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The Word of Harpeth Hall

Logos II

The Harpeth Hall School
Nashville, Tennessee

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Twin-H Ranch Loses First Family

by Beth Blaufuss

Betsy Turnbull came to Harpeth Hall in 1983 with her husband, Gordon. From her initial position as computer teacher, she has become the Director of the Upper School and AP American History teacher. Her leadership and committment have greatly impacted Harpeth Hall; every girl has encountered her influence, whether at '60's classes in her apartment, conferences in her office, or pasta cooking lessons in her kitchen. ***Logos II*** *interviewed Mrs. Turnbull this spring to learn her views on motherhood and her departure from Harpeth Hall.*

Where are you and Mr. Turnbull going next year?

We are moving to Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Turnbull will be a student at the Union Theological Seminary.

Are you going to be a full-time mother next year?

Yes. I'll take at least next year off, and possibly the next several years. I hope to do some tutoring, though.

You now have a perspective on the two main roles which women can fulfill today--having a career and being a mother. How do you view the two roles and the choice that you have made now to pursue motherhood?



"No, Gordon, the diaper goes on the other end!"

Well, both have their own rewards. I think my priority has always been family, whether "family" meant just me and Mr. Turnbull or me and Alec and Mr. Turnbull. So that hasn't changed. What has changed is that Mr. Turnbull doesn't need me quite as intensely as Alec needs me. Mr. Turnbull depends on me to cook for him, but it's not like he can't find something to eat if I'm not there.

In a career, I wanted something that would challenge me intellectually and fulfill me as a person. I was drawn to teaching probably just because I was born to be a teacher. My father was a teacher, my grandfather was a teacher, my grandmother was a teacher-- it's kind of in the blood. And it's something that I've just always wanted to do.

When I got into it, I was teaching something I didn't particularly like or know much about. So I told Mr. Wood after two years of teaching computer that either I need to be teaching history or I needed to do something else. This was before the "Great Purge, ' or whatever you want to call it, and I was going to be taking Mike Goodwin's place and teaching all the American history sections. After the big uprising, however, Mr. Wood called me into his office and said, "What would you think about being my assistant?" I said I'd like to do that as long as I could stay in the classroom-- I wanted to take on at least one section of history. And I have really enjoyed the three years since then of being an administrator and a teacher. I think I've enjoyed being an administrator in combination with the teaching because the teaching challenges me intellectually. My students have always kept on what I know and kept me trying to learn more about the things that I've been teaching.

The administrative work has also been suited to me. I'm a natural organizer, as most people already know-- you could possibly call me a compulsive organizer. And I've been able to fulfill my desire to work with people, to try to communicate-- listening is one of the biggest parts of my job. All of that has really worked together to challenge me. So the career has been great.

The reason I made the decision at this point to back off the career-- and it's just

Continued on Page 13

Student Faculty Committee Sponsors:

PDR Summit

by Eleanor Fuqua

Communication is the key to understanding, and the key to understanding the logistics of Harpeth Hall is the Student Faculty Committee. The Student Faculty Committee represents members of the Harpeth Hall community including students, faculty, administration, the Board of Trustees and the Mother's Auxiliary.

Through open and casual discussion, the committee evaluates suggestions and complaints proposed by student and adults either present at the meetings or through the suggestion box in Mrs. Lentz's outer office. Concerned students bring up new topics at each meeting, and the teachers provide valuable insight into the reasoning behind a certain rule or policy.

Past topics of discussion include a well defined revision of the uniform code, sunbathing policy, handling of elections, and parking problems. Although the committee holds no ultimate power, the administration follows through on recommendations from the Student Faculty Committee and informs the students of the outcome of its actions. Not only does the group discuss concerns of the student body, but it deals with positive options as well. The faculty and students often propose ideas for new upper school activities or suggest improvements of current social endeavors.

The members of the group consist of freshman representatives Lissa Smith and Emily McAlexander, sophomores Marguerite Nielson and Katherine Bomboy, jumiors Christine Johnston, Julie Riven, Ellen Maguire, and Kate Davis; seniors Cynthia Averbuch, Julia Trabue as secretary, Jennifer Braden, Dabney Ledyard, and Elizabeth Smith as president. Every year, the student council president acts as a liaison between student government organizations to ensure improvement in inter-school communication.

The only problem with the committee, according to junior representative Christine Johnston, is that "not enough people know how to use it." Representing all aspects of school life, the purpose of the Student Faculty Committee is to provide an accessible instrument for communication between each facet of the Harpeth Hall community.

The group met this year every other Tuesday during sixth period. Students of all levels attended and took an active role in the discussions while becoming better informed about the ongoings of Harpeth Hall.

Students and Moms Round Up Funds

As the Round-Up drew nearer, raffle tickets remained crumpled and "lost" in purses, and mothers harped on students to sell or be stick in school. "Sell for the school! You can make a difference!" cried the concerned teachers who did not want to work. Students realized it was down to the line, so they whipped out their checkbooks and harassed their next-door neighbors and sold $15,000 worth of raffle tickets.

The raffle did grant a free day to all but 32 girls who chose not to sell their $20 minimum, but it also awarded Tara Scarlett the $1,000 grand prize. Catherine Earthman, Jennifer Braden, and Christy Stallings received the incentive prizes of $300, $200, and $100 respectively.

The student auction with such items as a ride on Mr. Tuzeneu's moto, Putt-Putting with Dr. Echerd and Mr. Springman, a pasta cooking lesson with the Turnbulls, and Captain Mole raised $1600 for the Mothers' Auxiliary. The Friday night auction and dinner provided the majority of the Round-Up profit. On Sunday, the French Shoppe and Silverware supplied a fabulous fashion and jewelry show that completed the Round-Up total.

The dance on Saturday night featuring John Jackson and the Rhythm Rockers with opening band, Rub the Buddha, highlighted the weekend.

The total Round-Up figure amounted to $55,000. The Mothers' Auxiliary has already put the money to work with the new lighting system and field house.

Former Student Receives Diploma at Last

Betsy Meador was the top-ranked student in her junior class at Harpeth Hall in 1956, but she has not yet received a diploma from the school she praises.

Mrs. Meador, the former Betsy Lowe, left Harpeth Hall in1956 when she was 15. She got married and was asked not to return to the school; she went to Vanderbilt instead. After two years at Vanderbilt, she left Nashville altogether, moved to Arkansas, and raised four children.

She felt something missing in her life, however, and she commuted 50 miles to Wachata Baptist College in Archadelphia, Ark. to fulfill her desire to receive a degree in French.

Now an award-winning teacher, Mrs. Meador is coming home this spring to receive an honorary diploma at Step Singing, and she has much to say about Harpeth Hall's influence.

"Next to my family, the staff of Harpeth Hall has had the greatest influence on my life. I do not consider myself to be extraordinary in any way, but I am totally dedicated to learning and education and it was the teaching staff at Harpeth Hall who taught me to value knowledge and to work hard to attain it.

"It was the knowledge and discipline which they instilled in me which has made it possible for me to achieve my goals, both personal and professional.

"It is their example which I strive to follow in an environment as different from Harpeth Hall as night is from day. But what worked in a private school in Nashville, Tennessee often works in a public school in rural Arkansas.

"My students know Harpeth Hall, too, though they may never sit outside in the spring and feel and smell her warmth. They may never dance the minuet on George and Martha Washington Day, nor have a step singing to celebrate the graduation of another senior class. They know her through the anecdotes which I have recited to them in class and they know her through the standards I exact of them and which Harpeth Hall still exacts from me."

Teacher Turnover: More Than Just Another Pastry

As I look back over my six years at Harpeth Hall, recognizing the superiority of its academic and extra-curricular programs, I never regret my decision to attend Harpeth Hall. Although the work has been rigorous and the hours long, I have developed a love and dedication for the school. However, this love and dedication prompt me to discuss a problem that has developed over the last few years, a problem which I feel threatens the quality and effectiveness of the faculty and thus the school community in general.

Teacher turnover has become one of the leading concerns among students at the school. In 1984, the present senior class' first year in the upper school, the average upper school teacher had taught at Harpeth Hall for 8 years. By next year, the average will have dropped to 4.5 years. Even more startling than the overall statistics is the breakdown among departments. Next year, the average Upper School English teacher will have taught at Harpeth for .75 years as opposed to 9.3 years of experience four years ago. The history department's members averaged 6.25 years teaching at Harpeth Hall when we were freshmen, yet next year the average history teacher will have taught only 1.3 years.

In other areas, there has been more stability, but the teacher turnover exists as much in the state of mind of the student body as in the statistics. Why is it a problem, and how could it be solved? Is it even a problem?

In a *Logos II* interview with Chairman of the Board, Mary Stumb remarked, "I don't know whether that [teacher turnover] is good or bad. Certainly there's the advantage of keeping a teacher over a period of time; on the other hand, the most important thing is to get good faculty, whether they stay two years or twenty years."

Average Years Teaching at Harpeth Hall (in years)

	1984-85	1988-89
English:	9.3	.75
Social Sciences:	6.25	1.25
Science	14.5	9.0
Mathematics:	6.6	5.5
Language:	4.0	5.5

These figures encompass academic teachers in the upper school faculty

As a student who has spent the past six years as an involved member in almost every aspect of school life, I must disagree. It is true that we need quality faculty, but we also need a faculty which is devoted to Harpeth Hall as well as to teaching. Students need to establish lasting relationships with the adults who teach them. Teachers serve not only as information-givers but also as counselors, friends, and role models.

However, I am leaving too, and the problem of teacher turnover should not bother me as much as it would a junior who cannot have her sophomore or junior English teacher to write a recommendation for her because the entire English faculty are new or mere one year veterans.

I have to move on, but as a senior I'd like to be able to come back and see some familiar faces two or three years down the road. I want teachers who become as attached to Harpeth Hall as I have over the years, but this sort of devotion and attachment takes time to build.

I don't fully understand the roots of the problem, the problem itself or the way to correct it, but I have some ideas. As a student, I believe that the faculty as a resource which is more important than the physical grounds, the elaborate equipment and supplies, or the administration recognized as such both in terms of salary and policy decisions. Give teachers the recognition and rewards due to them and create a more attractive working environment which is more conducive to achieving their goals as teachers, and fewer teachers will leave for better jobs or for the pursuance of further degrees which will enable them to get better jobs.

This idea may seem idealistic, inadequate, or perhaps even ridiculous to some, but to me it makes a lot of sense. Although it does not recognize some of the factors that have effected the teacher turnover in the past years, it deals with the ones we have the power to solve.

Taking measures to attract and hold on to quality faculty is a small price to pay to preserve the tradition both for academic excellence and for meaningful teacher-student relations, and maybe it will give us seniors more reasons to come back and visit a few years down the road.

For Dad: May my Future Surprise You

by Jessica Gutow

During a recent discussion concerning my refusal of a date, my dad, a man of neither the "Happy Days" of the fifties, nor of the "Wonder Years" of the sixties, but of somewhere just previous to those eras, asked me how I expected to attend college football games if I refused to go with just anyone who had a ticket. I replied that I would date the quarterback or simply buy a ticket and go. Oh. My father realized what I have learned thus far at Harpeth Hall; I have learned to accomplish what I want to achieve, set goals and move towards them without the help of the people who have spare tickets. With the support of these people and with my own initiative, I can fully appreciate the rewards of my progress. Oh. I can watch the football game and write a glowing letter to my dad containing a play by play rendition of the most important moments, and I know that I understand the game.

There is a growing realization at Harpeth Hall: we are here to learn, not only higher mathematics than our fathers, but the leadership qualities necessary to run the corporations and the families of our generation. There are plenty of convocation addresses and lectures from parents related to the trend of fulfilling one's potential, and women have come a long way, baby. But each generation must first learn to walk and speak before it can undertake the advances of the previous generation. As young women, we must not only learn the fundamentals; we must appreciate our potential and strive to equate our position in society with that of men.

It can be done. Our lives at Harpeth hall serve as evidence to this fact everyday. We are striving and succeeding, but we must continue to do so when we leave this nurturing environment. At Harpeth Hall, we are forced to take initiative and complete the requirements of our teachers and ourselves. We accomplish because there are no men or martians to so it for us, and, subsequently, we understand that we can and want to achieve outside of school.

The opportunites avaibilable at Harpeth Hall are innumerable. There truly is a facet of school life that is appropriate to each student's needs. Often, one hears the complaint of lack of support for the basketball team or chorus, yet that dearth can be traced to the active participation of the potential supporters in other school sponsored events. It is each girl's obligation to find her niche and work hard to make her contribution to Harpeth Hall a valuable experience for herself and for her school. The students who accept the challenge of Harpeth Hall will ultimately take on the challenges of the "real" world and succeed beyond the expectations of society.

At Harpeth Hall, the phenomenon of women gaining the status their potential offers is a never ending trend. Each day is the beginning of the woman's movement because the school gives each student the opportunity to realize her potential at her own leisure. As each girl understands her limits and focuses an how to surpass those boundaries, the trend strengthens. Unlike bell bottoms, the trend of woman enlightening themselves continues through each high school class, each graduate, and each father's heart.

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We would also like to acknowledge Mrs. Emily Fuller as ***Logos II's*** *martyr and angel.*

Does the End Justify the Means?

by Ellen Maguire

"Why did I sell fifty raffle tickets?'" I find myself asking this question because I just found out that the thirty-two girls who did not wish to sell their tickets are going on a field trip down town, but the real catch is that they have to wear their uniforms. I'm reflecting on the fifty dollars that I spent to assure myself a day off in order to decorate for junior-senior prom and clear up a few last minute details.

Looking around, I realize all the benefits that I enjoy due to the Mother's Auxiliary and the money raised by the Round-Up. *Logos II's* new computer, Satan, is one of these little pleasures we enjoy due to our efforts with the raffle, and therefore, the idea of selling raffle tickets does not upset me because every time that I set down at the computer I'm so thankful that I'm not cutting and pasting galleys like *Logos* did in days gone by. The fact that we made almost $5,000 more in ticket sales is wonderful because I know that we will all enjoy benefits from the sale such as the new fieldhouse.

This year, the Mother's Auxiliary tried a new approach with the "day off" policy. On the Monday after spring break, they explained the new policy which would continue the tradition of letting students out from school if their class averaged sales of thirty tickets per student; however, their were two catches: one for those who do not care to sell any and take a ride on the efforts of others, an the second for those who always sell enormous amounts which cover up for those who did not wish to sell. This year the thirty tickets per girl average was maintained, but every girl must sell at least twenty to get out of school if her class achieved its goal. Those tired of depending on their classmates for a day off could guarantee themselves a restful day from school by selling their fifty tickets. The girls who did not sell any would simply report to school at 8:00 .M. in uniform on Friday morning, April 29.

I, like many others assumed that this day would be a simulation of a normal school day with the girls reporting to school and being confined to the campus in a study hall or a situation in which this very group could spend these eight hours accomplishing something. However, the day was not eight hours, but instead under five, and the work was not academic, but rather a field trip.

The fact that someone scheduled a teachers' in-service for April 29 shows an assumption that classes would not be held even if students did not sell their tickets.

Resorting to a field trip makes the whole idea pointless. I feel that the Mother's Auxiliary and Mr. Wood should get together and figure out a fair way to reward the girls who do sell. Next year I will think twice before handing in fifty dollars for a day off when a half day field trip downtown might be nice, and the best part is that it's free.



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Chorus Sings the Blues

letter to the editor

It has come to our attention that there has been a recent decline in the number of girls signing up for Upper School Chorus from sixty in 1986 to thirty in 1987 to only twelve for the upcoming 1988 school year. This drop shows an obvious lack of interest among students. We feel that there is a definite need to raise the awareness of the students and to stir some interest. The reason behind the drop in enrollment is unknown, but a great Harpeth Hall tradition is about to become obsolete.

Many students are unaware of the honors and awards that the chorus has received in recent years, including A's in local competition. These grades have guaranteed us a coveted place in the state choral competition which Harpeth Hall has never before participated in.

We attended a music sharing day with Baylor, McCallie, Brentwood Academy, and about eight other schools. We have performed Christmas programs, assemblies, spring concerts, and participated in the entertainment at the father-daughter banquet.

We all work hard on all these events, learning numerous amounts of notes and memorizing millions of words, both English and foreign. What a disappointment it was when almost no one showed up for these performance aside the required assemblies. Girls go out of their was to go see the student art show or the dance concert, but why won't they come hear us sing? What hurts even more is that no one even says "good job" or "thanks."

Yes, it is a lot of work, but it is fun and rewarding. We should be recognized along with those who dance or paint, but the person who should be recognized most is Mrs. Brummet. She gives one hundred percent of her time and effort to the chorus and to the school. Along with teaching upper school chorus and 6th, 7th, and 8th grade classes, she gives hours of individual voice lessons and coaches girls to go on to greater things like the All-State Chorus.

We would love to know why there is a lack of recognition for the chorus and a lack of people willing to participate next year. Some say it is because of the TSSAA's academic requirement for which art counts. Why can't chorus count, too? Perhaps the school should institute a five day per week chorus program which would include more theory and sight reading but would also allow those who only wish to perform attend the class at the normal three days per week. This would allow many to use chorus to fulfill the fine arts requirement and the TSSAA rules while letting chorus remain an extra, fun extracurricular for others.

Everyone should think a little more seriously about chorus and about signing up for next year because we need students to help keep our chorus program alive and so does Mrs. Brummet. Chorus really is fun and rewarding and it gives students a chance to broaden their horizons so please go sign up for chorus as soon as possible, and save the chorus, Mrs. Brummet, and a Harpeth Hall tradition.

Kara Sitton and Susan Chang, junior members of chorus

A Senior's Farewell

by Beth Blaufuss

I've always felt sort of sorry for the teachers here at Harpeth Hall. Most of us blubber our way through All Club Picnic, Step Singing, and graduation only four times during our careers here at the double H; we cry for our friends, our sisters, and ourselves, and then we leave.

The teachers get to sit over by the magnolia tree next to the drainage grate and watch girls hug and emote every year. They hug us too and wish us well, expressing to us their confidence in our promising futures. Then they disappear to wherever it is that teachers go in the summer and come back in the fall to start all over.

Underclassmen share a similar experience. They may be touched by a particular friend's departure or awed by the whole series of club and class serenades, tearful rituals, and rites of womanhood. But summer beckons, and there are simply too many things to look forward to in coming years for them to fell a tremendous sense of loss. I don't expect them to appoint me Queen for a Day just for leaving. Everybody's got to do it sometime, and now it's my turn.

"Just another song about travellin' down the highway,\ Can't say much of anything that's new," croons Carole King in this year's senior class song. And she's right. There's not much you can say about graduation that hasn't been said before. It's all pretty and sad and glorious, one hundred girls in white dresses parading across the auction block set up in front of the library and walking off, hunter green diplomas in hand, into a future of colleges, careers, families, and success. It's all nostalgic, dignified, and a little corny.

I always wondered how I would have turned out had I gone to another school. People seem to want to wax poetic about their high school at graduation, as much as they might have cursed it up to that point. I guess that, looking out over the lawn in front of Souby Hall on a spring day, feeling the forbidden sunlight on my face, crunching under my saddle oxfords the black nostoc which floats down from the roof, and looking at the white-washed buildings lumbering clumsily down the hill, I too feel a profound sense of place and a quiet conviction that, although I have nothing really to base it on, I wouldn't want to be any place else.

I'm going to miss this place. I'm happy to be going and I need to go, but for seven years I've had a second home, a group of friends, and a place to grow, and moving on is hard. There's nothing unique about my experience or my feelings. Soon I'll be just another name on a list to be attacked for alumnae donations. But for now I think I'll sniffle a little bit and take a quiet walk through the halls. My adolescence passed through them, and for a minute or two, I want to acknowledge its passing.

Literature vs. Film

by Becky Bond, Annis Marney, Kelly Doyle, Lisa Dukes, and Julia Trabue

We are the video generation. We learned to count in English and Spanish on Sesamee Street, We learned to sing with Fran on Jelly Bean Junction, and we learned how to paint "professionally" wiht the old men on Channel 8. Ah the joys of youth! High school approached, however, and homework replaced television or so we thought.

Video medium is indeed a helpful teaching aid especially in history classes where students can actually see footage of what was happening twenty years ago instead of merely reading about it. In English literature classes watching plays that were meant to be seen, not read, can facilitate better understanding of work. Video tapes are a tool of teaching and should not come to replace reading literature. For an English class to watch a director's film interpretation of a novel instead of reading what the author had to say the use of video hinders instead of helps the student.

The English department is asking for its own VCR in order to make it easier to view more videos in the classroom. Maybe having their own VCR would be more convenient in terms of scheduling, but as concerned seniors we look upon this request as a sign of the growing use of the T.V. as a teacher. Watching a movie takes about three class periods which we would rather be spent on discussion of the author's work, not the directors'. If movies are shown out of class, they enhance the course, but while we're in our literature class for the slight fifty minutes we are allotted each day, we would much rather stick to real thing.

The Meaning of Life

by Lihbin Shiao

"Only a Memoryyyyy..."

As that last refrain played through my mind, I thought for the first time what the song meant. The past is only a memory and "If you forget your mind, you'll be freeeee," or so David Bowie says. It's true, but without memory what or who are you? Like being reborn? Without that stop, that knowledge of values of self, what are you but an empty shell? Memories aren't easily forgotten, especially happy or painful ones. Enough drugs and alcohol may help you forget--momentarily. Who wants it? It's worse afterwards to remember it like the incident just happened. Happiness comes in dreams, yearnings for memories of a past that never was, and the fulfillment of those dreams either in reality or in your dreams. Lobotomies are ugly, destructive operations, bringing peace(?) to the one who has it. Disgusting. Peace like that is a purgational wait for death out of control, like death. Life is the struggle for identifying oneself, self-expression, self-giving to others, to the world. The meaning of life "...is not the pursuit of happiness but the happiness of pursuit." Life should not be a train of repetition, of machinery, of shifts between boredom and interest. It should be like a myriad of objects coming towards you as you approach them. "You only go around once. Enjoy it while you can." "Life is Gisum." "here is no meaning to life. It is simply time spent waiting to die, like the rest of the animals."

Who knows? The meaning of life is the quest for the meaning . To define something no one can fully answer, because each person must find their own meaning, is ludicrous. Find yourself, for yourself to define self. Do it your way. It's your attitude.

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Logos II would like to thank those members of the Harpeth Hall community who supported the paper through monetary contributions. In addition to the names listed, several anonymous donations were received.

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Special thanks also goes to **Mr. and Mrs. William F. Blaufuss, Jr.** *for the donation of Quark software.*

Portrait of the Actress: Pride, Prejudice & Panic

by Julia Sutherland

We have two hours until curtain--plenty of time. All I have to do is my make-up and have my hair done and then put my costume on. Plenty of time. Is someone making a food run? Here's a dollar--bring me back something chocolate. O.K. I have to make three people look over forty years old. First the dark brown, then the white. Now smear. Done. Stand back. O.K., you look old enough. Next! Someone put in the Peter, Paul and Mary tape, please. Are they back withthe food yet? Oh my gosh--it's 7:00 already. Alright, a whole hour, plenty of time. Put on the false eyelashes--ugh! Burn these things! I look terrible! Does anyone have any blush? Thanks. Puff! Turn up Puff! It's "Puff the Magic Dragon"--turn it up! 7:30. Only thirty minutes left. Will someone go over my lines with me? Oh, Lord, please let me be good tonight! Where are my gloves?! Has anyone seen my gloves? Someone zip me up please. Don't forget the hook at the top--otherwise the audience will get more than it asked for. That would be just my luck.

"15 MINUTES TO CURTAIN! CIRCLE IN THE LITTLE THEATRE!"

Is that what stage managers live for? To yell over and over again how long we have until we die? Until we find our whether six weeks of rehearsal will be wasted or not?! They roam up and down the hall yelling "15 minutes! 15 minutes!" Someone tell them to shut up!

"10 MINUTES!"

I want to strangle someone. O.K. Don't be nervous. You shouldn't be nervous. My brain is calm but my shaking hands must not be aware of that.

"PLACES!"

Good luck...good luck! Break a leg! Boy, I'm glad I'm not in the first scene. Now I'm bored. Someone socialize with me.

"PLACES FOR SCENE TWO!".

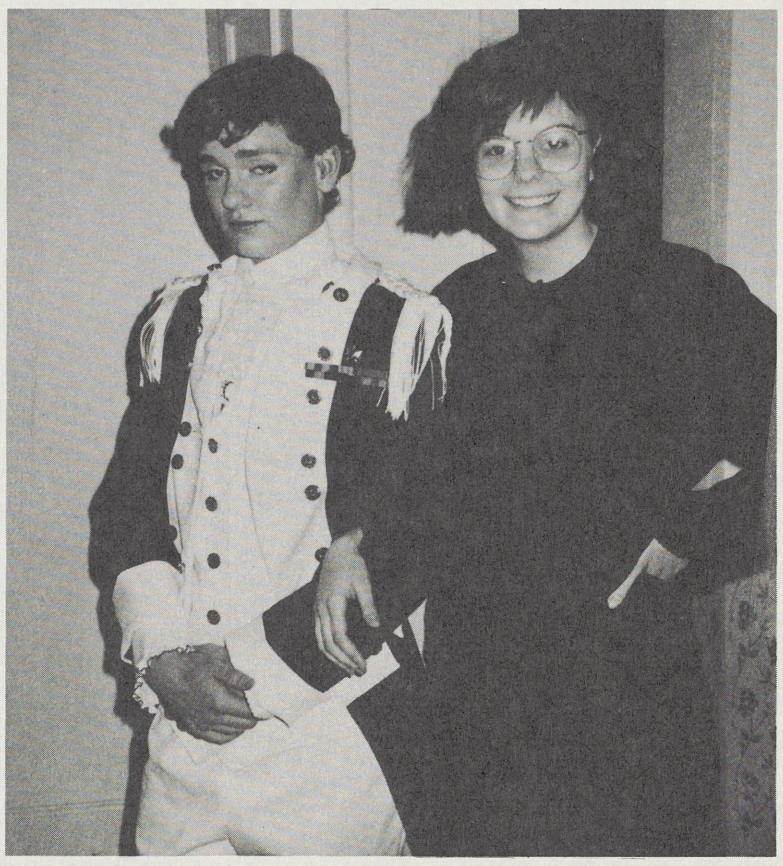
Blackout--

Sure it's over. I'm so sure it's over. I can't believe it. It went by so fast. (Bow) great audience! Really great. We did it! It worked! At least they're clapping. Wow--I didn't mess up or anything--they love me! I feel like Sally Field. They love us!!

(Hold hands up... and down) wow, it's over--it's dark. I can't see! Come on, open the curtains up again. Too bad. No standing ovation. Maybe tomorrow.

For non-actors, this is the basic actress' plight on opening night. This was the opening night of *Pride and Prejudice* which is the tale of a mother and her struggle to get her three daughters married off to rich men. The mother was fine, the daughters were fine. Most everything was fine except that it wasn't working--that is, not until Friday night.

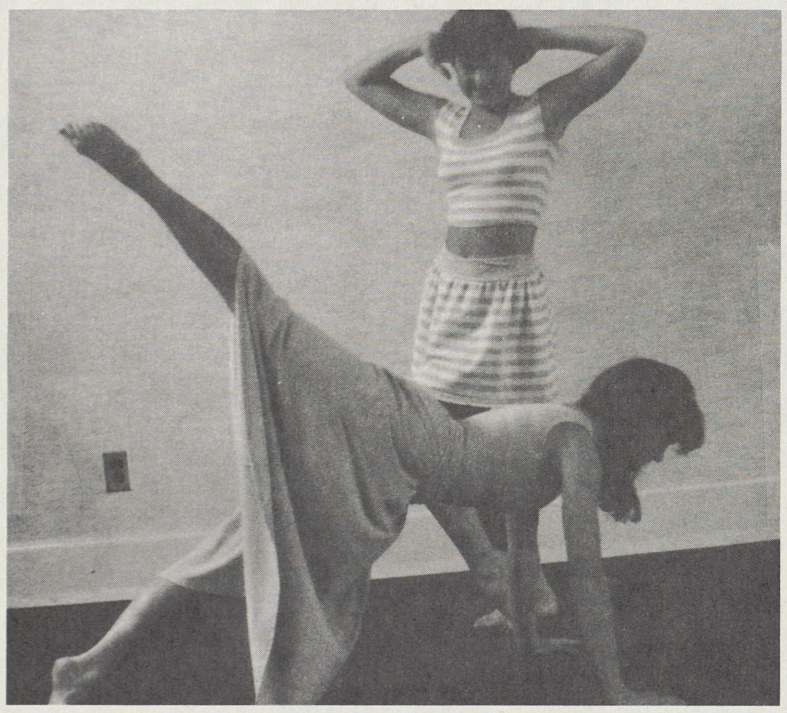
The cast amazingly pulled the play together with the help of a wonderful audience, which by the way was even more wonderful Saturday night. But still, no standing ovation. All things considered, the play went marvelously. The script and the characters were difficult to work with, and it took time for Mrs. Klocko, the new director, to get used to the actors and visa-versa.



Dudley Do-Right, alias Peter Dudly alias Fitzwilliam, practices his romantic form with stage manager Lyn Robinson.

But the cast became very close, and we were determined to put on a great show. The people who came to the show not only witnessed a collaboration of lines being thrown on stage but also a special relationship between the members of the cast and crew that made the play come to life and finally make sense. Congratulations to everyone who had anything to do with the show! Need I say it AGAIN?

Move It 'Til You Lose It





The 1988 Dance Concert consisted of seven pieces choreographed by Ms. Hamilton, Ms. Matthews, and the members of the four dance clubs.

The show opened with a modern piece, "If the Shoe Fits," a jazz suite featuring senior dancers Tricia Ptomey and Lynne Hampton. Changing the pace, the ballet takes a serious approach with four classical movements to create "Intertwinings." "Pieces of a Puzzle," performed by the entire modern club, presents an original musical composition by Jeffrey Teague. "Right from the Start," by Earl Klugh, and " Still Crazy" showcase the talents of the jazz club.

"They Dance Alone," based on a Sting song that tells of the Central American women in mourning who express their grief by dancing with pictures of love ones that they have lost. The modern club dedicated this piece to Manely Ramirez-Abella, Harpeth Hall's first exchange student, who died for her beliefs while held in detention by the Argentine government. One of Manely's classmates, Sue Fort-White, commended the dancers for their moving tribute.

The tap club ends the concert on a lighter note with "Suite Jelly Roll," inspired by the sounds of Jelly Roll Morton. At the end of the piece the full company joined the tap club for the finale. The leadership of senior dancers and the cohesiveness of the groups combined with the long hours of practice and preparation in order to mesmerize the audience with the often underestimated art form of dance.

Summer Reading:

Fun for Everyone

by Becky Bond and Ellen Maguire

"I am glad I did it, partly because it was well worth it,
and chiefly because I shall never have to do it again."
Mark Twain

Freshmen:

Once and Future King: The rise of Albert Gore to political greatness(?) despite his lady liege.

Tom Sawyer: How one simple operation brought him/her fame, fortune, and the anchorship of *60 Minutes.*

Sophomores:

My Antonia: A futuristic tale chronicling President Mario Cuomo's quest to change the national anthem.

Jane Eyre: Mrs. Norris narrates her fascinating chemistry lab in which she vaporizes tardy sophomores only to discover to everyone's dismay that she cannot reverse the experiment.

Madame Bovary: The story of Elsie's tragic fall from grace with the American Dairy Association following her relationship with a certain televagelist and the cow that replaced her--a spellbinding tale of love, intrigue, and sad political truths.

Juniors:

Pride and Prejudice: Glad you saw the play, might want to rent the movie, better read the book.

Tale of Two Cities: A scintillating look at the intertwined histories of Antioch and Smyrna.

Wuthering Heights: A tale a world renown flagpole sitter and the woman that he loves.

Seniors:

Henry James', "Daisy Miller" and "Washington Square": Irritating twits stay indoors and talk a lot.

Huck Finn: The secret story of Flipper's evil twin.

Scarlet Letter: The grade that no one attained on the 1987 senior summer reading test.

There is no frigate like a book...



Annis Marney: the Morehead is back at Harpeth Hall

Terror Strikes Rising Seniors

The SAT Threat Prevails

by Paige Ferragina

It is the best of times, it is the worst of times; it is the age of enlightenment, it is the age of confusion; it is the season of excitement, it is the season of nervous stomach aches; we are all going directly to Princeton, we are all going directly to Miss Lola's School of Beauty: in short, the period of the COLLEGE DECISION has arrived.

The COLLEGE DECISION can be defined as the span of time in which a student seeks out a higher institution of learning suitable to her needs. It can also be defined as the time students create as many pessimistic one liners possible in response to the word "COLLEGE."

Examples:

A: "Where are you going to COLLEGE?

B: "Hah! I think they'll let me in at the Miami School of Acupuncture!"

or

A:"I just get so confused when I think about COLLEGE."

B:"Hey--I don't want to hear it. I'll probably go to Nashville Auto-Diesel College."

We soon become experts on COLLEGE cliches: "There is no one perfect school for you--there are many," or "Colleges are selling themselves to you as much as you are selling

'We are all going directly to Princeton, we are all going directly to Miss Lola's School of Beauty"

yourself to the colleges."

Though phrases like these provide temporary comfort, we still are dissatisfied. We are told to apply to a "safe" school, a "reach" school, and one in the middle. My problem is this "middle." Is that "middle" as in the middle of America, such as Colorado College, or "middle" as in Middlebury?

Whatever the case may be, college apprehension is rampant. Girls begin to prioritize what they seek in a COLLEGE. Usually, these all boil down to one main concern: the boy-girl ratio.

We are faced with a neverending process of decision. You first decide on test dates to take the SAT, ACT, ACH, fill out your biography, mail it off, take the tests, get your scores, visit campuses, obtain applications (after you've decided where to apply), fill them out send them off, receive acceptances (or rejections) and decide on where you're going to COLLEGE.

Not to worry! Don't lose heart! All we have to do (as Frank Rhodes, President of Cornell University tells us) is to define our goals, know our options, and then "fit them together as comfortably and intelligently" as possible.

After much study and careful examination, a group of juniors in the Bear Lair one day developed the best way to end the college decision struggle: pick the pennant most appealing and apply there.

Where Are They Now: A Look Into the Past and the Future

by Annis Marney

Today's adult pursues an average of three different careers in a lifetime. Although many people have heard this statement, few people experience this trend first hand before leaving high school. For the last three years, however, at least five of the ten teachers who resigned near the end of the 1984-85 school year have changed either their entire profession, or at least their jobs have taken on quite a new twist. Where did they go from here? The answer takes more than one article to explain, but the general picture certainly tells a diverse and exciting story.

Ginger Justus. After years of teaching philosophy and government and chairing the history department at Harpeth Hall, and with a law degree looming in her range of talents, Mrs. Justus practiced law full time at the King and Ballow law firm for a year. After finally practicing full time (following part time work while a teacher at Harpeth Hall), she decided to return to her true calling as a teacher at Belmont College. Interestingly, she teaches several philosophy courses and has taught a government class theat she swears is identical to the class she taught here--who needs college with preparation like that?

Betty Marney. After ten years in the English department, heading it for several, Dr. Marney followed a family tradition and private desire by entering Vanderbilt Law School. She graduated on May 13 of this year and will practice full time at King and Ballow after taking the bar exam this July. After experiencing the other side of the podium for the first time in a long while, Dr. Marney definitely misses teaching. But besides getting to add another degree to her list of accomplishments, she thinks she will be a better and more perceptive teacher if she decides to leave the legal field later on.

Dona Gower. After years of working side-by-side with Dr. Marney in the English department, Dr. Gower went to the Hockaday School in Dallas, where she taught under headmistress Idanelle McMurray, former head of Harpeth Hall. After one year of teaching at Hockaday, Dr. Gower took the position of Director of the Teachers' Academy at the Dallas Institute of the Humanities and Culture. In accordance with her dedication to the instruction of English literature, she has become an integral part of an organization which instructs high school teachers in the classics in terms of content rather than method in an attempt to improve their overall teaching abilities. She writes in a recently-published special report issued by the Dallas Institute that "the Teachers' Academy can be a model for the nation in making available courses of study which rekindle the fervor for teaching and for the academic life which is the sustaining power in a difficult and heroic vocation!"

Phoebe Drews. After nurturing the Junior Classical League at Harpeth Hall and directing the Latin program for years, Mrs. Drews went to Apollo Junior High for one year and then to John Overton High School for another year teaching French, Spanish, and Latin. She has most recently settled down at the University School of Nashville where she started a Latin program and teaches Spanish as well.

Although she has always kept an incredibly busy schedule, life in the metro schools system was almost too hectic--even for her. She believes that her move to the University School will be a lasting one, and her desire to remain in the teaching profession remains unquestionable.

Dugan Davis. After diagramming everything that did not move during her years in the middle school English department, Dugan Davis has most recently received the *Tennessean's* Outstanding Volunteer of the Week Award in April. Through Outlook Nashville, Mrs. Davis has given enormous amounts of time and effort to help the handicapped and underprivileged. She was named a finalist for the prestigious Mary Strobel Award which is given to a Nashvillian who has contributed to the community unselfishly as Mary Strobel until her death three years ago.

Anita Schmid. After teaching psychology, counseling ninth and tenth graders, and organizing Winterim, Mrs. Schmid's new interest lies in a realm which requires careful instruction. She works as a trainer for correctional officers at the DeBerry Correctional Institute. She works with wardens to screen and train the officers to deal efficiently with inmates in a maximum security setting. She instructs the officers to be aware of dangers and to follow correct procedures for handling the inmates' problems.

Although this covers only a portion of the teachers who have left Harpeth hall in the last few years, it certainly sheds light on the flexibility and talent of the faculty. While we know many of our teachers in other contexts than merely the classroom, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that many teachershave abilities and interests beyond the scope of the classroom which merit investigation and, in many respects, applause.

There Is a Monster (in my Bed)

Actually
I dream
of monsters
hybrid of my life
hibernating no longer

They kill--I kill
blood is only implied
I am squemish

We are enclosed in space
maybe Gothic--maybe Wright
on a flat picture plane
small
only as deep as my skull
only as deep as my skull is wide

no impression
of any one object
surfaces--it is
after all
a flat picture picture plane
cluttered
people, objects, monster
me

New day--new monster
I itch-I scratch

Lyn Marie Robinson
Poet Laureate, 1988



You Can't Take It With You. . .

The Last Will & Testament of the Class of 1988

We, Valeria Armistead and Alexis Stanton, being of joint mind and gorgeous bod do hereby bequeath the entire Harpeth Hall institution of higher learning to all the underclassmen because we don't want to part with anything of value. To our darling little sis Diana (who got out of town) we leave the waterbed to do with what you will. To Tony Springman we leave a raincoat (watch out). In the memory of Jimmy Warren, we will meet you at Ruby Tuesday's. To Funk, we leave you a bottle of antihistamine ointment. To Art Echerd we leave the Hyatt--forever. To the real Spanish clubbers we thank you for our "Tuesday Night Dinners." To all future detention hall attendants we leave our unique skill of collecting garbage weekly. To Mrs. Manier, we leave years of aggravation and 100 more like us. To D&G&J, in memory of Arivés, on your Senior S.B.: watch the pervs and don't lose the car. To Paige, we leave a date with Michael Spence at Friday's and Betty Davis eyes. To future generations, we leave the best four years of our lives and hope y'all have as much fun as we did.

I, Cynthia Averbuch, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Rebecca Miller my offices and all the branches; to Elizabeth Kraft and Becky Burke Schlanger and BBG; to Jana Friedman a phone since Brian is leaving; to Christi Dickson a Monkee-mobile; to Beth Blaufuss a piggy-back ride; to Catherine Mayes (buddy), a VCR and a copy of The Sure Thing; to Dr. Cooper a book on France and some maps; to Mrs. Oxley my ultimate intelligence in Calculus and a ceiling marker board for class on the floor; to Shana MacKenzie a picture of Ron and "Dennis Connor"; to Mary Lee McGinnis, a home copy of the $25,000 Pyramid game; and to Harpeth Hall and future students I leave the wonderful memories I have of six great years.

I, Mary Lauren Barfield, do hereby leave: my sister, Dorothy, an answering machine so she will get all of Molly Meyer's messages; to Karen Dismukes, a fake I.D. and ALL my hours with Barbara; to Amanda Mathews, free counseling hours and my pretty toes; to Julie (Juls) Riven, my nickname "Flirt";To Ellen Ozier, a box of Kleenex for the movies and money to go get your film developed at Dury's; To Murray Polk, my HH tennis uniform along with my tennis ability; to Eleanor Fuqua, my free-throw lessons with Malcolm; to Mr. Turnbull, lots of luck to become a preacher like Dr. Jim Forbes; to Dr. Jim (Cooper), a pair of white bucks so your wardrobe will be complete; to Anna Gray Anderson and Jody Bainbridge, a tube of neosporin and a box of bandages to cure your scrapes from the motor scooter accident; to Jenny Walker, Julie Riven and Jennifer Rose, a FUN weekend when you road-trip it to Ole Miss next year; and last but not least, Jose (Jody B.), good luck and I'll miss ya!!!

I, Lethia Batey, being of sound mind and somewhat sound body, do hereby bequeath the following items: to Sarah Nash, my rap tapes and Channel 22 so you can see Video Soul; to Rose, a side-view mirror to replace the one that she knocked off while driving reverse with ice on the windows; to Lisa B. and Sally, my sunny disposition & rap ability; to the rising Juniors, the realization that you do not sing your class song on Senior Recognition Day, unlike your predecessors; to Leslie Maddox, my sarcastic sense of humor; to Tina Collins, the ability to corn row your hair; to Dr. Echerd, all my Reggae albums; to Dr. Cooper, the ability to deal with whining and complaining students; to Eleanor Fuqua, patience; to Lucy, a year's supply of French fries to repay all the ones you gave me; to Fred, a better memory; to Mrs. Klocko, the realization that young girls can't lift heavy furniture and carry it downstairs.

I, Beth Blaufuss, would like to leave the following: to the Harpeth Hall community and the English department in particular, silence; to Abigail Goldberg, the knowledge that I am always right; to Mr. Turnbull and Julia Trabue, my last name; to Mr. Jones, a promise to laugh at any of his jokes; to the drama department, my painting shoes, the storage room, a complimentary warm-up ("1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8!"), and cast party traditions (preferably without furniture); to Lauren Rosen, Guido; to Julia Sutherland, a tape of me singing the songs from Big River; to Ellen Maguire, Satan and a tub o' yogurt; to Carrington Nelson, a can of purple paint; to Annis Marney, one last offer to paint the Milestones room and my Georgetown acceptance letter; to Shana Mackenzie, one day without a curling iron; to Christi Dickson, a wench in the pocket--It was great today, Thanks!; to Cynthia Averbuch, my Morroccan belly dancing skills; to Jessica Gutow, my family to adopt, my brother to run over, and the best of luck in running this baby; to Catherine Mayes, I leave everything from Jody to Bulldog to Sorrento, a promise to keep on trolling with you, a moon pie in the park, and my love; to Anne, I leave a billboard on MBA's campus with your picture and your name so that guys and everyone else won't call you Beth; to my parents, eternal gratitude for their patience, persistence, and love; and to Harpeth Hall, thanks for what I have become.

I, Becky Bond, being of questionable mind and body that survivedOutward Bound, do hereby leave Annis Marney an unrealistic view of life and a "wavelength" of her very own; to Betsy Nichols, my subscription to the *Workers Vanguard*; to Annie B., pleasant memories of Milestones roadtrips; to Dabney Ledyard, great sympathy for the death of Churchill et al; to Kathy Hamling I leave some inhibitions; to Jessica Gutow and Ellen I bestow Logos II, known for its wit and wisdom (in that order); to Jessica I also leave best of luck getting into Williams; to Suzanne Armfield I leave my pseudoeditorship and luck getting into Princeton; to Kelly Doyle and Dabney I leave the church of bunk and pride in being a member of the lollipop guild.

I, Anne Breinig, leave my supply of pennies for making copies in the library to Lyn Robinson & my red suede purse to Ware. I want to give Erin a real tan and as many sick days as she wants. I'm leaving my car to Olivia. I don't want to leave my frustrations with colleges to anyone. I leave my star spot in the dance concert to Cynthia, and I leave Leslie a new boyfriend.

I, Jenny Burke, would like to leave the following: to Liz, who so considerately left me WJC, him in return; to Traci, my inscrutable knowledge of Precalculus; to Paige, Randall, dog face disguises, strawberry yogurt with granola, a powdered doughnut, and a diet pepsi, as many Thursday nights as we could possibly survive, the Häagen Dazs bathroom sink, and last but not least the long-haired dude in a black Celica; to Karen, my telephone; to Meg and Ashley, Adrian, the security guard, Davie, and Sean.

I, Julie Cantrell, of shriv- eled mind and -- oh, shriveled body, too,--do bequeath: Gosh, to my good friend and companion, Abigail Goldberg, I hereby leave all my Sting tapes, so that she may enjoy them even more than she does now; to my dearest pal "Bobyn" I leave my worthless Sting ticket (for which we faced freezing temperatures and a sea of groupies!), as well as my history notes and a magnifying glass, for ultimate reading pleasure. To Beth Blaufuss I leave my "Groucho Schnoz," so that she can dress up like me on Halloween; to Allison Cummings I leave my horrendous schedule because she said she wanted it; why, I don't know, but I'll throw in a pack of M &M 's to help her through it all. To Lauren Rosen I leave my false eyelashes because I know they will not irritate her eyes; to Richard Speight I will leave The Shadow Box and Lovers, so he can take them back to the Acting Studio; to Becky Bond I shall donate my "Not playing with a full duck" sweatshirt; to Mr. Jones I will leave my Physics' book because he needs a new one; to Mary Bryan I will leave a most cherished Sniglet:"*Charp:* the deformed potato chip having a burnt and green edge to it, appearing in every chip bag,"; and I will throw in $6.68 for some chicken fingers at The Cooker; to Sarah Ruccio I will gladly donate my dazzling coiffe, and to Dr. Echerd I will donate my tennis racket so he can change pointers every now and then. Also, I would like to leave my marvellous bookload and a wheelbarrow to Harpeth Hall, so that they can raffle it off at the next Round-Up; to Betsy Nichols I will leave my copy of Picnic at Hanging Rock, so she can see what true art is; and finally, to Mrs. Oxley, Mrs. Phillipon-Daniel, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Turnbull I leave all my thanks, toil, struggle, confusion, and knowledge, and when you're all with me we'll do lunch. Okay?

I, Tina Collins, of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Lisa Bee, my soundproof car, the chicken (which makes a great house pet), all events in Fla., and all of the crazy nights spent looking for something to do. Also, you deserve a final reprise of "Somewhere Down That Crazy River" and "Welcome to the Jungle!" I love you babe-- keep in touch. To Mrs. Brummett I leave my ability to talk back, mouth off and refuse to do anything you say. To Ms. Matthews I leave all of my fat; to Whitney and John, I leave you my friendship and the never-ending message to please call me back. Thanks for the memories, Harpeth Hall! I love you.

I, Catherine Creagh, being of sound mind and-- well, just sound mind-- do hereby leave the following to friends, family & Harpeth Hall School: "Boy Wonder" back to Elizabeth plus the grey swatch, the acid wash, and a jar of vaseline; the best to my sister Susie, because she will be a member of the 'ole Seven Year Club-- mercy, my sister Mary's going to be in sixth grad next year (I really think my parents planned this); to Kara Sitton & Anne Hightower I leave all the great times that I had as a senior & the Chattanooga "Parade of Cheerleaders"; to the track team, lots of luck; to all my teachers, thanks- especially Ms. Renkl & Mr. Tuzenu; to the AP class of French, the ability to look like you know French as well as the Advanced French III students; to my parents & the Daanes, thank you!!!!!!; to my best friend, Olivia, I leave Washington '87, Michigan '86, all types of SAS shoes--especially rounded-toe leather ones like William's! To Lisa K.: Muhatma Ghandi drawings in a hot place; to Courtenay -- I don't know, endurance or enthusiasm or something that sounds good; to Anne Crook, Collins & Kathy, booblesth forever!; to Erin, wonderful prom dates-- let's go lie out at the YMCA; to Lissa, I leave the University at GA (the guys are not good-looking, Naw!); to Tara & Karen-- It's Y'all's turn to stay with Gran-Gran: to Frank, the ability to be a great guy in spite of the Freshman 50 (Just a joke!); to Kelly Doyle, Da, Do Do Do, Da Da Da Da, That's all I want to say to you (The Police) & "I think (know) I've had enough!" & "What? Gummie Bears?!? Nice!"

I, Anne Crook, do hereby leave all of my Harpeth Hall uniforms to my little sister Molly, my wonderful driving talents after soccer practice to Courtney Coker, my 2 "free cokes" from Mr. T to Clark "Coolness" Elam, a big red apple on Mrs. Oxley's desk with a college permission form, a special pile of paper shreds on Ms. Renkl's floor, the famous "CFB's" to anyone who wants them, the name "Bobcat" to anyone who took part in Chattanooga Ramada Inn, an 8X10 picture of "The Jerk" and Dina LaTruka for Katie, 5 free slammers for Traci, an annual "Shorts Day" (instead of dud's day) to Harpeth Hall, my broken car key to Andrea and Marci BOTH, an autographed picture of Bob Grigsby in his wrestling suit to C-Dubs, all of our partnerships and wrestling matches to Kathy "Flash" Hamling, all of my late-night phone calls to Trace, a free round of Donuts at "The Den" to Traci and Suse, an autographed poster of "Nassar" to everyone on the France trip, a bottle of "Lomotil" for Lauren, a date with the J. Crew guy for every dateless senior who craves him, a game of 21 questions with "Flirt", Doug's hose to Jules and my own hose to C-Dubs, Dr. Bouton's phone number for Maria, a special thanks to Katie for all of those fun nights (you know what I mean!), my wonderful French accent to Catherine Creagh, a trip to the beach for Andrea, a "Bloody-mates" symbol for Stacey, Beth and Katie, annual X-mas cards from Martinez to Susie, a tinted window to hide from Katie to Jennifer McRedmond, yet another 23-page history paper for Dr. Cooper, a 1st-period weight-training class at college for J.R., and a free perm appointment for Katie from her mom.

I, Olivia Daane, do hereby leave a number of important things to a number of important people. To Mrs. Lentz I leave a year's supply of peanut M&M's to replace the ones I ate to regain my health this year in her office. To Helen Kyger I leave a bowl of pureed shrimp at The Cloisters. To Mrs. Oxley I of course must leave a glossary of unanswerable questions. To Mary Bryan I leave my patent for a Bon Jovi prom theme to use for Davidson Homecoming. To Ms. Myers, I promise to leave a term paper. To Beth Sullins I leave another study hall as good as 3rd period. To the graduating classes of the future I leave good luck and success, because at Harpeth Hall you can use the first as you find the other. To Ms. Matthews I'll just leave. . . without any excuses.

I, Christi Dickson, do hereby leave to Cynthia Averbuch, my trusty cohort, my Monkee-mobile and 4 more years of my smiling face (at Emory); to Shana MacKenzie, I leave my Jimmy Buffett tape-- The weather is here, I wish you were beautiful-- and my regards to Benji!; to Catherine Mayes, I leave my race car driver and my "How to Chase Boys"

handbook; to Beth Blaufuss, I leave "The stuck-up sailors of the Pinafore" and several Morroccan men-- It was great today, Than ks; to Lauren Rosen I leave our bachelors-- "Take off, eh!"; to Jess "the Glide Goot" Gutow, I leave my room key to suite 508, my recipe for frozen jello, and a box of Neopolitan ice cream; to Erin Moroney, I leave "K", hard rock cookies and David Hudgins with his glasses on; to Anne-Kristin Sundell, I leave my HH swimsuit and my Monday night lifeguarding job; to Rebecca Miller, I leave my incredible knowledge of French vocabulary; to Mary Bryan, I leave my entire U2 collection and my English text book; to Lillian Roe, I leave Bachelor #4 and the Harpeth Hall Honeybarracudas; to Mr. Jones, I leave "more sniglets"; to Jennifer Farnette, I leave my Aerosmith album; to Leslie Maddox, I leave Patrick Nicks' phone number and my sincere thanks for her help during my first difficult months at Harpeth Hall.

I, Karen Doochin, feel it my duty to bequeath the following memories; to Meghan Smithwick, another long year of chasing David; to Marg and Amy, I leave my unique knowledge of chemistry; to Frances Shears, a cucumber; to Warden Baughman, a large detention pad; to Diz, many more nights with an algebra tutor full of gossip; to my loving sister Julie, I leave a driving cap; to Amy Williams, many more fun times on the g.c.; to Sarah Roberts, many good times with my Big Al; to Grayson, more kegs in your kitchen; to Ms. Renkl, I leave a room filled with paper shreds; and, in memory of Ray-Baby Frontain, Alex and I leave a bottle of "c" and "tuee." CCFOD!

I, Kelly Doyle, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following: to Jenny Walker, my appetite and my love of basketball; to Shea Duling, the right to yell, "*Eugepae*;" to Anne Hightower, my bank statements; to Anne Keeble, my phone bills to California; to Sarah Roberts, my excellent 100m breastroke time; to Kristin Dietrich, one case of limes and my vine-climbing abilities; to Annis Marney, my love for South American imports; to Becky Bond, my admiration; to Lisa Dukes, the right to walk in any house at any hour of the night; to Dabney Ledyard, a hug; to Holly Shears, 100 copies of elongated face and EarlaMeyer; to Julia Trabue, my love for chipmonk breath; to Edith Trost, my ability to sleep during take-off; to Gordon Turnbull, my love for English literature; to Diann Shoaf, my everlasting gratitude; to the Class of '88, all my love.

I, Abigail Goldberg, being of fried mind and short-and-dumpy body, do bequeath the following things to the following people: to Jessica Gutow, I leave a nice Jewish boy who will give you a beautiful home and lots of nachas; to Julia Sutherland, I leave my thanks and love for her continuous support of me and everything I did; to Mrs. Brummett, I leave my admiration and respect; to my Milestones staffers, I leave the overdue copies with which I no longer have to deal-- talk to Jessica, guys; to my fellow Milestones editors, I leave my worthless vote; to Beth Blaufuss, I leave the haunting knowledge that I am always right; to Ms. Myers, I leave my love and everlasting appreciation for her continual support; to Guy Smith and Peter Dudley, I leave fond memories of David's Cookie runs, video nights, and, most importantly, drives in the park; to Julie Cantrell and Robyn Growdon, I leave my love, respect, and wishes for a successful future, whatever it may be. Keep in touch-- I love you. To Mom, Dad, Debbie, Danny, and Nathan-- you're the best. I love you so much. I leave my heartfelt thanks for a beautiful 18 years.

I, Susie Graber, being of sound body and mind, leave these items to the following people before I journey into the real world: to Marci Rosenblum (the only senior), a Happy Meal at McDonald's; to Katie Braden, fun with the guy--Say hi to the Johnson kids for me; to Paige Ferragina, good health--don't faint; to Helen Kyger, a night of cutting loose, cross country meets, & my Lone Justice tape; to Julie Riven, a letter from Darren & a place to stay at Northwestern; to Ann-Kristin Sundell, our incredible movie that is no more, "She PUSHED me!", Little Miss Virginia from the state of Virginia, & Cinderella; to Molly Crook, your own phone next year, while Annie's away at school; to Jenny Walker, some good gossip; to Sally Sprouse & Suzanne Armfield, fun running next year! Don't miss my complaining; to Shawn Hodde, free doughnuts; to Eleanor Fuqua, many track medals & an awesome senior year; to Carrington Nelson, a nice slow walk, an easy pace, Icees & Hostess cupcakes, your own sports bra, how bout a Fresca? What's Goofy? Have fun! I love ya; to Clark Elam, We survived it! An easy pace, playing hooky, my nervous stomach, the ability to take your keys out of your car before you lock it. Have fun! To Virginia Brooks, the latest news, have fun at St. Tim's! To Eleanor Clay & Charlotte Napier, time trials; and the Michael Maxwell, knowledge of your past life, hypnosis tapes, the latest nes, and a killer Spring Break next time.

I, Karen Greer, leave to Paige the ability to understand Mr. Wert at all times and wish her good luck for the rest of her math career; To Eleanor, Carter, Jenny and Beth, the joys of spending 3/4 of your time at MBA; to mary Margaret, Jennifer L. and Alaine, I enjoyed being your "Big Sister" and I hope you enjoy the rest of your time at Harpeth Hall as much as I did; to all of the "Bahama Mamas", "WE MUST DO THIS AGAIN!!!" To Tutt, I leave all the money that I can afford for you to call me anytime you need; I leave you, Jennifer, hoping that you may be the happiest ever with Peter-- I'll miss you! I leave my 4-year English buddy hoping that she finds a new one for the next however many years she takes an English class. To Edith, I leave all the great memories of one of the best friendships I've ever had!

I, Ginger Hale, leave first of all to Harpeth Hall a thank-you because I am <u>actually</u> going to graduate. To Hollis, I leave Icee Runs and Cheez Hunts. To Jules, I leave the wonderful memories of Passion Fruit and Suburbans. To Gen & Eve, I leave afternoon celebrations-- may they never die! Also Gen-- I leave you my highly advanced Algebra III notes just in case you ever rise to that high mathematical level in your lifetime pursuit of Algebra study. To Lisa, both Rodney and I leave our T.M. energies and an autographed picture of the Mahanshi to you. To Angie, I leave Friday morning breakfasts and a new watch so she can get there on time. To Susan Fly, I leave the honorary title of S.J.Q. To Kate, I leave our solo, that dream unfulfilled. To Val, I leave an ongoing bet, because I know I will always win. To KareKare, I leave LOTS of aloe. To Dr. Jim, I leave a book entitled "The Art of Wasting Time" so next year's 1st Period can waste as much time as we did. To Kanada, I leave the cast to my broken nose. To Art and Miss Felkel, I leave two free passes to the Key Ceremony at the Tower of London so they can actually see it someday. To Stacey, I leave the honorary position of Cheese Queen!

I, Holly Hall, being of stressed mind and body do hereby leave Harpeth Hall after seven long and fulfilled years. To Anne Keeble, I leave my best wishes to her next year, the ability to find plenty of SCM and BCC and the ability to attract geeks at Holiday Inn in Tiftionia, the chance to continue to have a blast at Steeplechase (Yes, I will be there), and an open invitation to visit me at college (you better). To Allison Smith, I leave the ability to catch up on the latest gossip while taking notes and understanding them, the ability to hit Senior Slide and keep your grades up, and all my share of Mrs. Lentz's goodies. To Laurie Wiessman, I leave a year's supply of gas money for those long hauls to school and another open invitation to visit me at college (wherever I am). To Allyson Bourke I wish luck in surviving as long as she wears a bow (Watch out, Mary). To Senior 1988 Destin Spring Break Crew, I leave a proposal to do it again without arguments and even more fun if that is possible. To Mrs. Liza Lentz, I leave a year's supply of M&M's (if I can afford it) and many thanks for your support. To Christy, Hayden and Ashley I leave my best wishes for next year, many thanks for all your support, and the ability to continue our friendships-- I will miss you. I also gladly leave the summer duty of the Senior House to a very unlucky rising Senior-- watch out for the rat.

I, Lynne Hampton, leave all my possessions to Cami Monk. HA! Actually, Cami, I leave to you my inspiring ability to acquire dates, my French talent, my little sister to cart around with your newly-attained license, and, finally, I leave Brandon-- Go for it, Girl! To Crash, I leave Killer-- Take good care of him! To Mom and Dad, I leave my room (maybe I'll clean it before I go!). To Allison, I leave full run of the Calvary Crew-- don't let it die. To Paige, the girl who has it all together, I leave my undying friendship-- Good luck next year. To Jennifer, Eleanor, Samantha and Paige, I leave the stage, and I already look forward to Concert '89. To Susie, Cami, Mary Donna, Beth, Kirkland and Anne, I leave my pom-poms and my "creativity" in making up cheers-- keep up the stunts! To Ms. Yount, I leave my trustworthiness, reliability and a whole stack of xerox copies of Dougie's picture. And don't think this is the last you'll see of me!

I, Katie Hardin, being of sound mind & body do hereby bequeath the following: to Sarah P. Mills, my middle initial, blind dates, my laugh, my sarcasm, my lunch, 4 years of fun, my wardrobe, my artistic ability-- GoodLuck at U.T.- see you at Thanksgiving; to Kelley Schmitt, 5 tons of Blistex; to Lynn Bouchard, my collection of R-R-Rap tapes-- I'll miss you; to Lisa Kirchner, all my Grateful Dead bootlegs; to Erin Moroney, my golden bronze skin and the ability to tan without even being in the sun; to Mary Bryan, all the restaurants in Nashville that she's never been to, my ability to scrunch my nose up & say "Baby, Baby, OOO, Baby, Baby" and my red hair; to Tina Collins, my ability to fake vibrato; to Jeanie Wright and Tricia Ptomey, my ability to mouth the words to foreign songs; to Lisa Bullard, permission to raid my closet; to Sarah Nash, my term paper and 1st period English; to Olivia Daane, singing "Salad in My Hair" in the shower; to all freshman, sophomores & juniors-- good luck. You'll need it.

I, Hayden Harris, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: my senior schedule-- may she enjoy it as much as I have; to Cami Monk, all my Playmakers hours and my position as back-row slut; to Ellen Maguire, my ability to drive in the rain and my Saab for her to drive; to Jessica Gutow, my push-up bra, my fake eyelashes, and of course my rebelness; to Dotsie McCloud, my skating ability; to Kathryn Bomboy, all the snow sharks and fags; to Lillian Roe, all my hamburger meat and junk food; to Courtney Williams, my ability to do the butterfly; to Alva Herbert, the ability to get up every morning and get to school; to Liza Lentz, peanut M&M's and all my problems; to Lissa Smith and Anne Hightower, my "cousin"; to Kara Sitton, my ability to deal with nosy neighbors; to everyone else my tears and hopes and wishes for the best. I'll miss you all!

I, Kristi Holbrook, leave these high-spirited moments to the following people: to Kristin, being unleashed at Waterloo's, a life-long supply of rice, and the using of our feminine wiles to get free meals; to Holly, a case of garbage bags for high-speed sledding, my ability to lisp, Richard, neck twitches, and going MACH 5 to the nearest rest area; to Liz, plenty of Eggums and Choco. Eggs (also, thanks for keeping me awake junior year); to Ashley--What <u>did</u> happen to those fries?, shocking S. gentlemen by being blunt; to Meg-- 7th grade evil eyes, my throat noise of disgust, Big Macs with plenty of special sauce; To Marci, mastering the art of counting down the days, juicy attacks, depleting an entire fridge in one sitting, and acquiring the haunches; to Paige, an Iron Maiden skateboard, getting through those road blocks, and fish-n-tackle stores; to Traci, dolphins and boomerangs; to Tara, our friends at Hillwood market and cow dung trophies; to Heather, Kroger quests for food at 5 am; to Jenny, acting like a "maniac" on your kitchen floor; and to my physics partners, 6th period cramming, back bends, sweaty palms, and breakdowns.

I, Bonnie Jones, leave Ashley Hodde the ability to drive herself around and avoid those left turns. I leave Mr. T a high-five stinger; to Carrington Nelson, a middle name, "Yo Wanda"; to Dr. Jim, a gift certificate to ACME School Supply for charts and black markers. To Dr. Art Echerd, I leave a 5 iron because I think his game has really improved and a rhinestone UNC belt buckle for those Duds Days.

I, Lisa Kirchner, of warped mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Elizabeth Edwards and Abbay Eaden, my clean driving record and all of my Led Zepplin tapes; to Margaret McAlister, the keys to my car and memories of all of our afternoon adventures; to Sarah Roberts, my phone bill and always-open ears to talk to; to Kelly Schmitt, all of my coffee paraphenelia and a copy of my book, "How To Act Like a Senior When You Ain't"; to Maria Carroll and Catherine Creagh, my *Life* magazine pictures of Ghandi; to Olivia Daane, some vitamin E for all the cuts and bruises she will get at college (just kidding); to Sarah Lynch and Claire Vaughn, a bronzed frisbee and an invite to Florida to throw disc anytime!; to Lynn Bouchard, my symptoms of "Running Gas", my Grease Sucker, and my tape collection so she won't listen to that funky rap; to Mary Lee McInnis, Betsy Nichols and Jennifer Rechter, a certificate for each stating membership in the "Two-year Club" (Algebra II, that is); and finally, I leave Harpeth Hall a better person than when I came-- thanks for all the memories!

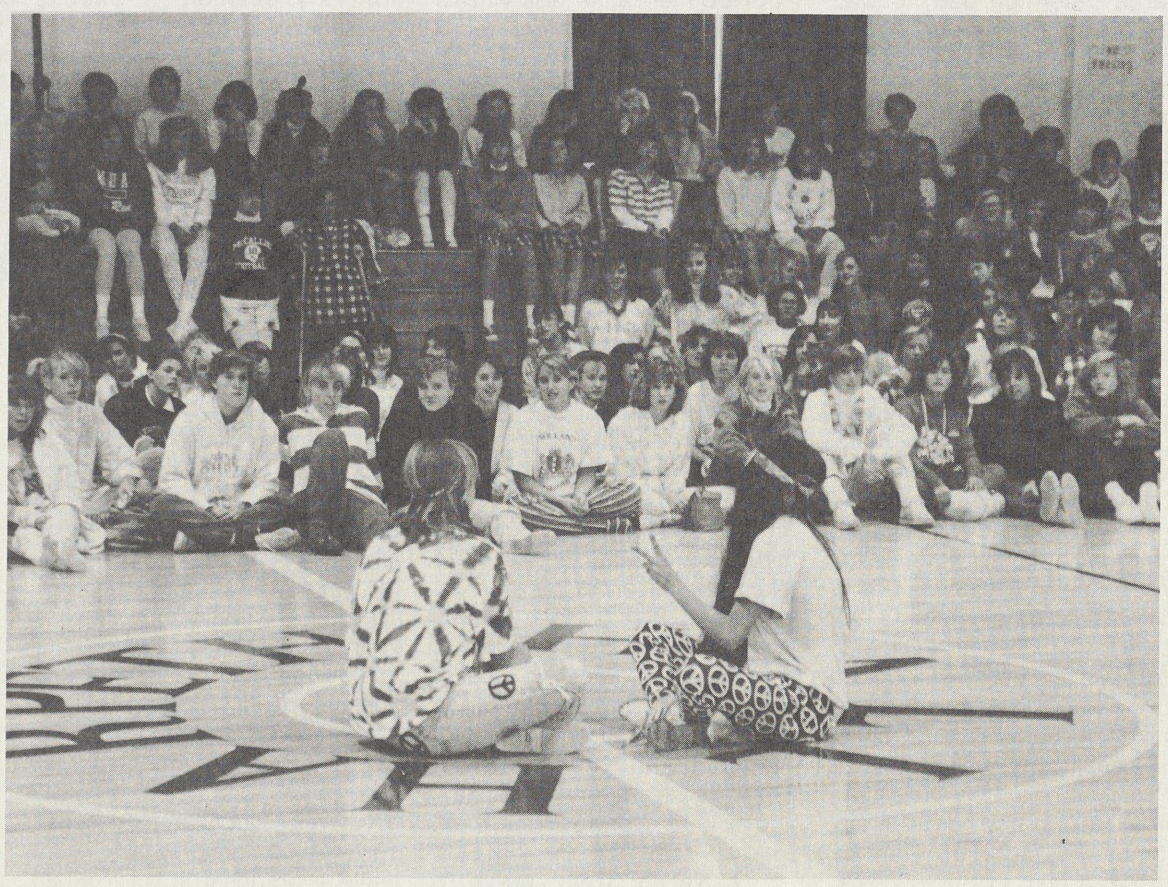
I, Stacey Larkin, do hereby leave the following: to Courtney, party weekends with Swing and the hope that she watches over them while I am gone; to Traci, the 23 days of summer including Summer Lights and some recording time at my daddy's studio for her blues music; to Andrea, one more party night in the bug and one more date with the surfers; to Anne and Collins, the metallic blue so-called blouse to have been worn on Presentation; to Katie, Anne and Beth, Bloody Mates to be remembered always; to Marci, the crane and molded tupperware in

A Year in the Life. . .





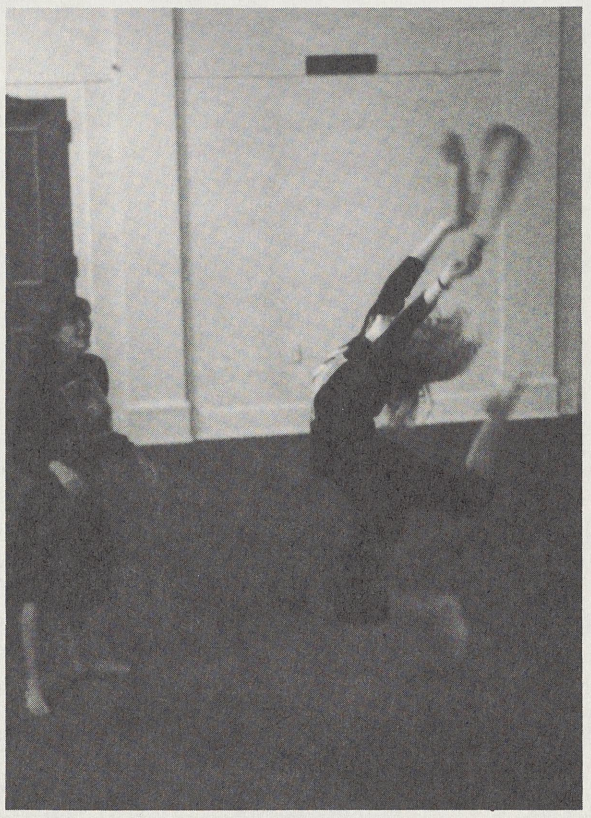




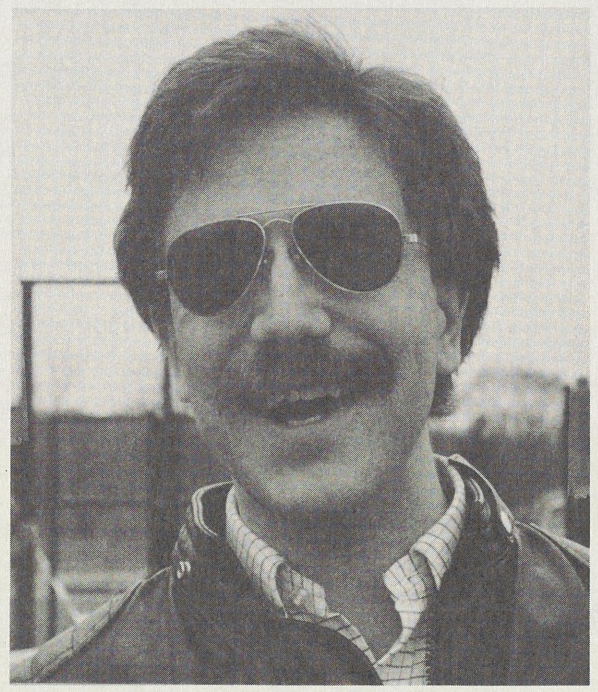








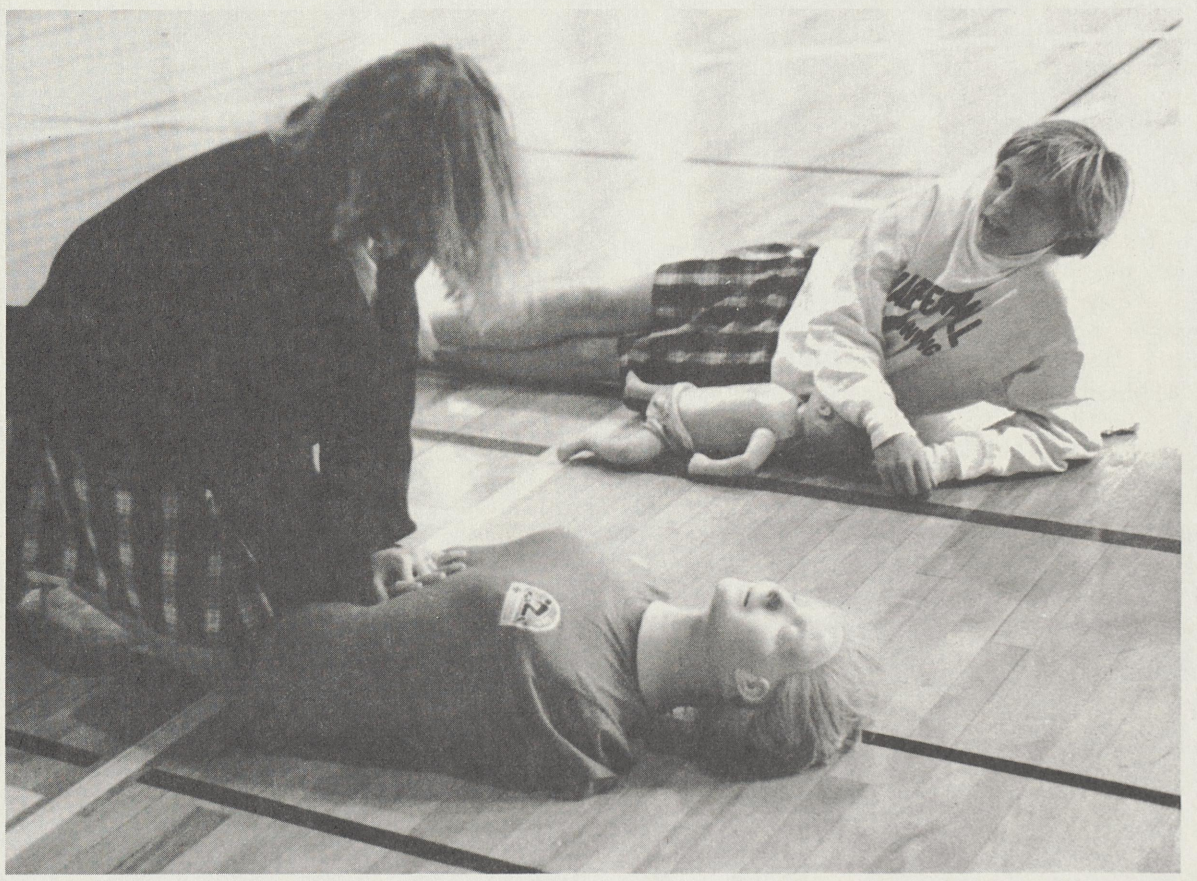












my car; to Lauren, the arrow; to Paige, the missing skirt and leggings from Halloween and the Spanish Vice-Presidency; to Amy, Toby-- good luck with a score; and to Ginger, Beth, Holly and Marci, a great weekend in Chattanooga--"Let's spend the night together"; to Beth, many countless nights (fun ones, that is) with Swing and to Alison, her to guard my very private secrets.

I, Dabney Ledyard, being a black girl trapped in a white girl's body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Annis Marney, a Pacer, a Gremlin or a Duster--your choice!; to Becky Bond, a large trash can and a license plate that says the "Bexter"; to Betsy Nichols, all rights to the "Bets and Dabs Album"; to Kelley Schmitt, our table at Tempos, a key to turn off the alarm at Vanderbilt, and one last night at the "Picture Show"; to Jennifer Rechter, Take Dwight-- he's yours!; to Sarah Ruccio, my hair, since yours is so darn short, and a night at Garcia's; to Susan Graber, a rebel to boot; to Helen Kyger, a date with ate (71/2); to Lauren Hagan, a kiwi (73/4); to Dana Thomas, an "N"; to Carrington Nelson, a night with the Maharishi, a lunch date at Dalt's, and lots of luck with the Student Council next year; for Jenny Walker, a "Music City" collector's spoon; to Rebecca Miller & Margaret Wirth, great memories from Search; to all the Bahamas Crew, a collection of the Best of Alice Cooper, graham crackers and peanut butter, and a copy of the song "Conc Ain't Got No Bones."

I, Sarah Lynch, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: to Claire, many great memories and a wonderful friendship; to Sarah M., many thanks for making first and second period much more bearable; to my first and second period classes, the hope that you will not talk so much in college; to Kelley S., affection for someone not named David; to Lisa K., the hope for friendship; to Julia, the ability to do what you say; and to Mr. Wert, two more students just like Claire and me.

I, Shana MacKenzie, being of sound mind and body, have only one thing to leave-- I leave enough money to the rising Junior class to widen the halls of upper Wallace Wing, so that you will not have to walk over the numerous legs of the Freshmen in order to get to your English classroom!

I, Meg Maddox, of pickled mind and worn-out body, do hereby leave my abilities in math and skipping school to Elizabeth Smith. I also leave her Bug 2 and a can of Raid. I leave my "Craven A's" to Julia Trabue and the Regal Begal to Robin Campbell. I leave all of the "Chick Filet" sandwiches to Kristi Holbrook and all of my protein to Ashley Woods. I also leave all of that Fort Lauderdale Blarney to Jenny Burke. Because they will need it, I wish the best of luck and happiness to Grayson Woods, Amy Williams, Sarah Roberts, Becky Trautman and Holly Binkley.

I, Annis Marney, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Becky Bond, a free lasagna dinner at the restaurant of her choice; to Dabney Ledyard, a garbage disposal and shredding machine for her bedroom; to Edith Trost, a well-staffed answering service; to Lisa Dukes, a thermometer for the jacuzzi; to Kathy Hamling, an O'Charley's cake; to Kristin Dietrich, some flippers and a snorkling mask and lots of sunscreen; to Julia Trabue, some immunity; to Annie B., the necessities of life: lotion, advil, a brush, and a new calculator with even larger buttons; to Kelly Doyle, one free visit to the Afro Doctor; to Carrington Nelson, lots of luck; to Megan Smithwick, one date with the man of her choice; to Claire Vaughn, lots of artificial snow for year-round sledding and "a piece"; to Karen Greer, one more night at Confetti's; to Dede Simons, lots of luck and congrats on the decision; to Beth Blaufuss, one more argument in English and condemnation for rejecting Georgetown; to Shelby Bailey, Ms. Yount and the Milestones staff, patience, creativity and procrastination; to Ms. O'Brien, an enthusiastic advisee group; to Kate and Becky-- where are the dues?

I Catherine Mayes, do hereby bequeath the following: Dalts, phone fights and call waiting to my buddy Cynthia Averbuch; a year's supply of moon pies, cherry coke and foliage to my mental clone Beth Blaufuss; cheesecake, oreos and my brother Taylor to Allison Cummings; my copy of *How to Chase Boys* and a wench to Christi Dickson; a date with Mike Neal to Shana MacKenzie; my autistic talent and the power to "be" to Lyn Robinson; a relationship of her own to Lauren Rosen; a book of answers so she'll quit asking questions to Susan Stanford; art history and better classes next year to Suzanne Armfield, Jessica Gutow and Sally Sprouse; Montreat to Shelby Bailey, Jennifer Farnette, Erica Stoll and Brooke Graham; photography to Lawrie Wiesman and Anjali Upadhyaya; intramurals and my car to Anne Blaufuss; a great senior year to Heather Brigham, Marychar Creson, Janet Gardiner and Holly Tackett; *Milestones* to all of those who choose to sacrifice their Friday afternoons; and lastly, years of fun and memories to all of those I'm leaving behind.

I, Katie McDougall, do hereby leave the following: to Annie Crook, I leave a flower from Mr. Helm's yard; to Molly Crook, I leave a pair of shorts in hopes that you will carry on the tradition of "Short Day" founded by your sister; to Collins Weaver, I leave a cradle (forget it-- you already robbed one); to Jennifer McRedmond, I leave you the plastic surgery bill for the scar on my leg; to Kathy Hamling, I leave you access to dancing shoes at any time desired; to Lauren Hagan and Susie Graber, I leave you a bag of granola and a story-telling session; to the Turnbull's, I wish you the best of luck and happiness; to Traci Safer, I leave you all and indepth description of everything good I eat for the rest of my life; to Marty Russ, I leave you the opportunity to drive the "purty wagon" anytime your heart desires; to Clark Elam, I hope you are stay "Cool"; to Cortenay Coker, I leave you Steve Manning's phone number; to Marla Connelly and Paige Ferragina, I leave plane tickets to Venezuela. Upon leaving Harpeth Hall, I mainly would like to thank everyone (friends, teachers, coaches, etc.) who aided in making these past seven years of my life at Harpeth Hall so special. I'll miss it.

I, Mary Lee McInnis, do hereby leave the following: to Suzanne Stockard, Keth LaMore's Journey shirt; to Kate Davis, Dawn Darnell's best set of Lee press-on nails; to Mrs. Hill, my Algebra II grades; to Susan Fly, my favorite pair of Brook's earrings, combs and cheese grater; to Ann Kristen Sundell, my love for slam dancing and an old Suicidal Tendancies tape-- because all I wanted was a Pepsi. . . Cantrell's; to Sarah Ruccio, Penelope and George, Walter the bear and 6 Little Kings; to Kelley Schmitt, my Cure albums; to Karen Dismukes, endless nights at "The Apartment"; to Sally Teloh, Austin, Texas!

I, Jennifer McRedmond, do hereby leave the following: to Katie McDougall, a one-way ticket to Chattanooga and a crate of cheese; to Jennifer Rechter (J.R.), a list of all the "Chris's" in Nashville and their phone numbers; to Diane Abbey, a 1989-90 N.D. student ID, a senior-prom date, a plane ticket from Rhodes to Notre Dame, a trip to Florida, my white jacket, and all the luck in the world-- I love you! To Brittan I leave season tickets for the Notre Dame football season, one shoulder, and happy cruisin' in Memphis. Friends Forever! To the HH Searchers I leave my love, my support, my prayers and my advice to Keep on Searchin and to Keep on Recruiting. The best is yet to come! To Ramie Smith I leave a D.C. metro ticket, the glue and a bag of fruit; to Lynne Anne I leave 1, 2, 21/2, 23/4. . . I love to tease them! To Jennifer Braden I leave invitations to stay in my N.D. room whenever, my name, an "Are you ready for the summer" album, and a pen. To Graber I leave a bruise and a jug of Kool-Aid, and to Berry Bryan I leave a spoon.

I, Sarah P. Mills, being sound bodily and mentally, do hereby bequeath to my second period English class full-body paralyzation for the last five minutes of class so Sarah Lynch and I can hear what Mrs. Myers is trying to say. To Elyse Berkon, I leave my nose; to Kelley Schmitt, my full set of floppy disks and a real sense of humor; to Christy Crutchfield, the way to look and the way to smile. To Erin I leave an apartment overlooking Elliston Street. To Mary Bryan I leave a TV set and a six pack-- of diet coke. And to Katie I leave four years of good times and friendship.

I, Cappy Monk, being of absolutely no mind and no body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Maria, many crazy years ahead; to Beth and Jenny Rose, endurance to keep up the support; to Emily, a secret pal of her own; to Mary Price, a content heart and a "TREMENDOUS" day; to Mrs. Lentz, one large M&M bill; to Carolyn, Paige and Allison, great counseling sessions; to Beth, Christina and Stephanie, thank you for your help; to Katy, Becky and Michelle, enough time to meet the "Cuties!"; to Amy, Brooke, Katie and Jennifer, the job of setting up my sister's dates; to Mary Donna, late nights and the light bill; to Melissa and Anna, patience in the Upper School and fun times!; to Cami, my books, my old uniforms, my car, plus courage, strength and lots of love; to my college-bound friends, many incredible memories-- I will miss you!

I, Tutt, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: to all my classmates and friends, many memories of years past and hopes that we will all meet again; to Harpeth Hall, many thanks for helping me to become a better person; to Kate Hamling, Dietrich, and Ramie a one hour photo session with Park Thomas; to Ramsey II, awesome memories of Panama, PVA, Hilton Head, and Sanibel and many thanks of true friendship--I'm gonna miss you Rames!! To Karen Greer, all those Baylor guys, Krispy Kreme donuts, and great phone conversations--good luck KEG, I love you! To Cappy, Hennie's chicken salad, ice tea, chocolate chip cake, and MBA afternoons! Love ya, Caps! To Dabknee, the ability to make friends over the phone and hugs! To Dana Thomas, my ecology notes, my botany flower collection and strength to do one more aerobics class! To Edith, my voice saying "Hey Edith" every day in the halls. To Carolyn Palmer, one day out of every month, preferably the tenth to celebrate our significant others! To Shawn Hodde, a free membership to Cheekwood. To Kelley Schmitt, the ability to study English intently for over one hour. To Marti Moose, my incredible speed to get through all those 220's! To Canyn, my ability to take notes in history class. To Courtney Coker, my "electric" blue tights to wear during basketball practice. To Mary Margaret, my ability to shoot the ball. To Mary Price, my smile. To Carrington, money to have her car towed! To Megan Smithwick, my nice A's! Good luck, I'm gonna miss you !!

I, Sarah Nash, now being cleansed of Harpeth Hall, do formally leave to my favorite acquaintances the following items, ideas, thoughts, and advice:
To Lisa Bullard, I leave a lifetime of supply of kitty mousse, a boyfriend for KQ., Fla, one more Thduh, and Mit Donalaynd Cooki Atda Skoo. To Lethia Batey, rhythm, offense, and a blind date for her wedding day. (one that her mom set up.) To Rose I leave heighth, chubbiness, a bunch of Kudos so she can give them away at lunch, and a real dog. To Leslie, I leave common sense. That's all she needs. To Sally I leave a house in Texas. To Tina I leave any kind of car other than a Nova and a date with Rev's brother, Michael (call me about it.)

I, Betsy Nichols, leave to my sister, Anna Nichols, my algebra II skills; to Karen Dismukes my plain, blue suitcase so that her Louis Vitton bag will no longer stick out "like a sore thumb" on her up-and-coming peace trips; to Ginger Pickard, I leave my arm so that she will continue to have something to write memos on next year; to Ann-Kristin Sundell, I leave my outstanding leadership of FEC--yes, my ability to hold intense and high-pressure leaders' meetings and to plan for each fundraising event months ahead down to the last scrupulous detail; *A Catherine Hollifield, je laisse non signe et non petit anri que n'existe pas. Son petit ami est trop passionante que lui!*

I, Ashley Norton, being of fried mind and great body, do hearby leave: to Allison Smith, Tuesday afternoons, lunch with Liza, mental health days, a trip to Texas and my favorite boyfriend, look after him! To Cami Monk I leave my closet, my faith you will go out with the boy of you dreams, and best wishes for two more wonderful years, good luck. To Michelle Wolff I leave my love of gulp. To Becky Trautman, I leave my amazing ability to bull my way through math and good luck with your man! To Marguerite Nielson I leave my sugar dependency from Mrs. L's office. To the spring break crew of `88, I leave more enjoyable "road trips," we have two months. To Mrs. Lentz I leave an unlimited supply of M&M's and my chocolate chip cookie recipe. I leave to the class of `89 paint for the Senior House, a new T.V. the rat hole, and sunbathing on the porch. To the Spring Break crew of '88, I leave more enjoyable "road trips", we have two months. To Mrs. Lentz, I leave an unlimited supply of M & M 's, and my chocolate chip cookie recipe. To the class of 1989, I leave paint for the Senior House, a new T.V, the rat hole, and sunbathing on the porch.

I, Mary Ann Ozier, do hereby leave: my wonderful high school years to my sisters, Ellen and Kathryn, and my brother John so they may have as much fun as I did. I want to thank my parents for always being there for me in hard times and in happy times. I would like to leave this poem entitled "thinking" to the rest of the school to read when they feel like everything is over (much like I have felt the past five months).

If you think you are beaten,you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you like to win but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you are outclassed, you are,
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go to the
stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
is the man who thinks he can.

I, Melanie Po, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: my sincere love for and understan-

ding of mathematics to Meghana Frenchman; my wonderful ability to work with different kinds of people to Sarah E. Ruccio; my general fear of college and my ability to get Prom dates to Susan Stanford; and my love and best wishes for the future to Ellen Huang.

I, Tricia Ptomey, being of a somewhat sound mind and overworked dancer's body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Lynne Hampton, I leave a "Happy Trail" record, my name (since she's called that half the time anyway), and 7 years of friendship that will last forever. To Janie Wright, I leave Womp II, a T.V. to watch "Miami Vice" on Friday nights, and four years of fun that I'll never forget; to Jennifer Rose and Susan Fly I leave a box of giggles and some money to give to men with paper bags on New York subways; to Christy Sharp I leave an AT&T calling card so she can continue her long-distance romances; to Berry Bryan I leave my ability to handle myself in sticky situations; to Cappy Monk I leave Cray; to Eve Robinson I leave a "Secret Loversz' record. To Hayden Harris, Holly Hall and Ashley Norton I leave a glass of water to chug; to Shelby Bailey I leave Dennis and my great tennis ability; to Ms. Mathews I leave my green TRICIA cup; to Emily McAlexander I leave my incredible ability to deal with a Mayes boy; to Laurin Howell I leave John Dunkesly; to Paige Ferragina I leave my beautiful singing voice to use during Milestones on Fridays. Finally I leave Harpeth Hall sadly, but grateful for the good times--Thanks for all the memories!

I, Jennifer Rechter, leave to Harpeth Hall a slightly worn-out pair of rubber dishwashing gloves for the next culprit they catch sneaking off campus for lunch. To Eve R. I leave a token for the metro so she'll stay out of Italian boy's cars. To Jennifer Mc. I leave bandages for her gnawed-off fingers and some easy-to-operate windshield wipers. To Ann "Bobcat" Crook I leave my nailclippers and the eternal devotion of Chris Sharp. To Collins "Sleeper" Weaver I leave a box of No Doz and a new pair of shoes to give to Chris. To Ginger I leave a permanent position in my front seat and an old, gross and dirty Etruscan relic. To Julia T. I leave the infamous "pantyhose." To Georgianne Moran I leave some brand-spankin' new volleyball shoes. To Katie Mc. I leave 3 separate rooms at the Chattanooga Days Inn. To Val, Maria and M.L., I leave my sanity which I lost on Outward Bound and my I.U. t-shirt from the Bilge. To Lisa Kirchner I leave my phone number at Clemson, in case she needs some mathematical tutoring. To Dabney I leave Dwight, and don't try and give him back! To Mrs. Fuller I give back the large stack of pink slips she so generously shared with me over the years. To the Class of '88 I leave all my thanks and my love.

I, Eve Robinson, do hereby leave the following: to Mr. Tuzenu, I leave my sister Tracey! To my sister Tracey, I leave the fun of Upper School and the fun of being driven around by Mommy for the next two years. To Jennifer I leave our campus walks, our volleyball camp memories, our many deep secrets, our Italy memories, our first period study hall, and all the fun times that we've had. To Canyn I leave the ability to keep our mouths shut at all times in order to avoid the losing of friends, the Weimar Republic, my savage tan, and the ability to successfully take a quick 10-minute nap. To Ginger I leave the strong ambition to learn Spanish. To Mr. Springman I leave a free 4th period study hall. To Jeanie I leave my purse on my chair, and to Brandi I leave the phone at your house open at all times.

I, Lyn Robinson, leave being to Sarah and Ginger (I be with you, Cat-- last year), my autistic talents to those less fortunate--specifically Beth, Becky and Catherine, all my sleep to everyone I know, seven years quickly, happily, the Long Tables disillusioned, and America to Betsy.

"We can go now, Sabu."--I.D.

"Let us go then
You and I."-- T.S. Elliot

"Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight sweet ladies, Goodnight."-- T.S. Elliot.

I, Lauren Rosen, being of obsessive mind and not so sound body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Catherine Mays, a date with Lee McNight, an evening with the Velveteen Rabbit or the Easter Bunny, the ability to make me "just say no" at the J.C.C., a truly beautiful guy, a lifetime supply of yogurt providing you go first, your own portable parking space, my best wishes for your future and my thanks for being such a great friend; to Julia Sutherland, the Big River fan club, movie passes after Lon and I are gone, a real director, a \personal chauffer and a Saturday night without paranoia; to Beth Blaufuss, a furnished house, a cast party, a date with the ragpicker, my repression, an evening alone with Geoffrois, a real dog and our song sessions; to Sarah Ruccio, one creampuff, a portable vending machine and a guy to sit in the car with; to Lillian Roe, the ability to pick up men over the phone and the art of subtlety; to Hayden Harris, the permanent role of backrow slut; to Jessica Gutow, a lifetime supple of flowers to sell and the Glazer family; to Lissa Smith and Emily Johnson, the knowledge that I'm a senior and you're not, but that I love you anyway; to Amy Hendrick, the ability to torture someone else next year at eight in the morning; to Christi Dickson, a trip to Greenville, S.C.; to Robyn Growdon, a gift certificate for the use of my phone; to Julie Cantrell, a date with Guido; to Katie Braden, a date with Andy Levine; to Rebecca Miller, a ticket to have 1st period class with me next year; to all freshman Playmakers, the knowledge that I'll be a freshman next year; to all Playmakers, my love and best wishes for your future productions (Holly-- have fun with the light board!); to the Frontain family, my unending love and admiration; finally, to Harpeth Hall I leave my thanks, my memory and my saddle oxfords.

I, Marci Rosenblum, do hereby leave to Baby Lauren the permanent "R.T" for ever and to An-drogger Brooks, a picture of the "woody face," and a "dirty" game of Thumper and "the man with the plan"; to Eleanor "Worho" Jones, all my dancing ability, one Grateful Dead sticker, a new window for your car,and a free all-over body shave; to Allison Evans, your mother's car keys and a Grease album; to Val, a berry; to Stacy Larkin, the crane and a trip to get the so-called tapes; to Anne Crook, explicit directions to the University of Georgia and an extra set of needed car keys; to Robin Campbell, one more fun year of high school and trips to Georgetown; to Kate Menate, the V.H. routine we never got to perform; to MLB a pair of underwear; to Amy and Beth, a membership to the Chester Cheetah Club; and to Holly Shear a brawl on Music Row with Rick B.

I, Traci Safer, do hereby leave (Thank God): to Andrea, the inspiration that there's more to life than Nashville, a spare door, and a mailbox; to Kathy, the pieces to the unbreakable plate, a rematch in mud wrestling, and one dance recital; to Susie, the chance to go to Broadway with our "Captain Blood Scene" and a lesson in walking slower; to Stacey, Beth, and Paige, my misfit recipe and lessons in witchcraft; to Stacey, a crate of potatoes; to Paige, a stuffed bumble bee and diner at the finest; to Lauren, a bottle of lomotil with my fist!; to Katie, one bottle of Marg. Mix with "two more coming" and thanks for four fun years of "fiestas"; to Annie, my fake learner's permit for use at the 16 Nationals and a wrong phone number so she can't wake me up; to Ramie and Kristin, a "fun" night at Showbiz; to Ms. Renkl, mine (and Kathy's) cleaning services; to Maria, I leave what was; to all the FRA bust people, better luck in the future; to Collins, another match of sorry and a swim date with Bwandon; and to all my friends, memories of the best years!

I, Kelley Schmitt, being of demented mind and body, leave the following: to Lisa, I leave all my abilities to run into palm trees gluing pennies to shower floors, oversleeping, riding motor-operated vehicles, picking up dirty old men and making chocolate chip-covered twinkies. . . but mainly I want to leave her all the great remembrances of coffee morning, Cape Cod, Captiva, Dalts, and all those special times we had together that I will treasure for the rest o' my life. I love you. Good luck at Eckerd. I'll miss you!!! Ybifitwwwwwwwww, Kelly. To Dabney, I leave a deltoid and a tricep. . . plus all my rice and toilet paper collected from Rocky Horror, the many great times at tempos and all those times we spent together being "party animals." Thanks for being one of my great friends through the years, I'll miss you next year. To Sarah P., I leave all of my floppy disks and my super micro printer/processor component. Also, I leave her all of my blessings that she will eventually find a decent sense of humor. See ya at U.T. To K.T. I leave a life-time supply of Life Savers. To Lynne I leave my box o' dead rubber chickens. To Traci, I leave an invitation to talk about Walt Whitman anytime she wants. To Sarah Morris, I leave all my memorized Monty Python lines to quote in English class. To Jenny-o, I leave all of my softball skills, especially my ability to walk home on an unforced play. To Suzanne, I leave my incredible skill to make a tasty cup o' coffee and my mop used to kill bats hiding in the garage. Good luck next year! To Sarah R., I leave all my culinary and waitress skills from the Nashville Bagel-- hopefully they'll help you with your job.

I, Christy Sharp, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Donna Driver, my high vice and all of my love for youth group and everyone in it; to Beth Sullins, all of my frustrations with two families at West End and their sons; to Julia Sutherland, my ability to borrow clothes, a blue unitard, and, finally, Brent; to Liza Lentz, my perfected ability to choose perfect guys-- I know you'll enjoy it; to Mr. Springman, a book of perfect Christmas and birthday gifts; to Holly Hale, a personal car and driver; to Brent Sharp, my ability to talk on the phone, all of your clothes that are in my room, Harpeth Hall, and, last but not least, love.

I, Holly Shear, leave: to Lisa, a White Fountain, countless roadtrips in camoflauge Ferraris, Jim Croce singalongs, and a chain of Western Sizzlins; to Carter, my dream and the quest which accompanies it; to Ginger, icee runs, guitar lessons, passion fruits, and Freedom Fest memories; to Kristi, Dacula?!?, microwave pancakes, fish sandwiches, and Going to Fresno; to Eleanor J., my soiled saddle oxfords and a full-paid scholarship to Lambuth, the highly selective university of the South; to Eleanor C., an open invitation to live with me at CU next year and the promise to "strike deals" with the admissions office to ensure her acceptance; to Edith, my collection of Def Leppard Paraphanelia; to Kelly, lessons on the Brass Monkey Routine, Chipmonk Breath, visits to Pat, dogs blowing grits, and a party at El Greco; to Julia, an April Fool's Dance memory, a Tyson Chicken Dinner, and the appendicitis attack we've been waiting seven years for; to Beth, the memory of Bethtub; to Stacy, the ability to find three pieces of cheese in one night; to Dr. Cooper, a plethora of geometric shapes, namely triangles, used for visual aid to make history exciting; to Sarah R., complaining in the mornings, debating about whether to get out of the car in the school parking lot, and good-looking men in green rabbits.

I, Rose Shim, being of somewhat sound mind and body, leave: to Leslie, a full tank of gas for our crazy trips, toilet paper, and a step-by-step manual; to Lethia, tremendous gratitude and a gift on Mother's Day; to Sarah, an A+ in lunch and after-school activities, a burp in your honor, and a joyful chorus of "Three Fingers"; to Lisa, a tube of lipstick for Monkeywoman, risk-free eyeglasses, and a battery recharger; and to everyone, \I leave the wonderful pleasure of Senior Slide!

I, Elizabeth Paige Simpkins, leave the wedgie technique to Mary Ann Ozier; a new side bumber to Stacy Larkin; a Spanish cook book and the ability never to get caught to Courtney Coker; a map of Nashville for Kristi Holbrook; lunch money for Traci Safer; my perfected mall-cruising abilities to Karen Dismukes; the wonderful times in high school to my younger brother, Ford; a personalized parking space at Friday's for Valeria and Alex; all diet paraphenalia to Karen Doochin; Thursday Night-Out memories to Jenny Burke; a thousand band-aids and aspirin to Tara Dismukes; peanut butter and mayonnaise sandwiches to Heather Larkin; and deep gratitude to my parents and teachers. I sadly leave Harpeth Hall with many memories full of hard work, love, and good times.

I, Elizabeth Smith, of a fried mind, do hereby leave Bus #1 and roach spray to Meg M.; B-J. to Jenny B.; Boy Wonder to Catherine C.; years of anguish to my cousin Sarah; Calculus to any fool who may be a glutton for punishment; Cadbury mini-eggs to Christi H.; acid wash to anyone who wants it; all-night calls to Julia T.; swimming laps to Paige S.; and finally I do hereby leave Harpeth Hall with a sigh of relief.

I, Ramie Smith, do hereby leave the following: to my dearly beloved sister, my ability to gain 23 lbs. in one summer; to C-ton, my harmoniously modulated voice to drive everyone crazy singing; to Emily, the power to be sucked up by God when sprinting too fast; to Ellen, all my eagerness and excitement in running the 330 hurdles; to the track team, another great limbo contest; to Eleanor, a great big bran muffin; to Mr. T, the guilt of giving me a detention; to Dabney and Jennifer the opportunity to someday see me Teed; to Eleanor Jones, a poster-size picture of MM; to Marti, all the junk food I never ate; to Edith and Olivia, time alone with James and the two pairs of jeans sewn together; to Mary Ann, our ability to constantly harass Steve Scott; to Kathy, one big omelette and my ability to do an R&K dive/flip off her board; to Susie, my goggles so she can excite twelve-year-olds at the Y and the money for all the donuts at the "Den"; to my mom, the peace of mind of no college talk for three years; to the Cancun Trip, two ADJOINING rooms; to Annie, I promise to forget about "Annaphobia"; to C-dubs and Kate, the fond memories of "Honey and the Biscuits"; to Tina and Traci I leave the satisfaction of knowing that you don't have to "cruise" Nashville to have fun; to Mrs. Russ, I promise never to

Class of 1988: The Decision

Valeria Armistead	University of Mississippi
Cynthia Averbuch	Emory University
Mary Lauren Barfield	University of Mississippi
Lethia Batey	Vanderbilt University
Elyse Berkon	University of Arizona
Beth Blaufuss	Yale University
Becky Bond	Williams College
Jennifer Braden	Duke University
Anne Breinig	Kenyon College
Andrea Brooks	University of Alabama
Berry Bryan	Conneticutt College
Lisa Bullard	College of Charleston
Jenny Burke	University of Rhode Island
Julie Cantrell	Brown University
Katie Carlton	University of Alabama
Maria Carroll	University of Alabama
Margo Coleman	Birmingham-Southern College
Tina Collins	Western Kentucky University
Catherine Creagh	Texas Christian University
Anne Crook	Southern Methodist University
Joanna Crowe	Johns Hopkins University
Christy Crutchfield	University of Tennessee
Allison Cummings	Furman University
Olivia Daane	Boston College
Christi Dickson	Emory University
Kristin Dietrich	University of Richmond
Tara Dismukes	Hollins College
Karen Doochin	University of Georgia
Kelly Doyle	Vanderbilt University
Lisa Dukes	Mercer University
Margo Fort	University of Montevallo
Beth Funderburk	University of Alabama
Abigail Goldberg	Princeton University
Susie Graber	Northwestern University
Karen Greer	Millsaps College
Robyn Growden	University of Tennessee
Lauren Hagan	Millsaps College
Ginger Hale	Southern Methodist University
Holly Hall	Hollins College
Kathy Hamling	University of Richmond
Lynne Hampton	University of Richmond
Katie Hardin	Sanford University
Hayden Harris	University of Mississippi
Amy Hendrick	Auburn University
Kristi Holbrook	College of Charleston
Bonnie Jones	University of Colorado
Meredith Jones	Mt. Vernon College
Lisa Kirchner	Eckerd College
Heather Larkin	College of Wooster
Stacey Larkin	University of Alabama
Dabney Ledyard	Sweetbriar College
Sarah Lynch	University of Tennessee
Shana MacKenzie	Colorado College
Leslie Maddox	Belmont College
Meg Maddox	Mercer University
Annis Marney	University of North Carolina
Catherine Mayes	Wake Forest University
Katie McDougall	Colorado College
Mary Lee McInnis	University of Alabama
Jennifer McRedmond	University of Notre Dame
Sarah Mills	University of Tennessee
Cappy Monk	Birmingham-Southern College
Erin Moroney	University of Alabama
Sarah Morris	Vanderbilt University
Sarah Nash	University of Tennessee
Betsy Nichols	Probably
Ashley Norton	Texas Christian University
Mary Ann Ozier	University of North Carolina
Melanie Po	Trinity University
Tricia Ptomey	Lake Forest College
Jennifer Rechter	Clemson University
Eve Robinson	Boston University
Lyn Robinson	University of Cincinnati
Lauren Rosen	Tulane University
Traci Safer	University of Florida
Kelley Schmitt	University of Tennessee
Christy Sharp	Auburn University
Leslie Sharp	Vanderbilt University
Holly Shear	University of Colorado
Rose Shim	Vanderbilt University
Paige Simkins	Vanderbilt University
Elizabeth Smith	Vanderbilt University
Ramie Smith	Stanford University
Susan Stanford	University of Virginia
Alexis Stanton	University of Georgia
Dana Suffridge	University of Alabama
Sally Teloh	Tulane University
Dana Thomas	Vanderbilt University
Julia Trabue	Rhodes College
Edith Trost	Unversity of Colorado
Claire Vaughn	Colorado State University
Collins Weaver	University of Richmond
Annie B. Williams	Rhodes College
Missy Williams	Tulane University
Nancy Wood	University of Mississippi
Ashley Woods	Vanderbilt University
Jeanie Wright	Birmingham-Southern College

reveal her card trick; to Jennifer, I leave the back seat when double dating and the chance to rechallenge Jeff & me in Trivial Pursuit; and to Tutt, I am sorry, but I must take our ability to draw stick people and the knowledge of the power of the eyes.

I, Susan Stanford, want to thank you, Class of '88, for welcoming me this year. Best wishes to the class of '89. To Catherine Mayes, I leave the only 100% I ever made on a Calculus test. To Meghana Frenchman, I leave my sense of self-confidence. To Caroline Carothers, I leave my adoration for Wordsworth. To Mr. Jones, I leave my love for and ability to work with his computer. To Betsy Nichols, I leave my sense of direction. To some ambitious Junior, I leave my drive to make good grades, which I had first semester but lost after being accepted into college.

I, Dana Thomas, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Dabney, many thanks for years o' fun!; to Cappy, the ability to overcome her painfully shy nature; to Karen Greer, great memories of galley duty on *Touch of Glass* with the Blues Brothers; to Betsy, my sanity; to Catherine C., a grilled cheese sandwich; to Tricia, Eve, Hayden, Holly, and Jeannie, my ecstatic cry of "It's Friday!"; to Lynne Ann, a watch that's 30 minutes fast and an official D.P.'s L.F.C. photograph; to Tutt, my Ecology and Botany notes; to Berry, an endless supply of chewing gum; to Mary Price, the happiness of high school years; to the 1988-89 Varsity Basketball team and cheerleaders, best wishes for a great season; to the future graduates of Harpeth Hall, the strength to survive; and, finally, to Harpeth Hall, my appreciation for making me a more "knowledgeable" person.

I, Edith Trost, do NOT leave my land cruiser to Charlotte Napier, but I do give her my supply of country music. I leave Genny Frazer my permission to play God without me, and to Anne Keeble and Kari Merz I give my left arm to play the wave game. To Karen Greer I leave room service, and Dabney Ledyard can have my windex and ketchup to shoot up. I leave my Def Leppard and Adam Ant "LP's" to Holly Shear, and Kate Hamling will receive my old French notes, a case of Chips Ahoy, and a lifetime supply of crepes with nutella. To Annis Marney I leave my brother and Alice Cooper, and to Julia Trabue I leave an *Annie* songbook and a John Denver tape. To "Jarney" Walker I leave my name, and Eleanor Jones can have my ability to speak French. Maria Carroll, I leave you all the incredible memories of last summer, and I give a toast to Michel et Bridgitte to Anne Crook. To Velma Dukes I leave a clone of myself, so she'll have someone to be weird with at school, and Kelly Doyle can have my chewing gum!

Finally, I leave myself the memories of great friends and great times from my seven years at Harpeth Hall.

I, Claire Vaughn, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: to Sarah Lynch, Lisa Kirchner, and Kelley Schmitt, the honor and glory of being members of the 6th period frisbee team; to Annis Marney, the movie *Vacation* and a new sled; to Adrienne Parker, the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat--next year's basketball season and my place in line to get taped; to Shana McKenzie, plenty of aloe for your boat trips; to Mr. Wert, a color database and my Beatles trivia knowledge; to Lisa Dukes, the preferred name of Ann; to the 1988-89 soccer team, a new field; to Dr. Cooper, the disillusioned hopes of getting an equally good politics class next year; to Mrs. Svaren, a copyright on the Svaren tap; and finally to Julia Trabue, health and conviction.

I, Annie B. Williams, being of unagile body and frequently questionable mind do hereby leave the following: to Becky Bond, the sole privilege of pseudo-editorship; to Mr. & Mrs. T, an honest kid from the "A-Team"; to Annis Marney, the memory of faithful companionship from class to class and year to year; to Holly Shear, my flawless driving record; to Kathy Hamling, my nerdiness and maturity to pass on to her kids; to Harpeth Hall, I say thanks!; and to Kate, Julia, Lisa, Adele, and everyone else I wish you good luck. Thanks for everything. . . I love you.

I, Nancy Wood, being of unusual mind and sexy body do hereby bequeath: to Helen Kyger, Kroger's and one 1984 tape; to Rebecca Miller, b-ball and French-- call me for help; to Clark Elam, my fake I.D.; to the Sophomore Class, my cousin Daniel Donelson and Quenten Cothren--watch out & please take care of them!; to Marguerite Nielson, one big hug and my corner in Mrs. L's office; to Char, Sarah Roberts, Keeble, and Clark, many interesting road trips; to Harkness, two a.m. parties at Waffle House; to Mrs. L, multiple bags of peanut M&M's, 100 lbs. of spice tea, and my love and affection; to the Dragonslayers, two cases of Charmin toilet paper; to Allison Smith, James Dean, Billy Idol, and the FONZ!; to next year's D.C. trip, two a.m. pizzas, Third's, and "Midnite Fantasy!"; to Karen Dismukes, Ebby, Crazy and Angle and one weekend in Ole Miss; one bottle of extra-strength Tylenol to whoever is in charge of Senior House Clean-Up next year; to Nelson, Harry Gum Berry; to Bets Maddin, smiles!; to Gary Gnuu-- Gnut's Gnukkin!; to the rising Freshman class, my brother-- God help you!; and finally, my love and smiles to HH and all my friends I leave behind--I'll miss you!

I, Jeannie Wright, leave: to Allison Smith, "the truck"-- have fun climbing into it at Prom. I also leave a hug and a smile from your big sister each day of the week. To Carolyn Palmer, gas money for your many trips to Vanderbilt-- you've got your hands full; to Mr. Jones, an "I'm So Confused" shirt with Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle one the back (He truly understands); to Nanny, Womp-- treat him well; to Destin Crew, a week at Crystal Villas in five years to relive all of our fun times together; to all my dear friends, I leave a one-pound bag of red peanut M&M's, an AT&T charge card to call me each and every week next year, and the thought that I will never leave you because you're too close to my heart.

Teaching Team Arrives

By Annie B. Williams

Harpeth Hall once again invites a husband-wife team to the faculty. This summer Murray Ann and L. George Sellers will move to Nashville with their two daughters. Murray finished her Ph.D. at the University of Florida this spring while George taught at Santa Fe Community College.

In January Mrs. Sellers sent a letter to Mr. Wood requesting a position in the English Department. Her resume indeed proved impressive. As an "expert in English fiction from the 18th century to present," according to the chairman of the english department at University of Florida, Mrs. Sellers has taught on college and high- school levels. Having received the "yearly Departmental Teaching Award" at Florida twice, her love for teaching shines through. Mrs. Sellers "anticipates with great enthusiasm a future in teaching at Harpeth Hall, for she herself "attended a girls' high school."

After his wife's interview George Sellers learned of a vacancy in the Science Department, and in March he, too, applied for a teaching position. Like Murray's his credentials also indicate his qualification. He has served as a teacher of various sciences including Chemistry, Biology, Physical Sciences, and Marine Ecology at Savannah Country Day School and has held positions at various colleges. Adopting the policy "that students should be actively involved in science," he has helped his students on projects that have won for them scholarships. Because of his enthusiasm, dedication, and experience, Mr. Sellers feels "that Harpeth Hall would be an excellent place..to pursue [his] academic career."

Eighth Grade Superlatives

BEST ALL AROUND.....Kara Emerson
MOST ATHLETIC.....Shelley Carmichael
MOST CREATIVE.....Langford Barksdale
MOST IN LOVE.....Jennifer McReynolds
MOST TALKATIVE.....Heather Kirksey
MOST INDIVIDUALISTIC.....Dina Brown
MOST SOPHISTOCATED.....Tracey Robinson
MOST TALENTED.....Amy Hamilton
FRIENDLIEST.....Anitha Anandaiah



In their spring concert on May 11, Harpeth Hall's various choruses delighted audiences with a compilation of songs, including many by female composers. Earlier this spring the Upper School Women's chorus captured one of the top nine rankings for choruses with superior marks in mid-state choral competition, and several girls were named to the All-State Women's Chorus.

McReynolds Speaks at Middle School Honor Day

Although Elaine McReynolds is best known around the Middle School as Jennifer's mother, in the public sector she is recognized as the Commissioner of the Department of Commerce and Insurance, official who protects Tennessee consumers.

In charge of six hundred employees and operating with a budget of over twenty million dollars, Ms. McReynolds regulates the insurance industry and the trade of securities and holds an additional role as State Fire Marshal. Most recently she has launched an effort to aid families with insufficient insurance to obtain crisis and non-crisis medical care.

Throughout her academic and business career, Ms. McReynolds has been honored with many awards including being included among Outstanding Young Women of America and Who's Who Among Black Americans, andrecently received the "Professional Award by the National Association of Negro Business.

As an honor day speaker, Ms. McReynolds exemplifies the opportunities and success which are open for women in today's world. Harpeth Hall students take notice: a womens place is not only in the kitchen but also in the cabinet.

Turnbull To Be Continued. . .

Continued from Page 1

going to be temporary- is that need, that priority of family that has always been there. It's at a point right now where it's taking precedence. I think my family needs me full-time. That's the place I have found for me to draw the line, and it's not for everybody; a lot of people want to do both. And I'll probably do that until we finish having our kids and they're all about two years old.

What do you think you are going to miss the most from being a teacher and administrator?

Well, I think that remains to be seen. I've got a side to my personality that I think a lot of people at Harpeth Hall don't know about. I'm very domestic in a lot of ways; I like to sew, I like to cook, I like to do a lot of home-type things. I suspect, however, that I'm going to feel a gap unless I actively pursue some intellectual avenues. And I've got a lot of options for things I can do that will make me feel like I'm serving other people, which I think is a compulsive need of mine. I'll be involved in community in Richmond. So I think I'll be able to fulfill those two aspects, the intellectual need and the need to make a difference.

It's going to be awfully different. It's going to be different not to be important. That sounds terrible, but it's going to be different not to be-- "Chief." I'm really not at home, even though some of you think I am. I don't actually boss Mr. Turnbull around.

So you are looking forward to the domestic life?

Yes, I am. My job at Harpeth Hall is a really high-pressure job because I take the problems of the people I'm dealing with to heart. If there is somebody here who is really hurting, I take it home with me.

It's been pretty high-pressure trying to keep not only students' needs met but faculty's needs met and making sure that faculty's complaints or concerns are heard. All that stuff causes a lot of pressure, and I think it's time for a change of pace.

What are you going to miss the most about this place?

The students. I'm going to miss having the relationship I have with so many girls. I like this age. I like being with this age of girls because you all are right at the brink of adulthood, at the point where you're really becoming young women. You can deal with adults when you choose to, on a very adult level.

But I'm not going to miss the cafeteria.

How do you think Harpeth Hall has changed since you came?

It has obviously changed a lot, just in terms of people and teachers-- there's probably been too much change. I think our committment to academic excellence has remained the same. Over the years Harpeth Hall has become more open to students' needs; I think we listen more to them. That has definitely changed for the better-- getting input into discipline policies and decisions like that.

And the faculty has changed. I think as a faculty we listen to each other more.

What goals do you think Harpeth Hall needs to set for the future?

I think our next goal in the school needs to be to develop a more stable faculty. And that doesn't necessarily mean we shouldn't hire young people. I think you need the vitality of young people. When you hire young people like us you take that risk of their moving on to another career-- ever since we first came to Harpeth Hall, I have always intended to move on. Yet I think we need to work to get some more people like the ones who were here when we first came, some people who have roots in the Nashville community and who are going to make Harpeth Hall their place to be for many years to come. So I think we need to find a balance, and I think we've been searching for it for the last three years; it will just take a few more years and a continued committment to that balance.

I think it's important to have that continuity, because if you don't have continuity there's a danger of losing important school traditions. I think with the lack of continuity we have really had to work hard to hold on to those traditions-- it doesn't come as naturally.

Do you think the Board of Trustees has changed at all?

I think that the crisis we went through three years ago has had a really good affect. The Board is now open--very open-- to hearing faculty concerns. Both Ms. Fessy and I have been asked to sit in on Board meetings. There's an Academic Affairs Committee of the Board of Trustees that has met twice this year with the school's Curriculum Committee, basically the department chairs, and they've been communicating about problems the faculty see. So there has definitely been a change in the Board's relationship -- it's much less removed.

Parting thoughts?

This has been a great place for Mr. Turnbull and I. We came here pretty much fresh out of college, just married, the new kids on the block in every respect, and I think Harpeth Hall has given us the opportunity to grow up. We'll always remember it, and we're going to miss it.

The Paper Place
2817 West End Ave.
327-4433

Herman Marsh Kennel
2207 Bandywood Dr.
297-2055

Bellevue Bookstore
7051 Highway 70 South
662-0161

Associated Urologists
2201 Murphy Road
Nashville, Tennessee
37203
340-6868

O'Charley's
"Quality Creates Demand"
17 White Bridge Rd

Tennis Team Holds an Ace Up Its Sleeve

by Katie Sergent

Move over, Martina, here come the Harpeth Hall Honeybears! Following the pattern of success they established last year, the tennis team has proven their skill and will to win once again.

Since December, the nineteen team members have been challenging their way up the school's ladder. The team could be seen practicing every Monday and Wednesday on the newly-resurfaced courts, and these practices have paid off in success. Harpeth Hall began the season by defeating the team from St. Bernard Academy with a score of seven to zero.

The Honeybears also defeated St. Cecilia, and the tennis team continued to press on to further victories over other schools. With Mary Lauren Barfield leading the way, the team rolled over the University School of Nashville and Hillsboro without a second glance.

The top six team members, Mary Lauren, Amanda Mathews, Anne Crook, Adrienne Parker, Murray Polk, and Julie Riven and team manager Becky Troutman then went to Chattanooga, Tennessee to play in the annual Rotary Tournament. This tournament is always very competitive and hosts teams from all over Tennessee, Florida, Alabama and Georgia. Even though the matches were tough, Harpeth Hall prevailed and came home with the first place trophy, tying for the position with Marist from Atlanta. Julie Riven played sixth singles and won in this division. Adrienne Parker, playing third singles, and Murray Polk, playing fifth singles, both made it to the finals.

Back in Nashville, the other nine players were practicing for the remaining matches. The team continued their winning streak by defeating such teams as Hillwood and Brentwood Academy.



Nerd Sports: Juniors undergo rites of passage as senior members of Mu Alpha Theta math honor society teach them the secret cheer and coach then for future math contests.

Nomadic Track Team Finds New Home:

The Neighbors Feared It, the School Wanted It, And We Love It



by Katherine Bomboy

As one looked out over the mud-filled expanse that was our track at this time last year, no one would have guessed that it would look now as it does. The track, a haven for the Estes neighbors seeking refuge from the growing Green Hills traffic (not to mention the new crop of Sophomore drivers), has become a God-send for Harpeth Hall's track team. Two team members particularly grateful for the new track are Suzanne Armfield and Susie Creagh, who will no longer need compasses to find their way out of Percy Warner Park.

Harpeth Hall's 1988 track season started with a bang. With the new track, many team members and fellow students ran "for the Green" this fall. Coach Susan Russ praised the new track, saying, "It is wonderful!" For the first track and field season, the Honeybears haven't had to worry about finding somewhere to practice.

With the help of Ms. Kathy Moore, Miss Eveleigh, Susan Thornton and Mary Frances Evers, Coach Russ and Coach Jones have been able to handle the hectic job of organizing and running the track meets. Mrs. Russ stated that the track has also been a new attraction to Harpeth Hall that brings students, alumnae and parents out to support the Bears.

The team's dual meet record was 5 and 2. Having lost nine state-qualifying members from last year, this year's young team has begun to rebuild. With experience and dedication of Sarah Morris, Susie Graber, Ramie Smith, and Allison Cummings, the younger members have had excellent role models for the traditional Harpeth Hall track spirit.

In the regional meet, Harpeth Hall finished second overall to Brentwood Academy by a small margin, and the team had runners qualify in many events for the state meet.

From the carefully-covered pits to the gleaming resilite surface, the track's mere presence has aided the team. It has had additional benefits as well, for the Harpeth Hall community's initial fears about the appearance of the track have proved unfounded; thanks to "Run for the Green" and new landscaping, the track and field look terrific, and construction work on the new field house and concession stand is progressing nicely. "RLH!"



Determination Enables Groos To Achieve Olympic Success

by Carrie Oliver

Margaret Groos, the Harpeth Hall graduate who set a world record on our very own track at Run for the Green in the fall, is still going strong. By winning the U.S. women's marathon trial, Groos has qualified for the Seoul Olympics.

Margaret, now 28, moved from Nashville to Tallahasse, Florida to concentrate on her marathon training. She is actually a 10,000-meter specialist, but Margaret has been running up to 20 miles a day. Now she is at a point of running 80 miles a week.

Margaret has only run the marathon distance of 26.2 miles twice before. The last time was in 1984 in the same Olympic trials, in which she placed fifth. To qualify for the Olympic team, Groos needed to place third or above, but she went straight to the top with a winning time of 2:29.50. This great time put Margaret in a group with three other American women with times under two hours and 30 minutes.

Recently Groos has had a thyroid disorder and personal problems, but Margaret stated,"I knew I had worked for this, and I knew I wanted to make the team. I got rid of any distractions that messed me up for the last four years-- and it worked."

She ran her best time at the trials in Pittsburgh and won $2500 as well as a great honor. She was followed by Nancy Ditz in second place and Cathy Schiro in third, both of which will also run in Seoul in the fall.

After the race Margaret commented that, "It was a perfect day. I just ran a smart race and felt fantastic all the way, which I hear is unusual for a marathon." For her next running challenge and potential accomplishment, Margaret will run the 10K Olympic trials in June.

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