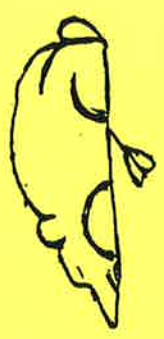
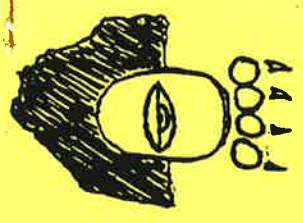




Com-mini-cations



Spirit Names

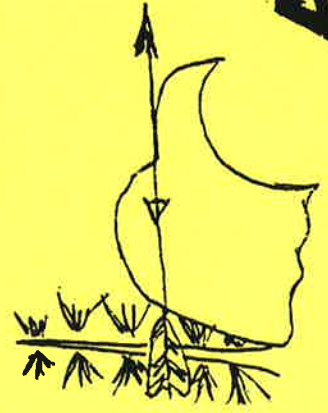
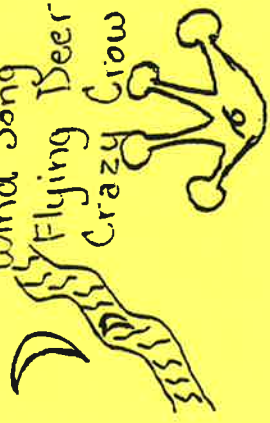
- Standing Bear
- Touches the Wind
- Dreaming Elephant
- Forever Song Woman
- Side Stepping Crow
- Sun Lion
- Dreaming Frog
- Cat Burning Woman
- Dream Tracker Wolf
- Blue Arrow Duck



- Blazing Tracks
- Shadow Fox
- Wolf Heart
- Dreaming Bear
- Rising Panther
- Wild Heart Horse
- True Eagle
- Painted Fish
- Two Moon River
- Half Moon



- Painted Hawk
- Wind Song
- Flying Bear
- Crazy Crow



FALL .95

Meandering through Mini-School

By Doug Berg

We are into year 26 of Mini - School!

As most of you know, Randy and I have been involved with Mini-School since the beginning. Either because of our increasing ages or because of the fact that 25 years is a long time to be involved with anything, the years are running together for us. The program we feel is better than it has ever been. Yet it doesn't get any easier. More paperwork, more expectations, more demands on one's time. It's a total commitment - more so than any other job I could imagine. But it's worth it. It's gratifying and it's rewarding.

We're off to a great start. A change from past years is that Mini-School is comprised of a pretty constant group of students. New kids are only allowed in at quarter breaks, on a space- available basis. Seventy is the maximum number of kids. I believe this change in policy has enhanced Mini-School's "family" concept, as kids truly get to know one another. Also, the staff gets to more thoroughly know a group of kids, without being pulled away by new kids entering the program on a weekly basis.

We had a wonderful 25 year reunion at Baker park August 26th. "Kids" (some in their 40's) from all years were there and it was great catching up on all of their lives. Many of these former students have truly become lifelong friends. Some of them are incredibly successful. Some of them are incredibly creative. All of them expressed gratitude and appreciation to Mini-School for helping them through a difficult time in their lives and enabling them to become successful. All of them expressed concern about how Mini-School is going and encouraged the current staff to keep it happening - that kids today need it too.

A special thanks to Joanne (Storlie) Johnston, her husband Brad and all the folks on the rather large, Reunion Committee who put it together. From what I hear, the planning meetings might have been as much fun as the reunion itself. Thanks to former teachers Pete Hegrenes and Lester for making it out there. Pete had a great time reminiscing with Craig

Gustafson (Arapaho) about the first ever Mini-School BWCA canoe trip.

I started off the school year by leading a great trip to Yellowstone National Park. It will be written about in detail elsewhere in this issue, but I'd like to say that I've had few trips in my long career where kids tried harder (it was a hard hike!), helped each other more, used better sense and judgment, and learned more. The veterans truly were leaders, the rookies followed their lead, all learned the importance of cohesiveness and solidarity. For all of us involved, there couldn't have been a better way to start the year.

Ramona and Pauline followed the Yellowstone trip with a new trip - whitewater rafting on the St. Louis River near Jay Cooke State Park. From all reports, it too was a good, positive trip. Some of the trip members even gave a panel discussion about Mini-School to a group of students at Carlton High School.

This trip was followed by the 9th annual Mark Warren trip. Once again Mark worked his magic with the Mini-School kids along the St. Croix River. Once again twenty-two kids' lives have been changed, even if just a little, and they have a better sense of how they fit in with the natural world.

As I write this snow is falling outside, yet fifteen kids have signed up for the 13th annual Grantsburg Backpack trip during Thanksgiving week. If our kids are hardy enough to do this trip, it's going to be a good year. No doubt about it.

Unless we can work out some arrangement with The National Park Service, this will be the last Grantsburg Hike we can do out of my cabin. The lease expires October 31st, 1996. That gives us one more Grantsburg Hike, one more Winter Activities trip, one more summer school canoe trip, and one more Mark Warren trip. Mini-School will undoubtedly continue to offer these experiences to its students, but my quonset hut on the St. Croix has made doing them very convenient. In the future other arrangements, probably less convenient, will have to be made.

Also as I write this we are well along in our annual Mini-School Minnesota Weatherguide Calendar Drive. It only took Phil Lynott a week to break Josh Stinson's old record of 52 calendars sold. It looks like he may go over a hundred, and many other kids

are doing good work. We've sold about 250 calendars thus far (\$1000 profit for Mini-School) and will continue the drive until about December 15th. Proceeds from this drive go to enhance the Mini-School program generally, but especially the trips program.

Even though they didn't make it to the state tournament, Randy's MHS soccer team enjoyed an extremely successful season. Randy was disappointed about not making it to state, but mostly he was pleased with and proud of his kids. How Randy balances coaching a major sport in the Lake Conference with working in Mini-School is beyond me. Yet year after year he does so and attains excellence both as a teacher and coach. It is good to have the soccer season over so we in Mini-School can selfishly have his professional attention all to ourselves.

Randy, Ramona, and Pauline have begun the Independent Study Program. Ramona coordinates this and teaches math, while Randy teaches social studies and Pauline science. This program provides an excellent opportunity for Mini-School kids and others to catch up on credits that they need plus spend an enjoyable, educational hour or two per week with Ramona, Randy, or Pauline.

As many of you know, Joanne, Mini-School's paraprofessional, had a bit of a health setback in October. I am happy to report that Joanne is recovering nicely after successful surgery and should be back at Mini-School soon.

My house has gotten smaller, as my son Charles, who had been teaching in Eastern Europe the past two years moved back home. My wife, Marlene, and I traveled throughout Romania, Hungary, Poland, Czech Republic, and Austria with Charles for about six weeks. He then returned home with us and is currently working as the computer paraprofessional at Excelsior Elementary School. He's also working part-time as reporter for the Lakeshore Weekly News. It's good to have him home.

We almost have a Mini-School west campus in Bend, Oregon as several former Mini-Schoolers are living there and attending school at the community college there. Among them are Matt "Meatball" Richard, Zach Benway, Josh Rockstad, Simone Wintheiser, Matt Mcrady, and Lola Ulvog. It is rumored that Adrian Dolentz, who has visited extensively there,

may be headed for the college, and possibly Josh "Stimpy" Stinson too, although, as we know, his interests in Bend are not entirely academic.

That about ends this Meander, Mini-School, entering its second quarter-century is doing well.

ALUMNI NEWS:

Sue Ree '83 : Sue is working as a skin-care specialist in the area and is a personal trainer at the Marsh. She has sold about a dozen calendars for Mini-School. It should also be noted that she competed in the Border to Border triathlon in August. This event goes from the Iowa border to the Canadian border and, over four days, requires teams of 2 people to complete two 200 mile bicycling days, one 50 mile running day, and a 50 mile canoeing day (with 11 portages). TOUGH! Randy and I talk about doing the Border to Border some year, but we'd better hurry up before we get too old.

Heather Hanily '92 : Heather plans to attend Vermilion Community College in Ely in the winter. Good luck, Heather!

Andy Waples '89 : Andy has completed a couple years of college at Bemidji. He's working on a degree in education (another former Mini-Schooler with ambitions to replace Randy and me). He's currently working at Rapid Oil and Rainbow Foods, saving up enough money to return to college.

April Anderson '89 (?): April will be a mother in February '96 and is getting married in the spring. She's living in Virginia.

John Wallace - early 80's : John is living in Cold Spring, Minnesota and working with his dad.

Apologies for Sins of Omission

By Doug Berg

Things get awfully busy in Mini-School as the end of the year approaches. At the end of the last year, canoe trips, South Dakota trips, bike trips, and Woman's Issues trips were all going on. Classes, of course, were happening, preparations were being made for a superb Recognition Night, and Randy was holding lengthy conferences with many Mini-School seniors, trying to get them graduated in spite of themselves. Also, an end-of-the-year issue of Com-Mini-Cations was getting published.

In that issue Lisa Kopecky conducted an interview with Randy about the 25 year history of Mini-School. She had planned to interview Randy and me, but I, of course, was on a BWCA canoe trip.

Lisa wrote an excellent article, but in translating her interview notes to the printed page, some information, particularly about former Mini-School staff members, was omitted. I usually proofread Com-Mini-Cations, but since I was on the canoe trip, Ramona took over this duty. Since she is relatively new to the Mini-School, she could not know that some former staff members were left out of the article.

First, Georgia Lyon was, I believe, the first Mini-School aide (in the days before political- correctness and HIV) or paraprofessional. Jane McComber, a Mini-School graduate, also held this position in the late 70's.

In the mid 70's, Mini-School also had a teacher named Tom Peterson. John Eiden was a reading teacher in Mini-School in the mid to late 70's, and Norm Gameau was an English teacher in Mini-School through the 80's. Also, for most of one year in the early 80's, Mini-School had a social studies teacher named Roy Hawkins who was a long-term substitute for Lester when she was on maternity leave.

All of these people left their mark on Mini-School and helped in its development, but most notable were John Eiden and Norm Gameau. Next to Randy, Joanne, Lester, and me, these guys have the longest tenure in Mini-School and were very

involved in trips and all aspects of the program.

We're very sorry for our sins of omission in leaving these people out of the "history" article. Please accept our apologies.

Calendar Drive

By Patty Heien

Every year after the Mark Warren trip, Doug comes back totally relaxed. Then about three days later once again it comes time for the calendar drive, and Doug's relaxing days are over.

The calendar drive takes place for 6-7 weeks in October and November. For every calendar sold, Mini-School makes four and one half dollars. It's a great fundraiser but Doug drives us and himself crazy. He doesn't rest the whole 7 weeks. He sits awake at night thinking of a plan to get us to sell more and more calendars.

The day before Christmas break is the last day of the drive. We end up at Aqua Bowl, bowling for fun and finishing up the drive. But the best thing is the drawing. For every calendar you sell, you get your name thrown into a drawing and if your name gets drawn, you win a cash prize. But besides that incentive, you also feel good about helping out Mini-School.

Iya

By Kelsey Crawford

October 16, 1995 Eric Heim, AKA Iya, was in the living room of his home when two men dressed in black from head to toe came into his house and shot him three to four times and killed him. Iya was a peaceful person. He would never carry a gun in his life, he was the type of person who would send his mom a dozen red roses on his birthday, he was the kind of friend who would listen to you to the fullest and have an answer you could live with. Everyone that was close to Iya said the same thing, that his death was unjust, and he was much more than just the 84th homicide in Minneapolis. To me Iya was somewhat of a big brother. I loved him very much. Iya meant brother in patois.

Violence is something we can all conquer together, avoid it. Anyone who carries, uses or owns a gun in their home or anywhere is basically stupid. Think about it. Guns kill people, people we love!

The first time I ever met Iya I had just gotten home, it was around twelve at night. Debra, Carol, Jerry, my mom, and Iya were sitting around talking about his upcoming tape. Then he mentioned he had a copy, so we went up to my room to listen to his music. It was beautiful.

Over a period of time, he stayed with me while my parents were out of town just to keep me in line. It's funny how easy it was for me to respect him, probably because everything he said to me was out of experience. He told me about how he used to drive his mom crazy when he would sneak out to meet his girlfriend in high school. Our relationship was special, and the cool thing about it is, everyone who met Iya felt the same way. He knew how to communicate with everyone on their level.

The best memory I have in my mind of him was when he said "were going shopping". We went to the co-op and here I was with all this healthy junk food, and all Iya had was a bag of oats, a bag of potatoes, and some soap. He looked at me and said, "this soap is all it takes to make a clean man happy." Then we made a stop at the liquor store and he got this huge box of Summit. And he came out of the store with this big smile on his face, I said "What is so funny?"

He said the lady in there asked me for I.D., and I said, "Sweetheart, that is the nicest thing anyone has said to me all day."

The one thing I loved about Iya the most were the conversations we would have. He would go off on a topic, and the cool thing is he always knew what he was talking about, and everything he would say would make sense to me. I think that when you meet someone like Iya you realize how much of a guard you put up, because he knew how to get you thinking. And forget all your stereotypes because they do not fit him.

I love him, anyone who met him felt loved. I'm still trying to figure out how I'm going to change, but I do know I'm going to change for the better. Thank you Iya for that. I needed to feel the strength that you helped give me, and the wisdom, and the music, and lasts, but definitely not least, the love. You have a piece of my heart.

In loving memory of

IYA

Eric Stephen Heim

June 13, 1961 - October 16, 1995



Mark Warren I

By Emily Matejcek and Lisa Kopecky

As my very first Mini School trip and Lisa's second Mark Warren, but first Mini School trip two years ago, it was a great experience for both of us. Lisa being the macho trip woman she is, I was over at her house the night before comparing notes and going over lists. The day started for us very early as we all piled our gear into the van at six in the morning. We waited in the cold air, counting heads and accounting for Doug and Ramona who were late. Finally we were off in the pitch darkness. In both the van and Ramona's Trooper all weary eyes were shut, not noticing the drizzle streaked windshield.

Before reaching our destination, Doug's cabin in Grantsburg on the St. Croix, we ceremoniously sang along to the Garden Song and passed around the lucky spoon after naming Z the weather girl. Once there we carried our gear to the yard of Doug's cabin and changed into rain gear to tramp through the wet woods with our new friend Mark Warren. We ate a variety of plants and learned the value of several plants, while also learning that skunk cabbage is not a pleasant thing to put in your mouth. After a quick check with the medical reference, we lived.

After lunch and pitching tents, we started the endeavor of making fire with wood. Mark made fire seem so simple as he whipped up a fire in no time. The only successful fire building team was the women's group which consisted of Kristi, Lisa and I. It compared to nothing else to have the small coal burst into flames in my hands after practically fainting from blowing and choking from the smoke. It was definitely worth the work, toil, exhausted muscles, sore fingers and smoke-filled eyes.

Dinner time arrived and we were all more than willing to devour the spaghetti that Doug so graciously prepared for us. He kept us well fed and happy throughout the trip.

I got a good chance to finally meet some of the people on the trip after dark when the fire was roaring and people's true characters blossomed. We stayed up rather late and after a few gentle warnings from the cabin, retired to our sleeping bags. The next morning came too soon and too bright to jump off the ground at 7:00. Finally after several wake-up calls we all sauntered out and headed for the out house, only to find that it had over-flowed during the

night. Our adventure began as Mark led us up through the woods over trees and creeks. We got to an open field and found a good place to sit while Mark explained that we would be learning to stalk animals. Somehow, we all managed to form something you could call a circle. We all did some balancing exercises and practiced for a little bit. Then we began the real thing. Mark played the deer and the first person to reach him without going too fast was the winner. After a few rounds we relocated and learned to play another game called the night watchman. The Night Watchman's job was to guard his tribe from the enemy tribe. Being blindfolded, he only could use his ears to hear the rest of us approaching him and touching him with our noses. Emily was the first Night Watchman and the only thing she could use to protect herself were her pet snakes that if you were hit with you were stopped. Emily didn't do quite as well as Mark who was most competent. I managed to die (without moving or anything) when Mark threw the poisonous snake at me.

When the game ended we learned some more sign language that we would need to know tomorrow for when we went over to the island. There's no talking on the island, the reason behind that is to add to the peaceful and spiritual day. We then scattered to build our blinds. After people felt they had created their perfect blind we had some down time which was spent gathering firewood, reading, lounging, taking a small hike, or munching on some snacks. Right before it became dark we trekked back up through the woods, found our blinds and settled ourselves in a position we'd have to stay for the next two hours. We didn't have any luck in spotting any animals. The sound of Mark's whistle alerted us enough to know that it was time for supper. Dinty Moore Beef stew and mashed potatoes, something that can only be eaten on camping trips.

When the fire was roaring and dinner was out of the way everybody found a place around the fire and the naming ceremony began. It seemed to be the time on the trip when everybody came together. Earlier in the day Mark had given everyone three different things to write about that would help determine their spiritual name. Mark handed out people's names and everyone went off to read and learn about their new name. The rest of the ceremony consisted of learning everyone's names and sharing our own with other people. It was a late night around the fire. The conversation at the fire consisted of well never

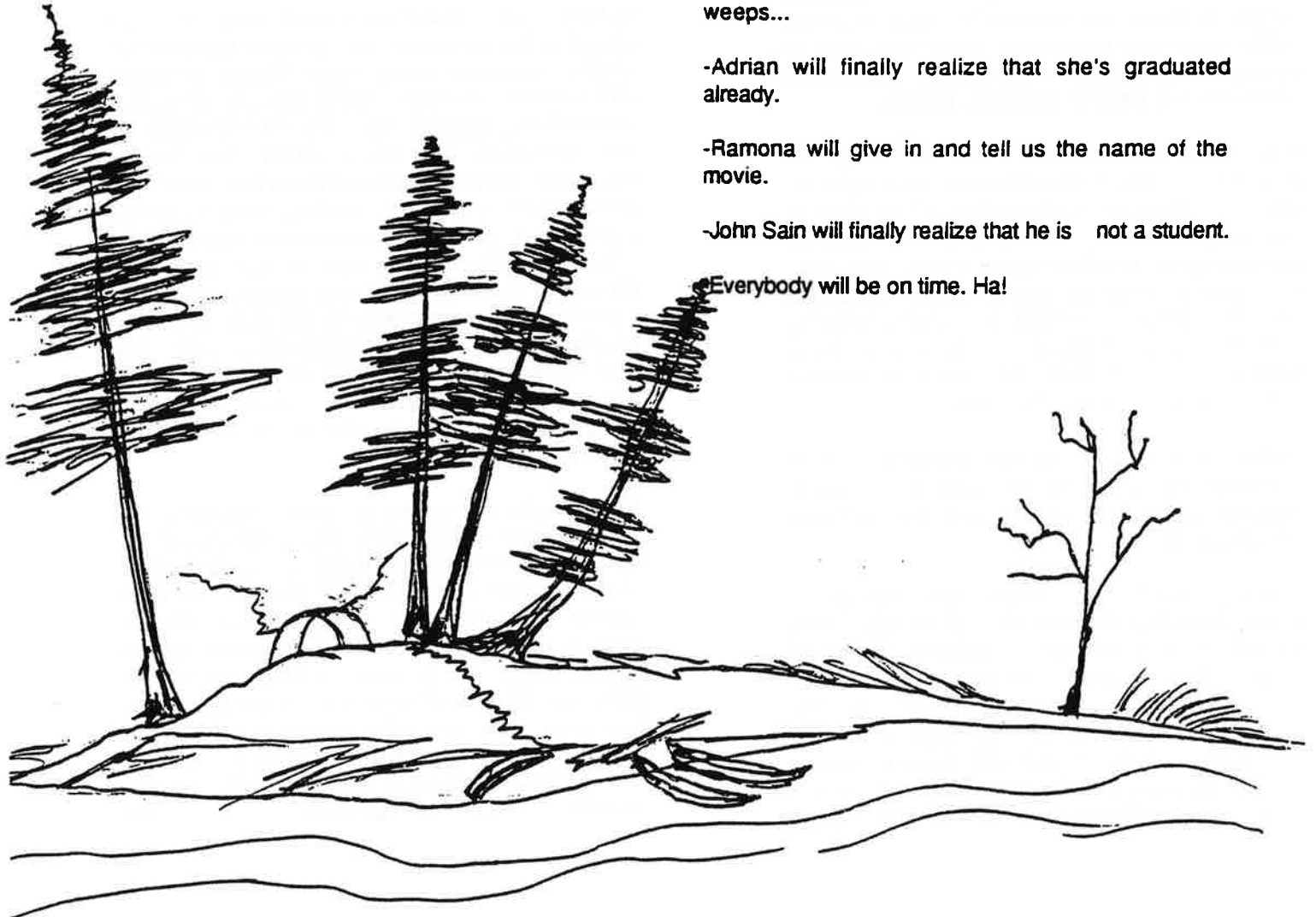
mind, you don't want to know.

The next morning was a get up and move morning, the kind we don't like. It didn't help either when Ramona stuck her smiling face in our tent, and told us to get up. Time to get everything packed up and get over to the island for the sweat lodge ceremony. Mark entertained us by teaching us a rock game on the island while the rocks were heating in the fire. The eight rocks had to be heated for several hours so that when they were put into the center of the makeshift teepee like lodge they would be very hot and steaming when the water was poured over them. Each person was honored by a ladle of water being poured over them. Then there was a prayer for each one of the nine directions. All of us were more than ready to jump into the freezing cold river when we came out. By the time the ceremony was over and we were dried off and changed, we heard the voices of the other group so we hurried over to see them and say hello, had a huge lunch, and then it was time to go home.

Predictions for the '95 - '96 School Year

By Mike Jacobson and Casey Wright

- Al Wright will finally graduate! Just kidding.
- Chris Utne will enter his Ace of Base phase.
- Randy will shave.....his cat.
- Pauline will star in the sequel to "Rosemary's baby."
- Z will become W.
- Scooter will wear a shirt.
- Doug fails to put out a winter camping trip, Casey weeps...
- Adrian will finally realize that she's graduated already.
- Ramona will give in and tell us the name of the movie.
- John Sain will finally realize that he is not a student.
- Everybody will be on time. Ha!



Pass the Binoculars and the Kleenex!

By Emily Matejeck

We look over and there he is ... it's Rachael Guffan's dad. He peers up, we try to hide, he spots us, he smiles, he waves. He had been following us since the hotdog stand. Being the expected baby boomer he was faithfully there bonding with the many teens and young people.

The show began with the Jayhawks who played their regular set. We could only see them with Adrian's binoculars, which helped but did not prevent the bloody noses. After a half hour breather the lights went out, the crowd cheered, and the announcer said "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Bob Dylan!" A purple silk jacket and shiny patent leather fifties style shoes came waltzing on stage with Bob Dylan inside.

Most of the music left the crowd untouched until the cello sang through the air playing "Mr. Tambourine Man". From then on the people in front especially got involved. Some psycho lady started throwing her legs and wild hair seemingly everywhere. The crowd got rowdier as the night went on.

Laurel and Hardy played the part of the average drunk at every concert in front of us, with the typical college drunks in back of us. Obviously they were hitting on us because of our charming personalities and good looks. We were surrounded by definitely interesting people.

Meanwhile Bob was playing some Grateful Dead songs in tribute to Jerry Garcia and was exciting the crowd with his harmonica playing. After brief introductions before his last song he exited the stage only to be cheered back on by lit lighters and a screaming crowd. After a second encore and third song a woman jumped on stage to dance with Bob only to be followed by the psycho lady who seemed to be having spastic seizures in the air while instructing the crowd to "Sweating with Bob." Rachael followed suit in the skyway after the concert when she with flailing legs plowed into an innocent bystander and collapsed on the floor. Taking it all in stride, we continued on pretending not to recognize her. Unfortunately, she made it quite obvious she was with us. We did let her in the car though, only

because we wanted it to be obvious that we needed to use the express lane.

Phish

By Andrea Hamilton

Even before I walked in the doors of the Civic Center, I could feel the high energy level inside. It was the night of October 25th, and I had been excited all day. Today was my first Phish show.

My friend Rob and I found our seats, then as we kicked back in our chairs I took in the scene around me, the 90's generation hippies, the lights, the smoke and the awesome music. Phish put on the most intense show I've ever witnessed. They jammed and spaced out on their instruments. The second set was my favorite, they covered Floyd's tune "Breathe." Phish played songs off all their albums which are funky, upbeat and they use all sorts of different sounds for effects, and crazy lyrics to tell a story. They ended the show with Jimi's "Light My Fire", which put the crowd into a frenzy. I loved the show and the scene. The show, while intense and happy, was in a way bittersweet because of Jerry Garcia's passing, and a lot of Deadheads went on tour with Phish. If you don't listen to Phish I suggest you do. They really put you in a good, excited mood. I'll definitely be seeing you at more shows.

Marilyn Manson Smells Like Children

By Chris Utne

This CD is just a bunch of killer remixes of Marilyn Mansons' last album, "Portrait of an American Family" and some weird satanic intros that are all about one minute long. They also have really cool cover songs. One is "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)" by the Eurhythmics. Another one is "I Put a Spell on You" which was originally sung by Creedance Clearwater Revival. Perry Farrell also sang this in his "Ted Just Admit It" song in the Natural Born Killers soundtrack. This tune is really good. Another cover they did was "Rock n' Roll Nigger." There's also a pretty amusing country type, hick song of "Cake and Sodomy" on acoustic guitar performed by Tony F. Wiggins. All of these covers were done very well.

So if you're down with the Satanic music scene, and you already have "Portrait of an American Family", I suggest you buy this album. In January Marilyn Mansons' putting out another album, all originals called "Anti-Christ Superstar" which I also recommend purchasing. I haven't heard it yet, but of course I will. I'd give "Smells Like Children" four stars out of five.

Blind Melon

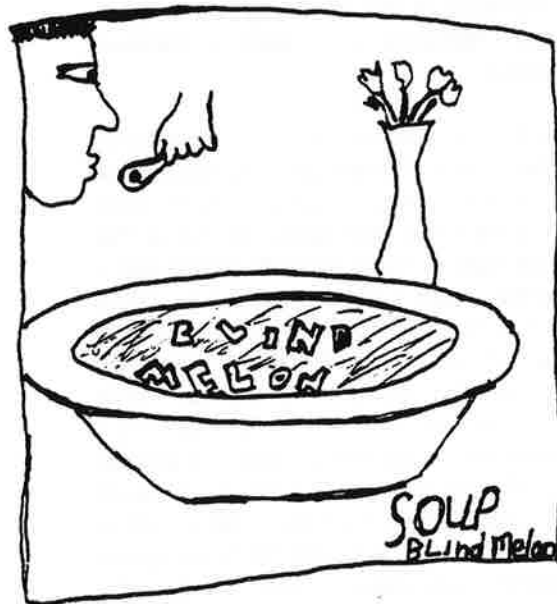
By Mike Jacobson

On Saturday Oct. 21st, around 1:30 p.m. the lead singer of the group Blind Melon, was found dead on their tour bus in New Orleans. It has been assumed that Shannon Hoon died in his sleep of an accidental drug overdose, but a final autopsy report had not been given at the time this article was written. I had the opportunity to see Blind Melon in concert at First Avenue last September. Shannon Hoon seemed more alive, energetic, and real than any other person in the place. It was one of the best shows I've ever been to, and if there was anyone else but Shannon's singing on that stage, it would have been nothing special. You could've just liked the music, but Shannon's personality on stage was something that you could get easily attached to. In my opinion, the very second you have ten bucks saved up you should go buy their latest album. "Soup", "New Life" and "Mouthful of Cavities" are among the best songs out there.

Top Ten Talk Show Topics

By Jesse Christi and Lisa Kopecky

10. KKK members.
9. Body piercing.
8. My husband ran off with the baby sitter.
7. My mother slept with my boyfriend.
6. My daughter is a freak.
5. Parents abused by their teenage children.
4. My ex-boyfriend is now a woman.
3. On-line lovers.
2. My wife has a boyfriend and she is sleeping with my aunt.
1. Transvestite make overs.



Yellowstone

By Alison Young with help from my fellow trippers

On a trip like Yellowstone, it's hard to write an article to make people understand what an experience we've all had, what things we've learned as a group, and more importantly, what we have learned as individuals. We have accomplished many things as a group. We overcame discouragement, weariness, and our petty differences. As individuals, we expanded our horizons and strengthened ourselves, by achieving what at first seemed impossible, a fifty mile hike in seven days.

Our journey began well before school even started. In early August, Doug sent out a letter explaining that there was going to be a trip to Yellowstone National Park leaving September 10th. Can you believe it... during the first week of school? We would have four days as a group to prepare for the trip.

It was September 6th. School had started, and so had preparations for the trip. We were having a lot of troubles getting a group together. Kids kept dropping off of the trip, and skipping meetings. By the 8th, we had our final group and only two days together to prepare for it.

The trip began at 6:00 a.m., September 10th. Patty "Big-b" Heien, Marna Sutphen, Alan June, Mike "Smiley" Ennis, Phil Lynott, Lisa "Sniffles" Kopecky, graduate Josh "Stimpy" Stinson, Doug Berg, myself, and eventually Mason "Pokey" Davey, were all gathered at Perkins. We loaded our stuff and ourselves into the van and got on our way.

We drove all day, making a brief stop in South Dakota for lunch. It was here that we encountered a freak grasshopper. He was much larger than your average insect, and hopped like he had a little too much to drink. Phil wanted to bring him with, but we told him no. We drove on until we reached the South Dakota/Wyoming border. We stopped here for dinner, then continued to press on. We drove late into the night, and we stopped when Doug could no longer distinguish the road from the shoulder. Doug pulled into a camp ground where we found a nice parking spot. He snuggled up behind the wheel, falling quickly to sleep. Mason, Alan, Josh and Mike crashed outside.

A couple of hours later we were on the road again, in search of a place to eat breakfast. We ended up stopping at "Granny's Cafe" in Cody, Wyoming. It was here that we encountered our second freak of the trip. He was a young guy around our age who insisted on babbling mindlessly at us throughout breakfast. We also got the privilege of seeing his "Raider: The Thunder God" tattoo.

Our next stop was Yellowstone National Park. The drive through the park was beautiful! After two days in the van we were finally at Yellowstone, and it was beautiful there, too. Our first campsite at Yellowstone was going to be home for the next three days before the hike. The campground was crowded but beautiful just the same. Our site was on a small grassy flat, with lodgepole Pines hovering over us. After we set up camp, we headed for the Grand Canyon of Yellowstone. The canyon walls were splashed with brilliant yellow and orange tones. The upper and lower falls crashed down the rock, filtering into the Yellowstone River.

Road construction was underway at Yellowstone. The machinery just didn't fit in with the scenery there. It was going to be yet another hang up on this trip. The road we needed to take to the trailhead was going to be closed from 10 am to 6pm. This was going to make it difficult for all of us to get to the trailhead. Our only other hope of having everything run smoothly was if Mini-School graduates Lola Ulvog and Adrian Dolentz dropped in on us. They were on their way to Oregon. Doug had invited them to stop and had given them directions to the site. (We all prayed that they would stop by.)

Once again, Mini-Schoolers save the day! That night as we all sat lazy around the campfire persuading Mama, our log lady, to throw another log on the fire, a truck pulled up near our site, and it was at least midnight by now so we couldn't figure out who it could be. Then we saw it ... the U-haul. It was Lola and Adrian! We all jumped up to greet them. The rest of the night we listened to Adrian and Lola tell of their journey to Yellowstone and to us.

"Hey, Adrian! You made it here!" Doug's voice boomed through the cold air in the tent. I opened my eyes. Doug was peering through the tent window. "You gonna drive shuttle for us to the trailhead?" It was 7 in the morning and Doug was asking Adrian a question. Anyone who knows

Adrian knows you don't ask her anything in the morning. Adrian mumbled her classic "Shut up old man!" and then rolled over to get back to her deep slumber.

When I got up to eat breakfast I noticed everyone was snapping pictures. There was a buffalo on our site. Buffalo are massive animals and it's rather startling to have one that close to you. Doug spent most of the morning harassing Lola and Adrian about shutting the van. Eventually they succumbed to Doug's wishes.

Today we were going to Old Faithful. We all stuffed into the van like one happy unshowered family. Once we were at Old Faithful we all went our separate ways, most of us stopping at the ice cream shop. Lola was particularly excited by this. I went to check out the thermal activity with Lisa, Mike and Phil. I felt as though I was walking on some foreign planet. We had to walk on a wooden walkway around the thermal activity. Everything was amazing along with the smell of rotten eggs that the geysers let off. Watching Old Faithful erupt was like watching a freak show of nature. Later that day after more exploring we all met up at the van. We drove to the nearest ranger station where we watched a informational video on hiking in the backcountry.

September 13, our last day in civilization - no running water no toilets and no shelter other than our tents. We hiked to Fiddle lake today to help us prepare for the days ahead. The hike was 5 miles round trip. Mama and Phil brought their fishing poles. Phil made a few catches but Mama had no such luck. Doug assigned us to be a certain part of life's chain (Example- tree, wolf, fish etc..) We had to explain how we related to the rest of the group. After all that learning we ate lunch then headed back to camp where lazy Adrian and Lola were waiting for us.

We spent most of the rest of daylight preparing for the days ahead of us. As we sat around the campfire that night our conversation was interrupted by a ranger flashing his mag light in our eyes. Fear struck me, were we being too loud? Was he gonna wake Doug up? I felt the end coming near. "Hey have you kids seen a buffalo around here?" asked the ranger. The fear drained from my body, but now I was rather confused. "No." we all replied simultaneously. He proceeded to tell us a story about how a buffalo at a nearby site had decided to make camp by the door of one of our fellow campers tents. They had called the

ranger to remove him. The ranger had thrown a few rocks at the buffalo sending him off in the direction of our site. He told us not to be alarmed if we did see the buffalo wandering through our site and went on his way. Fortunately the buffalo chose not to visit us. We spent the rest of the night listening to a nearby pack of coyotes howling at what was probably a fresh kill. It was rather eerie at first, but the more we listened the more it became reality that we weren't in the cities anymore.

We awoke early this particular morning. We were leaving on our hike, and had much to do in order to prepare. We broke camp then proceeded to pack our backpacks. We had a few "my pack is heavier than yours" disagreements, but otherwise the morning ran extremely well. We had a good group and we were all starting to realize it.

Once we reached the trailhead we had to say a tearful goodbye to our Mini-School friends Adrian and Lola. (You see they were too weak to take such a stressful hike!) Just kidding, Kind of.

I put my pack on and started down what felt like the trail to hell. I couldn't believe I had paid to carry something as heavy as my pack for seven days. My regrets quickly disappeared as I reached camp that night. Our site was absolutely the most beautiful place I had ever seen (so far). You had to walk along the shore of Yellowstone lake to reach the site. Our site was right on the shore; the lake was surrounded by mountains. It was still relatively early when we arrived at camp so we all had a little free time before we needed to set camp. I lay on the shore with the sun beating down on my sore body and began to realize how lucky I was to be here. The sound of silence echoed in my ears - no cars, no phones and no math teachers yelling at me. It was great.

We awoke the next morning still feeling the day before. We managed to break camp, eat breakfast, and get on our merry little ways all in very good time. Yet again with no arguments and alot of compromise. I was extremely happy and comfortable with the group we had.

"Come on guys you gotta get up now." declared Josh. Josh was holding up the rear of the hike other wise known as Lisa and I. I thought I was going to die. The day seemed as though it was never ending. I hadn't seen any of the rest of the group since lunch, and it was well into the after noon by now. I

got up from my comfy seat on a log and proceeded to count my steps as I went. I was starting to feel violent. Every time I heard Josh say we were almost there I thought of another way I could kill him. These thoughts kept me occupied for another couple miles. Then came the self pity. My eyes filled with tears a few times. I couldn't believe Doug was doing this to me (You always have to blame it on someone else you know.). I was about to give up all hope, then I saw him..It was Doug - I knew I must be close. When he approached us he had a smile on his face and not a bit of sweat on his body. This angered me slightly but I just smiled. He told us we weren't much farther from camp and that we had once again a beautiful site. Lisa started to cry out of joy for seeing Doug and the agony of continuing on. She didn't stop till we reached camp 2 and 1/2 miles later - Doug's idea of a little ways away. Lisa and I stopped not too far from camp to get fresh water. We hadn't had good water for the last couple hours. All the streams we had passed by had high amounts of sulphur in them giving the water a sour rotten taste. Alan and Mason came running down from camp to greet us. Alan offered to take my pack the rest of the way for me. An offer which seemed too good to pass up but I had to. There was no way after all I had been through that day that I wasn't going to finish the hike with my own pack on my back. There was a steep incline you had to climb to get to the site. But I did it! Everyone congratulated me when I got to the top. I had never felt so proud of myself before.

After a brief rest everybody else and I set up camp and did the necessary camp chores - getting water and wood most importantly. Once you have your pack off you feel light on your feet, so chores don't seem so awful. We all ran around and played in the woods for the rest of the daylight. Our sight was on a bluff over looking Beaver Dam Creek. Our view was breathtaking. I felt at total peace with my self there. We all stayed up late that night because the next day was a lay over day.

I woke up this morning feeling like a large piece of dirt. We were all so dirty. Our faces were covered with ashes from the fire, our fingernails were packed with dirt and other goodies. So I decided to clean up in the creek below. It felt so good to be clean but I didn't stay that way for much longer then a hour. Mason, Josh, Marna, Alan and Doug all went for a day hike up an unnamed peak. There was no designated trail on the peak so you just had to make your own trail. All of them are strong hikers so it only

took them an hour and a half to reach the top. Meanwhile the rest of us down below were doing chores when we heard Patty yell "They made it to the top!" I turned just in time to see the flash of light. They had Phil's mirror on top with them and were flashing us to let us know they had made it.

Doug passed his binoculars around while they were up top the mountain. With the binoculars the view was splendid and they were able to observe a moose standing in a pond below and a grizzly catching his lunch in the Yellowstone river and a few bison grazing in the fields. At dinner time Doug entertained himself by singing a song to Mason that went something like "you so ugly". Mason snapped back with his own musical retort. We all went to bed fairly early tonight (Before 2 o' clock). We knew we had another long grueling day ahead of us.

We got up at 6 and were on the trail by 9. We hiked along for about two miles where we stopped to regroup. We were going to be crossing the Yellowstone River soon and we wanted to do it as a group. Crossing the river was an experience. The current was strong and the water was cold. We all had our shoes on and were ready to go again when Doug yelled to us that we weren't done yet. We were on a sand bar and we didn't even realize it. Off with our shoes again. Today's hike was 16 miles long so we had to hike hard. We crossed at least four steams today which takes more time then you would think. At one point on the trail the whole group minus Doug met up. We weren't sure which way to go on the trail. We figured it out, but took a long time in doing so. It was getting late and we still had a good five miles to go. We stayed as a group most of the rest of the hike, eventually breaking into that night's dessert of Snicker bars for energy. We soon met up with Doug and explained what took so long. We made a decision to stop at the next site we saw because we were running out of daylight. We weren't able to finish that day's designated hike, so there would be extra miles the next day.

We all ate dinner and listened to Doug tell stories about former Mini-School trips. I crashed right after dinner.

I woke up the next morning worn out and very sore. Today's hike seemed extra long but I enjoyed the scenery around me. There were a lot of steams and marsh crossings again today. It was dribbling rain randomly through out the day. Hiking in rain gear is

A Day With Randy

By Sara Leslie Pipkorn

Our day began at about 9:00 am. We left for a fun filled day at the "College Fair". On our way there we thought of many ways to make fun of the people driving past us. Most of the way there Emily and Randy talked non-stop. That left Stacy and I sitting listening to the radio.

By the time we got there we were all ready to walk around. We were really motivated to do something besides sit in the car. Emily and Randy went their own ways, while Stacy and I left together to look at colleges. Randy ran into his daughter there, so he talked to her for awhile. When Stacy and I were trying to go through the mobs of people, we saw some of the weirdest, scariest hairstyles. There were some really goofy looking people there too. We both laughed pretty hard.

By the time we all got throughout that place, we were ready to head home. It was an entertaining event I'll say, and I think we all found some ideal colleges that we might be interested in. The people who participated in this fun filled event were Stacy Trusk, Emily Matejcek, Randy Nelson and I. It was a great trip and we all had a blast. I wish more of us had gone. You should go if you haven't already. That's my advice to Mini-Schools in the future. The end!

not comfortable. When I reached camp you could see the storm heading for us in the sky. Thunder boomed loudly rushing us to set camp and cover our supplies with the tarp. Just as we all took our last bites of dinner rain hit, hard. It died off pretty fast but continued to sprinkle throughout the night. We encountered a few animals at this site. Mama visited with a coyote after the first batch of rain. I encountered two moose and some deer on the trail. It's wonderful to see animals in their natural setting and not in a cage.

Layover day! Doug, Mike, Phil, Josh and Alan hiked Mt Sheridan. They enjoyed the playing in the snow up top, but were quickly chased back down by hail.

All of our clothes were soaked and dirty but we only had one more day until we reached the comfort of the van.

We all woke up early on our own this morning. We knew we weren't far from showers and toilets and phones. We came across hot springs on the trail and we all stopped to soak our tired feet. We had to climb a steep hill about 1 mile long today. It was hard but knowing we would be reaching the end soon we all hiked well today. I think I ran the last mile of the hike. When I saw the van I felt pure joy! The hike was over! We had done it-

a 50 mile hike in seven days!

My first shower in 9 days was wonderful. I had never felt so good in my life. The weather bulletin at our campground said it could be down to 5 below tonight and possibilities of snow flurries.

We woke up at 6 o' clock this morning to leave for home. We were home before I knew it. But this trip will always be with me. I learned alot of things about myself and the group on this trip. I couldn't have asked for a more understanding and fun group. You know how I said earlier in the article how I couldn't believe Doug was doing this to me. Now I can. I want to thank Doug for taking the time out to show us how much there is out there and how much there is in ourselves. Thank you.



MINI-SCHOOL'S 25th REUNION

By Kristi Dahl and Patty Heien

Every five years of Mini-School that goes by, there is a reunion. Past and present students meet at Baker Park with food and stories.

When you get out of your car and walk up, you're immediately surrounded by strangers and friends, all talking and looking at pictures. Strangers or not, we're all friends and we all have a great thing in common, Mini-School.

Once we talked for awhile, looked at pictures and reminisced, we barbecued. Everyone brought their own food and there was a ton of it.

Volleyball was constantly being played, older and young people starting at about age 6 or 7 and up. We all had a blast. The only negative thing was the weather, a little cold and kind of gloomy but even that couldn't keep us down.

Along with volleyball there was Hackey Sack or talking to the grumpy old men (Doug and Randy). Joanne was there with her new husband Brad Johnston, along with former and present teachers Pete Hegrenes, Lester Seamans-Hughes, and Pauline Von Ruden.

Since Joanne brought the whole thing together, there were a couple of committee meetings at her apartment. The first gathering was with Jeff Clapp, Jean Macklin, Kirstie Fredrickson, Terry Vincent, Stewart Hanson, Stephanie Tucker, Brad, Joanne, Alison Young, and Adrian Dolentz.

Don't forget that we all had a hand in picking out those pictures you saw at the reunion. The flyers weren't put up by a fairy either. Sarah Iversen and Lisa Kopecky were the daring ones who put them up in the boys' bathroom at Perkins. You know, on the back of the door, the mirror, the stall doors, the urinals. All the usual places. Not to mention all those telephone poles, cars and grocery stores.

All in all, the twenty-fifth reunion for Mini-School was a success. It's good to see new and familiar faces and hear about the changes and progress in Mini Alumni. Thanks to everyone who helped make it

possible, and thanks to all those who made it there. And to those who didn't..... see you in five years!!!!

Mall Rats

By Tony Cruikshank

This movie, filmed in the Eden Prairie mall, had very little to offer. Bad acting, very little plot, but the writing is what saved it. Two characters, Jay and Silent Bob, stole 100% of the show. In all, it's a mediocre movie with some good exceptions.

Want Ads

For Sale: Sears Freezer 12.0 cubic feet. Excellent condition. \$125.00 or best offer Doug 474-7706 or Mini-School office.

For Sale: Lawn Boy lawn mower. \$125.00. Excellent condition. Doug 474-7706 or Mini-School office.



1995 Soccer Season

By Randy Nelson

Every fall for the past twenty-three years, while Berg is running around Yellowstone, canoeing in Canada, or bicycling up and around Mille Lacs, etc., I have attempted to oversee the boys soccer team at Minnetonka. Because we enjoyed a super season and ended up ranked number two in the state in both the Saint Paul and Minneapolis papers, the editors thought some article about the season should be in Com-Mini-Cations. I am not sure why they see this as newsworthy, but it should not take away from the pride I have in the soccer program and the players who have worked with me through the years.

Even before varsity status for soccer was given in 1973, Mini-School students have enjoyed the sport. Dan and Dave Schierman along with Jack Brisley were participants in intramurals in 1971. Jack continued playing in adult leagues on a team made up of former Tonka players, Dan Richardson was a member of the first varsity team in 1973, and Mark Johnson and Jamie Brisley were all-conference players in 1978 (Junior Day was the goalkeeper on that team). Jamie, along with Brad Johnson are the boys coaches at Mound-Westonka now. Another Mini-Schooler in that era was Rick Roth who is a certified referee today. Mark Meldahl was one of the captains in 1979, and Clint Mattaccola played for me in 1980-81. As the years tend to run together, I risk leaving out several of the Mini-School students who played for me or were in the soccer program, but the tradition has continued into the 1990s with Joe and Dave Verner and present student, Matt Morseth. Joe and Dave have also come back to help coach in the high school and community programs.

Coaching soccer often brings some of the same pride I feel for Mini-School. It is good to see former students and players give their time, knowledge, expertise, etc., to those communities that nourished them as they were growing up. Both the soccer community and the Mini-School community have been enriched by their involvement. The successes of the 1995 soccer team were built on the foundation of their predecessors, and the strong coaching they received in the community program and at the younger levels of the high school

program. These successes were carried out by the players willingness to keep striving to be the best through hard work and cooperation. The same can be said for Mini-School and its students.

Although our season ended abruptly in a 2-1 loss in the section semi-final, it wasn't for lack of trying as we out-shot our opponent 28-6. The problem was the only shots that count are the ones that go in! This should not diminish from a team that (I feel) was arguably the best team in the state. Not being able to get to state for the twenty-second consecutive year was probably more disappointing this year than many others because I was fortunate enough to work with not just excellent soccer players, but high quality people as well- the latter being a constant in my coaching career. Professionally, I take pride in helping start both the Mini-School and soccer programs at Minnetonka. In my eyes, both have achieved a high degree of success giving students another choice, meeting student needs, providing them with a positive experience, and seeing them returning to give back, etc.

Congratulations, Graduates!

Joke of the week: It only took Al Wright 3 terms to graduate from high school - Reagan's, Bush's, and Clinton's!

But he did it ! Congratulations Al and also to Scott Hedtke, Jeff Dack, and Raymond Morse, all of whom finished up graduation requirements at the end of first quater.

Way to go, guys ! Everyone's proud of you.

Mark Warren 2

By Andrea Hamilton

It was a quiet drive up to Doug's cabin in Grantsburg, Wisconsin. Everyone was lost in their thoughts or sleeping. We arrived at the cabin around 12:30, unloaded and walked down to our "home" for the next 3 days. It was beautiful, endless tall trees, St. Croix river about 50 feet in front of me and a warm sunny day. Doug asked us to be kind of quiet because Group One was still on the island, and that they'd probably be in reflective moods. So we went exploring around the forest, read, played music or whatever. As I looked around, I saw what an interesting group we made: Jessie Christi, Bill Zastera, Angie Arne, Mama Sutphen, Casey Wright, Scott Vetter, Geoff Boeller, Al Wright, Kelsey Crawford, Will Scheidler, me-Andrea Hamilton and our fearless leaders, our new para, Jonathan Sain, Pauline Von Ruden, and of course, Doug Berg. Group One showed up and the teachers made us lunch. We all played for awhile, then Group One left and we had some more goof off time. Mark went and sat with Bill who was playing guitar, I think they bonded with their musical talents. Mark then grouped us all together and rattled off all our names like he was psychic or something. Mark has these wise old eyes, so I kind of believed it.

After lunch he had us get into a circle and we played Zuegal, which is a game with a big stick and you throw it around in a certain way and it has all these weird funny rules. We finally got the hang of the game so Mark sat us down and gave us a knife safety lesson. Then he started teaching about trees and plants and how we depend on them so much, even in the modern world. We had to go find a plant called plantain which has many purposes one of them being healing bee stings. Then we went walking in the woods and found more plants with healing purposes or that we could eat. Mark taught us how to make rope out of Basswood bark and it was so amazing to look in your hands to see a strong, sturdy rope that you made.

We got back to the camp and played for awhile before dinner. Casey and Al went swimming in the freezing water. It looked so nice that I eventually joined Casey but it was so freezing I didn't go in past my calves. Mark suggested that Casey dunk me!! Thank God he didn't. Kelsey, Mama, Bill and I were the chief music makers but I don't know how musical

we sounded. We were having fun goofing around though.

Mark talked to us about the naming ceremony which is very spiritual and intimate and what it was all about. He asked us to write an animal that we feel connected to, what our friends would say about us, and what we think positively about ourselves. He emphasized these were the best things and that our names are our highest compliments. So we all wrote these things down for him after dinner, then went and played tag in the dark, or sat round the fire. When we settled in our bags we were all outside. It was a very beautiful night. Casey and Al and I were talking and laughing so they yelled at us to shut up because we were keeping them awake.

We woke up to Doug's voice and rolled our grumbling about how early it was. We ate and ran around for a bit, then Mark taught us a game which is just like hac, but with a milk carton and even funnier and weirder rules than the first game. The best part was when Kelsey had to get on her knees and bark her name like a dog. She was really wimpy about it.

Mark then sat us down and taught us how to make fire, using a wooden bow, a sharpened stick, a rock, a flat piece of wood and Basswood bark as tinder. We did a guys team and a girls team. It wasn't about speed but who could actually do it. Making fire is not the easiest thing in the world. So after several attempts of taking turns rubbing the stick together, Mama and I got the ash hot enough to light the tinder on fire. This was a joyous moment for us girls because this was a team effort. The guys on the other hand had to be threatened with no lunch to get the fire going, but they eventually got it.

Later we walked up a big hill and to the clearing where our stalking lesson began. Mark had us do some positions in slow motion. Then we had to pretend that Mark was a deer and stalk him. Some of us failed at our first attempts but we caught onto it. We went off to find the spot for our blinds, which are little huts we sit in so we are camouflaged. We went back to camp for a bit to snack on, because we were late eating dinner. Us girls had an arm wrestling match. We figured Mama and Jessi were the strongest. We went back to our blinds and settled

down. The whole purpose of this was to be able to watch animals, but few of us saw anything. It was kind of frightening being alone in the forest in the darkness, but as Mark put it-"It's more dangerous in the city than it is in the woods."

Doug made us a huge, yummy dinner. Then Mark sat us down and our naming ceremony began. He handed us our papers and told us to go read them. Then we came back to the fire and shared our long names, then our short names. Then we had to memorize them because that's what we were to call each other the rest of the trip. These are our short names-

Kelsey Crawford-Wind Song

Mark Warren-Shadow Fox

Doug Berg-Side Stepping Crow

Scott Vetter-Lost Cat

Mama Sutphen-Wild Heart Horse

Al Wright-Standing Bear

Casey Wright-Painted Hawk

Jonathan Sain -Rising Panther

Bill Zastera-Touches the Wind

Goeff Boeller-Flying Deer

Angie Ame-Dancing Frog

Andrea Hamilton-Two Moons River

Jessi Christi-Scratching Fox

Will Schiedler-Sun Lion

We also learned Native American sign language to communicate. We all learned our names and basic words. It's easy to learn and it's a beautiful way to talk.

The next morning we got to sleep in because Mark and Doug went to see his new cabin. Jonathan made us breakfast, then we packed and cleaned up to get ready to go. Mark and Doug came back and we started for the island where the sweat lodge is. This is where the sign language came in handy because Mark told us there was to be no talking the whole time we were on the island. We canoed over and waited a couple of hours for the rocks to heat up. We passed time by playing games, reading, sleeping, or just enjoying the serenity. When Mark took the logs off the rocks we knew it was time. We blew off the ash and he put them in the lodge. We stripped to our suits or underwear and got in. Within seconds we started sweating. The heat was smothering but at the same time also soothing. Mark honored us and said some words for us along with our names.

After we got out, we cleaned up the island, put out the fire, went back to the cabin, ate lunch, hung out, cleaned up, and then took off for home. This was an experience, being with Mark and learning and doing all I did. I had fun getting to know everybody a little better and starting little jokes with people. (Jessi-Jethi-ha ha!!) But being relatively new, you all made my experience wonderful and you are all very special people. Thank you to all my new friends, Doug, and especially Mark for opening my and a lot of other's eyes to the beautiful world of earth, air, wind and fire.

The New Political Update or: Planet Janet and the Reno Invaders!!

By Mike Jacobson

Have you heard of the V-chip yet ? Oh well, I'll tell you about it anyway. It's this new device that parents can have installed in their TV, (for the incredible low price of only, oh, 5 trillion bucks) to regulate the amount of violent programming that their child sees. This better mousetrap was extracted from the repulsively mainstream mind of ... who else but Janet Reno and associates!

I've got a tad bit better idea. Turn the damn thing off!! Neglecting your kids by plopping them in front of the idiot box and detaching them for a while is how they become violent. You want to know why violence is so damn popular ? It's hands down the most effective form of attention getter there is.

One day, there will be a place called Planet Janet. She'll have her own race and her own civilization, along with her own society. I'll be content just to sit on my own roof with a pair of binoculars in hand, my wife by my side, my kids resting peacefully in bed, and celebrate as we watch this planet of robots and warmongers quickly blow itself to smithereens.

OOH, BABY!!

By Nichole Tiggas and Kristi Dahl

This article is about Mini-Schoolers and their offspring. We interviewed six Mini kids and alumni to get information about their babies and how having a child has affected their lives. Both of us interviewed either the mother or father of the child. Some have already had their babies and others are expecting their firstborn.

Alison Grahn-19 years old

Q. When was your baby born?

A. April 9th 1994

Q. How much did he weigh?

A. 7 lbs. 11 oz.

Q. Height?

A. 20 1/4 in.

Q. Full name?

A. Lucas James Grahn

Q. What adjustments have you made and how has having a baby changed your life?

A. It's difficult, because I was used to going out alot and now I'm at home. I have to work around his schedule.

Q. What hospital was he born in?

A. Fairview Riverside

Q. How long were you in active labor?

A. 24 hours, I ended up having a C- section.

Q. How old is your baby ?

A. Almost 19 months

Alison is on the deans list at Metropolitan Community College, and she is being actively pursued by many "elite" sororities. Alison has been living on her own with Lucas as a single mom since he was born.

Collin Davis-15 years old

Q. When was your baby born?

A. February 28th 1995

Q. How much did she weigh?

A. 8lbs. 2oz.

Q. Height?

A. 22 inches

Q. What's your baby's full name?

A. Kaylee Paige Davis

Q. What adjustments have you made and how has having a baby affected your life?

A. It's hard to do. It's a full fledged responsibility that has to be done 100% all the time.

Q. What hospital was she born in?

A. Fairview

Q. How long was the mother in active labor?

A. Four hours

Q. How old is your baby now?

A. Eight months

Jaimie Jordan-18 years old

Q. When was your baby born?

A. June 21st 1995

Q. How much did your baby weigh?

A. 6lbs exactly

Q. What's your baby's full name?

A. Jaleesa Denise Simmons-Jordan

Q. What adjustments have you made and how has having a baby affected your life?

A. I don't get to go out as much. I can't just get up and go. I have to leave at least ten minutes early for everything because I need to get her in the car and make sure I have everything I need.

Q. What hospital was she born in?

A. Methodist

Q. How long were you in active labor?

About 12 hours

Q. How old is she now?

A. Four months

Alison Young(Godmother)says: "Jaleesa is really cool, she has more personality than any four month old I've ever met. She has a mongolian spot on her butt! She likes bath time, eats at six, she's a good sleeper, and entertains herself and everyone around her. She likes to listen to Bob Marley and Grand Master Flash. She's an old school kid."

Erica Gvsland -17 years old

Q. When was your baby born?

A. July 20th 1995 at 1:14 am

Q. How much did he weigh?

A. 7lbs 14oz

Q. Height?

A. 20 1/2 inches

Q. What is your baby's full name?

A. Joel Daniel Gysland

Q. What adjustments have you made and how has having a baby affected your life now?

A. It's a new experience but one I don't regret. You take so much for granted when you're young that you can't when you have children. No energy!

Q. How long were you in active labor?

A. I was having contractions for 3 days, I was in active labor for 17 hours, and he was coming out transversed so they did a C-section.

Q. What hospital was he born in?

A. Methodist

Q. Anything else?

A. He was born with six fingers on each hand. He's such a good baby, he has slept through the night since the day he was born. He's the cutest baby in the world! Joe Bundy is going to be the Godfather!

And here are two ladies who are expecting their first!

Nichole Tiggas-16 years old

Q. When is your baby due?

A. December 26th

Q. Do you want a boy or a girl?

A. Doesn't matter

Q. How many months along are you?

A. Seven

Q. Are you coming back to school after the baby's born?

A. Yes

Q. What was your first reaction when you found out you were pregnant?

A. I thought I was before I took the test so when it came up positive I was surprised, but I had thought I was already.

Q. What do you want to name your baby if it's a boy?

A. No idea

Q. What about a girl?

A. No idea

Pauline Von Ruden-31 years old

Q. When is your baby due?

A. February 2nd

Q. Do you want a boy or a girl?

A. Doesn't matter

Q. How many months along are you?

A. Six months.

Q. Are you coming back to school after you have your baby?

A. Yes

Q. What was your first reaction when you found out you were pregnant?

A. I suspected I was pregnant before school got out last year, but I wanted to finish off the school year before I knew. I took a test while Jason (her boyfriend) was out of town for the weekend. He knew before he left that I was going to take one. It came up positive, so I sat on my recliner and laughed hysterically for about 15 minutes. I wanted to tell someone, but I wanted Jason to be the first to know, so I told him when he got back. And now since my mother has discovered she is going to be a grandmother she's become a garage sale fanatic, every time she's over she brings us more clothes!

Q. If it's a boy what will you name it?

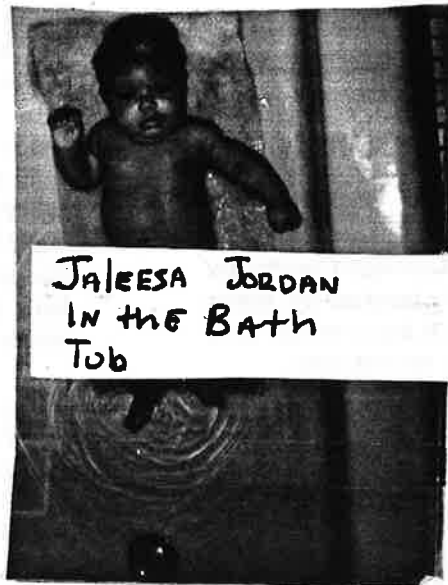
A. Jackson

Q. And if it's a girl?

A. I don't know

For the ending of this article, Pauline had suggested that we ask the Mini-School students for suggestions on names for a boy or a girl. Here they are along with the names of the people who have chosen them:

Name	Boys	Girls
Sara Iversen	Mark	Jasmin
Clint Fero	Kyle	Christina
Tony Crukshank	Samuel	Laura
Will Schiedler	Karl	Winston or Aurie
Collin Davis	Mekail	Kay
Z Rossi	Damien	Celest
Phil St. Sauver	Sorry	Confused
Ray Morse	Sengir	Serra
Doug Berg	Randy	Randy
Randy Nelson	Doug	Doug
Casey Wright	Pugsley Jr.	Pugsley Jr.



Alfred

By Tami Olson

"It was a vicious murder of a child."

I remember the morning I read those words. I remember feeling anger and confusion and finally just breaking down and crying. How can anyone murder someone? Alfred was a really nice guy. I never once even thought he would kill someone. The papers talked how Alfred got mad because his girlfriend's fourteen year old daughter Geneva wanted to use the phone and the only phone in the house was in Alfred and his girlfriend's room.

Geneva came into his room around 1:00 am to get the phone to call her boyfriend. Alfred got mad and said, "no." They fought for a while. Then Alfred lost it and started hitting her. When she hit the floor he started kicking her in the face. He dialed 911 and when the police arrived Alfred was in the front yard with his hands in the air.

The newspaper talked about how Alfred beat his girlfriend and how he has a history of violence.

But yet it never said anything about how Alfred went to treatment and he went to get help for the abuse. And it also never said anything about how Geneva had stabbed a girl in the face or her history of problems.

Geneva did not deserve to die and I often wonder if I cried for Geneva or Alfred.

I used to work with Alfred at an old job I had and I remember talking to him and giving him advice on what to do with his problems with Geneva.

Alfred is in prison serving a 23 year sentence without the possibility of parole. People have tried writing to him, but their letters are returned unopened and unread.

Alfred got what he deserved and maybe not enough, but what about the loss of Geneva? Will Alfred's sentence make her mother feel better?

Geneva was only fourteen years old. Her life was cut tragically short by a man who lost his temper.

Murder. By murdering Geneva Alfred not only took Geneva's life, but he took his own as well. And he may not have ended her Mother's life, but he took a big part of it away from her.

With Alfred sitting in that cell not talking to anyone he is ending his own life as well.

Pool Party

By Kristi Dahl & Tami Olson

Kristi had called all the girls and told them to be at Joanne's by 3:00. Kristi and Angela were the first to show up. We looked around Joanne's apartment and saw pictures of her recent wedding with her husband Brad. We got a grand tour and saw a big majority of paintings and artwork Brad had done.

Down at the pool, one by one everyone started showing up. There was Jamie Jordan and her baby Jalessa, Alison Young, Jesse Christi, Adrian Dolentz, Lola Ulvolg, Sarah Iversen, Lisa Kopecky, Tami Olson, Rachael Guffan, Kristi Dahl, Erica Gysland and her baby Joel, Angela Rodewald, Joanne Johnston and Brad, and Pauline Von Ruden.

We just mainly sat around the pool and talked. We played with Joel and Jalessa and heard about Joanne's wedding. Then Pauline had an announcement to make very casually. She told us she was pregnant! (Congrats Pauline)

We all had a really fun day. Some got in the pool and some decided pure sunshine sounded better. Slowly the group started going home. The two of us and Angela were the first to leave.

I was happy with the turn-out. It was nice to see everyone over the summer vacation. That was about it. Girl's day out, and altogether we had a great time!

Pigskin, Playoffs and Pain

By Scott Bakkelund

My first year to play football was in 6th grade. I kept playing football, because my parents thought it would be a good thing for me to do. One other reason I kept it up was for something to do at night.

I moved up to the seventh grade football where I had my best year playing. I got more sacks and tackles than anyone else on the whole team. The reason for that was that I went to every practice and tried my hardest to be better than anyone on the team.

I played on the eighth grade team and didn't do very well. There were too many people on the team that were bigger than I was. Plus the game was getting more into who was more talented and who had played longer.

When I got up to the ninth grade I was on the freshman team. That year we went undefeated for the year. That year I got back to a starter and played all of the time. That's what really kept me playing the game of football and I also found out that the coaches really liked me.

Then the next year I skipped the sophomore team and went up to the J.V. team. I got to play a little on Friday nights and some on J.V. games too.

This year I was on the varsity team and played half of the time. We got into the playoffs this year. We won our first game and then lost our next play-off game.

MHS has a good football program. The coaches teach us responsibility and leadership. We have fun and learn many things. One thing about it is that it is a hard sport to play. You get banged up and sometimes can't play for a while, but winning games makes up for all the hard work you put into it. The coaches make it fun to work with them and they care about all of the players. This year has been very fun, because we came together as a team and went farther than anyone expected us to.

I have played football for six years and I still love football today. I have had really good games and I

have had really bad games. I have played with the best players and played with the worst players. No matter what, I will still play.

Going in Sain

By Tony Cruikshank and Will Scheidler

Jonathan Sain is a man whose values are clear. Live life, have fun and try not to have any regrets when you look back, on the rare occasion in your life when you do. His philosophy is timeless...why worry? In life there are only two things, being well and being sick. If you're well, no worries, right. But if you are sick there are two choices-get well or die. If you die, you have two choices, heaven or hell. If you wind up in heaven, you have no worries. If you go to hell, "You're so damn busy shaking hands with friends you won't have time to worry."

Jonathan is glad that Mini School is accepting him. Unlike the rigid mainstream schedule, he appreciates the way Mini is designed for the students. Such as, how it would be nice if the work was done, but if the student is unmotivated that is okay for the moment. Jonathan previously spent four years working with elementary school students. He now appreciates the chance to work with older students. During his years in college he spent quality time working at the YMCA setting up games with the children. Johnathan enjoyed this since he is, "a kid at heart." He never once got up in the morning and said, "I don't want to work."

Jonathan is 27 years old and has been married for six months. He and his wife, Bonnie, have known each other for ten years. Even though he has some type of authority, Johnathan feels just like one of us. Johnathan was on the Mark Warren trip, the sweat lodge is part of the trip, and that might be one of the reasons why he feels like one of us. And he, like Doug, enjoys biking, lifting and working out.

Jerry Garcia Vigil

By Andrea Hamilton

My friend Hillarie called me around 11:00 in the morning August 9th. At first the things she was saying just didn't register. Then I heard it again "Jerry's dead. He died at 4:24 this morning". I was upset and in shock. For any of you who don't know who I'm talking about, Jerry Garcia is the lead singer for the legendary Grateful Dead.

After bumming around most of the day, we drove to Loring Park where a candle light vigil was being held. We arrived fairly early. Drums were playing. We laid down our blanket, lit up our candles and incense and got lost in the crowd around us.

There was such a wide variety of people. It really made you see how Jerry and the Dead had affected so many peoples lives. Little kids born in the 90's granola generation, middle aged yuppies, hippies, punks, dead heads everyone you could every think of.

There was a lot of crying, laughter and hugs on this day. Devoted Deadheads had given up their lives to go on tour. Now they were heartbroken and lost, seemingly without their family. No one really wanted to believe it was over. One of my friends who had gone on tour numerous times was almost hysterical, for she didn't know any other way of life.

So we got up and danced to the drums for Jerry, sang a few songs, including "Ripple" one of my favorites, saw all our friends, met some new people, gave out hugs, reminisced, and got lost in our thoughts and prayers for Captain Tripps.

There was a picture of him with candles, flowers and momentos all around, a huge banner everyone signed and our sidewalk chalk-art. These were all ways of saying goodbye. This really was the end of an era. The love Jerry and the Dead put out to their fans was insurmountable. To most of us he was like a relative, like a very special, talented- musically and artistically talented or something grandpa, and was loved a lot. We all miss him greatly. Let there be songs to fill the air!

What A Long Strange Trip It's Been....

A Tribute to Jerry Garcia

1942-1995

By Mike Ennis

It's hard, if not impossible to find the right words to explain how people feel about the death of rock legend Jerry Garcia. There are so many Dead fans from all different backgrounds, races and ages that Jerry's death was felt around the world. I feel that there is no reason it shouldn't be.

Jerry was a peaceful man. I know that I will never forget him, because it is hard to forget someone that has left such a great impact on my life and others. His music sent love and peace into the hearts of hundreds of thousands of people. There is no way that he can ever be replaced.

This article may not be long, but it says what I feel it needs to. Jerry might be gone, but in a way he's still alive in the hearts of his fans. When he left, he left us a gift of ageless music and a feeling of happiness to remember him by.

There will always be a spot in my heart and soul for him.



CASEY AND FRIENDS

AWW... THE PERFECT SLUSHBALL!



Hard ENOUGH TOSting, YET Sloppy ENough to DRIBBLEdown The Collar.



HERE Comes EYEv Now's my chance



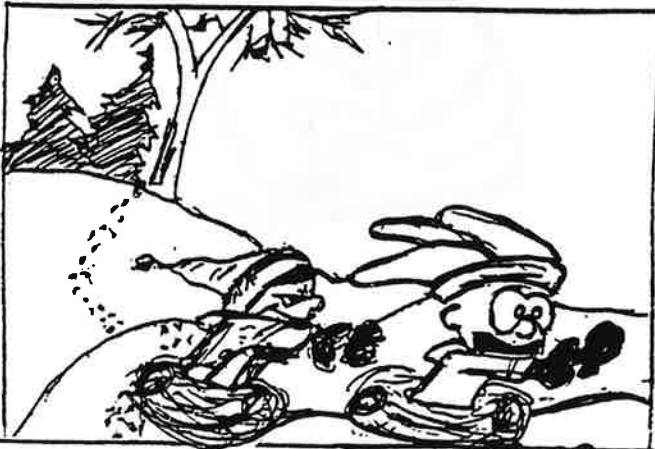
I SEE you! you'D BETter Not Throw That! Santa is watching!



OH YES! YES! it was worth It! what a shot! I'm Not sorry! It was BEAUTIFL



RUN



SANTA'S Gonna SKIP This Block For YEARS



I'm Not Late...Mini-Schools excuses for being late

By Lisa Kopecky and Emily Matejcek

1. I was in here 10 minutes ago and you weren't here, I went to go look for you in the hall.
2. My hamster's in my wall.
3. Emily wasn't ready and when I went to her door her bird kept on saying "hello" but wouldn't let me in.
4. I got stuck in the elevator. Go ask the custodian!
5. I got locked in the bathroom.
6. I got stuck behind a funeral procession.
7. My dog ran out the door and I had to chase her in bare feet and a T-shirt through the snow. Then I finally caught her and the neighbor's sprinkling system went on and I fell in the mud and then I had to take another shower. Look at my hand, see this bandaid! It's covering 20 stitches, 'cause my dog got in a fight with this other dog and the... the other dog bit me and I had to drive my dog and I to the hospital while I was bleeding all over everything. So anyway, I'm not late because I had to clean the blood out of my car.
8. Uh, I don't know.
9. I had to stop at McDonald's, Man.
10. Nobody woke me up.
11. My starter went out.
12. I got a call at the last minute and had to pick up Hedtke.
13. I had to drive my mom to work first.
14. I just woke up.
15. I got pulled over.
16. Somebody stole my car. I had to walk.

17. There's a bus strike.

18. I closed last night.

19. My ride was late.

20. I was captured by aliens and they picked my brain and left me in a field. I had to hitch a ride to school.

Recognition Night

By Doug Berg

The Mini-school end-of-the-year recognition night is always special. The major events and trips of the year are highlighted, many students are recognized for their accomplishments, and the graduates are given a good send-off.

Last June's Recognition night, since it marked the conclusion of Mini-Schools 25th year, was perhaps even a little more special. The event was extremely well attended, as always. Dr. Donald Draayer, retiring Minnetonka superintendent who had occupied that position throughout most of Mini-school's existence, was there. So was Lester and Pete Hegrenes, former Mini-school teachers. So were many Mini-school alumni and parents of Mini-school alumni.

Guest speaker for recognition night was Jim Klobuchar, columnist for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. He gave a stirring talk on 'Heroes' in today's society. He also spent a good bit of time with Randy and me expressing his admiration for Mini-school and its mission.

Recognition night '95 was a great wrap up to Mini-school's 25th year. Next year Randy thinks maybe our guest speaker should be "Sid" (just joking).

Whitewater Rafting

By Clint Fero and Tami Olson

On the morning of Wednesday September 27, Nate Clifford, Jed Norman, Dan Stevens, Gabe Hargrove, Clint Fero and Tami Olson all met Pauline at the high school. It was 6:30 a.m. and time to pack and be ready to leave by 7:00. We ended up leaving around 8:00, because Ramona was late. We finally left and set out on a three and a half hour trip. We arrived at Jay Cooke State Park around 11:30 am. At that point, everyone piled out of the van. We unpacked everything and got settled into camp, when we realized we had only brought one tent! Pauline and Ramona shared that tent while everyone else slept outside on a tarp.

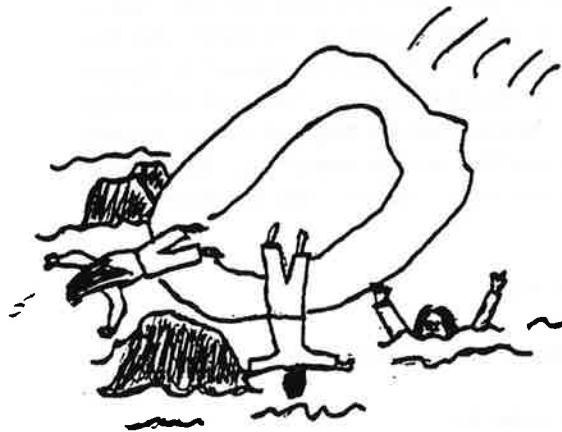
After about an hour of unpacking we all decided to take a hike on the trails around the park. We hiked for about three and a half hours. Then we went back to camp to make some supper, and get ready to go to the planetarium at the U of MN at Duluth to watch a show on stars and planets. Unfortunately we were about 15 minutes late and the doors were locked, so we ended up walking around the campus. Then we found the pool room and played a few games of pool, while Pauline and Ramona played a game of backgammon. We took off from there and went back to camp, to sit around the fire. A couple of hours later Clint heard a noise. Jed shined his flashlight to see what was going on, and we saw two raccoons. One ran away and the other just stood there, eating our noodles from left-over spaghetti in the fire pit next to us. Everyone tried to scare it away. We didn't even faze him. He just went right back to eating. Finally his food supply ran out and he went away. One by one we all went back to bed.

The next morning after Pauline woke everyone up, we had breakfast. We went into town, and had a scavenger hunt. We had to go around town and ask people questions about their history. We all had to come up with a business card, a book of matches and an egg. Everyone was successful in the end and we all had fun. From there we had lunch, then went Whitewater Rafting. We set out with two boats: Dan, Jed and Gabe were in one raft and Clint, Nate, Tami and Ramona were following close behind. Pauline could not come with us, because of her current condition (She's pregnant). The rafting lasted between two and three hours, and only one person managed to fall out. After we watched Dan

and Gabe pull Jed back in the raft, we all tried harder and focused on staying in the raft and not going into cold water. We only lost one paddle, which we found right away with Ramona yelling, "Grab that paddle!" She herself ended up pulling it in. After a while we got used to moving the raft and following the instructions as we were told. Going down one small drop and through four rapids, we all had a lot of fun. That night when we were back at camp everybody kind of went their own way, trying to see as much as possible before we left the next morning.

The next morning Pauline treated us to pancakes, milk and Kool-Aid. Everyone went their own way again to explore one more time, before going back. Dan found a cat and wanted to bring it back with him, but of course Pauline said "no". With a little bit of a fight we all piled into the van for the last time and came back to school.

The three day trip was a lot of fun and we all said we would go if the trip was offered again!



Cafe Review

By Marcelle Dorenkamp and
Kelsey Crawford

The Hard Times:

Cost: Average
Quality: Good
Service: Poor
Smoking Conveniences: Yes
Rating: 7

Urban Bean:

Cost: Expensive
Quality: Good
Service: Average
Smoking Conveniences: Yes and No
Rating: 8

Muddy Waters:

Cost: Inexpensive
Quality: Poor
Service: Average
Smoking Conveniences: Yes
Rating: 6

The Purple Onion:

Cost: Inexpensive
Quality: Good
Service: Average
Smoking Conveniences: Yes
Rating: 9

Uncommon Grounds:

Cost: Expensive
Quality: Good
Service: Good
Smoking Conveniences: No
Rating: 8

Dunn Bros.:

Cost: Expensive
Quality: Good
Service: Good
Smoking Conveniences: No
Rating: 8

Prarie Star:

Cost: Average
Quality: Good
Service: Good
Smoking Conveniences: No
Rating: 8

Java Jacks:

Cost: Inexpensive
Quality: Good
Service: Good
Smoking conveniences: Yes
Rating: 9

Bryant Lake Bowl:

Cost: Expensive
Quality: Good
Service: Good
Smoking Convenience: Yes and No
Rating: 9

Caribou Coffee:

Cost: Expensive
Quality: Average
Service: Average
Smoking Convenience: No
Rating: 6

Jitters:

Cost: Inexpensive
Quality: Good
Service: Good
Smoking Conveniences: Yes
Rating: 10

Cyber X:

Cost: Expensive
Quality: Average
Service: Average
Smoking Conveniences: No
Rating: 5



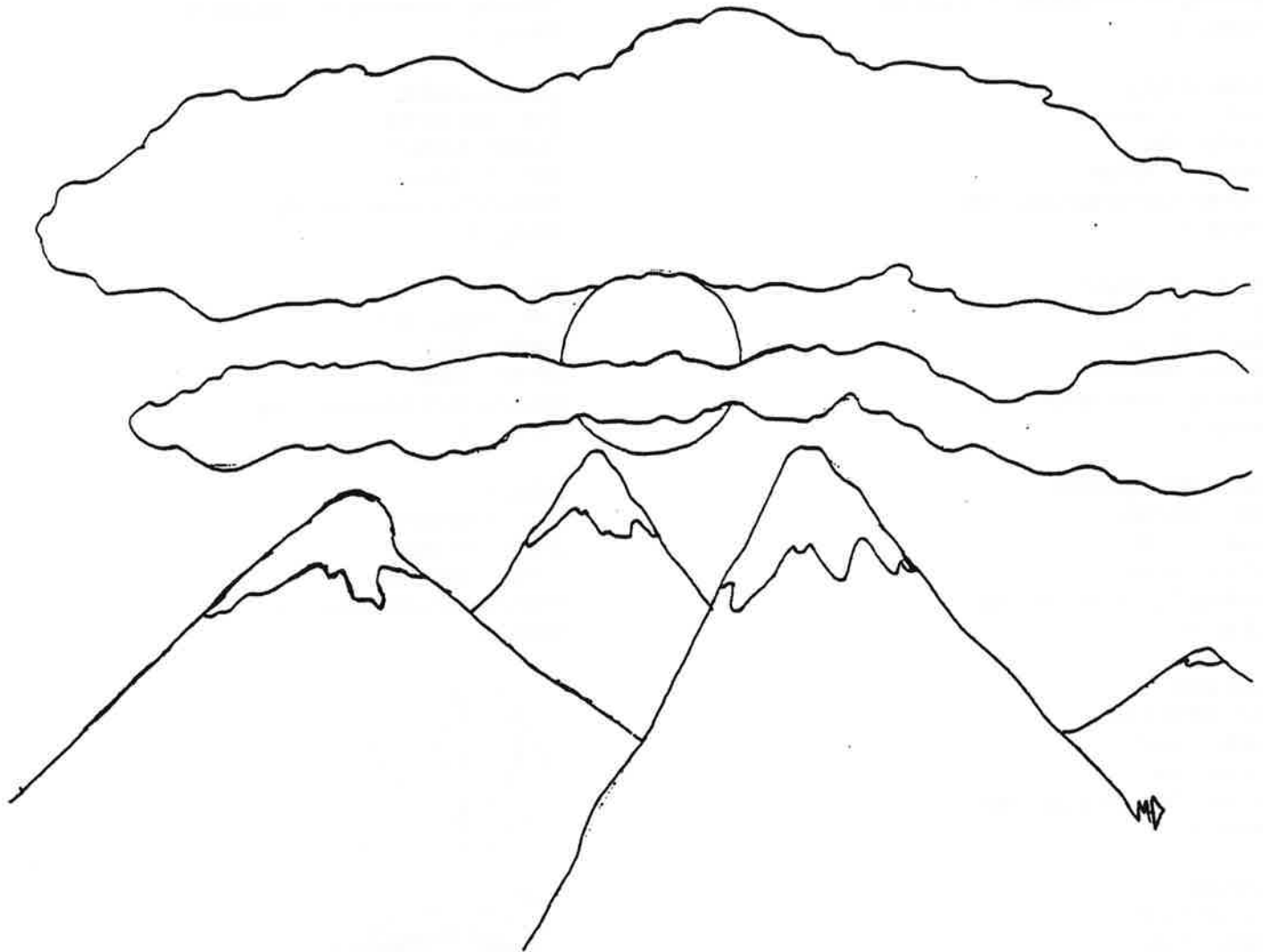
Mini-School Calendars

MN weather
guide calendars

For Sale

Just contact
any Mini School
Staff member
or student

Desk \$13.00
wall \$12.00



About Last Night

Last night I saw you a little more clearly than usual, as if the wool over my eyes was pushed aside. Like trying to learn a foreign language in a class room then traveling to that particular country and understanding or trying to understand all of the peculiarities of dialect at light speed. Imagine trying to teach the principles of physics and the laws of motion to a child just learning to talk and you can come close to how I felt. A child sees everything in black and white, so adding a little gray area is confusing enough, let alone an ocean's worth. Every time you think you've figured out life, the next pitch is a curve that you catch with your face. Now I need to learn new tricks in order to stay equal, not ahead. God grant me some wisdom or at very least patience and help me to learn how to take care of myself (God make me selfish) in order to shrug off the mantle of the eternal servant. I can think for myself, now I need to act for myself. I believe that the challenge of life is not to win but to understand the rules of the game in order to survive. The better you understand the rules the better you survive, and before long begin to thrive. But be careful because the rules can change faster than light travels and therefore you must stay on your toes, be on your guard. But there is a glitch in this seemingly silver lining. The more you're on your guard, the more people you scare away. I'd much rather survive than thrive if thriving is to scare away the one I love. Almost like walking across a tightrope spanning the Grand Canyon, the long way. From end to end, the tightrope can get to the size of many feet or shrink to the size of a single thread. And we are all walking different ropes, so offering advice to someone unsteady might not help. But we do have limited control over our lives. If we are lucky we can make our strings intertwine with that of another. Maybe I've been no help to anybody. But if I have your welcome, glad I could help.

-Scott Hedtke

Horsebackriding

By Kristi Dahl

Women's Issues had been waiting 2 weeks to go horsebackriding and of course, it had to be raining on the day we decided to go. It wasn't raining too badly, though it was still muddy.

A total of 10 people decided to go: Ramona, Andrea, Jackie, Kristi, Emily, Tami, Erica, Patty, Kelsey, and Alison. At first there was 14 of us, but Pauline, Marcele, Emily, Rachael and Nichole went back early so Pauline could get to her class.

After waiting for over an hour for them to get our horses ready, we were finally on our way. Some of us were ready to run our horses and others just wanted to walk.

Tami and Erica switched horses, because Erica's horse was a little too rowdy for her liking. She had a bad experience her previous time on a horse, and since Tami's horse was more like a mule, the swap turned out to be perfect. For Erica at least.

We approached the first running field and everything went fine. We did some more walking and talking but the second, third and fourth running fields were a little different than the first. After my horse got a little too close to Tami's horse, her horse chased us when we decided to take off. Kelsey's horse had so much fun running that it decided to keep going when it was time to stop. Tami had a bit of the same problem and when I was going after her, her horse kicked mine in the face.

Walking again, we approached the running field and that's when Patty's horse decided it wasn't a horse....it was a bull. Emily Richards was trying to catch her breath after her horse had taken off unexpectedly when Patty's horse started charging her horse, stopping inches before ramming it in the butt!

Through the excitement, screaming, scares and laughter we all had a good time. Returning to the ranch with slightly sore legs, we went back to school. So when you go horsebackriding, take a lesson from me, don't get too close!

The River

Feeding the fusion
Seeing her illusion
Tasting my confusion
Only sweet Pain
Her body soaked in a euphoric rain
Feeling the fusion
O my sweet pain
Seeing her illusion
Her body soaked up euphoric rain
Tasting my confusion
They all died in vain
They all died in vain
Completion

By Will Carpenter

To The One I Love

I wish you were here to wipe all my tears
away.
Touch me and let me know you still care.
I care about you alot, more than you'll ever
know.
Don't you understand that I love you with all
my heart.
I don't ever want to lose your love.

-Sara Leslie Pipkom

Infinity

By Will Carpenter

Beyond the limits of
Normality
A victim of life's
Fatality

In a world with no
Morality
Swimming in their
Conspiracy

Wishing for
Simplicity
Dying of
Deficiency

Wading into midnights
Sky
Dreaming I could
Fly

I scream my
Last
Goodbye

Congratulations

A special congratulations is in order to Joanne and Brad Johnston. Over the summer, our favorite secretary Joanne Storlie and ex-Mini-Schooler Brad Johnston were married. All of Mini-School is very happy for them. Joanne, Brad, we wish you the best.

Love always, Mini-School

Com-Mini-Cations

Contributors

Scott Bakkelund
Doug Berg
Will Carpenter
Jessi Christi
Kelsey Crawford
Tony Cruikshank
Kristi Dahl
Marcelle Dorenkamp
Mike Ennis
Clint Fero
Andrea Hamilton
Scott Hedtke
Patty Heien
Mike Jacobsen
Lisa Kopecky
Emily Matejcek
Randy Nelson
Tami Olson
Sara Pipkorn
Will Scheidler
Nichole Tiggas
Chris Utne
Casey Wright
Alison Young

Andrea Hamilton
Sarah Iversen
Lisa Kopecky
Emily Matejcek
Chris Utne
Alison Young

Cover

Casey Wright

Artwork

Tony Cruikshank
Mason Davey
Casey Wright

Production

Marleen Hauschultz

Teacher/Editor

Doug Berg

Student Editors

Emily Matejcek
Alison Young

Layout/Design

Emily Matejcek
Alison Young

Typists

Katie Coplin
Kelsey Crawford
Rachael Guffan

**Com-Mini-Cations
Mini-School Program
Minnetonka High School
Minnetonka School District # 276
261 School Avenue
Excelsior, MN 55331**

**Non Profit Organization
U.S. Postage Paid
Excelsior, MN 55331
Permit #66**

**Fall 1995
Address Correction Requested**

**Don't Forget!
Buy Your
Weatherguide
Calendars and
Support Mini-School!**