

LOCOS II

The Word of



Harpeth Hall

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Focus on the Classroom

Shopping 101 Journeys into World of Couture

by Alyssa Abkowitz

It's the hippest, trendiest class of the year: Shopping 101. Welcome to a class where fashions make the grades and your textbook is the Green Hills Mall. Your teachers: Mrs. Mulgrew, fashion guru of Ann Taylor, Tad Wert, Structure consultant and Ms. O'Keefe, J. Crew Associate Director.

I ventured into the classroom, which was decorated in magazine clippings of Shopping 101 heroes Kate Spade, Gucci and Donna Karan. Last night's homework involved watching VH1 Fashion TV and explaining which runway outfit the girls liked the most. What chic qualities did it have?

Today was a long block, and the girls, attired in leather pants with platform shoes and shiny tube tops, piled into the HH van and drove to their real classroom, the Green Hills Mall.

Wert was decked out in his Sun tie, a matching blue shirt and

Structure khakis. O'Keefe made her debut in a lavender sweater set, black pants and slip-on leather sandals. Mulgrew, of course, was in her typical pinstrip suit that screams power.

Upon entering, the teachers instructed the designers-in-training to shop for the next hour and to spend a minimum of \$300. At least \$100 of the girls' money had to be spent at Bebe buying a sports bra and spandex.

While the girls racked their brains over where to start, the teachers raced off to their beloved stores, saying hello to the sales people whom they know on a first name basis.

After an hour the girls assembled back and complained about how tired their hands were from taking out their credit cards and signing their names. Everyone was back except Mrs. Mulgrew. One minute later we saw her running through the mall; she explained



Shopping 101 instructor La-Voe Mulgrew lectures in the Green Hills Mall.

Designed by Jessica Lundin

that an Ann Taylor sales associate had to help her carry all her purchases.

Two vans approached the mall doors, and the girls piled their purchases into one van and stepped into another.

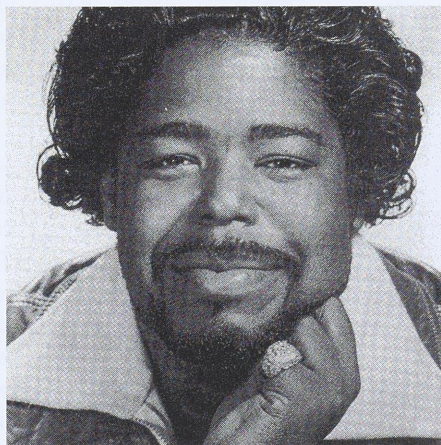
They fell asleep on the way back to HH, for tomorrow would be a tedious day, as they will be modeling their new buys in class.

HH Swoons Over New Artist-in-Residence

By Molly Kaplan '00

The Harpeth Hall Artist-in-Residence is a highly renowned and much sought-after position. Last year's artist, Carol Ponder, went on to win an unprecedented 13 Grammys for her hit album *Pretty Bird*. Many local artists contacted the school in hopes of possibly having the same luck. Ponder said, "Being Artist-in-Residence at Harpeth Hall gave me the confidence and the edge to make *Pretty Bird* the creation it was. I'm not saying anything really... I think the platinum albums speak for themselves." A committee was formed consisting of a number of faculty and board members to select this year's artist. After months of rigorous selection process, a decision was finally made.

"I can't tell you what it means



The Maestro contemplates his time at HH.

courtesy of Molly Kaplan

to be in the presence of sooooo many fine ladies," Barry White, the hands-down winner among the committee, smoothly began his speech in last week's Artist-in-Residence assembly. He did not linger long at the podium, but quickly

began singing "Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe," on the stage, a song he apparently dedicated to Physics teacher, Bonnie Schulkin (Mr. White apparently is a great lover of that particular science, "After all," he pointed out, "it's what brings two fine forces together").

Many in the community were surprised to see Mr. White selected as the Artist-in-Residence, noting his somewhat sensual style of performing. Jim Cooper, Upper School History teacher and Artist committee member, was quick to defend his choice. "Just ask my wife Laurie - Barry brought out the Don Juan in me. There is nothing that man can't do." Fellow committee member La-Voe Mulgrew added, "If this artist does nothing more here than fulfill an early girlhood fantasy of mine, than I

say that's a job well done."

Despite the slight defensiveness of some committee members, there were few complaints once Mr. White arrived. He spent the week in and out of classes and seemed to have a particularly good time just consulting with college counselors Betty Jane Barringer and Ginny Garrison, life-long fans. Mr. White was even around to help put out a small fire in the middle school. Modestly, he related the small emergency to what he knows best: "Once you know how to light that fire and get the flames burning, you've got to know how to put em' out - in case it gets too hot, that is." Barry White: a soulful R&B legend, Grammy winner, hero, mentor, suave operator of romance, and just another Harpeth Hall Artist-in-Residence.

Senior Class Opens Heart to Freshmen

by Class of 2000, as dictated to Sarah Allen '00

During the past few weeks, we, the Harpeth Hall Class of 2000, have done much reflecting on our four years together. In three short months, we will leave this safe haven and venture alone into the "real world," a thought which we find extremely frightening and humbling. We will no longer be required to wear only blue or white shirts, attendance will not be taken wherever we go, and a parent's signature will no longer be required if we have an "appointment" between the hours of 8:00 and 3:00. Without these useful guidelines,

many of us are afraid we will find the world outside of Harpeth Hall too overwhelming. We fear that, without morning announcements to announce our birthdays and a good news folder to display our good deeds, we will become lost in the masses.

In light of these humbling thoughts, we have also reconsidered some of the traditions in place at Harpeth Hall. Highest on our list is the issue of the Senior House. We have come to feel that the principle behind the Senior House goes violently against our own principles.

Why should we, the seniors, separate ourselves from the student body and administration that provide such a protective shelter for us? Why should we receive special privileges just because we are the oldest? What have we done to deserve such treatment? We are, after all, just students like everyone else, and considering that we will be leaving Harpeth Hall very shortly, we feel we should act more like ideal Harpeth Hall students.

After deliberating as a class, we at first decided to give the senior house to the freshmen as a

sign of our recent disclosures. However, we came to the conclusion that this would not completely attain our ideals. We have decided instead that the Senior House shall be torn down, and that the bricks will be used to construct a statue of Mrs. Mulgrew which will be installed on Souby Lawn in a dedication ceremony later this month. For the years to come, we hope that freshmen and seniors will sit happily side by side in the Bear Lair, living together as true Harpeth Hall students should do.

Senior Breaks Trend of 100 Percent Acceptance to College

By Lesley Foglia '00

It was announced in a Morning Meeting this week that a senior, her name not being disclosed at this time, broke the 48-year trend of a 100 percent acceptance rate among HH seniors to a college.

The girl, who asked to remain anonymous, defended her good name: "It's not like I'm not smart enough to get into college. I had every intention on applying, but I was so busy that I overlooked the application deadline."

As you know, the assumption that all seniors must apply to a college is made very clear to freshman applicants. There is even a clause in the enrollment contract that states that criminal prosecution is a possibility if a student tarnishes HH's good name by not applying and therefore ruining the time-honored trend.

After continued pressure from Mrs. Barringer and Ms. Garrison, the girl admitted that she did try to evade the college counselors. "Every time I saw them,

they would stop me and remind me. But, after a while, it just got annoying. Sometimes they would stop me eight

Ms. Garrison said, "I am so distressed that someone could fall through the college counseling cracks that I am going to resign as the Director of College Counseling and become an independent consultant who will fill out applications and write essays for applicants who are too busy."

"We are uncertain, at this

time, if we will bring legal action (not only for breach of contract, but for perjury) against the senior. But, if we did, I am confident in a victory for HH because as you know, I am unbeatable," Bahar Azhdari gloated just hours after she and the rest of the HH Mock Trial team were appointed chief counsel for HH.



An anonymous senior is shunned by her peers after she "overlooked" her application deadlines.

or nine times in one day! I was at a point where I was about to say, 'I don't need someone reminding me when the deadlines are. I need someone to fill out the application and write the essay, or find me the time to do it myself.' So, I went out of my way to avoid the college counselors. I even walked outside between classes – many times during rain storms."

College Corner

This Month: Nancy Reagan School of Astrology

By Lesley Foglia '00

After driving for more than two hours from the Santa Fe airport, mainly on dirt roads, I finally arrived at the Nancy Reagan School of Astrology. There was no sign of life for a 50 mile radius around the 2000 acre campus, except for the students of the school – and that, too, is arguable. (It is rumored that the large campus and open fields provide a great landing site for space ships to come and take students back to their home planets.)

"Ummmmbadabada . . . We wanted the school isolated . . . ummmmbadabada . . . so the students can focus on their studies," Mother, the leader of the cult – excuse me – president of the college, explained.

The well-rounded curriculum packs a student's day. The morning starts with a Latin lesson so the students can appreciate the signs of the zodiac. Then the students go to a tea-leaf reading class. After a lunch of frog's eye soup, students head to a crystal ball watching class. There is a curfew of 7 p.m. and the students are encouraged not to travel off-campus so that their auras aren't polluted by "civilians."

A freshman at the school said, "This school is all that I ever . . . you know . . . dreamed of and more! I'm glad . . . you know . . . that I got in because it's, like, really selective!" Call 1-888-WE-CRAZY for more information.

PACIFIC BOUND TRIATHLETES: ON THE GO



Jessica Lundin

You may have seen them sprinting around the track during lunch. Or pumping iron after school in the weight room. Two of Harpeth Hall's most-loved teachers, senior English teacher Joe "the Rock" Croker and photography teacher Peter "Coach" Goodwin, began training last August for the Ironman Triathlon this June in Honolulu.

"It's been a dream of mine to be an Ironman since I was eight

years old," Goodwin said. "Yes," Croker added. "When I saw the movie *Rocky* for the first time as a young lad, I was inspired by the sheer muscle tone and washboard stomach of Stallone. I thought, 'That's me! That's me!'"

Harpeth Hall wishes them both the best of luck in their training and competition. Aloha, gentlemen!

top ten Spring Break pick-up lines

10. "Is it hot in here, or is it just you?"
9. "You must be tired because you've been running through my mind."
8. "I lost my phone number - can I have yours?"
7. "If I could rewrite the alphabet, I'd put U and I together."
6. "Is your daddy a thief?"
"No."
"Then who stole those diamonds and put them in your eyes?"
5. "Do you have a map, because I'm lost in your eyes."
4. "If we're not related, we ought to be!"
3. "Hi. Can I buy you a car?"
2. "Do you believe in love at first sight, or do I have to walk by you again?"
1. "My name is Milk; I'll do your body good."

Lawrence County or Bust:

Seniors Skip Cancun for Amish Country

By Molly Kaplan '00

When most students at this school think of senior spring break, they think Cancun, Mexico. They think beach, they think tan, they think lounge night with Enrique Iglesias. However, all this talk about senior spring break is just another misconception. While Cancun does get its share of vacationers, the majority of senior Harpeth Hallers who are mature enough to handle such a place usually flock to Lawrence County, Tennessee.

"Lawrence County . . . why Lawrence County?" one may ask. Well, the answer is as simple as the people the spring breakers are there to see: it's the Amish. "The Amish get a bad rap," said senior Sloan Curtis. "Everyone thinks they don't know how to party. But let me tell you, when you deny people things like, I don't know, say color, for such a long time, they get restless. They can be a pretty wild group."

Katie Hill, another senior, added, "I find that Amish guys are much more fun than regular guys. I mean, how many guys do you know that will

let you drive their carriage?" Not many, I bet. Well, my first day in Lawrence County I met a guy, Eli, and he let me drive his buggy all the way down Yoder Road and back.

Yoder Road is just one of the many hot spots in this party town. Many of the people who live on the street, such as the Gingeriches, the Gingeriches, and the Gingeriches, are always generous enough to lend their own porches to the 24/7 partying. "You have no idea how much peanut brittle I have made this week!" said an ecstatic Nika Ferdowski. "I mean we're talking a lot of peanut brittle."

While many parents are concerned about sending their daughters off to Amish country because of its reputation for being a party scene, most of the seniors say it is a time of their lives they will never forget. "I heard MTV is gonna be in Lawrence next year, so I was sort of disappointed that I missed that by just one year, but hey, who am I to complain when I am leaving this place field plow champion,"



Molly Kaplan

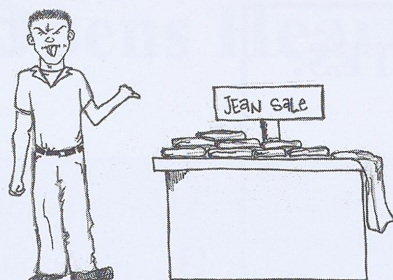
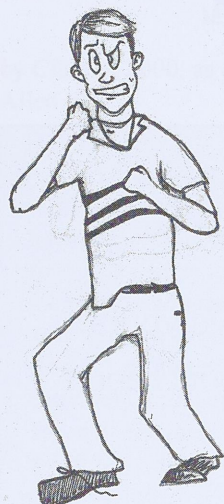
Yoder Road, site of much Class of 2000 spring break partying.

glowed Megan Casey. "It's been a great week."

"Cancun just can't compare . . . it just can't," stated senior class president Rachel Cherney. "I ask you, where else can I get a farmer's tan like this?"

Lawrence County is a place where memories (and fabulous baskets)

are made, and never forgotten. Many vow to go back even when they are in college. Cynthia Gray speaks for all seniors when she says, "Just as long as I can keep churning butter . . . that's how long I'll be coming back to Lawrence." How many can say that about Cancun?



Ways You Know He's an MBA Guy

- ~ His idea of dancing is standing still while bobbing his head up and down
- ~ He has a 4-wheel drive vehicle
- ~ He doesn't own a pair of jeans
- ~ Every other sentence ends with "and stuff"
- ~ He calls Harpeth Hall a "daycare" out of insecurity
- ~ The hat
- ~ The stuffed animals in his house were once alive
- ~ He abides by the "Athlete, Scholar, Sometimes-Gentleman" code of conduct
- ~ His idea of a special date is asking you to the Friday night football game
- ~ He gets PlayStation confused with reality
- ~ His best pickup line is, "Go get me a Coke, woman"

