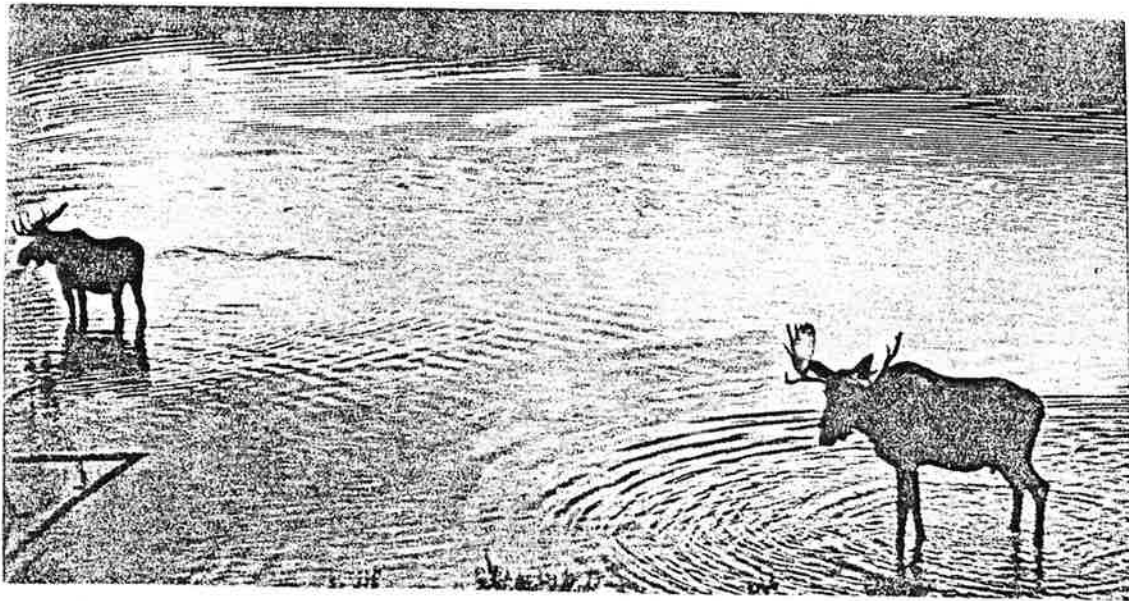


COM-MINI-CATIONS



THE GREAT ISLE ROYALE TRIP



FALL ISSUE '86



Minnetonka High School



We're working hard, working well.

MINI-SCHOOL OVERVIEW

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 transcendent 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.

Also, in a large suburban high school, many students seem to get lost in the shuffle. They struggle along, barely passing their classes and not really gaining much from their high school experience. High School for this type of student can be a negative experience as well.

Mini-School is a semi-autonomous, alternative program whose students attend Mini-School classes of Social Studies, Communications, Basic Skills, English, and Recreation in 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 which is a learning experience in itself and one that we intend to continue to support in this manner.

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

Meandering Through Mini

By Doug Berg

As Mini-School begins its 17th year, it's fun for the founders, Randy and I, to look back over 16 years of great memories and a rich tradition and to anticipate what the new school year will bring. It sure started well, with the article on Mini-School in the Sept/Oct issue of Sierra magazine (see Jeff Jambeck's article). Wow! National, even international recognition! Many congratulations and inquiries about Mini-School (even from other states) have followed the publication of this article and I suppose more will be forthcoming. As fun as it is to get the recognition and get a big head for awhile, the daily happenings at Mini-School and the issues of the kids tend to put it all in perspective. Ah! Fame is fleeting. We sure thank Cynthia Runyan, the writer, the Sierra staff, and Ann Duff, local Sierra Club member who put them in touch with us, for all they did.

As was reported last year in Com-Mini-Cations, the school board okayed Mini-School trips for partial fulfillment of the two science credits now necessary for a student to graduate from Mianetonka High School. With this in mind, Randy and I spent a week this summer developing the concept further, meeting with Mr. Karels from the science department for his ideas (he was a great help!), writing some units and exercises for specific trips, but we're on firm enough ground now that if a student wants to take the winter trip, for example, for science credit, we could lead him through a valid experience. To date, no student has expressed a need for the science trip experience, but as this year's 10th grade class, which is the first to need the two credits, gets closer to graduation, I'm sure the option will increase in popularity.

Two excellent trips have gone out from Mini-School this fall (articles on them appear elsewhere in this issue) -- Isle Royale and the Namekagon-St. Croix Rivers canoe trip. Seventeen students participated in these trips, the maximum that could. Both trips went extremely well. I enjoyed both groups very much and neither group had any problems that they couldn't handle. If all the Mini-School trips this year go as well as these two, it'll be a great year. Students like Howdy Doty, Jeff Jambeck, Paul Peterson, Eric Boettcher, Shelli Arnold, Mike Roufs, and Tracey Wasson are getting to be real trip veterans and provide a lot of leadership on these experiences.

Some other good news is that an agreement with District 287, a consortium of schools, will stabilize Mini-School staffing for this year and may for next year also. The bugs aren't all worked out yet, but our staffing has not looked so secure since 1982. Also, Mini-School shares all of MHS' anticipation about the completion of the construction. Next year it looks as though Mini-School should attain more space and more flexibility in our classroom space.

Several students went with Lester last week to Stymie's (her husband) recording studio. Andy Jones, Jeff Jambeck, Rob Welch, Kris Henning, April Anderson and Mike Roufs learned how the studio works and then Stymie taught them what goes into writing a song. They have plans to compose and record a Mini-School song--should be interesting.

On the alumni front, Tony Zaun (the Big Z) 1983, continues to maintain almost an "A" average at the U of M. He is in the running to be a foreign exchange student to Uruguay, and hopefully will attain this scholarship as his major is bilingual education (Spanish-English). Scott Campbell ('79) is employed by the International Fitness Corporation. Scott Nissen ('81) is also employed there. Dan Dostal ('79) is also at the University and also carrying nearly a straight "A" average. He had been majoring in Chemistry and is now awaiting acceptance into medical school and is also employed by University Hospital. Some people seem to feel that a Mini-School education automatically disqualifies a person from going to college. Mini-School's philosophy always has been that if a student can turn a negative attitude around and attain some personal growth in high school, that too, for that particular student, is education, meaningful education which can lead to academic education. Academics can be learned any time, and they are important, but before they can be learned, often the attitude change and personal growth must take place. That's what Mini-School is about - to help students reach their potential. Tony Zaun and Dan Dostal are prime examples of this. People who knew them in high school would never have predicted that either of them would go to college, much less attain the degree of academic excellence they have. Both credit Mini-School for preparing them for college. There is more than one way to prepare for college!

Gary Bachler "Bach", '81", is finishing a bricklaying course at the Vo-Tech school and is doing excellent work. He has maintained sobriety for two years. He is getting married on Valentine's Day 1987, and is pulling out all the stops - a huge wedding, Carribean cruise, the works! Congrats!

Also, earlier this year, Mini-School alumni Dave Force ('76) visited with his wife Lynn and their 3-year old boy, Eric. Dave and Lynn are expecting their second child. Dave is employed by the U.S.A.F. and in a distinguished career has attained the rank of sergeant. He is stationed in Florida. Dave and Lynn also made a generous cash donation to Mini-School and for this we thank them.

Lastly, Andrea Bohdan, '85, gave birth last May 26th to a 9 lb. 15 oz. boy, Scott Michael. Andrea brought him around to show off this fall and he's a real little tiger.

It's really fun to keep in touch with all you alumni. If any other of you have news for us, get in touch.

That's enough meandering for now, and it really is a meander. Take care. Enjoy Com-Mini-Cations.

*Maud's
Mumblings
By: Maud
Clawson*

It is another beginning of another school year. What's going to happen this year? I hope good things for everyone.

I hope there will be a day this year when people won't fight. I hope there will be a day this year when people can just sit among themselves for a moment and think about what they are doing. I would enjoy it if people would open their minds and do what they truly and wholeheartedly want to do.

Let's make it the year of The HUMAN. Let's make it good. Let's make it peaceful. Today is the first day of the rest of your life. Make it. Or break it.

Lester is still active in cable T.V. She attended a seminar in San Francisco this summer and has informed me that the video on Mini-School she has been working on is nearing completion. She has also made arrangements for 12 Mini-School students to attend a class through the Lake Minnetonka Cable Commission on producing T.V. shows -- an exciting opportunity for our students. If the November experience (four 2-hour sessions) goes well, the opportunity may be there for other Mini-Schoolers throughout the year. Lester is also sharpening her knowledge of computers and is really becoming Mini-School's liaison with the high-tech world.

Also, Lester's Mini-School Women's Studies group is bigger and better than ever. Most of the ladies in Mini are involved (about 20). Pat Brown, contact plus outreach worker for the YWCA, has assisted Lester with the groups this year. They've had several good sessions on teenage pregnancy, adoption, etc., and Dr. Linda Burns of the Park-Nicollet Medcenter met with their group on one occasion. They also visited the West Suburban Teen Clinic for a session with Kathy Anderson. Women's Studies continues to be a terrific information and support group for the Mini-School girls. The guys in Mini are getting jealous and Randy, Norm, and I are receiving pressure to start a "Men's Studies".

A big "thank you" is in order to Amy Mook from all of Mini-School for showing us the slides of her trip to China this past summer. Her experience was a real once-in-a-lifetime and she made it real meaningful for us. Also, a thank you to Joanne Elliott-Storlie, the Mini-School aide of a few years back for volunteering for a day to drop us into the Namekagon River and shuttling the vehicle, trailer, etc. It was great to see her and have her involved with

Mini-School again - just like old times. Also, thank you to Nancy Ward, Director of the English as a Second Language Program at Minnetonka, and mother of old Mini-Schoolers Tom and Ryan, for inviting a group of Mini-School students to one of her ESL classes to meet the Asian kids. It was a really neat experience for the Mini-School kids - they were impressed!

Randy and I are scheduled to attend a short outward bound course Nov. 7-12 called "Outward Bound and Youth-at-Risk" at Joshua Tree National Monument near Palm Springs, California. It should be a nice experience, and hopefully we will bring home some strategies for working with Mini-School kids. Also, the High School Writer, a statewide high school magazine, has expressed an interest in publicizing Mini-School and perhaps publishing some of our students' writing.

• There has been some talk of hiking the Grantsburg Trail along the St. Croix River again this year during Thanksgiving week. If we do it, it would be the fourth consecutive year we have and it would mean about 40 kids have participated in this hike. For current Mini-Schoolers, Jeff Jambeck and Paul Peterson, who are interested in doing it, it would be the third consecutive year that they have hiked it.

Speaking of trips, I'd also like to call to the attention of our supporters that Mini-School, as usual, is in need of a van for our longer trips this year. If the trips are local (within a day's drive) we usually can get by with our own vehicles, but if we need to go a greater distance (Florida, Grand Canyon, Great Smokies etc.) we need to have access to a van or maxi-van. Leasing is pretty prohibitive for us financially, but we can afford to pay something. If any of you can help us out, we'd like to hear from you.

The Great Mini-School Isle Royale Trip

By Maud Clawson and Jeff Jambeck

Beauty and adventure - Isle Royale! Doug, J.J., Howdy Doty, Shelli Arnold, Jeff Jambeck, Dave Macfarlane, Eric Boettcher, Eric Cobb, Hillary Williams, and I, Meredith Clawson (Maud) woke up Wednesday morning (Sept. 17th) at Judge C. R. Magney State Park, near Grand Portage, Minnesota, to bitter, cold rain but also anticipating faces for today was the day that our faithful crew was to head out to Isle Royale. We arrived at Grand Portage at about 9 o'clock and discovered that our 3-hour boat tour was really a 7-hour tour. Cold, wet, clammy, we climbed onto the Voyageur II (we later named it The Edmund Fitzgerald II).

The boat was about 60 feet long and 30 feet wide. It was a cold, old aluminum tub. It looked like an old fishing boat with bus seats, which is what I think it was. All over this beauty of a boat were signs reading "If you get sick, don't use the bathroom - go over the stern" or "You may help yourself to coffee but don't touch anything else." The crew - three all together - were the captain, who looked to be about 80, a grouchy lady (sea hag) who took tickets and told people not to put their feet on the bus seats, and a younger, quiet man with a mustache who took care of the packs and luggage. This crew was about as pleasant as their pleasant little signs.

As we chugged further out into Lake Superior the waves got bigger and the boat started bobbing up and down, up and down. Pretty soon my stomach started bobbing up and down and I started feeling like the exorcist. I needed fresh air and went to the stern. I was soon joined by Dave, Jeff, and Big D, who was the first to feed the fish with his technicolor yawn. I unfortunately was next.

At last the boat approached Isle Royale and many bays and channels which meant calmer water and a pink face for me. We made several stops as we went along the north shore of the island, mostly to let people off. We got to know some other people on the boat, a couple from Georgia who were really nice and whom we encountered midway through our trip and again at the end. They were really into nature. We also met a deep sea diver who was going to the island to teach the rangers how to dive.

We finally reached our destination, Rock Harbor, Isle Royale, which is on the east end of the island. Isle Royale, by the way, is 55 miles long and about 10 miles wide at its widest point. It is technically part of Michigan (although it is a lot closer to Minnesota and closer still to Ontario) and sits right smack in the middle of Lake Superior. It contains 14 clean, clear, serene lakes. It has the largest population of moose and wolves (per square miles) in the U.S. Since there is no hunting on Isle Royale (it is a national park, like Yellowstone), it is a perfect laboratory for scientists to study the predator/prey relationship between wolves and moose.

Anyway, after we landed at Rock Harbor, we were rounded up by a rangerette who gave us some background of Isle Royale and told us the rules. After this acquaintance with the island, we hoisted our packs and made our way to Rock Harbor campground. Immediately Big D and J.J., cook crew for the evenings, cooked supper while everyone else set tents up and got organized. After dinner was a time to explore, so Jeff and I headed out to find ourselves a moose and I couldn't believe it - we did. He was a big guy eating plants out of

the water. I don't know if he enjoyed our presence because once he caught our eye he stopped and stared at us. Now imagine a quarter horse (with antlers) loose in the woods. That's what this beast reminded me of. It was getting dark and we headed back. We had to get organized for tomorrow's eight-mile hike to Daisy Farm Campground.

The first one up was the Big D and he shouted everyone's name to rise and shine. Everyone got up good and prepared Mini-School's famous oatmeal (goatmeal) breakfast. The weather was crisp and cloudy but the group was raring to go. Off we went with the Big D leading the way.

The hike was beautiful along the south shore of the island. You could see Lake Superior and the little islands that protruded out of the massive lake. It was nice to hear the lake crash against the shore and the wind shake the trees. I noticed that the air was so fresh. After about a mile everyone stopped and began peeling off layers of clothes such as sweaters and long underwear. The weather was cool, but when you are hiking with a big backpack on your back you don't need much clothing on.

We stopped for lunch at noon and checked out a neat little cave called (oddly enough) Susy's Cave. Big D took some snapshots and we were under way again. By mid-afternoon we arrived at our campground for the night, Daisy Farm. It was real nice. It overlooked Lake Superior, a creek, and a meadow with some wild apple trees. There was also a duck that joined us at our campsite and begged for food. Night was soon upon us and the group gathered down at the lake-shore for this night was the full moon and it was the most incredible I've ever seen. It rose huge and bright orange. It beamed an orange glowing line across the calm lake and we all sat up and watched nature's free light show. We finally turned in (hit the dirt - Ha Ha) as we were bushed from the day's hiking.

The next day was a tough but very scenic hike. Chickenbone Lake was our next destination. Again the weather was good, thanks to the efforts of our super weather girl, Hillary. We did some rock hiking, some deep woods hiking, and some plank hiking. The park service makes small foot bridges of planks over muddy, swampy places. Sometimes they are as long as $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Often moose tracks and wolf tracks can be seen in the mud at these places. It was nice not to hear cars, barking dogs, radios, TV, or other people - just woods noises and Howdy noises. Big D says we probably would have seen ten times as much wild life as we did if Howdy Doty wasn't along - especially after he eats sugar, he sure gets rowdy and noisy. Sometimes the red squirrels would get angry at us for being in their territory and would chirp loudly at us. They would look so funny doing it - Their whole body would tweak out. Eric Boettcher and I got a kick out of it.

As Eric Cobb and I were hiking, talking and sweating, I noticed a signpost that said "Chickenbone Lake, .3 miles." "Three more miles!" I said, "I'll never make it!!" Eric looked at me and said, "No Maud, three-tenths of a mile." "Oh," I said, feeling stupid but relieved. Chickenbone Lake reminded me of one of those sensitive Hallmark cards, it was so picturesque. Doug prepared some bannock, which was delicious, and Jeff made us chicken noodle dinner (Mini-School has another name for it). Everyone was pretty tired because we had hiked 11 miles that day.

(Jeff Jambeck takes over from here, folks) Our next destination was Hatchet Lake. We had our usually gruesome goatmeal breakfast and hit the trail. J.J. had to hike back toward Chickenbone Lake for a shirt he'd lost yesterday and said he'd catch up by lunchtime. He did!! We hiked uphill most of the morning and reached the top of Mount Siskiwit by lunch time. We had a great view of the boundaries of Isle Royale from here and could also see Thunder Bay, Ontario. We also could see Lake Siskiwit from here and Ryan Island which is the largest island in the largest lake on the largest island in the largest lake in the world. We then hiked until we got to Hatchet Lake, which was our first layover campsite.

On our layover day we ate, rested, took pictures, fished (no luck except Howdy lost most of Big D's lures), looked for wildlife, and went on day hikes to Todd Harbor, about four miles away. It was fun to hike without a big pack. That night Maud, Eric Cobb, and I saw the Northern Lights and got real excited. We called everyone down to the lake to see them, but by the time everyone got down there they weren't as spectacular as they were earlier. The rest of the evening was spent sitting around J.J.'s candle (no campfires are allowed on most of Isle Royale) talking, telling stories, and drinking hot chocolate ("'cow-cow' - even the bloody queen don't get 'cow-cow'."), tea, and coffee. Later we all crashed, for tomorrow we had an eight-mile hike to Lake Desor.

On our hike to Desor, which was on the top of Greenstone Ridge, the weather in the morning was real foggy. In spite of the wet bushes and grass, which got your pants soaked, hiking in the fog was cool and kind of spooky. We passed Ishpeming Point (if you can pronounce it right, you win a prize) which had a little fire tower on top of it. Soon after that, the fog lifted on another beautiful day and in the afternoon Maud, the Erics, Hillary, and I saw a huge bull moose. We got about 50 feet from him.

Lake Desor was incredibly beautiful. Our campsite was situated in this white birch forest, and the view across the lake, with all the trees changing color, was breathtaking. That night Dave, Maud, and I saw a gnarly falling star that looked like it hit the earth. Also, in the evening before dark, Big D and J.J. hiked up the trail and came across this huge bull moose blocking the trail. They came back to tell us and Shelli, Hillary, and Eric Buettcher went to see him. Big D took some pictures, but when he tried to move too close, Bullwinkle lowered his antlers and stamped his hooves. Big D said "O.K.! we'll take your picture from back here then."

We had another layover day on Lake Desor and the weather was nice. Most people spent the day taking day hikes, cleaning up, and getting organized. Big D caught a fish, a white fish, which he shared at lunch. J.J., as usual, caught nothing but rocks. On this day J.J. played baseball with Big D's head. He was swinging his walking stick like a baseball bat when the end broke off and hit Big D in the coconut while he was fixing dinner. Luckily, Big D wasn't hurt too badly. J.J. did his best to blame Howdy and said, when talking about horseplay around the campsite, "It's funny until someone gets hurt and then it gets funnier." It was another clear, beautiful night. You could see almost every star in the sky. Quite a few of us sat up late down by the lakeshore and star gazed.

Finally - our last day of hiking - an 11-mile struggle to Windigo where the boat would pick us up. It really wasn't so bad because it was mostly downhill after Mount Desor and Sugar Mountain, the backpacks were much lighter since most of the food was gone, and the day was the most beautiful yet. The trail wound mostly through maple trees which completely canopied the trail and were incredibly colorful -- yellows, golds, reds. A real wonderland. Big D said that in all his years in the woods he had never seen more beautiful autumn colors on a more beautiful day.

We got to Windigo by mid-afternoon, set up camp, and found that some of the critters here were almost tame. The Canadian jays would light on your hand and eat flapjack crumbs. The red foxes would almost eat out of your hand and were always trying to ravage the campsite. One carried J.J.'s boot off a few feet before he chased him away, and Dave and I could hear them running into our tent lines that night. They chewed a strap off Hillary's pack and did some other minor damage that night. Real pests.

The next morning we had to wait until 12:30 for the boat to come. Soon it began to rain so the rangers invited us into their building and showed us movies on wolves and other critters until the boat came. The boat ride back was just as wavy as the one out, but it was not as bad because we were running with the waves. The sea hag was just as crabby though.

When we landed at Grand Portage after a three-hour ride we said good-bye to friends we'd made, packed up the trailer, piled into Big D's truck and J.J.'s car and headed for Grand Marais for showers, a swim, sauna and whirlpool. Dave and I had long hair, so we got to be eraser heads and wear these goony shower caps. Naturally Big D took pictures of us. After these joyous happenings, most of us ate pizza at Sven and Ole's pizza place. Doug and J.J. ate at the Blue Water cafe and Shelly and Hillary ate at the Dairy Queen. Big D told us we could wander around town until 10 p.m. and then we crashed at the East Bay Hotel, all ten of us in one big room, having to put up with Hillary's snoring, Howdy's mumbling, and Maud's sleep giggling all night long. Big D got everyone up early to get a good start home, and we were under way before it was light.

Everyone agreed that the Isle Royale trip was an excellent one in every respect.

Big D's Note: The following quotations were overheard by me throughout the trip. I thought I'd record them for posterity:

"I'd rather meet up with a bull moose on the trail than one of those spiders in the outhouse." - Hillary

"I didn't shave my legs or armpits before this trip so I'd grow hair and keep warmer." - Maud

"I can't wait to get to the next campground so I can put up my tent in a shelter." - Howdy

"Did you hear what he said!" - J.J.

Early in the trip we met another hiker who was telling us about the moose he'd seen, three cows and a bull. Hillary said "I didn't know there were cows on this island."

"I know how to make pasta. Pasta is my life!" - Maud

"How many people are in this group, anyway." - Eric Boettcher - dividing up lunch on the last day.

"Let me get it straight now, Doug - Wolves eat moose but moose don't eat wolves - right." - Shelli - after I had spent ten minutes explaining the predator/prey relationship between the wolves and moose.

Third day of Trip - "J.J., you can have my Genera pants and maybe my down jacket if you'll carry them." - Eric Cobb

After a suppertime interrogation to find the powdered milk, Hillary said, "I've got the powdered butter."

"Wow, my walking stick broke!" J.J., as a piece of it protruded from my head.

"I think I've decided to have a girl friend" Howdy on the fifth day of the trip. On the sixth day we found "April" scrawled on the ground all over the campsite, along the lakeshore, etc.

"A big, dumb, lovesick lummoX!" J.J.



Featured Student

By
Doug
Berg

Mini-School would like to feature a new student to the program this quarter, Garrett Kirchenwitz. All we can say is that we wish he'd gotten into Mini-School two years ago, it's such a pleasure to work with him. Garrett will graduate at semester time.

First of all, Garrett was the top point getter in Mini-School first quarter. His attendance was perfect and he was highly involved in most of his classes. Second, Garrett has not one job, but three. His main job is at Country Kitchen in Excelsior where he is a cook and general all around worker-at-large. His work reports are excellent. Also, he is a Minneapolis Star and Tribune carrier and gets up at 5:30 every morning to do this job (this is after he works until 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. at Country Kitchen). On weekends he works for a cleaning service which cleans offices etc.

Around school Garrett is always busy, always friendly. First thing in the morning he delivers the newspapers to Mini-School, the social studies department and the faculty lounge. He even inserts the "Variety" section into all the papers before he delivers them. During lunch hour Garrett eats with all the handicapped kids at MHS, reads the funny papers to them, gets them laughing and just generally brightens their day. Garrett has many outstanding characteristics, but kindness, sensitivity and honesty are certainly near the top of the list.

For recreation, Garrett enjoys playing touch football - he organizes games on weekends - and skiing. He plans to take a ski trip to Aspen during Christmas vacation and spend some of his savings from all his jobs.

Again, it is really a pleasure to work with Garrett. One last scenario will illustrate - a week or two ago, Garrett found a wallet in the Country Kitchen parking lot which contained over \$100 in cash. What do you think he did? Naturally, he contacted the owner and returned the wallet and cash. The owner had to practically force a \$20 reward on him. Garrett's response was, "If I ever lose my wallet, I hope someone returns it to me."

When I was writing this feature, Shannen Sather, a co-worker and classmate, looked over my shoulder and said "Good choice!" Dave Macfarlane, another classmate, said "You don't have enough paper to write all the good things that could be said about Garrett."

Keep up the good work, Garrett. Mini-School couldn't be more pleased with you.

note: We have just discovered that Garrett has had perfect attendance in school since kindergarten.

Featured Parents

By Jeff Jambeck

This quarter Com-Mini-Cations would like to feature Mike Rouf's folks, Tom and Mary. Tom works at American Produce and Mary is a homemaker and mother. They have four children, two boys and two girls.

Tom is a sports fan and likes to hunt, fish and cook. Mary is an avid reader - Mike says she always has her nose in a book.

Tom and Mary are real supportive of Mini-School and are pleased that Mike does well in the program. I've met them a few times and they seem pretty cool.

Featured Fingers and more

By:
maud
Clawson

I'd like to tell you about a lady I met a couple of weeks ago who helps out Mini-School with her own two hands. Her name is Dorothy Spencer. She has been a typist here at MHS for two years and says "typing is a good thing to know."

Dorothy is very important to us because she types our famous Com-Mini-Cations for us, and as Big D says, "She does a fantastic job - I wouldn't even have to proofread it. Besides that, she takes a personal interest in Mini-School and identifies with the kids and their adventures."

Dorothy has a lot of adventures herself. She enjoys running, biking, hiking, and cross-country skiing. She helped found Grandma's Marathon, a 26-mile race from Two Harbors to Duluth. Dorothy also helps in the organization of the Twin Cities Marathon, which has the largest cash prize in the U.S. She has organized races and marathons for the past 12 years and has run in many shorter races and four marathons. She is sponsored by Reebok, a well known running shoe.

In 1982 Dorothy traveled to Nepal and hiked in the Himalayas and up 16,000 feet into Mt. Everest. "At that height you can't even boil water," says Dorothy. Dorothy says that all this activity "makes me feel good. It gets rid of stress and keeps me in tune with myself. I don't want to put chemicals in my body because I feel I can always improve and then I have a feeling of self accomplishment."

I asked Dorothy what she thought of Mini-School. "Everyone learns at different levels," she said. "I think Mini-School is good for the mainstream kids because they can see how other people learn and how other people feel. I also think kids in Mini know more about real life."

On October 21st Dorothy left for China to bicycle through 12 cities from Shanghai to Beijing (Peking) where the great wall is located. I'm sure she will have another wonderful adventure.

Dorothy Spencer is a fascinating, outgoing person and fun to talk with. Thanks, Dorothy.

Featured Alumni

By Doug Berg

Many Mini-School romances have culminated in marriage. One of the neatest ones took place June 29, 1985, between Mike Fronius (81) and Tana Swenson (84). These two fine folks were real involved students in Mini-School during their times in the program, and remain real strong supporters of Mini-School.

Mike works at American Movers. He began as a moving worker and has now worked his way into an office job. He is an excellent fisherman (on Mini-School canoe trips, he could usually be counted on to feed the crew) and also is an excellent golfer.

Tana works at the Pizza Platter in Shorewood and has since she was in Mini-School. Along with her mom and sister and current Mini-Schooler Leslie Zaun, they practically run the place. Tana is also real busy these days being a mom, as she and Mike became parents of a girl, Sara Ann Fronius, on Aug. 18, 1986. She and big Mike are real excited about being new parents. Tana says that big Mike becomes a real marshmallow when Sara Ann works her magic on him.

Tana is interested in getting involved in Women's Studies with Lester again and Mike would like to help out with a trip sometime. That would be great if it can be worked out. These two are always behind Mini-School and Mini-School will always have a spot in its heart for them. They're a great couple.

Who is Mr. Boyle?

By Kris Henning

"Who is Steve Boyle?" Well, he is the new assistant principal here at Minnetonka High School who took Mr. Hruby's place. Mr. Hruby took a job as principal of Minnetonka Junior High School.

Mr. Boyle's wife, Carol, is not the principal at Groveland Elementary School (he gets asked that question a lot). Steve and Carol have three children--Jeff, a freshman in college, Janelle, a freshman in high school and Joanne, who is in first grade.

Mr. Boyle has many interests and hobbies. He likes biking, fishing, canoeing and also does a lot of hiking around the country. His favorite areas are out west, states like Idaho, Utah and Arizona. He enjoys working with kids and is now going to the University of Minnesota to get his PHD.

For three years before joining Minnetonka High School, he was the assistant principal at Sanford Junior High School in Minneapolis. He sees a large difference between Minnetonka and Sanford schools. At Sanford the students ranged from very wealthy to very poor. Many people spoke foreign languages. Minorities made up much of the population. At Minnetonka students range from very wealthy to middle class and there aren't many poor students. There certainly aren't many minority people here either. It's a big change for him. The main issues at Sanford were not smoking nor the image of the school, but gangs and fighting. Much of his day was spent disciplining students.

Here at Minnetonka Mr. Boyle has a shared responsibility with the other assistant principals and principal. He's mainly involved with student government, student activities like dances and fundraisers, parking lot rules, and the ninth grade attendance.

Working with the staff and student body to make the school a better place is something important to Mr. Boyle. Two of his main goals this year are to reorganize the student government and clean up the garbage in the school. Mr. Boyle feels that Minnetonka is one of the messiest schools he has seen and feels this shows a lack of pride in our school. If the students here were proud of their school, he feels, they wouldn't mess it up. One thing he noticed early this year as he walked down the hall was a very nicely dressed girl sitting on the floor surrounded by garbage. That just didn't look right to him. He wants to find out what is causing this problem and find ways to correct it. Another goal he has is make Minnetonka a more welcome place for new students to enter. Minnetonka has a lot of bad press about being a school that is cold and unfriendly and difficult for new students to join. He'd like to find ways to change this.

From talking to Mr. Boyle, I feel he's got a good start on this year. He's quite outgoing and interested in many things. He's working hard to make the school a better place. He's very understanding and a neat person to talk to. Good luck in your new job, Mr. Boyle. Have a great year.

Maud in C-Squad

By Connie Clark

You maybe haven't noticed, because Maud wears some pretty wild outfits anyway, but this year, on game days and pepfest days, her face is sometimes painted and she has crazy blue and white costumes on. Maud is in C Squad.

C Squad is kind of an informal, loosely organized cheerleading squad. It is made up of 22 crazy ladies and Patty Brunz is the leader. They practice at least once before every game.

Maud says she really likes it and I'm sure it gives her a real outlet to express her creativity and "wild and crazy" personality. You're doing a great job, Maud. Mini-School is proud of you.

Mini-School is Famous

By Jeff
Jambeck

Hey! Check it out! We're in a magazine! The Sierra magazine (Sept/Oct 1986 issue) wrote a great article about Mini-School, complete with pictures of the Big D.

The Sierra magazine is the mouthpiece of The Sierra Club, and is sent to nearly 500,000 people nationally and internationally. The Sierra Club is the oldest, most prestigious conservation organization in the country, and is responsible for getting many laws passed which protect the environment. It's a real honor to be in this magazine.

The article is mostly about how Mini-School trips have helped kids change their attitudes about school and how Mini-School helps kids make their high school careers successful. Berg says "It's the give and take of outdoor life that made me aware of how a wilderness setting can change the way a person deals with life." Berg also talks about how the trips give the teachers a chance to get to know the kids, not as authority figures, but as friends.

The article also talks about some of the trips Mini-School takes, like canoe trips, bike trips, back packing trips, and cultural trips like the Florida trip. It also tells how Mini-School started and some of the difficulties the program has had over the years. All the stuff in the article is good stuff about Mini-School and the article is great.

We've always known that Mini-School is a terrific program. Now the whole country knows!

My Photography

Class

By Kris
Henning

I always thought that photography wouldn't be something I'd even want to get into, until I started a beginner class with Mr. Grimes. I needed the extra credit and the timing of the class was good. I could go right after Mini-School until eleven-thirty and then walk to work by noon.

The first three weeks of the class got a little boring. We were able to rent a camera and take pictures, but we couldn't develop and print the film. That had to be done during class and during that time we had movies to watch and listen to lectures on how to use black and white film.

But finally those weeks are over and now the class is great. The main thing we do in this class now is find good subject matter to take pictures of - like the design on an old house, a good shot of a wild animal, or even a simple leaf. Then we develop the film and finally print it.

We are graded on how original the subject matter is, if the picture's lighting is right, and how clean the picture is. Also attendance is important.

I like this class. It's fun, and also a good thing to spend my time with while I'm waiting to go to work.

Concert Review

By Rob Welch

"David Lee Roth"

On Tuesday, September 2nd, I couldn't wait to see the new, and old Diamond David Lee Roth. Remember Roth, the guy who was the life of the party for eight or nine years with Van Halen. My first impressions before the show were pretty low. I thought he wouldn't be the same Dave I know, athletic, brash, colorful and comical. He was part cheerleader, part macho sex symbol and full lead screamer. While the new Van Halen (or shall we say) Van Hagar Halen has scaled down its stage production, Roth still employs mammoth sound and light systems.

Guitarist Steve Vai, a longtime member of Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention, was quite an eyebrow raiser. People can't say Steve Vai copies Edward Van Halen. What do you expect when David Lee Roth and band members (which they have total rights to) play "You Really Got Me" and other such classics. If Vai didn't they would call him trash, and if you saw the show you know he's choice!

Bassist Billy Sheehan showed us he didn't have to walk on his bass to get respect. This guy is simply incredible. This guy is Yngwie Malmsteen on bass.

Drummer Gregg Bissonette, who did work with jazzman Maynard Ferguson, had his share of choice bombastic solo turns. This band, David Lee Roth, is going to be around longer than people realize, especially the rowdy crowd of 7,796 standing, jumping crowd at The Met Center.

The concertgoers in the cheap seats loved and also got their money's worth when Roth, who had departed the stage during a solo by Vai, emerged on a platform at the back of the arena for one song. Opening act Cinderella, was very casual but not unusual, but well, well worth seeing. They're a good mix between Aero Smith and AC/DC.

We'll see you at the next definite D.L.R. show.

Record Review
by Rob Welch

Vinnie Vincent, ex Kiss second guitarist, released his "Invasion" LP with excellent results. He has even started doing a little lead vocals.

The unusual context of this album is that there are absolutely no synthesizers - nor effects. Not even for his guitar, just plain distortion and pure talent. Such tunes as Twisted and Animal, which sounds like it has a strong relation with Kiss.

IN MEMORY OF

Rob's Com-Mini-Cations rock page is dedicated to Cliff Burton who died in a bus accident the first week in October. Cliff Burton was the bassist for the gods of speed metal.

Le Garbage

By Shannen Sather and
Tracey Wasson

Garbage! That is what is all over our school. We really hadn't noticed it until we were asked to do this article. Then we looked. People are just like us - scurrying from class to class - not noticing the trail they leave behind them.

We watched people drop papers, pencils, food, pop cans, milk cartons, candy wrappers, apple cores, banana peels, etc., etc. on the floor as they walked through the halls. We wondered what all these kids must think of MHS if they treat it this way. Why don't they throw their garbage away? Why don't they pick up after themselves?

We'd like to say to Tonka students - Come on now! It's just as easy to drop your garbage in the garbage can as it is to drop it on the floor! Do you really enjoy all this garbage surrounding you? Let's all get our act together!

Thank you for your attention!

Fall

By:
maud
Clawson

The air is crisp,
The wind is bitter,
And the trees are turning into
sunbursts of gold, red and orange.

One's breath is now seen outdoors
And the sun goes to bed early.
Our feathered friends are flying bye -
To touch the warmer parts of sky.

Keep Climbing

By Dave Phillips

Point your dreams
towards the sky.
Keep your dreams flowing,
Keep them on your mind,
For when you reach one goal
You know, you have something else to climb.

Keep reaching,
Keep climbing,
Don't let up.
For when you have a dream
Hold onto that dream.
Don't give it away.
Just keep climbing
To the biggest dream that will ever be.

Young Dreams

By Kris Henning

A fantasyland of pictures
painted in young minds.
A fantasyland of makebelieve
A world no one could find.

The world is now so serious
it's hard to understand,
It's sad to know the world I made is fading
from my hands.

Dreams that filled a lifetime
are now just memory
I've got to find my future
and know what I want to be.

The Great Mini-School St. Croix/Namekagon Canoe Trip

By Herman the Mouse alias Tracey Wasson

Hi there! I'm Herman the Mouse. I live in the Mini-School storeroom and from time to time I go out on a trip with Big D and some of the Mini-School kids. I just got back from a canoe trip down the Namekagon and St. Croix Rivers. I was there from October 6th through the 10th with Paul Peterson, Rob Imker, Rob Schmid, Mike Roufs, Cory Kreslins, Dana Hitchings "Pillow", Brian Pengelly, Stacy Neils, Tracey Wasson, and of course, Big D. It was a great trip. The last time I got out of the storeroom was on Big D's winter trip last year. I almost froze and, besides that, Howdy Doty ran over my tail with a cross-country ski! What a klutz.

Lester and her friend (former Mini-School aide) Joanne Elliott-Storlie helped drive us all up to the Namekagon River and shuttle Big D's truck and the canoe trailer to our finish point, Big D's cabin on the St. Croix River near Grantsburg, Wisconsin. The crew's last civilized breakfast for the week (I like goatmeal just fine, but the kids complain all the time) was at Country Kitchen halfway to the Old Stinnet Bridge on the Namekagon River (near Hayward, Wisconsin) where we started in the canoes. I kept getting stuck in personal packs, mostly squashed by Pillow's pillows and huge sleeping bag, except for one night when I got lucky and slept in a food pack and had a great midnight snack on powdered eggs.

On the first day Mike Roufs and Rob Imker seemed to be having a contest with Brian and Tracey to see who could hit the most rocks in the rapids. I was really scared! The water is freezing at this time of the year and I've heard that there are big, ferocious, hungry northern pike in the Namekagon River!. I'll never forget how my uncle Erasmouse got eaten by a lake trout in the BWCA on the 1982 Mini-School canoe trip. What a horrible tragedy!. Mike, Rob, Brian and Tracey got to be better paddlers, along with everyone else, as the trip went on, but for the first couple of days I was sure wishing that I was in Big D's canoe.

The first night camping at Springbrook was fun. We had a nice campfire and Big D cooked up a great beef stew for everyone. I ate pretty good picking up scraps that people dropped on the ground. Everyone seemed to sleep well at night. I don't blame them. The canoeing seemed like hard work.

As we canoed along, Doug helped all the kids learn the names of trees, birds, and other animals. I got pretty panicky when we got real close to some bald eagles, and a bit nervous when we saw mink and a coyote, but the porcupine, beaver, deer and osprey didn't bother me much at all.

The mornings and nights throughout the trip were cold, but the group almost always had a good campfire going. I could hide under a log near the fire and stay warm. The days were really nice -- sunny and calm. Tracey Wasson was the weather girl and did a terrific job.

Schmidhead and Arby (Cory reminded people of John Arbuckle from the comic strip Garfield) seemed to get along pretty well if they weren't canoeing together, and it was neat to see how everyone in the group included and accepted Dana "Pillow" Hitchings, who was new in Mini-School. In fact, the first thing Pillow did in Mini-School was go on the trip--he'd never even been to a class. This was a Mini-School first. It had never happened before. He got his nickname, Pillow, because of the two pillows he brought along on the trip. His huge sleeping bag took up a whole Duluth pack. Big D let him get away with it because he was new and because there was only one portage on this whole trip. You can bet it'll never happen again though! Two pillows! My goodness, Big D doesn't let anyone else bring any.

Tuesday night when we camped at Whispering Pines campground, Brian, the Beagle Scout, showed everyone the big and little dippers, the north star, some planets and some other neat constellations. Also there was a big full moon every night which was beautiful. I laid low, though, because a lot of animals that eat mice are out and about during the full moon when they can see better.

After this long a time of being with Doug, some people, especially Rob Imker, got into Big D's songs and when the canoes were together Doug would sing and others would join in once in a while. Big D has some neat songs, but I couldn't print all the verses in Com-Mini-Cations!! I know most of them because of all the Mini-School trips I've gone on.

One thing I know Stacy and Tracey didn't like were the plastic open air toilets at some of the campsites. They were always afraid one of the guys was going to sneak up on them and take their picture when they were using them. On Wednesday we camped on an island on the St. Croix. The plastic "growler" would have been welcomed by the girls then.

The most relaxing night of the trip was Thursday. After paddling all day through the roughest rapids of the trip, the crew was happy to get to Big D's cabin. Then, to everyone's surprise, Big D took them all to a health club in Grantsburg for showers and to a nice restaurant for dinner. I heard everyone say that the Black Russian hamburger was the favorite. After that everyone returned to the cabin for a warm, kicked-back evening.

Everyone sat around a campfire in Big D's yard, and the big treat for me was when Big D came out with popcorn--my favorite food. I was able to really "pig out" just scurrying around people's feet and picking up what they dropped.

When I was out around the campfire I heard a nearby owl but I hid under the porch at D's cabin and luckily it never found me. The gang stayed up pretty late that night, except for Schmidhead who had a headache. Big D's breakfast in the morning with coffee seemed to please everyone, too. After breakfast everyone cleaned up Big D's cabin, loaded up the trailer and truck, and headed back to Minnetonka. Back in the Duluth pack for me.

All in all, I'd say the group was a good one, and except for a couple of evenings, basic morale was high and not very tense. I would have liked to see a little more teamwork at times, but it was pretty good too. Maybe on the next trip I'll eat even better.

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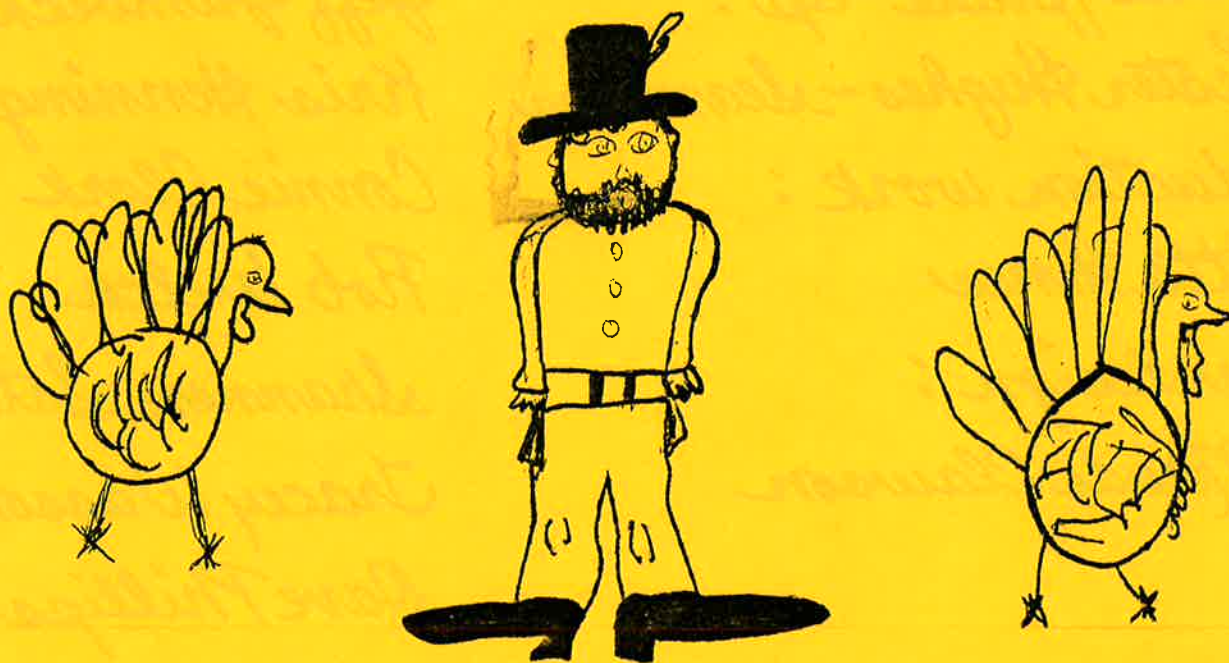
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