

Super Smash Anniversary Issue

THE OFFICIAL  
NEWSLETTER OF  
JOHN E. HUBERMAN

Burnhamish



Holiday 1990

VOL. 2 NO. 2

Merry Christmas



and



HAPPY  
NEW YEAR!

## Holly Happydays !

Greetings avid readers, loyal fans, disgruntled lovers, stud muffins and potatoes, lizards, and wambos. This is the first *Burnhamish* that was completely done on my own computer in my own room in an apartment that is 1/3 mine. That's right! I, in my infinite wisdom, moved out of the safety of my childhood home, which was rent-free, and away from the kindred caring eyes of my parents, who didn't charge rent, into the wild and wonderful world of...

...the bachelor apartment from hell. Not that I don't love my roommates like brothers- au contraire, mon frère; I would die (within reason, of course) for the privilege of washing their dishes.

And smelling their socks. And watching them walk around in their underwear in front of EVERYONE. This isn't hell, this is PARADISE! WHEEEEE!!

This issue is the official FIRST ANNIVERSARY issue of *Burnhamish*. Now, it is only *just being written* one year after the second issue came out last year, and considering how long it took the third issue to come out (also originally called a "holiday" issue until it was too late and had to be a "summer" issue), this may actually be the first anniversary issue of the summer issue, by which time the concept will be so far diluted that I may end up with fewer readers than those who have managed to make it this far. And this

is only the first article.

This issue will not disappoint hardcore fans, who expect the unexpected, dream the impossible dream, and read Dave Barry on a regular basis. Spurned by the society they helped establish, these outcasts seek with quiet desperation the answers I cannot give them, but are found in the cryptic messages scrawled on public bathroom walls, and heard when "Girl You Know It's True" is played backward at 78 rpm. I may not be the worst nightmare you ever had, but I'm at least that funny little dream you had when you fell asleep at the department meeting last week.

## Another One!

It's 1:30 in the morning. How creative do you think I can be at this time? It seems I have a little bit of space left over, so I would like to acknowledge the latest engagement:

Congratulations to Andrew Suelzer, a long time friend from Indianapolis, for finally popping the question to Deborah Doster, a Nuclear Physicist from Nome, Alaska. Now we all know the real reasons they are getting married- It cuts down on phone bills and car insurance rates go down. You have to get up pretty early in the afternoon to get anything past this rocket scientist.

### Inside...

#### Outside

I'm sorry, I thought this was word association.

## Whah-sappa-neen?

I originally created *Burnhamish* to keep everyone up to date on whah-sappa-neen. Theoretically this would save a lot of letter writing. In practice, it seems to take longer to contact everyone this way, but you love it, I can tell.

The past several months have seen some major changes in my life, not the

least of which was leaving the nest. Confidence is high I will be returning to the nest once the lease expires on my current palace; I could try to get out of my contractual obligation, but I would have an easier time bench-pressing a bus.

I have just recently transferred to another department within the J.I. Case

Hinsdale Engineering Center. Dissatisfied with my position and its inherent lack of upward-mobility, I stormed into my boss' cubicle and demanded he give me a raise or give me the boot. He smiled and said the farewell party would be Friday. BYOB. I smiled and prayed he had a sense of humor.

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# A Christmas Peril

by John E. Burnham

*'Twas the night before Christmas  
I climbed into my car  
My fuel gauge read "empty"  
I must drive very far*

*Ten miles from nowhere  
I glid to non-motion  
In futility I wished  
For a gasoline ocean*

*In a mirror viewed rearward  
Bright lights on its tops  
The vehicle approacheth  
"Oh crud," thought I, "cops."*

*Larger than usual for a man of  
the badge  
He sported a beard as well as  
moustache*

*We discussed a few minutes  
The state of the nation  
Of decreasing tolerance  
For rising inflation*

*I can't afford gas  
Price goes up by the hour  
He said, "I've no problems,"  
"I've got reindeer power!"*

*I looked at him sideways  
He said have no fear  
He chortled a chortle  
And hitched up his deer*

*We alighted in flight  
Our makeshift creation  
The powertrain pointed  
Toward the nearest gas station*

*Not long did we travel  
The pumps were in sight  
I dug in my pockets  
I looked up in fright*

*"Im all out of cash, might just  
well forget it."  
He pulled out a Shell card  
(same price, cash or credit)*

*The tank had its fill  
The reindeer were fed  
He buttoned his red coat  
Placed a cap on his head*

*"Merry Christmas my son"  
As he took to the air  
The attendant just gaped  
On end stood his hair*

*"Santa?" he asked  
I said it just might  
Whoever he was  
That fat guy's allright.*



## Cut out and send in!

Finish this joke:

A fire hydrant walks into a bar...

While you're at it, tell me if you are interested in a T-shirt and what size(s) you would like. I will use this information to determine the feasibility of having them made. I'm dead serious.

Size

Quantity

Send to: Burnhamish T



### CLASSIFIED ADS

PJF

Let me tear down into your heart;  
Let me take a seat and stay awhile. JEB

Burnhamish T-shirts make wonderful belated Christmas gifts! Express your desire for one today! Send in your survey!

JB

You're on nothing but a big ego trip! Find somethig more constructive to do with your free time, like visiting your mother!

MOM

## Your Article Here

## Huh?

Continued from page 1

In truth, I saw an opening in one of the test departments and put myself up for the position. It was kind of an insider trading thing, because one of their members was transferring to my group, and I knew the people in charge liked me and had considered me as a replacement. The department is called HiTEC (High Temperature Environmental Cell) and we test heating and cooling systems in high

temperature and humidity conditions. Best of all, I get to grow my hair long and wear jeans to work. Such a deal. This was a lateral move, however; there was no incentive salary-wise. But I am due for a "merit increase" based on my performance over the past year, which may mean I can buy that gallon of milk I've had my eye on.

That is, if I spread the payments out.

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