

BACKWARD INTO TOMORROW

FEBRUARY 1980 VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

The Rumor Mill

The next lawyer you see may be JOE MOORE. Yes, Joe is still cracking those books at the U of M, while wife EMMY MOORE and MICHAEL are home taking care of one another. I hear that Joe and Emmy got Michael a two pound bowling ball for Christmas. Anybody looking for a sub?

Out of the kitchen and into the hospital! That's PAUL MOORE's motto these days. If you're looking for a taste treat at people's prices, stop in at Mt. Sinai hospital in Minneapolis. Paul's there, making sure the patients get nutritious meals. Vegetables for the vegetables, right Paul?

As a matter of fact, Paul got JACK FREEMAN's old job. Jack, along with wife PATRICE BASS went on to other pastures. Jack and Patrice are living in Onamia now. Jack is an S.L.B.P. teacher there. Patrice is also in the teaching game, as the teachers' aide at the elementary school. God, it must be dull when they get home at night.

Thank DAN GARLIN for the successful ski weekend. Everyone who was asked said they had a great time, even though the sleeping accommodations left something to be desired. Hey, JACK BENUSA, you can unchain your skis now, Lori's left the room.

The terminal point of Ty's jaunts to the Cities is KAY SLACTER WESTLIE, who is also into higher education, attending the U of M in public health and working at the U as well.

MIKE GALEGHER recently received a gold watch for twenty-five years of service to the Minnesota public school system. One thing you can say about Mike's education--whatever goes in always comes back out again.

Nowhere Man of the decade, JAY FIER, is still on his farm outside of Donnelly, working on the American epic poem. What he doesn't realize is that he is the American epic poem.

Farmmate CAROLYN BAIRD is hard at work on her latest project, building a geodesic dome out of vegetables and rabbit bones. Is that going to be the guest house, Carolyn?

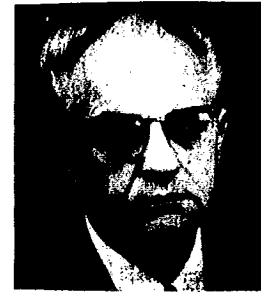
BRAD and CARYN LINN have been in Wilmar now for over a year. Brad was a mortician for a while but now I hear he's doing carpentry work. You must have gotten into a dying business, eh, Brad? I hope that Caryn is still nursing.

JAN TUNBY is the proud owner of a house, now, in north Minneapolis. Just remember, folks, our bus fares went to pay for that house, so think of it as a home away from home.

No such thing as a free lunch? Nonsense, says DAVE HOPPE, who is still pouring our money into the public trough for Dakota County Welfare. Dave may get his turn in line, though, if he follows plans to go back to school to get his MSW.

Ex union man BOB SATER (also rumored to be an ex-Democrat) is now working for the other side. American Hoist and Derrick is now paying Bob to bust unions. Asked to justify his color change, Sater said, "Read Mike Ruffenach's letter on the letters page. Ask Aunt Artic. I don't know."

Who's TY WESTLIE? Don't ask anyone at U of Wisconsin, River Falls that question; they know the answer. Between jaunts to the Twin Cities, Ty is a resident advisor with the housing department at River Falls. In his capacity he overlooks the actions of more than 200 students.



STEVE FINKELSORT

The following was clipped out of an Oregon newspaper and sent to us by Steve Finkelsort, who lives in Portland.

COACH WHIZZES ON, OFF COURT

The Portland Downtown College basketball coach has fans and players buzzing over his unusual antics on and off the court. Jake "Pee Wee" Paulson has created an uproar here by whizzing not only off the court (like most of us) but also on the court during the game. While most Oregonians have come to expect a damp environment as a fact of life, they are a little dismayed by Pee Wee's indoor displays. Even his own players have expressed some concern, although they have for the most part become accustomed to their coach's exposed pennance.

"Still," says sports enthusiast Father Mulhaney, "This sort of activity must be stopped before it becomes a bad habit among the athletic-minded youth of this country." Several citizen groups are also p.o.'d and one group of gymnasium janitors have started legal actions to have whizzing outlawed during basketball games.

When questioned about his courtside manners, Coach Pee Wee told this reporter, "I felt the game needed a return to fundamentals. I pondered the problem for many hours and just after my seventh cup of coffee, I decided that whizzing was the most fundamental part of an athlete's training--more so than the two-handed chest pass. Besides, the stands are full every game and basketball is certainly on everyone's mind this year".

Indeed, he may be right. While Pee Wee is whizzing, the world is watching.

HISTORY

HISTORY OF THE FREE SCOUTS
BY TY AND KAY WESTLIE
PART I

It all began . . . "I don't remember the address . . . I think it was 109 and a half in Morris, Minn."

The Old Guard consisted of the Phi Sigma Epsilon chapter and the pledges of winter, 1970. The most important step was the feeling of the members of wanting to have women in the organization. Why? So they could paint their bodies? No, lets not embellish this. We asked national if we could go co-ed. They said no. Jim Moore said, "Screw 'em."

We're not really sure where the name Morris Free Scouts was first used, but we think we can attribute it to Jim Shekelton or Jim Moore. That's enough for part one.

PROJECT U.F.I.

Bob Sater was nervous. He had every right to be. It was his first Republican National Committee \$1000 per plate dinner. Now that he was Harold Stassen's campaign director he could finally afford to attend the annual event (although he had to borrow \$900 from his father to do it.) As he looked around the huge banquet room he saw many familiar faces, nationally known figures. Bob's gaze focused on one table where an especially renowned group was seated. Ronald Reagan dominated the table, and Bob decided to study for a while this master of social intercourse.

Reagan was laughing heartily, apparently at some joke told by Robert Dole, the man seated next to him.

CONTINUED ON INSIDE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MOORES

Sirrahs,

I didn't write all them plays. It was my wife, Anne. She could cook pretty good, too.

Wm. Shake-speare
Stratford-on-Toledo

Brothers,

And I didn't die on that cross. It was my brother James. We had a party afterwards that's still going on. You're all invited.

Jesus of Nazareth
Columbus, Ohio

12-1-79

To: Nick Ripperger
From: Rold Guyitte
Subject: Newsletter

Here's my two dollars, you Sieve! Why did you reverse my name in the directory? "Guyotte, Roland" is the only person whose name is printed backwards. I have been trying to have people get my name straight for more than thirty years now. I feel betrayed.

Tony and I are having a house-warming party on Sat. (Dec.8). I know it's short notice, but if anyone is interested in coming up, you're all more than welcome.

Karen

Dear Youse Guys,

I've been wanting to write to your newsletter for a long time but couldn't think of anything to say. Now I have.

Isaaz Adam
Brooklyn or Queens
New York

Gentlemen:

It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside. I'm not one of those who can easily hide.

James Earl Ray
Prison

Fellows,

Suicide is painless. Believe me, I've tried. It's a gas.

Sylvia Plath
Nowhere

Men,

Hey, what happened? Did we win?

Woody Hayes
Ohio State Hospital

Dear Editor:

congratulations on a great beginning. but do we really need a name for this newsletter? will a title make it more legitimate, more vital?

you could be right. but first, do we want to appeal to regional, local, or national audience? should we go for the young, middle aged, or older audience? do we want to be read by the pope or by timothy leary? should we entice chrysler or hamburger helper to buy our advertising space?

these are tough questions, i know. so let's forget about them and pick a name anyway. i have two suggestions; (1) BACKWARD INTO TOMORROW-- this would signify our collective attempt to advance into the 1980's by returning to the 1960's; or (2) MFS MULCH--a title which signifies the true beginnings of all Free Scouts.

well, pick someone else's stupid title, then!

sef

ps. how about THE SISYPHUS READER or BUNG AND CHIPS?

Dear Editor:

Wait a minute! E does not equal MC². E=MC³. Silly me, I divided instead of multiplying. Does that mean we can stop making bombs now?

Albert Einstein
Morris, Minn.

Dear Editor,

Well, I could say I enjoyed the newsletter, but I did. The game of life goes on, the rules are always the same, but the playbook is constantly changing. The offense must have a good defense and vice-versa. Who makes the rules and why must we blindly follow them? Ask Rod Serling, Jerry Mathers, Kenny Osmond. (Johnny the Wadd), or Bob Denver. What can one say about Pierz, much less Lastrup. The Farmer's Bar is just that--most of the customers are plowed.

Toto too? Toto too.
Is there such a thing as free will? Ask Will when he gets out of the slammer.

On second thought, don't ask.

Regards,
Mike Ruffenach

"Ruff, ruff, ruff!"[®]

The scene opens in Moore's Moor. Fading into focus is the Moore house, a split level duplex tastefully painted a light magenta and orange. There are no blacks in the Moore's neighborhood. There are no other people at all in the Moore's neighborhood. No one can stand the Moores or their swamp.

It is morning. The Moores are just getting up from a hard night's sleep. Ma Moore is the first to rise. She is tastefully dressed in a low cut cellophane robe.

MA: Rise and shine, everybody. The swamp looks beautiful this morning.

JOE-BOY (stumbling upstairs from the basement, where he is kept): Top o' mornin' to ya, Ma. Can I go to school today?

MA: Why, of course, Joe-boy. Go put some clothes on.

JOE-BOY: Oh gosh, I'm sorry. I forgot.

He runs back downstairs, tripping about halfway down and falling the rest of the way.

MA (with a look of pride in her eye): That boy of mine!

The rest of the family is stirring. As Ma begins to fix a breakfast of raisin bran and beer, her children gather around her.

JIM-GREG: Oh, Christ, not that shit again! We've had to eat that every day this week.

MA: Now, now, Jim Greg, your mother is very tired from working all day yesterday. Besides, this is a very nutritious breakfast.

JIM-GREG: What! You work all day? Us kids are the ones out there draining this God damn swamp every day. You just sit in the house all day watching soap operas and eating candy bars. And that dumb shit brother of ours trying to go to school. He hasn't made it one day this week. He keeps getting lost on the way there. Why can't he work in the swamp like the rest of us?

MA: Now, Jim-Greg, don't talk about your brother like that. He's going to be a famous lawyer some day.

JIM-GREG: Like Hell!

Little Tommy comes bounding up. He is a jewel of a boy, smart as a whip. He has hardly any accent as he speaks:

TOMMY: Mommy, what does fuck mean?

MA: My little jewel! (She picks up the boy and swings him around. She loses her grip, however, and Tommy goes slamming into a wall.)

Jim-Greg laughs. Little Tommy sheepishly picks himself up from the floor and smiles.

TOMMY: Maybe I shouldn't have asked.



Reagan then started to tell a joke of his own, but when he was only part way finished Bob noticed a remarkable change on his face. Reagan's expression went from one of mirth, to puzzlement, to absolute disgust, all in the space of five seconds.

Then, above the din of the crowd, Reagan's voice boomed out those most dreaded of all words:

"Who farted?"

A half hour later two men dressed in air force uniforms were walking down a busy Washington street, headed for the Republican dinner. The two men were Major Watt and Lieutenant Ohm, the nucleus of Project U.F.I., the air force department set up to investigate the Unidentified Farting Individuals phenomenon and to determine the threat potential to national security. Their job--to find out "Who farted?"

The two men walked into a large cloth building, and as they strode through the lobby, Ohm spoke.

"Well, Major, what do you think of that? If this don't beat all, someone farting during the Republican \$1000 a plate dinner. Do you think it poses a threat to our national security?"

"Well, Ohm," replied Watt, "that's what we're here to find out."

"Do you think it was an inside job Major?" asked Ohm.

"Ohm," said Watt, "I'm not going to make any judgements until we've learned the facts. And please remember, this is top secret."

As they got into an elevator Ohm spoke again. "Imagine that. The Republican National Committee \$1000 a plate dinner."

"Ohm," said Watt.

"Yes, sir," replied Ohm.

Watt said nothing, but sternly put his index finger to his lips.

"Oh, sorry, sir," said Ohm.

They rode in silence to the 14th floor. They got out of the elevator and almost immediately they were spotted by Sater, who by this time had changed into his pink plaid double knit slacks, white shoes, and white slacks. He planned to burn or bury the three piece suit he was wearing when farting took place.

Sater was visibly shaken as he addressed the two air force men.

"Sergeant! Boy, am I glad to see you!" said Sater to the men as he approached them.

"That's Lieutenant, sir," responded Ohm. "And you'll be wanting to talk to the Major, here, he's the big cheese."

Watt glanced sharply at Ohm, then spoke to the plaid-faced Sater.

"That's right, sir. Now if you could tell us what happened we'll get on this right away."

Sater was livid. "Tell you what happened! Damn right I'll tell you what happened! I'm Bob Sater, campaign manager for Harold Stassen. Er... by the way, you won't tell anyone who you've seen here, will you?"

"Not if it isn't necessary," replied Watt.

"It's just that there are some people here who would prefer that word not get out that they're Republicans." Sater continued. "You understand, I'm sure."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Sater." said Watt.

"Say, Major, you were a Republican yourself once, weren't you?" Ohm interjected.

Watt gave Ohm a stern look, then spoke again to Sater. "Just tell us what happened, Mr. Sater."

"Well," Sater began, "we were all seated around these tables you see here, eating. It was a dinner, after all, when suddenly there was a big stink . . . er, commotion over at the main table, where all our big cheeses were sitting. Suddenly it became obvious that someone had let one. A big one, too, mind you. One that was really vicious. And the worst of it . . . (Sater began to shake with anger) the bastard didn't make any noise! Not a goddamn sound! It was one of those farts, you know, that kind of squeeze out like an egg, and . . . say, you guys don't suspect me, do you?"

"We're not suspecting anyone right now," Ohm replied.

"But at the same time we have to suspect everyone. Right, Major?" Ohm smiled at Watt.

Ignoring Ohm, Watt continued. "Mr. Sater, can you tell us who was in the vicinity when the smelling took place? That could be important."

"Why, like I said," said Sater, "All our big cheeses. Say, you don't suspect one of them, do you?"

Ohm started to speak but was stopped by a glare from Watt.

"We just have to get the facts," stated Watt. "Details could be significant."

"Yes, of course," Sater replied.

"Let's see, there was Ronny and Jerry. And Bob. And Muriel . . . er, I mean Mrs. Smith. And Billy, and . . . damn, I guess I didn't know half the people there."

"Were there any waiters or waitresses near the table?" asked Watt.

"Yes, I guess there must have been a couple," Sater answered. "Say, you don't suspect one of them, do you?"

Ohm spoke up again. "We have to . . . we can't . . . uh, we don't suspect anyone yet. Right, Major?"

"That's right, Ohm," Watt replied. "Well, Mr. Sater, we'll probably be in contact with you again soon. There are some leads we have to check out. In the mean time, keep your nose open for further developments."

"You bet I will!" Sater was adamant. "I never want to get caught off guard like that again. If I ever get my hands on that little sneak . . ."

"Don't worry, Mr. Sater," Ohm said encouragingly, "we'll catch him. You don't have to worry about that."

Major Watt turned and walked toward the elevator; Ohm followed. After Watt pushed the button Ohm spoke to him.

"Sounds like an inside job to me, Sir."

"Could be, Ohm," replied Watt.

The elevator arrived, the door opened, and the men stepped inside.

Six hours later the two officers were standing in a wind blown desert in New Mexico.

"What are we doing in New Mexico, Sir?" asked Ohm.

"I don't know, Ohm," replied Watt. "We must have taken the wrong plane."

Twenty hours later (after a lay-over in Philadelphia) the two men arrived in Boston.

"What are we doing in Boston, Sir?" asked Ohm.

Watt replied, "I'm playing a hunch Ohm."

"A hunch, Sir?"

"Yes, Ohm," replied Watt. "What two things is Boston famous for?"

"Uh, it's lanterns?" responded Ohm.

"No, Ohm," Watt said. "It's beans . . . and its Democrats."

Ohm pondered. "Beans and Democrats. Beans and Democrats. I don't get it."

Watt produced a small blackboard and a piece of chalk. He started to draw.

"You see this circle?" he began. "This is Boston. This is where we are. Boston is in Massachusetts. You see this map of the United States? Massachusetts is the state that's a different color from all the other states. Besides the District of Columbia, which technically isn't a state at all, Massachusetts was the only state to vote for McGovern in '72."

Watt then produced a jar of beans. "Do you see this jar? Read what it says on the label."

Ohm read: "Ingredients: Sugar, salt, mono . . . , mon . . . uh . . ."

"No, no, no," said Watt. "Not that. Further down."

"Produced in Boston, Massachusetts. That's where we are now." said Ohm.

"That's right, you idiot." replied Watt.

Ohm was groping. "Sir, are you saying that, that . . ."

"That a Democrat from Boston, Massachusetts ate a jar of baked beans, probably made in the privacy of his own home, and then went to the Republican National Headquarters and infiltrated it." Watt stated with an air of finality.

Ohm sputtered, "Why, why, that's worse than a third-rate burglary!"

"Precisely."

"But how are we going to prove it?" asked Ohm.

Watt replied, "We can't."

"What?" ejaculated Ohm. "Why not?"

"Elementary, my dear Ohm," replied Watt. "There are too many Democrats here in Boston for us to interrogate. They're all Catholics, you know. If we questioned four Democrats every second, they would still reproduce faster than we could catch up. It's hopeless."

"Then why are we in Boston at all?" asked Ohm.

"To make the story more interesting." Watt replied.

"Oh, I see," said Ohm.

Watt turned and starting walking toward the plane that waiting for them. "Well, Ohm, let's get back to the Republican National Headquarters and tell them what we've found out."

"Yes, Sir!"

Two days later, after a ride on a plane that went mysteriously off course and nearly crashed into the ocean, Watt and Ohm were back at the Republican Headquarters, talking to Bob Sater.

"And so you see, that's the whole story," finished Watt.

"Why, that's incredible, Sergeant." Sater replied.

"That's Major," Watt corrected.

"Incredible, major, who cares? It's still hard to believe." Sater thought for a bit. "I suppose you're right, though. There are a lot of Democrats in this country who would do anything to stop Republican progress."

"I wonder where they all were in 1972?" said Ohm.

Ignoring Ohm, Watt said, "Well, Mr. Sater, I'm afraid that wraps it up. We can't make a positive identification. This will have to go down as another . . . unknown."

"Well, I know one thing," said Sater.

"What's that?" asked Watt.

"We nearly had a close encounter of the turd kind."

All three men shuddered.

