

My Dog Chester

Junk mailers put the mooch on the pooch

A FEW months ago, my dog, Chester, received his first package. It came addressed to him, and upon my opening it (I insisted) we found a fire-engine-red leash with his name woven into it several times, a gift from my mother, ordered from an airline catalogue. Her initial generous impulse, however, has led to a positive onslaught of mail. He has received a multitude of catalogues, appeals from various charities, and, recently, letters from several senators.

His first catalogue was for Hancock shoes—a glossy color one with a close-up photo of ox-fords on the cover. Next were Adam York and Henniker's—

both of which featured the "Multi-Purpose Rotating Brush," which would provide him with endless hours of amusement. Once attached to a hose, this gadget cleans just about anything from cars to aluminum siding, swimming pools to patio furniture, for only \$29.95 (we were relieved to see it was the same price in both catalogues). Then there's the cordless phone, on sale for \$99.95 (which he would have no interest in whatsoever because the only aspect of the telephone that interests him is the cord). Neither would he go for a subscription to *PC World*, the leading personal-computer magazine, nor to *Signature*, "your passport to the good life" (he's got it already). Other things he does not want are: Lillian Vernon's duck night-light, a custom blazer badge with his clan's crest on it from British Isles Collection, Ltd., an all-sport bra from Adam York, or a Sing-A-Long from Henniker's, which "mixes voice and a prerecorded orches-

tra through its powerful speaker" (well—a slight possibility for this one).

I thought things had gone a bit far when Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote Chester for a contribution. Then Senator Paul Laxalt wrote, on behalf of the Republican National Committee, asking for funding for the party's presidential campaign.

Although Chester never did send a donation, yesterday he got a note from Frank Fahrenkopf, the national chairman, along with a navy-blue plastic card the size of a credit card. It read, SUSTAINING MEMBER, and had a picture of an eagle in gold. "Chester Frenkel" was printed below. On the back

was written, "You are requested to show your card for proper recognition when signing the visitors register at the National Committee headquarters in Washington, D.C." No doubt he can show the card, but the real question is, is it edible?

—Cindy Frenkel

