

KNIGHTLIFE

February 1988

HAPPY
VALENTINE'S
DAY



KNIGHTLIFE
TORREJON AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL
APO NEW YORK 09283

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Editorial Policy

Knightlife is a monthly student publication of Torrejon American High School. Views expressed in Knightlife are solely those of the staff and do not necessarily represent the administration. Letters to the editors, letters to Mike and Ike, submissions, and any other correspondence should be put in the red KL box in the main lobby.

FEBRUARY IS BLACK HISTORY MONTH!

by Keesha Edwards
and Stephanie Crosskey

February is a time to look at the great accomplishments that Blacks have contributed to our society.

Carter G. Woodson is the "Father of Black History Month." He felt that Blacks weren't getting the credit for their achievements. He decided to make the second week in February Black History Week because the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass fall in that week.

Torrejon High School is celebrating Black History throughout the month of February. These activities are planned:

February 8 - 12

"Who Am I?" Contest - sponsored by

Mrs. Patti Muller

Prize - Sanyo Walkman

February 19

Black History Trivia Game Show-

sponsored by Mr. Luis Moreno

Cash prizes

February 26

Assembly - performed by the students at THS

In addition, bulletin boards are highlighting Black Heritage, and there is a display of African art in the Media Center.

SAC SETS GOALS

by Becky Frank

Have you ever heard of SAC? It's the School Advisory Council here at Torrejon High School. This year the committee is comprised of 8 voting members: 4 parents and 4 teachers, and various non-voting members, including Student Council President Mike Smith, and the principal, Mr. Ira Scheier.

SAC's goals for the 1987-88 school year are:

1. To monitor and assist as needed with THS dormitory issues;
2. To monitor changes in the school's physical facilities;
3. To emphasize substance abuse education and heighten school and community awareness of base agencies that handle substance abuse concerns.
4. To monitor and assist as needed with the Booster Club;
5. To improve school's image through better public relations.

Meetings are the 4th Tuesday of every month, and the officers meet every 2nd Tuesday to set the agenda. Any student, parent or teacher can bring a concern to the committee for consideration. Voting members are: Betsy Frank, Chairman; Harry Foley, Vice Chairman; Harvey Paulin, Vice Chairman; Marta Welch, Secretary; Pat Stanley, Rita Indresano, and Ada Vera.



NURSE HAS MILITARY BACKGROUND

by Eddie Mathenia

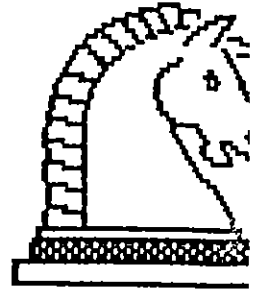
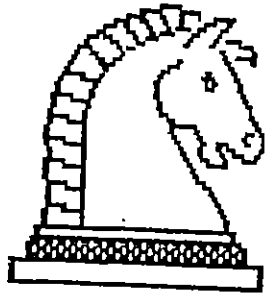
Mrs. Esther Haywood, the THS nurse this year, has been in Europe since 1962, when she was an officer in the U.S. Army Corps. She was active duty during the Cuban crisis and the Vietnam crisis. After 1964 she was honorably discharged and went into the reserves. She's been in Spain since 1968 and has a Spanish husband and a daughter. In Spain she enjoys Galicia, Toledo, Zaragoza, Andalucia, and La Mancha.

Mrs. Haywood had always wanted to be a musician, but she was "economically" unable. She sang in operettas in high school. Her father composed religious hymns, to which she now has the copyrights.

She has been nursing for 25-30 years. What she enjoys most about her job is meeting and helping people. She considers herself a humanitarian because she likes peace, life, and good health.

She would like to say to all the students of THS to get an education so you can later become whatever you like.

BRAIN GAMES
BY SCOTT CARRIZALES

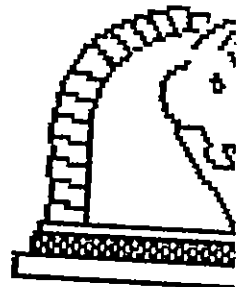
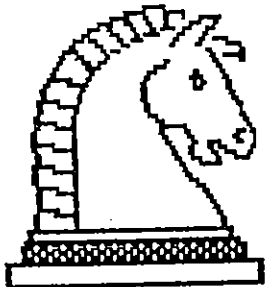


The Torrejon Chess Club was started at the beginning of this year as a recreational club. It is composed mostly of aspiring underclassmen with the urge to challenge their concentration, thinking skills and intelligence against one another in this game that matches the strategies and thoughts of its combatants in a mental battle. The current top five rankings are as follows:

- 1st - Scott Carrizales
- 2nd - Daniel Wheeler
- 3rd - Joel Bautista
- 4th - John Shorter
- 5th - Paul Wheeler

Chess is a descendant of an Indian game that was brought to the West during the 7th century A.D. The earliest concept of chess was that of a symbolic spatial game. Since that time it has transcended many phases including those of the self-reliant probers, the period of reckless attack which also includes playing for the pure naive enjoyment and the grueling aspect which much training and heritage is associated. Chess today is played all over the world. In Spain it is called "ajedrez."

The Chess Team has arranged to compete in at least one interscholastic chess tournament this year with Boca, on the weekend of February 12th. Any chess players, especially upperclassmen, not already involved with the club, are still encouraged to participate. Members compete daily at their discretion in the Media Center during lunch hour. Chess offers a different stimulating undertaking for participants of every experience level. Give it a chance.



NEWS FLASH: Scott Carrizales placed first in the chess tournament.

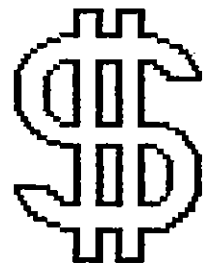
Schwalier Competes For Award
by Beth Mangis



Erik Schwalier has been chosen from Torrejon High School to compete in the Principal's Leadership Award Scholarship Contest. This nationwide contest will award 150 \$1,000.00 awards this year. Competitors must be in the upper 20% of their senior class.

Erik was selected by a committee of four that reviewed applications submitted by Torrejon seniors.

Way to go Erik and good luck!



MURK: PART THREE

BY: Hunter Keeler

Seven a.m. sunshine filtered through a growing bank of clouds out to sea and sparkled dimly on the choppy surface of the Atlantic. A half mile off the North Carolina shore, the *Raleigh* rode her anchor over gentle swells of the breeze-swept water. She was a small, white vessel with crumbling paint and ancient motor; an aged research launch owned by the University of North Carolina. The college had a marine research center near Kure Beach manned by biology students. The center was used as a public aquarium of sorts, displaying the various kinds of marine life indigenous to the N.C. coast and eastern seaboard.

Beth Stewart sat on a deck chair at the *Raleigh's* stern, legs stretched out before her clad in ragged jeans that almost mirrored the faded blue-white of her UNC sweatshirt. Beth was an instructor, interning at the center to earn her doctorate in marine biology. She was reading a damp, crumpled copy of the previous night's newspaper and whistling softly to herself. Looking up, she shaded a wary eye at the darkening horizon and glanced at her watch. Frowning, Beth sat up in her chair and gave her ankle a pensive scratch. After a moment, she glanced back to the page two story she had been reading. Eighty feet below her, two figures were swimming through the "shallows" of Onslow Bay. Both of them were students on a routine sampling dive. John Paine was a senior diver spotting for Richard Beaumont, a fresh addition to the center's staff.

The Coast Guard radio in the cabin crackled to life and startled Beth from her thoughts; "Charley Golf 141 Alpha, general advisory to vessels in the area; the storm has again changed course, now inbound bearing two seven zero degrees. ETA: coastline at 0800 hours. This looks like the real thing, folks, sorry. . ."

The radio voice trailed away into low belches of static. Beth looked out to sea once more. "Jesus, you aren't kidding." She muttered, brushing back her long, brown hair. "The guys better come up soon." A cold gust of wind sliced across the dark water. Beth reached for her extra sweater and pulled it on. She shivered a little and gazed fixedly at the slate grey horizon.

Richard Beaumont swam over a mass of sand covered stones and drifted down into a shadowed cleft. Adjusting his belt's sampling pouch, he shot a glance over his shoulder. The murky, blue-green water seemed to openly defy the muted light filtering down from the surface. A column of silver bubbles jostled its way to the surface from his respirator. The silence seemed to pulsate around him as he slid over another small ridge and descended to the sandy, ocean shelf. The grey-brown sand stretched for yards around him, fading away into the pastel dimness of the coastal waters. The sea bed was broken only by the occasional, stoney rise or dark clumps of seaweed. Discarded shells littered the expanse.

Ahead, Richard saw his partner, John Paine, staring into the deep olive infinity before him. Richard approached his friend, treading water slowly. The two were supposed to be collecting live conchs for research, though things had apparently taken a turn toward the recreative. John turned as Richard came along side. He motioned out into the dimness with a sweeping gesture, finally pointing down and ahead of them. Richard was reluctant to dive deeper. He was about to motion some excuse about their tanks' air levels when John thrust himself suddenly into the shadows ahead, his flippered feet kicking dreamily as bubbles rolled slowly away from his respirator. With a silent curse, Richard shoved off the sandy floor and out into the twilight, straining to see John's tall form through the silver-white cloud of bubbles ahead. Conscious of a mild falling sensation, Richard thought of the SCUBA training program he had signed onto in the past spring. He had the class knowledge, but lacked some in the area of open sea experience. That was what John was there for, to coach him a little when he got nervous. Another stream of bubbles fled from the yellow air tank. Richard sighted John about five yards away, beckoning excitedly. He plunged ahead cauttously.

When the two stood together, John gripped Richard's shoulder firmly and gestured ahead. The divers stood some scant three yards away from the edge of a dizzying drop-off. The sandstone shelf had broken up into sharp, cliff formations, heralding the continental shelf's steep dive to the ocean floor some miles ahead. John and Richard stood at the edge of this "minor" drop, (easily a hundred feet), and stared out into the verdant darkness. It was neither the dizzying drop nor the shadowy, expanse ahead that instantly captured the divers' attention. No, what held their gaze lay just ahead, in the murk. Before them, partially shrouded by the opaque waters, loomed a gargantuan, black monolith of iron. The bow of a ship jutting upward from the sunless gloom of its aquatic crypt.

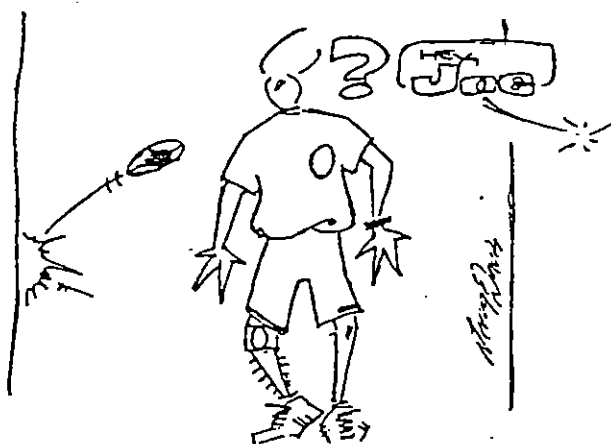
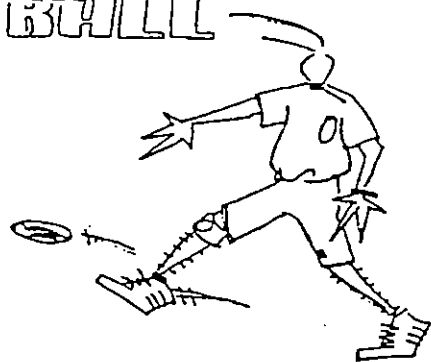
"What the hell?" Richard thought. The sea had taken her toll on the vessel, rust and barnacles had consumed much of the visible hull. Richard looked down over the cliff edge. The ship's enormous form faded down into the sea's dark embrace. "Whatever she was," he mused, "she's beyond this world now. . ." His thoughts trailed away as he looked back at John who was grinning and pointing out toward the jutting bow. Richard nodded and grinned back. Then John motioned ahead and pushed off from the cliff edge. Richard followed, exhaling again and swallowing hard against the pressure in his ears.

As the pair approached the dark hulk, they saw more of the details they had missed. The ship was rectangular in profile, (at least what could be seen of it), with an upward tapering bow; sharp, like a trawling boat, but bigger, much bigger. The two could see some of the deck, now. A rusty fence rail girthed a surprisingly narrow topside. As he passed the port side, Richard looked down along the hull. About ten feet or so from the bow, there were three, large, horizontal grooves cut into the rusty metal, one on top of the other. Barnacles crusted over them, but they remained visible shafts, leading away into the bowels of the ship. A small, barnacle encrusted deck gun stood frozen in its mount, just back from the prow. Richard was mulling over the possibility that the hulk may have been some sort of warship when any doubts were put away for safe keeping: The gloom ahead thinned out slowly, revealing a large, black tower rising up from mid-hull on the deck to a height of twenty or thirty feet. The tower was crowned with assorted rusty poles and pipes. Richard shot a glance at John who merely grinned and pointed to the black iron tower. Clearly readable on the tower's side, through the rust and barnacles, were the faded white characters; U-13. Richard's breath caught short.

John glanced at his watch and tugged Richard's wet suit sleeve. Somehow managing to tear his eyes from the sight before him, Richard began the slow ascent. As he passed over the hull, Richard spotted something bright dangling from the deck rail. He paused a moment as John swam slowly upward. Grasping the object in his hand, Richard saw that it was a medallion of sorts. The chain and round pendant disk shone, even in the dimness, with golden light. The metal appeared to be brass. An inscription encircled a stamped skull silhouette. The words read simply; "CTHULHU. . . RLYEH" Richard paused for a moment, staring at the cold amulet. He suddenly felt a wave of intense dread wash over his mind. Putting the amulet into his sampling pouch, he turned away from the darkness. Ahead lay light, the safety of the *Raleigh*, life. . .

... TO BE CONTINUED

The
BALL



HIS DREAM IS OURS

"Living the Dream" was the theme of Martin Luther King Week, which culminated with an assembly on January 15.

Standing ovations were awarded Dr. Maurice Woodard for his stirring speech and Mr. and Mrs. Charles James for their exciting rendition of "Greatest Love of All". The chorus sang, also, and poems were recited by Abel Johnson, Reggie Gilmer, Linetta Grant, Lonna Hendricks, and Carla Vallet.

LETTERS FOR TONY AND TINA

The only letter received this month was addressed solely to Tina. If you would like advice from Tony and/or Tina, put your letter in the KL box outside the main office, or give it to a KL editor.

Dear Tina,

Whenever I have any problems, I talk to my close friend about. She cares enough to listen, and always seems to be ready with good advice. Well, I'm turning to you with this problem because, for the first time, I can't talk to my close friend about it. You see, my problem involves her. I've known her for about two years. She's pretty, smart, sensitive, and fun to be with. Well, she was. Her good looks haven't been lost, nor her brains, but the last two characteristics have, and I think I know why. There's a certain friend that she's been hanging around with alot during the past year. (This person is my friend, too, but her "hollow sincerity" causes me to shy away.) I hate to say this, but that certain friend has turned my close friend into a clone of herself. It sounds strange, I'm sure, but that is what has happened. My best friend now dresses exactly like her "new twin," wears her hair in the same style, and is by her side whenever possible. I'm not the only one who's noticed - many of her other close friends have, too. I've all kind of sickening, not to mention sad. She isn't her own person anymore. What can I do about it?!

- Concerned

The Rollercoaster

by: Elisha Stewart

It can be fun going on a rollercoaster
To be happy
To feel free
Just being you

It can also be depressing, going on a rollercoaster, alone.
Just you
and
no one else
Just rolling alone.

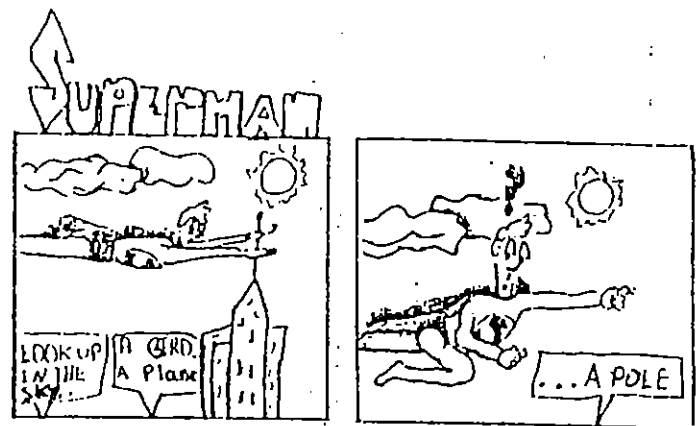
That's what a friend is for, so you won't have
to ride that rollercoaster alone.

Dear "Concerned,"

You certainly do have a problem. I'm not sur that I can give you a complete solution for it, but can give you some things to think about. It sound like your close friend has a strong case of wha can be called "hero worship." What she sees i this "certain friend" has really impressed her, t say the least. That "certain friend" must hav what she considers to be "the ideal image," o close to it, if she has changed her appearance an attitude as drastically as you described. Mayb she had been feeling more than just a littl

unsatisfied with herself at the time she met the "certain friend." This could cause her to desperately want to change the "undesirable image" that she thought she had. Did your close friend seem to be depressed or constantly putting herself down around the time that she met her "new twin?" Or maybe her "cloning" happened without her even being aware of it. Have you, or anyone else, told her how you feel? Try talking to her about it. Build up her self-esteem. Don't let her go. She sounded like too great of a friend to lose.

- Tina



Ray Hesketh, 1983

Question of the Month

by Michelle Santiago

For this month's issue, I searched far and wide for a question that could show where people's minds are now a days. It definitely proved to be interesting!

Question: If you could be anything or any person in the world besides yourself, what or who would you be?

-I'd like to be TJ so I could be a "Rich Boy".
Andre Richardson

-I'd want to be a book because you can't judge it by the cover.
Mr. Beers

-I'd want to be a star because it is unreachable and I wouldn't have to worry about problems.
Elain Albert

-I'd like to be a shower head in the girls shower rooms.
Bob Nelson

-I'd like to be Linda Evans Because she's beautiful even though she's old.
Elizabeth Verigan

-I'd want to be a bird so I could fly.
Violeta Ruiz

-I'd like to be my dog Poppy because she's spoiled and her only worries in life are when she can eat and go poop.
Mrs. Christenson

-I'd want to be a rainbow because it's colorful, beautiful, perfect, and infinite.
Kathy Hanoch

-Steve Harris, so I'd be rich and make jammin' tunes and party all the time.
Mark Bledrzyki

-I'd be a billionaire and buy the whole world.
Becki Frank

-Arnold Schwarzenegger so I could have muchos muscles and be rich like TJ.
Craig Heartly

-A famous singer so I could bring enjoyment to everyone.
Mr. Paulin

-Michael Jordan because he gets four million dollars a year and he's a great basketball player.
Mario Garcia

-I would like to be Michael J. Fox because I like the way he acts and dresses.
Steve Lecon

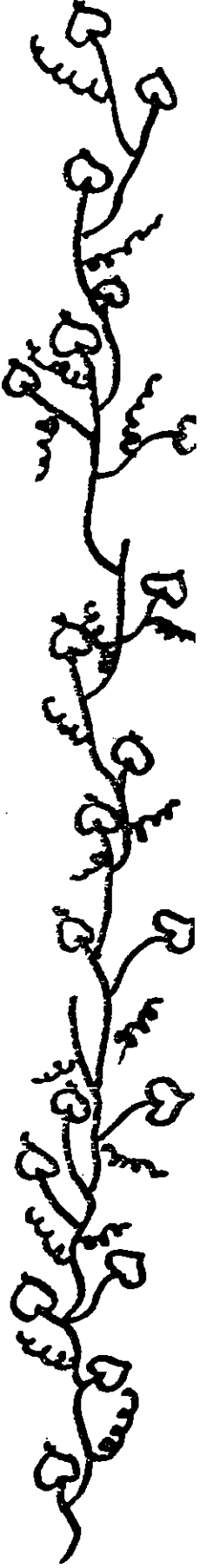
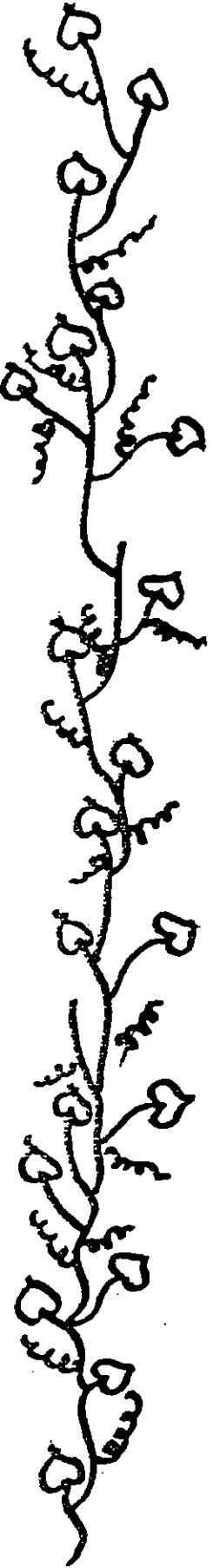
-I'd like to be Andre Richardson, Craig Heartly, Charles Thompson, and all the other "Rich Boys" because they can afford to buy Playboy underwear.
TJ Des Marais

-I'd be the Santa Clause boxers I gave Bob for Christmas so I could see what they looked like on him.
Donna Beaty

and last but not least, a dedication to that wonderful English teacher, Mr. Hoge, who brings joy to our lives by showing us how illiterate we really are:

-We would all be transcendentalists so we wouldn't have to worry about what society expects of us.
6th period Junior Honors English class

Well, there you have it. If anyone has any ideas for Question of the Month or any ideas at all for the Knightlife, please drop a note in the Knightlife box in the main hallway. Find out what your peers think of any "interesting" questions you have.



VALENTINES DEDICATIONS:

FROM: Lonna

TO: Kimmy
Hot Girl
FROM: Remember Frankie!

TO: Pato
Talk Dirty to me!! Ha! Ha!
FROM: GUESS!!

TO: Kell
FROM: Gordi
Hot Love!!

TO: G.A.D
Hanging tough through the bad times makes the
goodtimes more special. You're great!
FROM: Yours Truly

TO: Stacy
FROM: J,
Thinking about ya

TO: Oaky Boys Chuck and Skeet
FROM: Blaze
Rebel without a pause

TO: Jennifer Bush
FROM: Cathy Hanoch
Friends forever!!

TO: LSC Members 87-88
FROM: One of us
If you're happy you know it.

TO: LSC Members 86-87
FROM: One of us
We're the Champions

TO: Beth
FROM: Chuck
Always

TO: Sid, "Q", Corey
FROM: Terrell
Bad Eoy's!!

TO: Kim
FROM: ??
The Way You Make Me Feel

TO: Eau
FROM: S.O.S
YOU BE ILLIN'

TO: Karen Lotz
FROM: Hanging On
Meet Me Half Way

TO: Chris W. and Seannie McKenna
FROM: Dragon Wagon Owner
Nightmares and You're In the Army Now!

TO: Bruebrack
FROM: Seanie
I Wanna Be Your Man

TO: K.K.
FROM: Bang
I Want You

TO: The Dormies
FROM: "D"
Let's Have a Party

TO: Jas, Wen, Ri, Jo
FROM: "D"
Love Bites

TO: The Girls B'Ball Squad
FROM: Ms. C
Take it to the Top!

TO: Junior Council
FROM: A Senator
Get your head out of bed.

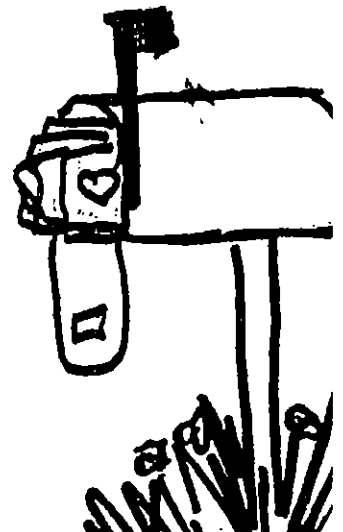
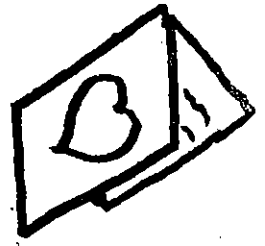
TO: T.J.
FROM: The "OAKY BOYS"
Rich, Rich, Rich

TO: The Oaky Boys
FROM: Blaze
Mentally Mad

TO: Babe
I Love You!
FROM: Julie

TO: Carlos
You're Special!
FROM: Una Amiga

TO: Abel
I will always love you!



TO: John Mabanta
Thank you for sharing your life with me. The times we've shared have been the best!
Love you, Karen Allsup

TO: The Pencil Assassin
Ha! Thanks for drowning my pencil in the ketchup container. You owe me \$1,000,000.00 to cover funeral costs! Have a rich Valentines DAY!
FROM: Who Else?

TO: Donna
You're crazy but I wuv you anyway. I want my pencil and eraser back-now!
FROM: Desperately seeking sardines!!

TO: Mr. McKenna
FROM: Mr. D-3, Chris, and John
AAHH! You're Funny!!

Meditations

by: Cathy Roscoe

From whence did Terra come to be?
How long is an eternity?
Why must I die before I'm born?
Between these questions I am torn.

I could sit and think for hours
Of the wonders we call "flowers,"
Of the faces people mask,
Or of the questions children ask.

Is life just one big mystery,
Unsolved as yet but meant to be?
If it is, then man shall see
The answer in philosophy.

I do. Do you?

by: Michelle Smith

Do you know who I am?
Do you know who you are?
Do you look at the same star?
Do you listen to the wind?
Do you sing a sweet song?
Do you hope for the best?
Do you wish for a dream?
Do you wear silver tipped winged shoes?
I do...Do you?

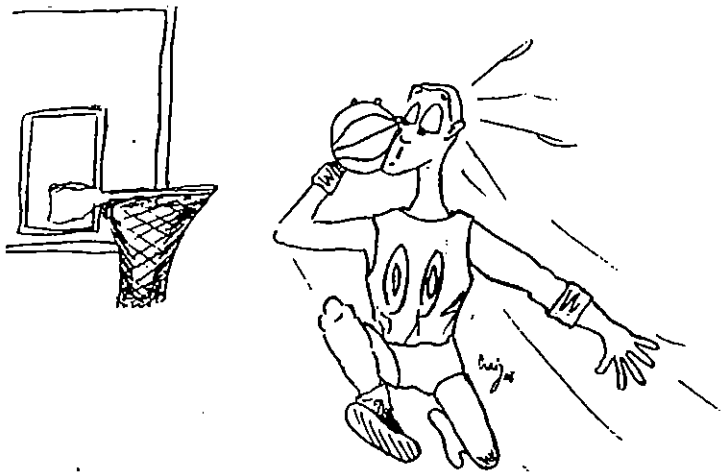


SENIOR SPOTLIGHT

By: Maria Milliken and Marie Mabanta

NAME: Noki Crosby
NICKNAME: Sexybird
BIRTHDAY: Nov. 2, 1969
ZODIAC SIGN: Scorpio
BEST MOMENT: Going out and having fun!
WORST MOMENT: Having a hearing problem
PET PEEVE: Piggging out!
IDEAL CLEM: Someone with brown hair and blue eyes
AFTER GRAD. PLANS: Go to school to learn fashion merchandising
FAVORITES:
SONG: "SHAKE YOUR LOVE"
T.V. SHOW: Dynasty and Together We Stand
MOVIE: The Secret of my Success
FOOD: Oriental
PASTIME: Listening to my walkman and watching T.V.

NAME: Karl DeBarracua
NICKNAME: NONE
BIRTHDAY: December 29, 1969
ZODIAC SIGN: Capricorn
BEST (UPCOMING) MOMENT: 1988-Graduation
WORST MOMENT: Coming to Spain
PET PEEVE: Braggers
IDEAL CLEM: A modest babe!!!
AFTER GRAD. PLANS: Go to school in Northern California, (California State University-Chico), and study Buisness Administration
FAVORITES:
SONG: "Pour Some Sugar On Me" by Def Leppard
T.V. SHOW: Bill Cosby Show
MOVIE: Beverly Hills Cop II
FOOD: Almost anything-except mushrooms
PASTIME: Skiing and tennis



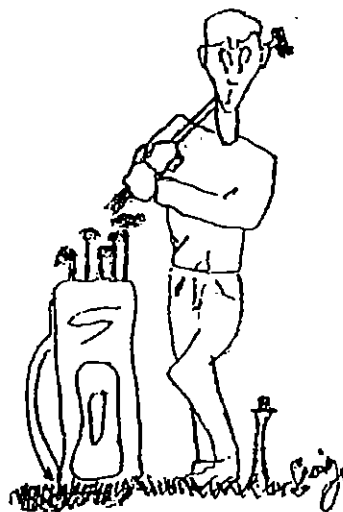
MALE VARSITY BASKETBALL
by Andre Richardson

This year has started off well with the Torrejon Knights basketball team. Try outs for the team occurred the week before Christmas break, and the final team, selected by Coach Gahan, consists of:

Steve Barker
Scott Beaudry
Donald Christman
Matt Glaysher
Robert Jones
Sidney McWilliams
Craig Heartly
Alex Fuentes
Andre Richardson
Terrell Williams
Art Rivas
Charles Thompson
John Roberts
Bill Houtchen - Manager

The team has had an unofficial game with a Spanish team in Alcalá. The THS Knights won 131-126. High scorers were: Terrell Williams with 47 points, 14 rebounds, 10 assists, and 3 blocked shots; Andre Richardson with 29 points, 7 rebounds, 16 assists, and 1 blocked shot; Craig Heartly with 18 points, 18 rebounds, 5 assists, and 3 blocked shots. Other scorers in the game were Robert Jones with 8 points, John Roberts with 6 points, Charles Thompson with 6 points, Alex Fuentes with 13 points, Steve Barker with 4 points.

The team is looking for a winning season, having won its official games against Rota and Zaragoza. Can they win the Championship again? That's the question yet to be answered.



GOLF TEAM
BY SCOTT CARREZALES

There is new athletic team at Torrejon High school this year. After a slow start with the Golf Club this fall, the Golf Team has now been assembled and practices are in full swing. Mr. Govears, the new Physical Education teacher at Torrejon High, has undertaken the coaching job and has high hopes that the team will succeed in their one tournament held in Rota, Spain, March 4th and 5th.

Golf had previously been cut from the program due to lack of funds, but the golfers this year will travel to regionals with the Wrestling Team to conserve expenses.

Many prospective golfers showed up for the initial meeting of the team, but the number has tapered off to a controllable amount. Those who have stuck it out so far include: Amine Joudar, Kris Benthorn, John Mabanta, Bob Nelson, Donna Beaty, Michele Hanshaw, Joi Woodard, Sirena Andras, Heather and Brooke Ornelas, and Kalee Mertz.

Only the top five boys and girls in the school will travel to regionals this spring to proudly represent our school.

"88" WRESTLING BEGINS
by Louis De Barricua

This year's wrestling practice began January 6 with a 90 minute weight-lifting workout. The first practices were harder than expected. This gave many people thoughts about quitting but these thoughts were held back when Coach Caesar began to talk (yell) about losers and quitters. "If you quit now because you can't take a hard workout, you'll be quitting your whole life". This gave the boys something to think about.

Wrestling is one of the hardest sports there is, and it takes a lot of mental and physical strength to be good.

The only returnees are Daniel Strode ('89) and Louis De Barricua ('90). There are a few other experienced wrestlers like Miguel Santi ('88), Moe McLeod ('90), and Caesar Farpon ('91).

The team looks pretty good. They're learning from last year's mistakes, although last year's mistakes did not stop the team from coming in first place. Many of the wrestlers are inexperienced, but by Regionals they'll have enough practice to have a fair chance against their more experienced opponents. Only on rare occasions do new wrestlers win their first couple of matches, but after getting tired of defeat, they eventually decide to do their own little beating.

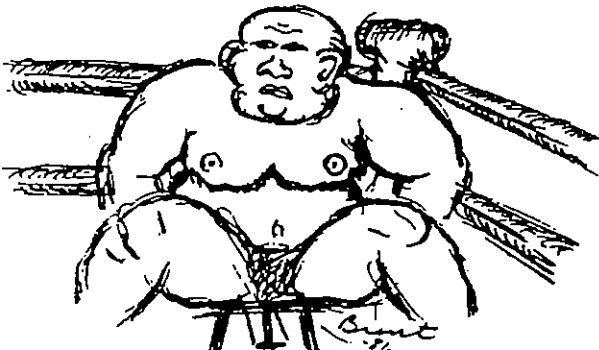
Dr. O'Neil, Caesar, and three other very experienced wrestlers, are coaching. They have a whole lot to teach this year's wrestlers and hopefully this year's team will benefit in the best possible way.

Matches are as follows:

February 12-13 All schools at Torrejon.

February 19-20 all schools at Zaragoza

March 4-5 all schools at Rota.



FOOTBALL ALL-STARS NAMED
by Beth Mangis

Matt Glaysher, Corey Fox, Andre Richardson, and John Roberts of TJ's Red football team; and Sinky Buford, Willie Clark, Chris Miles, Erik Schwalier, Bob Nelson, Mike Clapp, Charles Thompson, Craig Heartley, and Don Dunkle of the champion white team were selected for 1987 All Conference Awards.

Coaches from Rota, ZAB, and TJ opposing teams chose these fine players for their outstanding contribution to their teams.

Way to go, guys!!

1988 WOMEN'S BASKETBALL SEASON
by Bianca Sorola and Tahia Morris

Basketball is not only skills, but determination and dedication toward the sport. Through tough and tiring competition during tryouts, the new TJ "88" Women's Basketball team has been selected. The selection was made by the coach, Mrs. Christenson.

The Team:

Patricia Blockman
Jennifer Blockman
Milagros Comer
Theresa Fuller
Cristina Gahan
Katrina Halloway
Tanya Hansen
Sylena Hendrix
Alaina Johnson
Rachelle Johnson
Angie Martinez
Ludmilla McCullough
Janeen Morris
Tahia Morris
Susanna Rojas
Michelle Santiago
Bianca Sorola
Lynette Williams
Manager: Nicole Dauntain

The team traveled to Rota during the 29th and 30th of January. In spite of strenuous effort, the Torrejon girls lost all their games. **GOOD LUCK FOR REMAINDER OF THE SEASON!**

NEW CHEERLEADING SQUAD
by Joi Woodard

"This is it you guys."
The 1988 cheerleading squad
is getting ready for a new
basketball season.

Out of the 20 girls who
tried out only 8 were chosen.
They are as follows: Karen
Lots, Lonna Hendrix, Tara Spahr,
Luanne Flores, Linetta Grant,
Lori Bently, Nicole Ontero,
and Sis Gammon.

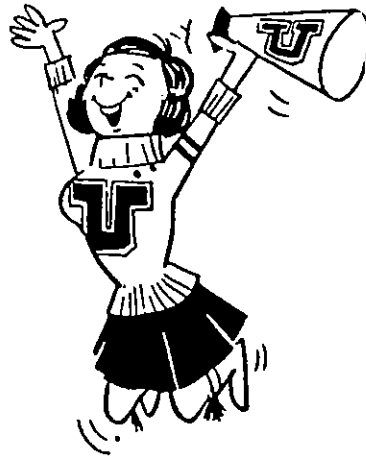
If you were at the tryouts
of the Basketball cheerleaders,
then you would know that trying
out is no piece of cake. It is
tough competition!!

With the cheerleaders getting
ready with their new basketball
cheers, I'm sure this season will
be a great success. Students,
faculty, and parents can help
cheer the basketball teams to
victory.

WEREWOLF

As i dream asleep
i start to transform
i open my mouth
new teeth are born
sharp as knives
cutting through flesh
killing my prey
laying them to rest
i drink their blood
it quenches my thirst
their neck is my target
i slash it first
i close my eyes my
killing again and again
betraying my own kind
for that is sin
i do not like this
so i leave in solace
there is no home for me
the forest is my palace
is this a dream
or is it for real
the werewolf doesn't care
he only knows how to
kill

-Marcos R. Alamillo



Out There

by: Michelle Smith

I'm out there...
Come calling to me on the wind's tender breast.
If you do:
Our hearts will do the rest.
Somewhere waiting...
waiting...
Will you come?
Ride on a silver cloud at night
As our hearts intertwine
But our arms fight.
And the war pounds in our veins.
Man against woman;
And name against name.
Just waiting,
Out there.



KNIGHTLIFE

PYDZWNMOKQRNJEHBBELIFNRJJVPHLE
 JIRWAUYKDDRZXRAYUZXKQGNDFKADRF
 ZMOFIAFEMJELBAUYFRPASTSRITYQHWA
 SKQLZDRKIBRWQCALINPDMQRTSCSEBY
 GNNAVNXLWCBUBBQVUCUBYDSDOLXWPJMR
 WCCIKZLNPOHACULLABTEKXSABEVYSIO
 MRFQMPHFVDCVBBHDEZENRWVMFVGBXPT
 EPSQEISMOTZUSWHLIWAQGTSSQWDDQS
 RYUFSGTIPIOSIHLZVYWKDXHNCDHWVI
 UBAAMPNVNCOUFLRNLATIYSDIFTEZCEH
 BLVBHTCCHNLRGNYYRTBBQLYETMNOCC
 EUIBCTTQQNEKNZSAXUOFTZARFKHSXY
 BLVPWBSHEWDXTEGZYEGPSYCOYTTITLXS
 SNEQDCWGLPHIINLDWEEXHPAUATNNAW
 OMEERTZGBBKUAAFOINFRIESDHNKCAVMW
 ZUVQJMLREMPQITCWLREMHIBNSSPSO
 WUQZTECRERTQOPLOZSDIHPGTWAKSGF
 SGMVDTCLGERVTRLKONIPKYKXDSBVE
 XULWBRUVBDBCKHXFCBIXGNJBIOCKHSC
 LRZPMEMDFTASHXANSWYIDUOBKXNRZD
 PSVADDBXGADIOPRATOMSDHNRHZZDPTO
 YRSXWPSKMNMRTRTRWHTZDAUNWNLSVS
 SVJRUSBZKYIRFAMGTESAEINDYSVEKD
 IYFMLTFVBYDZTNISSHJYRKNCKWXYIQ
 USCISSTLDWLDNIBAGQKVRDWMVOMVHF
 PCDDENHZTMRAILCWQHYQYYIWRLLFFKQ
 BSGDFAGHCSULFJXDTRWXKZNNWHWSQ
 RUYESKZSSYRPUOKSIVGZVHWIEBOPQK
 MPPIJZJJBOVTRRNSXPCULBWHISQWUH
 WSSJRRBGBBJRLLYDEJCFXUGZONSNOX

Life

by: Scott Carrizales

I mark every second
 I wait for the day;
 Time slowly passes
 But quickly fades away.

Living for the moment
 Taking that chance,
 When I find what I want
 I won't let it pass.

Holding on tightly
 Straining from pain,
 I won't let it end.
 It's not just a game.

Behind in the score
 But not down for the count,
 I cannot surrender
 There's no room for doubt.

I stare at the wall;
 It's wide and so tall,
 But I must climb-get over
 Or else slip and fall

I look in the mirror
 But who do I see?
 Who is this person?
 Who do I wish it to be?

Change always happens;
 I can't fall behind,
 Living in the past
 And losing my mind.

Love comes so quickly
 And holds on so long;
 I can't let it break me
 I have to be strong.

It feels so wonderful
 Why can't it just last?
 It feels so empty
 How can I get past?

Life goes in circles
 And turns 'round again,
 But then comes a corner
 And never an end.

FIND THESE HIDDEN WORDS IN THE PUZZLE

- ADMINISTRATORS
- BASKETBALL
- PUZZES
- EDITOR
- ENGLISH
- EXAMS
- FIELD
- GOLF
- HISTORY
- KNIGHTLIFE
- KNIGHTS
- PE
- ROTC
- SPORTS
- TARDINESS
- TEACHERS
- TENNIS
- TRACK
- WRESTLING
- YEARBOOK

