

BACKWARD INTO TOMORROW

'82 SIEVE ANNOUNCED!

Yes, it's true. The 1982 Sieve was announced by Wayne Adriaens in his sleep on the night of January 16, but just like the proverbial tree that falls in the forest with no one to hear it, Wayne's announcement went unheeded since, of course, he was sleeping alone.

So, all of us (including Wayne) will have to wait until the night of Saturday, January 30, to find out who the newest Sieve of the Year will be. As in past years, 1982 presents itself with a plethora of candidates. Can you imagine that the following people have never been named Sieve (officially)?

Think of it: Jay Fier, Jack Freeman, Ty Westlie (unbelievable), Kay Westlie, Dan Carlin (amazing),

The Cabin

The setting is the Westlie cabin near McGregor, Minnesota, circa 1970. Present are Ty and Kay, Bob Sater, Nick Ripperger, Bernie Wenker, Dave Hoppe, Jan Tunby, Karen Burr, Mike "The Knife" Galegher, Jim Shekelton, and Roy Winston, linebacker for the Minnesota Vikings.

FRIDAY NIGHT

TY: The bathroom doesn't work.

SATER: That's all right. I'd rather go outside.

KAREN: I won't have to go all weekend.

TUNBY: Oooooo!

SHEK: Hoy ya hey, hoy ya hey, ho ho ho ha.

NICK: I'm used to it. I grew up on a farm.

Bernie comes in from outside.

TY: Bernie, the bathroom doesn't work.

Matt Moore, Karen Burr--none of these people has been THE Sieve.

Incredible, isn't it? Well, many more incredible things are going to happen the night of the 30th, one of which is that the Ticks will play. (I thought they broke up). There will be a new Nowhere Person (I thought that went out with the '60's), and a new Bernie Strenker Memorial Award winner (capitalist of the year).

The stage, of course, for all this madcap delight (madcap?) is the Rand Bar in St. Paul. Since there's no such thing as a free lunch, there will be a \$2.50 donation at the door.

Every year some new "old face" shows up--maybe this year it will be someone you want to see. It's an event not to be missed, even by the new crowd. See you there!

BERNIE: I already went. I haven't used a bathroom since '63. Let's get drunk.

They all get drunk.

SATURDAY MORNING

Sater is the first to get up. He is afraid that someone might be having fun without him while he is sleeping. He makes enough noise to wake up everyone else.

NICK: Sater, you asshole, go back to sleep.

SATER: Nothing doing. I'm not going to sleep my life away.

HOPPE: It's time to wake up and smell the coffee.

Everyone except Kay rouse themselves from their sleeping bags.

KAREN: Boy, we sure got drunk last night.

She is answered by comments of "No shit!" and "Boy, I'll say!" There is a round of back slapping and grins. Everyone is pleased that they got drunk the night before.

SHEK: Let's start a fire outside. The Indians would have wanted it that way.

MIKE: Well, that's a nice idea, Shek, but it's 75 degrees and it's light outside. Let's wait until it gets dark at least.

Shekelton goes off into the woods to ponder this.

TY: Let's go skinny dipping!

MIKE: Well, that's a nice idea, Ty, but it's only 75 degrees and it's still light outside. Let's wait until it gets dark at least.

TY: Let's go eat then.

They all go into McGregor to get something to eat.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Everyone is standing around, wondering what to do to have fun.

BERNIE: We just can't stand around like this. Is it after noon yet?

HOPPE: Son las doce y media.

BERNIE: What?

NICK: It's twelve-thirty.

BERNIE: Well, let's have a cup of grog, then.

HOPPE: What?

NICK: Let's have a beer.

HOPPE: Oh, okay.

They all have a beer except Shekelton, who is still in the woods pondering, Karen and Tunby, who decide to go for a walk, and Kay, who is still sleeping. While the beers are being drunk Kay stumbles out of the cabin, having just woke up.

KAY: What time is it?

HOPPE: Son las--

NICK: It's twelve-thirty.

MIKE: It was twelve-thirty fifteen minutes ago.

NICK: You forget we're in McGregor.

MIKE: Oh, I see.

SATURDAY NIGHT

A game of whist is going on in the cabin. Sater and Hoppe are partners, as are Bernie and Galegher. Bernie and Galegher have gone low, but Sater and Hoppe have gone high. Bernie, however, has forgotten this, and has sloughed all his high cards. About half way through the hand he realizes his mistake, but says nothing. Galegher gets impatient.

MIKE: Jesus, Bernie, can't you take a trick?

BERNIE: What do you think I am, a goddamned magician?

Shekelton comes into the cabin. He is done pondering.

SHEK: I think you're right about the fire, Mike. It's too light out.

MIKE: But Shek, it's dark outside now.

SHEK: Oh, I'll start one then.

As Shekelton leaves the cabin Sater makes a face at him behind his back. Everyone laughs. Sater is a funny guy.

LATER SATURDAY NIGHT

SATER: Bernie, you look beat. Do you want somebody to put you to bed?

BERNIE: No, no. I'm wide awake. I'll be going until morning.

Five minutes later Bernie is asleep.

SATER: All right. Bed time for Bernie. Let's go, guys.

While Bernie groggily mumbles "no, no" the guys pick him up and put him to bed, giggling to themselves. They go back to the main room in the cabin, and suddenly Ty realizes something.

TY: That was the only bed in the cabin. Now the rest of us will have to sleep on couches or on the floor.

They all stare at each other. Has Bernie pulled another one? No one knows for sure.

STILL LATER SATURDAY NIGHT

TY: Let's all go skinny dipping!

There is no answer. Everyone is asleep.

TY: Well, let's all go to sleep then.

SUNDAY MORNING

BERNIE: Well, I've had enough fun for one weekend. I'm going into McGregor for some steak and eggs, then I'm going back.

Knowing that the fun is over, everyone prepares to leave. Suddenly, Roy Winston speaks up.

ROY: Hey, who are you guys and what am I doing here?

NICK: I don't know, but it's time to leave.

They all go back to continue their education at Morris, except for Roy, who has to make it to the Vikings game by one o'clock.

advertisement

"Hey, Madge, that's some bikini. I bet you spent a fortune on it."

"It cost me \$97.98, Phyllis, but it will be worth it if Jay starts paying more attention to me."

"I hate to say this, Madge, but have you ever though thought that maybe Jay is staying away from you because of your breast?"

"My breast?"

"Yes, everyone has bad breast from time to time. Mamatosis is something we girls can't always avoid. But I'll tell you what I do when I get bad breast. Try some of this."

"Nips?"

"Yes. Nips nips bad breast in the bud. I've used it for years. Oh, I've tried the others, Grope, Hysterine, even Right Gourd, but I've always come back to Nips."

"All right, Phyllis, I'll give it a whirl."

LATER:

"Madge, you look like a million dollars. Did the Nips work?"

"Like a charm, Phyllis, Jay couldn't keep his nose out of my breast all night. It was wonderful!"

"What did I tell you?"

"Do you have anything else I can use?"

"As a matter of fact, I have some Clivoris right here in my dresser . . ."

It's History

We are interested in putting together a collective and pictorial history of the Morris Free Scouts, from Phi Sig days to the present. We would like as many of you as possible to contribute writings and photographs from any era, event, place of a particular person—whatever inspires you. We especially need to hear from some of the founding sieves, as there are many people that don't know the origin of our renown and revered institution. There seems to be a lot of interest in it, judging by the response I've gotten so far. Kay and I are willing to put it together and write about a few things, but we can't do it all on our own. Start thinking about it, and contact Kay or myself. Even if you don't have any ideas right now, give us a call and maybe we can come up with something that you could help us with. It could be pretty special if we can get enough contributions. There's a lot of talent out there—here's your chance to show your stuff. And send us your favorite photos. I'll duplicate them and send them back. Financial contributions will also be welcome, as the initial cost of duplicating photos will add up. I will try to get together those with photography skills and see if we can't do most of the photo stuff ourselves. That will keep the costs down.

Hope to hear from you!

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THE KINDRED IS A SQUASH

When the kindred turns to flower
I see the falling leaves of your smile
dicing the see potatoes.
Two eyes to the slice,
two slices to the hill,
two hills to the meal,
two eyes to the stare
in pink cosmos blooming
the white spider waiting
for harvest soon will come.

"They'll never print it."

That's what I used to say. Now look at this newsletter. What have you been doing with your unprinted contribution? Come on, send it in!

THE WENKER LEGEND

"So long mates."

With this, Bernie Wenker, the Big Swede, left his friends behind and headed for the Phillipines. After unexpectedly finding himself in the Peace Corps (he thought the recruiter said Police), Bernie was given his choice of countries to go to. Assuming that the Phillipines was named after beautiful pine forests apparently native to the country, Bernie packed up [his cross country skis and was off.

When he discovered his mistake, he proceeded, in the best Wenker tradition, to make the most of it. He gradually came to realize that he was much taller than anyone else in the country. After that realization it was only a matter of time before Bernie organized the first intra-Phillipines basketball league. Utilizing the eight foot basket and the unique rule that the tallest man on the team could run with the ball instead of dribbling it (a rule that Bernie originated), Bernie became a star. After the first year he made honorable mention on the all-Mindanao basketball team.

Just as he had done in the U.S., Bernie became a legend in the Phillipines. He came to be known as "The-Big-White-One-Who-Runs-Like-The-Wind-Despite-His-Large-Feet-While-He-Helps-Us-Farm." Later this was shortened to "Whitey."

In the summer months during his college days at Morris, Bernie had been a barn straightener. It was natural that he use this talent to aid his fellow Filipinos. Before he left, his village had the straightest set of huts on all the islands. After he was gone the residents erected a tall straight pole in his honor and retired his basketball uniform.

When Bernie left the Phillipines he was far from ready to come back to the U.S. There was too much world to see and too little time to see it. He visited Lebanon just before the civil war there, Cambodia just before the civil war there, Argentina just before Isabel Peron was ousted from office, Rhodesia just before the blacks began to fight for self rule, and Antarctica just before the famous penguin uprising. He wanted to go to Russia but they wouldn't let him in.

Finally, tired and grinning, Bernie set foot back in his native land. But he had seen and done too much to be content with living out his days in Moss Falls, Minnesota. So he journeyed to Perham, Minnesota, to work as a quality control expert in Tuffy's dog food factory. He soon became known for his good taste among the local dogys, and every night when he jogged home at least a dozen dogs were on his heels. Soon his reputation became so great in Perham that he felt it necessary to move to southern California to regain the anonymity he so dearly loved.

"So long mates."

Again he was off. He was hired by Starkist, a division of Tuffy's, and before long became the top quality control man there. "The porpoise content in my tuna is the lowest in the state," he was often fond of saying.

Bernie rented an apartment on the beach and soon became a legend among the cops there because they knew he always ran every red light driving to work in morning, but they could never catch him, not even Ken Osmond.

Natives, revolutionaries, dogs, porpoises, the police, everyone looked up to Bernie Wenker. He was the stuff that legends are made of. He was always going off on his own to explore new territory.

"So long mates."

So long Bernie.

AS AN OLD WOMAN DIES

I am old now, and tell myself that I should be ready to die. My life was complete, and I was kind to most that I loved, and kind, even, to some I did not know. I always tried to give of myself. In times of sorrow I was always moved, in times of fear I tried to be strong, and in times of happiness I let the joy overwhelm me. Isn't this what a woman should do, and be?

Many times I was thanked, but sometimes not. No matter; I did not trade, I gave. I loved my husband and my child, but they are both dead now, and while I do not know the reasons I accept the facts. Nature's ways have not driven me mad. I have believed in God and in people, and usually in myself.

All in all, my life was good, my memories are gentle. Yet, now that I am near death why do I feel so strangely empty? I haven't felt this way since I was young, when satisfaction was beneath my dignity and above my grasp.

Did I forget myself too often? When I was in pain did I retreat to my love and my family without finding answers, believing in things I could not explain? I accepted everything and learned to live with my doubt.

I still have many friends, but they will not prevent my death nor will they die with me. I am frightened. Suddenly all my past good life seems absurd, and I wonder if there is any more compassion in the world because I lived. The bit I contributed surely did not last. Is there any less sorrow or fear because of what I did? Perhaps slightly, but what does it matter? All the people I helped, all the people I was kind to, all the people I loved, have to face this final loss, this final moment alone as the candle flickers and dies.

Does it really matter if one dies at five or at ninety-nine? Everything dies, as I will too soon, and my fears have become old regrets. I never learned to bear the weight of myself; why didn't I gain knowledge as I gained years?