happy hour had in fact gone out of business. According to Mr. Zarrow who handles such things, the cost of reprinting the entire run was up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars range and as a result we're all going to see the cost of subscriptions go up. It's irresponsibility like that which is causing us to re-think our policy of not checking any facts before going to print.*  
- ed.

Dear Editor,

The masthead in last month's Depravda advertized for a "good taste censor." I protest! This is obviously a sneaky attempt to get rid of Depravda entirely. Now I know what happened to Grace Fuller. Still, if the Right Reverend For Life Sandra Hull is not up to the task of keeping Depravda safe for the squeamish, I'll take the @#!&\*% position if it's still open. Depravda needs some good, old fashioned censorship by a bloodless government cipher, anyway.

-- Delicately, DTG, A (VA)

Dear DTG, A (VA) Ph.D. MBA  $E=Mc^2$ ,

*The advertizement for a good taste editor was a misprint originally intended for our spanish edition newsletter Depravdo. But thanks for your interest.* -- ed.

Dearest Editor,

There's been a time lag of days between when e-mail is sent and when I get it -- why don't you do something about that, Mr. Big Shot Editor?

-- Sincerely, Jan VerrEy

Dear Jan,

*Are you the same Jan VerrEy whose tirade last month caused me nothing but grief and because of which I was hauled in front of the Depravda oversight board to be torn a new one? And now you want me to fix your e-mail? Well let me tell you something, I... I... hmmm.... Yesss... I can fix your e-mail. I will simply need access to your computer for a short time, and I'll need your*

*password of course. And you VISA card number to test a couple things out. Yep, I'll have it fixed right up in no time.* - ed.

Dear Aiding and Abetting Editor Dave,

Curse you for not printing my letter letting others know how cool I am for being such a big Loser!

Mike Connaghan, Moved to Ft. Belvoir (No thanks to you all)

Dear Janitor,

When will you bring back the pictures of our beloved Dave? He makes my world go round.

*Centrifugally, A Dave Zarrow Fan-club Member*

Dear Editor of Depravda

I demand that you print my entries for last month's Top 10 (er, 4) List. I don't care if you got them after the deadline! I didn't know there was a deadline, and, besides, I worked darn hard thinking my entries up. They were so much better than the competition. Don't make me take my protest all the way up to Access Office Supplies. It could get ugly, uglier than a bearded man playing an electronic organ in front of a mirror and Losers.  
-- Your humble subscriber, cb

*Yells "Screw the EPA" and releases chlorofluorocarbons into the atmosphere.*

*Hides the words "The Emmys Suck" in several Shoe cartoons.*

*Splatters contents of colostomy bags onto TV screen.*

*Ran after judges with a turbocharged Prostatron.*

*Zippped himself into a body bag with thirty ravenous and horny gerbils.*

*Moved to Herndon and changed his name to Chuck Zarrow.*

*Plastered the Emmy set with hundreds of HM bumper stickers.*

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**Punkin' Chunkin' Con't from page 3.**

few milliseconds could have made quite a difference. Several minutes later an announcement came over the loudspeakers. "Attention chunkers. Please DO NOT chunk any pumpkins unless authorized to do so. Again -- NO UNAUTHORIZED CHUNKING. It's not a good idea to send a 10-pound pumpkin at 400 miles per hour across Route 1 at a height of 10 feet." A short silence. Then, "Funny, but not a good idea. I mean, someone could put an eye out that way." As I stood along the fence line with the good-natured and friendly crowd (numbering in the thousands) viewing the chunking, I was overwhelmed with wonder at this display of American ingenuity.

Looking up the field at the long line of fantastic machines built with the sole purpose of hurling pumpkins long distances made me proud to be an American. And I wasn't alone. More than once I overheard people saying, "Is this country great, or what?"

This is definitely an event worth attending. We might wish to make it an NRARS-sponsored field trip in 1998.



# IN THE LAMELIGHT → KEVIN CUDDIHY

**Full Name:** Kevin Patrick Cuddihy

**Birthdate:** April 5, 1973

**Really?:** Yes, I'm really that young. (Editor's note: Twirp)

**Occupation:** Editorial Assistant. MUCH more glamorous than it sounds!

**Hobbies:** What is this, a personal ad? Look at my AOL profile if you really care.

**Favorite TV shows:** Drew Carey and South Park

**Favorite Authors:** Patricia Cornwell and James Patterson

Places relatives have been asked if they know "that Kevin Cuddihy from the Style Invitational"

Brother and sister-in-law on their honeymoon in Williamsburg

Another sister-in-law at her health club

Me at Virginia Tech

Sister at James Madison

Aunt and uncle in Chicago

Parents in Rome, Italy

Brother at work in DC

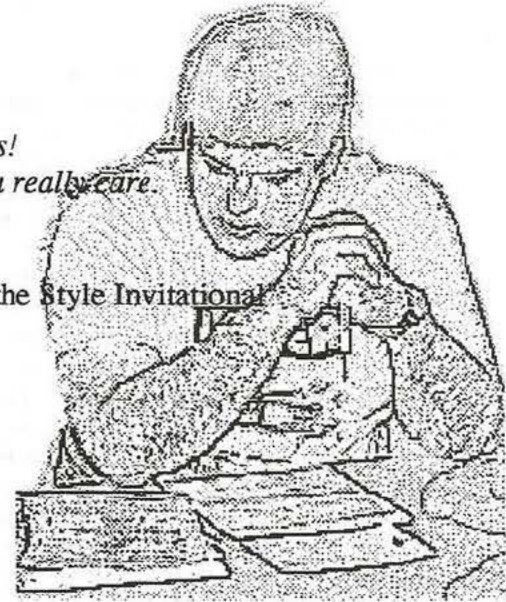
**Number of decimal places I can carry pi out to:** seven

**Greatest accomplishment:** Interviewing the Czar for this rag, of course!

**Special hidden talent:** I seem to have an uncanny ability to win lots and lots of stuff from radio call-in contests. Sadly, none of it's the good stuff.

**Reason this Lamelight is so crappy:** Today is Tuesday. Deadline was Monday.

**Anything else:** Nope.





# Bits and Pieces

## Holiday Party, chez Maja Keech and Erika Bardot

Sunday 14 December : 3:00pm-whenever

8409 Ravenswood Road New Carrollton, MD 20784

RSVP mkee@loc.gov (Mon.-Fri.) or call me at home (301) 577-4543

### Directions from Baltimore-Washington Parkway:

--take B-W Pkwy to Riverdale Rd. exit and take RIVERDALE ROAD toward New Carrollton (rt. turn if coming from D.C., left if the from the north) --go for about 2 miles on Riverdale Rd. and turn left onto LAMONT DRIVE (at light; library on left) and follow Lamont Dr. to bottom of 2nd hill --turn right onto CARROLLTON PARKWAY --turn right onto STANWOOD --turn at first left onto RAVENSWOOD ROAD --half-way down the block on the right, at the top of a cul-de-sac, is 8409 Ravenswood RD., a brick Cape Cod. No distinguishing features.

### Directions from the Beltway:

--take beltway to exit 20B (ANNAPOLIS ROAD, rt. 450 west) --almost immediately turn right onto 85TH AVENUE (by Ramada hotel) --follow 85th Ave. until it curves to the left and becomes WESTBROOK --follow WESTBROOK 3 blocks to first stop sign and --turn right on POWHATTAN --go to next stop sign and turn left on 85TH PLACE --go to next stop sign and turn left on FREMONT STREET --go 3 blocks to bottom of hill --turn left onto RAVENSWOOD --half-way down the block on the left, at the top of a cul-de-sac, is 8409 Ravenswood Road, a brick Cape Cod. If this sounds as though you've gone in a circle, it's because you have.

### From METRO:

--we're about 2 miles from METRO. Call us at (301) 577-4543 and we will pick you up. Go to the upper parking lot (the 450 side) and wait near where the taxicabs are parked, unless the construction is finished and the kiss and ride (woo woo!) is back. Or, you could wait in the Amtrack waiting room if it's cold.

*What to bring?* Hors d'oeuvres type things, I guess. Whatever you like, but let me know (mkee@loc.gov Mon.-Fri.) so I can coordinate.

*Who's invited?* Everyone, even Doodzeek and Twenhafel.

## Another joke by Anonymous

A guy is at the pearly gates, waiting to be admitted, while St. Pete is leafin' through this Big Book to see if the guy is worthy of entering. Saint Peter goes through the books several times, furrows his brow, and says to the guy, "You know, I can't see that you did anything really good in your life but, you never did anything bad either. Tell you what, if you can tell me of one REALLY good deed that you did in your life, you're in."

The guy thinks for a moment and says, "Yeah, there was this one time when I was drivin' down the highway and I saw a giant group of KKK Biker Gang Rapists assaulting this poor girl. I slowed down my car to see what was going on, and sure enough, there they were, about 50 of 'em torturing this chick. Infuriated, I get out my car, grabbed a tire iron out of my trunk, and walked straight up to the leader of the gang, a huge guy with a studded leather jacket and a chain running from his nose to his ear. As I walked up to the leader, the KKK Biker Gang Rapists formed a circle around me. So, I rip the leader's chain off his face and smash him over the head with the tire iron. Then I turned around and yell to the rest of them, 'Leave this poor, innocent girl alone! You're all a bunch of sick, deranged animals! Go home before I teach you all a lesson in pain!'"

St. Peter, impressed, says "Really? When did this happen?"

"Oh, about two minutes ago."



The cast and crew of Gatorado shown at left enjoying a well deserved post-production vacation in the Bahamas. The inflatable killer whale was last seen uttering "bite me!" in the vicinity of the inflatable gator.



Photo by Jennifer Hart, Arlington

Depravda editor shown in the library wing of his new estate "Burglinshire" just prior to being head-butted by his prize albino thoroughbred Shrimpy. The Burglinshire estate is widely believed to have been purchased with Depravda funds.

## Visit the All-Nude Losers' Home Page

<http://members.tripod.com/~mmexandra/>

### NOW SHOWING

- The ALL NEW 1997 Edition Losers' Screen Saver
- \*\* Free to selected customers. \*\*

### COMING SOON:

- Schlock and Roll Hall of Flame: Duelling Losers Band Lyrics
- Do-Gooder Losers: Loser Baby, WETA, SHARE, etc.
- Loser Poll (submit proposed poll topics to [redacted])

## News of the World: Begrudgingly submitted by Paul Kondis

A disturbance was reported on Tuesday, October 21 at the Metro Center edition of Olsson's Book Store. When we got there, we noticed a large, but mostly well behaved, unruly crowd, bowing and scraping to some guy with a bad hair cut who seemed to be trying to incite the crowd by repeatedly referring to toilets. He appeared harmless, though we advised the store owners to hide their signs.

There were several Losers present, who we already have rather large files on. Identified were Jennifer Hart, Dave Zarrow, and Sandra Hull. Some drunk in the back kept disturbing the others by offering to buy beer. We saw no need to interfere.





### November TOP TEN Results

#### *Top Frightening Costume/Weaver Combinations*

10. Greg Arnold ,dressed in rags, playing a familiar tune on a banjo
9. Sue Lin chong as Madame Butterfly
8. Mike Connaghan as the nutcracker suite's Clara.
7. Dave Zarrow as the Bearded Lady
6. Joe Romm, Kitty Thuermer and Helene Haduch as the Jellicle cats
5. Jennifer Hart as "Bubbles Spice" girl.
4. Paul Kondis as a praying mantis
3. Jan VerrEy as Divine.
2. John Kammer as Ru Paul
1. Mary Olson as Little Bo Peep

## DECEMBER TOP TEN CONTEST

### *Top Ten Captions for the Loser Screen Saver*

(shown above)

Send your entries by Dec 12th to:  
Top Ten List

or via e-mail to:

### *LOSER HAPPY HOURS: A NEW TRADITION*

By John Kammer

HH3: WHEN: Unknown WHERE: Also Unknown RSVP: Not Yet

Well, as expected Loser Happy Hour number two was greatly improved over LHH1. The festivities were held at the Childe Harold restaurant/bar in or about Dupont Circle. Not being particularly familiar with the area myself I was extremely annoyed when it took me the better part of an hour just to find a spot to park. Of course to accomplish that I had to switch into 4-wheel drive and push someone else's car out into the street and I apologize if that was another Loser's. On the other hand no one told me up front that it would be a particularly bad idea to wear my black leather jacket into the neighborhood which apparently gave some residents the wrong idea much to the amusement of my so-called "friends". Upon further reflection I hope that was your car.

I didn't take attendance or anything. Genser was supposed to write this article but the deadline is here and all I've got is 4 1/2" of (*Shut up Jan!*) empty column space. So let me see if I can recall.....

One good anecdote was Jennifer Hart's passing out hot peppers for consumption to unsuspecting Losers. Apparently Ms Hart ordered the jalepeno platter and thought it would be amusing to see myself and Paul Kondis taken away on stretchers by an ambulance crew. The ambulance crew got the last laugh however as they simply stole our wallets and dumped the gurneys into the Potomac. Paul and I had a good chuckle after we detached ourselves from the gurneys and raced back to the surface of the water.

LHH3 should be even more fun. Paul and I have a surprise planned for Jennifer you won't want to miss....



# Drs. Style

*Note: The Drs. Style received the following letter after publication of the October column:*

Dear Dorker Stool:

I read with great interest you appointing me the rank of #2...on your list of favorite Losers. This is a great honor. Who do you think you are? Or, more to the point, who do you think \*I\* am?

Help! Me Move to Ft. Belvoir

*Dear Help! Me Move to Ft. Belvoir,*

*Tragically, the shift to Eastern Standard time has put you one hour behind in your medication schedule. Or is it just that the Price Club has run out of Thorazine? Drs. Style are not unsympathetic to your cries for help, but from the frantic tone of your letter, it is clear that you fit the requisite four signs of POOP Syndrome, or Paranoia On top Of Paranoia. A cursory reading of your letter (and frankly, that was all we could stomach) shows:*

*Sign #1: Ft. "Belvoir" is an anagram for "Evil Orb."*

*Sign #2: The writer has difficulty conjugating verbs or women, especially at the same time.*

*Sign #3: President Lincoln had a secretary named Kennedy; President Kennedy had a secretary named Lincoln.*

*Sign #4: Connaghan is #2, Carnahan is #2, and Cunanan killed at least two people. Coincidence? We think not!*

*PS - We didn't appoint you to the rank of #2, we think you're just rank.*

*PPS - We certainly don't want to bring on more of your POOP, but reader JSH hates your guts.*

Dear Drs. Style:

Enough about us, what do you do to have fun?

JR and SLC in Woodley Park

Dear JR and SLC:

*It's just as if you'd read our minds. So we're stepping out of our crotchless lab coats and putting on our see-through Gore-Tex formal attire and lettin you preview our holiday plans:*

*Fruitcake: Remove 1988 fruitcake from propping up coffee table. Dust, sirap on alarm clock, mail to Ft. Belvoir.*

*Mistletoe: Review patents on new product lines: mistletoe ankle bracelet, mistletoe jogging bra, mistletoe jam.*

*Holiday "caroling": Drive to Gaithersburg, break into Tom Witte's house, remove \$20 from wallet.*

*Glög: Damned if we know what this is, but we ain't drinking it.*

*Double dates: Fun couples whom the Drs. Style would love to go out with:*

**James Carville and Mary Matalin**

**Dick Morris and any hooker**

**Marv Albert and any two hookers**

**Woody Allen and Mia Farrow**

**Larry King and Wife #8**

**Dolly Parton**

**Dirk Diggler**

# Wit Happens



Some good ones that missed the deadline, or curry got on them, or something.

## WEEK 231: GIVING QUARTER

Florida: "Live Long or Die" (Peyton Coyner)

## WEEK 233: SEEKING PARODY

"Improbably, the champion is Biljana Plavsic, 67, former biology professor and president of the Serb Republic."

Lewis Carroll:

"Twass biljana and the serby toads

A champion ex-professor bleven,

All plavsic were the blocked commodes

And the mimsy president was 67.

(Jonathan Paul)

## WEEK 234: THE JOKE'S ON YOU

Q: Where does an 800-pound gorilla sit?

A: Jenny Craig: Right here. Now, about our payment plan... (Charlie Steinhice)

Q: How many psychiatrists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: This is about my mother again, isn't it? --Oedipus (Stephen Dudzik)

Q: Why did the moron throw the clock out the window?

A: Because he didn't have a colostomy bag to throw. --Chuck Smith (Maja Keech)

## WEEK 235: ROOTS

During the great London plague of the 1660s, a few scientists figured out the disease was carried by rats. Before announcing this, they decided to corner the market on cats and began smuggling them into England in large burlap bags. The London police nabbed the scientists just as they were receiving the animals. The truth came out and the plague was soon ended. Hence the phrase, "let the cat out of the bag." (Joseph Romm)

One perennial phrase has been attributed to Admiral Tom Dickon Harry (1677-1824) of Hue-and-Cry Township, the black sheep of his family, who was caught red-handed on a blue Monday, sailing under false colors. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed to his large valet, Scott. "I'm off to paint the town red, because this fishy business makes me sick as a dog!" This reference to "red" and "fish(y)" is probably the best clue we have for the origin of the term "red herring." (Jennifer Hart)

In ancient Mesopotamia water for the hanging gardens was sacred. What little water was available was painstakingly gathered by slaves from deep wells and stored in ceremonial feldspar buckets under the watchful eyes and biting whips of high priests. Slaves caught drinking the water --even to licking the few drops of condensation that gathered on the surface of the buckets--were instantly put to death, hence: Licked the Bucket. (Charlie Myers)



# F2 TROOP

## New and Imporved Stats Page, as of the Report from Week 241

The left chart below lists all contestants ranked in the Top 50 for Year 5. Career stats are added, for newer Losers who do not yet appear on the Career list, at right. Right chart lists the Top 50 scorers over all Years.

**LID:** Loser ID—the order in which the various Losers made their first print appearance.

**Dbu:** Debut—Week in which you made your first appearance.

**Rk:** Rank, in Year 5 or overall.

**Ws:** Wins. **Ps:** Pens awarded for 1st Runner-Up. **Shs:** Shirts awarded for other Runner-Ups.

**Stks:** Bumperstickers awarded for Honorable Mentions. **Es:** Ears No One Reads.

**+/-:** Change in rank since October issue, Year 5 or overall. "New" indicates first appearance on chart.

**Pts:** Points—print appearances, Year 5 or overall.

**Cons:** Consistency—average points per Week since your Debut (no Week 64), Year 5 or overall.

**Pace:** Number of Year-5 Points you will have at the end of Year 5, if this keeps up.

**Move:** Week you can expect to move up one position, based on weighted consistency: Year-5 consistency weighted twice as heavily as overall consistency.

As always, each Loser's enlightened self-interest is our best quality check, and we are proud to receive your complaints at [carns@erols.com](mailto:carns@erols.com).

Year 5													Career			
LID	Name	Dbu	Rk	+/-	Ws	Ps	Shs	Stks	Es	Pts	Cons	Pace	Pts	Cons	Rk	
1400	Genser, D.	157	1		1	1	4	41	10	59	1.735	90	115	1.353	8	
777	Beland, R.	73	2		1	1	9	32	8	51	1.500	78	182	1.077	5	
1297	Paul, J.	136	3		1	3	5	32	5	47	1.382	72	110	1.038	9	
152	Hart, J.	11	4		3	1	6	34	1	46	1.353	70	194	0.843	4	
110	Witte, T.	7	5		1	1	8	31	2	44	1.294	67	201	0.859	3	
273	Carnahan, E.	22	6				3	22	3	32	0.941	49	216	0.986	2	
83	Smith, C.	6	7	+1	1	1	1	21		25	0.735	38	321	1.366	1	
788	Sorensen, J.	75	7	+3			3	21		25	0.735	38	93	0.557	10	
1673	Blvveis, B.	202	9	+1	2	2	2	17		23	0.676	35	25	0.625	37	
98	Dudzik, S.	7	10	-3			4	14	2	22	0.647	34	127	0.543	7	
1055	Grinath, A.	106	10	-1	1		2	19		22	0.647	34	70	0.515	13	
1431	Hull, S.	161	12	+1	1	1	3	14		21	0.618	32	51	0.630	20	
752	Kammer, J.	71	13			1	2	11	4	18	0.529	28	85	0.497	12	
655	Romm, J.	58	14	-2			3	13		17	0.500	26	142	0.776	6	
1712	Dalton, B.	211	15	+12	1			14		15	0.484	23	15	0.484	60	
367	Zarrow, D.	30	16	-1		1	2	10		13	0.382	20	68	0.322	14	
417	Chong, S.	35	17	-2	1	1		9		11	0.324	17	47	0.228	22	
1070	Connaghan, M.	108	17	-2		1	2	7		11	0.324	17	32	0.239	30	
1340	Reese, S.	145	17	+1		1		10		11	0.324	17	34	0.351	28	
175	Cuddihy, K.	13	20	-1			2	7		10	0.294	15	60	0.263	16	
536	Worcester, S.	46	20	-1		2	1	7		10	0.294	15	87	0.446	11	
1772	Cortina, J.	225	22	+4		1	2	6		9	0.529	14	9	0.529	75	
243	Ferry, D.	18	23	-4	1	2	2	4		9	0.265	14	26	0.117	34	
203	Delduke, P.	14	24	-2			1	7		8	0.235	12	22	0.097	42	
65	Hammer, M.	5	24	+4			2	6		8	0.235	12	25	0.106	38	
783	Martin, J.	74	24	+4				8		8	0.235	12	20	0.119	47	
878	Pannullo, J.	84	24	-2	1	2	1	4		8	0.235	12	40	0.253	24	
174	Fox Roe, M.	13	28	-6			1	5		7	0.206	11	21	0.092	44	
1240	Litz, T.	125	28	-6	1			6		7	0.206	11	56	0.479	17	
1742	Genz, M.	219	30	+10			2	4		6	0.261	9	6	0.261	100	
85	Grove, R.	6	31	+10	1	1		4		6	0.176	9	49	0.209	21	
1701	Hoven, N.	208	31	+2				6		6	0.176	9	6	0.176	101	
1065	Kocak, P.	108	31	+2				6		6	0.176	9	18	0.134	52	
1301	Steinhice, C.	136	31	+2			1	5		6	0.176	9	18	0.170	53	
781	Steinhice, J.	74	31	-3		1		5		6	0.176	9	46	0.274	23	
1707	Laporte, P.	209	36	-5				5		5	0.152	8	5	0.152	120	
1708	Mayer, L.	209	36	-5				5		5	0.152	8	5	0.152	120	
760	Arnold, G.	72	38	-5	1	1		3		5	0.147	8	28	0.165	32	
1037	Fahey, S.	104	38	+3		2		3		5	0.147	8	7	0.051	96	
1066	Knanishu, J.	108	38	-5			1	4		5	0.147	8	24	0.179	40	
1806	Knoblauch, D.	231	41	+7				4		4	0.364	6	4	0.364	146	
1765	Kaplan, D.	224	42	-4	2		1	1		4	0.222	6	4	0.222	147	
1759	Kaufman, B.	222	43	-4		1		3		4	0.200	6	4	0.200	148	
1453	Aragon, R.	165	44	-3		1	1	2		4	0.118	6	5	0.065	122	
1178	Ashley, R.	120	44	-3				3	1	4	0.118	6	8	0.066	84	
1454	Coe, C.	165	44	-3		1	1	2		4	0.118	6	5	0.065	122	
1471	Horner, R.	167	44	new			1	3		4	0.118	6	5	0.067	124	
1481	Kleinbard, D.	169	44	-3	1		2	1		4	0.118	6	6	0.082	102	

CAREER STATS ONLY									
Rk	+/-	LID	Name	Dbu	Pts	Cons	Move		
1		83	Smith, C.	6	316	1.374			
2		273	Carnahan, E.	22	211	0.986	3554		
3		110	Witte, T.	7	192	0.838	374		
4		152	Hart, J.	11	185	0.822	405		
5		777	Beland, R.	73	174	1.061	283		
6		655	Romm, J.	58	142	0.798			
7		98	Dudzik, S.	7	126	0.550	1927		
8		1400	Genser, D.	157	105	1.313	256		
9		1297	Paul, J.	136	101	1.000			
10	+1	788	Sorensen, J.	75	86	0.531			
11	-1	536	Worcester, S.	46	86	0.453			
12		752	Kammer, J.	71	82	0.494	259		
13		1055	Grinath, A.	106	67	0.511	386		
14		367	Zarrow, D.	30	66	0.320			
15		204	Kondis, P.	14	62	0.279			
16		175	Cuddihy, K.	13	59	0.265	255		
17		1240	Litz, T.	125	56	0.500	325		
18		233	Styrene, P.	17	53	0.242			
19		841	Krattenmaker, K.	80	52	0.331			
20	+1	417	Chong, S.	35	47	0.234	255		
21	+1	85	Grove, R.	6	47	0.204			
22	-2	781	Steinhice, J.	74	46	0.282	246		
23		1431	Hull, S.	161	45	0.592	236		
24		878	Pannullo, J.	84	39	0.255			
25		287	Thring, M.	23	39	0.183			
26		139	Mellema, K.	10	39	0.173			
27		241	Malcolm, L.	18	35	0.161			
28		184	Sullivan, M.	14	34	0.153			
29	+2	1340	Reese, S.	145	33	0.359	236		
30	-1	1070	Connaghan, M.	108	32	0.248			
31	-1	676	Smith, J. C.	60	31	0.176			
32	-1	760	Arnold, G.	72	28	0.170	259		
33	-1	226	Gearty, T.	16	27	0.123			
34		327	Coyner, P.	26	26	0.124	254		
34	+1	321	Patishnock, G.	26	26	0.124			
36		243	Ferry, D.	18	26	0.119	232		
37		222	King, S.	16	25	0.114			
38		1066	Knanishu, J.	108	24	0.186	240		
39		148	Caron, C.	11	23	0.102			
40		65	Hammer, M.	5	23	0.100	232		
41		35	Segal, S.	4	22	0.095			
42		215	Rooney, C.	16	21	0.095	5017		
43		203	Delduke, P.	14	21	0.095	232		
44		174	Fox Roe, M.	13	21	0.094			
45		1673	Blvveis, B.	202	20	0.571	235		
46		548	Dawson, F.	47	20	0.106			
47		235	Sabourin, P.	17	20	0.091			
48		651	Gilbert, E.	57	19	0.106	435		
49		551	Smith, D.	48	19	0.101			
50		24	Zane, B.	3	19	0.082			



DEPRAVDA

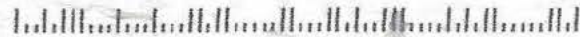


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The Official Mail Organ of the Not Ready for the Algonquin Roundtable Society

### Upcoming N.R.A.R.S. Society Breakfasts

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First timers kindly RSVP to the publisher (see info box to your left)

#### Sunday December 7th

##### Place:

The 101 Royal restaurant in the Holiday Inn Select in Old Town Alexandria VA.

Time: 10:30 am

Address: 480 King Street

Phone: 703-549-6080

Reservations: Under "Dudzik"

Description: for the low cost of \$15.95 you will receive an all-u-can-eat-and-stuff-in-your-pockets-to-go Champagne brunch. Per the typical Champagne brunch protocol Ms. Hart and Ms. VerrEy will provide entertainment.

Brunch with the NRARS tentatively on

#### Sunday January 4th

in Maryland.

Details for the January Brunch will be published in the December Depravda. Reservations under Duidzik

- !! EXTRA !! EXTRA !! -  
- Special Holiday Loser Gathering -  
See item in Bits & Pieces

Subject: DEPRAVDA  
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Name Taker  
Special Guest Star.....Russ Beland  
Based on a true story by.....Elden Carnahan

Losers get happy meal at a recent Washington DC area happy hour. 61 Minutes later, sadness set in.

by staff photographer Jennifer Hart or Steve Dudzik