LOGOS II

The Word of HARPETH HALL *Harpeth Hall*

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New Twists on Dance Concert Enthrall Audience

By Seema Kanwar '02

Dance Concert 2000, the first dance concert of the new century, had its own share of firsts. This was the first year that middle school dance companies performed, the first year live music accompanied some of the dances, the first time it opened on a Thursday, and the first time that a male danced in the concert.

How did all these firsts affect the dance concert? Fabulously. Every aspect was a complete success, from the live music to the great lights, the Middle School dances to the Upper School ones. The dance concert was performed Thursday evening, May 4th; Friday evening, May 5th; and Saturday afternoon and evening, May 6th. The concert received a good turnout of people, despite the various other activities occurring and the fact that the schedule was different from that of previous years.

The aspect that contributed most to the success of the concert was the array of dance numbers. The items ranged from dances like "Tango," performed by the Modern Company, to "Hoedown," performed by the Tap Company. "Picture Perfect," choreographed by senior Sasha Chudacoff, was a powerful item with a strong social message. "Moonshine in Bean Blossom" and "Pioneers" were both choreographed by Amy Hamilton, Stephanie Hamilton's daughter.

The solo "Don't Say a Word," by senior Spring Pami and the dance by John Voigt and Chudacoff, "Willow Tree," were both heartfelt. The Ballet Company's performance to "Candide" was amazing. The focus of the entire second act was Aaron Copland's music, performed live by talented HH and MBA singers and musicians. The pieces included "Hoedown," "Equisse," and "Fossesque," along with Middle School dances like "I Bought Me a Cat." Caylan Cheadle's finale performance, "Don Quixote Variations" was breathtaking. Definitely one of the highlights of the evening, "I've Got Soul" by the Jazz Company was incredibly upbeat, as was the finale "Hand Jive."

All the seniors danced exceptionally well and the companies will feel their absence next year. Kelley Anne Andrews, Rachel Bressman, Christie Caldwell, Sasha Chudacoff, Cathy Crafton, Nika Ferdowsi, Amanda Norman, Spring Pami, and Elizabeth Townsend were involved the entire year with every dance company and added much to the dances.



courtesy of Milestones

A poignant embrace. Sasha Chudacoff and John Voigt portray wistful lovers in "Willow Tree," one of the tribute dances to Aaron Copland.

Stephanie Hamilton and Tina Cowlyn are the people who made the dance concert so successful. They put in endless hours to get the dances perfect and ready to be performed. Without their persistence, the show definitely would not have been what it was. Also, much praise should be given to D.J. Ranta and the whole tech crew for their fabulous sound and light work.

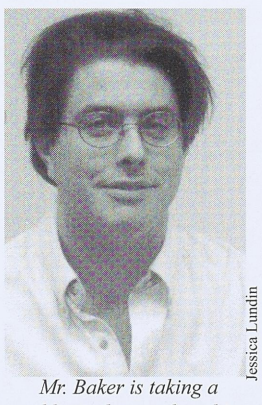
For more Dance Concert Photos, see page 6.

Teachers to Explore Outside Interests

By Cornelia Rowe '02

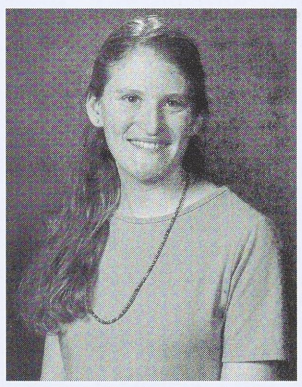
As the 1999-2000 school year draws to a close, the Class of 2000 will not be the only ones departing Harpeth Hall. Three current teachers will be leaving their positions in order to pursue outside interests. Mr. Baker, Ms. Schulkin, and Ms. Hade all have plans for their future that do not include listening to speeches, drilling students with the formula for velocity, and enlightening pupils about the wonderful world of physics.

However, many echo Mrs. Mulgrew's sentiments about our departing faculty: "We're always sorry when our teachers move on, but we certainly appreciate all that these three people gave to Harpeth Hall and wish them the best of luck in their future pursuits. We hope each of them will stay in touch and let us know how things are going outside of Harpeth Hall."



Jessica Lundin

Mr. Baker is taking a sabbatical to work on his music.



Courtesy of Milestones

Ms. Schulkin hopes to work in museum education next year.



Jessica Lundin

Mrs. Melissa Hade (and her baby, Liddy) will be missed by students.

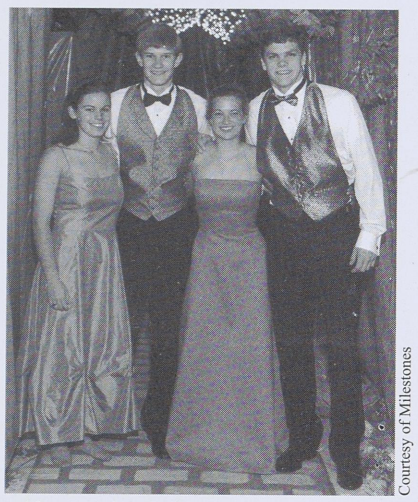
All three teachers are foraying into different ventures. The multi-talented Mr.Baker has plans to pursue his interests outside of teaching, namely, his flourishing musical career.

Ms. Schulkin's next endeavor is to work in a museum or a planetarium. With a talent for directing Shakespeare and also a having a year-old daughter, Ms. Hade's next challenge certainly lies in both theater and motherhood.

Mrs. Klocko is set to teach the Communication Skills classes once again, but what about the current science positions? Mrs. Mulgrew and company are still in the process of interviewing for a Physics and a Con Phy/ Ecology teacher. "We hope to know [the new faculty] before school is out," Mulgrew said. The next year will be one of surprises: a new schedule, a new library, new faculty members who will offer their own brand of special talents.

Juniors Show There's No Place Like Prom

By Jamie McGee '01

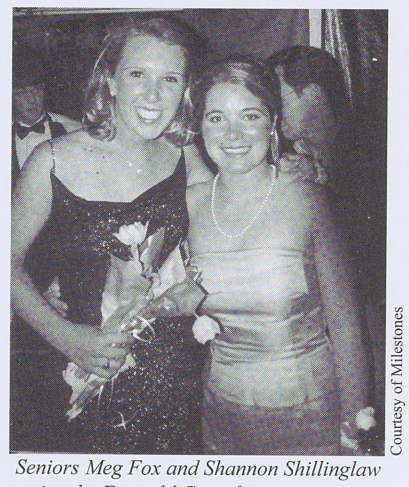


Courtesy of Milestones

After spending hours creating Oz, Juniors Margaret Martin and Chrissy Harper enjoy the fruits of their labors with their dates.

After months of planning and countless hours spent decorating, Morrison Gym and the Gallery were finally transformed into . . . Emerald City! This year's prom theme, "The Wizard of Oz," was orchestrated by the Junior Class in hopes the seniors would never forget that "there's no place like prom." On April 28, the seniors followed the yellow brick road to the wizard's palace through virtual tornadoes, a painted munchkin land, and haunted woods. With elegance and grace, seniors and their dates made their entrance through the doors of Emerald City. Spring-colored gowns seemed even more vivid in the richly-decorated gym. With so much excitement and beauty surrounding everyone, it was hard to believe we were in the familiar gallery of Harpeth Hall and not in the land of Oz. After presentation, couples danced to the music of Chameleon, many staying until the very last dance.

Although prom itself was the big success of the night, the preparation contributing to it was the highlight for many juniors. Led by class officers Chelsea Carter, Jennifer Harrison, Cara Himmelfarb, Elizabeth Ramsey, and Lauren Toth, the juniors ended up having a great time during the days of decoration leading up to prom. As music and the voice of everyone's favorite Tech Director, D. J. Ranta, filled the air, the juniors did everything from painting scenery to constructing a presentation stage. Despite the visit from an ambulance and rescue squad, everything ran smoothly. (Leah High, the victim of the accident – a fall from a ladder – was at prom and in full form on Saturday night.) All the hard work that was done made the night much more meaningful for the juniors. As to be expected, cleaning up on Sunday did not have quite the same thrill and excitement as setup. The dance is now over, exams are looming, and the seniors are soon to end their final days in high school. However, the juniors hope they gave them one more great memory of Harpeth Hall.



Courtesy of Milestones

Seniors Meg Fox and Shannon Shillinglaw enjoy the Emerald City after presentation.

Youth Leg. Conference Storms NashVegas

By Stephanie Beatty '01 and Frances Lewis '01

Gay marriage is legal in the state of Tennessee. Or at least if Tennessee high students had their way. A bill that barely passed in the House of Representatives and glided through the Senate was signed after hours of debate in the Governor's Cabinet by Governor Ravi Bellur of Memphis University School.

But Youth Legislature wasn't just a conference about govermental procedure. It was about meeting new people from all over the state of Tennessee, singing the "Thong Song" off the seventeenth floor of the Sheraton Hotel in downtown Nashville, and scouring the two dances in search of the perfect prom date. After all, with a thousand to choose from, there had to be a few good candidates.

Youth Legislature 2000 was a conference in early April about learning the different components of the government in Tennessee. We met in the Capitol building where the real legislature meets. We had access to all of the voting and speaking equipment (the buttons and microphones were our favorites!). Every senator, representative and department member had to prepare a bill of their choice, either creating a new law or amending an existing one of the Tennessee Code Annotated.

But if bills did not appeal to some, there were also lobbyist, press, and lawyer positions available. The conference started Thursday afternoon, as students arrived at the plush Sheraton Hotel (notorious for the broken elevators and tiring stairs), and ended on Sunday with sad goodbyes and piles of awaiting homework. Breaks between sessions were provided, usually (the doors were sometimes guarded by sergeants-of-arms) in order for us to walk around downtown and experience a multitude of restaurants that somehow always seemed to be closed.

While next year the conference is splitting because so many people want to participate, it will still be an incredible break from the monotonous school year. Any Youth in Government members here at Harpeth Hall would be willing to tell you more about it (watch out – they might talk forever) or about the upcoming Model United Nations Conference this fall. Once you go, you'll always want to come back!

Choral Concert Displays Wide Range of Music

By Shirley Li '02

It is comforting to know Harpeth Hall has preserved more than a small corner for music in the competitive fields of performing arts. The Spring Choral Concert on May 9 was the perfect proof of the growing awareness and appreciation for musical education. Performing a wide-ranged repertoire from Hebrew melodies to bluegrass tunes, from Romantic sonatas to country hits, the musicians fully demonstrated the unified strength behind a spectrum of styles.

In place of the dance concert's dynamic lighting, the softly lighted stage took up a different form of excitement when the newly formed Middle School Orchestra started the show followed by senior Lesley Foglia's energetic solo of Telemann's "Concerto in G Major" for viola, accompanied by the Harpeth Hall/MBA Combined Chamber Orchestra under the direction of Dr. David Cassel.

The 5th/6th Grade Choir brought an equal amount of enthusiasm to the concert with familiar songs. The Upper School Chamber Players again showcased their strength as technicians and artists with different ensembles, always with a touch of elegance and joy.

The variety expanded with Upper School singers who sang various styles with zeal and care. And the Upper School Chorus, for the first time, performed with student instrumentalists. The joint efforts of Upper School Chorus and MBA Choir highlighted the latter part of the concert. Transformed classical chamber players enhanced the diversity of performances with two delightful fiddle tunes. And Vocal Jazz, always a crowd-pleaser, ended the concert with zest.

One rather bittersweet performance was that of "Nocturne" by Borodin, which was played by the perennial favorite string quartet. This was the last piece to be performed by the quartet, as two of members of the ensemble, Lesley Foglia and Marjorie Levy, are graduating.

The concert was a great success that further helped to draw girls of all ages towards the classrooms of music. Wonderful as always were Marion Ross on the piano, Gina Calloway as chamber and chorus director, and Lynne Rothrock as director of Vocal Jazz. The spring choral concert was indeed made for music lovers of all sorts.

Teachers Recount Prom Stories

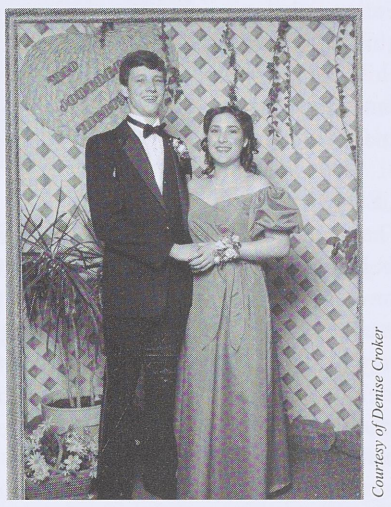
By Alyssa Abkowitz '00

Days after the big night of prom, girls were telling party stories, sharing pictures and reminiscing about the highs and lows of the evening. Every high school student remembers prom for many years, including some of our very own HH teachers. Some of the tales they might not have wished were true. Here are some of those high school nights of our teachers.

Joyce Ward, Ward Belmont: When Mrs. Ward attended Ward Belmont there wasn't a prom, but a tea dance with a Dixieland band. It was held in Bullard Gym before the winter break. However, Mrs. Ward did go to the Battle Ground Academy prom her junior year with a boy who, as she says, "I was madly in love with." She was only a few inches taller than him so she had to wear flats – they were the "short couple." After the dance, they changed into casual clothes and went to a breakfast with a rock 'n roll band. Mrs. Ward remembers dragging herself into her house at 4:30 in the morning!

Tad Wert, MBA: When Mr. Wert attended MBA, the MBA and HH cross-country teams practiced together, One day after practice one of the HH runners asked him to prom. Mr. Wert says, "I was amazed. I didn't think she even knew I existed." The dinner and dance, which were held in Bullard Gym, went well, and afterwards the two attended a breakfast party. Then at 3 a.m., Mr. Wert drove his date home out in Dickson, TN. After he said goodnight, Mr. Wert went back to his Triumph Spitfire car and was unable to start the two-seater sports car. There were no other houses in the vicinity, so he decided to go back to the house and call his parents or maybe just "crash on the sofa." However, her house was so big that no one heard the doorbell.

Mr. Wert decided to attempt to wake the girl up by throwing a pebble at her window. As he was moving through the shrubbery, he fell into the pool in his tuxedo. To heighten the night, there was an automatic vacuum cleaner that bumped against Mr. Wert and thinking it was, as he says, "a varmint attacking me," he jumped out of the pool and ran back to his car. After managing to push it down the driveway until it roll-started, Mr. Wert returned home as dawn was rising.



Courtesy of Denise Croker

Back in 1983, believe it or not, these dresses really were all the rage!

Denise Croker, Pittsburg High School, Kansas: To preface Mrs. Croker's prom, it went so wrong that she created a list of 16 things that went wrong on her prom night. Here's the summarized version of her night in 1983.

The day started off lovely when the hairdresser forgot about Mrs.Croker's appointment, making Mrs. Croker have a different hairdresser. The result was, as Mrs. Croker says, "too bouffant, too hairdresser."

Harley, Mrs. Croker's date, came to pick her up and gave her a corsage that was already wilting around the edges. He was supposed to borrow a hot yellow Cadillac but the people accidentally left him an ancient Monte Carlo with a coat of gray primer on it. He tried to wash, wax and vacuum the car to help its disastrous state, but to no avail. An 8-track player looked to be the only advantage to the Monte Carlo, but when Harley inserted the tape, the tape player ate his tape.

During the dance, Harley had trouble with his eyes and by the end of the night, they were red and burning, making Mrs. Croker the designated driver for the rest of the evening. Later that evening, one of Mrs. Croker's friends was pulled over while driving by the police because she had a broken taillight. The police then discovered that the girl had a permit, not a license, and issued her a $25 ticket.

Spring Flicks Offer Drama, Comedy

By Stephanie Beatty '01

HIGH FIDELITY

In a biting romantic comedy, Rob Gordon (John Cusack) is the owner of a semi-failing record store in Chicago, where he sells music the old-fashioned way – on vinyl. He's a self-professed music junkie who spends his days at Championship Vinyl with his two employees, Dick (Todd Louiso) and Barry (Jack Black). Although they have an encyclopedic knowledge of pop music and are consumed by the music scene, it's of no help to Rob, whose needle skips dating altogether when his long-time girlfriend, Laura (Iben Hjejle), walks out on him. As he examines his failed attempts at romance and happiness, the process shows his failed attempts at dating through the years. I really liked this and recommend seeing it when you get a chance. ***

KEEPING THE FAITH

Best friends since they were kids, Rabbi Jacob Schram (Ben Stiller) and Father Brian Finn (Edward Norton) are popular young men living and working in New York. When Anna Reilly (Jenna Elfman), once their childhood friend and now a beautiful corporate executive, suddenly returns to the city, she reenters Jake and Brian's lives and hearts with a vengeance. Of course, love creates an unusual and complicated love triangle. As far as romantic comedies go, "Keeping the Faith" is worth at least a look.**

LOVE AND BASKETBALL

The title says "Love and Basketball," but for much of the movie, Quincy (Omar Epps) and Monica (Sanaa Lathan) seem to think the "and" is an "or." They are driven ballplayers, middle-class next-door- neighbors who for different reasons value the game above all else. Childhood sweethearts (for about two minutes), it takes them years to realize that they really are in love. They have difficulty, though, balancing their dedication to the game and each other. Even when, during their senior year of high school, they become lovers, the bliss doesn't last. A wedge is driven between them that keeps them apart for years as they each pursue professional basketball careers. This is an extremely well-acted movie, but sometimes predictable and unrealistic. However, it was fun, and I recommend seeing it if you're looking for something light. **

Beatty's Ratings

* Nah
** Maybe
*** See it soon
**** Gotta see it

Vocal Jazz Tops Last Year's Debut

By Katie McKinley '01

Last year, Lynne Rothrock formed a new singing group called Vocal Jazz. You may remember the group of juniors and seniors who got up on stage with red feather boas to sing songs like "Joyful, Joyful." This year, Vocal Jazz consists of twelve girls who sing songs under the direction of Lynne Rothrock with accompanist Marion Ross. The group includes seniors Leslie Bourke, Katie Christenberry, Fabienne Diskin, Kristina Hoge, Katie Howell, and Sara Trace. Juniors include Liz Edwards, Hannah Galbraith, Sally Jackson, Katie McKinley, Paige Roady, and Shannon Stone.

Their second concert was held on Saturday, May 13 at 7:00 p.m. This year they sang popular favorites such as "Wide Open Spaces," "Crazy," and "I Will Survive." There were many solos, duets, and trios including "All that Jazz" sung by Diskin, and "At the Ballet" sung by Hoge, Howell, and Edwards.

~ Divining Diva Studies Stars for the Summer ~

ARIES (March 21-April 19)
Amidst this hectic month of exams, graduations, and numerous closing events, you're feeling a typical peacefulness. Extend this feeling of tranquility to a frazzled Capricorn friend. Put all of your positive energy into searching for an enriching and rewarding summer opportunity.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20)
All things foreign fascinate you this month. You're beginning to explore new cultures, lifestyles, and religions. This could definitely become something that could affect your life, so continue to delve deeply and plan a vacation abroad for the month of July.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20)
You're feeling more crazy and devilish than usual this month (parents and teachers, beware!), which could lead to both trouble AND reward. Use your comical scheming to help a depressed friend or to forge a bond with your quiet crush. You are the IT girl for May.



CANCER (June 21-July 21)
In a slump? Believe it or not, it could be the consequence of the way you've neglected yourself this year. May would be a good time to reevaluate the way you treat your body. Eating right, exercising, sleeping more, quitting smoking, taking the time to chill out and relax all are things that can only benefit you both physically and mentally.

LEO (July 22-August 21)
Thanks to some recent events, you're feeling rather timid and lonely. Good news: your confidence level is about to take a 180! You'll find yourself being very busy and in the midst of many hot social events in May, so remember to schedule things wisely and only agree to what you can handle.

VIRGO (August 22-September 21)
Now is the time to reinvent yourself! After taking stock of this past year, you've looked back on opportunities missed and some abandoned chances to improve yourself. Now is not too late to rectify past mistakes.

LIBRA (September 22-October 22)
Just breathe, Libra! You've been so fearful of losing an important person in your life, yet it's all wasted worry. Relationships are looking to only get stronger and better, so rest assured that everything is only going to get better from here! Music, which continues to play an important role in your life, will only enhance the positive direction into which your life is going.



SCORPIO (October 23-November 21)
Your dedication to your passions, whether it be music, art, or athletics, is what will keep you going until the end of school. Take a moment to appreciate the way your friends have supported you through a very turbulent – yet rewarding – year. Things are going to take a tremendous change for the better.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 20)
Play to win this month – you're having psychic vibes, and they can only pay off well! May is the month to take a gamble on everything: money, relationships, elections. Fate seems to be on your side, so go for the plunge!

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19)
With the end of the school year coming to a close, you're definitely feeling the stress. A good Aries is only a phone call away, and can help you cope. Although you feel as if you've been in the midst of bad moods and brawls, these are all disappearing and peace will soon restore itself in your life.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18)
Towards the end of the month you will experience an easing of burdens – both academically and socially. Make up now with that Leo you've been chilly to. It will make a big difference this summer. Look for love after the full moon.

PISCES (February 19-March 19)
An old relationship is strongly surfacing again, leaving you with high spirits but also questions of doubt. Review the facts, but also keep in mind the fact that your feelings are flying strong, also. Remember what Pascal said: "The heart has its reasons the mind cannot know."

Riverstages 2000: Good Tunes and Good Times

By Ellen Fort '02 and Jenny Paris '02

The lively festival atmosphere of Riverstages cannot be equaled by any other musical event during the year. People of every age, size and description appeared from all over to see the wide variety of performers booked for the three day music festival. Despite the sweltering heat and the crowded walkways and Port-a-Johns, Riverstages was a great blend of well-known and up-and-coming bands. Local groups such as Murfreesboro-based The Katies and Nashville-based Lennon Murphy played in the same vicinity as long-time favorites War, The Allman Brothers, and The Indigo Girls. Four stages were set up along the Cumberland riverfront, where bands played from early afternoon until 11:00 p.m. on Friday and Saturday and 8:00 p.m. on Sunday. Some favorites were definitely Ratdog (with the former lead guitarist of the Grateful Dead, Bobby Weir), Dean Martin, and Widespread Panic.

People of every age, size, and description appeared from all over to see the wide variety of performers booked for the three-day festival.

The music this year had a decidedly more mellow tone than in past years. Widespread Panic, The Allman Brothers and Ratdog attracted hordes of college students and former hippies alike, and there was a large number of high school students in attendance as well. Unlike last year, there were no huge commercial head-lining bands like Hole and Everclear. The crowd sat or stood on the grassy banks of the Cumberland and danced to the music, enjoying the overpriced lemonade and other festival food.

This year, although enjoyable, was not as fast-paced as other years. In past years, festival-goers flocked to see big-name bands such as the Foo Fighters, Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, and Ben Folds Five.

For those that enjoy a wider variety of music, however, the absence of such crowd-pleasers offered a little bit of relief from the huge numbers of concert-goers that were out in full force last year.

Lines for Port-a-Johns were unfortunately still the same, and food and beverage prices remained exorbitant. River- stages is a great place to see bands which you normally may not experience and to see all kinds of interesting people. This year, although toned down, was a great experience.

Students Must Ponder Cause of Theft "Plague"

By Shirley Li '02

So what if this theft thing is by no means as devastating as the Black Death, which swept away three-quarters of Europe's population in less than twenty years? Our very own Harpeth Hall plague of theft still manages to leave the entire Honey Bear population in fear of certain shadows walking the halls. The question is not who any more, is it? Instead, people are wondering whether something is shaping itself in the defenseless student body – spreading far and wide. After all, "No one at this school needs to steal," says sophomore Elizabeth Stout, one of many victims of the Gray & Green Death, a.k.a. theft.

Plague by definition is a contagion, which explains its power to travel. Then why don't we pause to look around for ground upon which the plague of theft is transmitted? After all, the student body has always been, still is, and will go on to be the very media that feeds the jumping fleas. So exactly how do we prevent what remains unseen? It is terrible enough that students in general are losing faith in one another, not to mention the sinking feeling of realizing that "Theft diminishes the quality of life at Harpeth Hall," as Mrs. Girgus says.

Truly, in the minds of Honey Bears, a good life signifies a long block free preceded by advisee snacks, then a hearty lunch, a sunbath in front of Souby, and all the time saved before class when other students in the city run for their lockers and turn those dials. Once the quality of this daily phenomenon of "lockless" halls is diminished, what is left is indeed a place tumbling down without what Mrs. Girgus calls "the corner stones"—honor and integrity.

> ***"Theft diminishes the quality of life at Harpeth Hall." – Scottie Girgus***

Food theft should have been an early warning sign to most students who forgave and forgot the bitter aftertaste of an empty Twinkie's wrapper. It is a truth universally acknowledged that a hungry student after a killer test must be in want of some sweets.

But clearly Harpeth Hall has seen hunger for more than puny-looking brownies. If it is not the material need that is demonstrated in the daunting series of theft, what is? Money is no longer the main fear of victims who learn to fold their belongings into a gym shirt, zipped in the secret pocket of a brandless backpack, hidden beneath a mountain of twenty backpacks, plus extra camouflage of books . . . No one knows how frequently this scenario has taken place, again the violation of trust ceases to be stressed because of its frequency.

Thus we ourselves feed fuel to the plague that ventures farther and farther from its original intent of excitement seeking. Let's just assume these hallway pirates seek no more than excitement, then how do you explain the reoccurring episodes that only raise the stakes? Perhaps a session with Mr. Springman's psychology class will be of service as our many Grendels again and again dive into the Mead Hall for pleasure. The degree of grossness in some of theft is slowly catching attention; what remains pure pleasure perhaps for the thieves leaves behind a trail of unfiled wrath.

I don't know how you would classify this, Mr. Springman, but I call sneaking someone's wallet in a little tampon trash can inside an obscure bathroom stall demoralized. Is Harpeth Hall really pushed to the edge as to set human traps in order to stop this madness? Victim Maria Molteni solemnly stated after her painful encounter, "There is absolutely no reason for this all to be happening." Again, money (hundreds of dollars have miraculously disappeared) can always be earned, but that feeble thread of security simply snaps and never returns.

This article is far from a propagandized extension arm to reach for the so-called truth. If we don't even know the reason(s) behind these devastations, how do we treat truth once we get a hold of it? I am not pointing fingers because at the end there is only one gigantic claw hanging above our heads threatening the entire school. The fundamental defense lies in the attitudes we adopt, so before that righteous air returns to our halls, cease bringing valuables as to further expose yourself and start opening your eyes for those narrow openings into the heart of this theft plague.

Prom – Is It Worth the Price?

By Sarah Allen '00

If you walked into the Idanelle McMurray Gallery at around 8:00 p.m. on April 25, 1999, you were probably in a formal dress and on the arm of a boy in a tux, and what you saw was an amazing sight. What is, for 364 days of the year, a normal gallery with gray carpet, white walls, and the occasional art exhibit, had been transformed into a medieval garden, complete with a fountain spouting water, a wishing well, and a handmade clock. And as you continued deeper into the illusion, you discovered that Morrison Gym had suddenly come to resemble the outside of a noble castle, drawbridge and all. I will not deny that I was one who admired and gawked at the wonderful transformation that had occurred. I spent the hours on my knees with a hot glue gun in hand that it took to create such a transformation. I will even go so far as to say that it was worth the effort (and I'm sure many of this year's juniors will agree. Iit was worth all the sweat and hot glue and nails and even tears to see the looks on the seniors' faces as they entered the gallery on that Enchanted Evening. It was worth getting yelled at by D.J. Ranta, and it was worth tying hundreds of individual pieces of ivy together so they could be wound around the columns. But was it worth $11,000?

In case you need some sort of reference frame, $11,000 is about $1000 more than Harpeth Hall's tuition for a year, and the local asking price in *The Tennessean* Classifieds for a 1995 Nissan Quest with beige leather interior, power options, 75,000 miles on the odometer, and a sunroof. Doesn't it seem odd that school tuition, the price of a car, and Harpeth Hall Prom should be in the same price range? With all that Harpeth Hall has been trying to do in recent years to diversify the school and to prepare its students for life in the real world, prom seems sorely out of place. Yes, high school is itself somewhat of a fantasy world, but should we really spend $11,000 to hold that illusion intact for one night? Should we really pay a year's worth of Harpeth Hall tuition for a night that is fun and ultimately the source of many hilarious memories, but does nothing to "lift up the mind and spirit"? And what makes the situation even more ridiculous is that most people only spent about 45 minutes at the dance. Both years, I have watched, and been one of, the sixteen diehard dancers who insist on staying past 10 p.m.

I know I am not the first one to address such issues, nor will I be the last. Every junior class wants the class behind them to work just as hard as they did. I know how it feels to be a junior who is already exhausted before 8:00 p.m. even rolls around, and I know how it feels to be a senior walking through the doors into a world the juniors have created just for me. I know how hard the juniors work, and I hope they know it was much appreciated. Perhaps because I have already had the experience, it is easier for me to say it should be changed. But nevertheless, it needs to be said. Maybe it won't be exactly fair, in money or hours spent, for the class that decides to break the tradition. But it will be right, and way overdue.

Average Personal Prom Costs

Dress: $240
Dinner: $68
Shoes: $43
Hair, Makeup, etc: $81
Transportation: $123
Other: $60
Total: $615

Figures based on an informal survey of juniors and seniors

Lax Dominates Nashville Competition

By Katie McKinley '01

Have you seen girls walking around the school with aluminum sticks with a net on the end? They're the lacrosse players. Yes, Harpeth Hall actually has a lacrosse team, and they havejust completed their second season. Although many students are unaware of their existence, this is actually the second year lacrosse has been a club sport at HH. Under the direction of Legare Vest, about forty girls meet every Tuesday and Thursday to practice. They compete against USN, Brentwood High, Franklin Classical School, and our favorite opponent, Father Ryan.

The lacrosse players went to Atlanta to compete against two teams in the middle of April, winning one and losing one. They finished the season with 8 wins and only 2 losses. Their first regular-season game was against Brentwood High. Brentwood is a fast team and with great ball-handling skills. But two weeks ago, the Bears faced them for the final time and won with a score of 10-4. The game against Father Ryan was close. But once again, the Bears pulled through. The score was 4-3 after a three minute overtime. But last week, the team faced Ryan again and took them to school, easily pummeling them 9-2. In the season finale, they took on USN and defeated them 16-5. Check out the website at http://www.geocities.com/tnlax.



Jessica Lundin

Leading scorer Reed Harrison fakes around a Father Ryan defender.

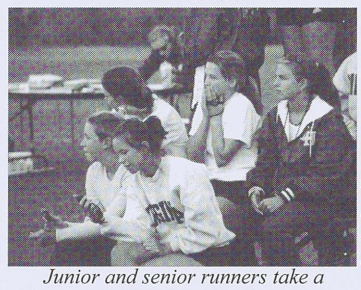
Track Team Sprints to Success

By Jamie McGee '01

Despite rising temperatures, pelting rains, and rigorous practices, the Harpeth Hall track team continues to lace up and prepare for the end of the season. Undefeated so far, the Honeybears have astounded spectators and teams all over Tennessee with the phenomenal talent of this year's team.

Led by seniors Alyssa Abkowitz, Sarah Allen, Sloan Ashley, Kerry Bartoe, Katie Beesley, Meg Fox, and Jacqueline Thompson, the team is stacked with many girls, each with versatile capabilities.

Under the coaching of Susan Russ and Jack Henderson, the team has been able to crush rivals, including Brentwood Academy, Father Ryan, and Baylor. At a meet in Oak Ridge, Harpeth Hall defeated the Division AA champion in a close battle for first place. The Doug Hall Relays proved to be another success for the Bears, as Harpeth Hall placed first or second in almost every event. The freshmen had the opportunity to prove their outstanding talent at the Ninth Grade Metro Championship, at which they took first place.



Jessica Lundin

Junior and senior runners take a breather during a track meet.

The Varsity continues to practice and improve. As the workouts grow more demanding and the races more competitive, the team support intensifies as well. Each girl understands the pain and hard work that goes into each practice, and this is evident in the encouragement among teammates. The Bears are on a roll and are determined to carry this momentum all the way to State.

Tennis Team Makes Way to State

By Rachel Chisolm '01

The 2000 varsity tennis team is at the end of a strong year and they look forward to finishing strong in our region and at the State tournament. At the beginning of April seven girls traveled to Chattanooga to play in the Rotary Tournament. Although they arrived to the disappointment of being put in the B division, they showed their opponents how well they could play while winning the B division. Led by the sole senior, Hayden Morel, the team was undefeated in our region, beating Brentwood Academy, the best competition in the region, 8-0.



Jessica Lundin

Tennis team members, lead by Hayden Morel (front row, far left), celebrate after winning the Rotary Tournament during the first week in April.

Two weeks ago the tennis team ended their match against GPS from Chattanooga early because of rain, but they were tied with them after the singles. On Tuesday, the team traveled to Memphis to compete in the State team quarterfinals to try to earn a berth in the team State Championship next week in Chattanooga.

Already, Hayden Morel – who recently qualified for her fifth state tourney berth – and Elise Hagan have qualified for singles berths at State, while the matchups of Lauren Trent/Lauren Toth and Kendall Fort/Sharon Rhett have qualified for doubles berths. They will all travel to Chattanooga next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday to play for the title of State Champion.

"We represent all that is good about the school," senior Hayden Morel joked. "We have grown as a team. We have great karma."

Dance Concert, continued



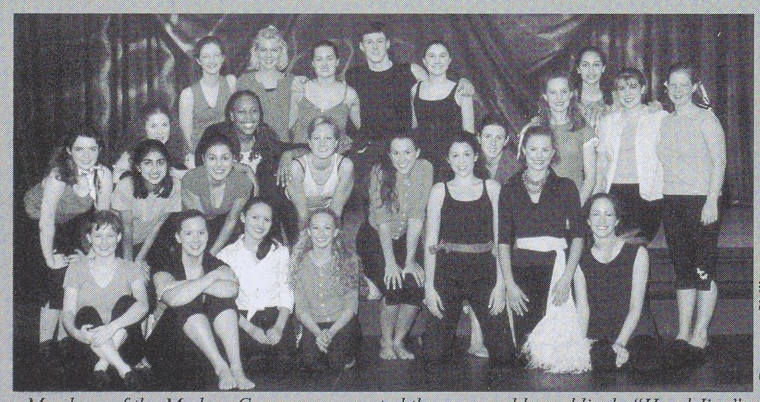
Courtesy of Milestones

Senior dancers Amanda Norman and Christie Caldwell bid adieu to their last dance concert.



Courtesy of Milestones

Olé! Senior Cathy Crafton performs Bernstein's Candide.



Courtesy of Milestones

Members of the Modern Company recreated the memorable and lively "Hand Jive" from Grease.

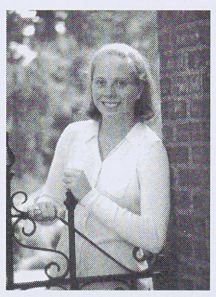
~Alyssa Abkowitz~



I, **Alyssa Abkowitz**, hereby bequeath the following to these people who made high school so memorable:

–To Meg Fox: I guess my birthday present (which I still haven't gotten), The Wilkinson "Fly" song, and all the Auburn memories.
–To Kate Berry: If I have to, the dolphin T-shirt, random sips of my drinks, my spastic tendencies, art history notes, workout mixes and water bottles.
–To Tricia McWilliams: The Janet Jackson "Go Deep" song, 8th grade double dates and directions to my house.
–To Sloan Ashley: Our running talks and great "Jim and Mike" stories.
–To Emme Simpkins: My lip balm in American which you always used.
–To Grace Clayton: The official captain of "interval city" in cross-country and commander of the shady park days.
–To Marion Granbery, Graham Barton and Lauren Ezell: Backstreet Boys talks and the thought of "will run for food."
–To Raleigh Anne Simpkins: Bagel runs for distance and "giddy-up" handoffs.
–To Chrissy Harper: The ability not to say, "I'm sorry" after every other word.
And last, but not least,
–To Kendra Abkowitz: The ability to be confident in yourself – you're amazing, my car, my wonderful timing of getting to school 5 seconds before the second bell rings, our memories of family vacations and the time I scratched you and made a scar!
–To all my friends: Senior Recognition Day, Caymans 2000, Winter Formal at Sloan's, MBA prom at Eric's and the best friendships ever! I love you all,
Alyssa.

~Sarah Allen~

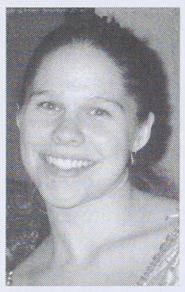


I, **Sarah Allen**, do hereby bequeath the following:

–To Marge, I leave good luck for a quick recovery – I know you can do it, if anyone can, tubing to "For the Longest Time," amazing touchdowns in beach football, my Billy Joel CDs (hey, you might as well keep them now . . . I've forgotten I even own them), bein' tight and doin' it right, seeing you at Shintomi every time I go there, Ewe rock, our five-level dancing (that only we think is funny), and lots of love – you are the best!
–To my Beasts, I leave Skanky man and his/my voice and good luck for next year – ROLL ON!
–To Elizabeth Porter, I leave my middle-back position (be sure to hit some "peepers" for me!).
–To Kate Lainhart, my little baby, I leave a ride home from church (even though you don't need one anymore!), my sister for future backpacking troubles, and a big hug.
–To the throwers posse, I leave fun in practice, even if you have to run because of it, a Kate radar so you can know when you need to start looking like you are doing something, and whatever throwing ability I ever had.
–To Becks (my second or third you-know-what), I leave Crag the Misshapen One, the hope for a future with Hunter Hillenmeyer, some French poetry (in response to your Spanish poems), Pervis Lodge, a keychain with thousands of separate rings, dreams about boyfriends, hugs when you have bad days, dancing to anything and everything we can find on the radio, and another hat that makes you look like, well . . . you know.
–To Dacia, I leave my dances to songs that I know you love so much and my craziness – "It's gotta be the shoes."
–To Mary Cres, I leave a reminder to always check the top of your car for videotapes before you drive away, a ban on "second surprises," and, as Hallmarks editor, my place in front of the computer in Mr. Croker's room.
–To Lizzie, I leave a challenge to future thumb wars and bulging tricep muscles.
–To Francis, I leave fun working middle school meets and reminiscing about the good ol' days at Ensworth.
–To Michelle, I leave our "looks" (you know I'm JOKING) and a thanks for always being able to make me laugh.
–To Mary D., I leave a second big sister and a place on my dorm room floor if Kerry ever runs out of room.
–To Mr. Croker, I leave a ride on the crystal ship, my many (unconsciously-made) faces, lessons on how to pass a volleyball, the smell of guitar strings, an invitation to the celebration of my arranged marriage to Jake Wayne, a mace squirter, and a huge thank you for everything you've taught me – it's probably more than you even know.
–To Mrs. Horton, I leave a fax machine that works my way and a promise that my multiple "dentist appointments" were, in fact, really dentist appointments.
–To Dr. Myers, I leave someone else to discover the library in the Villa Virgiliana and many thanks for giving me an amazing Winterim trip, making me think, and cooking yummy Italian advisor dinners.
–To Dr. Cooper, I leave someone else to bug you about coming to church and a copy of *The Alienist* in case you ever actually get around to reading it.
–To Mr. Goodwin, I leave a huge thank you for the way you have changed how I look at the world and for all the class periods you "wasted" talking about things like Thomas Jefferson and the lawn at UVA.
–To Mr. Wert, I leave back rows who talk too much and some milk to curd on your floor and make your room smell.
–To Mrs. Doolittle, I leave editors who don't get behind and can somehow manage to keep their sanity intact at the same time.
–To Dr. Jack, I leave memories of the best Topics class ever and a thank you for being there for me when I was completely overwhelmed.
–To Schwartz, I leave directions to every place you need to go, a new CoPi, a "chaperone" for vball trips if you ever need one, and a thank you for making my last season what it was.
Finally, to my fellow seniors:
–To Emily (my other loney), I leave Louiser and I, conversations in our skanky voice, trrrroubles in Mother Rrrrrrusia, slacking off (and falling asleep) in the back row, little Quakers, imaaaaagination, random cat noises, the times at Wake when we had to pull each other out of the bed because we were so sore, coffee at the Green Bean, the Matrix, prom night helium voices, 92.9 – "It's Jazzy 101 or something," and a big thanks for always being there for me.
–To Kerry, I leave "good lovin' . . .," same brain, tubing at 60, Absorutery Resrie, interpretive running, daily quotes, the horse with no jaw, purpur, root beer floats, tea and sprite, moments of manhood, dancing yellow poodles, Indigo Girls songs, migrant workers with pinching toes, sushi, pictures of me "just passing by," IT WAS YOU . . . no it was me, running in a field with antennae made of weeds, a promise that we will backpack together someday, trips to REI and Davis Kidd, the Tolkien fan club, late nights hanging Christmas lights, freedom week, Monty Python, collapsing on the floor with laughter, shady trucks in the park, scuba diving, Mr. Wooly, chocolate-covered bananas, my dad faces, astro jumps, dancing with cats, and all those times we said exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. I love you!
–To Molly, I leave Reno time, Russell and Tate "I'm gonna get yo' money," "Norm, if you were a hotdog . . ." and all our other SNL jokes; Cookie, fun at leadership conferences (including canoeing through turd-invested waters), Sam is too crazy, speaking in foreign languages (that we make up), genres, It smells like Ranger!, and the hope of more long talks while we cater future dinners.
–To Katie, I leave emails about cows and their unanswerable questions, electronic cards, Roxie B. Boone, the Eye of Doom, Peter Pez art, purple velour jumpsuits and black crinkly boots, 4 years of math together (complete with complimentary airline pillows), 1982 called . . . , future Mule Day Festivals (which we WILL go to), a roof to sit on where we won't fall off, trips to Woolworfs, my system of color coding, a lesson on how to eat sunflower seeds, love poems from "Thor," the log song, Susan Polis Schutz poetry, and more "I miss you" emails, because I will!
–To Alyssa, I leave the insanity that comes after hours in front of the computer typing and retyping and pasting and scanning and . . ., our creative names for files and poems, and memories of Stirlings and the Sewanee Writer's Conference.
–To Becky C, I leave a good looking Scottish man named Jamie and a future trip through the stones.
–To Laura, I leave my faucet anytime you want to wash your hair, that promise I made you in Greece, incidents with our moms in Jamaican stores, and my lovely picture of you dancing at Rocky's.
–To Lindsey W., I leave memories of "The Yard," runs on the deck, Alex and Joey's "Welcome!," and an arm to grab the next time a "policeman" comes to visit.
–To Amy, I leave our lunch at the Food Company and a thank you for your big smiles and your support.
–To Meggers, I leave Hosey Mud, our talks on church trips, Moe, Larry, and Curly, riding bikes in Sugartree, all the times we had to keep ourselves from laughing out loud in church, and pictures of us in our long skirts from 7th grade.

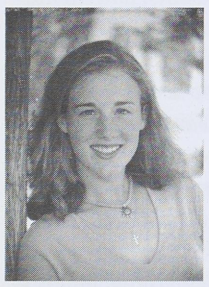
More Senior Last Wills on Pages 8, 9, 10, and 11

~Gayle Bandy~



I, **Gayle Bandy**, bequeath the following:
–To my E-block AP Chemistry class, I leave my famous tasty strawberry jello.
–To Hannah Galbraith, I leave everyday as a Happy Birthday.
–To Lauren Kantz, I leave a ride home from school in my car with conversations about your friends, my friends, and your brother.
–To Kathleen Serck, I leave a Nalgene bottle.
–To Susan Oliver, I leave a birdhouse made out of popsicle sticks.
–To Mrs. Vest, I leave socks always filled with chapstick.
–To my Baja buddies, I leave mexican underwear, unidentified illnesses (Megan Newman-Miller), Melissa's Pee Pad, Antonis clams, lost luggage, military men walking down the beach, a cd of "God Bless America," Hotel Lorimar, and the mystery of Carrol the compost lady.

~Kerry Bartoe~



I, **Kerry Bartoe**, of typically sound mind, do hereby bequeath the following:

–To Mary Diane Bartoe: my magical ability to break every dress code rule and never get caught, thrift shopping, my car, and Mom and Dad all to yourself (he he). I will miss you - and remember, I'm only a plane ride away.
–To Hannah Galbraith: St. M's, War, drains in Kensington in the middle of the night, "wataice," 80's music, flypaper, large boxes of pasta, jncos, clear postage tape (use it wisely!), and the best senior year ever. We've been through it all together, my dear. You are such a strong person, and I truly admire you.
–To Sarah Allen: purpur, birthday posters, edible twigs, Tolkien fanclub, no delete button, scuba diving, daily quotations (we'll have to resort to e-mail!), mix tapes, lions in trees, tubing when we're 60, Alice . . . Herbert, strings of Christmas lights, late-night conversations, and all the thousands of little, spontaneous things we can laugh about for hours on end. You are - and undoubtedly always will be - an amazing person and an incredible friend to me. I am endlessly thankful for you and all that you have taught me.
–Katie Hill: dork #1 (or are you #2?), fighting cocks, Pokemon, and beating up Sarah (because you have mastered it quite well). You have a brilliant - not to mention witty! - mind, and I deeply respect you.
–Molly Kaplan: the big Lebowski, singing Dave in high and low voices (bum bum bum), explaining race relations to children, ice cream sandwiches, and sushi (you started my obsession!). You are truly one of the funniest and most unique people I know, and I wish you the best - you deserve it.
–All my throwers: Sarah, Lizzie, Mary Cres, Dacia, Francis, Michelle, Becky, and Megan: I leave my ability to always manage to land a discus in the net and a sense of humor about it all. You're the best!
–Laura Snyder and Elizabeth Townsend: lots and lots of butterflies and warm fuzzies. You two couldn't deserve them more.
–Emily Priest: all the weird clothes in my closet, Bessie, hockey baby - oops, I mean dog!, chain reaction, and a 24/7 report of the weather in Austin. You're the best, and you will always make me laugh.
–Laurel Staples: the creek, St. Paul memories, and gypsy/doctors.
–Cynthia Gray: a yellow submarine and a silver hammer.
–Laurel and Cynthia: the GRP, smelly Paul, a "good little..." owl, radioactive shoes, and Kristina's lasagna religion.
–Kate Lainhart: the best Outdoor Program ever, eating lots of apples, singing loud in strategic places, and remember… I am like the river!
–Dacia Beard and Margaret Martin: our daily hello in the halls. You made each day brighter just by being yourselves, and I thank you.
–Ms. Paschall: I leave you best wishes and lots of big hugs, and I hope that you will always have someone who talks to you with your accent. Thanks for everything - you have taught me multitudes.
–AP Studio Art class: Mabel, NYC, little toots, and "the warehouse." May you be forever covered in paint!
–Mr. Wert: the stress ball, and my little sister who will get you back someday. Enough said.
–Dr. Hopple and last year's AP Bio class: the dinosaur dance, the respiration song, and the ability to always stay the bio nerds that we truly are (or at least I am!).
–Mr. Croker: I leave you my youthfulness (because the AP class seems to think you need it!) and I hope to take with me just a small part of your ability to see what life is truly about. Thanks for everything.
–Dr. Echerd: my love of Pascal.
–Dr. Jack: one big smile. You made history quite fun!
–Mrs. Horton: a thousand kind words, because you make every day at Harpeth Hall brighter.
–Mrs. "Miss La-Voe" Mulgrew: I leave plenty of giggles to last until I visit, a college t-shirt, and may your office be a perpetual art gallery.

~Kate Berry~



I, **Kate Berry**, hereby leave:

–To Sally Jackson, a hot Sugartree guard and a rockin' neighborhood.
–To Kara Fox, an Outward Bound story in a French restaurant.
–To Kellie Guider, a lifetime supply of hair dye and many Matt(s) stories!
–To Molly Moore, many Krystals and night at Lannie's . . . by the way, when will my wedding pants be ready?!
–To Elizabeth Ramsey, two years worth of math classes and lots of laughs.
–To Helen Martin, a lifetime supply of Monteagle stories to annoy anyone not part of our "cult."
–To Kendra Abkowtiz and Catherine Fox, big hugs and lots of paper for your sister' phone messages . . . you both are like the sisters I never had.
–To Emily Burn, counseling to the next victim to fall under her spell, the YMCA, but only Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.
–To Kim Goldstein, weapons to hurt mean guys in Chicago. I love you!
–To the Fall Creative Writing Class, endless laughs and a lifetime supply of peppermints . . . you all have a gift, never stop writing.
–To Mary Cres, a gallon of milk, a doctor for your lock jaw problems, hot chocolate, and many Halsey stories. Never change. You are wonderful.
–To Sarah Schwaber, the responsibility of the Beyond Hate Club, a ride home, and Anytown and Minitown friends. I have enjoyed every moment I have ever spent with you, and I will miss you something fierce next year.
–To Dacia Beard, a thousand hugs and a laugh and a date with Riley. Thank you for everything you have taught me. You are truly an inspiration.
–To Tuz, ahhhhbon! A bicycle story and a climb up the tree. Keep doing what you are doing.
–To Dr. Myers, the ability to help one understand herself and who she wants to be without ever knowing it.
–To Ms. Higgins, lots of dating tips and a big hug!
–To Mrs. Paine, a visit to Bodos next year. I admire your optimism.
–To Dr. Echerd, a seat near you in assembly.
–To all students, faculty, and administration, thank you for giving me the ability to laugh and the strength to overcome anything. I love you all!

~Allison Byrd~

I, **Allison Byrd**, being of sound mind and body hereby leave:

–To Lizzie Smith and Sara Fleming, I leave another fun-filled year of tech with DJ.
–To Audrey Ball, I leave the corner table at Elliston Place and a cheeseburger that isn't hers.
–To Kara Frisch, I leave one final poke- I figured I should keep the tradition.
–To Heather Brimm, I leave Tom.
–To Dr. Jack, I leave the Hub cap and a silent void that may never be filled in your class.
–To everyone who taught me or helped me get to where I am, I leave an enormous thank you.

~Amy Campbell~



I, **Amy Campbell**, hereby leave:

–To Leah High, the role of Student Council President. Leah, I leave you hours and hours of work all to be carried out with a reassuring voice to tell you that it will all be worth it in the end.
–To the rest of the Student Council, I leave you all the effort to make our school a better place.
–To all the Juniors on the swim team, I leave you the right to kill Father Ryan, pummel Oakland, and of course claim the Region Championship...again.
–To Evins, I leave the role of "cheer starter."
–To Margaret, Susan, and Hannah, I

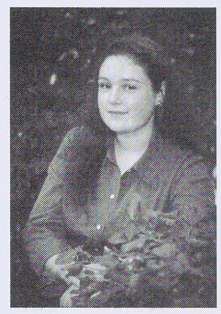
leave the wonderful oppurtunity to learn and grow and get to know all of the eighth grade Bible Study girls.
–To my eighth grade girls, I leave you all an incredible four years yet to come.
–To Lauren and Molly, I leave you here to excel ad learn and succeed in all the ways that you can and will.
–To Lauren, I leave you with two more years to enjoy every moment of it.
–To Molly, I leave you with all the happiness that you could ever want here at this amazing place.
–Finally, to all the present and future Harpeth Hall students, I leave you with a boundless pride for our incredible school, Harpeth Hall.

~Reed Harrison~



I, **Reed Harrison**, being of relatively sound mind, do hereby bequeath the following:
–To Grace Clayton I leave a bar of anti-bacterial dial soap, pajamas to wear to bed (other than her uniform), a clingy boyfriend, and a game of checkers with Frank Vest.
–To Kim Goldstein I leave my blue pleather bustier- wear it with pride.
–To Sally Jackson I leave an immune system.
–To Paige Roady I leave a sedative, the patch and a hearing-aid.
–To Kathleen Serck I leave, EVERYONE! I mean, EVERYONE! and some grass seed.
–To Mary Cres I leave hours upon hours of Calculus fun.
–To Kazzie I leave Aaron, a limo, and the responsibility of babysitting the juniors during Winterim her senior year.
–To Celeste I leave the phone line 24/7, laundry, and grocery shopping.
–To Mrs. Mulgrew I leave mint chocolate chip ice cream cake (29 again?), a crown, sceptor, and velvet-lined cape, a cattle prod, and "permission to paddle."
–To Mrs.Vest I leave a flock of fashionable geese, a curfew past 8:15,a team of lacrosstitutes, the "death stick" and Grace Clayton (the ultimate gift!-good luck).
–To Ms. Higgins I leave an endless pot of Bruegger's coffee, the freedom never to attend another meeting, 8 hours of sleep a night, and my deepest thanks.
–To Coach Wallace I leave John Chisolm, Ryan Trash, and (hopefully!!) a state title veeery soon.
–To Dr. Myers I leave projector bulbs that don't burn out, and slides that don't get stuck so easily.
–To Mr. Croker I leave a wooden leg, Bad Mommy, "fetus voice," and 4 hours distance from Bahar.
–To Dr. Cooper I leave an eternal coke day.
–To Martha Grace I leave the opportunity to use that thing on your key chain, 300+ blank yearbook pages, and equal middle school representation.
–To Mrs. Horton I leave Mrs. Mulgrew (please make sure she takes her medicine).
–To Springman I leave no furniture, and a marathon advisee group meeting on values.
–To Bahar, 4 hours distance b/w you and Croker.
–To Chern-dog, lots of tarts to chop at your leisure.
–To Cathy, the album we made in 5th grade- yes, of course I still have it.
–To Sloan C., a promising future in architecture, and a book of poems by Robert Browning.
–To Fabiaaaaaaa, the sense of relief that must come with the knowledge that next year no one will call you Fabiaaaaaaa.
–To Nicoll, the shared satisfaction of surviving 16 years with our sisters.
–To Kathleen, her very own tanning bed, a brand new credit card, and a lifetime supply of summer sausage.
–To Sarita, a Cancunion reunion every week.
–To Katie Hill, corruption night (time? place?), the Ricky Martin, "Shake your Bon Bon" single.
–To Katie Howell, best wishes in finding your birth family, the Hanuls.
–To Ruthie, the joy of going to someone else's house for a change.
–To Catherine, an electric lemonade, Rave music, and the Crim de la crim.
–To Joanie, an open mic at Cancun Palace.
–To Hayden, a good Irish toast, and a trip to N'Awlins.
–To Jessie, choc. whippy, NSP, Onionlads, and a dirty monkey.
–To Emily, a challenge to a duel.
–To Anne, a batch of special brownies.
–To Tekeely, or should I say Kelly Anne Robinson, revenge on the Kwik Sak.
–To Shannon, memories of fights with Emily on the way back from Smyrna, and a Notre Dame starter jacket.
–To Elizabeth, I leave D.J.
–To Lucy Kay, a razor, dinner with Lionel, a date with Justin, and an offensive Christian bumper sticker.
–To Commodore Walton, a Stealth bomber
–To Rachel, kisses on the neck.
–To Megan, a night of chiefin' it @ Dave's, Biiiiiiiiiiieeeee, and prescription deodorant.

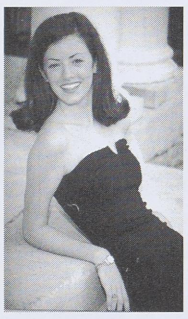
~Katie Hill~



I, Katie Hill, of sleep-deprived mind and weary body, do hereby bequeath the following:
–To MaryCres, I leave the Old Timer (may it rest in peace), KS stories, Hilda-Beast, college counseling sessions, the Cres Roll, the magic sportsbra, lists of evil people, and an open invitation to visit me next year whenever you need a dose of college life.
–To Lizzie, I leave the Roman Banquet, hanging out with the carless ones after school, Magistra on her crying days (don't forget the salsa), and a place in my dorm room for you — bring MaryCres, too.
–To Margaret, I leave the HC next year and a place in my dorm room at UVA!
–To Grace, I leave NPT, many a KRS, and SKB.
–To Dade, I leave my prom date's #.
–To Hessie, I leave our future jobs as admissions directors and the ability to close every college that rejected us (may they rue the day).
–To Catherine Johnson, I leave a $200 gift certificate for Mary-Mary Maternity (you know I'm just kidding and I love you!).
–To Jessie, Megan, and Kristina, I leave our delinquent Calculus corner and TREW DAT.
–To Sloan, I leave "Pippa Passes" and your exquisite French accent.
–To Reed, I leave English long blocks in your living room, laughing through four years of bad assemblies, corruption night (call me this summer), "palpable," shake your BonBon, and "Alriiiggghhht."
–To Kate Lainhart, I leave many a sarcastic joke at your expense and equally as many sharp-tongued comebacks (even though you're just a sophomore).
–To Kaplanne, I leave American whispering, toned upper arms (someday), Yusef, the Devon/Bloomkatz factor, lunches with Rita in the sanctuary, our shared frustration with life and certain people, visits to a certain residence on the Vanderbilt Campus ("Hi Will's House!"), Yoder Road, fifteen points off your essays, many visits to the Ice Palace and its frosty inhabitants — including the Momsicle (but remember — NEVER go in alone!), your favorite author — Camille Paglia, a climb up Mount Kilimanjaro someday, and my admiration of your incredible spirit.
–To Kerry-Dork #1 (or is it #2?), I leave fighting cocks in front yards, a Moonjump, nerdy bio jokes, and lots of FUN ("this is fun," "we're having fun").
–To Sarah Wayne, I leave long question emails, Kitty-Kitty Bonbon, purple velour and crinkly boots, a handsome Italian man who will write you love sonnets, Roxie B. Boone, geeky color-coding, "Thor" love letters, Stinky Wizzleteats, a cattle kingdom of your own, Susan Polis Schutz (the next Poet Laureate) and husband Dr. Stephen, and much help caring for the cows next year without me! I'll miss you!
–To Priest, I leave the nametag I never made for you, Kitty-Kitty BonBon and "I Bought Me a Cat," my apologies for deserting you in the back row of Calculus, and our cross-country trip with our freakshow specimens.
–To Sig, I leave Tennessee Tech ("The MIT of the South").
–To Cyn, I leave stories of our favorite Irish family (and mailbox roadkill gifts), Willyaleiam, Random Questions, and Ho Chi Minh's Diary.
–To Erika, I leave the FAPSA, "does that make sense?," hyperextended fingers, and your place as one of the three HH "poor kids."
–To Sandy, I leave the Scary Man and lots of fun at "Kansas" next year.
–To Erin, I leave freshman gripe sessions in the Bear Lair, lunches with wealthy donors, the Harpeth Hall Democrats Club, and April Fools jokes on unsuspecting computer teachers.
–To Laurel, I leave a landscaping company, mutual anger over date thieves, Willyaleiam, and sheets to keep your shrubs from freezing.
–To Bahar (Unabahar), I leave Our Tony-Winning Play (someday we'll take it to Broadway), BonBon, Physics and English glances, the Fovea/Fog and the green sweatpants, a purple velour jumpsuit, big red glasses, and crinkly boots, a curtain skirt complete with white tights and heinous snowboots, many telephone calls from 1981/1986/ Moses, a new bass system for your car (sorry), "I Bought Me a Cat" choreographed by you-know-who, and walks down to your car in Brentwood (and mine in Georgia).
–To Jessica Crowell, I leave knowing stares in American ("Elizabeth Dole would make a fine candidate for VP" — yeah right!), our classmate's ranting about high inheritance taxes, and the Harpeth Hall Democrats Club.
– To Mr. Croker, I leave Joe-Hulga, Moby In-Class Island, the gold earring, your rendition of Blanche DuBois, Paco stories, Winterim lunches at La Paz, and my gratefulness forever for inspiring us

all, for telling us what life is really all about, and for teaching me that I can write.
–To (Queen) La-Voe ("Mrs. Mulgrew"), I leave the best British Lit. class I will ever take and my thanks for telling my mother five years ago that I needed to visit Harpeth Hall.
–To Dr. Echerd, I leave the Gode Wyfe of Bath, a place on Jeopardy and Who Wants to Be a Millionaire, and my respect for your unmatched gift for teaching and mentoring.
–To Ms. Croker, I leave my admiration for putting up with late deadlines, missing-in-action editors, and Saturday layout sessions, among other things.
–To Cornelia, I leave Logos and the iMac for you, as well as many, many free periods and Saturdays spent agonizing over Pagemaker. You will do a great job!
–To the Class of 2000, I leave four "cakes" on the lawn, Bonnie "What's Your Talent" Kolock, and Carol "Blackjack Davy-eeeeeeeeee" Ponder.
–To Harpeth Hall, I leave my eternal gratitude for an unparalleled education and my hope that this school will become even better with time.

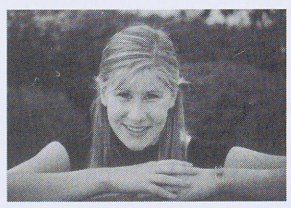
~Katie Howell~



I, **Katie Howell**, bequeath the following:

– To Liz Edwards, I leave Playmakers and the hellacious job of being president, Janette and all of her demands, DJ talkin' techie "schtuff," New York, stare stare stare . . . POUNCE!, "So sorry to interupt . . . PROCEED!," the "process," getting dressed in the back of Shannon's car with the lights on, Fiddler on the Roof, and Flamingo thongs.
–To Audrey Ball, I leave "look a da da da BOOBY," smooches with John, Penny/Rachel/Sandy, New York 2002, Liz and her weirdness, tickle attacks, and thinking you are "the coolest" . . .
–To EA Manier, I leave the little theatre and the job of keeping it "looking cool," the "hey" voice heard when walking down the hall.
–To Melissa Deck, I leave my brother, all of my "wisdom" on how to be a stage manager, dirty looks in the hall followed by a tickling attack, and, of course, all my lovin'!
–To Scottie Gambill, I leave the role of being the best BIG sister ever!
–To Shannon Stone, I leave Europe! 'nuff said, "Genie in a Bottle," Slaughter House 1999, getting dressed in the back of your car with the lights on, bacon egg and cheese biscuits every morning, camels, Edgar Torrentaras, Matt James, truth or dare in Paris with the shady all night parties across the street, the park, tongue roll . . . LA LA!
–To Sally Jackson, I leave section leader in chorus . . . you know you love it, yellow tank tops, the inability to get away with skipping vocal jazz and chorus, and a lifetime supply of sports bras in a wide variety of colors.
–To Lizzie Smith and Sarah Fleming, I leave DJ and him screaming about "stripping the screws."
–To Jennifer Harrison, I leave New York taxis, homeless men, the "process," and a bunch of FUR!!!!
–To Cari Johns-, you can have Richard . . . I don't think Melissa really wants him. :)
– To Ellen Fort, I leave good stories...
–To Elizabeth Warner, I leave you all of my experiences with John. :)
–To Hannah Galbraith, I leave you the ability to make Ms. Rothrock laugh even when trying to be serious and Shannon . . . take care of her for me!!
–To Jessica Turk, I leave you an informal and laid-back approach to life and school work . . . you need it . . . at least for a day.
–To Sara Morris, I leave the legacy of having such a cool sister and a great nickname created by me: Sara MoMo.
–To Lauren Halleman, you will always be "fast as a bullet!!!"
–To Julianne Howell, I leave you Richard, Mom and Dad. Take care of them for me and don't cause too much trouble! I also leave you permission to take any of my clothes that I DON'T take to college.
I love all of you guys and wish you all the best of luck next year! Keep in touch!!!

~Molly Kaplan~



I, **Molly Kaplan**, hereby bequeath the following:
– To Katie Hill, the Dean – all the GAP commercials you can sink your teeth into (don't forget the French version), a sweet new buggy for all your Yoder adventures, a chip of ice from the ice princesses, a little bit of justice (Bloomkatz says it all), change for the homeless guy on Elliston, and a Chuck Berry song dedicated only to you. You are the best of the best, my friend.
–To Laurel Staples, Lulu 4 ever – Mr. Smiley from the Predators (…and Sid!), all the chocolate your grandmother gave me and I couldn't eat, more photography adventures, an everlasting image of Ben Affleck, a SINGLE at Vanderbilt, eternal freedom from your enemies, a house in North Carolina, and joint therapy. You are my bud, and we've had the best times together. I'll be visiting next year.
–To Miss Allen, Devoe – an authentic Italian accent, a starring role as Mimi in RENT, as many laughs as you've given me (though the stomach cramps I got from laughing never gave me a six-pack like you said), more nights at Fido's (hold the coffee in, though), a dog named Cookie, and money (so you can buy me a plane ticket to come see you in Frisco). Girl, you are the best.
–To Fabienne, correct word usage and pronunciation (avante guard, not van guard; Semitic, not Semi-tight), a career in films, a role opposite Leo, a healthy appetite (listen to your mother), and an incredible time in LA. You are the W-O-M-A-N, and though I know you get that all the time, it's true. I'll miss you.
–To Kerry Bartoe, The Big V (and you know what "v" stands for)-all of my embarrassing middle-school pictures (oh no wait, you already have them all), a little coat, some bravery from men hiding in trees (not that I have much to give), an angry dwarf, the Big Lebowski, good luck in the future.
–To Catherine Johnson – my eternal presence (you know you love me).
–To Mrs. Croker – one swinging husband, and a night filled with dancing.
–To Mr. Croker – a sheep cover for your upcoming platinum c.d, a thousand kisses from Mahir, and some new dancing shoes (do it for your wife). If you could dance like you teach, Ricky Martin would have some serious competition.

~Joanie McEnery~

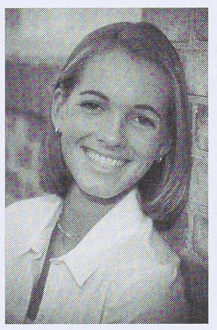
–To Caroline Landry, I leave trips to New Orleans in a Ford Taurus.
–To Graham Barton, I leave a safe driver who doesn't run into mail boxes.
–To Taylor Middleton, I leave a special talent (we both know what it is).
–Finally, to all of my friends, I leave the precious times we've spent together (especially at Ruthie's)!!!

~Jessie Morris~



I, **Jessie Morris**, hereby leave:
–To Sara Morris, (my favorite stefan), I leave...someone else to drive her home from school, some soap because she smells, a name tag that says My Name Is Sara (not "Jessie's Sister"), my Fat Tuesday beads so she may look forward to Seniordom, and the title of Coolest Girl in School-it's hard to give it up. Don't go in my room.
–To Sarah Anne, Clair, and Meredith, I leave 11x14 copies of my senior pictures so you can continue to tell me all your troubles before you go to bed and so you don't miss me TOO much. Carry them everywhere.
–To Elizabeth Ramsey, "C'mon, kids, let's go home. No...wait..." You are always more than welcome at my new home – I'd love to have you. I leave to you a $700 pole, the burden of tracking 'Cuda Mail, and I promise I will give you back your guard pic. We'll always have summer--for dancing in the guard stands and...other stuff.
–To Scruggs and Ann Stewart, (my other favorite Juniors) I know you are the most dedicated 'cudas--that's why you never show up. So just keep things real around here and don't drive in the left lane for too long or I'll turn into a vampire and come after you. Come visit.
–To everyone: I love you all...thank you for everything...viva 2000...see you soon...make me proud.

~Lindsey Wallace~



I, **Lindsey Wallace**, as a member of the graduating class of 2000, leave:
–To Megan Newman Miller, many more days of pimpin' while riding to cross country practice, lemon for your water bottle, every prom dress I own, strange foreign accents, X-country trophies with bisexual runners on top, second skin for your blisters, jasmine and intergalactic space queen, no more days of suffering in FST, good when you get that urge (no false alarms), delirious X-country meet days.
–To Molly Moore, Hugs to last forever

on the mound, "Who's gonna go, gonna go, gonna go?," many more days of sleeping on the toilet, doggie weight loss pills for Tootsie, a six-pack of . . . kool-aid, many wise men to fill your senior year full of memories (well, hopefully you'll remember them!), Alpine breakfast days, Molly Moore day - it's all yours next year, buddy, the softball team - be a leader for them - they need you, Mo-Mo, onward! to the Batmobile!, Whoa there patsy! It's not a matta' of where he grips it, it's a simple matta' of weight ration. A five ounce bird cannot carry a one pound coconut, I love you Mo!

–To Ann Stewart, Carey Floyd, Katy Adams, Casey potash, Cristen Mills, Elise Hagan, Sutton, Margarita, Amelia, many mas dias de espanol, basta con los e-jemplos, chicas - buena suerte en espanol V, no te olvides que! Enrique es el chico mas sexy del mundo! !Viva Enrique!

–To Amy McDuffie and Grace Richardson, many great days in Photo I, "So Mr. Goodwin, did you and your wife celebrate last night?...oh wait! Not that kind of celebration," I leave you duffel bags by the thousand, "Mr. Goodwin hates us," grace - antirash cream for that . . . thing on your foot, "no farting in the dark closet!," many memories of the only photo senior - good luck guys! come visit!

–To Ballard, Bouncy balls to last you for your whole high school career (cuz they're gonna think you're weird for carrying around bouncy balls in college), a new voice box, because I know yours will die soon.

–To Tori Tucker, Dry reports for Always, tips for relationships: if you kiss your boyfriend, you're not a.

–To Sara Isenhour, A variety of colorful headbands to keep those bangs of your back, every N'Sync poster you seem to accidentally not have, tip for your relationship with yellow: if he ever touches you, I'm kicking his, my number at college if you ever need anymore hair advice, your own phone line that I won't call every five minutes to make you get off, lots of guys khakis with no pleats just to piss you off, I leave you alone at the second base to only wish I were pitching so you could distract me - I mean cheer for me . . .

–To Baharita, Much mas cuentas de Tito (porque no sabes que sera sin estas cuentas fascinantes de los musculos de Tito), ho te olvides que Enrique es el chico mas guapo y sexy y un dia will be su novio, muchas memorias buenas de la clase de espanol IV - desde Hell - !me amo!

Logos II

The Word of ***Harpeth Hall***

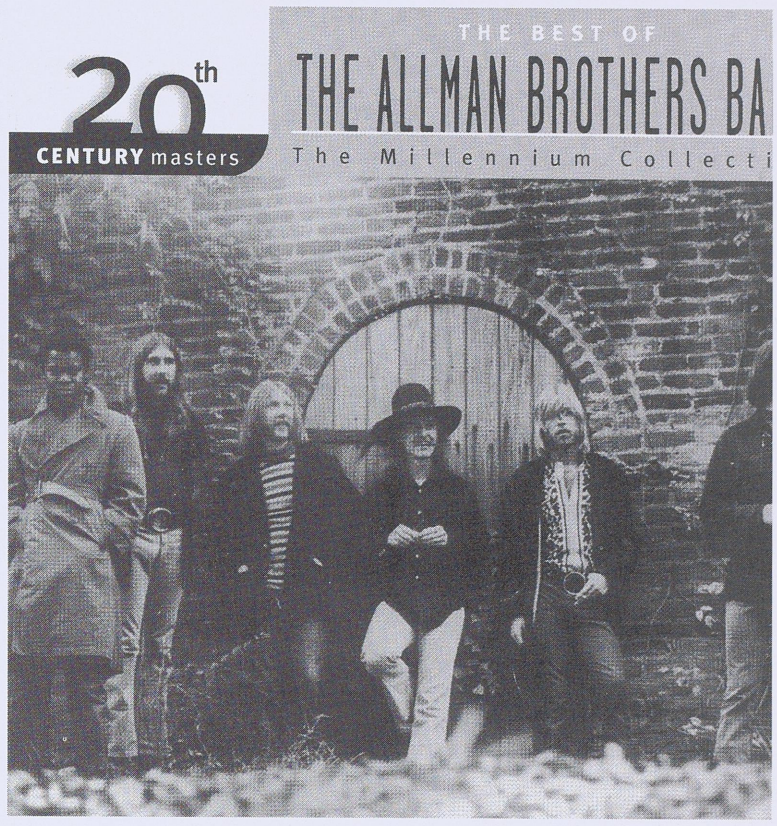
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Special thanks to Mr. Joe Croker for his computer wizardry this year!



The Best of The Allman Brothers Band: The Millenium Collection

By Jenny Paris '02

The ABB has been around since their self-titled debut album in 1969. That's quite a while – even after the death of the group's leader, Duane Allman, in a tragic motorcycle accident in 1971. They kept playing together and churning out music that astounded the world, shook the foundation of we think about music, and built it back up again. This record features "Melissa," the song by brother Gregg Allman which was written for Duane's widow. The group has been labeled a collaboration of unique, "kindred musical souls, anything but ego-driven." Their music has revolved around improvisation, phenomenal guitar solos and revolutionary lyrics. Their music defines the cry of the soul and seems to speak for and to those of us to can't do it alone. It isn't like most anything out there: imagine Jimmy Hendrix with a B.B. King, Grateful Dead, Janis Joplin, Cream Trio twist. Guitar World's Alan Paul explains when he says, "[They rewrote] the rules for how two guitars can work together, completely scrapping the traditional rhythm/lead roles by swapping solos and – in a revolutionary twist – playing harmony lines."

Two drummers, Butch Trucks and Jaimoe, pounded out the rhythm to which the rest of the band, particularly the guitarists Gregg and Duane Allman and Dickey Betts, provide the melody. They can lift spirits with "Blue Sky" or create an eerie blues vibe with "Midnight Rider."

If you haven't ever heard the Allman Brothers Band, you're definitely in for something new. Every song they have written is worth listening to, but here on this new record by arguably some of the best musicians, songwriters, and minds of the last fifty years, is their best, most memorable and inspiring songs. There are "mesmorizing metaphysical blues" such as "Whipping Post," "Dreams," and "Melissa" and unforgettable, energizing, "intricate" musical perfections such as "Ramblin' Man" and "Revival." This album is definitely worth hearing. Buy it at any record store, but try Tower Records for the best chance of finding it.

Going to College This Fall? Don't Worry!

So you're heading off to college soon and wondering, "What do I pack?" "What if I hate my roommate?" "Will I really gain 15 pounds the first year?" Relax. Hundreds of people who have been to college and lived to tell the tale offer advice in a crucial little book called *Been There, Should've Done That* (1997, Front Porch Press). For all of you jittery seniors, here is a sampling of the book's excellent advice.

Dorm Basics

"I couldn't wait to live in an apartment, but looking back, it was really more fun in the dorm. I met tons of people and there were more things to do...plus, the bathrooms were cleaner."

- Graduate, Marketing, University of Wisconsin

"If something really irritates you – I mean *really*, say so right from the beginning. If you let it go, it'll only get worse and end up in a major blowout – and major bad feelings."

- Senior, Education, St. Mary's College

Homesickness

"Write to all your friends when you first get there. You'll have mail for weeks!"

- Junior, Chemical Engineering, M.I.T.

"Don't go home the first month. It only makes it harder when you come back. Besides, that's when everyone is anxious to make friends, and there's a lot going on."

- Junior, Engineering, Notre Dame

"Long distance relationships are tough to pull off. The biggest mistake I made was having a girlfriend at another school the first two years. Neither of us really enjoyed college. It makes you older than you are."

- Senior, English, Denison University

Classes

"Don't schedule too many heavy reading courses in the same semester, and definitely not more than one lab!"

- Sophomore, Premed, Cornell University

"Pick the professor, not the time of day."

- Graduate, Economics, University of Wisconsin

"Do NOT, for any reason, go on to the next math level if you barely got through the first one. You'll get killed. Repeat the course."

- Sophomore, Engineering, Central Michigan Unversity

Enjoying Campus Life

"If I had it to do over I'd go to more than just football games and parties. There were excellent speakers, concerts, theater. . . ."

- Graduate, Marketing, University of Wisconsin

"All anyone wanted to talk about during job interviews was what I'd done outside of the classroom. . . ."

- Graduate, Engineering, University of Michigan

Seniors Select Colleges

Abkowitz, Alyssa	Emory University
Alfery, Janna	Emory University
Allen, Sarah	Stanford University
Andrews, Kelley Anne	U Colorado – Boulder
Arvin, Molly	Washington University
Ashley, Sloan	U Georgia
Azhdari, Bahar	Emory University
Bandy, Gayle	Elon College
Bartoe, Kerry	Yale University
Beckner, Lindsay	Vanderbilt University
Beesley, Katie	Vanderbilt University
Berry, Kate	U Virginia
Bourke, Leslie	James Madison University
Bressman, Rachel	Centre College
Byrd, Allison	Rollins College
Caldwell, Christie	U of the South
Callaway, Becky	U of the South
Campbell, Amy	U North Carolina – Chapel Hill
Campbell, Megan	U North Carolina – Chapel Hill
Casey, Megan	U Tennessee
Cherney, Rachel	Miami University of Ohio
Christenberry, Katie	U Evansville
Chudacoff, Sasha	U California -- Santa Cruz
Crafton, Cathy	U Mississippi
Crowell, Jessica	George Washington University
Curtis, Sloan	U Georgia
Diskin, Fabienne	U California – Los Angeles
Doramus, Nicoll	U Colorado – Boulder
Earthman, Brooke	U North Carolina – Chapel Hill
Ferdowsi, Nika	Emory; next year in Israel
Foglia, Lesley	U Memphis
Foreman, Allison	Southern Methodist University
Fox, Meg	East Carolina U
Gray, Cynthia	U of the South
Hale, Kathleen	U Tennessee
Hargrove, Sarah	U Redlands
Harrison, Reed	U Georgia
Hill, Katie	U Virginia
Hoge, Kristina	Boston Conservatory
Housholder, Melinda	SMU or UC – Boulder
Howell, Katie	Elon College
Huggins, Ruth	Auburn or Georgia
Johnson, Catherine	Tulane University
Kaplan, Molly	Washington University
Koban, Katie	U Colorado – Boulder
Lehner, Erin	Tulane University
Levitt, Katie	George Washington University
Levy, Marjorie	Young Judea Study in Israel
Lundin, Jessica	George Washington University
McCain, Sandy	U Colorado – Boulder
McCracken, Mackenzie	U Tennessee
McEnery, Joanie	Southern Methodist University
McGugin, Susan	Vanderbilt University
McKinney, Kimberly	Maryville College
McWilliams, Tricia	U North Carolina – Chapel Hill
Morel, Hayden	Miami University of Ohio
Morris, Jessie	Wesleyan University
Neilson, Sigrid	Georgia Tech
Norman, Amanda	Brown University
Pami, Spring	Point Park College
Priest, Emily	U Texas – Austin
Rankin, Anne	U Tennessee
Riley, Louise	U Virginia
Robeson, Keely	U Miami
Shillinglaw, Shannon	U North Carolina – Chapel Hill
Simpkins, Emme	Rollins College
Snyder, Laura	U Dayton
Staples, Laurel	Vanderbilt University
Switter, Bethany	MTSU
Terry, Leigh	U Tennessee
Thompson, Jaqueline	U Georgia
Townsend, Elizabeth	Rhodes College
Trace, Sara	Bates College
Wall, Lucy Kay	Boston University
Wallace, Lindsey	Auburn University
Walton, Catherine	Miami University of Ohio
Wieck, Rachel	Loyola University – New Orleans
Wilkinson, Erika	New York University