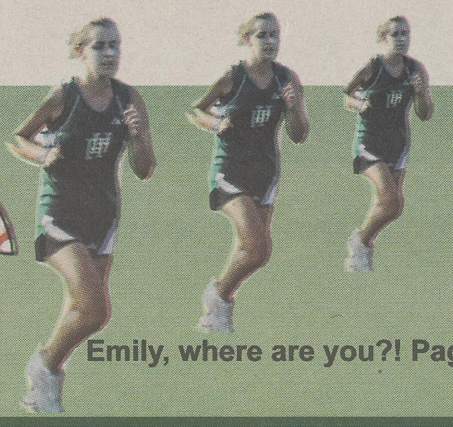
The muckraker of Harpeth Hall

locos

Harpeth Hall School • 3801 Hobbs Rd, Nashville, TN 37215 • Volume 66 • Number F • April 1, 2011



Poetry Corner! Page 4



Emily, where are you?! Page 2

Breaking news: 'Oh my Gaga' Prom 2011 cancelled, rough gang fights anticipated



Because of their frustration over the recent termination of prom, the gang is down to fight.

Photo courtesy of Bobby Nichols

BY PUFF AND THE DOWAGER
THE MAGIC DRAGON AND LANDED GENTRY

Harpeth Hall prom 2011 will be cancelled due to a suit filed on behalf of the Haus of Gaga against Harpeth Hall for copyright infringement. The news, coming at a time of excitement and fervor with the upperclassmen, is sure to cause mass turmoil among students and faculty alike.

"Now I can't ask Russell Anderson to prom," ranted a junior who wished to remain anonymous. She continued, "I mean, it's really disappointing. Where else am I going to wear my bubble maxi dress?"

The Crokers, speaking from their respective classrooms, lamented the fact that they will not be able to belt out their signature song, "Crokerface."

This reaction has been echoed across the student body with the force of a sonic boom. Entire lunch tables, now at a loss for topics of conversation, were spotted silent, their inhabitants' mouths gaping open and staring into the prom-less abyss.

Lady Gaga, age unknown, has taken to Twitter to defend her copyright, saying "Get your paws off my telephone, honey bears!"

Ms. Linda Karwedsky said, "I hope there aren't many gang fights in these parts." She shifted nervously.

Locos expects much controversy on behalf of the Little Monsters. Riots rivaling the Haymarket Square uprising of the 1800s are expected to occur when students take to the hallways to show their displeasure.

Money previously allocated to prom will be donated to a number of causes, including finding the source of the Harpeth Hall gas leaks, funding a new play area for Chili, and the complete eradication of the shade of blue from the Harpeth Hall uniform.

Grandmother Willow reports: A man walks among us

BY GRANDMOTHER WILLOW
A WISE ARBOR

Hold on to your pony-tails, ladies. That is, if you can. For those of you who view the all-girl atmosphere of Harpeth Hall as a right, prepare yourself for some shocking news. There are not just girls here anymore. Our sprawling campus has been invaded by a dark, mysterious force that can only be referred to as, well, the human male.

It has recently been discovered by the physical education department that a teenage male has been posing as a Harpeth Hall student for quite some time—up to six months, administrators estimate. Several coaches, who would prefer to remain nameless, uncovered multiple pairs of boxer shorts and a can of Axe body spray in the upper school locker room late Wednesday evening. Traces of excess body hair were strewn across the floor, in a trail-like formation, pointing the way to the culprit.

Said one teacher of the appalling discovery, "This is just repulsive."

Faculty members warn Harpeth Hall's female students to keep an eye out for curiously large hoodies, absurdly hairy legs, and an inability to talk about feelings. Bulky shoulders are also a giveaway.

Another faculty member said of the issue, "Kudos to the little guy! We've been trying to infiltrate MBA's campus for years!"

However, this is no laughing matter. If you have any information on the fiend's identity, please contact Dean of Students Marie Maxwell. If you would like to confess, text your name to the number 1-800-I'm-A-Dude.



Our newest student, caught in photograph by stealthy Joanne Mamenta's hanging cameras, poses cheerfully on his way back from watching the Dodecs on Souby Lawn. Once this fiend has been captured, his presence will be obliterated from campus life.

Photo courtesy of Joanne Mamenta

Locos Editors

Issue F
April 1, 2011

Princess of Genovia
Amelia Mignonette Grimaldi Thermopolis Renaldo

Landed Gentry
The Dowager

The Power-Hungry Dictator
Thorax

Docile Immigrant
Phee-Ling Detatched

The Magic Dragon
Puff

The Wise Arbor
Grandmother Willow

Gossip Briefs

Claire Perrone '12 and Matt Anderson won best on-stage kiss due to their performance in "The Three Musketeers."

Kat Caire '12 and **Anna LeBleu** '13 will train with Serena Williams and Svetlana Kuznetsova this summer to improve their tennis skills.

Mr. Tad Wert was recognized internationally for his stained glass fractal design.

Mr. Scott Myrick suffered a hover-board crash in Morrison Gym; he sustained no major injuries. However, AP Physics class reports that Mr. Myrick now claims to see beyond the visible spectrum.

Ms. Dora Biegl will teach the inaugural Hungarian class next fall.

What the Deuce? **Ms. Kristen Meltesen** develops a cure for cancer.

Mr. Adam Ross will rejoin the faculty for the upcoming academic year. His proposed course title is "The Fall from Grace."

Dr. Charles Townes will also take a full-time teaching position with the physics department.

MBA daycare petition rejected

BY THE DOWAGER AND THORAX
LANDED GENTRY AND POWER-HUNGRY DICTATOR

Despite a petition by MBA students, Harpeth Hall will not be opening next year as a daycare.

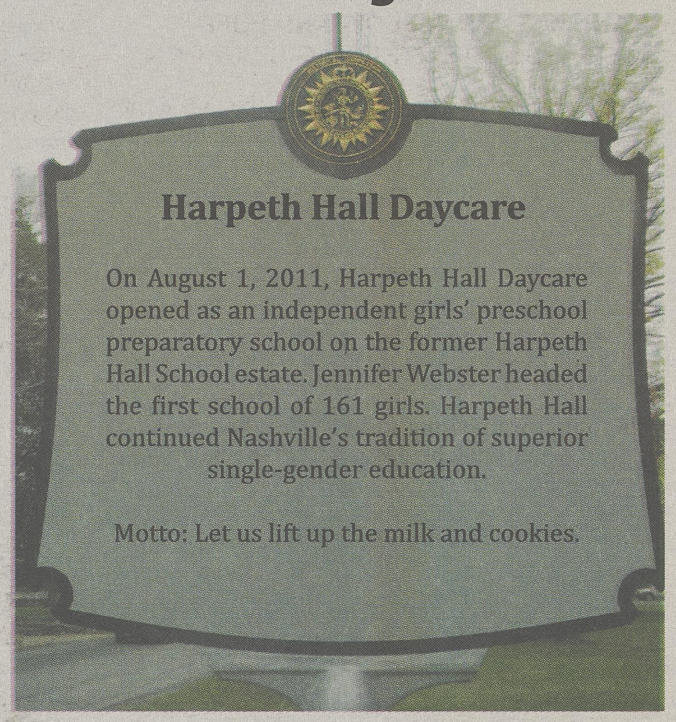
Although this would assuage longtime MBA insecurities and quell their accusations that Harpeth Hall is a daycare masquerading as a college preparatory school, the petition has been nonetheless rejected.

Unbeknownst to the MBA petitioners, the petition was leaked to Harpeth Hall students on Wednesday and called for Harpeth Hall to emulate MBA's fine standards of Daycare for Young Men since its inception in 1867.

Details from the petition included the following: milk and cookie break every day, naptime after lunch in place of X-block, and early dismissal any day on which a sporting event occurs.

If this measure were adopted, Harpeth Hall girls would no doubt exhibit characteristic MBA-boy traits such as dancing motionless with only one's head bobbing, complete rejection of jeans, driving of a four-wheel-drive vehicle, attending SEC schools only, confining dates solely to football games and sporting events, and swishing hair back and forth as an alternative to conversing or punctuating sentences.

For those looking for a daycare, inquiries about the Male Babies Academy can be made by calling 1-800-MBA-BABY.



This revised Harpeth Hall sign was rejected by a furious student body.

Photo by Puff and Amelia Mignonette Grimaldi Thermopolis Renaldo

Upcoming academic year rife with changes

BY THE DOWAGER AND THORAX
LANDED GENTRY AND THE POWER-HUNGRY DICTATOR

Harpeth Hall students will return to a school much changed for the 2011-2012 academic year. Upcoming changes include the revamping of the uniform, the replacement of laptop computers with iPads, and the abolishment of the Middle School.

The uniform catalog will be expanded this summer to include cargo shorts and seersucker t-shirts for the summer and a wool, plaid jumpsuit for the winter. These developments are in response to allegations that the uniform is too hot during the summer months and not warm enough during the winter.

Also on the agenda of the sweeping reform campaign is the addition of the iPad to replace the X61 Thinkpads. Mr. Allen Karns is thrilled, as he has been plagued by numerous visits from students and faculty alike with complaints about viruses that have damaged computers.

Lastly, this upcoming year faculty will be incorporated into the strength and conditioning program. So students, watch out for Mr. Abraham on your left and Ms. Johnson on your right as you complete your deadlift.



Faculty, led by Ms. Marie Maxwell, make merry at the news of their enrollment in J. Ro's strength and conditioning class.

Photo courtesy of Harpeth Hall spycams

Emily Buzhardt has been misplaced or stolen

BY THE DOWAGER AND PUFF
LANDED GENTRY AND THE MAGIC DRAGON

The Logos staff has been thrown into turmoil with the apparent misplacement of Sports Editor Emily Buzhardt '11.

Known to frequent the senior house and the media arts lab, Emily generally fills her time with sports reporting, homework, and the occasional college application.

"One time our Emily Buzhardt got lost in Alaska. And there wasn't any food. We were all terribly worried, kind of like now,"said Arts Editor Natalie Gideon '12.

Parker Davis, News Editor, said, "I last saw the collective Emily Buzhardt in the Media Arts lab. She was tucked peacefully in front of the computer with the desktop background of the pig wearing rain boots."

If found, there is quite the amount of booty to be won.

"I just, I just need her," wailed a desperate and distraught Tina Qian, Features Editor.

"We would do anything to get our Emily Buzhardt back in one piece and safe," said Backpage Editor Mary Liza Hartong '12.

But the universal truth is that we all need her. Indeed, the world looks sad and cold without Emily Buzhardt.



Photo courtesy of Belle Meade police records

Description: Overachieving student known to enjoy running and long periods of fasting in Alaska.
Last Seen: Tucked neatly at the computer in the media arts lab with the desktop background of the pig wearing red rain boots.
Age: 18
Sex: Female
Eye color: Sparkly like a diamond in the sunlight or like the constellation Orion's belt over the Aurora Borealis
Hair color: Luscious brown locks which cascade down her graceful shoulders. Known to inspire awe and even ritualistic chants in the male species. One MBA student, who gave his testimony off the record, offered 31 emus in exchange for a lock of her hair. "I hear her hair's ensured for $100,000," said the student.
Answers to: Buzzy Baby, BuzHeart, Buz Up? and Buz Lightyear
Other Relevant Information: She has a knack for being misplaced.
Reward: Unlimited supply of butterbeer and Puff the Magical Dragon's services as marshmallow roaster.

One day here, next day gone

BY GRANDMOTHER WILLOW AND PUFF
THE WISE ARBOR AND THE MAGIC DRAGON

The latest campus quandary centers on the mysterious disappearance of various personal articles from the upper school. For the past few weeks, items as small as purses and as large as general self esteem have gone missing, and are suspected to have been stolen. Who is the culprit? This remains to be seen, though many have already formulated guesses.

"I think it was the honey bear mascot," remarked one student, "because you never know who the heck is inside that suit. I mean, it could be, like, an old man or something."

Another pupil warned not to look into the matter too closely, as the thief may be dangerous: "She be climbin' in your backpacks, snatchin' your pencils up!"

Administrators have refused to issue a general suspect list, but conceded that the list has been narrowed down to three. According to a student poll, the most likely culprits are as follows: Chili the Chinchilla, Forgetfulness, and Winona Ryder. Heated debate has sprung up as to which of the three is the real fiend.

"Chili would never do such a thing," protested a distraught Upper School science teacher, who asked to remain anonymous. "He's a male chinchilla. Why would he want to steal dresses?"

Another faculty member retorted, "Who would look twice at a ball of fur? No one! The little thief could totally sneak through the vents. He's a regular ninja."

Students are skeptical about the Forgetfulness accusation. Harpeth Hall students don't forget; they've been trained to have photographic memories.

A confronted Winona Ryder denied the accusation. Her agent released an official statement concerning the missing items.

"Winona Ryder admits to attempting to sneak into the Senior House. She was, however, immediately ousted; she does not, apparently, look like an 18-year-old girl and therefore could not have stolen any of the said items."

Any information pertinent to the investigation may be emailed to the "Whoops I Lost My $2.99 Earring from Claire's" folder on First Class.



Two accomplices are photographed deviously thieving.

Photo by Media Arts Trolls

Crokers take to the trees

BY GRANDMOTHER WILLOW AND MIA
THE WISE ARBOR AND PRINCESS OF GENOVIA

After secretly spending the night on campus last Tuesday evening in order to conduct research on Chili the Chinchilla, Mary Liza Hartong '12 was rudely awakened by the sound of power tools. She discovered the source of the commotion on Souby Lawn: Upper School English teacher Mr. Croker sawing large planks of wood.

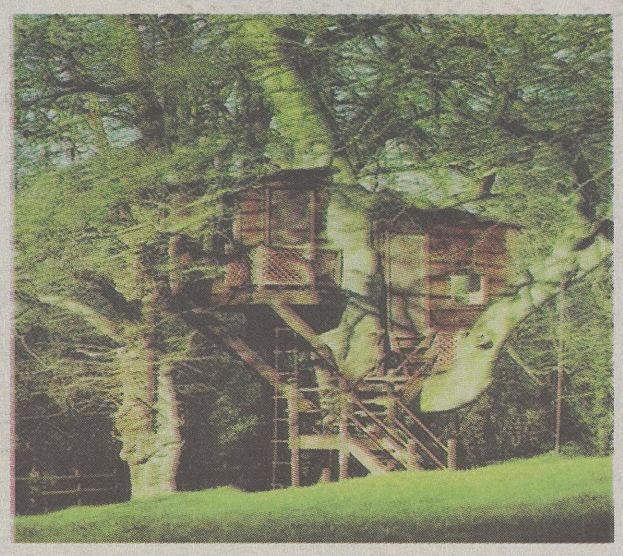
Said Mr. Croker at the scene of the incident, "Cool digs, eh! It's candy."

When questioned about his intentions, he followed with, "My lovely bride and two children will be joining me in our new humble abode."

The Croker family is, in fact, building a tree house on Souby Lawn, led by their patriarch Joe Croker. He is joined by wife Denise, who, after working late hours on Logos as the faculty advisor, feels that she needs to live closer to school.

Construction of the new family home should be finished by graduation, which, in the words of Ms. Croker, "is just perfect! Now we have somewhere to sit at graduation!"

No word yet from Head of School Ann Teaff on the legality and practicality of this arrangement.



The Crokers currently plan on building an elaborate two-story treehouse worthy of Frank Lloyd Wright. *Photo courtesy of Google*

However, according to an anonymous source, "She's been trying to fund a turret for Souby Hall for ages. I think she would be thrilled to have a treehouse instead!"

Only time will tell.

Raging tirades to the editors

Greetings,

I am writing to address what I see as the catastrophic, gross injustice of too little lunch. Since my fifth grade year, portions have been on the decline and, frankly, I'm hungry. You see, I come from a country where there is little food. When I came to America, I expected bounty. Do I see the bounty? No. in my country, $20,000 could buy you around 300 llamas and a title of royalty. Here, it gets you fewer than three chicken strips and a teacake the size of Rebecca Black's talent. This has upset me, and I've lately taken to packing additional desserts to ameliorate this egregious measure being taken by the administration.

Sincerely,
A Hungry Hungarian

To whom it may concern,

I would not like to dance. In general, I enjoy getting jiggy with my stuffed panda; doing the dougie with all the MBA boys during those infamous midnight parties; and awkwardly slow dancing at Bat Mitzvahs. However, there is nothing I hate more than a long assembly which concludes with standing and an impromptu dance party. Do you think I want to boogie in front of the administration, immediately followed by Geography? Not likely. Besides, I have little to celebrate in the middle of a week with a calendar which, in essence, is quite an unpleasantness.

Regards,
6th grader who still wonders if there are crocodiles in the Nile River

P.S. My ticket to Australia was NOT free

Revealed: A day in the life

BY SHE-WHO-MUST-NOT-BE-NAMED
THE SOPHOMORE

I get out of the car and notice flowers blooming, pollen settling in people's lungs, groundhogs with no shadows, and realize it must be March. I see girls inching up the hill at the speed of paralyzed sloths as they each try to carry a backpack, laptop, athletic bag, stack of library books, violin, collapsible tent, propane stove and all the nuts they have gathered for winter. I am almost run over as Tuz cruises in on his motorcycle in a helmet with a tinted face guard, a necessity in this sunless gray weather.

I make my way to the pod where spring is definitely in the air. A group of people sits at each table, studiously writing the 960 Chemistry equations assigned us in the spirit of the new season. One girl's hand cramps and starts convulsing, besmirching her pristine lab notebook with a stray pencil line. This will be a 30-point deduction from her quarter average.

She runs to the bathroom to sulk, her hand forever paralyzed in the pencil-clutching position. I walk to the printer to retrieve my research notes for my history paper, due tomorrow, as others skip to Dr. Jack's room to turn in their 10-page final drafts. At the printer nook, an ill student sits locked in the fetal position, her nose bleeding as a result of the sandpaper tissues the administration was kind enough to place in every classroom.

On my way to math, I walk past the junior lobby, whose angular pillars have had be padded to protect the juniors banging their heads against them, hoping that an 80-page term paper will fall out. I get to class and open my laptop to take notes, only to discover that it has caught a virus—undoubtedly due to my seedy illegal online dealings on pbskidsgo.org.

I take my laptop, more affectionately known as Norman, down to the Bear Cave to be fixed. He looks at me with extreme anguish—blinking his faint orange battery light, begging for the sweet release of death. I fill out the forms to get Norman admitted for treatment, but as soon as the mother ship Mr. Justin Dover opens him up, his symptoms miraculously disappear.

Norman's battery level goes up 75 percent, the virus is miraculously cured, and he starts emitting heart shaped bubbles from his USB port. Big Brother looks at me through his all-seeing eyes, trying to gauge how much paste I must have consumed to cause me to bring this perfectly functioning laptop in for repair.

Before I know it, lunchtime is here. Time flies when you're having fun, amiright??? I step over sobbing students on my way to the cafeteria, which is serving the ever-delicious pumpkin macaroni and no cheese complemented by the Uzbekistan bar, all to be washed down with kumquats for dessert in honor of Fruit of the Month.

In the classroom where I eat lunch, everyone is in one of three stages of work: desperately trying to finish assignments, staring blankly over their assignments drooling a little, or so frazzled by impending assignments that they can do nothing but stare at their forks.

Everyone proceeds to assembly to watch a throng of middle school students haul cellos the size of buffalo to orchestra practice. The remainder of the program is spent sucking on peppermints and using my one surviving brain cell to calculate the exact number of hours until spring break.

Then I go home from this best of all possible schools in the best of all possible seasons to embark on the most rewarding part of the school day: I cross that day off my calendar.

Norman sighs with approval and loses his internet connection.

Bart Renner receives groundbreaking honor

BY THORAX AND MIA THERMOPOLIS
THE POWER-HUNGRY DICTATOR AND PRINCESS OF GENOVIA

A gaggle of meek and giggling freshman report that they spotted a little green man hopping through the garden adjacent to the Patton Visual Arts Center. Many suspect that this mysterious figure is the one and only Mr. Bart Renner.

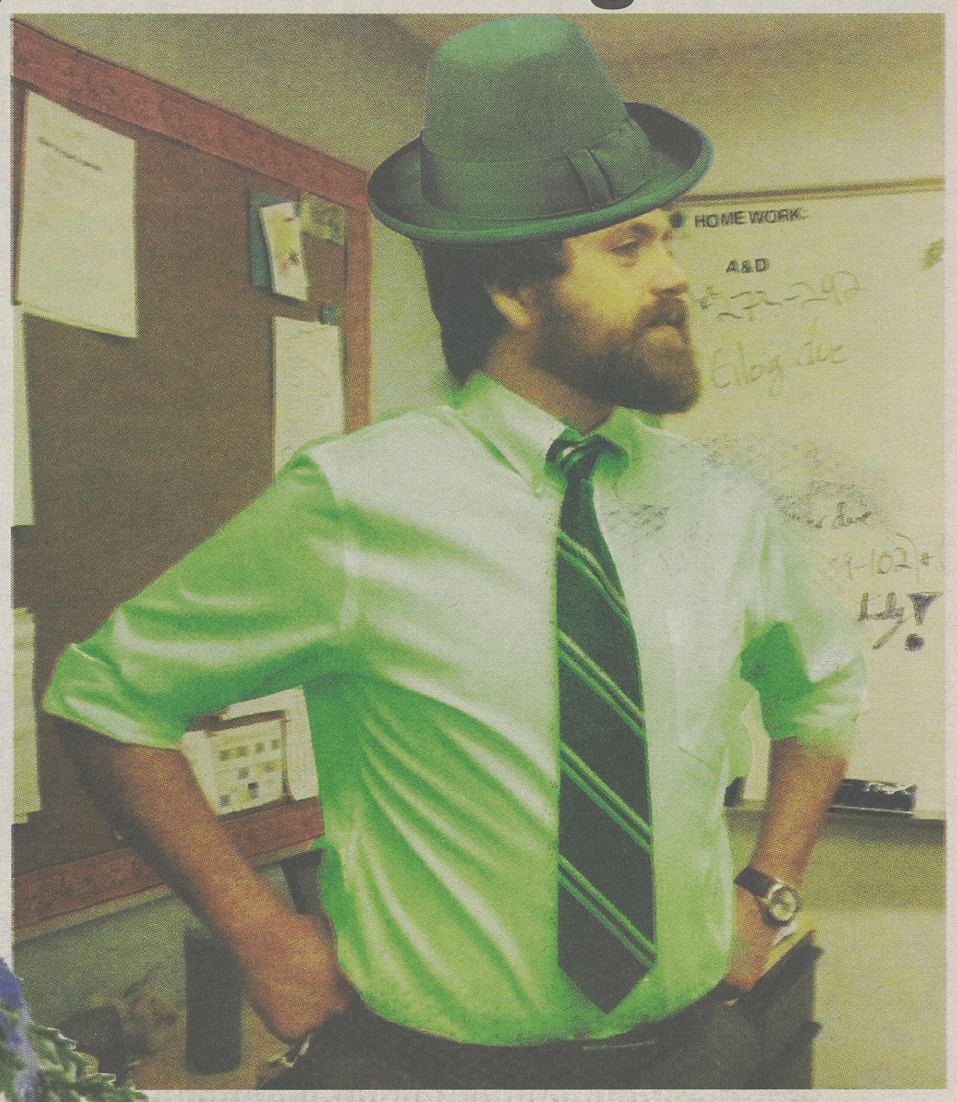
After the release of Disney's latest film, "The Leprechaun Goose is On the Loose," Bart Renner was recruited through www.IrishAnonymous.com in the forum called "At the End of the Rainbow." Mr. Renner was thrilled to be selected from a vast and well-versed group of gingers.

He was first interviewed by a large panel of dental hygienists who also work with the Irish Recruiting Agency. Mr. Renner impressed them with his agile body language, ability to leap across large areas, enthusiasm for pots of gold, and passion for all kinds of eclectic literature.

Julie Wilson '12 recounted a painful memory as she sat in the Junior Lobby before a lunch of fish tacos, "Last year I wanted to create a character with an Irish accent in my winterim class, Art of the Narrative. He forbade me from doing so, and, little did I know, it was to draw attention away from his potential nomination for this great honor."

Mr. Renner plans on moving to Disney World in May. To prepare for his role, he has watched several Irish movies and has practiced a thick accent. Gingers Millie Wert '13, Natalie Greene '13, Meade Wills '12 and Mattie Rich '12 are infuriated that they were not selected for this important and groundbreaking role as well. However, they realize that keeping the ginger race alive at Harpeth Hall is essential to the school's community.

Kudos to Bart Renner for his great accomplishment. May you find your personal pot of gold at the end of this rainbow.



Mr. Bart Renner salutes the ancient gods of literature and looks forward expectantly to his future. He sports his favorite green apparel and signature belt-looped keyring. *Photo courtesy of Mia and Thorax*



Poetry Corner

Whan that aprill with his shoures soote
The droghte of march hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is the flour
Whan zephirus eek with his sweete
Inspired hath in every holt and
Tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the ram his halve cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open ye...



By Geoffrey Chaucer '14 and Phee-Ling Detached
Staff Writer and Docile Immigrant

Buffet of Sadness

An apple of loneliness
two breadsticks of unrequited love
A plate of grilled chicken,
grilled with the anguish
from the barbeque pit of my heart.
A brownie of depression
sprinkled with angst.
Table for one, please.

By Grandmother Willow
Wise Arbor



