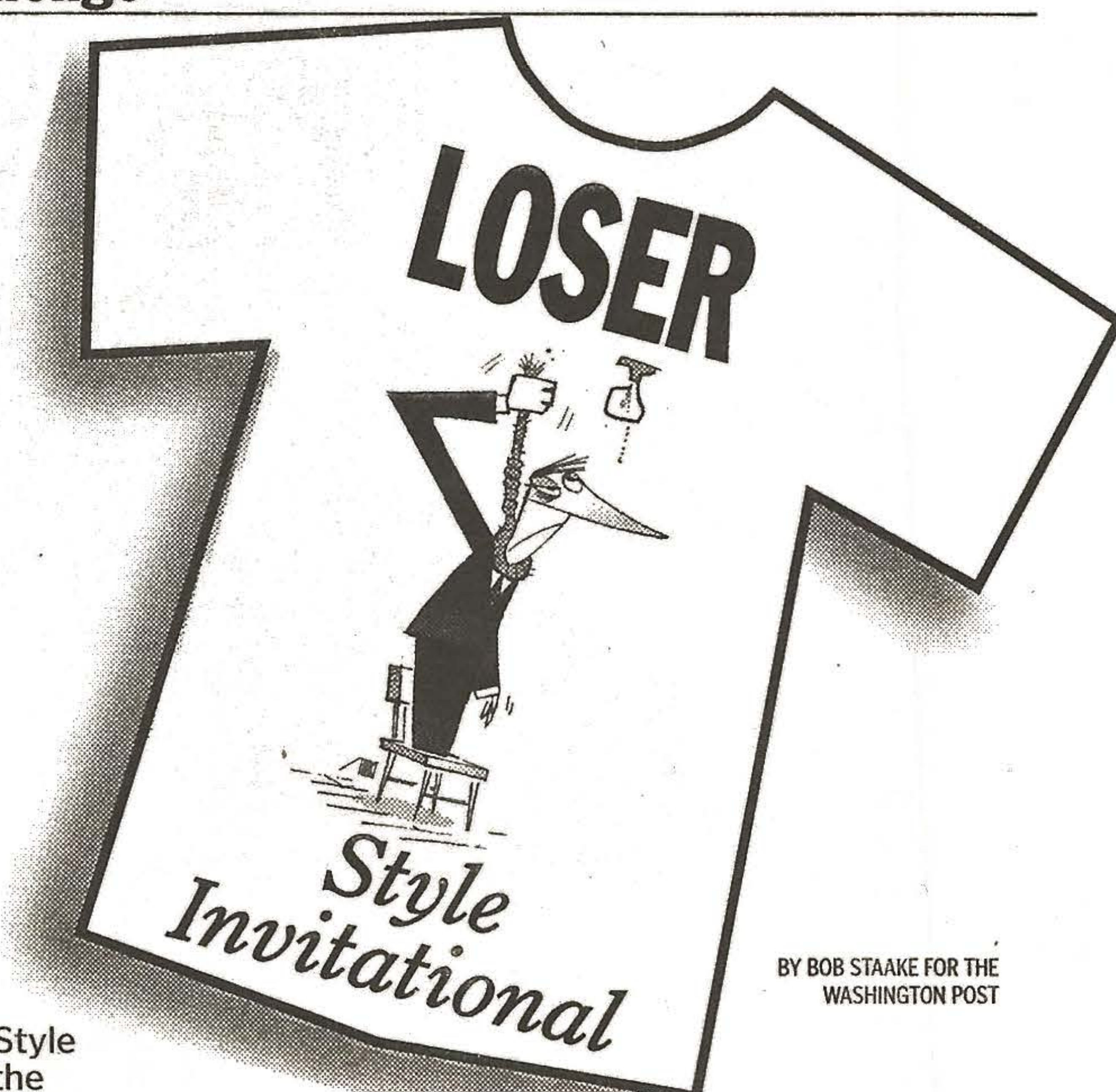


The Style Invitational

Week XL: An Extra Large Challenge

This is the design for the front of the new Style Invitational T-Shirt. What should we put on the back? (Currently, it is the slogan: "Less Taste. Great Filling.") First-prize winner gets what may be the worst-timed book in the history of publishing, a hot-off-the-presses, lavishly illustrated history of the Firestone Tire Co. ("A Legend. A Century. A Celebration.")



First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-Shirt. The Uncle's Pick wins the yet-to-be-designed-but-soon-to-be-coveted "The Uncle Loves Me" T-Shirt. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week XL, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, Nov. 6. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and a daytime or evening

telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the subject field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Editors reserve the right to edit entries for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK XXXVI,

in which we asked you to complete one of seven jokes we began.

◆ **Third Runner-Up:** A man gets into a D.C. cab and says he wants to go to Prague, Czechoslovakia.

The cabby says, "I can take you as far as the airport." The guy says, "Great. I can't wait to get back home." The cabby answers, "Home? Forget it, pal. I don't take Czechs." (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

◆ **Second Runner-Up:** A Democrat, a Republican and a member of the Reform Party are playing golf at Avenel when the Democrat spontaneously combusts.

The Reform Party member says to the Republican, "Now if only you could make Al Gore do that!" The Republican says, "Don't be an idiot. Gore couldn't even combust spontaneously." (Michael J. Hammer, Arlington)

◆ **First Runner-Up:** Two female Olympic gymnasts in leotards have tied Dennis Hastert to a chair and are smearing his hair with marmalade when . . .

. . . one of the women receives a call on her secret shoe-phone. She listens a second, then turns to the other gymnast and says, "Uh oh, Ludmila, we make mistake. KGB says we are to be butterink up American official." (Ned Bent, Oak Hill; J.J. Gertler, Arlington)

◆ **And the winner of the Goldwater bumper sticker:**

Two diners at the Inn at Little Washington are shocked to discover on the restaurant's menu a dish of "hickory-smoked possum jowls in pancake syrup." They summon the waiter and . . .

. . . complain that the dish sounds disgusting. "But, madame et monsieur," the waiter says, "I assure you jowl of opossum is a rare delicacy, and these are rotisserie-smoked to crispy perfection and served on a bed of warm arugula with tender shiitake mushrooms. And the sauce is a '97 Chateau Butterworth."

Impressed, the diners order the dish. "An excellent choice," says the waiter, backing away with a bow. He then goes into the kitchen and bellows: "Hey Louie, gimme two rat cheeks in sap!"

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ **Honorable Mentions:**

A man walks into Trent Lott's office and orders a double martini, and . . .

. . . the receptionist says, "I'm sorry, sir, but this is a Senate office, not a bar."

"Permit me to introduce myself," says the man. "I am the NRA official in charge of distributing political contributions."

"Would you like that stirred or shaken?" (Mike Genz, La Plata)

Dan Snyder is seated in the waiting room of the Motor Vehicle Administration when . . .

. . . an old man comes up to him and says, "How 'bout them Skins?"

"A terrific team," beams Snyder.

"I think that young feller, Rypien, might take them all the way to the Super Bowl," says the old man.

"That happened in 1992, Old Timer," says Snyder. "Where have you been all these years?"

"Right here in this waiting room."

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

On a visit to the National Zoo, a woman and her child are shocked to see a cage filled with Ozark Mountain hillbillies, playing banjos and drinking corn squeezins.

The mother goes up to the zoo director and asks, "How can you keep those poor people in cages?"

And the zoo director says: "We had them in the nice, warm Monkey House, but there was too much throwing of feces. The poor monkeys couldn't duck fast enough." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Two diners at the Inn at Little Washington are shocked to discover on the restaurant's menu a dish of "hickory-smoked possum jowls in pancake syrup." They summon the waiter and . . .

. . . ask, "Is President Clinton going to be dining here this evening?"

(James Day, Gaithersburg)

. . . the waiter looks at the menu, flings it down, and then yells to the owner, "Hey, the damned printers forgot to translate the menu into French, again." (Mike Ferrara, Alexandria)

Two female Olympic gymnasts in leotards have tied Dennis Hastert to a chair and are smearing his hair with marmalade when . . .

. . . the election results come in. "It's just as I feared," moans Hastert. "I'm toast!" (David Genser, Arlington)

A Democrat, a Republican and a member of the Reform Party are playing golf at Avenel when the Democrat spontaneously combusts and . . .

. . . after a stunned silence, the Republican says to the Reform Party member, "Pat, I think the Lord has cast his vote against our poor fallen friend Al." At which point the clouds part, and a booming voice comes down from the heavens: "And now, for the burning Bush . . ." (Courtney Knauth, Washington)

. . . the caddy remarks, "Well, that's what happens when your heart gets too full of compassion."

Then the Republican also spontaneously combusts. "Well, that's what happens when your wallet gets too full of money," says the caddy.

The Reform Party candidate says cheerfully, "I don't have to worry about either of those things, so I'm safe!" But suddenly he, too, explodes.

The caddy shakes his head. "Guess I should've warned him about the bowels." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

A man gets into a D.C. cab and says he wants to go to Prague, Czechoslovakia . . .

. . . The cabby says, "Even I know it's now called the Czech Republic, Mr. Bush." (Mary Wylong, Gaithersburg; Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

◆ **The Uncle's Pick:**

Two diners at the Inn at Little Washington are shocked to discover on the restaurant's menu a dish of "hickory-smoked possum jowls in pancake syrup." They summon the waiter and . . .

. . . outraged, ask for the syrup on the side. (Howard Walderman, Columbia; Kat Butterfield, Potomac)

The Uncle Explains: Indeed, it is best to use sweet, empty-calorie condiments sparingly.

Next Week: No End in Sight