

The Style Invitational

WEEK 221: SONG SUNG BROWN

James Brown: "I feel well / Isn't that swell, now"

Eric Clapton: "I shot the sheriff / But I did not shoot JFK"

Don McLean: "Bye bye Miss American cake / Drove my Taurus to the forest but the forest was fake"

Bob Dylan: "Hey, Mr. Glockenspiel Man, play a song for me..."



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

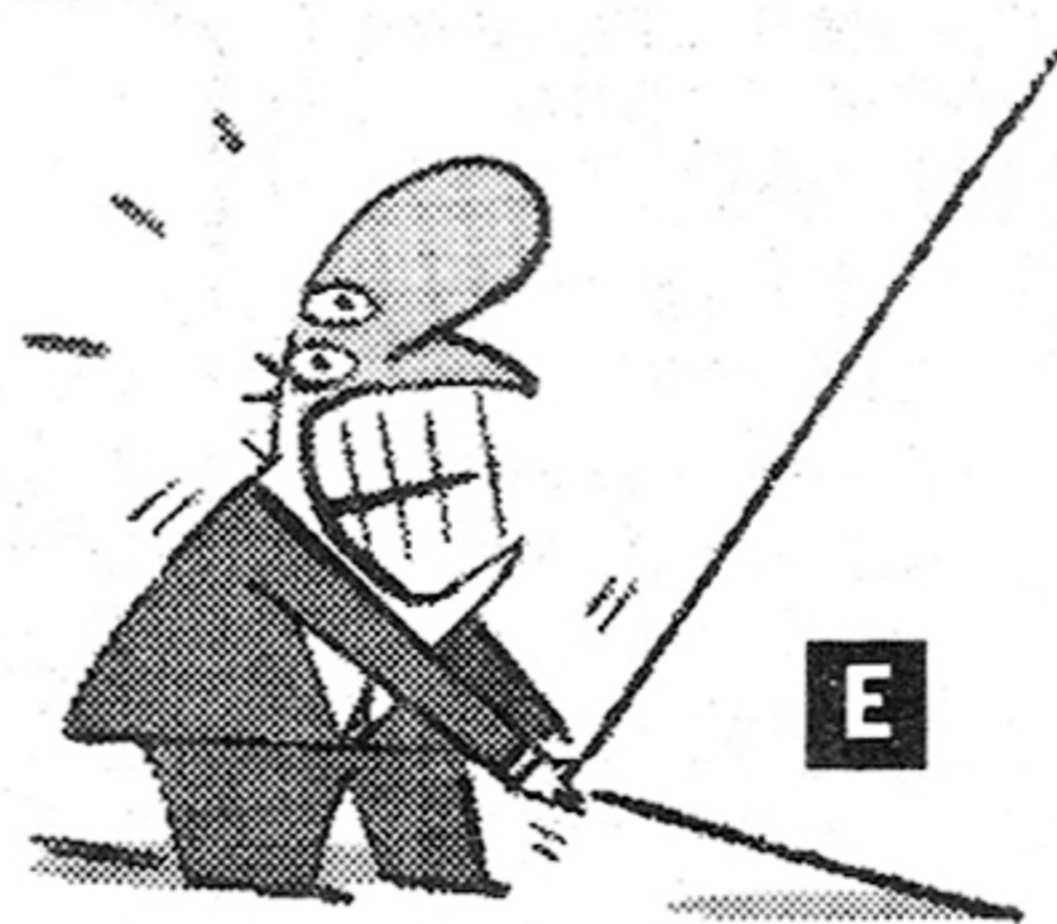
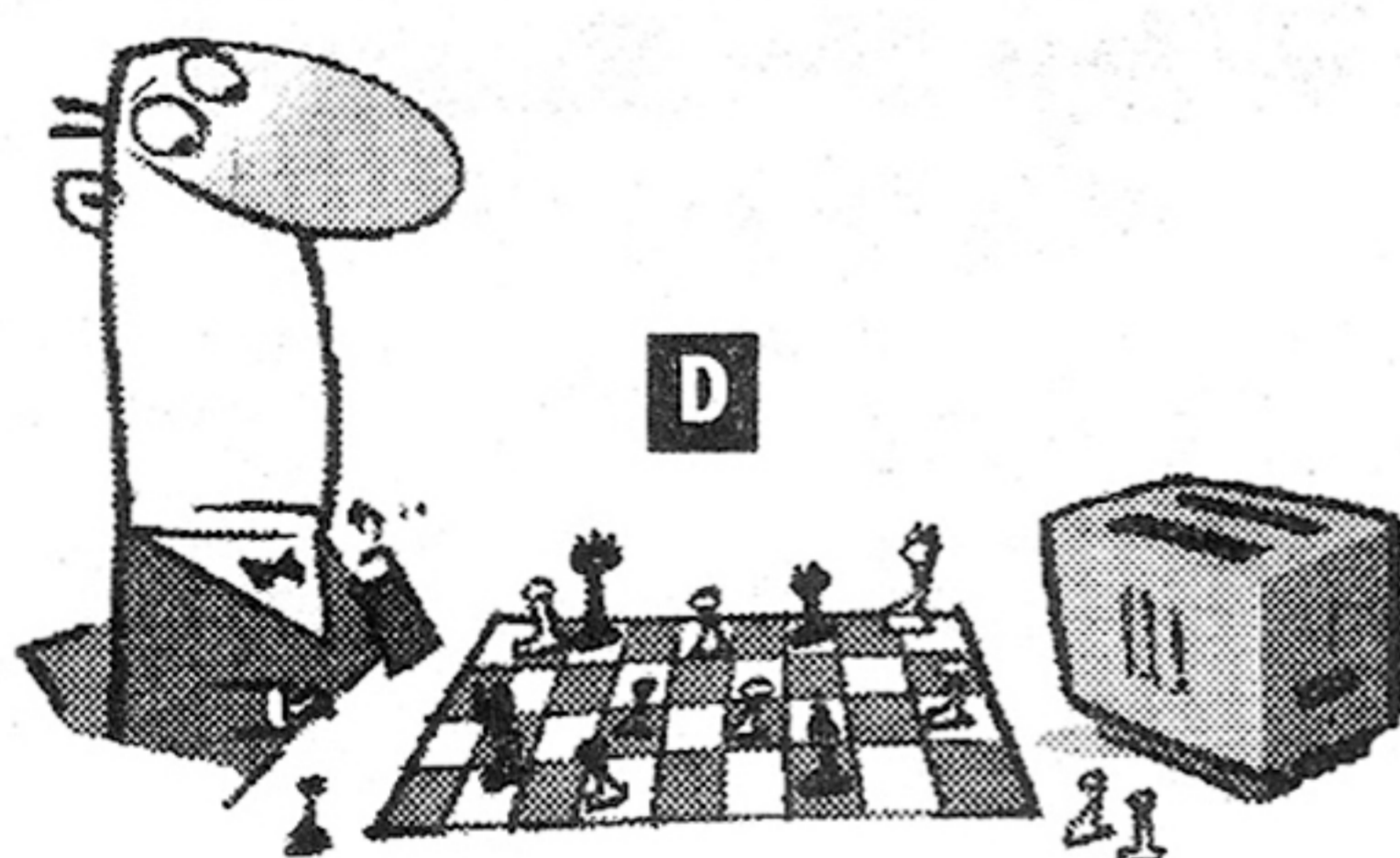
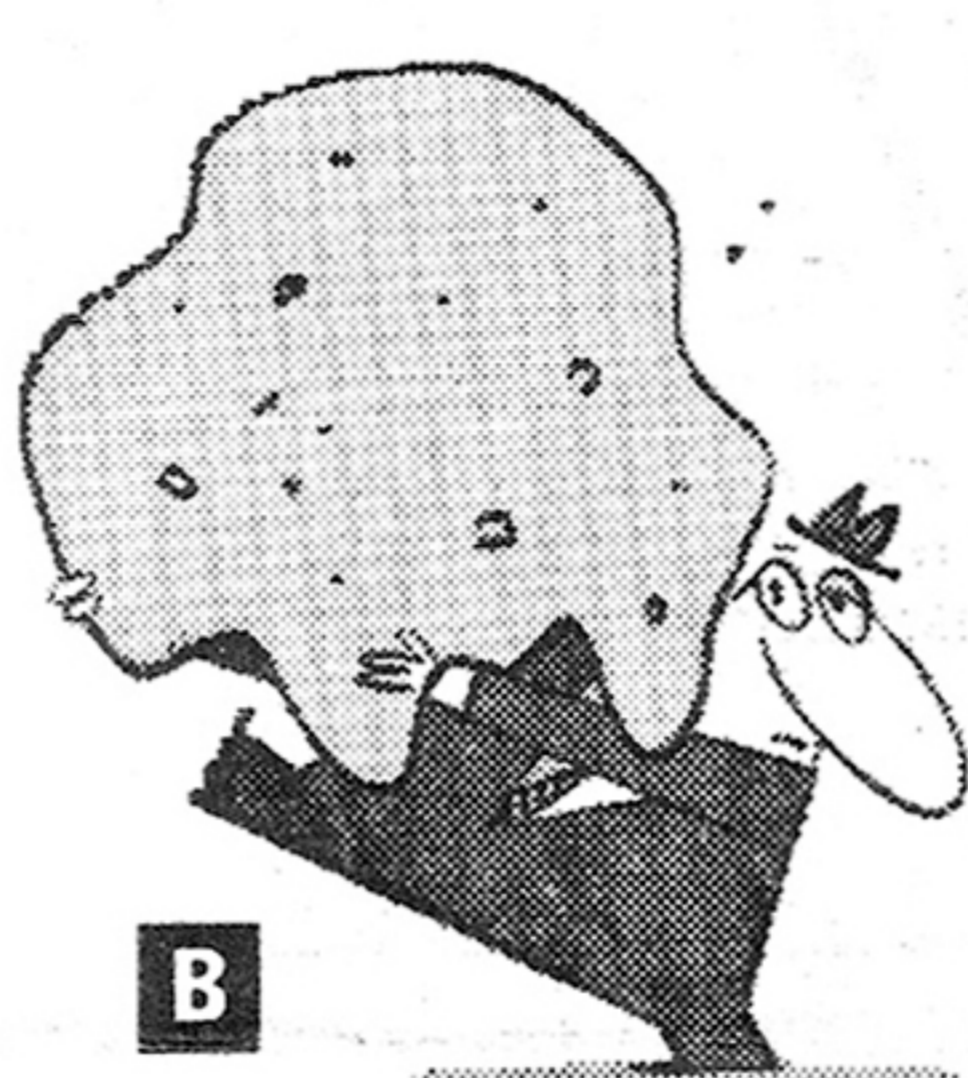
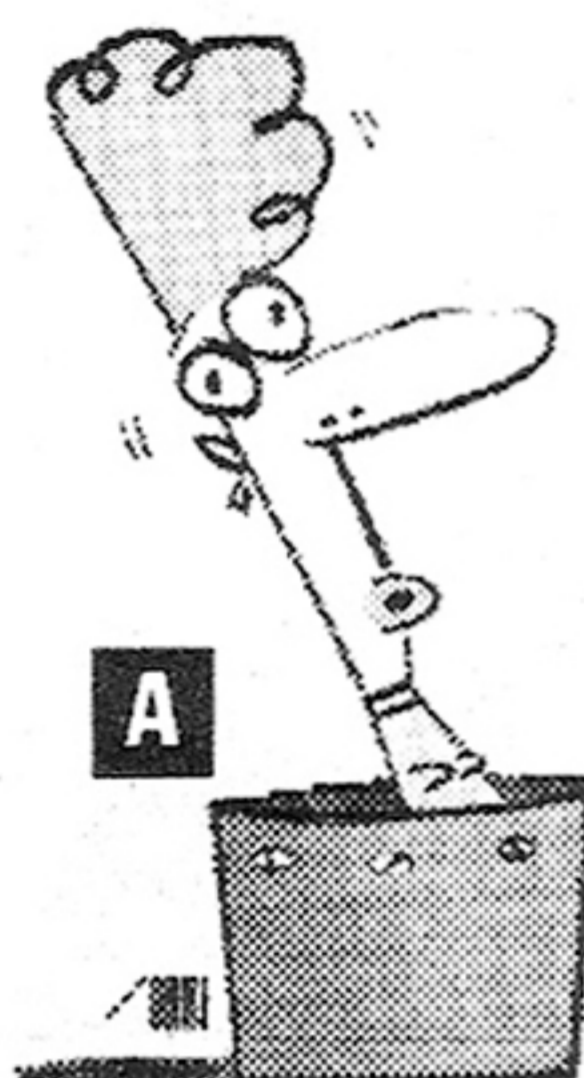
This Week's Contest: Bad first drafts of famous lyrics. This was suggested by Sandra Hull of Arlington. Sandra wins a vintage, pus-colored 1965 pennant celebrating the splendors of the Connecticut Turnpike. Sandra points out that Paul McCartney recently revealed that the original opening lyric to "With a Little Help From My Friends" was "What would you do if I

sang out of tune / Would you throw a tomato at me?" We don't know about you, but we think this may be a better lyric than the one the Beatles went with. Still, you get the idea. Pick any song, pick a well-known line, and give us the discarded first draft. If it is part of a rhyme, you must retain the rhyme. First-prize winner gets a 1991 Church Lady doll, 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 221, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via 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, June 15. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Jonathan Paul of Garrett Park for today's Ear No One Reads. Employees of The Washington Post and members of their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 218,

in which we invited you to tell us what was going on in these cartoons.



◆ Fourth Runner-Up

(Cartoon E) Never send an extremely large greeting card that says "Sorry to hear about your hernia operation." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ Third Runner-Up—

(Cartoon C) Supermodel Kate Moss, aware that she has gained a pound or two, wonders if she really needs all 10 of her fingers. (David Genser, Vienna)

◆ Second Runner-Up—

(Cartoon B) Fuzzy Zoeller with a takeout order of humble pie or whatever the hell his kind of people eat. (Maja Keech, New Carrollton)

◆ First Runner-Up—

(Cartoon B) The Air Force brass misunderstood what Kelly Flinn wanted when she requested a general discharge. (Cynthia Coe and Ray Aragon, Bethesda)

◆ And the winner of the JFK salt shaker:

(Cartoon D) Frank knew he was in trouble. He should have challenged the vacuum cleaner. The vacuum cleaner sucked at chess. (Dave Yourell, Odenton)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

CARTOON A:

Reassigned to a new command, Kelly Flinn finds it a step down from a B-52 to the Merrimack. (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)

Due to downsizing, many corporate parties now feature women jumping out of cupcakes. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

CARTOON B:

Struggling to balance career and family, Jim started bringing home the crap he took at work for use on his wife's vegetable garden. (Bob Dalton, Beaumont, Tex.)

Bob loved the all-you-can-eat communion. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Hazards of overfeeding your pet rock. (Alice and Andy Klages, College Park)

Clumping cat litter should be changed more than once a year. (Paul Styrene, Olney)

A stupid reporter returns to The Post after being told to get "the biggest scoop" he could find. (Michael J. Hammer, Washington)

The store was out of Shinola, but Kevin figured this was the same thing. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

CARTOON C:

WASPs never really get the hang of rude Italian gestures. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

With the new Evelyn Wood super-speed-reading course, you don't even need books! (Ed Mickolus, Dunn Loring)

Anne holds her husband's gift from Victoria's Secret. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

CARTOON D:

Whatever the outcome of this long-anticipated match, the loser will be toast. (David Lewis, Springfield)

"I agree, it's impressive," he said to the salesman, "but my original question still stands. Can it make toast?" (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Garry Kasparov learns to relax by visualizing Deep Blue in its underwear. (Laird Hart, Takoma Park)

CARTOON E:

Yet another would-be Don Quixote misconstrues the meaning of "tilting at windmills." (Cynthia Coe and Ray Aragon, Bethesda)

And Last:

Frustrated by his lack of exposure, Bob Staake's comic creations would often sneak over to the Post comics pages and resort to 'panel tipping.' (John Powers, Annapolis)

Next Week: **Verbosity**