The Style Invitational

Style Invitational Humor Contest: Week 802: DreckTV

Saturday, January 31, 2009

As (sometime between now and June) analog-TV watchers suddenly find their rabbit ears twitching to no avail, some of them might finally break down and sign up with one of America's most beloved utilities (as fire hydrants are beloved by dogs), cable television. Sometime Loser Marcy Alvo of Annandale notes that her system still lists some channels "reserved for future programming," so . This week: Suggest a new cable TV channel, with a description or example of its programming. Remember that space is limited in the leaner, meaner



The Q Channel: Anthony Quinn, Queen Elizabeth, old Dan Quayle speeches -- brought to you by Quaker and Quiznos. (Bob Staake fo The Washington Post)

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TOOLBOX Washington Post, so please don't send the whole TV AAA Resize E-mail

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational

trophy. Second place receives a computer game called Tabloid Tycoon, donated by Peter Metrinko, in which you commit various acts of dubious journalism "to build your rag's sales." This is, we wish to make clear, not the official training software of the Washington Post circulation department.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Feb. 9. Put "Week 802" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published Feb. 28. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's results is by Dudley Thompson of Cary, N.C.; this week's Honorable Mentions name is by Russell Beland; the Honorable Mention names on the Web supplement are by Tom Witte and Chris Doyle.

Report from Week 798

Our annual look back in verse at some of those who died last year: Not enough tasteless (and occasionally tasteful) eulogizing here? More Honorable Mentions can be found at http:// www.washingtonpost.styleinvitational.

- 4. Earl Butz, agriculture secretary forced to resign over a crude racist joke: Awaiting Earl on his day to die: Tight lid, loose soil, warm place to lie. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)
- 3. We bid farewell to Mildred Loving, interracial marrier, Who fought so that the words "I do" were free of any barrier. In later years she wore her fame with dignity and grace, For marriage is a journey, and not just a single race. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)
- 2. the winner of the bathroom-diorama tissue box: Wham-O co-founder Richard Knerr The Hula-Hoop, the SuperBall, The Frisbee disk, brought to us all by Richard Knerr: That brilliant goof Has landed on his final roof. (Jerry Ewing, Orlando)

And the Winner of the Inker

"I fear I am exanimate," Bill Buckley gravely said, "And now eremacausis is beginning in my head. "What's this? Vile putrefaction, loam and plinthite for my bed?" "It really is quite simple," said his Maker: "Bill, you're dead." (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Be Not Proud: Honorable Mentions

Popeye's founder Al Copeland: His spicy pullets were his pride, Cooked up at Popeye's Famous Fried. He made a killing, there's no doubt, But now, I fear, he's chickened out. (Beverley Sharp, Washington)

James Bevel:
Bevel was close when King parted the waters
Sadly, he also was close to his daughters.
(Ira Allen, Bethesda)

Bobby Fischer was to chess
What Saint Laurent was to the dress:
A luminous creative force.
He soon become world champ, of course,
Which made the Russians truly sick
(Too bad he was a lunatic).
(Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

The millionaire'd vowed to balloon o'er the main, Despite the naysayers who'd scoff. But alas, the good luck didn't hold for his plane, And the gods had Steve Fossett turned off. (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

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House Peters Jr., actor in a famous commercial:

We sure hate to say it (we know it will hurt),

But eww, Mr. Clean . . . you're all covered with dirt. (Beverley Sharp)

Elwin "Preacher" Roe:
Preacher Roe, with spunk and spit,
Could throw a fastball none could hit.
His throws were legal to the letter;
(Except they were a wee bit wetter).
(Tom Murphy, Bowie)

Before the days of *Al Shaheen*, Men's shirts weren't colored citrus green

Al popularized the Hawaiian shirt. In patterns that made a glass eye hurt, Elvis and Magnum thank that kid, As also does my Uncle Sid. (Bruce W. Alter, Fairfax Station)

Heaven's going very well, But Alexander Solzhenitsyn Wants, and gets, a tour of Hell: It's Joseph Stalin's pit he spits in. (Chris Doyle)

Sunny von Bülow:

What a bummer to be Sunny: Life with Claus sure wasn't funny. If you fear a sugar coma, Check to see just who is home-a. (Jeff Brechlin)



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Advertisement Donald Westlake, a.k.a. Richard Stark:

Donald Westlake, Richard Stark, Their work was none too shoddy. Two writers died last year, but cops Have only found one body. (Brendan Beary)

And Dead Last:

The Peruvian Songbird sang legends of love;
Now the Andean Nightingale sings from above.
Shedding her birth name was wise. 'Cause "Adio"s to Yma Sunac" scans better than "Adios to Zoila Augusta Emperatriz Chavarri del
Castillo."
(Ellen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

More Honorable Mentions are at www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

Next Week: Send Us the Bill, or Greetings From Law-Law Land

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