

The Style Invitational

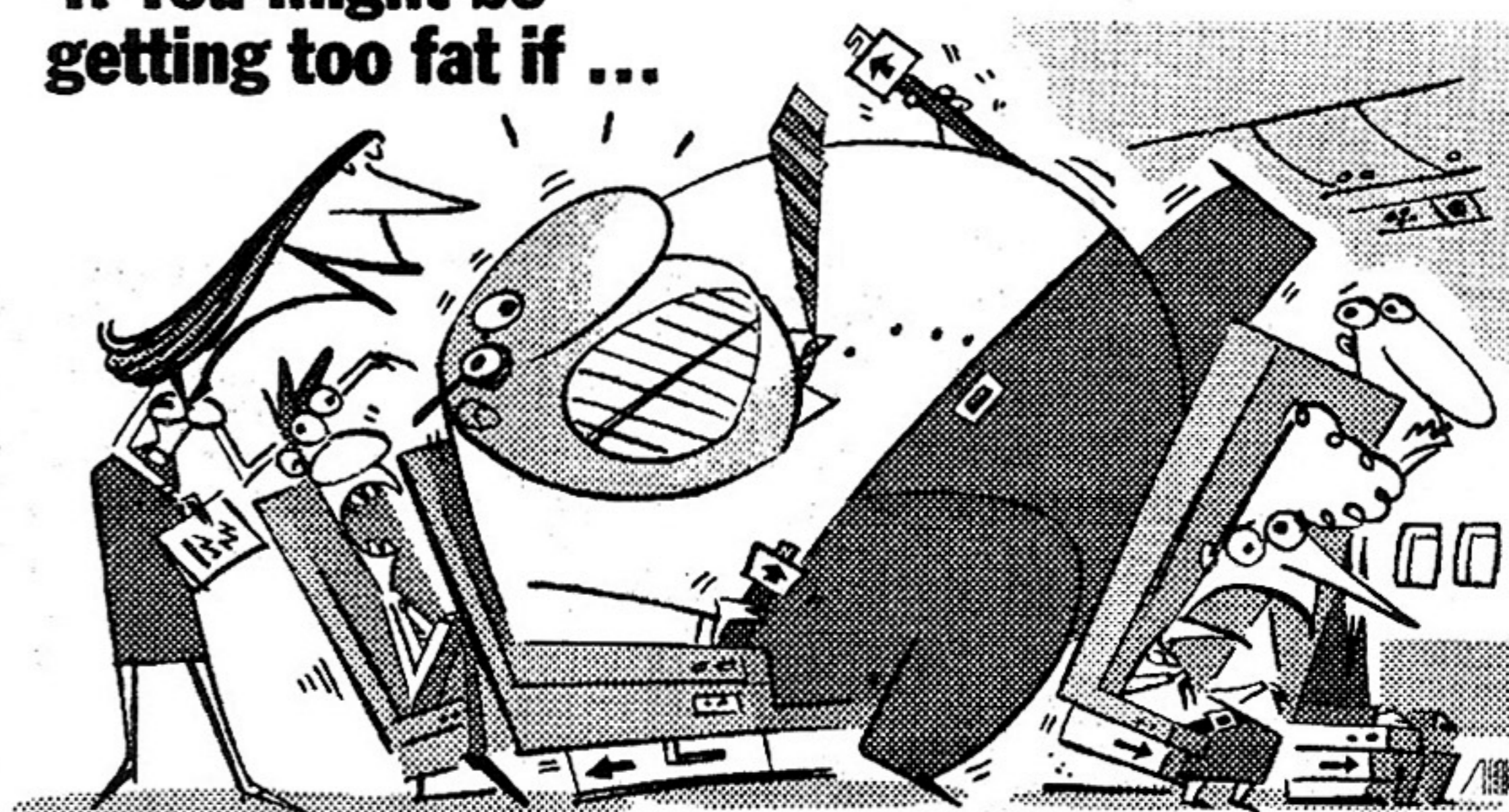
WEEK 157: WARNING SIGNS

1. You might be about to lose your job if ...

2. Your spouse might be having an affair if ...

3. You might be humor-impaired if ...

4. You might be getting too fat if ...



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

...the flight attendant tells everyone to buckle up, and you to "do your best."

This week's contest: Complete any of the above four sentences. First-prize winner gets a copy of what may be the most boring and the most dishonest book ever printed. "Intestinal Stasis and Constipation" is a handsome, 109-

page alleged medical text published in 1916 by E.R. Squibb & Sons. It consists exclusively of testimonials to a product called "liquid petrolatum," manufactured by E.R. Squibb & Sons. This is a value of \$20.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 157, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C., 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312, or submit them via the Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, March 25. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Russ Beland of Springfield for today's Ear No One Reads. Also, a challenge: A couple of people came up with an interesting knock-knock conceit, but could not deliver a funny punch line. Can you? Here it is: "Knock." "You mean, knock knock, don't you?" "No, just knock." "Okay, who's there?" "Boutros." "You mean Boutros-Boutros, don't you?" "No, just Boutros." "Okay, Boutros who?" Best punch line wins a drinking duck. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. Washington Post employees and their families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 154,

in which we asked you to write knock-knock jokes. A tough, tough week. Many people ignored our edict that the third line had to be something crude, silly or profound; therefore, several otherwise worthy entries were disqualified, including this nifty one from Joseph Romm of Washington:

Knock knock.

Who's there?

O.J.

O.J. who?

Uhhh... . candygram. Uhh... pizza man ...

Anyway, it was tough sledding, proving that the knock-knock joke remains the lamest form of humor, with the possible exception of Bazooka Joe comics. Gary Patishnock of Laurel summed it up best: Knock knock. / Who's there? / The Czar. / The Czar who? / The Czar really lousy entries this week. (Gary Patishnock, Laurel)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Werewolf.

Werewolf who?

Werewolf to see the Wizards, the wonderful Wizards of Abe.

(Phil Reiser, Charlottesville)

◆ First Runner-Up:

Knock knock.

Who's there?

F.U.

F.U. who?

F.U. don't get it, you don't get it.

(K.C. Bahry, Gaithersburg)

◆ And the winner of the Little Lulu cartoon:

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Diarrhea.

Diarrhea who?

Diarrhea'll be a big problem in the Whitewater controversy, Mrs. Clinton. You want we should steal it from Mr. Foster's office for you? (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

... Sartre.

Sartre who?

Sartre hear about your auto accident.

(Thomas Durmick, Arlington)

... Anus.

Anus who?

Anus the worst grammarians in the whole world? (Todd Moore, Burlington, N.C.)

... Grey Poupon.

Grey Poupon who?

Grey poupon the carpet means the dog's been eating bones again. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

... Phlegm.

Phlegm who?

Phlegm-ingos sure have a whole lotta neck to hock up them loogies. (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

... Vermeer.

Vermeer who?

Vermeer pennies a month, you too can own this fine original art ... (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

... "Anonymous"

"Anonymous" who?

Right. Like I'm going to tell you for less than \$100,000. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

Knock knock.

Who's th ... Hey, if this is some juvenile reference to "knockers," I'll slap you with a harassment suit so fast your head'll spin. Got it? Good. Who's there?

Never mind. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

... A client of the Federal Witness Protection program.

A client of the Federal Witness protection program who?

I think you are missing the point here.

(J.F. Martin, Falls Church)

... La Marseillaise.

La Marseillaise who?

Lainar, say yes to a plaid-free wardrobe.

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

... Gladys Nazi dogs.

Gladys Nazi dogs who?

Gladys Nazi dogs, aren't you? Though "Wizards" isn't much better.

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ And last:

... Tuchus.

Tuchus who?

Tuchus forever to slog through these entries.

(Tommy Litz, Bowie)

Next Week: **Comparison Shopping**