Logos II

The Word of Harpeth Hall

Volume 18, Number 5 *May 1995*

State Congress Debates Restricting Licenses

by Kristen Campbell

As teenagers continue to look forward to their sixteenth birthday with anticipation, lawmakers are trying to sour "sweet sixteen" with their new, harsh driving-age proposals.

Three driving bills are currently in committee at the 99th General Assembly. One bill asks that the driving age be raised to 17, another calls for a midnight curfew for the entire state, and the third demands the revocation of the licenses of minors who have received moving violations.

Senator Stephen Cohen and Representative John Deberry are the sponsors of the bill which would have the driving age raised from 16 to 17. Currently, the only other state with a driving age of 17 is New Jersey. One of Sen. Cohen's aides stated that the reason for the bill was "to curb the amount of accidents among young drivers."

According to the bill, even though minors would have to wait an entire extra year to receive their licenses, the licenses would be still restricted, with driving hours limited to 6 a.m. to 8 p.m.. Once the driver turned 18, the license would be unrestricted for any hour, day or night.

Sen. Cohen and Rep. Deberry are considering amending the bill so that a minor could receive a license at the age of 16 1/2 if he or she successfully completed a driver's education course. They are reportedly amending the bill because of the negative response the bill received when it was publicized in local papers.

The other two bills are both sponsored by Sen. Curtis Person and Rep. Roy Herron. The first bill would restrict the licenses of all drivers under 18 by instating a 12:00 a.m. statewide curfew. Since Nashville already has a 12:00 a.m. curfew for anyone under 18, this bill would simply make the curfew a state law rather than a local law.

The final bill would revoke the licenses of anyone under 18 who has broken one of several vehicular laws. The offenses would include "[conviction] of a moving offense which resulted in death, serious bodily injury, or property damage of $5,000 dollars or more," DUI, reckless driving, two or more moving offenses within a six-month period, or three or more offenses within a twelve-month period. A convicted driver would have his or her license revoked for one year or until he or she turned 18, whichever comes later. The bill, if passed, would go into effect July 1, 1995.

The sudden development of all these driving-age bills stems from the fact that drivers under 18 made up 2.52% of the state's driving population in 1993 but were responsible for 6% of all accidents and 5% of fatal accidents. Rep. Herron was reported in *The Tennessean* as stating, "There is an epidemic of young people harming themselves and others with the most dangerous weapon most of them have: their automobile."

The proposals, however, have met with much public opposition, both from teenagers and from parents hoping that another driver in the house would help to relieve the burden of having to transport their children. According to one Harpeth Hall parent, "I feel like I've been waiting just as long as she has to get her license so that she can help out by taking her sister to school and running errands for me. I guess this bill is supposed to affect the kids, but it's really hurting the parents, too."

Logos II Turns Tabloid?

The editors of Logos II decided at a recent meeting that it was high time the newspaper had a new look, so we tried an entirely new approach--we'd love to hear your responses to our Logos II makeover. We've spent the last few days sneaking around the Harpeth Hall campus to bring you the latest scoop. Here's what we found on our first attempt to revamp:

Dr. Art Echerd will be leaving for Los Angeles next week to participate on *Jeopardy!*...that is, if he finishes grading all of his term papers on time.

The Senior House has been condemned as a health hazard due to food remains and the resulting hordes of ants. A demolition crew will be arriving at school within the next two weeks.

Harpeth Hall will begin the first semester during the second week in September. The reason for such a delay is because of the commotion that occurred on Awards Day. Chipmunks were surrying across the grass to cause a slight delay in the ceremonies and many screaming girls. Therefore, the school has issued an extermination of all the rodents on campus. The process will make the campus a health hazard and a place of restriction until September.

Harpeth Hall tuition will be raised to $15,000 next year to pay for "PROJECT CHIPMUNK," as well as for the new senior house, which will be complete with modern kitchen, two bathrooms, an oak dining room suite, a big-screen TV, and a living room with marble fireplace.

JUST KIDDING!



Class of 1995 gathers one last time by the Senior House. *Please see Senior wills on p. 5.*

photo courtesy of Milestones

Being "Zapped Out" Does Not Sound That Bad

by Elizabeth Crocker

A while ago it really hit me: I was going about my normal business, talking to Ms. Smith, and when I asked her what she was working on, she replied, "I'm starting on next year's directory. I just zapped you out." Zapped out. I suppose I have noticed that the signs were already there. Sign-up sheets dotting the hallways, election results in the announcements, talk of next year's courses, teachers—standard fare for any April or May. But this isn't any April; something isn't right. Where is my name? Where is my class in all of this exciting preparation? The school can't possibly function correctly without us.

But I am suddenly realizing that it will, that after we are zapped out someone else will be zapped in, to the school, to the Senior House, to our leadership roles, to our places. This realization sparked a heightened awareness of my sense of sentimentality; I found myself whisked into a world of "my lasts." My last English paper, my last Prom, my last Monday after a three day weekend, my last detention (I hope), my last Duds Day on a Thursday in March..... The list goes on and on and on and gets progressively more ridiculous, but since this is, fittingly, my last *Logos II* article, I want to use it not to complain about some detail about Harpeth Hall that irks me, but to remember just a few of the larger aspects which have given me so much.

I won't have a uniform next year. This freedom will probably teach me not to go outside with bare legs in zero-degree weather, not to wear skirts that have not seen the laundry room since first semester, and not to wear mint-green culottes in public, EVER. But I'll miss the simplicity, the ability to dress for the day in four seconds flat, and the knowledge that no matter what my clothes or my hair look like, people will accept me for what is inside them. (And the fact that on any given day, there will be someone who has had less sleep and looks much worse than I do.)

I won't know almost everyone in the halls next year. Actually, I probably won't know more than an average of one person per hall next year, since there are over 300 halls at my college, compared to Harpeth Hall's one main drag. Of course, this scenario has its advantages and allures, especially when I am trying to avoid certain people, but the comfort of familiar faces has pulled me through many a bad day at Harpeth Hall.

I won't have classes with only nine or ten other students next year. I most likely won't know how my teacher's husband proposed to her, what his favorite restaurant is, or how she gets her clothes. My teachers won't know that as a child I read encyclopedias and therefore know quite a few extremely random facts. Actually, I doubt that they will care to know such a piece of trivia, so I probably won't speak quite as much. It's not a bad trade-off when I consider the fact that on days that I haven't done my homework I will be able to hide, very effectively, in the back of the room, but I'll miss the teachers who care about me as a person, beyond the classroom and the school.

I won't have a large group of people who have seen me at my best, at my worst, and at all the times in between. I probably won't hear the soundtrack from "Annie" blasting and look outside to see a reenactment of It's a Hard Knock Life, complete with brooms and dancing. (If I did, I might think twice about my college choice). I won't be a part of the patented Harpeth Hall kill-your-friends-for-a-prom-date frenzy. (If I were, I would REALLY think twice about my college choice).

Others in my classes won't know about my hair problems, or the name of the poem I did a presentation on sophomore year. I won't see people start crying in the halls for no apparent reason, but I hope I will see the understanding and helpful hugs and advice that always follow.

I hope I will have a group of talented, smart, athletic, creative people around me who inspire me to contribute my part, and to respect the incredible souls that I encounter every day. I hope I will learn as much, love as much, and be as much as I have learned, loved, and been here.

It's not quite over yet. I still have yet to clap for my friends at Awards Day, to laugh at the Senior Banquet and Roast, and to wear two more white dresses, one in which to sing at Step Singing, and one in which to be recognized with the honor of a Harpeth Hall diploma.

Then I guess I really will be zapped out of here, and soon my name will start going on sign-up sheets somewhere else. School will go on, and so will I and my classmates, but we take with us something that transcends a "My Last" nostalgic memory, and helps us continue to shape who we are, and who we are to become. For being zapped, it doesn't sound all that bad.

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Please Note: The opinions printed in *Logos II* are not necessarily the opinions of the editors and staff

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Weepy-Eyed Becky No Longer Bellyaches, But Bids Farewell

As I sit here all puffy-eyed and weepy from the many times I have cried in this past week, I have come to realize just how much I will miss this place. I'm not saying I will necessarily miss the academics because I am truly ready for summer vacation. It is just hard to think that this year at the end of my summer I won't have the security of knowing who my teachers are and what to expect from them. I won't know the person sitting next to me in Spanish class, and—even stranger—I might be sitting next to someone from the opposite sex for the first time in four years.

Harpeth Hall has been my stomping ground. I walk the halls like any senior, cocky and confident in where I am going and where I have been, but soon I'll once again be at the bottom of the rotten pole. Again the gawky and awkward freshman juggling an excessive load of books and wondering where my next class is.

I admit that for the first time in a long while I am scared of school. Who will I sit next to at lunch? What if my roommate is a total goober or if I end up being the goober, spending every weekend of the next four years in the library or clipping my toenails while my roommate goes out?

I suppose every senior has her own fears, but I am confident that Harpeth Hall has prepared me academically and socially for the years to come. Although I admit I will deeply miss the sanctity and safety of these white walls, it is time to move on and to bid farewell to the place and people who watched me grow from awkward girl to young woman. Thank you all for everything. I will miss you and love you always.

Becky Clark

Editorial Policy

Logos II invites both students and faculty to submit letters to the editor or articles expressing personal views. Writings can be published under a pseudonym or without a by-line, by arrangement with the Editors-in-Chief. No anonymous submissions will be accepted.

The Editors of Logos II

Senior Thinks Cleaning Up After Someone Else's Fun Is No Fun

by Anjali Shenai

I would like to take this opportunity to tell my fellow students that I am really angry at what a mess was made of Junior-Senior night. I started out the night excited about a good water gun fight and a little toilet paper. But what actually happened far exceeded my expectations.

To name a few things, I saw paint balls, firecrackers, eggs, horrible messages in shaving cream, and lard. OK, some of the above are not harmful, but, then again, some can be. When a lighted firecracker landed a few feet away from my friends and me, I thought it was a bit much. To top the night off, a windshield was cracked, a dead squirrel was placed in the Senior House, and the club house at Sugartree was egged.

Now, egging a place like the Sugartree clubhouse that has no connection with Junior-Senior night is just stupid. Furthermore, this idea does not fit my idea of fun. I was furious about this episode not because I don't like to have fun, or because I am opposed to other people doing this sort of thing, but it's because I had to clean up after their fun was over. Kelly Williams and I, two innocent seniors, went voluntarily to clean up the mess alone, unaided by any of the people who created it.

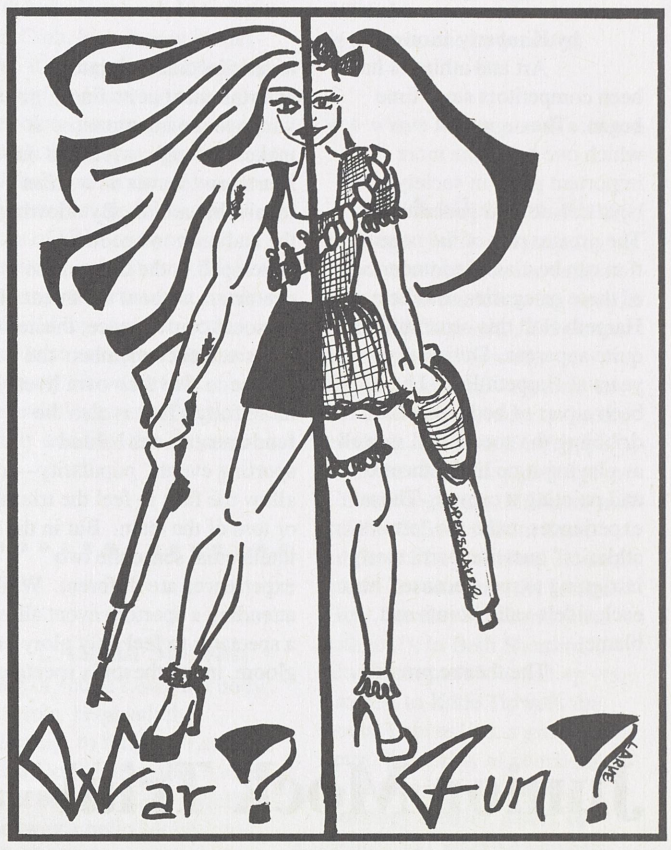
Cleaning up didn't exactly fit my idea of fun, either. I don't call scraping pavement with a metal brush fun. I am furious at the people who did not want to clean it up but could have, even if they weren't the ones who created the problem. Kelly and I could have gone straight home as well, but we didn't.

I was quite embarrassed to be there, to tell you the truth. I wasn't embarrassed by the fact that I was scraping at fried eggs that had become one with the cement, but I was rather embarrassed that I had to do it in the first place.

I was just as embarrassed by some of the words that were written in the parking lot and on cars. I didn't think it was that bad until I saw a couple of visitors roaming through the lot who happened to notice the words—not exactly a delightful welcome. Unfortunately, Mrs. Baughman was left with the responsibility of explaining why the graffiti was there.

I realize that the blame for all of the events that took place during the night cannot fall on one group or one person, since I know that other schools were involved. When did this night become a free-for-all? I did have fun on Junior-Senior night, but only before people started getting hurt and things started getting broken.

Well, I guess what's done is done. It's just too bad that other classes won't get the chance to prove that they aren't as idiotic as some of the present upperclassmen (I won't mention any classes).



Freshman Supports Senior Worthiness For Surviving At HH For Four Years

by Jessica Farmer

For many students, it is hard to imagine surviving at Harpeth Hall for four years. Juniors, sophomores, and freshmen walk by the Senior House every day without question; since they have survived so long, we know they deserve these privileges. After all, they're seniors.

However, recent reports that a freshman was seen in the Senior House have caused new controversy about this issue.

At a recent *Logos II* meeting, during a debate about this topic, senior Catherine Blackburn said that she hadn't set foot in the Senior House until she was "worthy". Since she has survived Harpeth Hall for four years, I think she is definitely worthy.

"What makes [seniors] so worthy to have their own house and half of the library?" asked freshman Sarah Norris. My guess is that one has to wait to become a senior to find out.

Student Challenges the Tradition of Seniority

by Kristen Campbell

Reading through the opinion page of the March issue of *Logos II*, an article regarding the lack of respect for seniors caused me to reevaluate my views on seniority and its consequent privileges.

We all want to be respected by our peers; everyone desires to be acknowleged for her accomplishments and appreciated by others. However, I pondered, how can someone undergo a metamorphosis between May 28 and 29 (graduation day), that suddenly makes her so deserving of special privileges and the respect of all? I find it difficult to understand how having successfully passed Precalculus or European History can make one class so superior to all others.

I contemplated briefly the theory raised in the article, the theory that "we've grovelled to the seniors for three years; now it's our turn to be grovelled to." This idea in and of itself appeared appalling ; are we rewarding people for being subservient? If this "that's-the-way-it's-always-been-done" theory were the world's philosophy, we would never have any hope for achieving racial equality, democracy, or even the Senior House TV set.

Unable to grasp this concept of seniority, I debated the wisdom of having a Senior House at all. I myself am constantly surprised by the new faces I see on campus each week. When I inquire as to the identity of these mystery people, the common reply is, "Oh, they're seniors." I wonder if some seniors ever emerge from the Senior House before graduation, or if they simply hide in there until their last days at Harpeth Hall are over.

Perhaps if the seniors, who are supposedly so worthy of our respect, took a more active role, or at least a more visible one, in the life of the school, they would earn more respect. As it is, the closest we come to seeing senior leadership is the handful of seniors who speak at every assembly.

This isolation of seniors from the rest of the school contradicts the theory that we should respect them. They withdraw into the Senior House to be rid of underclassmen and then expect to gain respect for their withdrawal. A senior leader I can respect, a caring senior I can respect, but I cannot bring myself to respect a senior who spends her days basking in the glow of the Senior House television set.

Athlete/Actress Notes Need For School Support Of Sports *and* the Arts

by Kimberly Irion

Art and athletics have been competitors since time began. The argument over which one holds the more important place in society has been debated for generations. The greater part of the population can be classified under one of these categories, and here at Harpeth Hall this separation is quite apparent. During my years at Harpeth Hall, I have been a part of both worlds, dribbling the soccer ball as well as playing it up in the theatre and painting a canvas. These experiences make the "arts vs. athletics" question particularly intriguing to me, because I hear each side's valid points and blame.

The theatre provides an intellectual look into entertainment at its finest, giving wings to the imagination. It makes us laugh, wrenches our hearts, and leaves us with an invaluable moral. By allowing the audience to become enveloped in the lives of the characters without the threat of personal consequence, theater gives audience members the chance to live their own lives more fully. That is also the fundamental idea behind sporting events' popularity—to allow the fans to feel the triumph or loss of the team. But in the intellectual sense the two experiences are different. While attending a sporting event allows a spectator to feel only glory or gloom, in the theatre a spectator can feel anything and everything within the range of human emotion.

Perhaps this difference is overlooked in society, and athletic events tend to be favored because of the basic evolutionary instinct to win. Since humans have walked the earth, they have had to compete with each other in some way. Now, in our "civilized" society, we no longer need to compete physically for food or shelter, and therefore our intrinsic needs are met by competitive sports. This need to compete makes a strong argument for the value of sports, but we must be reminded that in our intellectually advanced world, the time has come to appreciate the arts as well.

At Harpeth Hall, recognized differences exist between the arts and sports programs. I do acknowledge that this school has surpassed most others in the struggle to maintain a balance between right and left brain. However, in our constant search for excellence we need to continue to adjust this balance. In the case of the theatre, actors put in more hours of practice time than those who participate in any other extracurricular activity, and all of this work is done for three short performances, and for considerably less support than athletes typically receive.

In all fairness, however, I must point out that much of the athletic support comes from the athletes themselves. The athletes are very supportive of one another and should be commended on that fact. If a Playmaker complains about never getting candy on the board, she should speak to her fellow thespians.

The argument about the Sports Banquet, on the other hand, is entirely different. Every year the school funds a banquet honoring the athletes, and each athlete receives a well-deserved gift in appreciation of her extensive work and training. On the other hand, the Playmakers cram into the house of a fellow Playmaker for dinner, since they are not allowed to use school facilities. The money for the banquet comes out of the club account. There are no gifts, and no speeches given by the administration to commend us on our fine season.

Another injustice lies in the sports sweatshirts, which are a part of the school uniform. Playmakers would be just as proud to wear a sweatshirt recognizing our accomplishments in theatre as the athletes are to wear one recognizing their individual sports. I understand that Playmakers is merely a club, and like all other clubs some members might not have earned the honor of "styling" in a club sweatshirt. For this reason, I propose that the members of the Thespian Society, an honorary society recognizing dedication to the theatre, be allowed to wear a sweatshirt showcasing this honor.

My hope for upcoming years is to further the enrichment that the Harpeth Hall theatre offers: to touch others from the stage in a way that the playing field cannot. Perhaps after we recognize our own talents others will begin to follow the example.

Junior Mock Trial Member Thinks Harpeth Hall Team Deserved Another Chance At State

by Courtney Jones

Harpeth Hall attended the annual Mock Trial competetion on the annual on January 28 and again we faced our fiercest rival Montgomery Bell Academy. Though we were not successful enough to win over the scorers to qualify for state,we did however, perform exceptionally well against MBA and the rest of the competetion, so we asked that the rule be changed to allow us to compete even though we placed second

The Tennessee State Bar Association did not permit the top two teams to qualify for state. I think that our claim for qualification was as legitimate as MBA's request to compete last year when they were the second-placed team. MBA's request was granted, and it would seem logical that our team would qualify for this exception as well, especially seeing that we beat MBA last year and went on to become state runners up.

Our team has been able to be so successful largely because of the effort of our four devoted coaches and the hours of practice during which we prepared and learned everything it takes reach a level of competence. We certainly attained that level, and it is extremely unfortunate that all of our hard work results in only one day of competetion. If we, as an undoubtedly qualified team, were allowed to compete at the state level we would only boost the overall quality of the competetion as a whole.

What Do "Other People" Think About Girls In Uniforms?

by Sarah Norris

I'm sure everyone at Harpeth Hall has had to go off campus in her school uniform at one time or another. Everyone has had to go places where there were people in "regular" clothes. I know that people get mixed responses while wearing the school uniform. The idea for this article came to me when a friend of mine said that she was going to a job interview and that her parents told her to wear her uniform. It was then that I began to wonder if someone in the Harpeth Hall uniform would be treated with more respect than someone in "regular" clothes. I decided to experiment.

Janine Peterson and I, two freshmen, went to the Green Hills Mall one afternoon. She wore her Harpeth Hall kilt and blouse. I wore a t-shirt and an old pair of my dad's overalls. Our plan was to enter a store at the same time and find out which one of us was approached first by a sales clerk.

We began by browsing in the Juniors department at Dillard's. When asked about their policy, the Dillard's clerks all said that they help whomever they see first, no matter what clothes the customers are wearing. Many of the sales people did admit, however, that their first impression was that Janine looked as if she might have more money to spend.

A clerk at Eddie Bauer said that a uniform gives the impression that the person wearing it is responsible. After our experiment, I would agree that this response seems to be a common one. However, my personal feeling is that Harpeth Hall girls are not better customers simply because they wear uniforms. As a clerk at the Body Shop said, "We're all people and we all deserve to be treated the same, with uniform or without."

Seniors Last Wills and Testaments

I, **Jada Arkovitz**, do herby bequeath the following to Natalina Nanni and Laura Marie Reed, a hot prom date; to Liane McKee, a date with Jeff; to Holly Meadows, all my pictures of Bradley; to Elizabeth Griggs, tickets and backstage passes to Boyz II Men; to Damali Booker, a weekly update on Mike and Chris; to Sarah Benn, my apple and iron sculpture; to Tuz, tickets to all the country concerts you want; to Robin St.Cyr, another fun year at the Hall; to Leslie Caldwell, a date with Chris Rackard; to Katherine Voss, a big spoon and a bucket of ice cream; and to everybody, a big thank you for all the memories and the best of luck for next year!

I, **Varina Buntin**, of sound body and mind do hereby leave the following: to Workhorse/Skeeter, a sexy lover named Chris, truckloads of cheese, and an ! signed on the dotted line; to Beth/BooBoo, lethargic flies, a car to sleep in, a less pathetic friend, and delirious hugs; to Marge, a new roommate at Milligan to sing with, victory on the cheesiest couple rating, and, of course, my old kneepads; to Book, a preacher; to C. Shull, many hard slaps on the back and the fact that you never drenched me in water; to Whips, all the sex ed you can take; to Lee, confidence and that night with Andrew you were said to have had; to Kristine, enthusiasm for pre-game pep talks and the HUGE girl to guard (Roxanne); to Anne Elizabeth, a boyfriend who won't give you any problems and some sleep; to Meghan, cupcakes, a date with Chip, and the courage to tease Pat; to Michelle, My Bell, Benjamin Bodzy; to Sukey, "Prom Night Part IV" and a new spying partner; to Wentworth, worthlessness; to Grace, many more great Verner parties; to Meredith, future nights at UVA only with the luck to find cute boys there; to Hayes, free phone lines finally; to Jenny Wray, I leave Steele (for safekeeping); and to everyone at Harpeth Hall, the ability not to take this wonderful place for granted, all the fun you can possibly have, lots of success, and of course, all of my love and thanks!

I, **Mary Creagh**, hereby leave the following: to Jennifer Kain I leave a tranquilizer, a free lesson on you know what, and a special thanks for all your heart and spirit to get me through hard track work-outs; to Kristine West, I leave center position with the opportunity to guard all of the fattest girls, and new ankles; to Damali, I leave a new way to fall; to Mary Beth Scherer, I leave ORANGE BAND; to Katie Tidwell, I leave a new way of expressing your pain on the court other than a squeal and convulsions; to Veve Broadbent, I leave all the boys to flirt with at the meets; to Ruth Duncan, I leave a big fat smile and a steady head; to Anne Hancock, I leave a water bottle so you don't have to drink out of a puddle ever again; to Caroline Coles and Lauren Kitchell, I leave y'all three more years of fun track practices and my position as #1 complainer on the track team; to Catherine Workman, I leave a big hunk of cheese with an exclamation point; to Grace Verner, I leave BURTON (good luck keeping him under control!); and to everyone, I leave a thanks for all the wonderful memories I have shared at Harpeth Hall!!!

I, **Mary Hunt Martin**, of sound body and questionable mind, hereby leave the following things to the following people: to Molly, my car, first dibs on the J. Crew catalogues, and number 13 in volleyball; to Margaret Bass, all the fat she deserves for quitting track, and new suite mates at Milligan; to Laura Boaz, Rebecca's unit circle; to Lee C., another trip to UK and a loud alarm clock for college; to Molly C., the huge responsibility of being FCA president; to Amber F., a cure for Archibald; to Comer, a sleeping bag on my floor any time next year; to Jennifer K., a new pair of spikes for every season; to Sukey, a chapel to get married in, mirrored buildings to drive by, the ability to drive home and back in 3.68 seconds to get a basketball uniform, and someone as fun to drive around as she was; to A.K., more creative facial expressions while going over the last hurdle in 300's; to Kristine, a beautiful and permanent bruise on her knee; to Veve, a graphic description of a Dave Matthews concert and a shoulder to cry on; to Ruth, a night or two out with the seniors; to C. Shull, the ability to quit basketball; to Beth K. and Caroline M., a ride through the park without getting lost once; to Lindsey G., the art of going out to lunch; to Kate and Tallu, as many morning Bible studies as you can handle; to Margaret M., my saddle-oxfords; to everyone else, all my love for Harpeth Hall and for you, and a plane ticket to California. I'll miss you!

I, **Courtney Quinn Pace**, being of not-so-sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following items: to Maggie, I leave a big-screen TV to take to college with you; to Mary Reid, I leave a box of fig newtons, a mirror, a brush and The Smurfs reruns; to Jean, I leave Hootie & Dave, and hot Wake Forest guys; to Margo Martin, I leave your own advice, a date to Winter Formal next year, and four great years of high school; to Kate Tarleton, I leave Dave Matthews tickets, and my stairmaster at the Y; to Kate Celauro, I leave the F.P.C. choir now that I have retired; to Allison Bates, I leave the K & T Lamp ad design; to Kristin Smith, I leave the "nice" boys in your class (like they are mine to give away); to Meredith McDonald, I leave my spot on future mission trips; to Tallu, I leave a smile (in case you ever run out); to Jill S., I leave all my *Milestones* Business ads paraphernalia, and a lot of luck; to the whole school, I leave the Pep Club, love it, join it, and keep it going, girls; to dear sister Katherine, I leave your half of the room (you may not have mine), the station wagon, baseball conversations, some organization, and three more years of HH; to anyone interested in Davidson, I leave a place to stay when you come to visit. I'd love to have you. Thanks to everyone who has made my six years here so memorable, especially my family and friends. See ya later.

I, **Anjali Shenai,** being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Lauren "Larry the China Doll" Howerton, a wedgie full of butta; to Kelly "McFly" Dunaway a hello McFly!; to both of the above, permission to get a coke from the Senior House; to Heather Small, a "t" for tardy call to Rachel Kraft from the photo lab; to Dr. Cooper, a regular coke (There is no such thing as a Coke gut); to Tuz, a French V A.P. class that speaks French and pays attention (It's just that we all have attention deficit disorder); to Liz Ligon and Marla Mazer, I leave the memories of G. Love and the chance to bow down to the signed guitar; to Marla, a big ole pieace of veggie pizza at Symposium; to Courtney Pace, I leave Justin Gremillion; to Barbara Caldwell, I leave a cold beverage; to Maggie Schaffer, a bowl of bean soup and a burp; to Karen Williams, a Mello Ello so the troll can play; to Jennifer LaRue, a sleeping naked man; to Kelly Moon, the chance to skip Photo AGAIN; to Emily Cowan, I leave Randy Bowan; to Goods, I leave a Photo class that doesn't fart around. Make them do some cooperative learning; to Lauren O'Neill, I leave a yummy mint cigarette; to Mr. Hooper, I leave a perfect bowling score; to Lindsey, I leave some apple pie and a regular laugh (Actually it's kind of funny the way you laugh Linds!); and to the Class of 1996, I leave a senior year that is as awesome as ours was.

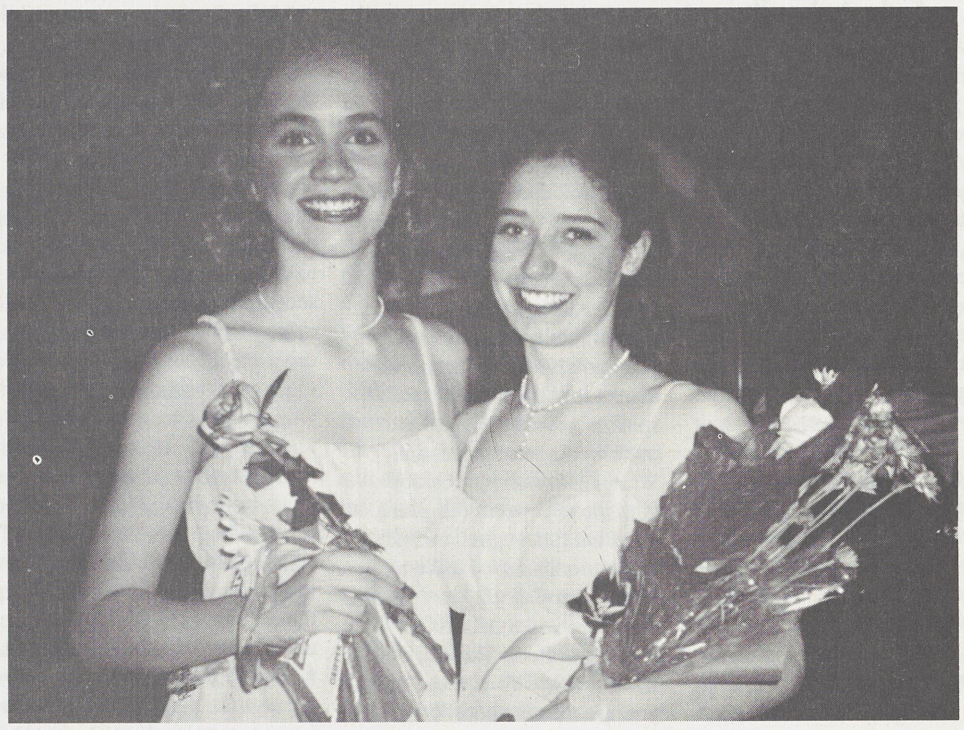
I, **Katherine Wray**, of pooped body and vacationing mind, hereby leave the following stuff to the following people: to Leslie Caldwell, *Sliver,* cows in your neighborhood, Expresiones en Fotografia; to Brianne Frazier, more of Judd's clothing, Swedish *Erotica*, pogs; to Comer Ireland, night trips to Chattanooga, gas, Milligan 'nuff said; to Jennifer Kain, handcuffs; to Mary-Michael Johnson, guitar lessons from the Indigo Girls, another headband (Just kidding!); to Beth Sherrard, a nice seamstress to stitch up your clothes; to Katie Tidwell, the boobs I never had, a growth spurt, the ability to bench press more than just the bar; to Courtney Weaver, a sack of pecans; to Catherine Velveeta Workhorse Workman, chapped lips, extra cheese, Kelly, the same seamstress I'm leaving Beth; to Jordan Jones, a certain hot Hoya; to Megan Youngblood, the basketball season we never had, many more delightful tennis trips; to Jenny Wray, permission to let Buster in the window all you want next year, my car seat covers and how about one red Walgreens footie, another partner to dance with you to Footloose, a health kick that exceeds 12 hours, and all of my love and support.

Step Singing is this Sunday, May 28th at 6:00 p.m. Graduation Night is the next day, Monday, May 29th at 6:00 p.m. Come to wish the seniors luck next year.

In the Middle of a Stressful Springtime, Students Dream of a Midsummer Night Out With...Willy *Who?*



What's behind Puck's (junior Sarah Chisolm) mischievous smile?



Helena (freshman Kate Rose) and Hermia (junior Kimberly Irion) settle their differences.

by Lesley Grantham

"Harpeth Hall has never seen such a night!" said my grandmother of April 13th, the final performance of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Indeed, the festivities and magic created by fairies, mechanicals, and lovers, not to mention a live band, left the audience in sheer amazement. This production was hardly comparable to the graduation ceremonies and tea dances of my grandmother's day.

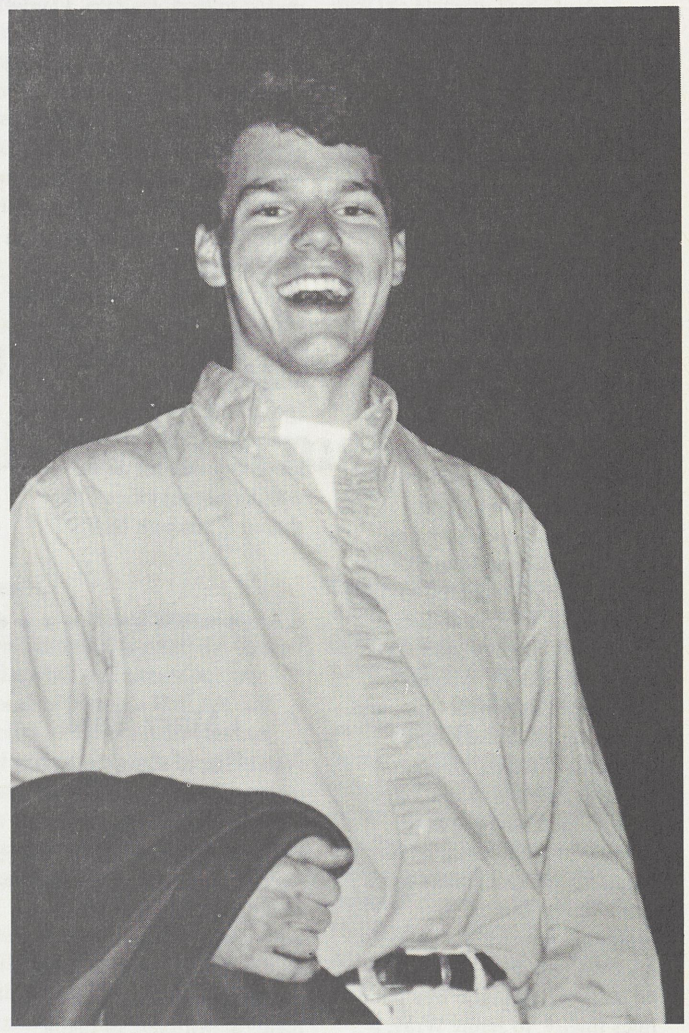
We were all surprised, yet proud, of Mr. Persons' incredible creativity outside of the English classroom as director of the marvelous show. Yet the cast members are not to go without recognition of their own outstanding performances. The antics of Puck, the four melodramatic lovers, and oh, yes, "Bully Bottom" were the highlights of the play. Not to mention the band members, who added a funky side to the 17th century comedy.

To top it all off, we were extremely lucky to acquire our eye-catching threads and set, contributed by the ever-faithful "techies." Two dances, choreographed by Nora Cook, definitely added to the mood and humor of the show.

It all ended in a knee-slapping, Theseus-whipping, glitter-throwing, hair-raising good time, leaving the audience to simply return to their real world of mortals. So, no, Harpeth Hall has never seen such a night, and I dare say Shakespeare hasn't either.



Hermia (junior Kimberly Irion) and Titania (senior Becky Clark) take time for fairy-mortal bonding.



What's behind director Thad Persons's more-than-mischievous smile?

photos courtesy of Kimberly Irion

From Practice To Production: A Look At the Harpeth Hall Dancers in Action



Freshmen Lindsey Hancock, Caroline Haroll, Clark Rose, Samantha Richter, and Emy Noel relax duirng a ballet rehearsal.

photo by Jessica Farmer



After over three months of rehearsal, the ballet club finally takes to the stage.

photo courtesy of Jennifer LaRue



Juniors Anne Elizabeth McIntosh and Leslie Caldwell flip into a knee-slappin', toe-tappin' "Hoedown."

photo by Jessica Farmer



Clockwise from top left: Seniors Jennifer LaRue, Rachel Kraft, Mary Reid Colter, Carrie Daniels, Beth Waltemath, and Katherine Alden.

photo by Anjali Shenai

Softball Team Hits A Homerun This Season

by Lee Crabtree

This year Harpeth Hall Bears have hit it big! Packed with seventeen stunning softball players, the Harpeth Hall team has most assuredly given their opponents something to talk about. From the moment when they first came out to the field until the last out was made, the Bears were filled with excitement and enthusiasm.

However, it is not only the energy and team spirit that drive these girls to victory, but also their magnificent playing ability. At the beginning of the 1995 season, Harpeth Hall said good-bye to four senior players but in return took on seven exceptional athletes. With two eighth graders and five freshmen, the varsity softball team had nowhere to go but up.

The team was led by six upperclassmen, including seniors Caroline Mullins, Catherine Parsons, and Emily Cowan. With their guidance and leadership, the only thing that could possibly have slowed this team down was the rain and thunderstorms. Despite muddy fields and delayed games, the team finished third in the district, with a plaque to prove it. This achievement, which has never been reached by a Harpeth Hall softball team in the past, proves the worth of good leadership, talent, and enthusiasm.



Left to Right: Softball players Catherine Parsons, Caroline Mullins, Lee Crabtree, Maggie Blair, Leila Holscher, and Amber Worrell.

Defending Champions Run For a Repeat

by Ruth Duncan and Anne Hancock

The 1995 track team, with all its talent and potential, is off to a promising start. As the defending state champion, the team begins the season with high expectations. "It's a little early to tell, but our goal is always to win state," says veteran coach Susan Russ. "I think that we will enjoy a lot of depth which will help our chances to score high in major meets. That in turn will increase our chances at defending our title. I think it will be a great season!"

Mary Creagh, Jean Davis, and Mary Hunt Martin are senior sprinters who are ready and able to offer their leadership to the underclassmen. Tiffany Gaston, Dana Deaton, Kristin Jones, and Lacey Galbraith are distance runners who are just as willing to offer their senior expertise. According to junior Jennifer Kain, "This year's experienced seniors have strong and valuable leadership to give to the team that is evident in both practice and in meets."

Though the loss of only three seniors this year seems minimal, the talent of these former athletes has been greatly missed by the team. Kain added, "Last year's seniors contributed a lot to our team. However, this year's team is full of experienced seniors and talented underclassmen, including a strong freshman class that has much potential."

In the past, opportunities have been lacking for talented freshmen. As a result, Russ has worked diligently toward the creation of Harpeth Hall's first ever ninth-grade track team. The freshmen run in all dual meets, competing in their own newly created division. Russ says, "I'm excited about the ninth-grade team. There are four or five schools with freshman squads which will make for an increase in participation in the metro area."

So far, the team's record bodes well for the future, with first place finishes at the Southeastern Optimist Relays and the Doug Hall Relays, as well as a third place finish at the Midsouth Classic. In addition, team members Kristine West, a junior, Veve Broadbent, a sophomore, and Lisa Householder, a freshman, recently represented the Honeybears with strong performances, including a first-place finish by West, at the Region Pentathlon. Meanwhile, the team continues to train hard for all the big meets that occur in May. After having competed at the AAA level throughout the regular season, the Harpeth Hall track team seems willing and well-prepared to defend its state championship title.

Honeybears Are Courting Success



Senior Katherine Wray hits the court to perfect her forehand.

photo by Becky Clark

by Katherine Wray

Although it is still early in the season, Coach Pat Moran's 1995 tennis team appears strong. They have already soundly defeated Father Ryan by a score of 5-0. Led by skilled and experienced seniors Muffin McNabb, Elizabeth Oglesby, Varina Buntin, and Katherine Wray, the team has high expectations. According to Coach Moran, this year may well be the one in which the Bears recapture the District and Region titles and compete in the State tournament. Rounding out the top seven along with the four seniors are junior Rebecca Loveman, sophomore Mary Michael Johnson, and freshman Megan Youngblood. The rest of the tennis ladder is studded with young, up-and-coming stars. Good luck to these tennis "aces" in the Chattanooga Rotary tournament, in Harpeth Hall's own Chadwell Invitational, and throughout the remainder of the season!