



Churning out somewhat useful information at least annually since 1989

Giants Roam the Earth!

Giant couple spotted on vacation in the Northeast U.S.

Work, work, work. This year, more than any other, has been a lot of work. I spent the summer staying late at the office on a regular basis, so now I feel guilty when I leave on time! I still get overtime pay, but there are times I would prefer getting back the lost free time.

Speaking of lost free time, I got promoted in July. Now I get to "have more responsibility." Funny, it's been six months and I'm still doing the same thing I've been doing for the past two years, only until seven or eight o'clock at night. I was told by my immediate supervisor (not in so many words) that now that I was a grade *seven*, I should plan to stay late on a regular basis. That's what people at my level do. What if I accomplished what I needed to on a particular day? I suppose I could clench an unimportant document and shuffle around in quiet desperation, but that's what I do during regular hours.

Carolyn, while she didn't get a promotion, received a pay hike and some well-deserved praise by her superiors at WEYI TV25. She is the only person in the marketing research department, so she's automatically always at the top position. Of course, without her, the station would simply blink out of existence, kind of like a soap bubble blown out the window of a car moving at 45 miles per hour.



Giant people John and Carolyn towering over Bar Harbor, Maine (October 1997).

This is hard for me, but I feel you must know something, and it can't wait for page four. We bought an artificial Christmas tree this year. It's true, we live in Michigan, and we went fake.

In places like San Diego, Indianapolis, and Chicago, people wait hours and sometimes *days* in line to pick out a natural tree grown in Michigan. If we did put up a natural tree, we would just have to take it down before Christmas anyway.

We have the privilege of traveling out of state for major holidays, because most of our family lives outside of Michigan. If we left a tree up, it would

only dry out and dump needles everywhere, and heaven forbid it should spontaneously combust while we were away. Yes, it is much easier to care for an artificial tree; however our actions are in the interest of safety first, and laziness second.

Lastly, Carolyn and I, who are and will remain the biggest people in *this* household, wish you a stupendous (check all that apply):

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Christmas | <input type="checkbox"/> Ramadan |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hanukkah | <input type="checkbox"/> Kwanzaa |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Winter Solstice | <input type="checkbox"/> New Year |

Remember: if all else fails, blame El Niño.

The last of the Riverside Burnhams

James Francis Burnham married Erin Elizabeth Hundt on September 13, 1997. Jim is the fourth and last child of Joanne and Keith Burnham to get married, but the first to marry someone named Erin Hundt.

Jim and Erin first met in the Waste Management bowling league. Erin was impressed that Jim actually had his own bowling ball- until she saw his scores.

"No matter," she told *Burnhamish*, "I still liked his form."

Jim and Erin's was just one of four major marital events in 1997. In the interest of equal time, here are the other three newly happy couples.



After the ceremony, Jim describes to Erin his new views on bowling ball design.

We can now rest easy for a while- at least until the remaining stragglers get it in gear (you know who you are).



*Sandra Elizabeth Stein and
Timothy Thomas Taylor
June 14*



*Pamela Lee Zink and
Dr. Edward J. Ward
June 21*



*Laura Lynn Pyle and
Ian David Wagreich
September 6*

**"Never put anything bigger
than your elbow in your ear"**

-Dr. Edward J. Ward

Nature abhors a vacuum...

...and where there's nature, there's dirt. But now you have a defense against nature- and all the dirt and unpleasant nasty things it brings into your home. Millions of satisfied Americans have testified to the power and versatility of an *Absolute* vacuum. Try it in your home for 23 days- if you don't agree it sucks in a major way, return it for a full refund! Pick one up today at your nearest home appliance superstore!



Absolute Vacuum
It really sucks!

Top Ten Questions to ponder during 1998

10. If you throw a cat out a car window, does it become kitty litter?
9. If corn oil comes from corn, where does baby oil come from?
8. When a cow laughs, does milk come up its nose?
7. How did a fool and his money get together in the first place?
6. Why is there an expiration date on sour cream?
5. During tourist season, why can't we shoot them?
4. When you choke a smurf, what color does it turn?
3. How do they get deer to cross at that yellow road sign?
2. If you shoot a mime, should you use a silencer?
1. What was the best thing *before* sliced bread?

The Twelve Politically-Correct Days of Christmas

On the 12th day of the Eurocentrically imposed midwinter festival, my potential-acquaintance-abuse-survivor gave to me:

TWELVE males reclaiming their inner warrior through ritual drumming,

ELEVEN pipers piping (plus the 18-member pit orchestra made up of members in good standing of the Musicians Equity Union as called for in their union contract even though they will not be asked to play a note...),

TEN melanin-deprived testosterone-poisoned scions of the patriarchal ruling class system leaping,

NINE persons engaged in rhythmic self-expression,

EIGHT economically disadvantaged female persons stealing milk-products from enslaved Bovine-Americans,

SEVEN endangered swans swimming on federally protected wetlands,

SIX enslaved Fowl-Americans producing stolen nonhuman animal products,



FIVE golden symbols of culturally sanctioned enforced domestic incarceration,

(NOTE: after a member of the Animal Liberation Front threatened to throw red paint at my computer, the calling birds, French hens and partridge have been reintroduced to their native habitat. To avoid further Animal-American enslavement, the remaining gift package has been revised.)

FOUR hours of recorded whale songs,
THREE deconstructionist poets,
TWO Sierra Club calendars printed on recycled processed tree carcasses,

And a spotted owl activist chained to an old-growth pear tree.



Burnhamish is written, directed, produced, printed, distributed and sold by  a multinational conglomerate whose name is an unpronounceable symbol. Don't get me started. For information on  or its subsidiaries (*Disembodied Heads Floating in Space*, *Bynight Flights*, or *Funky Onion Enterprises*, whose names, while a bit odd, are pronounceable), please see page four.