

Great thoughts come

to those who wait.



Vol. 3 No. 1

Holiday 1991-92

Happy Holidays!!

You're probably saying to yourself, "Why can't John get the holiday issue of *Burnhamish* out *before Christmas*?" Or at least before *New Year's*? Actually, this particular issue was originally going to come out during the summer, and, well... Sound familiar? This happened last year, for those of you first time readers of *Burnhamish* (or those of you with very short memories). Hey, if you can't be predictable, no one's going to know what you're going to do next. Besides, right when I was going to complete this and send it out, I went on vacation (rather abruptly). This is described on page 4- good thing I waited, huh? Otherwise you would have had one less page to enjoy.

The Major Holiday Season of the year is past us and what better time to reflect upon how fortunate we are to be Americans. I mean, our economy could be falling apart, we could be deep in debt, our country's manufacturers could be incompetent, our leaders could be complete dunderheads- wait a second... . Maybe we could slip out the back door and no one will notice.

Do you think parents should perpetuate the Santa Claus myth with their young children? Does the concept of a rather large man wearing entirely too much red coming in through the chimney seem absurd to a two-year-old, but he's too polite to say anything? Some leading thinkers think that children are let down when they discover that Santa Claus does not exist, and this is why, as adults, they become depressed every year at Christmastime and have urges to window shop at gun stores. Others feel these leading thinkers should get hobbies.

It is now politically incorrect to be politically correct.

I don't recognize any of the VJs on MTV.

Heavy Metal and Rap didn't die out when we thought they would.

I'm still an engineer.

FIRST PAGE



Why Are You Reading This Instead of Washing the Dishes?

What's new since the last time we talked? Probably a lot of things, considering it's been almost a year! If you've been wondering where the next *Burnhamish* is, **you're reading it** so stop pestering me! This is one of *hundreds* of things I've accomplished. I've also learned to type. Well, I bought a typing tutor, and now I know pretty much which fingers go with what keys, but only if I can look at the keyboard. Hey, I didn't take typing in high school. They didn't offer it. Why do men need typing, anyway?

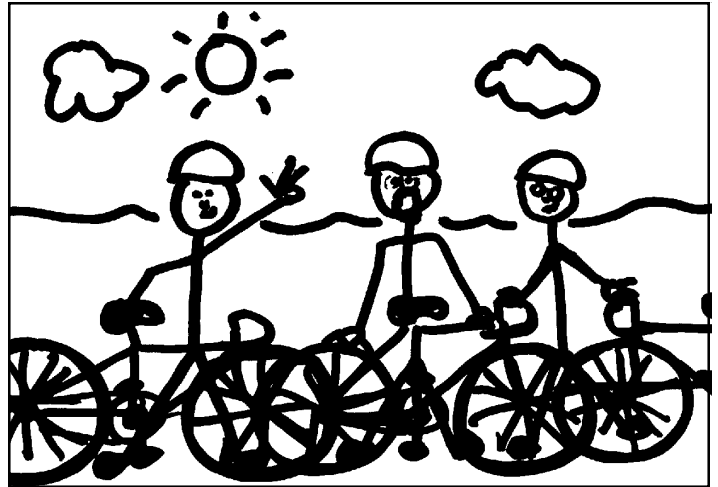
For one thing, if your handwriting is atrocious, which, if you are male, it probably is, typing helps you *communicate* if you can't for some reason speak, because your girlfriend punched you in the throat because she couldn't read the important phone message you took for her. And what were

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you doing during penmanship class in fourth grade? Penning? NO! You were making spitwads. Come to think of it, you continued to do so through the twelfth grade, didn't you? And look what you've accomplished- you've got a steady job, a wife and 2.3 children, a dog, and a four-door



That's right, I couldn't think of anything else to put here. Get off my back.



Paradise was but a fantasy until June 27, 1991 when John and his intrepid companions, John McEnery and Paul Kraft, trekked from Riverside to Twin lakes, WI by bicycle. Our photographer caught up with them during a rest break. They are still recovering.

Chevy Lumina with only five payments left on it. You were just lucky to be hired by a company that makes spitwads. I, on the other hand, have very legible handwriting.

Other news of note is the marriage of my sister, Mary, to a guy named Gary Curtis. They both find fish *very* interesting and should be quite content with each other.

For the time being, barring extreme cost-cutting measures by my employer, I am still employed.

I am still living at home, for those of you who didn't know (duh). It's virtually rent-free, and provides me with adequate if not ample room to do my thing. My long-range plans, again barring extreme cost-cutting measures by my employer, include moving out, in addition to eating, sleeping, and other pastimes.

How was everyone's New Year's? I had the rare opportunity to observe a white man who could DANCE! This guy even knew the words to *Vogue*. I, an unremarkable dancer, found this guy rather unreal. He had the hair, he had the look, he struck the pose. He should strike a speeding bus. Of course, I am insecure with my manhood, so I feel threatened because he can express himself naturally without fear of ridicule. I bet he doesn't watch sports, though.

I wonder if *Arthur Murray* has any spots open... **B**

**Read the special travel feature
on page 4!**

My Vacation
in *TELLURIDE*

A *Burnhamish* Exclusive!



Marriages!

In the tradition of past *Burnhamishes* (which spans an incredible two years), I will print the names of joined persons, but not necessarily in alphabetical or chronological order, or even spelled correctly for that matter:

Russ and Jenny Cederberg

John and Sue Stiber

Mike and Kim Battisto

Bob and Becky Jacobs

Tom and Vicki Faldani

Paul Kraft and Mary Jo McEnery

Tim and Margo Frost

Russ and Michelle Oppenborn

Tom and Jenny Suelzer

Mary and Gary Curtis

For the sake of parties involved, I still must reserve comment on the state of my marriage potential.

Overheard...

"I formally state, for the record, that *Dirty Laundry*, distributed by E. Stenstrom, is by no means, in any way, shape, or form, a ripoff of *Burnhamish*. It doesn't even come close!"

-John E. Burnham, creator of *Burnhamish*

My Vacation

from Fourth Page

neighborhood. Sly or no Sly, the skiing here is the best I have ever seen. This place keeps you honest. I recommend Telluride highly. Can you imagine *Oprah* on skis? I can't, and I have a rather vivid imagination.

Trustafarians abound here. "Trustafarians" refers to the legions of hippie- and rasta-wannabes who have no jobs but are nonetheless able to secure a lift pass every day. White men in dreadlocks and bellbottoms. You piece it together.

It amazes me how resilient five-year-olds can be. They seem undaunted by the Volkswagen-sized moguls that cause those of greater stature to cross the tails of their skis and perform very ungraceful face-plants. They are the **Powder Pigs!** So what. Bumps are for chumps anyway.

We dined on *schlag*, although I don't know if I'm spelling it correctly. That is, we often ate that which had little or no nutritional value. There was "Insta-schlag", a steam-heated custom burger with everything. To go. Also known as the "bypass" (single, double, triple, or quadruple). Wash it down with some vitamin R (Rainier Beer). Life is short!

As the full moon loomed, we bade goodbye to the shack (literally a *shack* and currently worth \$250,000) and backtracked from the San Juans to the Rockies for a weekend stay in lovely Breckenridge. Lovely, sterile, full of young students on break Breckenridge. At least we got to stay in a condo! The skiing was acceptable (I recommend *The Burn* if there is enough snow), but did not match the challenge of Telluride. At least we got to stay in a condo. The last day, at Arapaho Basin, was overcast, cold, windy, and icy. Just like Midwest skiing, but at 12,000 feet. At least we got to stay in a condo.

If you want to know about the return trip, read the part about the trip there, backwards. We left Breckenridge at 9:00 AM December 23 and I arrived home at 5:00 AM, December 24. Home for Christmas! What a swell vacation! What a VISA bill!

One more thing about Waterloo, Iowa- their birds must eat very well. Thank *God* Dubuque has an all-night car wash. **B**

Weather Box in the Corner

Light today with continued periods of lightness until tonight. Light continues tomorrow at sunrise with little to no chance whatsoever for darkness until evening. Darkness continues through tomorrow night.

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T-Hell-We-Rode:

My Vacation in

TELLURIDE

Spontaneity is fun! The reason this issue of *Burnhamish* has been further delayed is because I decided to take a well-deserved vacation. And what better place to vacation than *Colorado, USA*.

On the Wednesday before departure, a co-worker of mine, Richard Quinlan, revealed that he was going on a road trip to Colorado and that I was welcome to join him and his baby brother Mark. The accommodations would be free and there was actually *snow* out there! I haven't been on a real vacation *without my parents* for a long time. I jumped at the chance to ski on something larger than the anthills we flatlanders call ski resorts.

Due to certain holiday obligations, Richard and I would be leaving the Chicago area separately and rendezvous in Waterloo, Iowa with Mark, who would be arriving from the Minneapolis area. If you remember your world history (that is, if you weren't busy making spitwads), Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. The brothers Quinlan would have to return to MinneSOta for Christmas and I to Riverside.

If you find yourself travelling on I-90, don't go *south* into Elgin for gas.

As I cruised along U.S. 20 out of Rockford, I wondered if it's always so hard to turn around on the Northwest Tollway when you miss your exit. I wouldn't even *think* of using the turnarounds reserved for authorized vehicles only! I am a law-abiding citizen, you know.

These thoughts soon faded as I found myself along the twisting, rolling path through Galena. How beautiful, I thought, like heaven. Could this be Iowa? Must not be, considering I was about to be pulled over by the Illinois State Police. The officer kindly noted that I had been travelling at a rate exceeding the posted upper limit. Goodness! I don't know what had come over me! Enthralled with the beauty of the surroundings, I guessed. The Patrolman issued me a warning- rounding the violation down to 60 mph from 63 mph- and advised me to observe future speed limits I may encounter. As we parted company, I noted that the Illinois State Police *are* looking out for my best interests. I proceeded to my destination as my heart rate returned to normal.

I could feel the history churning all about me as I cruised down the thoroughfare to the Holiday Inn, Downtown Waterloo. From there I could see Waterloo's tallest structure, the Ramada Inn. I wondered if Napoleon ever slept there.

Mark and I stored our vehicles behind the *Scotland Yard* lawn care company under an abandoned tree. Surely they would be safe *here*! From there we piled into Richard's Ford *Probe* and began our journey. The following are excerpts from the various thoughts that ran through our heads during the trip:

Des Moines, IA- pronounced *des moines*; or if you're from there, *des moines*.

Nebraska- welcome to hell. It must be hard for the inhabitants of Nebraska knowing that *everyone* hates their state. And they drive worse than cheeseheads. This is, hands down, the worst section of Interstate 80 in the world. People die out here from boredom.

Denver must sell a *fortune* in respirators. And you thought Gary, Indiana looked bad from a distance!

We drove first to Telluride, Colorado (referred to affectionately by the natives as "T-Hell-U-Ride"). I can't imagine a more laid back place to ski! The inhabitants, most of whom were originally from someplace flat, are either very friendly or leave you alone. Even the dogs are mellow. Yeah, it has its spots of glitz- but you have to accommodate the money that often rolls into town for the weekend. I heard that Sylvester Stallone and Oprah each bought parcels of land in Telluride. There goes the

Continued on Third Page