

Logos II

The Word of Harpeth Hall

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Freshman Class Sings Harpeth Hall's Praises

by Jamie Taylor

As I look back on my own first week as a freshman at Harpeth Hall it is not with fond memories and nostalgia but with a sinking feeling of fear and terror. Had a student, especially a senior, asked me what I thought of my first week in high school, I would have run away in fear and started crying. Fortunately, either the upper school is becoming easier to adjust to, or I am just anti-social and neurotic. I say this after speaking to a number of freshmen recently and finding that their responses to the question "What do you like best about the Upper School?" were all positive and upbeat, though they chose to remain anonymous and not to receive credit for their instant school spirit.

"I love being in high school here—it's great fun."

"I like getting the opportunity to meet new people in the Upper School."

"The teachers expect more, but in exchange we are given more independence."

"[I love] All the wonderful seniors like Katie Pritchett, and the freedom."

"I enjoy the free time and respect we are given in the Upper School."

"I like being able to mud wrestle in the Bear Lair during my free periods."

"As a former student and now teacher here, the part I like the best is the girls" (Ms. Lillian Roe).

With this type of enthusiasm and ease regarding their new environment so early in the year, the newest members of the Harpeth Hall Upper School community will have no problem feeling at home during the next four years.



Freshmen Tiffany Watson and Sara Glasford compare their schedules at registration.
photo by Kristen Campbell



The members of the sophomore class receive their books and schedules.
photo courtesy of Kristen Campbell

Join Logos!

Sign up at Club Fair

Grantham Finds Humor In Daily Dealings With Dairy Products

by Lesley Grantham

While many in the Harpeth Hall community have been off on exotic and adventurous journeys to the various corners of the world, this summer the rest of us have been forced to bite the bullet and fight the daily battles of holding a summer job. Of course, there are varying degrees to the summer career experience: while work may be a regular hell on wheels, some jobs can actually be made interesting. Take my position as Ice-Cream-Scooper-Extraordinaire-and-Otherwise-Underpaid-Slave-Laborer at a nameless joint here in Nashville. No, really. I like my job. But even the most miserable of young workers can find ways to lighten the load. Between the stressful lunch time rush and the vacant six o'clock lull, I have found many an

opportunity to create humor and excitement in my otherwise boring day. In fact, I have provided you here with some reasons not to panic if you must continue your journey on the road to success, or to money anyway.

1) One handy device for raising your spirits at work is finding humorous items around the premises to gape and gawk at. Often when the sweat is forming on my forehead and my fellow workers are depending on me to find that one last bucket of cut tomatoes in the walk-in fridge, I search hopelessly for a full five minutes without luck. However, I have never once failed to spot a cheerful little cup on the middle shelf with the message "Mr. Hot Dog and his friends" printed colorfully on it, with relish, mustard and the

aforementioned hot dog, doing a little dance.

But the classic humor-inducing specimen is the clientele.

2) Interesting Customers: Ah, this is my specialty. Some privileged and inexperienced people seem to hold to the idea that the general public is normal. Wrong. From snobby Vandy students to picky and underdressed (if you know what I mean) construction workers, I have seen it all and have laughed at it all. One day, however, I missed my opportunity to meet a new type. The out-of-towners. The second-hand rendition though, was good enough for me. My co-worker Connie* was minding her own business one slow Sunday afternoon when "the mountain ambassadors" made

their appearance and approached the counter.

"Gimme one of dem fangs," said a little boy, referring to one chocolate dipped hand-made waffle cone.

"You sure you don't wan' one lik' up yonder?" His father pointed to a sugar cone.

Needless to say, Connie had some trouble translating, but this was not the end. Just then, a raving basketcase came into the store shouting, "Ice cream, I need ice cream!" She had apparently found the right place, but still was not convinced the flavors on the board were printed in English.

3) My third and final suggestion for knee-slapping entertainment is social interac-

tion with your fellow employees. Closing up can always be interesting, what with five people tripping over each other with water buckets, mops, and drive shafts (don't ask me) flying through the air. Besides comical stunts, our conversations ranged from monkeys with HIV to recreational rat shooting, and we still find things to talk and laugh about.

So hang in there, readers. If you're all done for the summer, this article must be painfully reminiscent for you; but if you're still stuck at the daily grind, keep these helpful hints in mind. You, too, can achieve maximum employee status by fumbling around on the job. More power to you!

*Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Governor's School For The Sciences Not Just For Nerds

by Kristen Campbell

When I first arrived at the 1995 Tennessee Governor's School for the Sciences, I wondered what on earth I had gotten myself into. My parents left me stranded on the University of Tennessee campus, surrounded by complete strangers whom I was sure I had nothing in common with, a bunch of intimidating resident assistants, and a month's worth

of college-level computer-science and chemistry courses. To make matters worse, my roommate was one of the students in the Russian transfer program, and in order to communicate I had to act out everything I said.

Contrary to my initial impressions, however, that one month of desertion ended up becoming a great month of new

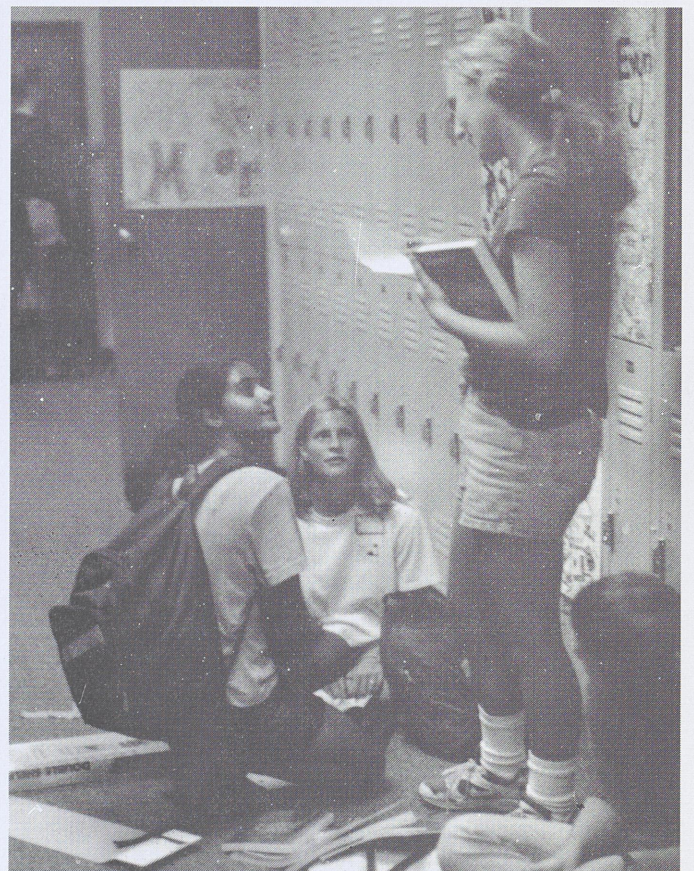
friends, new knowledge, and new freedoms. Although difficult, the classes were interesting, and I learned more about computers there than I want to know for the rest of my lifetime. I also fooled around with toxic chemicals I had never heard of before and managed not to cause too much damage.

The best part by far, however, was the great people who ended up being much more like me than I had originally thought. There were runners, volleyball players, and tennis stars, as well as dancers, actors, and musicians. The group of people I had initially shunned as "nerds" ended up becoming some of the best friends I've ever had.

The Governor's School Program was, intellectually, one of the best programs I've ever been a part of. But more than just learning Chemistry, we got an idea of what college life was like, and had a great time while doing it.



Kristen Campbell in the Smoky Mountains on a field trip during the Tennessee Governor's School for the Sciences. photo courtesy of Kristen Campbell



New Freshmen get together to organize their lockers.

photo by Kristen Campbell

SUBLIMINAL MESSAGE: you want to join logos ii...you want to join logos ii...

Young Fugitives Develop Writing Skills As Well As New Friendships

by Sarah Costonis

On August 22, Office Depot was buzzing with Harpeth Hall girls stocking up on pens, pencils, and paper, but six aspiring writers among us were already prepared for school in this area. They spent part of their summer this year among pens, pencils, paper, and other writers at the Young Fugitives Writers' Camp.

The camp, hosted by The University of the South, was sponsored by the Nashville

Institute for the Arts. Senior Sarah Costonis and junior Amber Worrell, as well as sophomores, Kelly Jackson, Samantha Richter, Kristina Treanor, and Rachel Worrell were among the 70 students who attended the camp. Most of the young writers hailed from Nashville, although a few came from as far away as Mississippi. Ms. Margaret Renkl, a Harpeth Hall English teacher, was one of the seven writing teachers

present.

The students explored such topics as character development, dialogue, plot, and details, for, as each camper now knows, "God is in the details." They attended readings from such renowned Southern writers as novelist Ellen Douglas and poet Andrew Hudgins. Steve Womack, a charismatic writer of mystery novels, held a special seminar for the Young Fugitives.

Aside from great

opportunities to improve their writing skills, the campers forged many new friendships that have lasted even into the beginning of the school year. Kristina Treanor, reflecting on the nostalgic attitude at the end of the camp, said, "Who could forget the last night at camp where we walked through Sewanee and climbed to the top of the clock towers?" Even Amber Worrell, who had been at camps all summer and

admitted that she wanted to go home, added that she truly enjoyed Young Fugitives.

The camp was such a good experience that many of the students have already decided that they want to go back next year. In fact, Young Fugitives was nothing short of fantastic, both in its opportunities for the campers to better their creative writing and in the opportunities it provided for making lasting friendships.



Kate Tarleton works outside an orphanage in Honduras.

photo courtesy of Kate Tarleton

Church Trip Brings Aid To Honduran Orphans

by Kate Tarleton

This past summer I went on a mission trip with my church to San Pedro Sula, Honduras. San Pedro Sula is very close to the border of Honduras and Guatemala. The point of the mission was to spend time in a girls' orphanage called "Our Little Roses." The girls in the orphanage ranged in age from three to eighteen. We worked every day from eight until noon, then took a lunch

break until 2:30 p.m., after which we returned to the orphanage until six. If you think Nashville is hot, try being inside a building with no air conditioning for seven-and-a-half hours a day. Our work there consisted of playing games, reading stories, and doing art projects with the girls. Also, we built a small wall inside the courtyard of the orphanage and dug holes for irrigation in the back of the orphanage. Some of the girls could speak English, but others knew very little, if any at all. This situation made it difficult to talk to them.

After we worked all day everyone was worn out, so we usually went swimming in the hotel pool. (Yes, we did stay in a nice hotel, probably roughly the equivalent of a Holiday Inn.)

We had to be careful about many things in Honduras. The most important thing was not to drink the water. In Honduras they have an insufficient drainage system. This means you can't have ice in your drinks or eat any washed fruits or vegetables. Eating was very frustrating.

After working in San Pedro Sula for six days, our trip proceeded to move on to Roatan Island, a resort island for vacationers, where we stayed in a great resort called Fantasy Island. The island was in the Caribbean and had beautiful clear water and scuba diving for everyone. This was a great end to a wonderful trip. We stayed there for two-and-a-half days, then headed back for Nashville. All in all, this was a terrific trip, and I hope that I can go again next year.

Spanish Students Find New Experiences in Mexico

by Lauren Gaffney and Meg Milam

On June 3 a group of five freshman, five sophomores, and one senior left for Mexico City, Mexico, for immersion in the Spanish language. Upon arriving in Mexico City, we drove to a school in Cuernavaca, where we were greeted by our "Mexican mamas," who drove us to our Mexican homes. We would go to school from eight to two every day for a three-hour Spanish class, as well as a communications class. One day our school brought us to the local market. The smells were almost unbearable, and the sights were even worse. At first

all we saw were pretty flowers and souvenirs, but then we came to the Poultry section. We saw barbecued chicken, pigs' heads, and much more. As four of us were vegetarians, this sight was particularly disturbing, but it was something to learn from.

Our local hangout was VIPS, the "Wal-Mart" of the community. We would also go go-carting and ice-skating. When Abby Carden fell flat on her face while ice-skating, the "chicos guapos" came to her rescue.

We often had trouble communicating, such as the time when we were trying to order chicken legs at Kentucky Fried

Chicken, where we had to put our legs up on the counter and point to them, declaring, "pierna!" Later during that meal we went to get more ketchup and received a note saying, "Come explore Cuernavaca with me." The note included his phone number and address.

We all went to the pyramids the first weekend and the silver mines the next. There were tons of pretty jewelry and souvenirs; it seemed as though the lines of beautiful jewelry would never end. We hope Mrs. Choppin and Mrs. Konieczny will offer this trip again next year; it was an awesome experience!

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Emerald Isle Proves Full of Surprises

by Sarah Chisolm

The first month and a half of my summer this year was so busy that I hardly had time to think about my upcoming trip to Ireland, though I had always wanted to visit the Emerald Isle someday. So when I finally had time (an abundance of time, in fact) to think, when I found myself in a plane over the Atlantic for the greater part of July 22, I was shocked as I realized that someday had indeed arrived.

I was headed to work

at the Lucan Youth Centre, just outside Dublin, along with several others from my youth group at First Presbyterian Church and from across the Southeast, through a group called Son Servants. There we would make improvements in the facilities at the Youth Centre, which works to promote unity among Roman Catholic and Protestant youth in the town of Lucan.

My lack of intricate expectations actually turned out

to be a good thing, however, because even the few expectations I had unconsciously formed for the trip turned out to be far from the way things really turned out.

I was prepared to be shocked by the tremendous cultural differences between Irish and American ways. In actuality, though, I was surprised to find that American influences, with some strange twists, kept appearing wherever I looked.

I was prepared for the many pubs and even for the pro-IRA graffiti I saw driving through Dublin, but not for the signs advertising an upcoming Public Enemy concert. Somehow rap didn't figure into my preconceived notions of Irish culture. But I was still more baffled to witness the incredible incongruity of an Irish teenager reciting Snoop Doggy Dogg to the beat of his bodhran (traditional Irish drum). Talk about clashing cultures.

Even more surprising was our first Irish meal. Having slept through tea because of severe jet lag, I eagerly awaited my mutton, potatoes, and soda bread, only to be greeted with a hearty plateful of sweet and sour pork on rice with pineapple—lots of pineapple. And this was



Senior Meredith McDonald works with a group of children in Ireland.

photo courtesy of Meredith McDonald

Northern Ireland Meets Music City

by Devon Williamson

This summer I had the most incredible experience of my life. I participated in a program called the Ulster Project in which twelve students from Northern Ireland came to Nashville to stay with host families who had a teenager of the same denomination and sex.

Half of the visitors were male, half were female. In addition, half of the visitors were Protestant, half Catholic. The goal of the project was to build friendships and understanding between the Catholics and Protestants by showing them how alike we are, regardless of religion.

Everyday for a little over four weeks the Irish and American teens had planned activities. We went to the Ocoee River, Opryland, and Point Mallard, and also worked at various charities such as the Loaves and Fishes soup kitchen, Second Harvest Food Bank, and the Refugee Resettlement Center.

By the end of the program we had all gained new and lifelong friends in both Ireland and Russia. As a high point of the experience, whenever I happen to be in the neighborhood of Northern Ireland, I've got a free place to stay.



Irish students go white-water rafting on the Ocoee River.
photo courtesy of Devon Williamson

no fluke—for later meals, we had everything from pineapple upside-down cake to pineapple pizza to pasta and tomato sauce with pineapples. I'm still not certain if pineapple is a traditional Irish food, or if someone donated a few dozen gallons of canned pineapple to the Youth Centre, or if our chef, Mark, had some sort of bizarre pineapple fetish.

Eating out was also a strange mixture of the new and the familiar. As soon as I had gotten over the trauma of the typical American chips (fries) vs. crisps (chips) dilemma, I regressed into a state of shock again after seeing a rebel flag on a Southern fried chicken restaurant. At another restaurant, I was starting to feel at home, having ordered vegetable lasagna—until I asked where the restroom was and received only a puzzled look. I had to find the toilet for myself.

Even my expectations for my part in the work we would be doing turned out to be far afield. I envisioned myself looking on, perhaps handing up an occasional paintbrush, as others constructed a monumental masterpiece of a dormitory. In fact, we only built a humble driveway, but it was a big humble driveway. I found myself shoveling sand and gravel all day and loving it, never missing the occasional paintbrush.

The thing I was most shocked to see was that my childhood visions of Ireland with green pastures and sheep do exist, along with waterfalls, ancient monuments, and even giant ferns, much to the delight of my previously skeptical mind. If you don't believe me, go yourself someday—you may be surprised to see that Ireland meets and exceeds your expectations.

Ms. Nan Reed, Upper School Secretary And World Explorer, Travels Through British Isles

by Courtney Jones

This summer Ms. Nan Reed, assistant to the Director of the Upper School, journeyed to two of the most beautiful and interesting countries in the world—Scotland and Ireland. The first thing that came to her mind when asked to describe her experience was the beauty of the area. "The different shades of green of the countryside, the abundant flowers, and numerous castles were all just incredible," she raved.

The tour included a

long stay in Scotland and Ireland, as well as brief visits to England and Wales. While on one of these side trips, Ms. Reed was especially impressed by the unfamiliar Welsh tongue. She said that "it has no relation to any languages that would be familiar to us, making it very difficult to translate."

The customs and tastes that she encountered abroad were very different from the American ways she was used to. For instance, iced tea was

hardly to be found; tea was almost always served hot. Menus offering lamb were quite common, but air conditioning was as scarce as iced tea.

The highlight of the trip for Ms. Reed, an avid golfer and coach of the Upper School golf team, was her visit to St. Andrew's Golf Course in Scotland, the place where the game originated. On the whole, Ms. Reed affirmed that her visit to the British Isles was indeed intriguing and worthwhile.