



NEW CONTEST! Guess what John's hair will look like by September!

Burnhamish

The official newsletter of John E. Burnham

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I'm Baa-aack !

I bet you're all thinking right now, "Well it TOOK you long enough, Burnham!" Yes, I agree. It TOOK me long enough. This is how it happened:

I put out the first Burnhamish while still unemployed and feeling especially punchy one night. These were nights when I still could stay up until whenever, and get up the next morning at a reasonable hour. I had ambitious plans to publish a newsletter a month, which at the time seemed a good idea, because it would improve my computer acumen, and let's face it, it would keep me from frequenting crack houses and red light districts when I got bored of TV. I soon discovered while writing the second Burnhamish, people expected me to be AS creative IF NOT MORE CREATIVE than the first issue. It hit me like an ice cream headache. I wept for a week.

I got my wits about me and finished the second smash issue a month or so behind schedule, but, as most will attest, it was well worth the wait. Just as I was getting ready to start the third issue, originally due out before the holiday season, I got a real job. So much for all that free time I once flaunted so garishly. I stood undaunted, though, determined to give my adoring fans what they wanted. A little later.

It's been six months since the holiday season. The December 1989 issue became the Holiday 1989 issue became the Spring 1990 issue as has finally emerged as the Summer 1990 issue. Think of it as a cicada, which has remained underground for a very long time, emerging from its hole in the ground, shedding its old skin, singing (badly), having sex, and dying. There's an analogy in there somewhere. Anyway, the point is that Burnhamish is back. So stop bugging me, ok? But I bet you're still wondering, "How

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JEB Laserphoto

Using his skills as an aeronautical engineer, John devises a way to beat rush hour traffic.

BETTER-LATE-THAN-NEVER DECADE IN REVIEW (and other random thoughts)

So you thought just because it's six months into 1990 that you were safe from decades-in-review? Silly you!

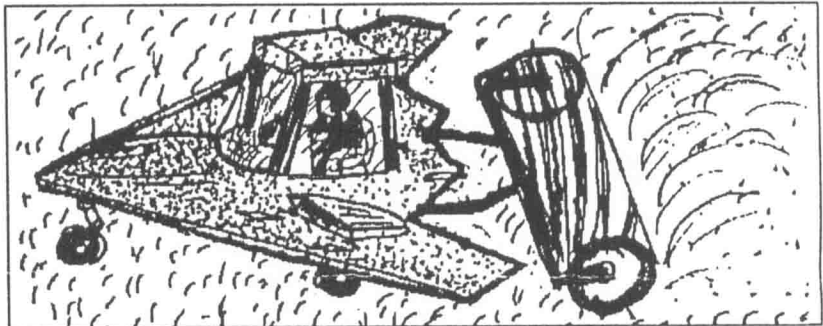
1989 was a rather fascinating year for the world, wasn't it? Between earthquakes, hurricanes, greenhouse effects, communisms in turmoil, and John getting a job FINALLY, you'd think someone was up to something. Granted, it WAS the end of a decade, and why not end an otherwise unremarkable ten years with some excitement? Does 1989 herald the coming of an explosively mind expanding decade(whew!)? Not if George Bush keeps waging war on helpless vegetables. Are we perhaps being given

ten years to get our shit together for the apocalypse? Personally, I think the harmonic convergence worked, and the next decade is going to prepare us for a total restructuring of world society as we know it.

Then again, maybe not.

It's been so long since the last time I put this thing out that I should have enough material to write about in this issue, right? Actually, other than my getting a real job, nothing much of any significance has occurred. It's only been a few months- how much could happen? Well, for one thing, there were a couple of marriages that, for me, came as complete surprises.

See "Sorority Vaporizes", page 2



Artist's conception of the CASE IH "Stealth Mower"

Stealth Mower Revealed to Public

Case IH, producers of the world's foremost agricultural and construction equipment announced recently its plans for a new line of high performance garden implements. Case claims the top of the line, dubbed the "Stealth Mower", can mow an average suburban Chicago lawn in half the time of conventional mowers, and reduce clipping size to millionths of an inch, eliminating the bagging process.

"We have the world's most advanced mulcher- the "garden weasel" is history!" declared an anonymous Case official. Invisible to microwaves, the Stealth, affectionately referred to by Case designers as "Little Frankie", is invisible to microwave tracking, as well as tracking by most major brands of blenders and toaster ovens. Other proposed machines include the Stinger Turbo-Pruner and the Advanced Tactical Hedge Clipper.

Nude Amazons (continued from page 1)

hard can it be, doofus?"

It is hard, let me tell you- I should know, I'm John Burnham. Let me take you through a typical week in the life of a major happening dude engineer/newsletter publisher:

MONDAY

5:00 AM Get out of bed. Or seriously consider it.

6:00 Contemplate a bowl of Cheerios and life as we know it. And a cup of coffee. Black.

6:42 Just about to leave the driveway- forget lunch.

6:50 Speed to work (wouldn't have to speed if I would have remembered my lunch).

7:00 AM - 3:30 PM Productive day at the office, save the earth from hostile alien invaders, etc.

5:00 Work out to keep in top physical condition so that I may live a long and prosper-

ous life. And get girls.

6:00 Cheers. Can't miss Cheers.

6:30 Healthy meal consisting of representatives of all four major food groups: macaroni, cheese, coke, and girl scout cookies.

7:00 Switch on computer.

9:30 Still staring at a blank screen.

10:00 Go to bed because I got up too early.

TUESDAY-FRIDAY

Pretty much the same as Monday.

I hope this clarifies things for all you non-major-dude-engineer/newsletter-publisher types out there who think it's a breeze to just pump these things out like Japanese cars.

Then again, it's not like a REAL job.

Sorority Vaporizes (continued from page 1)

First, Frank Krause married Lisa Speno back on November 25th. Who could've guessed? I know we held a bachelor party for Frank (as reported in a previous Burnhamish), but nobody thought he was actually SERIOUS about getting married! For their honeymoon they went to Berwyn, Illinois for the annual "Just Try and Find a Mushroom in January" Festival.

Second, another good friend of mine, Carlos Acosta, got hitched to Lori Coleman on December 29th. Now, Carlos is a freelance camp counselor and also advises corporate CEOs on financial matters in his spare time. He also has been seen sporting a mohawk and trying to slam dance at Eddie Rocket's. Lori, on the

other hand, teaches quantum physics to fourth graders in Springfield, Missouri, and has strong ties to Greenpeace and the AAASP (American Association for the Advancement of Stationary People). Nobody thought these two would ever MEET, let alone get married.

But that I should be damned to watch "Wheel of Fortune" for all eternity if I forget to acknowledge the others (that I know of) who have taken the plunge, I acknowledge them thus (spelling notwithstanding):

Randy&Cathy, Jeff&Jackie, Peter&Karen, Tony&Shelley, Angela&Brad, Steve&Amy, and then those of you who are planning to fall (into wedded bliss, that is):

Poetry Corner

My Own Private Stall
or
In CASE IH, I'll Need to Scratch

*In my own private stall
I sit here and ponder
The paint on her walls
And what lies beyond her*

*The fields so weedy
Soon to be plowed under
And houses be built there
More now am I fonder*

*For windrowers that row wind
For combines and tractors
For corn heads and grain drills
And soybean extractors*

*Return to the now
I find myself stricken
My eyes dance a panic
My pulse starts to quicken*

*But alas, a stray memo
Has come to my rescue
Dropped by executive
Unknown for to thank-you*

*But for its next patron
His adventure be safer
I'll mention to maintenance
This stall's out of paper.*

John&Sue, Mike&Kim, Tom&Vicki, Russel&Michelle, Paul&MaryJo, most recently Tom&Jenny,

and the rest of you out there about whose wedding plans I haven't heard or have forgotten because, as one scholarly little micro-bio major put it, I am a "scatterbrain."

Is marriage in the future for John E. Burnham? I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that I might actually get married anyway.

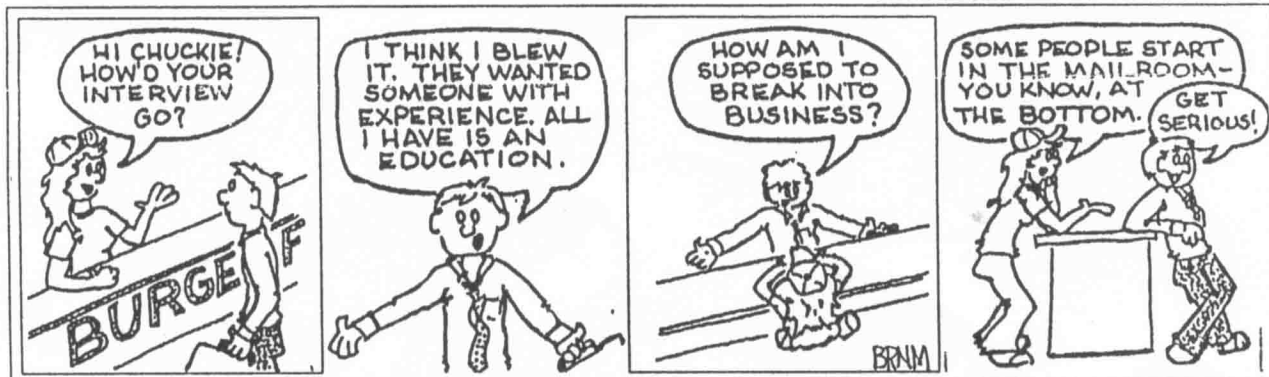
WANT AD
ONE (1) BASS PLAYER
NEEDED TO FILL OUT A POTENTIAL BAND CONSISTING PRESENTLY OF A VERY GOOD DRUMMER AND A PRETTY AMATEUR GUITAR PLAYER (BUT I'M GETTING BETTER). SHOULD AT LEAST KNOW HOW TO SWITCH ON AN AMPLIFIER, ALTHOUGH MUSICAL TALENT COULDN'T HURT. PAY IS FICTIONAL TO NON-EXISTENT; WE'RE JUST DOING THIS FOR KICKS. LET *Burnhamish* KNOW IF YOU ARE AT ALL INTERESTED. PLEASE PLEASE WE ARE GETTING DESPERATE HERE.

TROUT PLAYERS NEED NOT APPLY.

✈️📏👁️👉👈👊👋👌👍👎👏👐👑👒👓👔👕👖👗👘👙👚👛👜👝👞👟👠👡👢👣👤👥👦👧👨👩👪👫👬👭👮👯👰👱👲👳👴👵👶👷👸👹👺👻👼👽👾👿👽👾👿

BRIGHTSIDE

By Burnham



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