

Dave (Himself!) Evicted Candy Cigarettes

When something goes wrong in our fair burg, we almost never resolve it ourselves, because we don't seem to think we can. We call the police, the FBI, a lawyer, even a pitiable pundit like Bob Levey when a mixture of common sense and directness could usually carry the day.

Dave Schlebecker knows exactly what I mean, because he struck a blow for sanity the other day out in Silver Spring—all by himself.

Dave is president of the board of his community swimming pool, Forest Knolls. His 8-year-old son returned home from a swim with a candy cigarette in his hand.

If you haven't seen/licked/chewed one of these recently, it's a stick of white sugar candy fashioned into the shape of a cigarette. One end is bright red, as if it were lighted. If you think this is just an innocent piece of candy, you probably think it's all right for children to chomp "toy" chewing tobacco or take aim with "toy" water guns shaped like AK-47s.

Anyway, Dave soon learned that his son had bought the candy cigarette from a Good Humor man who regularly visits the pool. Dave was "outraged," he says. So he immediately saddled up and headed over.

The Good Humor man was still peddling his wares to a clump of kids. Dave asked the man not to sell or advertise candy cigarettes at Forest Knolls, as of that instant. "He said he wouldn't," Dave reports.

Of course, the sure-fire solution would be for the man not to stock the candy cigarettes at all. Dave didn't ask for that remedy, and he wouldn't have been justified if he had. Should a liquor store not sell bourbon to any adult just because a couple of them have drunk too much of it? That store should have the right to sell the booze, just as Good Humor should have the right to sell candy cigarettes.

Still, I love Dave's sense of purpose and the speedy way he arranged a voluntary resolution. Let's hope his fix lasts. Let's also hope the lesson spreads to other Good Humorists who might sell candy cigarettes at other child-busy locations all the time.

If you love puncturing conventional wisdom as much as I do, this story is for you.

It comes courtesy of an 82-year-old Burke resident who received his federal income tax refund. But "instead of the \$146 I expected, the check was [for] \$1,738," the man writes.

When he stopped pinching himself, the man noticed a form inside the envelope. It said he would receive an explanation in a few days.

But the lucky taxpayer decided to see for himself whether he could figure out what had happened. He exhumed a copy of his Form 1040. Sure enough, he had incorrectly listed all taxable income for his wife and himself

under the "Single" column, rather than in the "Married Filing Jointly" column.

Mr. Jubilant Taxpayer does not say what he will do with his windfall of nearly \$1,600. But he does say this:

"I think the IRS deserves kudos for having a system which catches such errors." Amen.

Many years ago, I published a joke supplied by **Bruce H. Burnside**, of Rockville. As Bruce told it, a Buddhist Zen master approached a hot dog vendor on the street and said, "Make me one with everything."

The joke wasn't bad in that form. But Bruce now writes to say it has grown a new ending.

The new form of the joke begins the same way. But Bruce says the Zen master pays for his hot dog with a \$20 bill. The vendor puts the bill in his cash drawer.

"Where's my change?" the Zen master asks. "Change must come from within," the vendor replies.

SEND A KID TO CAMP

Old Blue Eyes is gone, but thanks to **Shirley Gould**, of Northwest Washington, he lives on as an inspiration to Send a Kid to Camp.

Shirley is a regular contributor to our annual campaign on behalf of the area's neediest children. But she is also a fan of Frank Sinatra, who died recently.

Shirley tied her two passions together by donating \$100 in Sinatra's memory. She promises more from a local booster group.

"Please 'Start Spreading the News' that the Sid Mark Sounds of Sinatra Fan Club will be contributing despite our very great loss," Shirley writes.

The cash drawer is open and ready, Mark-sters. Any other Sinatra fans who want to honor their hero in the same way? Every gift helps to provide a wonderful summer experience for troubled, neglected and underprivileged children.

Our goal by July 31: \$500,000.
In hand as of June 10: \$67,535.29.

TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE CAMPAIGN:
Make a check or money order payable to Send a Kid to Camp and mail it to Bob Levey, The Washington Post, Washington, D.C. 20071.

BY VISA OR MASTERCARD:
Call Post-Haste at 202-334-9000 on a touch-tone phone. Then punch in K-I-D-S, or 5437, and follow instructions.