The Word of Harpeth Hall

LOGOS

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1993

New teachers reveal their pasts

by Sarah Chisolm

August 25, 1993, 7:55 AM -- new day, new year, new students, new teachers. Sound exciting? Maybe not for some of us "old" Hellions, but for the many new teachers at Harpeth Hall this year, it ius also a new school, nd they all seem very excited about being here and bringing their enthusiasm to us.

Mia Alexander-Snow will be teaching English I and II in the Upper School and sponsoring *Milestones.* She grew up in Vernon, Connecticutt and went to the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg. There she received her B.A. in English; later she moved to Massachusetts, where she taught English literature. She has taught at Coshing Academy, a coed college prep boarding school -- the move to HH is a big one for her. She came to Nashville to get her Master's in Education, and it was here in Nashville that she met her husband, Jeffrey Snow.

Dora Biegl, the new Computer Applications teacher for the eighth- and ninth-graders moved to Nashville from Hungary so that her husband could work at Vanderbilt; she got her B.S. from Belmont University. She and her husband live in Bellevue with the 150-lb. Newfoundand, Bundi. Ms. Biegl teaches Hungarian at the Tennessee Foreign Language Institute .



Left to right: Ruswick, Trzuskowski, Biegl, Mason, Kaplan, Alexander-Snow.

Melinda Miller Higgins comes to us as a part-time teacher of ICP and Upper-School Chemistry. She spends her free time doing aerobics, playing golf, tutoring, and learning more about the sciences; Ms. Higgins has a Master's in Science Education from the George Peabody College.

Rita Kaplan comes to Harpeth Hall to teach English, Geography, and Life Skills. She lives in Nashville with her husband, Michael, her son, Seth (14), and her daughter, Molly (11). She has been living in Nashville since 1975, when she came for her Bachelor's and Master's degrees at George Peabody College. Ms. Kaplan is originally from Buffalo, New York, and lived in Washington, D.C. and New York City before coming to Nashville. She has taught at several schools in the area; Harpeth Hall is fortunate to have its turn.

Anissa Mason will be a French teacher in the Middle School and a Spanish teacher in the Upper School. She has studied in France and been a language instructor in Italy; she hopes to make foreign languages as exciting for her students as they are for her. She believes that to learn another's language is to have an insight into their culture, important in this quickly shrinking world. Ms.

(cont. p. 7)

Fifth graders invade the Hall



Fifth Graders outside Daugh W. Smith Middle School. Story on page 7

All we bargained for was ice cream

by Holly Whetsell, Victoria Greene, Genevieve Fiztgerald

It was late. We were tired. We really needed our beds, but most of all we needed a milkshake; that is, Holly needed a milkshake. Victoria needed a soft-serve cone, and Genevieve -- well, we didn't know exactly *what* Genevieve needed.

At 11:25 PM on July 17, we strolled into the Green Hills McDonald's. As we waited our turn...

VICTORIA: "Man, I'm so addicted to those soft cones. I love the way they twist and curl."

HOLLY: "Me, too, girl! Those cones are so crunchy, but I think I'm in the mood for something creamier tonight."

GENEVIEVE: "Gosh, I hate decisions. Cone? No, milkshake? Sundae? No, no, no..."

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

EMPLOYEE: "May I take your order?"

HOLLY: "OK...I would like a lowfat vanilla milkshake, but I'm not sure what size. Yeah, yeah, yeah...I'll go for the small."

OUR FELLOW CUSTOMER: "OK, everyone down in the back now!"



Seniors Holly Whetsell, Genevieve Fitzgerald, and Victoria

As we turned around, a .38 Chrome Snub Magnum blinded us Genevieve and Holly hurdle the counter, leaving Victoria wondering if she should bolt for the door. With amazing logic, she remembered that NRA

(cont. p. 7)

Some people read these...

by Lauren Marler

This summer was the first one in a long while that I actually managed to finish all my summer reading books with plenty of time to spare. Thus, I was able to ponder each one thoroughly and develop for each a carefully worded opinion. And, because most of our school has yet to encounter the senior required reading list, I feel that a student's opinion on these books is in order

The Great Gatsby, by F. Scott Fitzgerald: I've heard Ms. Shoaf say that this book is a "perfect novel". I don't disagree, but I wonder exactly what constitues a perfect novel. The book wasn't uninteresting; my main problem with it was that it lacked an ending, being more of a glimpse into the lives of a few people. However, it was easy reading, and enjoyable.

The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne: We haven't discussed this one in class yet, so I can't give you Shoaf's insight into the underlying meanings of this book,. which I must have missed because I didn't really enjoy the novel. While the story line was great, Hawthorne had a tendency to burst into pages and pages of pure narration, which I don't really like. I'm sure that once I comprehend his message, I'll think it's a great book.

Huckleberry Finn, by Mark Twain: I loved this book. Period. It had lots of dialogue; it was funny; it had an actual plot. It involved a clueless little boy helping a big dumb slave escape down the Mississippi, while encountering men who claimed to be, among other things, Louis XVI of France -- what more could a reader ask for?

Daisy Miller, by Henry James: It was short, which was a big plus. It was actually fun reading, and although at the end I had to wonder, "Well, what was the point of the story, if THAT was going to happen?", I enjoyed reading it.

by Christie Fontecchio

At the end of school each year when the teacher hands you that dreaded list of books, you glance over it and think, "I've never even heard of any of these." Then, if you're like me, you head for trusty Davis-Kidd and spend an hour reading the backs of the books on your very limited list. Deciding on the ones you dislike least, you buy them, take them home, and resign yourself to another summer of reading.

The problem arises when, two days before school begins, you realize you haven't touched the books since your outing to the bookstore. You frantically read them and discover that you don't like any of the books very much.

Sound familiar? This summer, however, summer reading has improved with the abolition of book-report forms; this year, a simple paper was due, tying together all the books. Now, all this would be great, if the books you read were good. Perhaps it's because I read three books in one day, but I didn't like any of the books from the English list (the European History book was great!).

The Handmaid's Tale, by Margaret Atwood, is a completely unrealistic view of a future in which all women have ridiculous duties to perform (such as being handmaids, strangely enough) for all men.

A Room with a View by Em Forster was fairly good, if you could break the language barrier (Forster speaks in mumbo-jumbo).

Elizabeth Mansfield wrote "Preludes" and "At the Bay", two short stories on the junior list. My complaint about these "stories" is that the don't seem to have any plot.

Yet another summer has passed without my getting anything from summer reading. I really don't mind reading, though; I just pick terrible books for summer reading. Several teachers have suggested remedies for this problem: first, if you don't like a book by page 50, stop reading; second, don't pick a book by its length (thank you, Ms. Renkl).

I have heard many positive comments on books read this summer, so I know that there were good books on the list. Maybe next summer I will be fortunate enough to pick them out! Anyway, I hope all of your adventures in summer reading went well and that you will all continue at least glance at, say, *Barchester Towers* (about 1200 pp) before you move on to *Night* (105 pp).

Becky's Bellyachin'

[Editors' note: Becky is responding to the school's policy that no one in Harpeth Hall's employ may dispense medication to a student.]

As I stumble through the halls clutching my stomach in pain, I search for a fellow student with the two Advil which will ease my agony Finally, I find a total stranger who, upon hearing my screams of pain, whips out a bottle of Midol; while I gulp down two lifesaving pills, she commiserates with me over the school policy which forbids the front office to hand out painkillers for fear of being sued.

These lawsuits would most likely pertain to the possibility of girls OD-ing on the painkillers; now, if a young lady at HH really wanted to intake that much advil, then she could stroll over to Moon Drugs and buy a couple boxes. Now, I'm sure the secretaries are sensible enough not to give a girl thirty advil, and therefore see no reason why the school should have such strict policies about painkillers. Those of us who suffer from the infamous "monthly problem " of incredibly painful cramps and don't care to cart around large boxes of advil would like HH to make our lives easier by letting us have those two advil in the front office.

We pay for a top quality education. Surely we know the amount of advil necessary to cut through biting pain, without overdoing it, for with this grand education comes a sense of responsibility.

Editorial Policy

Logos II invites both students and faculty to submit letters to the editor or article 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

Frosh tell all about first week of school

by Elizabeth Crocker

It is the first day of high school. We all remember it differently. For some the first day may have been the most exciting day in the history of the world, but for others it was just another square on the calender. This year ninety - six girls embarked on this fateful journey. We asked a few of them to share their thoughts about life, high school, and how on earth they managed to fing their classrooms during the first week of Freshman year at Harpeth Hall.

DAY ONE: August 25th

Today was the first day of school and I have to say I was very nervous. After I got to school, everything went alright and I realized that I didn't have time to be nervous. I thought the day went pretty well. I didn't even go to the wrong class. High School is a lot different from Middle School, but I'm sure I will get used to it soon.

--Rachel Glick

Today went pretty well. High School is a lot different, but its fun. The upperclassmen were really sweet and helpful. My classes went well and I'm getting used to my schedule. It is a little strange to walk down the halls and see only girls who are dressed just like you are!

--Britany Foster

At first I felt isolated, but people were very caring and showed you where everything was. The freedom we have is very different from my old school. I like the Bear Lair, Coke machines, and the phones that we can use. I also like the way we do announcements and the usage of the Freshmen board.

--Heather Small

Today was my first day of being in High School. Still thinking about summer, I left for school. First period I had Latin. I walked in and saw four sophmores and Mrs. Ward speaking in Latin. Everything was so overwhelming. Later, I got second and third period mixed up causing me to walk back and forth to try and figure out which room was where. Third period I knew I had Algebra, so I raced down to the Math and Science building hoping this would be the first class I would not be late for. When I got there I was told that my Algebra class was the only one meeting in the English hall! The rest of the day was spent figuring out where I needed to go and when I needed to be there. All of my teachers were really nice and I met a couple of new friends.

--Hontas McGee

> "... it's a little strange to walk down the halls and see only girls"

> "The intensity is beginning to take its toll."

DAY TWO: August 26th

I'm so excited for our ninth grade. I think it will be a great year. I love the classes I am taking and the teachers who teach them. My lunch period (having it sixth period) is late! I know where all my rooms are. There is more freedom and more study halls than there were in the Middle School!

--Ashley Nevin

The second day of school went a little better than the first. At least today, I had a better idea of where I was going and what to expect. I still can't believe that school has started, and it will continue for another nine months until summer again.

--Rachel Glick

School was much more fun today. I think I'm really going to like Harpeth Hall. Its a great place to learn and excel with lots of opportunity to do a lot of really cool stuff. Everything will be great if I can just remember where everything is!

--Britany Foster

> "I like the Bear Lair, Coke machines, and phones we can use."

DAY THREE: August 27th

We had a Freshman meeting and we met our sponsors. I felt like I was beginning to be a part of the class. Today was a good day. My big sister made me cookies and we got out at 2:10.

--Heather Small

Today was great, but I'll be glad to get some rest this weekend. The intensity of school and sports is beginning to take its toll on me. However, I am learning a lot. Now all I need to learn is how to manage all of this stress.

-- Britany Foster

Diversity great; what about girls already here?

by Catherine Blackburn

At Leadership Conference, much discussion was devoted, predictably, to matters of diversity, of attracting potential students, and making freshmen feel welcome. All of these are valid concerns, but what about keeping the girls we already have?

As most of us know, the wave of concern for the freshmen fades quickly, and by second semester most of them have been neatly labeled and sent on their merry way through the morass of HH stereotypes. There are the dominant ones ("student leaders"), the top 10% of the class ("smart ones"), and the sports-oriented girls ("star athletes"). Once these groups are established, the titles within them generally stick throughout a girl's career at the Hall

What happens to girls who don't fit one of these labels?What happens to the average HH girl? Generally she is a student above average on the national level, and a better than average person, as well. A nice girl, but often one who ends up feeling unhappy with herself -- she isn't good enough, smart enough, or athletic enough, and, worst of all, no one at HH cares about her.

At this point, her fate and placement in HH society long since decided, she discovers that she has two options. She can continue through this school, graduate and go on to college never quite satisfied with her high school career, or she can leave Harpeth Hall, hoping to find a place for her individual contributions at another school.

I think that's a shame.It's sad that a school with so much to offer is so fixated on particular groups of "important" girls that the rest are lost in the shuffle. It's time we took a minute to recognize the merits of each student, to let every girl feel a part of this school. The benefits of such an effort would far outweigh the time it would take to make every girl feel like more than a face in the crowd.

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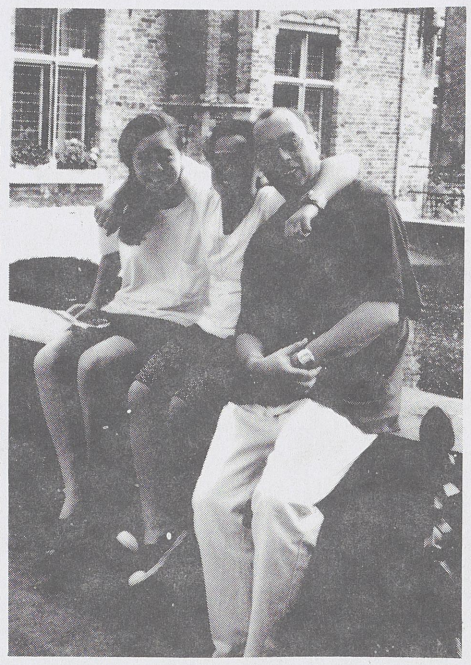
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Around the world in 80 days



Left: Seniors Jaime Heller and Beth Davis make a religious pilgrimage to Israel with several friends.



Right: Crispin Davis, Alex Macet, and Monsieur Macet resting on a canal wall in Brugge, Belgium.



Junior Sallie McMurray taught Francis, Ingrid, and Eugenia how to swim during a mission trip to an orphanage in San Pedro Sula, Honduras.

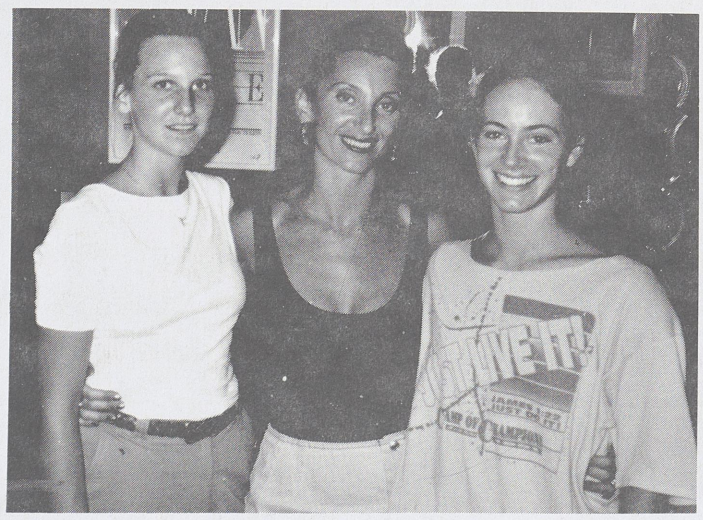


Senior Dionne Gardner poses with Ukrainian soldiers after performing with 200 others from her church in a Biblically inspired street drama. She spent the first part of her summer performing with Ukrainians from "all different walks of life".

We don't need no education...



Juniors Jean Davis and Dana Deaton, along with their classmates from Hong Kong, Peru, and France, visit Disneyland while participating in the ASA program at Stanford



Junior Sarah Taber and friends study intensive ballet in Hilton Head, South Carolina.

Only the fittest will survive



Junior Margaret Wray and her Deer Hill Wilderness Expedition group celebrate reaching the top of Grizzly Peak in San Juan National Forest.



Freshmen say cheese from Canada while on Ensworth's Out West Trip

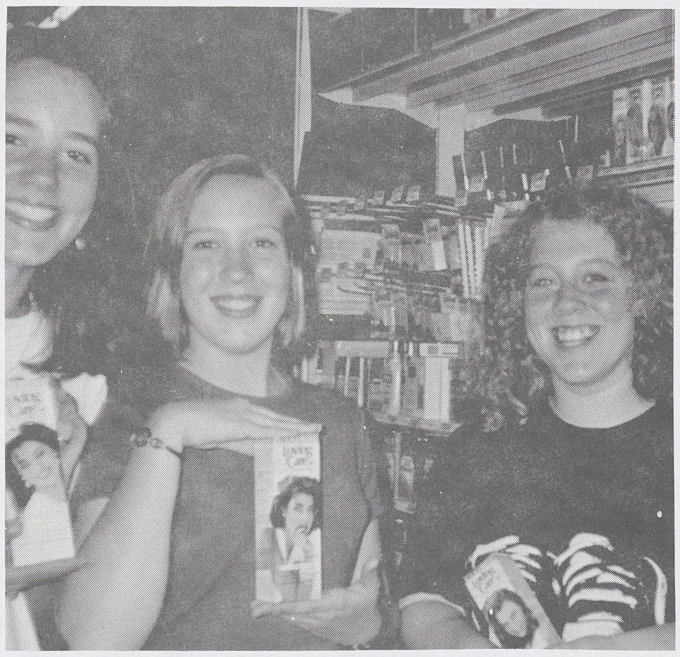


Left: Senior Mab Byrd, Sophomore Val Byrd, and a random small child are caught in the rapids of the Colorado River

Right (and above, right): Freshmen on Ensworth's Out West Trip include Courtney Weaver, Meghan Tally, Bonnie Brockman, Kristin Hogan, Holly Holten, and Beth Sherrard



Right: one of Senior Katie Moran's successful attempts to "capture childhood". "I took a lot of pictures of children doing different things," she says; this one was taken "at a lemonade sale." Katie started her own business over the summer, photographing children's portraits for their parents. Apparently, it was lucrative, for she plans to continue doing this throughout the school year.



Senior Rachel Reeves and fellow Governor's Scholars choosing the hair color of the week. Black or red?



HH: A Social Mecca

by Beth Waltemath

By now you probably have been thrown into a bottomless pit of work from which you cannot escape. At this point, any effort to relieve yourself from this workload (note, the "only two tests a day" rule which, when mentioned, incurs the wrath of the power - hungry teachers) is, at best, hopeless. This work overload may seem suprising to people who came to Harpeth Hall for its reputation as a year long party.

Never fear, man - hunting socialites,our reputation as a party school is not just a vicious rumor (which I started), but based on the plethora of social activities sponsored by our school.

This year of partying kicks off on September 12th with Concert on the Lawn, our own Lollapallooza. The next event occurs in November, giving us time to recover from the aftermath of our mini - Starwood. Yes, in November, the Student Council sponsors Fall Dance, where hordes of students flock to hear Grammy - Award winning music and to watch the faculty, led by the "Party Animal" himself, Mr. Wert of Steeplechase fame, swing from the rafters until the police come and bust the party for disrupting the peace.

Despite the threats from the Metro Police, we throw yet another world class bash in December: Winter Formal, where prices and "spirits" are high. Although you may think that life doesn't get any better than this, the peak of the social scene is the Prom, especially this year since it is being thrown by the juniors whose motto is "Life is a party and then you die (in the morning)." Now, it seems, Harpeth Hall is all work and no play; but once the fun starts, it never stops.

You're so eighties if...

In searching for the perfect Entertainment article, I groped blindly through the annals of my mind and finally stumbled across lists and lists of "You're so (Something) If...". True, this is a lower form of entertainment, but for this once we can all pay our penny to stand with the groundlings and laugh.

YOU'RE SO EIGHTIES IF...

1. You think your telephone cord is a fashion accessory

2. You own a copy of The Chipmunks singing "We Are the World"

3. You still think Ethiopia is the chic place for world hunger

4. You think Nancy Reagan is an expert on fashion

5. You say things like, "Omigosh, that's so 1983!"

6. You can recite the dialogue of *Desperately Seeking Susan*

7. You think Madonna can act

8. You want Kit, the car from *Night Rider*

9. You can name every movie Molly Ringwald has been in

10. You still wear jellies

SARAH PHILLIPS

Singing substitute strikes a chord

by Lisa Lancaster

Last Friday night, several of my friends and I went to see *'The Thing Called Love*. Most of the movie took place in a tiny restaurant in Green Hills called the Bluebird Cafè. After the movie, we decided to get a bite to eat. In the restaurant, there was a man walking among the tables and playing a guitar. He looked oddly familiar to me; he must have to everyone else, too, because Merrill Lackey asked me, "Do you remember that weird substitute teacher that had to reach for the geometry dummy book to answer any of our questions?" I nodded, and she said, "I think that man over there with the guitar is him."

We called him to our table -- sure enough, it was Stewart Adamson (surely you all remember Chester?)! He remembered us, too, and played us one of the songs he had written; he also accompanied us on his guitar through the "Brady Bunch" theme song. Later he invited us to hear him sing at the Bluebird Cafè (sound familiar?).

The next Tuesday night, my friends and I went to the Bluebird to hear more of Mr. Adamson's songs. They were all country tunes, and to me the songs he sang were just as good as anything on the radio; Mr. Adamson is definitely a better singer than he is a math teacher!

(picture on p. 1)

by Karen Williams

Over the summer, many new things have come to Harpeth Hall. We've acquired several new teachers, an entirely different Friday schedule, and the plans for an elaborae scince lab for the Middle School. Most important and exciting of all, however, is the addition of a fifth grade to our school.

Yes, they are the girls who, on tiptoe, still don't quite come up to your waist. This new fifth grade, the Class of 2001, is filled with energetic, enthusiastic faces from elementary schools around the area; and with them come their teachers.

Miss Susan Trzuskowski, who returns to Harpeth Hall after a two-year hiatus, has attained her Master's degree and is now teaching math and science to our youngest students; Ms. Rita Kaplan, new to the Hall, is instructing them in English, geography, and Life Skills. Both teachers are impressed with the girls' willingness and readiness to learn these subjects; but above all, the fifth graders will be learning organizational skills and familiarizing themselves with the campus (after all, how would you like to be four foot six, scared witless, and lost in a crowd of jostling, screaming high school students between seventh and eighth periods?)

Every fifth grader is happy to be here, ready to learn, and eager to join in new activities. We are happy to welcome the twenty-six newest members of Harpeth Hall.

There's something in the water (we think)

by Sarah Costonis

For those clueless ones among you who hadn't noticed that Mrs. Boehm is looking a great deal sleeker and more streamlined these days, you'll be happy to know that on July 11 she lost 9 pounds, 2.25 ounces, and 21.75 inches worth of weight in the form of a baby boy, Alexander Griffin Boehm.



Alexander Griffin Boehm 24 hours old

Mrs. Boehm says that she loves being a mother, and that she is continually fascinated by her newborn son; she bragged to our reporter that his hands are exceptionally big for a baby of his size.

On the down side of the situation, she says that she misses being able to coach soccer; having a new baby is very tiring, and even though her husband helps with him as much as he can, it's hard to accomplish her work for school and still take the care of Alex that she feels he needs from her. She rushes home during her lunch periods to feed him; with a baby, she says, you simply cannot be late. Alex changes and grows every day. Mrs. Boehm claims that she would love to have more children -- "Just not right away."

It took him 2.5 years to ask



Photo by Perry Burnett

by Dana Deaton

"Is it Huff-Hileman, or just plain Huff?" As school began, this question was heard often as students passed through the halls. The answer is "just plain Huff." The question refers to Harpeth Hall's Upper School English teacher Laura Huff and her recent marriage to Gregg Hileman, a geologist who researches and writes for the U.S. Geological Survey.

Last spring, the campus was buzzing with the news of Ms. Huff's engagement. She'd been dating him for two and a half years. Everyone wanted to know how it had happened; Mrs. Huff tells us that when Gregg proposed to her "he had on a T-shirt that I hated, and before I would answer him, I made him turn it inside-out." He did, and she said yes.

Their wedding took place on July 25, under the summer sun in the HH gazebo. Ms. Huff dressed in a simple, yet elegant, white dress, and her husband-to-be were too hot to be nervous, so the wedding ran smoothly, except for Ms. Huff's garter sliding down her leg as she walked down the aisle. Suppressing laughter, she says, "I was trying to suavely kick it off under a bush, but my mother swooped down and picked it up."

After the wedding, they went to Costa Rica for their honeymoon. Upon returning, Ms. Huff moved into Gregg's house. They share the cooking, but Ms. Huff claims that "I'm a better cook."

With marriage, Mrs. Huff has acquired part ownership of Gregg's dog; Tuke is part Husky, part Labrador, and all flea-prone. Ms. Huff is learning to live with the dog and says she is "training it not to drink out of the toilet."

With a new husband, dog, and house, but <u>not</u> a new last name, Ms. Huff says life is "more complicated, but more fun."

(cont. from p. 1) Teachers...

Mason received her B.A. from the University of Alabama.

Kris Ruswick will be teaching both art and Middle School P.E.. Originally from Chicago, she lived in Ithaca, New York for three years prior to her move to Nashville. There she taught art classes at a community arts school, and has had two shows of her own work. She has been teaching at the Watkins Art Institute this summer.

Susan Trzuskowski --" Miss T" -- teaches fifth grade math and science. Only semi-new to the Hall, she taught sixth and seventh grade science here before leaving for two years to get her Master's of Education at UVA and then to teach at the Ursuline Academy in Wilmington, Delaware (her *alma mater*) She also has her B.A. from Duke University.

(cont. from p. 1) Crime...

slogan: "Guns don't kill people; people kill people."

As we joined the McDonald's staff on the kitchen floor, our minds drifted...

VICTORIA: "...hmmmm...why does everyone in here have their heads down?"

HOLLY: "Aaaaaaggggggh!?!?!"

GENEVIEVE: "Get a grip, Holly! Where's Victoria?"

WHETSELL TIME: 5 HOURS LATER (ACTUAL TIME: 5-10 MIN. LATER)

The culprit left after wiping out the safe and cash registers. Shaking, we hugged while the others enjoyed a cigarette; within minutes, the police arrived.

The story goes on. Our parents picked us up and took us home. After downing a few sedatives, Holly was on edge all night. Victoria took it all in stride. Genevieve wavered. It all seems funny now, but it wasn't; we learnedthat even in Green Hills, we're not always safe.

Bump, Set, Spike

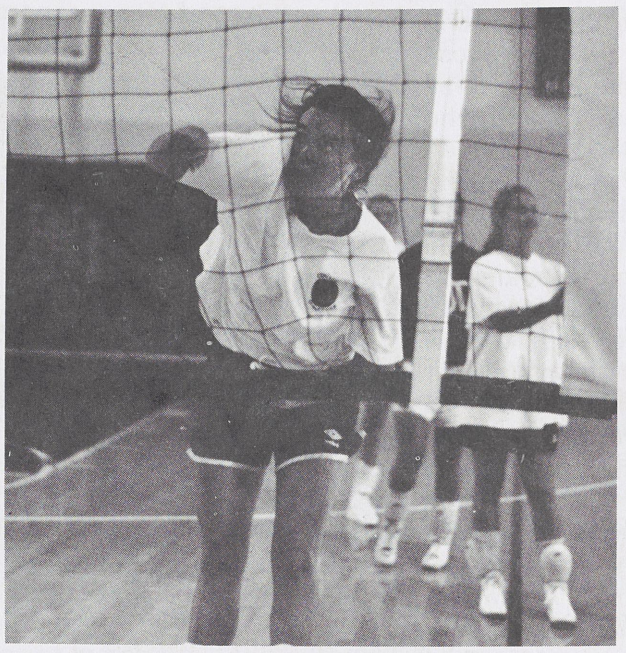
by Varina Buntin

The varsity volleyball team of 1993, consisting of eighteen enthusiastic and talented players and one heck of a coach (Pat Moran), has begun the season with a "smashing" success. They returned to the courts of Glencliff this summer for league games throughout June and July -- and found time to take a vacation! They packed their knee-pads and food for a week of non-stop volleyball at Bob Bertucci's camp at Milligan College.

Regular practice began at the beginning of August, and all their hard work since has really paid off. In their first scrimmage against Brentwood Academy, the Honeybears left the gym victorious, having won all five of the games played. On Saturday, August 28, the players arrived at school at 5:45 AM to head to Chattanooga for an all-day tournament at UTC; the Bears won nine of the ten games they played.

The volleyball players dedicate their afternoons, Friday nights and Saturdays to the sport, but they still manage to have lots of fun. Under the leadership of seniors Libby Weaver, Susan Corbett, Lindsay Mallard, Mary Pillow Kirk, and Rebecca Russell, each girl excels at the sport and enjoys herself, too. Lots of inside jokes and nicknames (C-Dub-Ya, Pete's, Beta, etc.) have emerged from the time the team has spent together.

The girls and Mrs. Moran have great expectations for the season -- perhaps even a return to the state finals -- but they realize that each match is as important as all the rest. Good luck to the volleyball team; come support them at their matches!



Junior Mary Hunt Martin spikes one for us

Cross-country team off with a bang

by Jean Davis

When the average student thinks of cross-country, she probably also thinks, "Yeah, right. Never in my life would I put myself through such hell." However, there are the dedicated few who drag themselves to practice at "the Boulevarde", which, in the middle of summer, is intensely hot.

Cross-country is different from most sports because it demands an individual initiative to run and push one's limits long before coach and practice enter the scene. The sport requires a great deal of mental toughness; this, as taught by Ms. Russ, comes from a runner's will to continue, to cross the finish line even when she is sure that the next step will kill her.

Harpeth Hall's "Dream Team" is made up of seventeen extremely tough girls and one supportive, competitive coach, Ms. Susan Russ. Russ sees the team as the "hardest working group I have ever had, and a team with a lot of depth." She says that "the team will not rely on just one runner to win -- the team goal is to improve our our performance at the state level." The Honeybears placed fourth last year at State.

Reaching this goal requires a great deal of preparation, accompanied by hard work. This work entails even more than one would expect: eight 800 meter intervals at "race pace" and five "distance runs" (about a mile apiece) per week. Of course, there is no such thing as a rain-out at a cross-country meet, so the team practices in all weathers.

At the end of each season, the sense of individual and team achievement is indescribable -- enthusiastic student support augments this natural high, so come cheer for the Dream Team!

Soccer's new attitude brings great success

by Crispin Davis

Where can you learn to relax by carrying eggs, hear anecdotes about beating the odds, or realize the importance of your position by studying the ingredients of an Orange Julius? Try the soccer field.

On July 19, the soccer team began practices. After 30 days of extensive training with the new soccer coach, Peter Gunn, "practices" became obsolete; the team studies, learns, and will eventually perfect the art of soccer.

Once winning ceases to be the utmost goal, the players can learn to play for the sake of playing, and thus raise their expectations for themselves. Perfect execution of each move while on the field becomes the main focus of the team as a whole, and when this is accomplished, winning comes as a natural second.

Enthusiastically supporting this new mind-set are seniors Carrie LaBrec, Tiffany DeFrance, Aimeè Blount, and Crispin Davis, all in their fourth year on the soccer team; they are this year's leaders of some great new talent. Emily Holmes and Beth Kautzman, both freshmen, are known for their fantastically aggressive styles of play, while they still learn from the rest of the team.

This new talent, both led and backed by an already strong team, defeated both Brentwood and Riverdale High Schools at the St. Cecilia Invitational, thus issuing a challenge to every other team in region and state; thus they begin travelling the not-so-unfamiliar road to State.



right: Seniors Tiffany DeFrance and Aimeè Blount practicing on the field.