Logos II

The Word of Harpeth Hall

Volume XVII *November 1994*

Library Meets New Needs

by Helen Gorodetsky

"You're welcome to use the library whenever you want!" said Mrs. Nancy Rumsey, one of the librarians here at Harpeth Hall. "What you have to realize," she added, "is that the library is not the same quiet place it used to be. More and more teachers have class in here every day."

For the benefit of the students, there is a schedule of classes posted on the library door every day. "Students who want to study individually are encouraged to come, but they must keep in mind that it's very difficult to have complete silence. Even the computers make noise, especially when printing. No matter how much we want to, we can't do anything about that," Mrs. Rumsey said.

"We are trying to make everybody happy, but with the Middle School being on a different schedule than the Upper School, it's very difficult. All in all, we're juggling nine schedules!" said Mrs. Karen Douse, another librarian.

There are plenty of places students can study quietly. For example, they are allowed to go downstairs to the audio-visual room. However, that room is avaliable only for quiet studying because there are art classes also taking place in the library.

Students should keep a couple of things in mind when going to the library. First, students should keep their own voices down and study as quietly as possible. Second, and this is really important, students should be patient and realize that everyone is trying to make the library the best possible environment for all kinds of learning, and not simply for quiet study.

Editor's Note: Refer to editorials concerning this issue on page 2.



"Students join Fred for a sit on his swing, dedicated for all his hard work" *photo by Jennifer LaRue*

Students Pray At Flagpole

by Maggie Shaffer

Over twenty students gathered to pray before school at Harpeth Hall's flagpole on Wednesday, September 21 for the nationwide "See You At The Pole."

Although this is Harpeth Hall's first year of organized participation, "See You At The Pole" was organized nationally more than five years ago for students to gather and pray together for the upcoming school year. In Nashville, SYATP was heavily promoted by two major rallies, one including a concert by Christian musician Rick Cua.

At Harpeth Hall, SYATP was organized to pray for the school and to "create a feeling of unity" among the participants, explained Sarah Taber, senior. It allowed those students involved to "see what was on each other's hearts and to receive encouragement" from each other, Taber added.

Becca Fortner, senior, is responsible for Harpeth Hall's recent participation in the event, which was organized with the help of Taber and Cary Sawyer (senior). Fortner felt it was effective because she believes prayer is effective. She quoted 2 Chronicles: " 'if [God's] people will... pray and seek my face, ...then I [God] will hear from heaven' " (7.14).

Many Harpeth Hall students believe prayer on school grounds is a right of all religions as long as it is voluntary. Meg Redford, junior, thinks the participants "were just expressing their beliefs. I think it's wonderful." Anna McPeak, also a junior, said prayer "has its place in schools....I agree with SYATP as long as it's voluntary." Senior Margaret Wray reiterated McPeak's belief, saying "With SYATP, the school is not involved. People are choosing to do it on their own."

Although they will have graduated, Sawyer and Fortner hope that SYATP will continue next year and for many years to come. "Prayer changes things," Fortner stated. "Not only things, but us!"

HH In Brief...

by Jada Arkovitz

On Tuesday, September 19, Ms. Rhys announced the names of Harpeth Hall students who have qualified as semifinalists in the 1995 National Merit Scholarship Program; the finalists will be announced this spring. Congratulations to seniors Catherine Blackburn, Elizabeth Crocker, Christie Fontecchio, Mary Hunt Martin, and Katherine Wray, and good luck to everyone.

On Thursday, September 22, the class of 1995 was officially recognized at the annual senior recognition assembly. The program consisted of speeches by Ms. Rhys as well as the president of the senior class, Lacey Galbraith, the president of Student Council, Katherine Wray, and the president of Cum Laude, Christie Fontecchio. The assembly concluded with the seniors receiving their senior hats. Good luck to all the seniors for a successful year!

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Students Argue For Traditional Library

by Beth Hardcastle

When I was in middle school, I was taught to be quiet in a library at all times. If we ever had classes in the library, we were even quieter than usual, and our teachers whispered. Now whenever I try to use the Harpeth Hall library to study, I hear little yet extremely loud shrieks of laughter. This situation confuses me, because the librarians do not hesitate to yell for silence (well, whisper loudly) if I'm talking quietly (and I mean "quietly" by old library standards).

One of my personal experiences with the library happened when I was trying to study for an English test. A low, steady stream of conversation was coming from somewhere in the library. I was in the back of the room, so it didn't bother me very much. Unfortunately, the conversation grew louder and louder, and when I investigated, I saw several parents in our library. These parents should set an example for the students, right? They obviously didn't think so, and I was shocked at the lack of respect that they had for our library.

Being the tactful student that I am, I began quietly to shush the room so that I could study, but after a brief spell of quiet the conversation returned. I responded out of instinct and shushed louder, and suddenly an angry librarian came and reprimanded me. I explained that I simply wanted some peace and quiet, but to no avail. I saw that I was not welcome in my own school library, so I promptly left quietly and peacefully.

I am still disturbed by the librarians' attitudes toward upper schoolers, because they seem to ignore the fact that we need the library just as much as anyone does, certainly more than parents do. I have heard on many occasions that upper school students have been told that the library was not a place for us to study. Where does that leave us? Our library is in drastic need of reform, and we need to address this issue as soon as possible.

by Catherine Blackburn

When I went to the library in elementary school, it was a quiet time of the day; this no longer holds true for Harpeth Hall's "elementary school". As the Harpeth Hall Upper School learned last year, the library "is not a quiet place to read."

I find it absolutely deplorable that at a private school, where my parents pay $7000+ a year, our library has become a "learning center" for the middle school. Since the beginning of my junior year, I have been unable to go to the library during my free periods to research, read, or study, because of the constant din of the 5th graders' cooperational learning. The periods of the day when classes are held in the library are posted; however, the quiet periods remaining are few and far between.

I have no problems whatsoever with 5th and 6th graders; I actually find them very cute, just not in the library. My complaint is not against them, but against the system that set up a working/talking/playing environment in a traditionally quiet place, and against the people who maintain and support it.

I understand that there are study hall rooms, but that evades the issue entirely. The principle of a library is that it should be a relatively silent place for serious work, a privilege denied the Harpeth Hall Upper School.

At a time in our lives when we must think ahead to college, not our ten-minute recess that day, an undisturbed library is essential. I do not appreciate being told that required research for term papers or desire for a quiet study carrel plays second fiddle to some middleschoolers' game on the computerized card catalogue.

The battle of the library is out of control. Everyone has taken one side of the fight or the other, and the issue has become confusing and contradictory. I, for one, never feel welcome in the library. Seniors are chastised for noise, but also for telling middle school girls to keep it down. They are told that they cannot check out any books that the 5th grade might need to use.

The upper school is forced to abide by a blatant double standard. The librarians will not give an inch. Neither will the seniors, but should we really have to? Are we supposed to agree that our needs are unimportant enough to be completely ignored? That our side of the issue is not worth consideration? I can see very little, if any, justification on the part of the library.

I don't mind sharing, if we could share in peace and quiet, and with respect for the upper school environment. Is it not easier to learn quietly than to study in chaos? Since no one seems to be able to find a solution at the present moment, and since the middle school just received a nice, new science lab, maybe they could get a library of their own as well. There they may do as many noisy learning activities as they want.

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

MBA Bashes HH at FCA

I know that all of you Harpeth Hall students have at one time or another received some flak for going to this school, but who ever thought that there would be Harpeth Hall bashing at a Fellowship of Christian Athletes meeting? The original intent was to have a meeting in which MBA and Harpeth Hall FCA would attempt to resolve the animosity existing between the two schools. What actually happened was that MBA held a meeting that evolved into nit-picking insults over our unshaven legs and the obesity of six-foot-tall girls who weigh a hundred pounds.

Now, I can handle Harpeth Hall bashing. It's not that it offends me personally; it's just that I feel sorry for the MBA guys that have nothing better to do at their FCA meeting than waste time bashing Harpeth Hall. I think that an FCA function is neither the time nor the place for bashing of any group or class of people. True Christians "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I think that Harpeth Hall came out of all this bashing looking not like the day care that we are said to be, but like the educated elite that we are. As a result of this meeting, MBA showed itself to be the more juvenile of the two parties.

So next time you hear "rich bitch" or "You are wearing brown?!? You must be a lesbian," realize that these statements derive from the childish antics of bored male students. Take pity on them—they just can't think of anything better to do at a Bible study.

Sincerely,

Becky Clark

A proud, blonde, blue-eyed Honey Bear

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

Dr. Engel's Speech Causes Uproar

by Becky Clark

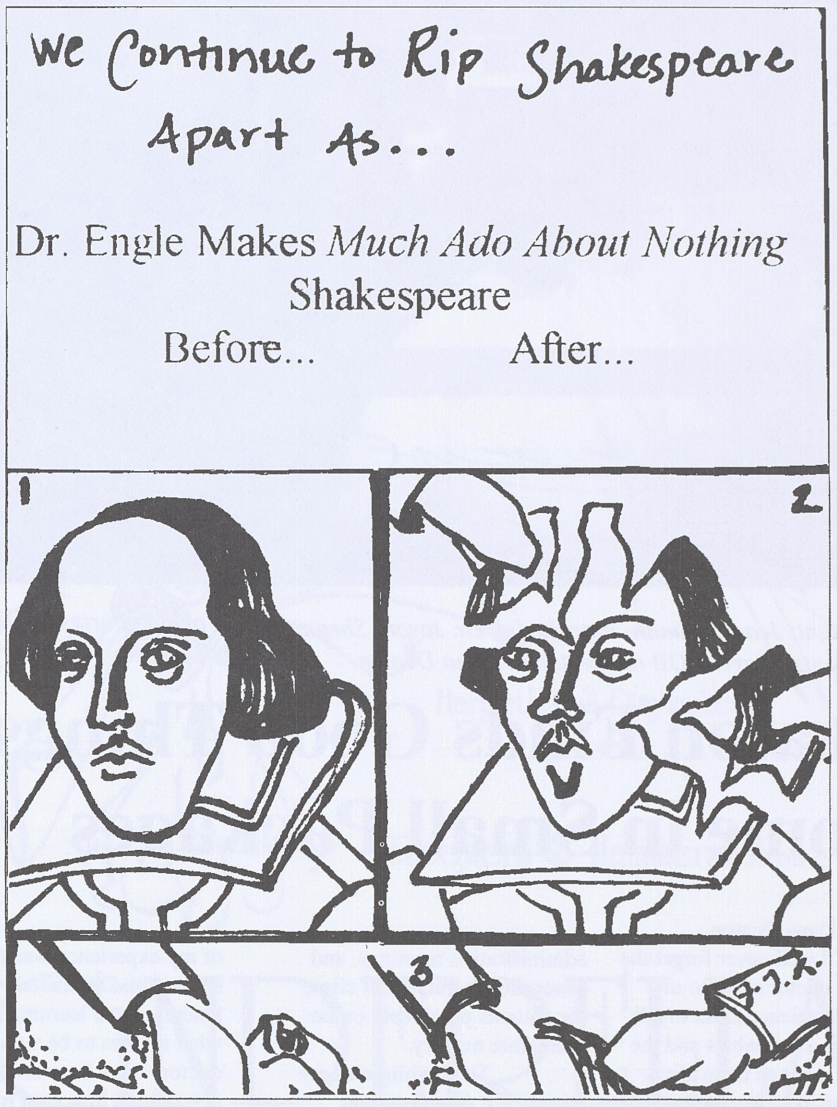
Within the lily white walls of our beautiful campus, a major controversy over an hour-long speech regarding "How William Became Shakespeare" has developed. The English department invited the poor man to speak based on another presentation he made here five years ago. Surely he could expect their support? However, strangely enough, the only people who were offended were a select few of the administration and of the English department.

Unbeknownst to us, the student body had been violated by the horrid blatant lies of this charlatan who professed to tell the whole truth, or so we are now told. Dr. Elliot Engel himself, however, never professed to be telling the whole truth. He even stated that none of his opinions are necessarily true. The important thing is that he motivated acting classes, the true realm of Shakespeare, to look forward to *Othello*. He instilled a flicker of hope in English students that *King Lear* might not be so difficult when it is taken down from its high status and put on the level of those groundlings.

The Harpeth Hall community needs to lighten up if it is offended upon learning that Shakespeare was writing to make people laugh, cry, argue, and contemplate their daily actions. Though the controversial speaker was not well-liked by everyone, he accomplished his goals despite, or even because of, his relative unpopularity. With his opinionated and bawdy remarks, he at least made us argue and contemplate Shakespeare. He did so more successfully than Harpeth Hall teachers, analyzing every word on a page to half-asleep and exceedingly bored students, have ever been able to do.

Dr. Engel made us laugh with his jovial tone regarding Shakespeare's audience. He disgusted us with exaggerated stories of blood and drool. He was able to keep the rest of the school awake and laughing. Sure, there were some off-color and opinionated remarks that I, queen of political correctness, thought were inappropriate for the ears of ten-year-olds, but otherwise, the majority of the student body enjoyed the speaker.

I think old William would have preferred Dr. Engel's lighter look at Shakespeare to Harpeth Hall's stuffy one. If you feel that you have been scarred for life by an hour-long speech on Shakespeare, I apologize. But if you feel that you have been entertained and maybe even motivated enough to read those twenty pages in *King Lear* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for tomorrow, I think you got the gist of Dr. Engel's speech and of Shakespeare's plays.



After many conversations that have taken up hours of class time, the general consensus, ironically, is that this issue is unimportant and should never have become a public debate in the first place. Harpeth Hall always loves a good fight, but now we are truly making a major deal about nothing.

"I'm Just Not Going To College!"

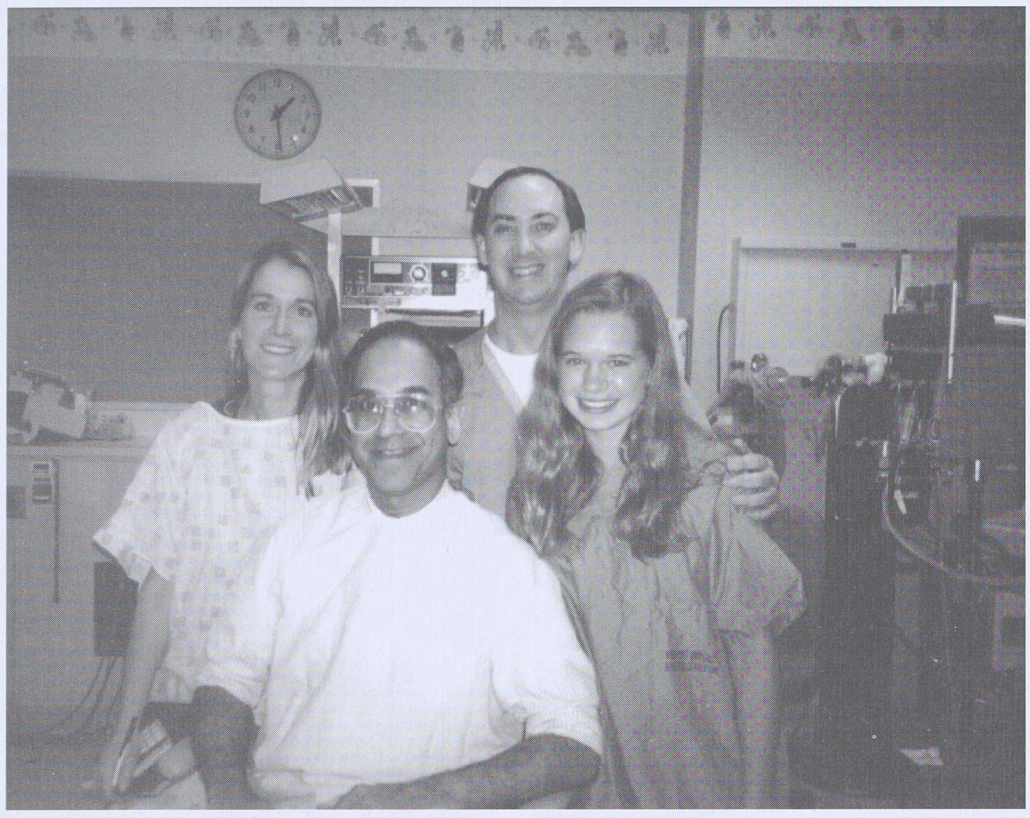
by Christie Fontecchio

College—it's all any senior thinks about, talks about, lives for. I know it 's important to think about because we are preparing for our future. But you know things have gone too far when several seniors visit Georgia to take the SAT and are mentioned in Catherine Darnell's "Scene and Heard" column for eating at the Cracker Barrel there. Or when your parents start asking their high-school English teacher's daughter's best friend to write you a recommendation to their alma mater. Or when every single teacher you have constantly makes references to "next year!" All this commotion makes me just want to forget about the whole thing. I wish it were all over with.

In the midst of my life-consuming search for the perfect college within my reach, two friends, also suffering the perils of college searching, came up with these wonderful ideas. The first one decided we should use this whole process as a money-maker. I mean, everyone HAS to take college entrance exams, right? That means that the companies giving those tests can charge whatever they want, and we will all fork over the money. So why not start our own testing service, give the College Boards a little competition, and make a tidy little profit for ourselves? Sounds good to me—we need something to ease our misery!

The second friend had a bit more kind-hearted idea. She decided she should start a company to make it easier for high school seniors to find and be accepted at the "right" college. Each senior would submit objective information like a transcript, and the company would match the student's credentials with those required by, say, twenty colleges. (Those schools would have agreed to accept all students with certain credentials, not those exceeding or those failing to meet them). The company would then send the list to the student, who would have his or her choice out of those twenty colleges. The senior would notify the chosen college, and...POOF! He or she would be in, the whole thing would be over with, and life could resume.

I know these brilliant ideas are not practical. Nothing is really going to make this process bearable except the thought of how fun next year will be if we make it through this fall. So let's just hunker down and get it over with!



Left to Right: Jeannie Smith- nutritionist, Dr. Jayant Shenai- neonatologist, Barrett-OB resident, and Dana Deaton

photo courtesy of Dana Deaton

Deaton Finds Good Things Come in Small Packages

by Dana Deaton

I will never forget the day that a doctor came to my sixth grade science class to talk about premature babies and the science that keeps them alive. His visit sparked an interest that led to my work this summer with that same man, neonatologist Dr. Jayant Shenai.

For the last two and a half weeks of summer, from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. each day, Dr. Shenai allowed me to follow him in his work with the premature babies. He made sure I saw everything that was going on in and around the nursery. My experiences included going on rounds with doctors and residents, riding an ambulance used for the transport of preemies, watching interns practice procedures on fetal pigs and live kittens, attending administrative meetings, and observing an outpatient clinic for patients previously in the premature nursery.

The highlight of my experience, however, was watching the birth of triplets. By the end of my work there, I had seen babies with all sorts of problems ranging from severe prematurity (one baby weighing less than a pound) to rare diseases. I saw some babies miraculously saved, but also, sadly, a few who didn't survive. It was a moving and, at times, overwhelming experience.

In the nursery I learned a great deal about babies, about the machines and medications used to keep them alive, and about the pricelessness of life. But perhaps the most valuable part of my experience was the time I spent with Dr. Shenai, watching, listening, and learning firsthand what it takes to be a good doctor. Now I am more determined than ever to be a neonatologist.

It is impossible to verbalize how rewarding this experience was for me. I just wish that everyone could be lucky enough to have an experience like mine. I would recommend that anyone who has a strong interest in any field look for her own personal work-study program. You do not have to wait around until Winterim to give yourself a memorable experience you will never forget.

Wray Looks Past Sweat and Finds Beauty of Nature

by Margaret Wray

This summer I was fortunate enough to escape my everyday existence in Nashville and live in a completely ideal reality. To live outside for six weeks with no modern-day luxuries may not be everyone's perfect summer vacation, but for me nothing can compare. True wilderness becomes your home. You carry everything you need on your back, and every night you fall asleep under a galaxy of stars.

Of course, this is all said in retrospect when the blisters, rain storms, fifty-pound packs, and weeks without bathing are forgotten. However, all of the small discomforts are easily outweighed by the once-in-a-lifetime experience. I was able to have this experience through Deer Hill Summer Expeditions, a small family-run organization based in Mancos, Colorado. I had done a program with Deer Hill the previous summer, and when choosing my second program I knew it had to be the "Adventure Course."

The program was definitely what the title had promised and exceptional in every way. Our first expedition was backpacking in Dark Canyon for nine days, where finding water was the main topic of conversation. We would often get up at 4:00 a.m. to beat the intense heat and hide under a canyon ledge for shade in the afternoon.

Next came our rafting expedition on the San Juan River, where one night we had a close encounter with death due to a rare flash flood. Even though it was terrifying at times, the flood was truly exciting to witness—they only happen there once every ten to fifteen years.

Afterwards we worked on a Navajo Reservation, where I learned the difference between service and charity. On the reservation we split up into smaller groups and lived with a Navajo family. Each group provided various services depending on the needs of the family.

In my case, we built a hogan and a hay shed, stripped lumber, and helped run a cattle drive into Canyon de Chelly. I was also fortunate enough to participate in a traditional sweat ceremony and a squaw dance with my Navajo family. I had a unique learning experience, and I began to appreciate a beautiful culture of whose existence most people are not even aware.

Finally, we headed into the Colorado Rockies for two weeks of rock climbing and more backpacking. The mountains were by far the most challenging expedition, because there we hit thunderstorm season. We did about six passes, someone had to be evacuated, and to top it all off, I got the flu. However, fields of wildflowers, views from close to 14,000 feet, and a dinner party with twenty close friends on the Continental Divide made it all worthwhile.

I still cannot comprehend how such a short period of time could have been filled with so much life. It really reminded me of how things should be.

A few things Honeybears have to be thankful for

duds days*"personal days"*short Fridays*the days when MICHAEL, everyone's favorite laser printer, decides to function*the day when the temperature of our classrooms is not freezing cold or steaming hot*that time last Wednesday that the phone in the Math-Science lobby actually worked*deep relaxation*three-month stubble to keep us warm*multi-colored pens*Barb and Jude*Barb and Jude's tea cakes*Barb and Jude's cheese sticks*the feeling of triumph when a Harpeth Hall toilet finally flushes*getting a message on the board*teachers who have a three-hole punch, a stapler, and paper clips at their desk and are willing to share*movie week in European History*graphing calculators*Cliffs Notes*the recapture of Shanequa the snake*getting a chair in the senior house*the hundreds of little green martyrs who have sacrificed their lives to further the study of Biology*Winterim*holidays*Thanksgiving Break*and last, but not least, *Logos II* !

Refugees Learn English; Blackburn Learns How Lucky She Really Is

by Catherine Blackburn

For ten minutes we had been running through the same preposition drills over and over, and now it was time for my students to give their own answers. A Vietnamese woman thought carefully, raised her hand, and with great pride and excitement announced, "The pencil...is...the book!"

"No, the pencil is IN the book," I corrected her. Back to square one, I thought. It seemed cruel, but necessary. These students had to learn the basics of English to get by in this country. Spending my summer as a volunteer for Catholic Charities' Refugee Resettlement program, one of my responsibilities was to help them learn. In the end, though, I learned far more than I taught.

My work with refugees was unlike anything I had ever done before. It was a far cry from my comfortable life, where at least the basics, food and shelter, are guaranteed. These immigrants had fled situations unfathomable to me, escaping places I had only read about in the newspapers—Haiti, Bosnia, Vietnam, Russia. They had been doctors, lawyers, businessmen, soldiers, and laborers. They had given up their crumbling native lands for a shot at freedom, something I now realize I had taken for granted.

In the United States, the government may have partisan disagreements, but there are no rival factions waiting to massacre people who speak out against them. Here, wealth is not determined by one's willingness or refusal to support the government. Also, to me freedom is not just about government and voting anymore: it's about equality of opportunity.

I came to know one Haitian woman, Constance, fairly well by teaching her in English class and by taking her to prenatal care appointments for her eighth pregnancy, acting as chauffeur, translator, babysitter, and confidante. Constance had never been to school. The only thing she could write, in any language, was her name, and that took her several minutes to complete. Her husband, on the other hand, had graduated from high school and college; I noticed a similar pattern in the majority of the Haitian families.

Although I had always realized my privilege in attending private school, I had never thought twice about how lucky I am, as a woman in particular, to be able to receive an education at all. I returned to my own education with a renewed zest for learning. I especially appreciate French now, having had the chance to utilize the language to communicate with the Haitian refugees in a setting outside of school.

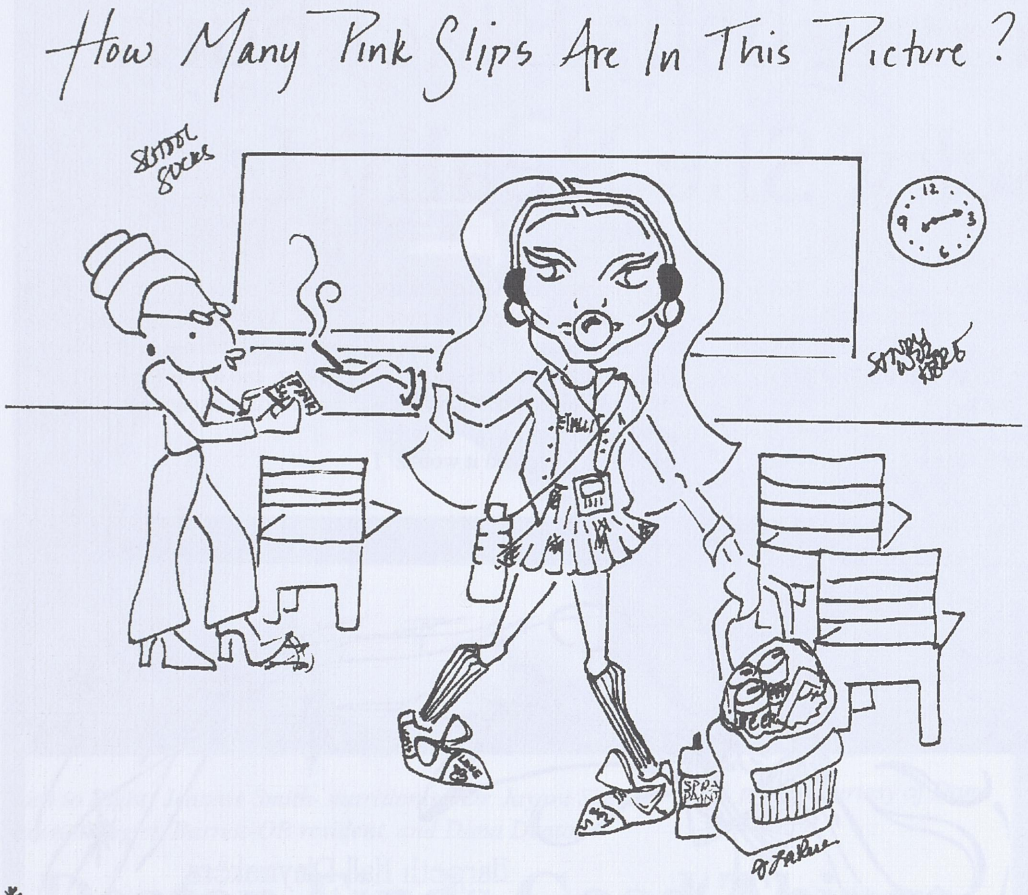
Taking the refugees around Nashville on various errands, I gained a greater awareness of the general public feeling toward foreigners. I took people of all nationalities to very ordinary places: Target, the doctor, the pharmacy. Often I was irritated by people's reactions to my companions. People stared at the refugees as if they were from another planet. Ironically, the one place people were most tolerant of the difficulties in adjusting to U.S. systems was at the food-stamps office.

Americans don't understand immigrants' languages, their ways, or their cultural nuances, and what Americans don't understand, they often resent. A Haitian boy responded negatively when I asked him if he liked America, explaining, "No one likes us. No one wants us here." My heart nearly broke, because in too many cases, for too many people, he is right.

Americans often forget that the U.S. is predominantly a country of immigrants, be they first-generation or tenth. Families and individuals have been coming to America, the land of opportunity, for hundreds of years in search of freedom from one type of oppression or another. Today's immigrants are no different, and I respect their courage as much as I respect that of the Mayflower pilgrims.

I can only hope that if the refugees learned anything this summer, they learned that America can be the realization of their dreams if they persevere. It made me feel good about myself to know that I was helping someone else - better that I ever imagined it would. I would never be able to pinpoint why I felt so compelled to help these people, but I followed my heart, and it was the most rewarding experience of my life.





*these cartoon figures are imaginary, any similarites are completely coincidental.

Madame Zoro's Amazing Predictions

Scorpio: Happy birthday, especially to those of you who are now sixteen! That giant nuclear furnace, that astrological powerhouse, the Sun, is backing you up right now so watch out for good moods and harmony until the 21st.

Sagittarius: I see visions of fish haunting your dreams, thoughts, actions—how very unlike you to be so obsessed. Watch out—it may be a premonition of the dangers fish pose to you.

Capricorn: Hey, little goat. Oh, so you don't like being called little? All right, be that way. I'm sorry.

Aquarius: Was that lightning I saw outside?

Pisces: Nobody values harmony as much as Librans, but Pisces appreciates it, too. The Sun has stopped opposing you, so work for balance and harmony. Get a Libra to help you.

Aries: The Sun is opposing you, but only until the 21st. Try not to act impulsive—oh, wait, I forgot, you're an Aries. Well, impulsive acts may have bad results, so be careful. Err, ahem.

Taurus: If you start having a bad day, think of this: I am in a calm field with yellow, blue, and purple flowers. There is a breeze. I am calm. It smells good.

Gemini: How fast does the T.G.V. (Train a Grande Vitesse) in France go? Not as fast as your thoughts!

Cancer: If you start feeling blue, think of teddy bears and memories.

Leo: If you start feeling blue, go out and do something. Get some chintzy Thanksgiving earrings and laugh.

Virgo: No, no, no, no! It's not that at all. Stop worrying so much; just relax.

Libra: Go visit Graceland. You may be the first in fifty years to see Elvis. Or at least you can laugh at some tourists.

From *Miracle* to March Girls to Monsters: A Movie Preview

by Carrie Daniels

All right, movie lovers, here is a preview of some films that are expected to be popular during the upcoming holidays.

Not many people have heard of *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, because the stars are not big box office names. "Priscilla" is the name of the vehicle in which two drag queens and one transsexual make their way across Australia. Now that's not a normal storyline! Written and directed by Stephan Eliot, it includes a simply divine rendition of "I Will Survive" by Gloria Gaynor. The performance takes place in the desert for the entertainment of the local Aborigines.

The one actor in this film that you might recognize under the make-up, wigs, and dresses is Terence Stamp, who portrayed "Zod" in *Superman 2*. Expect a great soundtrack including ABBA, as well as disco tunes reminiscent of *Saturday Night Fever*. Also expect RuPaul to be first in line for this one! Work!

Lovers of the classics should be sure to see the John Hughes' remake of the family drama, *Miracle on 34th Street*. This is the heartwarming tale of a girl who questions the magical power of Santa Claus. Directed by Les Mayfield, it stars Richard Attenborough, Elizabeth Perkins, and Dylan McDermott. Expect not to see a dry eye in the house. Two puffs up!

Also be on the lookout for a retelling of the classic story of the March sisters in *Little Women*. The cast combines the incredible talents of Winona Ryder, Susan Sarandon, Gabriel Byrne, Samantha Mathis, Trini Alvarado, and Claire Danes from "My So-Called Life."

Kenneth Branagh of *Dead Again* and *Much Ado about Nothing* directs and stars in *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*. He finds two wonderful costars in Robert DeNiro (the monster) and Helena Bonham Carter (Elizabeth, Frankenstein's fiancee). The film, a real heartbreaker, is written by Steph Lady and Frank Darabont.

Tom Cruise, much to the female public's dismay, has not appeared in anything since the disappointing film version of *The Firm*. Have no fear! He stars as Lestat, a spine-tingling but oh-so-good-looking vampire, in Anne Rice's *Interview with a Vampire*. Cruise's costars include Brad Pitt, Antonio Banderas, Stephen Rea, and Christian Slater. This already controversial picture just may be the turning point for these actors' careers.

As you can see, there are many films to look forward to during the holidays, some hilarious, some dramatic, and some I don't know what. There are some great contenders for Oscar night, so start looking for your Lion's Head parking spaces now.

Top 10 Worst Pick-Up Lines

by Kimberly Irion and Ashley Horne

Hey, ladies, look out!!! We surveyed Harpeth Hall gals to find the most horrible, cheesy pick-up lines that have been used on them. Here's a list of our discoveries. All we have to say is—Watch out, girls! It's a jungle out there!

10. I'm putting you under arrest, 'cause it's a crime to look that good.
9. If I were to rearrange the alphabet, I'd put "U" and "I" together.
8. If beauty were a tree, you'd be a forest.
7. (after throwing water on you) Let's say you and me get out of these wet clothes.
6. Are you looking for Mr. Right or Mr. Right Now?
5. (after pulling out the tag on the back of your shirt) Just checking to see if you're made in heaven.
4. Hey, baby, want to race? I can go from zero to sweaty in 5.2 seconds.
3. Have you been drinking milk? 'Cause something's been doing your body good.
2. Are your legs tired, honey? 'Cause you've been running through my mind all night.
1. Your daddy must have been a robber, because someone stole the stars out of the sky and put them in your eyes.

Cross Country Takes On Whole New Look

by Dana Deaton

For all the girls who took to heart the "Come get in shape!" invitation in the Harpeth Hall Summer News Bulletin, the cross country season started on August 9 under the hot summer sun. And while most teenagers were just getting ready for dinner after a relaxing day by the pool, these athletes were meeting at Belle Meade Park to run anywhere from three to six miles.

Many newcomers to the team got more than they bargained for, learning just what Coach Russ meant by "getting in shape." In other words, cross country is not for the average Jane looking for an alternative aerobics class. Around the school, Coach Russ is infamous for her intense and grueling workouts, and students generally characterize the cross country runners as "crazy." But dedication and hard work are the heart of cross country, and this year's team had plenty of both.

Aside from its remarkable work ethic, this 1994-95 cross country team was special for many other reasons. A large number of the group were underclassmen, and according to Coach Russ, this year's team is the largest she has had in her years of coaching the sport. In addition, Coach Russ had an assistant coach this year, English teacher Thad Persons. During workouts, he could often be seen running at the front of the pack, offering words of inspiration and encouragement to the runners. Dr. Warren Turner, the new physics teacher, also ran with the team throughout the season, occasionally bringing his dog along, too.

Tiffany Gaston, a senior runner, brought an unexpected visibility to the cross country team within the school. She had team T-shirts made, posted meet schedules, and displayed posters featuring team members. Because of her efforts, other students almost wished that they too had decided to join the team, an attitude which is amazing, considering the difficulty of the sport.

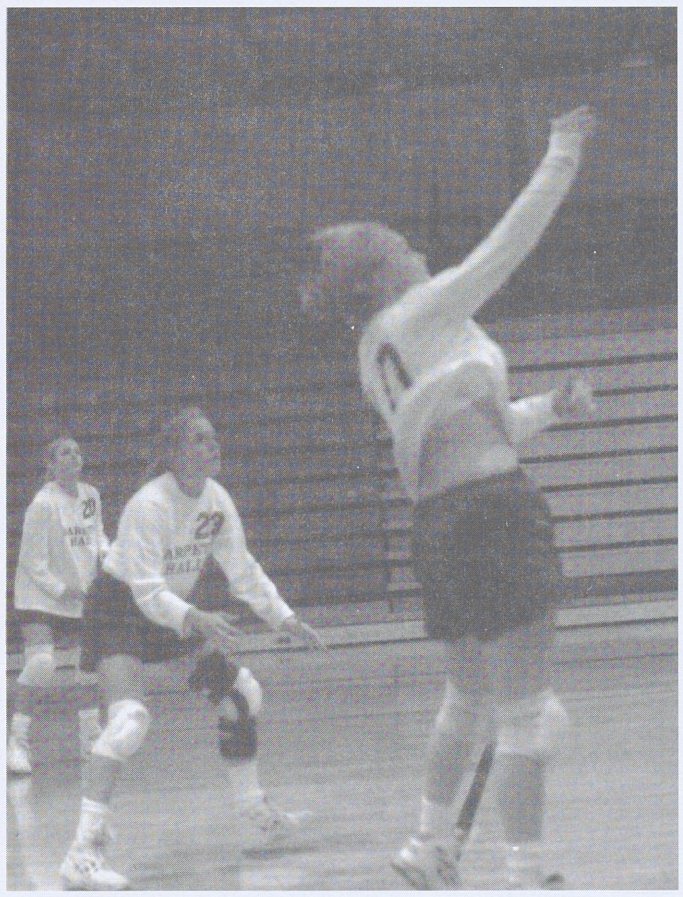
The team's visibility inside the school was matched by its presence in meets. The runners' hard work and determination brought them much success and an awesome season in all respects. The cross country team won all their dual meets, as well as the District, Metro, and Regional meets.



Fighting to take the lead, the cross country team runs the first lap *photo by Becky Clark*

On Saturday, November 5, the cross country team ended their season with a bang, coming in second in the State Championship meet to defending state champions Brentwood Academy. Sophomore Ruth Duncan came in 5th in the state. Harpeth Hall had a great fan turnout, with students, teachers, and parents coming out to watch despite the pouring rain.

Individually, many of the varsity runners were chosen for the All-Metro team, and Lauren May, a freshman, was named the All-Metro Runner of the Year. The team's success can be attributed to the talent and effort of the runners and to the spirit of the team. As Duncan says, "The senior leadership was great this year, and the team really came together."



Senior Blythe Durrett spikes while seniors Varina Buntin and Katherine Wray look on *photo by Becky Clark*

Volleyball Team's Hard Work Pays Off

by Mary Hunt Martin

If you had dropped by the Harpeth Hall gym any afternoon this autumn, you probably would have seen fourteen dedicated Honeybears sacrificing their bodies to keep balls from hitting the floor. You would have heard them yelling strange things like "Free-bird" and "ROOF." You might have thought these girls were crazy, but really they are volleyball players, and good ones at that.

Led by six experienced seniors, the team had a very successful season. The Honeybears placed second in two local tournaments, losing only to AAA schools. Then the team went on to take home the runner-up trophy in both the district and region tournaments. Close matches with state champion, University School of Nashville, denied Harpeth Hall the gold in both competitions. But the Honeybears were still able to make it to the state tournament where they placed third, losing again to USN in a painfully close match.

Getting to state was a goal that required all members of the team both to work together and strive to do their own personal best. Throughout the season the Honeybear volleyball team became a close-knit group. When the team lost in the state semi-finals, players shed tears more because a great season was ending than because the trophy had been lost. It was a fantastic season, and Harpeth Hall rarely sees volleyball teams as great as this one was.

Soccer Team Always Puts Forth 110 Percent Effort

by Katie Jackson

When the Harpeth Hall soccer team began practice in the sweltering summer heat, it looked to piece together a "perfect" team.

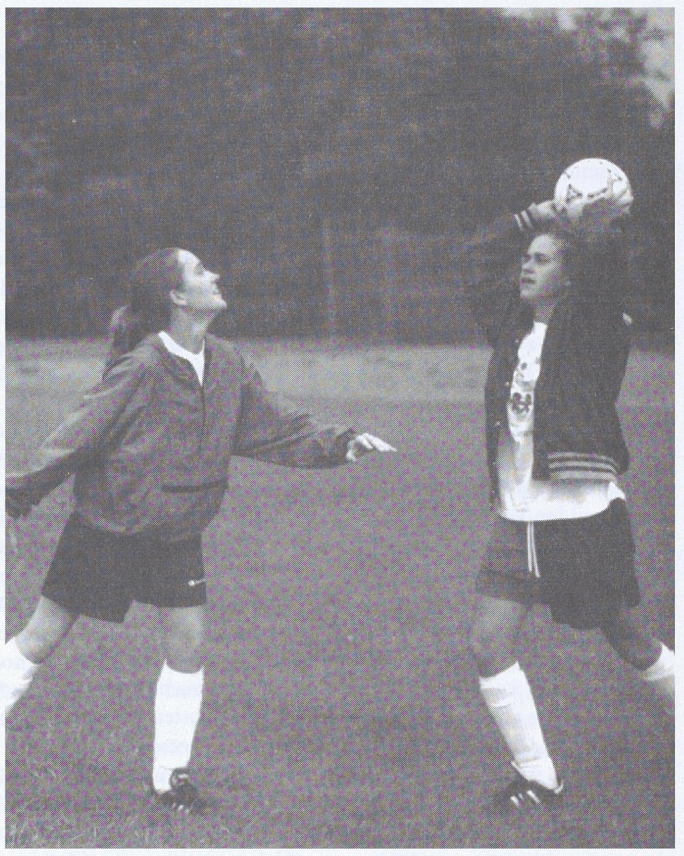
There was a lot of learning to be done, a new coach, new faces, and a new system. From the first day of practice, the girls knew it was not going to be an easy task. Coach John Hopple introduced a conditioning drill called "Catch the Pack," which requires continual running for a great length of time. According to him, "It got to be kind of a running joke among the girls;" every time he announced that they were going to run the drill, a collective groan rose from the team. The team kept thinking, "I could be lying out right now," and "Is this really going to pay off?"

The season began in early September, led by seniors Kristin Jones, Anna Kristin Coker, and Lacey Galbraith. The opening game against Hume Fogg was thrilling, leading to a 5-0 win for Harpeth Hall. However, after playing several top ten teams, the team record looked a little mediocre. Still, Coach Hopple told the team to hold their heads high and never give up.

Galbraith and Sophomore Beth Kautzman were the prime attackers, with sophomore Katie Tidwell, junior Sukey Tully, Jones, and Coker providing the assists. Although Harpeth Hall came up short with goals in some games, the offense had a big heart.

The defense, led be sweeper Crissy Wieck and goalie Comer Ireland, both juniors, provided many challenges for top-ranked teams. Juniors A. K. Dettweiller, Brianne Frazier, and Emily Wild proved to be three very talented fullbacks, always putting forth 110 percent effort.

Regardless of their record, the soccer team feels that their hard work has paid off. The soccer team grew together as they traveled to GPS, sweated in the summer heat, and ate breakfast at Shoney's on every game day. Each player has improved tremendously, both through their own determination and through Coach Hopple's dedicated guidance. Now they realize that trading a few hours of lying out for a few hours of "Catch the Pack" really was worth it after all.



Katie Jackson and Lacey Galbraith enjoy play time on the field *photo by Becky Clark*

TSSAA Regulations Cause Problems

by Damali Booker

My parents felt that I was not emotionally prepared to handle the environment that Hume Fogg Magnet School offered me as a thirteen-year-old freshman. So they decided to transfer me to Harpeth Hall and let me repeat my ninth grade year. My family and I were under the impression that I would be ineligible to participate in athletics for one year. This was something that we could deal with because I still had my sophomore, junior, and senior years to look forward to. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that I would be sitting out for two and a half years instead of just one.

The TSSAA (Tennessee Secondary School Athletic Association) has the following rules:

1. If you transfer schools, and you played a sport at the school that you are transferring from, then you are required to sit out for one year.
2. You can play only four years of high-school sports.
3. Those four years must be consecutive.
4. You must pass five new courses the semester prior to your eligibility.

Now comes the confusing part. Since I played varsity basketball my freshman year at Hume Fogg, I would be playing a total of four years if I played my sophomore, junior, and senior years at Harpeth Hall as well. However, according to rule #1, I had to sit out my freshman year at Harpeth Hall. Therefore, the four years would not be consecutive, so, according to rule #3, I will also have to sit out my senior year.

The courses that I passed the second semester of my freshman year were not new courses. I did not fail my freshman year at Hume Fogg, but, since I was repeating courses, I lost another semester of eligibility because of rule #4. There goes the first half of my sophomore year.

If you have gotten this far and you can still understand what's going on, you will realize, as I did, that I lost a total of two and a half years of eligibility. I was left with only one and a half years to play at Harpeth Hall.

This did not go over well with anyone. My parents, along with Ms. Russ, decided to make an appeal to the TSSAA, since they felt my case was an extraordinary one. The board members asked questions about the situation in order to gain a better understanding. After the hearing, there was nothing to do but wait. The appeal was denied.

It is unfortunate that the TSSAA has to have rules like these. It is unfair that some students have to be penalized athletically for wanting to get a better education. However, I do understand the reasoning behind the rules. They must exist because there are schools that hold a student back for a year so that the student can become a better athlete.

I believe school athletics is not a business, and its athletes are not puppets to be maneuvered in whatever way possible to win the state title. Although competition at the high-school level has increased tremendously, there are some of us who still believe that sports are supposed to be fun.

Golf Tees Up

by Kristine West

With the largest golf team in years, three Harpeth Hall girls tested their skills at the links this fall. Under the experienced coaching of Ms. Nan Reed, eighth grader Margaret Horton, freshman Terri Beuerlein, and junior Kristine West enjoyed a year of learning and developing their golf games. All team members were new to the team this year; there was no team last year. Harpeth Hall has a winning tradition in golf, having won state championship titles in years past. With such a knowledgeable coach as Ms. Reed, the golf team was once again looking for such success.

Margaret Horton, playing number one, led the team to an undefeated district record. She went on to the region tournament on October 4, where she qualified for the state tournament. A week later, Margaret fought off the rain to shoot an 89 and an 86 that tied her for tenth place. The Harpeth Hall golf team is back, and they plan to build a strong team for years to come.