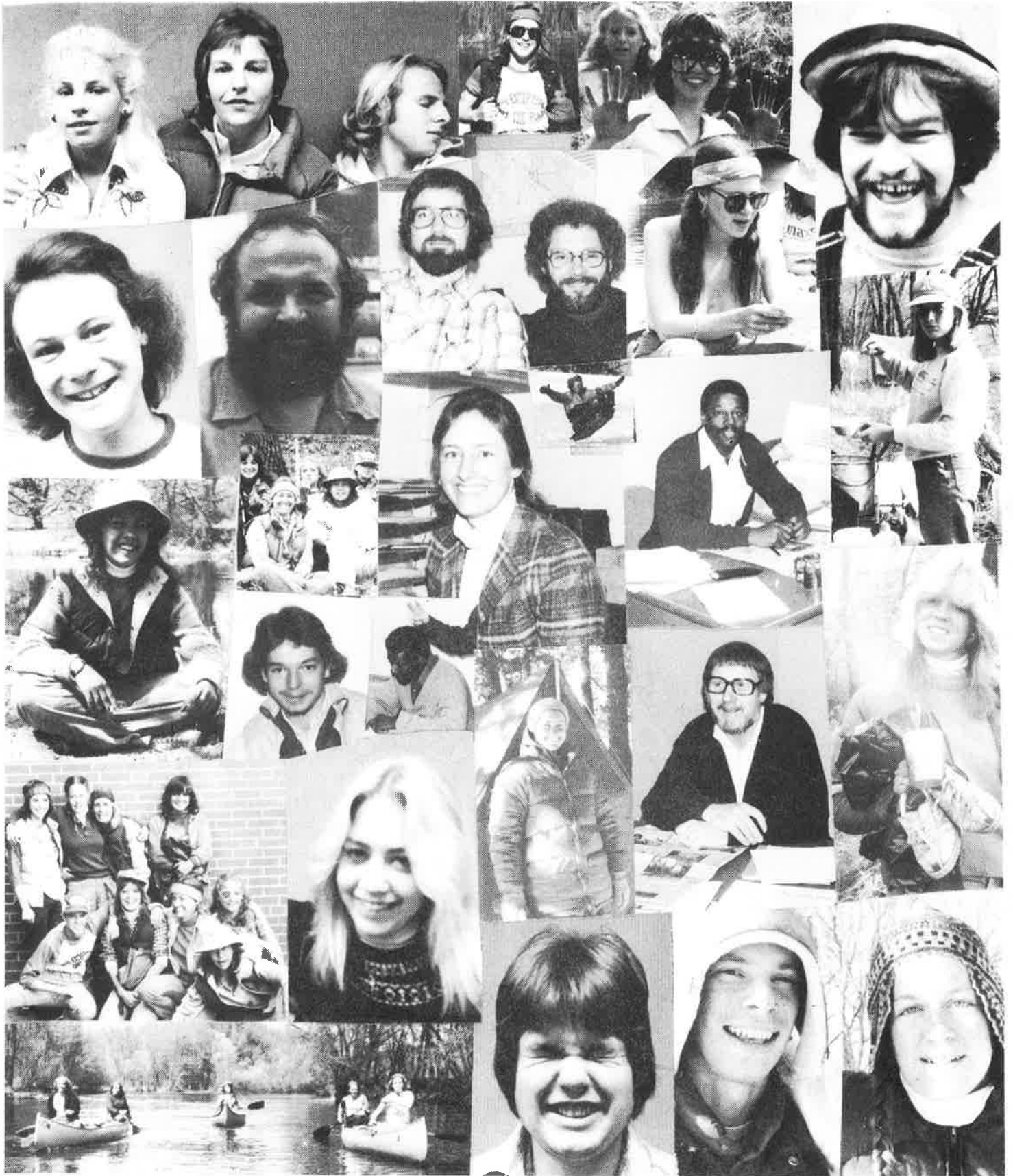


# COM-MINI-CATIONS



**SPRING 1981**



# Minnetonka Public Schools

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## MINI-SCHOOL MOTTO

WE THE UNWILLING  
LED BY THE UNQUALIFIED  
HAVE BEEN DOING  
THE UNBELIEVABLE  
SO LONG WITH SO LITTLE  
WE NOW ATTEMPT  
THE IMPOSSIBLE  
WITH NOTHING

Yes, suburban students do encounter traumatic life experiences which may affect their ability to be healthy learners, just as inner-city students have their special problems of survival. Problems such as transient family patterns and broken homes, alcoholism, failure to compete in the academic race and inability to achieve wants of goal-oriented parents all result in characteristics such as lack of self-confidence, frustration with regular school, lack of motivation and disciplinary problems.

Mini-School, even though located within Minnetonka High School (District #276), is a semi-autonomous program whose students attend Mini-School classes of Social Studies, Communications, Basic Skills, English, and Recreation the morning hours. In the afternoon, four basic options are offered: 1) being an aide in one of the six elementary schools or two junior high schools; 2) employment at any local business establishment; 3) attending a regular school class or carrying out an independent study project; 4) attending vocational school. Deviations from this basic schedule are many and varied. One important variation is the Outdoor Survival Education Curriculum in which students and staff share the stress and excitement of surviving in foreign environments such as the Boundary Waters Canoe Area trips, rock climbing, hiking in the Grand Canyon or Appalachia, bicycle trips and extended winter camping and skiing. This aspect of the program is vitally important as it allows the teacher and student to come to know each other as people who care. Important to note here is that these outdoor experiences are financed through student initiative alone which is a learning experience in itself and one that we intend to continue to support in this manner.

# Mini School News

## MEANDERING THROUGH MINI-SCHOOL

by: Norm Garneau

The year winds down. We approach the end of May and look forward to warm weather and summer and a sense of freedom and a change of pace.

It's been another good year for Mini-School and one of the reasons for that is Roy Hawkins. Roy, who did such a great job during his three quarters in Mini-School, is missed by all. Roy always had something to share with his friends. His smile, his sincerity, his genuine concern for others makes him the special person that he is. Roy is one of the few adults I know who is comfortable enough with the word "love" to use it in his daily life. He not only was comfortable using the word, but was comfortable practicing the concept.

Since leaving Mini-School at the end of third quarter, Roy has been working at Phillips Jr. High in Minneapolis--helping kids who have been identified as potential dropouts. He has also signed a contract for next year to teach social studies and driver education, and coach football and track at Breaux Bridge, Louisiana. Mini-School wishes good luck to a great guy.

Anxiously awaited this spring is one of Roy's innovations: the very first Mini-School Yearbook, complete with pictures of students, staff, and activities. Some production problems at the publishers have delayed its release, but it should be out before the end of May.

Thanks to Jay Davis and his crew of car-washers--Lester, Doug, Joanne, Brad Arnold, Mike Boquist, Roger Anderson, Dale Rosdahl, Ian Nicholson, Kelly Donahue, Kelly Bjork, Scott Logelin, Sue Ruffenach and Rona Gruidl, who raised \$218 at a car wash and to the advertisers--McDonalds, Mr. Steak, Glen Lake Bakery,

Wendy's Perkin's, First National Bank at Hopkins, Jordan Ford, Permatop, Country Kitchen, Streeter-Andrus, and Haug's Super Valu -- who took out ads in the yearbook, the price of the yearbook has been reduced to a mere \$3 a copy.

Local businesses contributed to a successful Mini-School year in another way: Providing jobs for Mini-Schoolers in the afternoons, evenings, and on weekends. Among the employers are area Nursing Homes, K-Mart, Thompson Lighting Studio, Chanhassen Dinner Theater, Data Metalcraft, Minnetonka Ice Arena, Q-Petroleum, Country Club Market, Coast to Coast, T-Wrights, McDonalds, Burger King, Mai-Tai, Gray's Bay Resort, Old Log, Kenny's Market, Wendy's, Advanced Circuits, Honeywell, Crown Auto, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Sambo's.

Thanks to all these and many others for providing a beneficial learning and earning experience for our students.

Among those who contribute time, energy, and support to the program--but who work behind the scene as it were, and therefore get little recognition and credit--is the President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer of Mini-School Boosters: Jane Garneau. It is in the role of Treasurer that most of her work is done--handling money raised by Mini-School fundraising projects, donations, and dispersing checks for field trips, projects and travel study. Thanks to a helpful and lovely lady.

Another behind the scenes, but very important, helpful and co-operative person is Lloyd Troendle, the custodian who takes care of the Mini-School suite of rooms. The unique furniture and room arrangements I'm sure don't make Lloyd's job any easier, but never a word of complaint. Lloyd is a positive and reinforcing contributor to the program. Thanks, Lloyd.

Spring is traditionally a big quarter for Mini-School Travel Study Trips. The Appalachia Gang--Doug, Joanne, Marty Cook, Tim Scott, Dave Scott, Lisa Hastings, Tami Gerhard,

## Meanderings (Cont)

Jeff Kinzer, Kirk LeBlanc, and Lynn Parkhurst--started things off with a very successful backpacking trip along the Appalachian Trail, which runs from Maine to Georgia. No, they didn't hike the whole trail, but they did enjoy the challenge of some tough mountain hiking and experienced the beauty of a remote and semi-forgotten bit of Americana. They returned to Minnesota full of aches, pains, and pleasant memories.

Next out was the very first all women Mini-School canoeing trip--a four day excursion down the Rum River. Led by Jack Pine Savagesses Lester and Joanne, apprentice savagesses Nancy Wachs, Kelly Donahue, Sue Vold, Cindy Anderson, Sandy Borth, Andrea Meckstroth, Mary Nehring and Sue Quinn cruised out of Princeton on the Rum River 11 am on Tuesday, May 5, in five canoes, heading for adventure and ????. They're not talking about the ????

Monday, May 11, 8 am Doug, Mike Fronius, Dale Rosdahl, Tom Austad, Mike Boquist, Lynn Parkhurst, Doug Snyder, Joey Reifenberger, and George Glaccum headed north for two weeks of wilderness canoeing in the Quetico area of Canada. One of the challenges of wilderness canoeing is finding your way through the maze of lakes and portages with a map and compass. If I know Doug, he'll manage to "let" them get lost once or twice so they can enjoy the "thrill" and challenge of figuring out where they are and how to get where they're going. Looks easy on the map, but it's amazing how often those portages don't seem to be where they're supposed to be! And all Berg does is smile.

Be nice if the seniors are back by graduation.

## Graduates of 1981

by: Sandy Lambrecht

This article is a tribute to all the Mini-School students that graduated throughout the year and the ones who will graduate at the end of the year.

At the end of first, second or third quarter this year, these people graduated: Pam Anderson, Gary Bachler, Brad (Melvin) Benny, Ron Byers, Todd Danielson, Eric Freeman, Dan Fury, Cindy Marlow, Mark Meldahl, Sanford Paulson, Karl Potter, Sue Quinn, David Sarff, Mary Sirany, Bernie Schmid, Liz Schmidt, Brian Smith, and Gary Will. Congratulations!

Students graduating at the end of the year will be: Tom Austad, John Bakke, Mike Boquist, Linda Cameron, John Cridge, Bill Force, Jay Johnson, Mike Kevelin, Nancy Koch, Bob Kohman, Dale Laboda, Sandy Lambrecht, Scott Nissen, Donny Philmon, Lisa Puckett, Ross Rogne, Tim Scott, John Uran, Polly Westlie, and John Zimmermann, Nancy Wachs, and David Walker.

Well, it's been a long haul and although Mini-School has made a big impression on our lives, it will be great to have it all behind us. So congratulations everybody and good luck!

By the way, some of the Mini-Schoolers listed here will be in the June 4 graduation ceremony so watch closely!

# A Tribute to Einer

Einer Anderson, MHS phy ed. instructor and driver education coordinator, has for years been an important part of Minnetonka students' high school experience. Tuesday, May 12, Einer died after a long and courageous battle with cancer. We extend our sympathy to his family and the many people Einer touched with his extraordinary warmth and friendliness. Following are some Mini-Schoolers' thoughts about Einer.

EINER, FRIEND TO ALL  
Mike Gerhard

Few people pass away with the friends Einer Anderson had. The news of his death was hard to swallow for many, for he was admired by many.

In my first year at Minnetonka, I felt out of place and insecure as many sophomores probably are during their first weeks. But when I walked into the gym, I knew I could relax and have a good time. The reason was I was always greeted by a smile and a pleasant hello. If something was bugging me, Einer was there to ask me what was wrong and assist.

You can't measure the amount of kindness and happiness he brought to this school. And if you could, there would be enough to share with every school in existence.

Einer Anderson will be missed by the students greatly, but maybe most severely by his colleagues who have shared a large part of their career with him.

MEMORIES OF EINER  
by: Nancy Koch

Einer was my 10th grade gym teacher. He really was a nice person and a terrific teacher. During third quarter, I found out that Einer was sick. It made me sad. But he came to school all the time and he looked healthy. It was hard to believe that he only had a couple years left to live. He seemed happy all the time, and never appeared to be in a bad mood. A lot of people would be very onery or upset because of what was happening. But Einer never seemed to take any frustration out on anybody. I think I might have seen him yell at somebody once. And that wasn't even in the class.

It always seems that people you really think a lot of pass away. When people like that are gone it really makes death seem unfair.

EINER ANDERSON  
by: John Seamans

Einer Anderson was one of the neatest people I have ever met. I never knew such a mellow, understanding, and likeable guy. I had him for a teacher for two years and it was always one of my favorite classes. I don't think there is anybody who didn't like Einer, and if there was, that person had a big problem because he never hurt anybody.

My dad went to Minnetonka High and had Einer for a teacher. He said even back then, the kids looked up to Einer and liked him as much as we do.

I think that there is only one in a million guys like Einer. There's just too many great things to say about Einer Anderson, I could write all day.

I think Einer will always be remembered at Minnetonka High School and the whole Minnetonka community. He had to be one of the greatest guys ever to be alive.

# *Einer and Roy*

EINER ANDERSON

by: Bill Kohman

I was only in mainstream for one quarter, my sophomore year at Minnetonka, and I got to know Einer Anderson pretty well.

He was the kind of man that if you did something well, he would let you know, and sometimes that is nice to hear from people. He would get to know all his students' names by heart, because I heard him say once that if you want to have a good class that you have to get to know all of your students. He was never judgmental of other people, he treated everyone the same, never doing more for one than the other. He was a good person and will be missed greatly by many.

## *Congratulations! Randy, Kay, & Edin*

by: Rona Griudl

We want to congratulate Randy and Kay Nelson on their new addition to the family, now instead of one beautiful little girl they have two.

Ashely Kay was born April 20, 1981, she was born a healthy 7 lbs 14½ oz. at 9:06 am. Now Eden (their first little girl, affectionately called Rocky by dad) has a brand new baby sister to play with.

Again Randy and Kay, CONGRATULATIONS! Stay happy and healthy.

by: Randy Nelson

During the fourth quarter this year, Mini-School lost two close friends; Einer Anderson to cancer and Roy Hawkins to the Breaux Bridge, Louisiana schools. It may seem odd to refer to these two fine individuals in the same article, but anyone who knows both men can see the similarities are great. They both always look to the positive side of life and people, they both have a strong faith in their God; they both love kids, and both are true to themselves.

It is difficult to speak of Einer in the past tense because he is so much a part of Minnetonka/Excelsior. No one captured his spirit more than Lu Morseth in his presentation at Einer's Memorial Service. The staff and students in Mini-School will miss this man who supported us emotionally through the years as well as took his time to procure equipment, make adjustments, and make things a little bit better for all of us. He was well-liked by all Mini-School students who knew him.

Roy departed at the end of third quarter when Lesley Hughes-Seamans returned. He was an outstanding ambassador for this program in his quiet and gentle approach. We never doubted Roy's ability to find employment elsewhere and we are happy he has done so quickly. The Mini-School students and staff miss Roy and wish him the best of fortunes back home in Louisiana.

We have all been fortunate to have had Einer and Roy cross our paths--we are richer because of them.

# Editorials

The following editorial appeared in our last issue of Com-Mini-Cations:

## WE ARE INDIVIDUALS

I would like to tell you that I'm sick of hearing the mainstreamers put down Mini-School. I think that Mini-School has a lot of individual people in it. As far as mainstream goes, I think that they're jealous because they can't be individuals. Or at least they feel they can't because they're too worried about what others think to just be themselves. The girls can't just wear jeans and a t-shirt or whatever. They always have to look just so. And they all dress the same. You go down the hall and they all look like clones. Well, mainstreamers, eat your heart out because we Mini-Schoolers are all our own person. We are individuals.

Dear Minischoolers,

I read your Com-Mini-Cations and I think it's very interesting and enjoyable. I resent one thing that you say. You describe mainstreamers as being worried about how they look all the time, and they never can wear just jeans and t-shirts. Well I wear jeans and t-shirts. You say that we judge people even before we know them. Aren't you doing the same thing to us?

You say that we can't be individuals. I don't think it's possible not to be an individual. We all have different ideas and points of view, and until you meet every mainstreamer and get to know their personalities, I don't think you should say we can't be individuals. I don't mean to sound like we're better than you because no one can judge if one person is better than another. We do deserve some of the things you say about us, because a lot of us do look like clones, and a lot of us are cliquey. I'm just asking you to be a little less harsh on us, until you know all of us. And then you can accuse us of whatever you want.

Sincerely,

A Mainstream Student

## TAMI'S RESPONSE

by: Tami Gerhard

In answer to the anonymous mainstreamer, I appreciated your response to my article.

I would like to explain the reason I put down the girls for not being able to wear jeans and t-shirts. And I apologize to the ones that are able to wear them and feel comfortable. But what I was really trying to get across was that if some girls don't dress to the satisfaction of the other girls and guys, they get laughed at and gossiped about behind their backs. The students give you dirty looks. And don't say they don't because the majority of them did it to me and they do it to the Mini-School program all the time.

A lot of you mainstreamers are judgmental. One example is at a pep-fest this year. The C-Squad group was telling the students, "The rules of the Minnetonka High School," and one of the rules was, "Don't ever, ever get caught being seen in the pit and especially in the Mini-School hall." A lot of mainstreamers clapped and laughed at it. Whether it was a joke or not I call it being judgmental.

The Mini-School program to me is very special. It has taught me things about myself and what I want out of life. And more important it has taught me of others. The teachers are your friends, they are there when you need them. You know who they are and they know who you are. What really surprises me is that it isn't just some of the students that put Mini-School down, it is also some of the teachers.

Well, let me say one more thing to you all. The Mini-School program to me is a family. We work together, on the trips, we live together, and the most important thing is that we care about and respect each other. I don't know where I would be without it. Probably no where, mentally and physically. But anyway, I'm proud to be part of this family.

5.



# Editorials (Cont)

## BACK TO THE SUBURBS

by: Mike Gerhard

Well here I am, back at Minnetonka. It's been a year and a half since I left and I wondered what it would be like to return.

I came here three weeks into the final quarter after recently moving back to the area from Minneapolis where I attended Central High.

Going to a school such as Central is such a contrast to Minnetonka. At Central people were themselves and were not ashamed of it. If someone was into punk rock, he was not afraid to wear far-out clothes, and wear an interesting haircut. I may not have liked all of the styles but it was a pleasure to see such originality.

Well, I had to leave Minneapolis because of personal problems, but it wasn't long before I was walking in the front doors of MHS for the first time in a long time.

Familiar faces walked by whom I have been going to school with since junior high. It was kind of nice to see them even though we don't know each other anymore.

After walking down the hall ways, the bodies began to blend together. My eyes have become accustomed to denim, blouses, t-shirts, windbreakers, maybe some cordorouys.

Suddenly, I had more khaki pants surrounding me, I had more dock siders shoes trampling around me with loads of NIKE'S by their side. More make-up layered on by females, and enough designer jeans to supply China for the next two years.

I didn't get too far before my comfortable jeans along with my weathered windbreaker and my unpolished tennis shoes were catching odd glances. I went out to the pit for a smoke and found they blocked off the side entrance which was strange, but what was even funnier was the only people out there were from Mini-School.

Is it because these high achievers or mainstreamers were afraid to be seen (by their look-alike peers) entering through the doors by the Mini-School exit?

Later I spoke to the coordinators in Mini-School and told them about my problem of transferring out of Central and loosing credits because mainstream wasn't prepared to help me.

They were very helpful in enrolling me promptly and seemed more than willing to help.

I have to admit in my previous years, I had my doubts about this program, but after minutes I began to see some originality again, and some interesting people.

I began to feel that I was with people that knew who they were and didn't need to impress anyone but themselves. The staff and the students in this program are really enjoyable individuals and I'm delighted to be a part of Mini-School.

I'll take denim over khaki anytime.

## Creative Writing

A SPECIAL STONE

by: Mike Gerhard

As I set out on a warm summer's day, I felt a happening would unfold before I rested.

# Creative Writing (Cont)

I felt content, yet slight anticipation. Strolling by the lake shore, I picked up a stone and skipped it into the bay. The sound of the stone skimming across the water top before finally disappearing into the clear depth of the water, inspired me to send another stone on it's refreshing journey.

At the bottom of the pile was a wonderfully shaped stone, even though covered with soil it stood out.

I wanted badly to toss it as I did the others, but I held back. As I concentrated persistantly on this small object, I began to feel that it was trying to tell me that it was more than it appeared.

It grew very warm in my palm which frightened me, but also intrigued me.

I placed it next to me where I had just sat, a dull glow grew around it which grew quite bright until I had to look in another direction for fear of being blinded.

I noticed others walking past, glancing for a moment as I shielded myself from this great light; I couldn't understand why others didn't see this light which was giving off such a strange warmth.

With this thought the brightness dimmed rapidly, and there sitting next to me was an object or image of a person very much like a shadow, only I felt it had a purpose.

Cautiously I asked it if it would harm me. It didn't reply. I told this image that I was frightened but I didn't want to run from it. With that statement I had given, it gave off a sudden glow that diminished after a moment, I realized the glow meant it was pleased, this pleased me also.

I asked if it knew me, it glowed. I smiled. I asked it if it liked me, it glowed once more. I began to think this was my guardian angel or something

far greater than I. "Do you care about me?" I asked it. It glowed much longer and stronger than before, meaning it must care a great deal.

With this I had to ask again the question it didn't answer, "Are you going to harm me?" It wouldn't answer me, I screamed it again, "Are you going to harm me!?" no reply. I grew hysterical, this thing might harm me, and I knew nothing of it's powers.

I screamed "Who are you?" repeatedly, praying to see it's face, it then spoke to me, it said, "If I was to show you my face, you would think it undesirable and possibly ugly, but it's really quite the opposite; if you really, in your heart, wish to see my face I can not stop you."

With this a pair of blue eyes began to come in focus upon it's face with darkened brows, the hair was light colored and stringy, I then noticed the tears falling from the saddened eyes.

I wondered how those eyes could harm me. The remaining features slowly came into focus, I realized after a few moments, this thing was some form of me. Now that I knew it would speak, I asked another time if it would harm me, it's reply was "Only if you allow me to."

I asked if we were related because of our similar looks and features, his reply was "I'm sorry if I've frightened you, I have not intended to do so, but you see, I was you, I am what you were, I hope we do not look alike for your sake. I am pain, which will visit you from time to time if you are not honest with yourself and all that you come in contact with."

The dusty reflection of me broke into a great brightness once again until all that was left was a glowing stone.

The glowing faded, and as it did a strong wave splashed slowly over the bay, the wave's voice was beautiful as it said "Bless you my son."

I gently picked up the glowing stone and skipped it fragily into that wave of serenity.

# Creative Writing (Cont)

CHILDREN: THINGS WE THROW AWAY

by: Crystal Williams

As they lay sleeping  
Deep inside ourselves we do not  
Think of them  
As being as alive as we are now.  
We do not love them as we ought to.  
What should we do.

Our Father  
Must not think of us as perfect  
As he.  
In his eyes we're not as grown as  
We should be.  
But still he loves us as his children.  
We should do the same.

Why do we toss them away  
So carelessly?  
Why don't we love them as our own?  
Don't we realize that they are gifts  
From Him.  
We give them back to Him  
Without a second thought.

Oh, why don't we love our children  
Before they're born?  
Why don't we respect the love  
That made them for us?  
Just because they're not here  
Doesn't mean that they can't feel.  
Doesn't mean that they aren't real  
Just as you and I.  
We don't give them the chance  
To lighten up our lives.  
They're children,  
The things we throw away.

Look at a newborn babe.  
Ant tell me that he didn't have the right  
To live.  
And give to the world as we do now.  
Oh please tell me, tell me how  
You can justify

Giving back to Him  
The greatest gift that's ever touched  
Our lives.  
And saying all the while it's not a  
Human life.  
When you know that if you'd let him live  
He'd be your child.

Why do we toss them away  
So carelessly?  
Why don't we love them as our own?  
Don't we realize that they are gifts  
From Him.  
We give them back to Him  
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The things we throw away.

## Mini-School Activities

MINI-SCHOOL VS. NEXUS

by: Roger Anderson

Bright and early Tuesday morning, the 8th of May, the incredible Mini-School softball team set out to conquer Berg's almighty Nexus team. Up until that time we'd not had any practice time, but after the game, it didn't seem to matter much.

Mini-School took the home field advantage by scoring a quick five runs in the bottom of the first inning. Much of the game Mini-School dominated the batter's box. Everybody did a heck of a good job aside from the few errors that were made. Mini-School has a few more games planned this spring.

IF ANYONE HAS OR KNOWS OF A TEAM THAT WOULD LIKE TO TAKE US ON, PLEASE CONTACT MINI-SCHOOL!

# Activities-Cont...

## FOURTH QUARTER MINI-SCHOOL CLASSES

by: Amy Berglund

First hour in Doug's class is mainly just reading the newspaper and listening to announcements. I like this class because I never used to read the paper regularly, now I have a time set everyday just for reading.

Randy's class is mainly discussions of current events. This class is fun because I like to hear other people's opinions of the events which evolve around us. It also gives me a chance to discuss problems within the school or the program.

Lester's class is food and nutrition. Good nutrition is an essential everyday and most people don't get the nutrition they need. Also learning new ways to cook foods is fun. I especially like the cooking and tasting part.

Last of all I have Norm's class which is math. Math has always been one of my favorite subjects. I find it challenging, exciting, and necessary for everyday use.

I feel this quarter so far has been a good one for me. I enjoy all my classes very much and that makes school a lot more fun.

## THE "NEW ZOO"

Roger Anderson

On Tuesday, May 19, Mini-School went to the Minnesota Zoological Gardens for the entire school day. Once we got there, everyone got together and headed for the entrance. It was free day and so all we had to pay was \$1.00 for parking. The third Tuesday of every month is free. Much of the morning we spent watching the monkeys, beluga whales and exotic animals of the jungle area. All in all I think that the Zoo has a lot to offer and would make a great field trip or afternoon outing for all ages.

## MINI-SCHOOL CAR WASH

by: Scott Logelin

The car wash was for Mini-School boosters. We held it at the Twin City Federal Bank in Excelsior. We raised \$218.25 in five hours. We started at 9:00 and ended at 3:00 on Saturday, May 2.

The money we raised is being used to help defray the cost of our first Mini-School Yearbook. We washed 91 cars, including 15 brand new cars from Mason Motors. We even washed three bikes and one dog.

Mini-School gives a special thanks to Brad Arnold, Mike Boquist, Roger Anderson, Jay Davis, Dale Rosdahl, Ian Nicholson, Kelly Donahue, Kelly Bjork, Scott Logelin, Sue Ruffenach and Rona Gruidl.

Special thanks to Jean Hughes for her contribution of donuts and milk for the workers. And of course we thank Joanne, Doug and Lester for their great job supervising the event.

\* I'd like to add that we as a staff were very impressed with the students who helped at the car wash. They really hustled to get those cars sparkling clean. The students were very curious to our patrons, too. We also found the car wash to be an excellent time to tell the public about Mini-School. I'm sure we'll have more in the future!

Lester

# More activities...

## THE WOMEN'S WORKSHOP

by: Polly Westlie

On Wednesday, May 6, I attended a great event. I went to the Women's Workshop, sponsored by Minnetonka High School. The turnout wasn't as large as I had expected. There were approximately 25 high school girls there.

The day began as we boarded the bus and headed toward All Saints Lutheran Church. We got there about 8:00. The first speaker was Dr. Elizabeth Jerome, Medical Director of Teenage Medical Service, who spoke on Self-understanding and Human Sexuality. Listening to Dr. Jerome was a great start for the day. She was very open-minded and every so often she would stop talking and break into a giggling fit. She had us all very interested and ready for the rest of the day.

Next we all broke up into two workshop groups dealing with Women In Society and Esteem and Relationships. I went to the Esteem and Relationships group which was led by Jeri Pratt. It dealt with behavior and role models for males and females.

At 10:30 we had a munchie break, and then got right back into everything with a great speaker named Michael Obsatz who talked to us on the subject of "Macho to Mellow" which dealt with relationships from a man's point of view and how men are changing. Michael opened up a lot about men's feelings on the subject of changing roles, like how even though men quite often will feel the same emotions women do, men are conditioned through society to not show any emotion, especially fears and inadequacies. He really helped us understand men a lot better which is an important part of understanding both sides.

We saw a movie entitled "We Are Women" which dealt with interviews with many women about male dominance and was narrated by Helen Reddy.

We then had lunch which consisted of a huge "make your own salad". After lunch, we listened to the final speaker of the day, Janie Jasin, who spoke on "The Gift of Affirmation" and stressed communication, confidence building, and affirmation through music, words and involvement. She is a fantastic lady who knows how to make you feel better about yourself.

The whole day was a great success in my opinion and was well worth the sacrifice of a sunny, warm afternoon.

## THE ONMI THEATER

by: Andy Lippler

I went to the Omni Theater (at the Science Museum of Minnesota) with Mini-School on Tuesday, May 12. I got a ride with Brett Brooks. We got lost on the way out there. We went almost to the border of Wisconsin until we finally realized we were lost. We headed back towards St. Paul and got the right exit and still got there on time.

The Omni Theater is shaped like a dome when you get inside. They show the movies on the dome which is above your head. We saw the movie The Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Australia. They showed parts of underwater life and all the kinds of different fish and animals that live in the ocean depths. They told about how the Islands came to have plant life on them. During the whole presentation, you felt like you were riding in a helicopter. They had a part about sharks and what they eat. They eat other little fish, sometimes people, and their own shark friends.

There were some other schools there, too. The Omni Theater is worth going to. I didn't get bored at all.

# Still more activities...

## OUR VISIT WITH THE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

by: Tami Gerhard  
Sandy Lambrecht

Last October, Sandy Lambrecht and I went to visit the Red School House in Minneapolis.

The Red School House is a school for Indian children. They teach them the regular academic courses, but what makes the school so special is that they teach the students more about their native culture. They teach them to be proud of their heritage and to keep the Indian ways alive. Another neat subject they teach is their native language.

The one thing I feel is very special is that every Monday morning they have a ceremony. The morning we were there they had a pipe ceremony.

The school is small, but has a very warm atmosphere in it. The staff and students welcomed us kindly and were willing to answer any questions we had.

We thank all of you at the Red School House for your time and willingness to answer our questions. Your school to us is something to be proud of.

# Writing Day

Writing Day occurs each week in Mini-School. Students are asked to write on a given topic. The Com-Mini-Cations class has chosen the following writing day assignments as outstanding examples of Mini-Schooler's thoughts on the topics of: competencies a high school student should have upon graduation, and the recent attempt on President Reagan's life and gun control.

## GUN CONTROL

by: Crystal Williams

The assassination attempt on Ronald Reagan didn't really change my views on gun control, it just made me think about it more and feel stronger about it.

I feel that it would be in the best interest of the majority of the people in this country to enforce handgun control. Most people do not own handguns for the purpose of hunting, so therefore, their main purpose is to kill people.

Hand guns can be obtained by almost anyone. Even people with criminal records can get them. The man who shot John Lennon had recently been released from a mental institution, and the man who shot Reagan had a police record, and they obtained their handguns very easily.

I don't understand why so many people are opposed to gun control. I think this country would be able to survive if people didn't have these weapons around for the sole purpose of killing other human beings.

The attempt on Ronald Reagan's life didn't really affect my views on presidential security, but it should certainly affect Reagan's views. If I were him, I wouldn't want to go out in public very much anymore if lunatics could so easily get really close to me and blow me away. There are a lot of people in this country who feel that Reagan will die in office, and some of those people would like to see it happen. If I were Ronald Reagan, I would be scared and I wouldn't be so eager to go places and make appearances. Or else, I would be strongly in favor of gun control.

It's kind of strange that the man who is against gun control gets shot with a gun that his administration could have banned. I guess that now if Reagan is afraid of being shot and he tightens his security, he is making his bed and lying in it.

# Writing Day-cont. . .

## Gun Control

by: Sue Neunsinger

I think that the issue of Gun Control is one that could be debated forever and never be resolved. Who can really be the judge of who is "eligible" to own a gun and who isn't?

Although I agree that the assassination of a president is a very serious matter that deserves the attention of the nation, I think that maybe some of that time should be used for the other victims of shootings and in fact, the whole issue of gun control.

You can't take away the rights of a person to have the means to protect themselves and/or their family, but even the ordinary citizen can turn into a murderer in a matter of seconds.

There will never be total abolishment of handguns in any part of the nation. Our's is a nation raised on violence from the very beginning of its time. I don't think the aura of violence will ever disappear from it. It is a subject that deserves more national attention than a passing reference because a president is shot. How about all the other "nameless" victims that don't ever get a second thought? Their lives were taken because people just don't care enough so long as it doesn't happen to them.

## High School Competencies

by: John Haefner

The competencies that a graduating High School student should possess to function well in society are having good writing skills and good reading skills so that if you decide to go to college, you will know how to write term papers. You will also know how to understand the books, resources that you need to learn for your choice of interest towards your career.

Another thing that is important is to know the basic math skills so that when you go out on your own you will be able to balance your checkbook and so you can figure out your total for all the bills you have to pay.

Comprehension and vocabulary are of importance too when you graduate from High School. You will need these skills to figure out difficult words which are written in term books and special research books which are helpful to establish your career.

by: Wendy Zaun

When a person becomes old enough to graduate from High School, I feel there are some definite things they should know. For one, a graduating student should know how to read and write at least above a ninth grade level. The reason being that a person should be able to fill out forms and other things correctly. This is necessary for basic survival in society. Also, a person should know basic noun and verb usage, grammar and spelling. I feel these things are important to one's social adjustment.

If a person has gone through thirteen years of school and has a diploma to prove it, shouldn't he have the intelligence to back it up?

# Writing Day-cont...

# ENTERTAINMENT

by: Amy Berglund

I feel the requirements for graduation should be a good understanding of yourself and the world around you, responsibility, and your basic academic skills.

Feeling good about yourself and others around you plays an important role for a new graduate. It enables you to go after what you want out of life, and helps you fit and grow in society today.

Responsibility is a necessity for graduation. School has a certain amount of security about it and also many supportive people are around. When you graduate, your responsibilities grow larger and larger, while the security and support of school is gone. You need good responsibility and self control after graduation.

Another requirement is that of your basic academic skills. This one isn't a hard one because you have been taught basic skills since kindergarten. The basic skills are extremely important because you use them everyday of your life, and if you don't have these you're nowhere.

Graduation is a big step, if you can't accept yourself, your peers, and the society around you, you're just making life tougher for yourself. If you have all this plus responsibility, basic skills, and common sense, I feel you're off to a good start.

CISCO'S WENT STRAIGHT

by: Tami Gerhard

Cisco's in Burnsville is now a straight bar. They had gotten their license pulled because they had been caught selling liquor to minors.

Friday, April 24, I decided to go and check it out. The bands started at 9:30 pm. The first band really stunk. They were so bad that I don't even remember the name of their group. The second was "Raggs". They were super. They played a lot of the blues. They started at 1:30 am and played til 5:30 am.

There were people from the ages of 16-19 or 20 there for a while, but after the first band ended a lot of them left and about 1:00 am a lot of older people came.

Whiskey River, Lamont Cranston and Jesse Brady are coming soon. Those bands start at 1:30 am. The admission price is \$4.00.

They have a lot of O.K. pool tables and pinball machines.

THERE'S ALSO DANCING FOR ALL YOU TURKEYS THAT LIKE TO BOOGIE.

MOVIE REVIEW ON EXCALIBUR

by: Crystal Williams

Excalibur is a great movie about the days of King Arthur, Guenevere, and Lancelot. It is the best movie I have ever seen.

In the beginning, Merlin the magician grants a wish to a king which results in the birth of Arthur. After his birth, Merlin takes him and gives him to a knight to raise as his son.



# more Entertainment...

When Arthur grows up, there are many knights who try to pull the sword Excalibur out of a stone. The one who pulls it out is the true king. Arthur surprises everyone when he pulls the sword, by accident, out of the stone. He then becomes king, and the rest of the movie is a tale of his adventures, sorrows, and pain.

This was the most visually beautiful movie I have ever seen. The wedding of Arthur and Guenevere was absolutely breathtaking, with knights in brilliantly shining armour, and beautiful colored lights.

This movie was sad, dramatic and wonderful. The character of Merlin was fantastic, and he added a touch of humor to the movie.

I would recommend this movie to everyone. There is never a boring moment throughout the entire movie. If you like looking at beautiful things, you will love this movie.

## Com-Mini-cations Survey

In our last issue of Com-Mini-Cations, we sent out a survey asking people if they enjoy the paper and we received some very positive responses. Following is some of the feedback from our readers. We also received donations for our paper. We'd like to thank all that responded to the survey, verbally and monetarily.

We get lots of ideas from your publication and we enjoy reading about the happenings in another "alternative" setting!

The Nexus Family-  
Nexus Inc.

I enjoy seeing what some of my former students are doing. I am impressed with the quality of the articles and the improvement over the years.

R. Jezierski  
MHS Teacher

## Survey-Cont...

I enjoy reading the comments, articles, and interviews of the students in Mini-School. It helps me be aware of the attitudes and ideas that make them who they are. It provides an avenue for the students to say how they feel--and provides me an avenue to here "where they're at."

Dolores Tessier  
Parent

Excellent outlet for all levels of journalism.

C. Schmid  
MHS Teacher

It's an excellent public relations tool for Mini-School as well as giving the students an opportunity for writing.

Dale Rusch  
Minnetonka Director of  
Secondary Ed.

I do not want to see the Com-Mini-Cations paper discontinued. You have a more liberal paper than most I've seen. This aspect has its own merit.

I enjoy the creative writings in your paper. I can remember moments when I'd come across a most beautiful poem, sometimes wishing I could meet the creator. I have seen prose and poetry written with individual flare, holding qualities of refinement as well as excellence in expression.

At times my conscious level has been opened to the intellect in its pure form.

Other portions of the paper that are of interest to me are the concert and field trip reviews.

Com-Mini-Cations (Mini-School) offers another approach to living within a school. I am a mainstream teacher. It is important to me to see other ways of doing things. I appreciate exposure to a non-traditional classroom. This is my feedback.

Linda Buchanan  
Wisc. Teacher

# More survey results. . .

I think they should probably get rid of Com-Mini-Cations. If there isn't much interest in producing and reading it, they should not have it.

I myself don't particularly like the articles and rarely read them.

I don't know the cost of Com-Mini-Cations, but I think they would save some money on it if they did away with it.

It also takes a lot of time for the staff and time is money.

I think they should get rid of Com-Mini-Cations before Mini-School goes bankrupt.

John Bakke  
Mini-Schooler

I feel Com-Mini-Cations is a big part of Mini-School. It informs the public of what Mini-School is all about. It tells about the different Mini-School trips going out and about different activities we do.

I think it would be a really bad move to take Com-Mini-Cations out of circulation. How else are we going to keep our positive public relations up throughout the world? If the Wall Street Journal was discontinued, Wall Street would crash and it wouldn't get any positive P.R. If the Minnetonka Sailor was discontinued, Minnetonka wouldn't get any P.R. No one would know about Minnetonka and it would dry up and blow away. So I think we should keep Com-Mini-Cations going. Get some people that are serious about it or just don't give credit to the people that don't do anything in class. We need good P.R.!

Doug Snyder  
Mini-Schooler

I think the paper is one of the most important things Mini-School has. Our paper goes all over, such as to the couple that live on the Gunflint Trail. They have no other way of knowing what Mini-School is doing. People that receive the paper have written in and told us how much they enjoy receiving and reading the paper.

Com-Mini-Cations is not a class that has to be taken, it's an option in which the individual decides on. The paper has been around so long, I don't feel as though it should be taken away. It's not just work making the paper, it's also fun and you get your own personal satisfaction out of it.

Not only do the makers of the paper have fun, but people who the articles are about have a good time reading about themselves. When I went and interviewed the people at the nursing home, they were overjoyed that I was taking the time to listen to what they had to say, and when I went back to give them the papers, they couldn't wait to read them. I read to Daisy Dillman so she knew what was written about her. I had told her I'd let her sleep and she said "no, no, go on reading, I enjoy hearing everything that's in the paper."

We don't just write it for the satisfaction of accomplishing something, we also write it for the satisfaction of knowing other people get something out of it too. Why disappoint all of the people who enjoy the paper? Like I said, it's much too important.

Rona Gruidl  
Mini-Schooler

# Mini-School Trips!

## Michigan in Winter

by: Sandy Lambrecht

This is a "late" trip article. The trip went out last quarter and didn't get written about and seeing how it was such a good trip, we thought we'd get it in this issue.

The trip was a downhill skiing trip in Upper Michigan with a cultural study twist to it, for the week of February 22-27.

The people who went were (staff) Randy Nelson, (students) Chris Dudley, Andy Lippler, Eric Freeman, Toot Rogney, Doug Snyder, Sue Vold, Sue Ruffenach, Liz Schmid and I.

We met on Sunday at Perkins about 6:30 am. We ate breakfast, loaded up and left. There were two vehicles for the ten of us, which was great. Randy drove his van and Sue Ruffenach drove Woody's car up. (Thanks Scott.)

It was a long drive but the scenery was beautiful, snowing like crazy, and Liz kept us entertained with her Playgirl.

When we got to our condo, everybody got their stuff unpacked. Then we went and checked out the lodge, swimming, sauna, pool, pinball, tunes, etc.

The next day we went to Powderhorn. Everybody was really psyched. We all skied at different "levels of perfection", so we were scattered from bunnyhills to moguls. It was great.

The third day the guys went to Indianhead and we stayed back. The fourth day we all went to Indianhead. By far they were the steepest, longest runs. Sue and I had a little trouble on the t-bar. We kept trying to sit down on the dumb things. That day it was really cold.

Next day we went to Blackjack. I liked that the best. The scenery was gorgeous and the slopes were great.

The last day was kind of a bumm. We got ready to leave.

The drive back was O.K. It was pouring freezing rain out, and Sue was keeping us wide awake trying to stay on the slippery roads.

We stopped at Toby's in Hinckley, Minnesota for lunch. We got to Perkins around 5:00.

We also had group meetings everynight. They went pretty good. Some neat topics came up.

No way does this article even come close to saying how good the trip was, that would take pages.

One of the reasons I think it was so good is the combination of people who went. Everybody got along really well and had a lot to offer.

For me, I got a lot out of it, I did something I never thought I could, (downhill ski, live with ten people for a whole week, eat Toot's spaghetti...)

The whole trip was a success. The only thing was it was kind of short.

# Appalachia - Big Smoky Mtns.

by: Jeff Kinzer

Persons involved: Doug Berg, Joanne Elliott-Storlie, and the students: Marty Cook, Dave Scott, Tim Scott, Lynn Parkhurst, Tami Gerhard, Lisa Hastings, Kirk LeBlanc and Jeff Kinzer.

We left at 3:15 Wednesday, April 8. We had planned to drive 15 plus hours to Mammoth Cave in Southern Kentucky. We did. Nothing real exciting happened on the way. We did see a young upset customer at a restaurant on the way, he'd been waiting for five minutes to have his food rung up. He turned to Kirk and said, "are you ready?" Kirk said "yes". He shouted "Hey \_\_\_\_\_, doesn't anybody work in this \_\_\_\_\_ing place?" There were only a few people in there, but he caught everyone's attention, including an Illinois State Trooper, and a clerk who was too scared to come out. She let the other clerk wait on him. The farther south we got, the more southern accents we heard.

By mid morning we reached Mammoth Cave National Park. Here we met Mr. Handlebars. Mr. Handlebars was a ranger at the gate to the campground. He got his name because of the shape of his moustache, one of those curly ones. But I don't think he was a genuine Rebel, he didn't have the accent. This day we relaxed or hiked on some trails.

The next day we had a couple of hours before our tour of the cave. Dave, Lynn and I went down by the ferry boat. Down there, we met another ranger. He asked me "Where are y'all from?" After telling him the answer, his next remark was "Oh, Yankees." Then after that he said "Y'all know what y'all bring when ya come down this way?" I said "No, what are we supposed to bring?" He said "Money" and then I said "Why is that?" His reply was "So when y'all go back ya kin tell yer friends that when they're coming to bring even more money." "Heck, we're gonna win this war" was his last remark before he drove away. But I knew he wasn't a real Rebel because he would've said "Darn Yankee" rather than just "Yankee" alone.

The cave was big, but not very exciting. The countryside, I thought, was the best part of the Park. We also had to get a new tire that day, otherwise no other hassles with the van the entire trip.

We woke early the next day, and drove on to the Smokies. Nothing too exciting that I remember happened on this day. But we did see Batch's carving in the bathroom at Cosby.

Next day we took a small driving tour of the park. We stopped at a visitors center, and went to Cade's Cove from there. Cade's Cove is a pioneer village, restored by the National Park System. We stopped at a primitive Baptist church and proceeded on a tour of the cemetery. Exciting! This is where we met 80 year old Loula Anthony. She was a resident in Cade's Cove until 1935 when the National Park kicked them out. The people of Cade's Cove were practically out of touch with civilization from 1821 until the 1930's. The Cove people were mostly self sufficient relying on hunting, fishing, and gardens for their food.

Well, the next day we split into our hiking groups. Doug's group consisted of, Doug, Tim Scott, Dave Scott, Lynn Parkhurst, Kirk LeBlanc, and Jeff Kinzer. Joanne's group: Joanne, Lisa Hastings, Tami Gerhard and Marty Cook. Joanne's group, based back at Cosby Campground was to do day hikes.

Doug's group hit the old Bote Mt. Trail. And as some say, the first day is the worst. Not only because we weren't adjusted, but the Bote Mountain Trail was steeply uphill. She was probably the steepest trail I saw in the whole park. David and Lynn were in back. At one point Lynn asked "Can't we call Joanne?". Someone else remarked "Yeah, go over by those trees and you might find a phone booth." We went on long after lunch, (Tim lost his due to salami upsetting his stomach). Our canteens were dry. Later we found a spring. None of us were really ever together that day. Berg was always up front, second and middle varied between Tim, Kirk and Jeff, with David and Lynn in back. We hiked about seven miles the first day. We camped at Anthony's Creek that night (named after Loula and family).

## Appalachia - cont. . .

The second hiking day we had only 1.6 more miles of the Infamous Bote Mt. Trail left. After that was the Appalachian Trail. This day David and I brought up the rear. We had a steep climb up Thunderhead Mountain. Not that bad after Thunderhead, but still a lot of up and down. We put in at Derrick Knob shelter for the night. And a storm came howling in before we were there long. Here is where we met John Nieman. John is doing the 2100 mile Appalachian Trail. He stepped in the shelter and the very second (precisely) it started pouring. It rained all night and was cold.

The next morning it was crystal clear. We got an early start and trucked two hours before we had breakfast. From there, we climbed Siler's Bald. A bald is a mountain where no trees grow. Next was the climb of Clingman's Dome. It wasn't that steep, only in one place. Dave and I were climbing up to this ridge. We stopped to rest and took off the packs. Dave went up 20 feet and found Kirk sleeping. He'd been sleeping at least twenty minutes. We did another steep climb before we got to the highest point in the park, Clingman's Dome at 6643 feet.

When we got there, Berg was angry because he and Tim had been waiting an hour and a half for lunch. After lunch, Tim, Doug and Kirk left. We had to go down Clingman's Dome, up Mt. Collins, and two thirds of the way down before we got to the shelter. After I fetched water for our canteens, David, Lynn, John Nieman and I left. At the lead was Tim, Kirk was five minutes behind. When I arrived, Tim and Doug were bathing in some stream a ways away. John got in fifteen minutes later, and about ten minutes later, David and Lynn arrived. Doug and Tim were back by then. What we couldn't figure out was, where was Kirk? He should have been the second to arrive. Berg and I took turns going down the trail yelling and shouting. No results. We went to bed. We decided if we didn't find him at Newfound Gap tomorrow, we'd have to call the Rangers.

The next morning Berg assigned Tim and I to go down the highway. This was in case he may be hitch-hiking back. Doug, Lynn and David went down the trail. Right

before Newfound Gap we met Joanne's group. They were going up to Clingman's Dome. We met John at the Gap. He left fifteen minutes before Berg. He had seen Kirk and the tent a mile down the trail. Then Doug, Lynn and Dave made it, but Kirk was supposed to get there first. Well, he finally arrived. We got breakfast ready for him while he told us the story. He missed the off shoot trail and kept going. He went down to the highway and hitch-hiked. He found a ride, tried to take a trail that would get him back where he got off. The shelter was twenty miles from Gatlinburg. Kirk was only nine miles from there. He hitch-hiked again, was dropped off and hiked up the trail. At 10:30 pm he pitched his tent not knowing he was less than a mile from us. He ate chocolate for dinner.

After Kirk's breakfast, we hiked three miles to Ice Water Springs shelter. Joanne's group was with us. We sat around and lounged in the sun.

In the late afternoon the group switch was made. Dave Scott and Lynn Parkhurst went with Joanne, Marty Cook and Tami Gerhard stayed with Doug.

That night as the first people were going to bed, the shelter's proprietor came out to visit with us. He was smaller than a cat and was black with long white skunk stripes all the way back to his tail. One guy nearly got him spraying. Anyway, he sniffed around and then went outside after posing for a couple pictures. Everyone then hit the sack. With everyone in the bunks, the second skunk came out. This one had white spots instead of stripes. He found some of our popcorn morsels, then went out with his companion.

The next morning we rose and got ready. We had about seven miles to go that day. We could tell most of it would be in the rain. We hadn't even gone two miles before it started. Along the way, we decided to sing Happy Birthday for Tammy. She turned sixteen today (April 17th). We arrived at Peck's Corner shelter early. It's a drag walking in that rain. Luckily only eight people stayed at the shelter. We had all our clothes strung around to dry out, it would've been a hassle otherwise.

# More Appalachia . . .

We rose early the next day. Seeing we had to do eighteen miles today, we hiked five and a half miles to Tri Corner Knob shelter. We stopped to dry out what we could and had breakfast. It had been raining again. But up on Mt. Guyot it suddenly "snapped" and there was clear blue skies.

Later during the day Tammy was between Tim and Doug and Kirk and I. She took the wrong turn and ended up taking the short way into Cosby Campground. We stayed in tents that night at Sugar Cove Campground. Thanks to Joanne and Lynn, who hiked to our camp that day, to tell us Tammy made it safely. They also brought us our next morning's breakfast, goatmeal (oatmeal). We hiked four miles the next morning into Cosby. Joanne prepared our Easter dinner of ham, sweet potatoes and what else I don't remember, except that it rained most of the day.

We spent two hours in the tourist trap of Gatlinburg, Tennessee. The next morning, we bought such things as, Joanne a porch swing (she liked the lazy people sitting around in their porches that Saturday morning, passing through Southern Kentucky.), Tim Scott a 3x5 foot Confederate Battle flag for his apartment. David and Marty bought some fireworks. Jeff Kinzer bought a small Confederate Battle flag which he tied to the van's side mirror.

We now started our uneventful ride home. We camped at Fort Massac State Park in Illinois, on the Ohio River.

On our way the next day, we stopped in Hannibal, Missouri. Hannibal is the Tom Sawyer town. Berg went to the museum and bought a Mark Twain book while we all checked out the town.

In Fremont, Iowa, we decided to drive all the way home that night. Earlier that day I took the battle flag off the side mirror. We crossed into Illinois and were no longer in Rebel territory. People were giving us dirty looks and giving us the finger.

We arrived back at 2:00 am Wednesday morning, April 22.

How we each spent our time on the trip: Tim Scott and Doug Berg, waiting for everyone to catch up. David Scott, in the van listening to tunes. Kirk LeBlanc, getting lost. Lisa Hastings, in the phone booth talking to Bernie. Tammy Gerhard, taking the wrong trail. Jeff Kinzer, up in the hills fighting Rebels and cursing Dan Wright at the top of his voice. Lynn Parkhurst, sleeping by strange guys in the shelters. Joanne, counting porch swings and honking at cute guys (get that, Duncan). Marty Cook, swinging from vines (trying to be Tarzan). We all had a good trip. They say that in every article, but this one was GREAT!!! Now y'all hear me now, our trip was a good one!

## BIG WITTY

Composed on the Appalachia trip mainly by: Doug Berg about Jeff Kinzer alias "Big Witty"

He carried his Jansport into Mini-School one day, flashing his big Army Knife all the way, He hiked the Great Smokies with the Big D., and everyone called him Big Witty.

Big Witty, Big Bad Witty.

He whipped the Commies and he whipped the Klan, but in Tennessee he met a Rebel band. He won the war and took their money, and everyone called him Big Witty.

Big Witty, Big Bad Witty.

After the Smokies he strolled into T's, got Dan Wright down on his knees, demanded a raise or he was finished with T's, and everyone called him Big Witty.

Big Witty, Big Bad Witty.

Big Witty, Big Bad Witty.

# The Women's Rum River Express Canoe Trip

Mini-School's first all women's canoe trip took place May 5-8. We paddled sixty miles on the Rum River from Princeton to St. Francis. Lester and Joanne were the fearless leaders. Student participants were: Nancy Wachs, Kelly Donahue, Mary Nehring, Lori Johnson, Sandy Borth, Cindy Anderson, Sue Vold, Andrea Meckstroth, Wendy Zaun and Sue Quinn.

Tuesday: We packed into Duluth packs with the guys giving us a lot of grief. Skraba laughed at Lester carrying an eighty pound food pack saying, "She looks like she's going to tip over, she can hardly walk!" So Lester got him back by backing up and letting him help her off with the pack. With a surprised look on his face, he nearly dropped it right there in the pit.

We left school at 8:20 am in Norm and Berg's vehicles. Toot came along for the ride and gave us a hard time because we left twenty minutes late. Women's trips are 'spozed to be perfect, we guessed.

We arrived at Princeton and ate breakfast in a restaurant. We started canoeing at 11:00 am. Sue's and Mary's pinwheel on the front of their canoe broke in the first tortuous rapid. Everyone already missed their TVs, radios, and curling irons (not really!). We didn't forget a thing except the river maps, but Les brought hers, so we were saved from being constantly lost.

Wendy, Sandy, and Sue Q. went down a wrong turn and were lost for a long time, but we all got back together for lunch at Farmer Joe's field. He drove up on his tractor and talked to us. He wanted to make sure we weren't a bunch of those beatniks (lucky there weren't any Mini-School guys along). He was 80 years old and had lived in the same house on the river all his life. He still told us the wrong mileage to Highway 47 bridge, though. We spent the afternoon dodging (and hitting and running into and going over) lots of downed trees and branches.

We found a beautiful clear grassy plateau for camp. Nancy was the only one with enough guts--or brains--to sleep with the teachers. Joanne and Lori went fishing. We had a great spaghetti dinner with real beef in it, breadsticks, and heartburn later. This was the night of the incredible arousing wood tick dream by Kelly. We all experienced the dreaded pancake butts, better known as secretary's ass. We went 14 miles our first day.

Wednesday: We awoke to a chilling frosty 36 degree dawn. We finally got on the water at 8:30, and to our amazement were at the bridge within minutes. We went through miles of treacherous waters, and as a result, Mary, Sue V., and Nancy took a dump right in the river. The swift current carried the canoe into a newly-fallen deadfall. The canoe swamped, the three ladies went into the water, but still saved everything, including Duluth packs, paddles, and their lives. As the other four canoes arrived on the scene, they came to the rescue within seconds. The canoe was completely submerged against the deadfall, but Andrea, Kelly, and Wendy climbed out on the tree and helped Nancy and Joanne haul the sucker to shore, while Lester stood by on the shore, helplessly taking pictures. She said later, "I felt like a real geek."

We spent a few moments standing on shore, deciding how the remaining four canoes should run the treacherous zone. At this point, Joanne and Lester suggested (rather strongly) that everyone put on their life jackets. No one gave them any flack about THAT. Jo and Les skillfully maneuvered their canoe across and down river as others frightenedly observed their daring moves. After wiping the sweat from their cleavages, they carefully encouraged the students across to safety. The whole ordeal built the group's confidence and unity. Everybody felt strong and good about themselves and the trip.

The rest of the day went smoothly and we booked to the brook (Pine Brook) for lunch on a sandy beach, doing 22 miles that day. After a long day, we pulled into a campsite, unloaded the canoes, started putting up tents, and an obese jogger informed us of a wonderful camp-

# The Rum River rolls on . . .

site 200 yards downriver with pine trees, sand, grass, and barbecues. After walking around on the uneven ground for about 15 seconds, we decided to go for it, rolled up tents, reloaded the canoes, and pulled out in a miraculous ten minutes. The guy didn't know what he was talking about, and the campsite was actually one long mile downriver (very long at 7:00 pm). On the way, we thought we found a goldmine of cut firewood in a trailer near the river's edge. We loaded it in the canoes, only to find out later it was green and wouldn't burn worth a darn. It made a good fire ring though, and good seats around the fire, too. We had one of Wendy's specials for dinner, stew with fresh veggies. Those guys back at school were right when they said we took a lot of weight--why not?, we didn't have to portage 'til the last day. We had French bread, green peppers, zucchini, stewed tomatoes, kidney beans, big onions, celery, and seasonings. Guys, was it worth it!

We thought the canoe flip was the crisis of the day, but the real one was that we lost two, almost three, trippers that night. Due to illness, homesickness, and being tuckered out, we lost Sue Quinn and Sandy back to civilization. They went home with Sandy's dad, who very willingly drove to pick them up at midnight. We were pleased that Andrea decided to stay with the group. As Nancy, seasoned tripper, said that night, "On a Mini-School trip, there are the bad times, but also the good times." Andrea later said, "I guess you have to work through the rough stuff to get to the good times."

Aside from talking about feelings, we spent a lot of time drying out a wet tent, all of Lori's wet clothes and sleeping bag--victims of the big dump.

Thursday: We got up late at 7:00 am and were out by 8:00 to canoe seven miles into Cambridge for a morale-boosting breakfast at a restaurant. The morning was very quiet (and some say peaceful) without the humorous chatter of Jo's lovely voice, due to laryngitis, caused by too much yelling at the kids? A silent leader at last!

After a relatively short stop in Cambridge and an encouraging tantrum by Lester, we were on our merry way, headed toward an afternoon of hard, mellow paddling--some call it stroking--and we made 24 miles in such good time that we ended up 2 and 1/2 miles from our take-out by 4:00. We had a floating lunch, banding our canoes together as one, as we drifted down the river of life.

We pulled into Woodtick Heaven, our last campsite. Evening was spent in light conversation, washing our hair in the spirited water of the Rum, preparing and eating the worst dinner of the trip (which reminded Lester of the old Mini-School stand-by, Portage Porridge). In fact, when Lester found it later in the weeds, she thought someone had puked. We also wrote this group journal around the campfire.

Later that night, Joanne and Lester were awakened by screams in the woods made by some of the students who were frightened by the outrageous outbursts of a rather large barn owl near camp. This sent everyone off to their tents, only to be awakened a bit later on by a raving maniac who came up to the tent Nancy, Sue and Mary were in shouting "I love you, I love you!" He pulled down one of the tent poles and was on his merry way. What an interesting last night in the woods--our only close encounter with the "other kind."

We slept in until 8:30 Friday morning since we only had several miles left to go to St. Francis. Since Doug and Norm wouldn't be picking us up til 2:00, we figured we deserved a leisurely morn. Lester flipped some gorgeous pancakes and some feasted on the notorious "goatmeal". And then, a natural phenomenon occurred which had been lacking throughout our sunny blue skyed trip. A drop of rain fell! And these ladies were prepared for it like on no other Mini-School trip in the past. Within seconds, they were all digging through their packs eagerly grasping for their raingear. Our camp became inhabited by a group of ponchoed, rain coated aliens. Joanne and Lester calmly kept taking pictures and making pancakes. Didn't these ladies