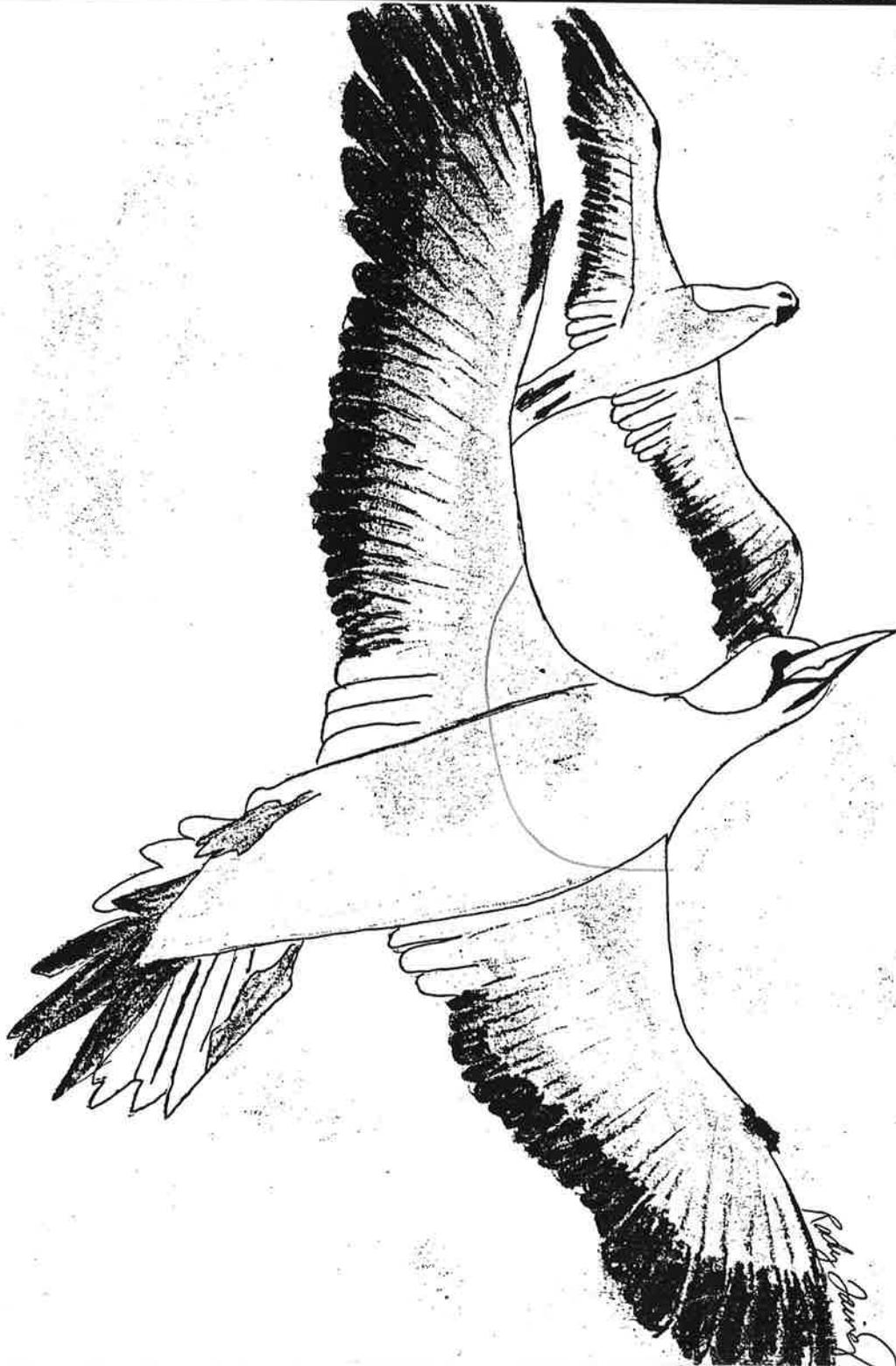


Com-Mini- Cations



Spring Issue, 1992



Mini-School Overview

Mini-School is an alternative program located within Minnetonka High School where ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth graders are working together with a group of teachers to change their attitudes and perspectives. The students come to Mini-School with a history of not succeeding very well in traditional school. Many of them are dangerously close to dropping out of school. Some have dropped out and are returning to give school one more try. They are tired of failing, tired of breaking rules, tired of being identified as negative people in the mainstream school culture.

At Mini-School they begin to put their lives together—in school and out of school. They become part of a school family where they can be themselves without fear of recrimination. In Mini-School they set goals, share responsibilities, solve problems, learn academic skills, learn basic living skills, and have fun.


This supportive family atmosphere encourages students to develop responsibility, accountability, and positive self-esteem. Students are encouraged to view themselves as learners in the holistic sense of the term—intellectual, emotional, physical, and spiritual.

Mini-School began in the 1970-71 school year and is still meeting the needs of students who need a different approach. Mini-School now serves not only the

Minnetonka School district but neighboring districts as well, due to its affiliation with the larger Area Learning Center.

If you know of a student in need of Mini-School, please contact us at 470-3574 or 470-3586.



Minnetonka
Public Schools 

Meandering Through Mini-School

by Doug Berg

The 22nd year of the Mini-School Program is coming to a close. We definitely have a history and a tradition. Old students call us weekly, checking up on the program, letting us know how they are doing, asking for advice. Just the other day Marine Corps Lt. Corporal Don (Howdy) Doty stopped in to say hi from sunny California. Mike Berglund (early 80's) told me that he, Tom Streeter, and Don Streeter, Tom's dad, among others, took a canoe/fishing trip up in the Little Saq-Gabimichigami area in mid-May, the same time I had a Mini-School group up there. Too bad we didn't connect up. Mike's sister, Amy Berglund, also an old Mini-Schooler, is getting married June 13th. Mike Roufs, 1987, called the other night. He'd seen his little sister's yearbook and was upset about lack of coverage of Mini-School. Jeff Kinzer, "Witty," calls regularly to talk about backpacking and canoeing and to reminisce about old Mini-School trips and people. Sherry Cutler of the class of '72, called Randy the other day from her home in New Jersey, just to check on the program. Chuck Fletcher, of the original class of Mini-School, stops by from time to time to tell us of his life, his sobriety, and how the values he learned in Mini-School came together for him a few years later down the road.

The past is connected to the present in many ways. Jim Jensen, JJ (1974 alum.) was my assistant leader on the 3 week study/travel trip to the Southwest and the Grand Canyon. He hit it off well with all the current Mini-Schoolers on the trip. The fact that he had done the same trip with me when he was a student in 1974 helped give a strong sense of that tradition. Another face from the past is Sue Ruffenach ('81). Sue recently shared her life story with the Women's Issues group. She talked about so many aspects of growing up, parents, work, men, etc. Name a women's issue and Sue probably covered it. It was very insightful for the girls in the program. Thanks again, Sue. Throughout the community, former Mini-Schoolers turn up as employers, supervisors, co-workers, and old friends of the current crop of students. And, of course, we have students whose parents (Brian Nelson, Jason

Paulson) or aunts and uncles were in the program. While all this makes me feel older, it's a neat connection, and gives me a lot of pride that Mini-School has served so many students for so long and continues to do so.

One thing that has not changed in 22 years of Mini-School is seniors scrambling around like crazy the last few weeks of school, trying to put all the pieces together in order to acquire the necessary credits for graduation. Big time scramblers this spring include Karlene Knacke, Chris Thompson, Mike Davis, Merton Clark, Joe Verner, Heather Hanily, Jeremy Meyer, Travis Harper, Nikki Namik, and Bill Tews. Somehow, I'm sure they'll all get it done, although some may have to do it this summer or next fall. Ahhh--if they had only listened to the Mini-School staff back in their junior year or early in their senior year.

Mini-School has had many exciting classroom activities going on this spring. Dawn's had science blocks on sex ed., the environment, and how to get acquainted with other students of the world via computer modem hook-up. Lester's had many students making beautiful tie dyes. They've even had a little fundraiser going, tie dyeing shirts leftover from MHS' Violence Free Week and selling them to MHS students. Lynette and LC Para Julie Warren have been a great help to students in the dyeing process. Randy and Doug have had blocks on values, ethics, and sports in America. Mike continues to give a number of our students the practical math skills they need. Randy's had a small group working on a Mini-School scrapbook for the year. Elliot Tan has been the driving force behind this effort.

I briefly mentioned the Mini-School Grand Canyon trip. More mention is merited. The participants - Karlene Knacke, Mike Heuerman, Jesse Carlson, Terry Vincent, Matt Richard, Josh Rockstad, Chad Zaback, and Chris Bagdons - did an excellent job in all respects. They cooperated well, they participated fully in all aspects of the trip, they were excited to learn new things and have new experiences, and they did a superb hike. Also, from May

13th to May 22nd, I led a group of students on a BWCA canoe trip. The participants were Mike Davis, Heather Hanily, Joe Verner, Chris Nelson, Chris Thompson, David Watts, Merton Clark, Karen Leighton, and Jesse Walker. They were an extremely strong group and handled the rigors of canoeing and portaging very well, passing by an Outward Bound group like they were standing still. Randy has also had a couple of bike trips out and some of his super bikers include Jeremy Meyer, Artie McLain, Pat Cretan, Josh Hendrickson, and Ryan Putt. Mini-School alumnus Terry Smith (1978 ?) assisted Randy on the first trip.

It should also be noted , regarding trips, that da Barge, my infamous 1979 Maxi-van which I use for trips, has been running extremely well. All of the credit for this must go to Duane Bagdons, father of Mini-Schooler Chris Bagdons. Da Barge resided at the Bagdons' for most of the month of March as Duane and Chris worked on it, fixed it, healed it, talked nicely to it, and occasionally cursed it. When all was said and done, Da Barge ran better than it has since I bought it.

We have many fine kids in Mini-School, most of whom have never received much school recognition. Because of that, it makes it even more special when they do. I'm proud to announce that Brian Batdorf is the recipient of Minnetonka's Pheonix Award, an award given to a student who has overcome a great deal of adversity. Both of Brian's parents died within the last five years, leaving him literally on his own to manage his education, his finances, and his household. He's done so, and he's hung in there and graduated, fulfilling a promise he made to his mother before she died last year. I can think of no more deserving student than Brian. Also, Brian was a Minnetonka Student of Recognition 3rd quarter. A Student of Recognition earlier this year, Karlene Knacke, has been named a Minnetonka honor student for service and leadership. Congratulations, Brian and Karlene. Another senior to recognize is Bill Tews. He received an Achievement Award in Culinary Arts from Hennepin Technical College. As a result of this award, Bill will be competing at the VICA (Vocational Industrial Clubs of America) Nationals, June 22-27 in Louisville, Kentucky. Good

luck Bill, we're all proud of you! And last but not least, Junior Matt McCrady also received an award from Hennepin Tech for the most improved student in Commercial Arts. Way to go, McCrady!

One more person to mention is former student Zach Benway who stopped by several weeks ago to inform us that he passed his G.E.D. through the 70,001 program. Zach now has plans to be Oregon bound. Congratulations, Zach.

One thing that has changed this year is the terrific involvement of Mini-School parents in the program. The lion's share of the credit for this must go to Pam Larson, mother of Josh Rockstad, who has been primarily responsible for contacting parents, organizing them, and getting them together all year on a monthly basis. The Mini-School parents have given each other support and have given the staff support. They've been involved in fund raising, in discussions of Mini-School curriculum, in the recent school board campaign, and Purgatory Park Clean-Up day. I believe this group will grow and will become an even stronger part of the Mini-School Program.

By the time you receive this, we will have had our 10th Annual Recognition Night. Our guest speaker this year was parent Duane Bagdons. I know I can speak in the future and report that Duane did a fantastic job. Thanks so much to all of you who attended our special night June 9.

To end, we'd like to thank some of the folks that have helped out in their own special ways over the year. Thanks to Jane Garneau, Etta Hines, Bob Conklin, Jay Campbell, Bud Boberg, Marlene Berg, Duane Bagdons, J.J. Jensen, and all of our wonderful parents.



A Tribute to Mike "Cammy" Cameron

by Lester

Many Mini-School alumni recently came together for a very sad reunion. Mike "Cammy" Cameron was killed in a motorcycle accident in Chaska early April. Cammy was 37 years old. He was a semi-truck driver by profession. Ironically, it was a semi that ran in to him and took his life. Cammy always had a smile on his face. He was the kind of guy always willing to help out a friend in need. "Help the man out," was Cammy's motto. I don't believe Cammy had an enemy in the world. How could anybody not love this guy? Cammy came from a very lovable family. I know, because most of his family came through Mini-School. The legendary Cameron family, such good people!

His overwhelming popularity was evident by how many people showed up for two benefits held to help his family out with burial expenses. The first one took place at Pauly's in Chanhassen two days after his death. It was like walking into a Mini-School reunion. So many familiar faces were there. It was very emotional for everyone present. It was good to see all these wonderful people coming together to support each other in their mutual loss of a great friend and brother. More than 2000 dollars were raised that night.

The next benefit was in May at the Z Bar in Chaska. Cammy's favorite local band, Daisy Dillman, played in his honor. Cammy was the band's biggest fan and best friend of Danny, the drummer, for years and years. What a turn out! The place was packed, and again, thousands of dollars were raised. Later that evening, alumnus Tony DeSantis and his wife Stacy hosted a pig roast for everyone. Cammy would have been proud to see all these people come together and organize such a wonderful send off for him.

Cammy, your positive spirit lives on in us all. Rest in peace.

Friendship

by Justin Weitnauer

Friendship is a shoulder

to lean on

is someone to talk to

someone to laugh with

someone to share

but most of all he's

someone who's there

Farewell Jane ! ! !

by Doug Berg

Jane Garneau, long-time employee at Minnetonka High School, is retiring at the end of this year.

Jane, even before her employment at MHS, had a history of reaching out, supporting, and helping needy kids in the Minnetonka community. Since many of these kids turned out to be Mini-Schoolers, Jane's involvement with Mini-School, on a volunteer basis, was strong and good. During her employment at MHS, she's been a good friend and counselor to many Mini-Schoolers. She's provided clothes for Mini-School Homecoming King and Queen candidates, she's been a speaker at Mini-School Recognition Night, and she's managed the Mini-School booster fund, the main Mini-School trip fund.

It would be hard to find someone who has touched all aspects of Minnetonka High School more than Jane has in her time here. We like to think she's had a special spot in her heart for Mini-School, but she's such a neat person she's probably able to make everyone feel that way.

Good bye, Jane, and thanks for the smiles, the laughs, the words of encouragement and support, the caring and love. Like everyone else around here, we sure will miss you.

B.W.C.A. Winter Camping Trip

by Elliot Tan

At a frozen campsite far away, lived eight men. These eight men were huddled around a fire, deep in the woods. They had donned a look of hard, emotionless stone, a cowl needed if one was to survive the conditions these men faced. The wear, the pain, the leathery effect that the woods impose on whoever dares to brave it's conditions, or traverse the gorges of snow and ice, was written deep in the lines of wind burned faces. The dark shadows, playing across their eyes, their red numb noses. The wind froze the saliva as it made its way down whiskery chins.

The wind blew the snow across the frozen lakes, disguising in a matter of hours, what trail there was. Every morning they struggled down the vague path to fill the pots for coffee, oatmeal, and something which resembled boiled bird seed, a staple for the wilderness.

They would sit around the fire, talking, coughing, but mostly digesting. Some would hop off to the growler, their version of an outhouse, while others slowly dragged themselves to the daily chores demanded of them. Chores which kept them alive. Cutting wood, keeping water hot for drink and food. Some hadn't even woke from their restless sleep. When they did, they would be greeted by a dusting of frost from the tent flap. Frost created by breath, frozen as it was expelled.

February 27th, 1992.

"I awoke this morning groggy and a bit disoriented. Fumbling for my watch, I realized that it was about 4:30 am. Usually anyone who attempted to wake me this early regretted the decision later. But today I am filled with vigor and excitement to no end. I am about to embark on a great journey, to explore, to see for myself the wonders of nature.

However, the morning got off to a rather shakey start. Having thought I was organized well enough the night before was a dreadful mistake. Much to my dismay, it took me twice as long as the others to

organize my gear and stow it on da Barge, a large van which is as much a part of Mini as Doug.

Well after the long drive down the Sawbill Trail we finally arrive at the outlet to the Boundary Waters. Doug has stopped the van while others eagerly begin unpacking the gear. After all is packed on sleds, we begin to set out, and I have an uncontrollable zeal for the hike.

It's about 12:30 or so. We have taken a break for awhile to eat lunch and rest up after our arduous journey. Lunch consists of; a slice of half frozen salami, a hunk of cheese, a granola type square called a flapjack, some chocolate and the water in my canteen. I'm so exhausted by the journey thus far that the food seems hardly edible.

We've crossed 3 lakes and two portages. I am the last to come into the group from off the trail. I'm feeling a bit out of place, but I'm sure my attitude will improve once I get my wind and start moving again.

500 some rods, I'm almost done. Just another quarter mile they said, I should be at the camp soon. I tried XC skiing it, but to no avail, I just ended up ruining my skiis.

In an hour or so it will be dark. I must have gone a quarter mile by now. I just realized that I haven't seen anyone for what must be two hours. It's starting to snow. I had better get moving before I get caught up in something I can't handle.

6:30 pm. Oh God, it's so dark. I can barely see what I'm writing. I can't even tell if my pencil is on the paper anymore. My clothes are dreadfully wet. I didn't even change out of my ski boots. My body is shivering, but I no longer can feel it. It's so dark, so damned dark, so cold, I can't see through the snow. If I wait too much longer I'll die. Will they ever find me? Oh God, I don't want to die alone, I'm so alone, please don't let me die."

His scream, his terror carried, and startled every creature in the woods. The boy lay in anguish shivering. He stood. He made his turgid way up the trail, not even noticing, or ignoring, the gear that fell off his supply sled. Every so often his deperate howl was heard. To him his cries seemed to only be heard by the forest, but to his friends, they were all to horrifyingly audible, as they came to rescue him from his imagination.

February 28th, 1992.

"The sun is out this morning. Other than a little cold, I'm feelin' pretty good, good being relative. I guess I went a little scooters last night. Brian and Veto came running and brought me back down to Earth. Around the same time Doug came barreling down the trail. With their help, I clawed my way back to the camp.

We are to go on to our new campsite today. Doug promises it's only another quarter mile to our destination. I hope he is right, I don't think I can handle another night like last. I feel so useless, helpless, like a child. I can't feel this way, I will not allow myself to feel this way. I am fully capable to care for myself, I'll be damned if I let a few feet of snow stand in my way.

11:30 A.M. Well the new campsite was only a mile from the old one. It's still bright, and I feel strong as an ox. "

The group trudged on, the wind licked at their ears. Sun teased them with fleeting moments of warmth. Then over the last mound of frozen earth, lake, portage, camp, home.

February 28th, late afternoon.

"Steve and I immediately chose a spot for our quinzee, a makeshift igloo. Then realizing that our gear was still strapped to the sled, we began the duty of unpacking. Josh and Steve set out to find the growler, while the rest of us began the task of setting up camp.

I must say that I am quite impressed with Steves' progress on the quinzee. Every spare moment he is shoveling. By the end of the day, the snow pile will be monolithic.

We sat down to dinner, which Terry and Youngun expertly prepared. My body is less than receptive tonight. I can't tell why, but my appetite eluded me. Normally a feast like this one would impress my tastebuds so, but the gentle aroma of tomatoes and spices disgusts me tonight. I tried to bring the spoon to my mouth, yet I scarcely had any succes."

The fire crackled in the night, and lit their faces with a red glow. One by one they drifted off to sleeping bags and tents. They waited for sleep, the only refuge from the cold, other than work. Finally it came, the gentle hand of unconciousness, and guided them into a restful world of dreams, sleep and warmth."

February 29th.

"Today we mostly will stay in camp, excluding those times when people go out for wood. I'm felling relatively good. Breakfast, whatever it is, looks scrumptious. The woods are vibrant with life, I am full of life. I have come to terms with my place here in the woods. This is a valuable awakening, to come to terms with one's surroundings, one's place in life.

We spend most of our time working on quinzees and keeping the camp running. I believe this is what is called, in-camp day. Steve has spent much effort on the quinzee. Every now and then I go down and dig him out. I am really quite impressed with his ambition in this task. I believe that either tonight or tomorrow we will be sleeping quite comfortably in our quinzee. Note: bring more pants next time. Also, taller boots, make that 2 pair.

Mission accomplished! The quinzee is completed. Steve and I will be snoozing at a comfortable 30 degrees.

We take turns each night cooking, and unfortunately, cleaning. Tomorrow, Steve and I will have our turn at the stove. Fatty foods. We need fatty foods. The more you eat the warmer you stay at night. It is cold, and time for sleep."

March 1st.

"Morning, cold, hungry, out of the way! Lemme at that growler! Twenty minutes later, and half a roll of TP, I come down for breakfast, coffee and talk. I

realize that today is the dreaded snowshoe hike, then later XC skiing. The skiing I imagine will be easier for me, but the snowshoeing, oh boy.

Ugh! I fell through the slush on the bleedin' lake! I'm soaked up to my thighs. Doug sent me back to camp to get dry, if I didn't I'd probably end up frozen within a half hour. So I changed, cut some wood, cleaned up and tried to organize the camp as best I could. I'm feeling so useless, everytime I try, I screw myself, or the group, up. I guess I'll try to make up the difference when we ski tonight."

March 2nd.

"It's bright and early, we're heading out for a whole day orienteering hike. I believe I am ready for this one. I've got my snowshoes strapped on tight, a light pack, and enough determination to move the mountains. 10:00 maybe 11:00.

I'm thoroughly astounded! I've kept up with the group up to this point. With any luck I'll be able to muster enough energy to hang on their coat tails at least. 12:ish.

We found the lake we set out for, unbelievable! I have accomplished something. I didn't think I could do it. What a glorious feeling. I am still with them! We mastered this task even after Matt lost Doug's prize compass. As a alternative we used my basic REI compass, taking just general readings.

Late afternoon, sometime. We reached the top of Kelso Mt. Here we are stopping for lunch at an old firewatch tower. I don't believe I have ever pushed myself this hard for this long. I think I am about to pass out, twice. It's all downhill from here."

From the trail one could see the cliffs, the ridges glazed with translucent ice. At sundown the frozen peaks have a hauntingly incandescent quality to them, so much so that it entrances the soul. The beauty of the wilderness, astounding, healing, loving.

Tumbling out of the wilderness, they arrived at their frosted home. They ate, talked, laughed. The laughter echoed throughout the natural wonderland.

Morning came, early as usual. The campers got up and immediately began to pack up all the gear. The

group became a seething cauldron of excitement, anticipating their return home.

March 3, 1992.

"As soon as the annual hat hair contest was decided, we begin our long push home. At the very least I know how far we have to go before we come upon da Barge. I'm making it a point to go all out. I must not lag behind. Having pushed myself to the extremes yesterday, I am confident that I can do it again.

Well what do you know, a coupla' lakes an still goin' strong. I hope it lasts.

12:ish. The portage of death, 500 rods, is over. We rest. I want to quit so badly, but Matt won't let me, I thank him for that. We don't stop for long though; it is imperative that we push until we arrive at the Sawbill Trail.

We have arrived! And not too terribly long after the rest of the group. I have never been so ecstatic in my life. The feelings, the emotions, raged from my body without hesitation, to such a point that I am forced to collapse in front of da Barge.

I begin to unstrap my gear and change into some dry clothes. The gear is loaded onto da Barge without hesitation. Once the luggage is on board we mount up, and drive for the cities. Of course we make our stop at the Two Harbors Pizza Hut, gorge ourselves, and spend the remainder of the trip sleeping a deep resounding sleep."

AFTERWORD

In retrospect, I find that the journey which I described for you here, was of a caliber which I was not prepared to deal with. It caught me quite off guard for the first couple of days. That was a bit disturbing to me, because all my life I have strived for control and personal freedom, and to have that control violently ripped from me, well to say the least, it shocked me. What I didn't realize though, was that, in the wild, that control, that freedom is magnified so, that you have no boundaries whatsoever. The woods allows your spirit to soar, untethered by the constraints of societal life.

In our culture we don't have any clearly defined, "rite of passage." Yet for thousands of years, before

the advent of technology, that same rite of passage was a cherished time in a person's life. For years I have been trying to fill that void in my psyche, but to no avail. But now, now I have found it. In the woods buried under three feet of snow. To survive. That's it, simply to challenge yourself like never before and survive. This rite is different for each individual. This trip was the most difficult thing I have ever undertaken, while for others it was a walk in the park.

Each person must be free to find their own rite of passage, their own way. Mine was a challenge, a challenge to my mind, my soul, and my body. I cannot tell if this is yours, only you can. and you won't know unless you try.

I would like to thank the following people who helped shoulder my burden and keep me going when I needed the support most. Thank you. Your kindness will remain in my memory for the rest of my days.

Doug Berg
 Josh Rockstad
 Steve Popplewell
 Matt Richards
 Brandon Marcaccini
 Brian Nelson
 Terry Vincent

With this end, a new beginning.

Earth Summit Rally

by Elliot Tan

On the 28th of May, 1992, a rally in support of the upcoming Earth Summit was held. It took place at the corner of Sixth and Hennepin, downtown Minneapolis. About forty people were in attendance, a good portion of the latter were Minnetonka High School students. At this function there were three speakers, including a lobbyist and an ecologist. The speakers talked on subjects such as, if American power industries would switch to more ecological methods of production, it would generate 10 to 15 times the amount of jobs that are now in place. There are healthy alternatives that would actually give a substantial boost to the economy.

We all stood there, opposite Senator Dave Durenburger's office holding signs that said, "Mr. Bush, we want more than just shaking hands and taking pictures, we want real change at the Earth Summit." The Earth Protectors plan is to keep a vigil on that corner throughout the Earth Summit. If you are interested in getting your message across, to save our dying planet, call Leslie Davis at 375-0202.

Sue Ruffenach: Guest Speaker at Women's Issues

by Kristie Ennis

On Tuesday May 26th. Women's Issues had its final meeting of the year. We enjoyed snacks and the presence of a guest speaker, Sue Ruffenach, a former Mini-Schooler (class of '81) and member of what they then called Women's Studies.

Within the span of about two hours, we were given a chance to hear what Mini-School was like in previous years, and learn more about Sue herself. Sue shared with us what Women's Studies meetings were like. "Every thursday afternoon, a meeting would be held at a different student's home. The meeting would begin with everyone 'pigging out' then we'd move into a discussion on a topic chosen the previous week. There were some great debates." Said Sue. "We could take a topic and really tear it apart, look at it from every angle and still never agree." Sue's fondest memories of high school were in Women's Studies "I would take the class over and over again."

Sue is doing very well for herself. She is now tending bar at Chilis and goes cross country as part of their development team opening other restaurants. Her next goal is to become a part of management Sue is proof that greatness can, and does come out of Mini-School.

Congratulations Sue, and thanks!

Women's Issues Sleepover

by Sharon Korzendorfer

On May 7, 1992, three brave souls met at the High School at 4 o'clock for what we thought would be a fun evening at Dawn's house.

We all piled into Dawn's van. We, meaning my self, Karen Kenefick, Kristie Ennis, Dawn Norton, and Lester. After Dawn drove us through boonie land, we finally made it to downtown Deleno. We did our grocery shopping for the night, but it was hard to keep track of everyone because we all know how big Deleno is.

When we reached Dawn's humble home, we unloaded all of our junk and went inside. There we were greeted by her son Jay who was dressed in a suit-like thing to impress us. What a nice gesture. I wonder how much she paid him.

As Dawn, Lester and Dawn's special friend Mr. Wilkes sat around and talked, we played volleyball with her looney kids. Did you know Dawn has crazy neighbor kids, too? It must be something in the water, who knows.

Finally after a long wait, the Mary Kay lady showed up in her pink Cadillac. It turns out she went to Minnetonka Schools and had Mr. Wilkes for a teacher. Her name is Laura Robideau. We all got to draw lines on our faces and Dawn was freaking out because she has very low ears. So now when you talk to her don't stare too much at them, it makes her uneasy. At about 9:30 Heather Hanily and Heather Downs finally found Dawn's house. How unfortunate that they were late and missed out on all that fun. Lester and Heather Downs kept talking about the career possibilities with Laura, so she stayed until 12:30.

At about 1:00 a.m., we ate the bread that Dawn and her special friend had made, but they forgot the yeast so it didn't rise. Isn't that just her luck! We then went downstairs and started to watch a movie. I remember thinking to myself, boy, are we up late!! Then I fell fast asleep.

The next morning we were awakened by Lynette walking in the door with our breakfast. After we ate, we packed up and headed towards the high school to end a wonderful time at Dawn's.

Hey Dawn, please don't take this too offensively. You know that we still love you (a little hee, hee) and if you invited us over again we would jump at the chance. THANKS!!!

Purgatory Park Clean-Up

by Elliot Tan

On April 25th 1992, Mini-School and Scenic Heights Elementary teamed up to clean Purgatory Park, as they do every year for the Minnetonka adopt-a-park program. People began to arrive at the park around 9:30, and by ten, everyone was there. We all split up into groups and took to the cleansing. Some went down to clean the walking path, some went off to clean the woods and others picked up trash in the main area.

We at Mini-School would like to thank; Nancy Albright, Scenic Heights Elem., beverages and popcorn, and Mini-School Parent Support Group members, Pam Larson, Marlene Zaback, and Clarence Richard, for the bountiful feast afterwards and the tools to cook it.

Famous Quote

by Pat Conroy

*author of The Prince of Tides

Teach them the quiet words of kindness, to live beyond themselves. Urge them towards excellence, drive them toward gentleness, pull them into yourself, pull them upward to adulthood, but softly like an angel arranging clouds. Let your spirit move through them softly, as your spirit moves through me.

St. Louis Park Vs. Minnetonka

A Change for the Better

by Kristie Ennis

my name is Kristie Ennis, and I am a new student at Minnetonka High School, and the Mini-School program. I have been at Tonka since the beginning of the year, and in the Mini program since winter break. When I first came to Tonka, I sort of had a preconceived idea of what it would be like. Known as the "New Kid" for the entire year, I would be basically ignored by everyone, treated like dirt, the way it would be if you were a new student at Park. Though coming to Tonka was a pleasant surprise. I found myself being welcomed with open arms and made some good friends.

If you had gone to St. Louis Park schools all your life as I had, you would think that all schools are just like Park because that is what you know. Nothing could be farther from the truth! After being at Tonka for the short time I have, I realized what a school is supposed to be like, where there are people there to help you with your problems and find out what works best for you, where people actually care.

Some of you may be wondering why I transferred to Tonka after going to Park all my life, others of you may not care, but I am going to tell you anyway.

On January 4, 1990, I was assaulted in the back of a school bus by a group of other students. The event was not of the silent nature - yet the bus driver never intervened, nor acknowledged the assault. The kids who beat me up finished off by saying that should I tell on them - I would get it worse the next time, so I kept my mouth shut! I arrived at school. My first hour teacher, seeing my swollen and bruising face and head, was under the mistaken belief that my appearance was the result of parental abuse and reported her suspicion. The counselor (and I use the term loosely), to whom the suspicion was reported, pulled me out of class to talk to me. I told the counselor what happened. Then I asked to call and go home, as my head, face, and neck hurt. My request was denied. However, I was never sent to the school

nurse, nor was I given ice for my black eye or the lumps on my head. I then asked the counselor to call and tell my parents what had happened, her answer, "That isn't a very good idea." I was left alone at that time to listen to relaxation tapes, regain my composure, calm down - then I was sent back to class. The school never contacted the police or my parents. By law any abuse to a minor perpetrated by another minor or an adult has to be reported within 24 hours once knowledge of the abuse is known. I arrived home almost 8 hours after the assault and my parents first learned of the day's events. To say they were angry would be an understatement! In one of the many conversations my parents had with the school principal, they asked why they were not notified. They were told, "Some parents don't want to be called, therefore we do not call." Some policy huh? My parents were livid! Later, the school counselor, during another of our little "talks," suggested that maybe I brought on the attack because I was feeling sad over the death of my Grandmother. It's taken me two years and a lot of therapy to realize that what I should have said to this woman was "BULL****!" "Did she subscribe to the theory that people who may feel sad - can be beaten up / should be, or ask for it? That being sad justifies an act of violence? The police were informed only after my parents informed the school authorities they were tired of getting the run-around. Four days was long enough to report the assault, my parents would take matters into their own hands.

What happened to me is but one incident where Park failed to be responsible - there have been numerous beatings, tapings, even a stabbing - the police were not called. Park has a "BIG" problem, with violence among its students, drugs, attendance, social problems, and the drop-out rate. Park, a "National School of Excellence," is not in my opinion. Oh they do spend lots of money : per pupil, administrative/support, building, and bus transporta-

tion, some of the highest spending in the state - but the price the students pay because Park chooses to turn a blind eye to any human problems, needs or concerns is high. They are too busy patting themselves on the back saying, look how much funding we are getting, what a good job we must be doing, aren't we wonderful, how wonderful we are! But what is the cost of this "Excellence?" Park needs to address some tough problems and stop looking through rose colored glasses.

Anyway, here I am at Tonka, an awesome school with a wonderful staff. I can't say enough about everyone especially all the people involved in and with Mini. It's nice to be going to a REAL school where people actually care about what's going on. The differences between Park and Tonka are those of night and day. I know that no school is perfect but I can truly say that I do appreciate what Minnetonka has offered me. Academically, I think Tonka is ahead of Park because when I first came here I really felt dumb, and wasn't that bad of a student. I have noticed that the teachers here really stay on top of EACH student's progress. I get the feeling that no student is going to slip through the cracks without a concerned teacher seeing some sign and acting on it.

At Park a program like Mini was for "stupid" kids and looked down upon by others. At Tonka, Mini offers great opportunities to gifted, talented students that you could never get anywhere else. Yes, the program can be abused, but for the students who want to be there and learn, I can think of no better place if the program is right for you. Some students think that you do nothing in Mini and you "buy your credits" by going on trips. This is not the way it is. In the program you do work just like the mainstream. Sometimes you are put on a contract, and if you don't hold up your end of the deal, you're out! Mini-School is not a free ride.

To sum this all up, I hope my story will give you something to think about. We are lucky to be here at Minnetonka. Thanks goes out to the Tonka Football team for "Punishing Park!" Also, thank you all for making me feel welcome, and Mini for letting me be part of the "family."

Pain

by Kristie Ennis

TOO PAINFUL TO REMEMBER
 TOO HORRIBLE TO FORGET
 THE TIME HAS COME
 TO FACE THE REALITY OF MY PAST
 YOU LET ME DOWN, AND HURT ME
 THAT CANNOT BE DENIED
 IN A SENSE A PART OF ME DIED
 WHO AM I?
 I HONESTLY DON'T REMEMBER
 NO JOKE, THIS IS PURE TRUTH
 I HAVE THE POWER
 TO REGAIN MY SELF WORTH
 YOU ARE MULTIPLE WHILE I AM ONE
 I HAD NO CHANCE, HOW UNJUSTLY DONE
 HURTING ME TO BETTER YOURSELF
 YOU TRULY BETTERED ME
 I AM A NEW PERSON NOW
 MORE FIT TO LIVE IN THE REAL WORLD
 YOU CAUSED ME PAIN BUT NOW I SEE
 YOU HAVE BEEN CAUSED PAIN TOO
 BUT NOTHING WILL EVER COMPAIR
 TO THE PAIN I WILL CAUSE YOU.

Live for the Moment

by Kristie Ennis

Live for the moment
 Mean what you say
 Capture your lifetime
 Don't let it slip away
 Life is a gift
 Don't throw it away
 So many people, what would they pay
 You have a choice
 They have a dream
 Do you realize how ungrateful you seem
 Yeah life is hard
 I won't deny it
 You have to try
 You have to fight it
 Things will get better
 After the rain
 Awake from your nightmare
 Start fresh again
 Life's what you make it
 Go for the gold
 Don't let your story be left untold...

The 1992 Mini-School Southwest Trip

by Chad Zaback

Another Mini-School trip has successfully journeyed through one of the world's seven wonders without injury or critical complications.

This wonder I speak of is the one and only Grand Canyon. My first words upon arrival were simply, "Wow, that's BIG!" That place is really...well...words can't describe all the beauties and mysteries it has to offer. The only way you could even begin to comprehend the magnificence would be to visit it yourself. Even then it is impossible to catch all the splendor.

Anyway, our journey began Tuesday April 7th. We drove through the night to arrive in Colorado Springs mid-morning Wednesday. The drive there wasn't bad, with one exception—Mike Heuerman's feet. That boy should see a doctor about those before some clean air group gets after him for pollution.

Other than that, everything went fine. Da Barge was running strong and not leaking any oil. Da Barge is a 1979 Dodge Maxi-Van owned and operated by the one and only Doug Berg. About a month prior to the trip Chris Bagdons and his dad donated most of their spare time to patch up da Barge and give it a complete physical. They fixed oil leaks, put in new plugs, etc. Thanks guys for a job well done.

The rest of the drive was enjoyable, but boring at times. Jesse said he was having the best time of his life—and we were only in Iowa! Just imagine how he felt when we got to the Canyon.

Now the first long drive is over and we're here at Colorado Springs, Colorado. We stayed at the National Guard Armory—hot showers, a kitchen, and everything. It was a good place to straighten everything up and get some directions set. That night we enjoyed a spaghetti dinner prepared by Doug and J.J. J.J., Jim Jensen, is a Mini-School Vet, class of '74, and a great cook. Later that day, we went to the "Garden of the Gods." It is a national part with some huge rock formations that make for great climbing. This was the first day we attempted any type of physical task other than walking or playing hackie.

Personally, I have a slight fear of heights, nothing incurable, with a little adrenaline rush. But suddenly, I found myself about 600 feet off the ground looking down a sheer cliff at da Barge. It looked like a matchbox car and the people looked like little G.I. Joe figures. So, after Chris and Terry calmed me down and took off the handcuffs, we proceeded downward. Unfortunately, we chose to take a different route down than we had taken up, only to find a sheer cliff at the end of the trail. This set us back about an hour and made us late for lunch. Finally we reached our downward destination. We ate lunch and spent the rest of the day checking out gift shops and informational type buildings. No more heights for me—not for a while anyway.

From the park, we went back to the grocery store, time to get supplies for a real meal (or so I thought). We headed back to the reserve for a spaghetti dinner. Sounds good and it was—with one exception. The noodles were not your average everyday pasta noodles. They were made from spinach. It actually turned out okay. However, Josh wouldn't have anything to do with it if it was green or had any vegetables in it. Anyway, we crashed for the evening and awoke early the next morning to prepare for one big day ahead.

We drove to the Rio Grande Gorge and arrived early afternoon and started packing our gear. Meanwhile, a couple of people were playing football and tossed the ball over the edge. Mike, Matt, and Josh went to retrieve it. On the way down, Matt fell on a cactus and again on the way up. Once they finally got back up, we all hiked down. Our campsite was just the sweetest one you've ever seen. There was a little spring-fed stream running next to it and the Rio Grande River was in front. That night we roasted hot dogs over the fire. The best meals are those that don't require dishes, simply because it tastes better when you have less to clean up. The next day we hiked out anticipating a two hour hike, but no, Doug had to take the long way out. Eventually we reached the top and crashed right there, I mean right there! I don't

remember what we did that night except that we had a huge fire that almost set the trees ablaze. I was pretty tired.

The next day it took us about two hours to break camp, load up and leave. Once we finally got on the road it didn't take long to reach our destination: Taos Pueblo. Unfortunately, everything was closed up due to religious ceremonies so we went to the town of Sante Fe and visited the older part of town. Most everybody agreed it was the best day yet. We checked out the sights and sounds and I bought some of the things I forgot to pack: toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, shampoo, a towel, shorts, a flashlight, dishes—just to mention a few. So, I ended up spending a good portion of my souvenir money on forgotten necessities.

In the town square, Matt, Josh, & Mike were hacking with a couple of locals, one of them shared a striking resemblance with Matt, kind of a big brother looking dude.

Anyway, that night we headed for the mountains. It's kind of weird seeing snow the same day you were walking around in 100 degree weather. The people on the way were, for the most part, very friendly & talkative.

One older Indian gentleman Chris & I were talking to asked us about the 10,000 lakes and wanted to know who counted all of them!

That night it got down to a chilly 40 degrees. Meanwhile, back home it was 15-20 and snowing (ha! ha!). The next day we were ready to roll by 7:30, too early, way too early. We headed to El Morro National Park. If there is anything I have learned on this trip, it would be how to spell BEAUTIFUL!

When we got there they had a sign-in book with a comment line. I said that it was relaxing and beautiful. J.J. gave me a hard time about it until I spelled it correctly.

That afternoon was a layover type day, time to catch up on the book Doug gave us to read. Before we left he gave us all Tony Hillerman's Dance Hall of the Dead. No it's not a life story of Jerry Garcia, it's a mystery, with a lot of hard to follow, separate stories within the main plot. The book took place in

New Mexico, so we had a chance to see a lot of the places described in the book. So all in all, the book was cool, hard to follow at times, but interesting none the less.

While staying at El Morro, we visited Zuni Pueblo. It's a very small Indian city in New Mexico, about a 20 minute drive from El Morro. In Zuni we started out at the gift shops and tourist traps. The jewelry is really nice. It is mostly turquoise and silver and overpriced. We then visited a church that was described in the book. It was weird because I walked in and felt like I had been there many times before.

Next, we went to the Pueblo of Zuni and a trading post. Every time we stopped at the place that had pictures or things that would look cool, JJ would buy something for his house. It is slightly understandable because he just bought a new house in Chanhassen and he needs to decorate it. I wouldn't be surprised that if you walked into his house it would be just like walking into the Southwest United States.

That evening, we got the only rain that we got on the entire trip. Right after we took everything out of the tents to air out, it downpoured for 30 minutes. Not only was everything already full of sand, but it kept getting sandier since everything was so wet. Terry and I had just finished cleaning da Barge when the rain started. Everybody started throwing their packs into da Barge so they wouldn't get wet. Our spotless vehicle was now all full of sand. It looked like we had never touched it. Luckily, Karlene did a nice job cleaning it in the morning and all was forgotten.

The next day we headed to the Trinity Presbyterian Mission Hall. Showers!!! Yes showers! After everyone got showered, & settled in we waited for the secret recipe—super turbo-charged chili which was created by Matt "Meatball" Richard and Chef T. Vincent. About ten minutes into the process they realized they didn't have enough sauce. So Terri & Matt went back to town for more. Eventually after countless trials and many errors, the chili was done. It tasted real good even though it didn't taste like chilly.

The next day we did our laundry. However, Chris and I had some trouble with our drier. It didn't attack us or anything but it did put a lot of burns, stains, and

holes in our clothes. After that fiasco we returned to the Mission and enjoyed leftover chilly (yum, not!).

Mid afternoon we headed to Canyon De Chelly (De-Shae). We hiked down, & at the bottom there was a small stream, we had to cross Thanks to the brave efforts of Rockstad, we found the deepest part of the stream. After Josh dried out & quit yelling, we headed up & out.

That night we enjoyed yet another spaghetti dinner. This time J.J. made it with normal ingredients. Good stuff; cheesy garlic bread & the works.

After a good night's rest, we were packed & on the road by 6:30 am.

A 4 hour drive and we finally reached our destination, the Grand Canyon.

Unfortunately, this article has to be continued in the fall issue of

COM-MINI-CATIONS.

Working at Children's World

by Ronilyn Rasmussen

When I first started out looking for a job I didn't know what to look for. I knew I didn't want an old crab for my boss. Also I didn't want to work in the food business again for awhile. I knew I really wanted to work with children. So I started looking for a child care place to work at. I called around the High School area and found out that Children's World had an opening. So my friend and I went and picked up applications and filled them out. About a week later I called back and went in for an interview. It went really well. I knew if I got it, it would be great. I went in to start work the following day.

My job at Children's World is an Aide, which means I help the teacher or assistant teacher do different tasks. I work with kids around the age of 2 or 3 years

old. I help take the kids outside and play with them, read to them and watch them, and most of all be there for them. Mostly I just make sure they're okay.

The kids are really different. Some are quiet and others are real pains in the butt. It takes the kids a little while to get used to the people at the center, but once they do they trust everybody. I found out that if I got involved with them and played with them it was more fun. They have their moments, but all of them sooner or later are real sweet hearts.

We discipline the kids by talking with them and then if they don't listen to us, we sometimes separate them from the kids for a little bit until they learn what they have done is wrong. They sometimes get mad at us but it is good for them to learn.

The parents at the center are really friendly to talk to. It is fun to get to know them better. We tell the parents what the kids have done in school. It is real important to talk to the parents. On the board in the room is a paper that the parents can read that tells what the kids have done that day.

Why I decided to work there is because I have always liked working with kids and have always enjoyed it a lot. When I'm there a lot of my troubles go away. The kids make me act like a kid and they make me happy. I have been told that I'm really patient and work well with kids.

It is a really good job to have. The people are friendly and easy to work with.

Working at Children's World has helped me find out if this is what I want to do in the future. Right now I'm deciding between two careers. I'm also considering being a Nurse Aide. I'm thinking of working at a nursing home to see what that would be like. I know these experiences will help me in the future to decide on the best career for me. Although at this point, I would enjoy working with kids more. It would also help me if I plan on having kids of my own some day.

My Jobs

by Jeremy Borash

I would now like to take the time to tell you about my jobs. Not because I am proud of them, but because they are so interesting. They are all (and I have 3 part-time jobs) so different from each other and that's what makes it so interesting.

My most time consuming job is at the Chaska based company "Nordictrack." I usually spend about 20 hours a week as a Customer Service Representative (that basically means I listen to complaints). It's a great job, with great pay, and great people to work with.

I spend my Saturday nights as a mobile disc jockey for Best Music Agency out of Minneapolis. What that basically means is I bring about 2,000 pounds of DJ equipment in and set it all up. I usually spend four hours entertaining people that are so drunk they can hardly walk. When I work a wedding, the time usually consists of kissing up to the bride. When the clock strikes midnight, I pack all that equipment back up in the van and head home.

Sometimes if the people are cool, and I did a good job, they'll invite me back to their hotel rooms for the post-party-party. The job isn't always easy money though. It involves a tremendous amount of kissing butt. One also needs a good sense of the city, since the agency tells you where and when, and then the rest is up to the DJ. A night as a DJ always proves to be interesting.

My third and final job is my favorite, without question. I wake up at 4:45 every Saturday morning to do my weekly shift at KKCM, a radio station out of Shakopee. It can get a bit long at times, but I'm very lucky to have a radio job in this town. The reason I enjoy it so much is because the station's General Manager recently gave me my own hour and a half radio talk show every Saturday morning at 8:30 am. At the time I am writing this, I will be starting the show in two weeks.

Although I wouldn't give these jobs up for the world, it can get to be a little too much at times. When things get rough, I have to realize I'm getting great training for my career in broadcasting. I really hope the time I've put in at these jobs will somehow pay off.

Bonjour! Ni Hao! Hola! Hello!

by Rady Taing

Have you ever considered what it would be like to be able to speak two or more different languages fluently? All the time, right? I thought so. Well, I'm here to tell you what it's like.

First of all, if you didn't know, I'm part Cambodian and part Chinese. I know how to speak Cambodian, and I'm in French at school, but at home I speak English. My parents know how to speak English, but at home they speak Cambodian. Pretty weird, I know. I live there.

When my friends come over to my house, they find our conversations strange. One party would speak Cambodian and the other party would speak in English. Although strange, people find it very interesting. Just listening holds their attention. It makes you wonder how we can understand each other. To us, the thought doesn't even cross our minds.

As I was growing up, my parents spoke Cambodian to me as I was learning English in school at the same time. You might think it would be hard and confusing for a young child, but it wasn't. As a matter of fact, that's the best and most simplistic time to learn a second language. It's hard to believe, but it's true. Just think how hard it is to learn a second language at your age now. It's ten times easier when you're a small child just starting to learn how to talk. Well, that's how I was taught to speak two languages.

Sometimes when my parents are speaking to me or to each other, I try to imagine myself not knowing how to speak Cambodian just to hear what the language itself sounds like. It's practically impossible, but I can do it if I really try hard enough. I have to laugh when I listen to how it sounds. It just amazes me when I realize that I understand the weird noises that come out of my parents' mouths. I can just imagine how someone who doesn't understand it must feel.

There are still lots of words that I don't know yet, but I hope to learn them eventually. I must admit that I'm not a master at it, but I know enough to be

able to communicate with somebody. I feel lucky to be able to know how to speak a different language. Especially when you're with someone else who knows how to speak the same language as you do. You'd be able to say anything you wanted without anyone else understanding. It's quite an advantage.

There are disadvantages, also. When you speak a different language around other people, they always assume that you are speaking about them. This really angers them and causes an uncomfortable situation. They want to know what you've said if you say that you weren't talking about them. You can't do this, because you really were talking about them in the first place. So, you have to make up a story about what you were talking about and it all ends up in a big mess.

I think that that's the only disadvantage of knowing how to speak a second language. At least the only one that I can think of right now. I'm proud to have that ability and I hope to learn many other different tongues to speak in the future. I've come to learn how to respect other languages and request the same of others. It might sound weird to you, but English might sound just as weird to them.

Communicating is more than just knowing how to speak the same language. It's body language, eye contact, and most important, mutual respect.

Au revoir! Zia jian! Adios! Good-bye!

Old Student's View of Mini-School

by Matt McCrady

My name is Matt McCrady and this is my third year in the Mini-School program. I was one of the first freshman ever to enter the program. Thank God! My freshman year was a bad year for me. I screwed up really bad. So they let me in disregarding the grade I was in. Since I first got in, I've seen a lot of changes. I have also seen a lot of changes in myself. Some students come in here with attitudes (sort of anti-social), but the other students always make it easy

and accept the newer students and make them one of the clan. From my experience, I've noticed that many of the students who enter the program have done a lot of good for themselves. Although you can't really change a person, the Mini-School staff have done the best I've seen in helping troubled students change themselves. Of course some students don't want to change but the Mini staff does their best.

Everything seems different from when I first entered the program. Almost all the old students are gone, with the exception of the people in my grade, and those few unlucky older students (13th graders) who are struggling to graduate. Some students come in here with attitudes (sort of anti-social), but the other students always make it easy and accept the newer students and make them one of the clan. Mini-School in my opinion is the best thing that's ever happened to this school. And I'm glad to be a part of it.

The Road to Nowhere

by Nikki Namik

"I was looking back on my life, and all the things I've grown to be, I'm still looking for the answers, And I'm just trying to find the key." (Road to No Where, Ozzy Osbourne)

Graduation. For some it means long hours of hard work & commitment (yeah, right!). For others it means kickin back & enjoying the ride. Then there are some of us who will barely squeeze through the cracks.

Senior year- fun, fun, fun, right? Party time. The year to be lazy & enjoy the last year of prison. Right? Only if you play your cards right. But usually it's not.

Most of us start out with the intent of somewhat working towards graduation. Then "Senioritis" sets in. Boredom. You start to get lazy; skipping class, slacking off, sleeping during classes. Then comes stress. You find out that graduation might not be in the too near future. Another year of prison maybe? No way man!

You run around trying to scrape up any available bits of credit you can, hoping it will pull you through. Whether it be R.A.P. (Ridgedale Alternative, Mound Alternative Program, P.A.C. (Prairie Alternative Center), Vo-tech, or work.

But what- it's 87 degrees out. The sun is shining. Nokomis is calling out your name. Or maybe basketball. Well, skipping Vo-tech one day can't hurt, right? Wrong! Getting dropped from Vo-tech won't exactly help you towards graduation.

Last quarter stress is equivalent to hell. Trust me. I speak completely from experience. Every day you wonder , "will I miss by 1/2 credit?" "Will I be stuck in jail another semester?"

And of course if college is on the fall agenda, not graduating could put a little spin on things. So if you are among the kicked back & worriless graduates, congratulations! If you are like me & praying like heck you graduate, good luck. I hope to see you on stage June 10th!

Oh, some advice to the the classes of 93,94, & 95- save your screwing around for your Senior year. And make it your only Senior year. You don't really wanna be here any longer than necessary. Do you?

Mini-School Bike Trip

by Josh Hendrickson

Day 1. At about 6:00am Josh Kilen, Artie McLain, Ryan Putt, Jeremy Meyers & Myself met at Perkins on Highway 7 to put all the stuff in Randy's van. There was an ex-Mini-School student along, Terry Smith. After everything was loaded up we left for Northfield.

When we got to Northfield we ate breakfast at a Perkins look-a-like. The food was not too bad. After breakfast we drove to Nerstrand Wood State Park to set up camp. We finally got camp set up. Then we left for Northfield.

The ride to Northfield seemed really long because of the killer head wind. There were lots of hills, but the worst were the long steady climbs with a head wind of about 15 mph. Then after a long ride of ups and

downs and gusts up to 20mph we finally made it to Northfield.

Northfield was a pretty small town, but there were two colleges, Carelton and St. Olaf. The Carelton campus seemed really small. St. Olaf was a lot bigger and a lot nicer. All the buildings were similar in their style. We had to find out things on each school like number of students, cost, courses and stuff like that. College is not one of the cheapest things on the planet.

We went to the bank that stopped the Jesse James gang, then we cruised around Northfield for awhile. Randy gave us some questions to find the answers for like what industries are in Northfield. There was a small protest at the armory about something in L.A. The protesters handed out a sheet of chants that we were supposed to join in on. It was all pretty stupid.

Day 2. Randy attempted to get us up 7:00am but it took awhile. The night before we had put the bikes on top of the van, so we were ready to go right after everybody was up. We ate breakfast in Cannon Falls at some bar & grill. After we were done eating breakfast we filled up the water bottles there and headed out to the Cannon Valley Trail. We rode on that just back up into town and then we took a series of highways to Red Wing.

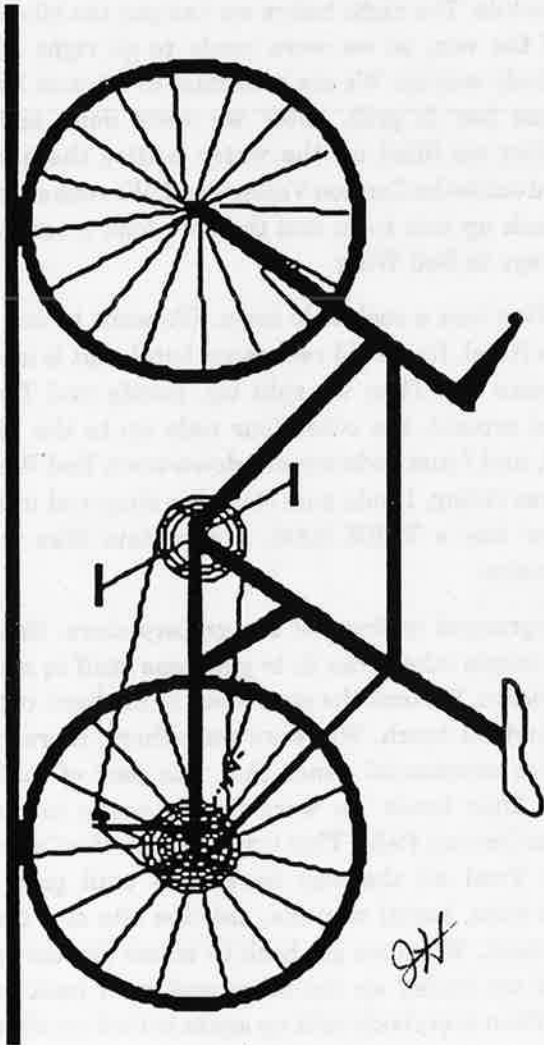
Red Wing was a cool little town. We went to the St. James Hotel. Its an old renovated hotel that is about 100 years old. Then we split up. Randy and Terry walked around, the other four rode up to the high school, and I just rode around down-town Red Wing. As I was riding, I rode past this bike shop and in the window was a TREK 9000, a mountain bike with suspension.

We re-grouped in front of the grocery store. Randy and a couple others ran in to get some stuff to make sandwiches. We took the stuff down to the bank of the river and ate lunch. While we were there, there was a Indian ceremonial dance that was part of Indian Week. After lunch we were finally ready to head back to Cannon Falls. This time we took the Cannon Valley Trail all the way back. The trail goes by village sites, burial mounds, and the site of a train derailment. When we got back to where the car was parked we loaded up the bikes and went back into town. Then everybody split up again to find out things

about Cannon Falls. After about a half an hour to an hour, we regrouped and went back to camp. This day was my favorite.

Day 3. Once again we had to get up early and we didn't get to eat breakfast until after an hour of riding. We ate at some restaurant with a breakfast menu. The food was really good. After everyone got done eating breakfast we started riding. That's all we did. No town to ride through. No nothing. We rode up some path a ways and then turned around and went back to Fairbault. Then we rode back to camp, packed up and left. We got back to school, un-loaded and then that was it.

So after a trip like this with winds from 15-30 mph and some pretty killer hills, it was, in a way, nice to see Minnetonka High again. I would definitely go on another bike trip another time.



The Pig Report

by Lester

I suppose I should start by reporting that Annabelle is still alive and well and continues to live in my kitchen. Since my last report, I severely tore a muscle in my back putting the 50+ pound Annabelle down oh so gently in a shallow pool of water. She had gotten into some mud so I was trying to get her little hooves clean before returning her to the freshly mopped kitchen floor. That caused me to miss an entire week of school. I now have a heightened compassion for all who suffer back pain. Ooh, did that smart!

Anyway, shortly after that incident, my husband Stymie took Annabelle in for a little operation. We tired of her Pig M.S. every twenty one days. Annabelle would wander around the kitchen, crying and bleating. We'd let her outside and she'd run off into the woods looking for the boar of her dreams. She'd also have that occasional accident on the livingroom floor during those tortuous days of her mating cycle. We couldn't stand it anymore, she had to be fixed!

Annabelle's recovery went quite smoothly until Stymie had to return her to the vet to have her stitches removed. The vet and Stymie both tried to get Annabelle to lie down calmly on the table. I really wondered how that would go. My hunch was right, it did not go well at all. Anna would not lie down. So the vet decided that perhaps the procedure could be completed in a standing position. NOT! Anna was truly not cooperating. The next attempt involved getting a third helper to hold Anna down so the good doctor could do his thing. Stymie apologized for our little piggy friend as she began her hideous squeeling. He shared with the vet that he hoped there wouldn't be a drop in business as the folks in the waiting room, with their cute little dogs and cats, listened to Anna's escalating screams of terror from the back room. Stymie admitted upon his return home that his ears were still ringing from the terrible sound.

Several months have now passed since the spaying, and I must say, it wasn't the answer to our piggy problems. It took us a week and a half to figure out why Anna would no longer use her litter box. Finally, my husband discovered that because I had given

Anna generic litter instead of Tidy Cat, she had refused to use the box. She preferred the entryway of our humble abode. It is a lovely experience coming home day after day, to a big puddle of piggy pee as you walk through the door. I have found it makes it very difficult for one to keep a positive outlook.

Last week, we had nearly had it. Stymie came home at lunch to check on our little friend. She had not only piddled in the entryway, but knocked over the coat rack as well, sending most of its contents into an ocean of pig urine on the floor! He scolded Anna, cleaned up the mess and returned to work. Three hours later, he came back home at the end of his day only to discover that Anna had made a repeat performance. This time, the rest of the jackets were soaked. Stymie took a long run that day to ponder the situation. His first thought was to off the poor beast with Grampa Seamans' shotgun, but on second thought, he decided he didn't have the nerve.

We decided that day Anna definitely had to go. Stymie called the vet to see if he knew anyone needing a pig. It was a start. We both took on an "I don't care attitude." That afternoon we let Annabelle wander off into the woods. We sat looking on from the deck. We were extremely relaxed, very resigned in our decision. We figured maybe someone else would take care of our problem for us. Five minutes later, the kids came out to tell us a neighbor had called to let us know that Anna was in their yard eating acorns and we should come get her. What thoughtful people!

Since all this, Anna has shaped up. Stymie put a board up across the entryway and Anna uses her Tidy Cat box again. Last night, she was all cuddled up on the livingroom floor with the whole family fighting over her. "I wanna be next to Anna."

When we let her out alone now, she always goes to the same spot by the neighbors who fed her potato salad one day. She never seems to go far, but we're thinking about building her a pigpen out back so she can be out longer periods of time and not in my barricaded kitchen.

What parents won't do to have a great pet experience for the kids. We keep talking about a luwau this

summer. It's hard to say right now if Annabelle will be there wearing a lei around her neck or an apple in her mouth. It's a very up and down experience having a pig for a pet.

John Mellencamp

by Jeremy Borash

On a cold March evening, John Mellencamp played the Target Center on his "Whenever We Wanted Tour." Not like you are interested, but I went down to the Target Center with absolutely no tickets. We arrived and asked the box office what kind of seats they could give us. It turned out that the minute we asked for the tickets, the willcall seats that were not picked up were just put on sale. We ended up with seats right on the side of the stage on the lower level. People had to camp out to get those kind of seats... so we were happy.

The stage was red with light decorations hanging throughout the entire building, but it still gave a relatively plain feeling. I believe that was his intention. His stage backdrop consisted of three Mellencamp paintings with classical music in the background. Mellencamp's opening act was a juggler. Although he hadn't even taken the stage, he had already put on an interesting show and set a mood.

Mellencamp opened the show in darkness and an ear blasting rap-like drumbeat which evolved into "Love and Happiness." Mellencamp then followed with "Paper in Fire," "Jack and Diane," and an interesting acoustical version of "Again Tonight."

The only low part of the show was when he got political and asked why it was so hard to vote in America, then stated that people should be able to vote over the pone. It just didn't fit in with the show very well.

He continued with his well known songs. He had no special explosion or light effects, his music was sufficient entertainment to keep the 17,000 fans happy. His final song, "Cherry Bomb," was done with all of the house lights on and ended one of the most enjoyable concerts I have ever attended.

Another Mellencamp Review

by Raeann Rasmussen

Anticipation was all my brother and I felt on the way Downtown Sunday, March 8th. We were off to the John Mellencamp concert at the Target Center.

Arriving in our seats about 7:30, we anxiously waited for 8:00 to roll around. We passed the time by trying to block the classical music in the background out of our heads and by gazing around at all the people. Although I wasn't surprised that the majority of the crowd was adults, I expected there to be a few more kids than what I had observed.

Anyway, about 7:45 this dude came rolling out onto the stage on a unicycle and attempted to entertain us. After wheeling around on stage for what seemed like too long, he jumped off and juggled for us. He juggled knives, rings, flashlights, and these fluorescent hankerciefts that looked really cool. This was the usual stuff everybody's seen before, but it still amused me somewhat in a sad kind of way. The crowd was getting restless and was chanting "Cougar" and yelling at the guy to "get a job." So with sarcastic, impatient claps the guy exited the stage.

Twenty minutes after the scheduled starting time the lights went down and the crowd went wild. Then without any kind of an announcement the band appeared on stage and started playing "Love and Happiness." Then Mellencamp came out and started singing right away. We were up on our feet jammin', it was great! To tell you the truth, I wasn't so sure about going to this concert with my brother. Just because I thought that I would've felt uncomfortable jammin' in front of him. I've never really done that before besides a few times when he's walked in on me unexpectedly. It wasn't bad at all, him and I were both groovin'."

So back to the review. It was such a sing-a-long when he sang "Jack and Diane." It was really cool. He played about 8 more killer tunes and ended with a speech about all the homeless people. Wondering how they all ended up like that and why he didn't. He

then sang "Jackie Brown," a song about the homeless. Then there was a 15 minute intermission.

The 2nd half of the show was lots of fun. When he sang "R.O.C.K. In the U.S.A.," a fan from upfront got up on stage and sang with MELLENCAMP. It was hilarious, this boy who looked about 15 was up there on stage just groovin' and singin' the song. The band finished up, said "goodnight" and left. After about 5 minutes of constant clapping and screams they all appeared back on the stage. Johnny Cougar (as his manager calls him) introduced all the band members, then moved into "Cherry Bomb." For this tune, the last of the night, all the lights were left on. This made it a lot easier to see all those that were having a great time, and those who needed to loosen up BIG time.

MHS Band Trip to Chicago

by Ronilyn Rasmussen

Concert band had the opportunity to travel to Chicago from May 10th to the 12th. Our band stayed at the Hyatt Regency, which was a real nice hotel. Concert band went to experience a different place and learn some things about music, art, and other interesting things, and also to have fun.

Our first stop was Vandercook College of Music. Our band had an opportunity to play at Vandercook College. One of the instructors told us about the college and told us who started it in the first place. He also told us how to get more sound out of our instruments. We didn't have that much time to play, but it was different to get to play at college instead of at a high school.

Our next adventure was touring Orchestra Hall. We were told that it is very hard to get a tour, but Mr. Wood arranged it so we could see it. I will never forget it because I have never been to the one in the Minneapolis. It meant a lot to me. Our band had a chance to see things like the dressing rooms of the performers and the instructors and also saw the seating up above. It was neat to look down on the stage from the seats above. We also saw the box seats.

That evening we ate at the Hard Rock Cafe. I didn't know what to expect at first, but I'm glad I went. It is loaded with guitars signed by different musicians and their outfits. There were tons of people waiting to eat and buy things like T-shirts, pins, glasses, etc. The food was really filling and it was not that expensive. You could order either in a line or at the table. It was a little cheaper from the table. I had a lot of fun at The Hard Rock.

That same night we went to the John Hancock Observatory. The city was lit up. It was so pretty. You could see everything.

The next day, the band walked from our hotel to the Chicago Art Institute. I didn't know if I would like it but I did. They had things like Impressionistic, Post-Impressionistic and Contemporary paintings. These were a just a few of the exhibits the Art Institute had on display.

That afternoon, we had a chance to either go to the Fields Museum or the Science and Industry Museum. I choose to go to the Science and Industry Museum. I couldn't believe how much stuff was in there. They had things like a coal mine, a Chicago Exhibit, the Hall of Chemistry, and an Energy Lab on display. It takes a lot of time to look around the whole building. I felt like I really had to speed through it to see everything.

After that, we had to hurry to the Planetarium for a sky show. We wore 3-D glasses. It made it so real, it felt like we were in space. When that was over we went upstairs and saw the sky show similar to the one at the Minneapolis Planetarium. It was really good and I enjoyed it. We returned to our hotel to get ready to go and see The Little Shop of Horrors at the Lincolnshire Theatre. The stage is in the center of the theatre and the seating is all around it. I thought the play was better than the movie. I have also seen Little Shop of Horrors at the Plymouth Place Hotel, which was also really good.

Our final day in Chicago was spent by going to see the Shedd Aquarium and Oceanarium. We saw a presentation on the Beluga whales and the Pacific white-sided dolphins. They performed some of the things they are taught like how to wave good-bye and jump on cue. The Aquarium and Oceanarium also had an underground viewing gallery with otters, pen-

guins, and dolphins. There was also a variety of fish and other animals.

The rest of our day was spent shopping on our own, which was a real fun experience. My friend and I went and saw bridges, shops, buildings, and statues. We had lunch at a real good Chinese restaurant. We had a great time seeing everything around Chicago.

After all of this great fun in Chicago, we went and picked the others up at the Cubs game and headed home. I didn't want to leave Chicago, but we had to go. I hope I get a chance to see Chicago again some day. Thanks to Mr. Wood I had a great time in Chicago. I'm glad I stayed in band this year.

Colors of Pain

by Rady Taing

The hurt that color causes is
beginning to wear us all out.
The colors of the rainbow?
No, that's not what it's about
The tears it brings betrays
our masked feelings that we present.
Red, yellow, black, white, brown. . .
the colors we all resent
What is this that I speak about?
Why don't you try and guess.
You see, it's all around us.
The matters we all should press.
No one does anything to stop it
this war we're all denying
Everyone's been a victim to it
In our hearts we are crying.
Do I still need to spell it out?
Look closely and it appears.
I have faced it and it is
difficult to ignore the sneers.
The elaborate power of excessive
destruction it can bring.
Loud like the church bells
hateful words, it can ring.
Call it discrimination, prejudice,
Injustice, one-sidedness
Dogmatism, fanaticism. . .
In the end, it all means one thing
No matter how you say it,
and that's RACISM.

B.W.C.A. Canoe Trip

By Chris Thompson

This was one trip that we all really didn't know what to expect. The only one with a clear idea in his head was Doug Berg. It was 6:00 A.M. and the only thing we as a group cared about was going back to sleep. As the trip proceeded we all started to wake up. Everybody was anxious to get to the Boundary Waters. We made our first pitstop at Toby's Restaurant. While the majority of the group was eating breakfast, the infamous Dave Watts was choosing a knife for the trip at the neighboring Outdoorsman Shoppe. After breakfast, the group wandered over to the Outdoorsman Shoppe where Dave had made his selection. We bought the supplies we needed.

We were now on our way and eager to get started. In Da Barge, Dave showed us his K-Bar. For those who don't know, the K-Bar is a twelve-inch US Marine Corp World War II fighting knife. Dave was filled with excitement about his new toy.

When we first arrived at Sawbill Lake, we got things organized and canoed to our first campsite. Doug layed down the law about camping.

The next morning Doug woke us up somewhat early and sent us on our way. The group was not ready for our first portage. Everyone swore in resentment for the agony Berg was putting us through. By late afternoon we had reached our designated campsite on North Temperence Lake.

Friday, we left early in the morning and canoed all day. The weather wasn't exactly cheerful. We reached Frost Lake. Right after we set up camp several of us went swimming in the lake for the first time. The water was very cold but refreshing. Later that evening, I had a neighboring chipmunk eat out of my hand.

The next day we had a layover day. Unfortunately it was raining for the most of the day.

Sunday we headed over for Little Saganaga. The weather was excellent. We reached a campsite that Doug picked out with a beautiful view of the whole western side of the lake.

Monday arrived and the weather conditions were beautiful. There was lots of sun with a slight breeze. With the weather on our side the day went by fast. In the morning we met a couple of Outward Bound instructors. One of them was Zack Benway's instructor last summer when he went through Outward Bound. They told Doug that they were really impressed by the way we paddled and portaged. By early afternoon we left them all far behind. Doug was proud of us. We set up camp on Adams Lake. There was nothing to do except go to bed early.

In the morning we set off for Hazel Lake where we had all decided to have a layover day. When we finally arrived on Hazel Lake, we set up camp as quickly as possible so we could still use up the rest of the daylight.

Wednesday arrived and Doug was the first one up and fishing before anybody else. The morning grew to be a beautiful afternoon with lots of sun and fun. The group really took advantage of the cheerful sunshine. Some people went fishing and Joey Verner and I went to relax and lay out in the sun. Evening rolled around and Doug along with the others brought back a total of twenty walleyes. This was the highlight of our trip.

Thursday morning came and everybody was eager to get moving. Except there was one problem, the black flies were feasting on our flesh. As the morning passed, the black flies did also. When the group arrived at Sawbill Lake there was a weight that lifted from all of us. We had finally reached civilization.

This trip could have been called both heaven and hell. It could be called heaven because of the beauty of the Boundary Waters. Its surroundings are noticed by everyone who visits there. It could also be called hell because Doug really wanted to work us and show us that life isn't really fun and games. Doug showed us on this trip what we all take for granted and that we should appreciate what we have.

Some people had to hurry home from the B.W.C.A. to attend . . .

Prom

by Nikki Namik

Date: May 22

Place: Edinborough Park

Cost: \$25.00 per couple

Band: The Max

Overview: Prom was on a Friday; Senior skip day; Memorial Weekend. Lame. For Memorial Weekend; Sorry. (That's okay, the weather was nasty anyways). Edinborough Park was the perfect setting for a Prom. It was just beautiful. The Band, The Max, played all right, but a D.J. would have been much more appropriate. The weather was depressing, especially if outdoor plans were made for the evening. For the Seniors that actually blew \$10.00 on the Senior breakfast, (what fools we are) I'm sure the day had a perfect start. And so much time was left for last minute preparations for Prom. Not! But hey, the punch was good, right? Well worth the \$25.00, if you ask me!

The small group of Mini-Schoolers that attended Prom were sought out & questioned. The two questions asked were 1) what did you do for Prom & 2) what's the approximate time you spent at the dance & 3) did you have fun?

Results:

Stacy Vetvick & Mike Davis, Jessica Ryan & date Ken Brink & friends. Went to Sunsets for dinner & cruised around in a limo. Stayed at the dance for about 45 min. No hotel. Had fun? "Yes."

Heather Downs & date Joe Koehnen:

Ate at friends house. Drove around . Stayed at the dance for 45 min. Had hotel. Had fun? "Yes."

Steph Tucker & date Aaron Smith:

Went to dinner at a friend's house. Took limo to dance. Stayed at the dance the whole time. Had hotel. "Had a blast."

Karlene Knacke & Mike Heuerman:

Went to Goodfellow's for dinner. Stayed at dance for

45 minutes. Karlene, "Got kicked out of our hotel, the rest I don't remember." Had fun? "Ok."

Bill Tews & Sherry Lund:

Bill cooked dinner at friend's house. Stayed at dance for 20 minutes. Had fun? "Medium."

Chris Zenner & Kari Hurd:

Went to Lord Fletcher's for dinner. Stayed at the dance for over an hour. No hotel. Had fun? "Yes."

Chris Thompson & Laura Sticksel:

Went to Goodfellow's for dinner. Took party bus to the dance. Stayed at the dance for about 1 1/2 hours. No hotel. Had fun? "Yes."

Me (Nikki Namik & friend Jason Strom):

Went to T. Wright's for dinner. Cruised around. Plans got trashed due to the weather. Stayed at the dance about 1 1/2 hours. No hotel. Had fun? "Ok."

Joe Verner & date Dana Rovick:

Went to Manny's Steakhouse for dinner. Had a coach. Stayed at the dance for about 1/2 hour. No hotel. Went to friend's house after dance. Had fun? "Heck yeah!"

I apologize to those people I may have missed!

Com-Mini-Cations

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Have a great
summer.
See you next fall! !

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