



R.I.P.

The  
TORREJON class  
of  
1989

R.I.P.  
JIM  
WELCH  
F

James  
L.

LEO

SENIOR

WILLS

Knightslife  
TORREJON AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL  
SENIOR WILLS

STAFF FOR THIS ISSUE

EDITOR: Becki Frank

Typists:  
Lesley Boyd  
DeeDee Correll  
Chuck Ferguson  
Cynthia Santiago  
Loree Shutt  
Margo Tucker

ADVISOR: Mrs. Indresano

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 for the advice column, submissions, and any other correspondence should be put in the red KL box in the main hallway.



I, Glendon Leo Stacks Jr., being of a so called sound mind and body, leave the following objects and thoughts to the following people:

Alex Fuentez: the memories of something that will last forever in our minds and hearts, and will never die as long as we cherish it...Our friendship! Also, I leave you my worn out shoes and socks from our hike.

Sarah Armstrong: Someone to get constipated with all you want and two pet frogs (ribbit).

Andrea Smith: My obsession cologne, and a pair of pants with red stains all over them.

To Donna Beaty: All my expertise and talents in the fine art of Trig.

To Stacey Garner: grilled cheese sandwiches with a little bit of catsup.

To The Red Soccer Team: The four words as quoted by Red Team after Regionals - "I can't stand losing."

Mike Clapp: somebody to really study Spanish with.

Tony Garcia: A case of beer to take along to Harvard.

DeeDee: I leave you all my bottles of cologne (except obsession) and both of my elbows.

To Robert Adams: A knife and a script to take along to Hollywood!

To Jama Van Horne: A speech therapist...quick!

To Sam Galer: Tickets for two free trips to any Barber Shop of your choice.

To Jim, Paul, and Chris: Twenty Topless female Teenagers To Talk To.

To Jim and Cecilia: censored

To Rob Benavides: 3 new fingers

Claudia Martinez: A brand new computer of your very own, and a pet fly collection

Karen Lotz: A long, prosperous, and happy life with Kelly.

Nate: a new pair of Fruit of the Loom, wedgie proof brand underwear.

Christine M.: something that could of been and something that was -friendship.

Caryn F.: A box of kleenex and a quiet room that you can sneeze in all you want.

To whomever I left out: \$2.50 to split among all of you.

I, Michael Lemons, being of genial mind and bodacious body, do hereby bequeath the following:

Will Mocre and James Lee: censored

Beth Fagnant: a Japanese flag

Mari Vera: something to control your sexual urges on those nights when they run wild.

Sam Galer: a thrash metal band to play in, and a tape of Suicidal Tendencies for inspiration during those moments of depression.

DeeDee Correll, Sam Galer, and Leo Stacks: censored

Chris Kuranko: censored

DeeDee Correll: courage to wear your f\*\*k shirt plus a box of t\*\*p\*\*s

The Mallorca Bunch: a thimble, Font Vella bottle, bean dip can, peanut butter jar, and a can of "roasted" peanuts to remember me by

Violeta Ruiz: my recipe for apple-cinnamon-beer oatmeal, 300 dollars of phone bills, a tape of Atom Heart Mother by Pink Floyd (hey, where's that music coming from?!), and a copy of my upcoming book: Life: Everything's A Big Circle

Danna Palacios: a hairstyle she likes and protection from horny guys lurking in my bathroom.

The "lame" people: dates for the next formal you attend

Jimav Connors and Cecilia Lebel: censored

Rick Offield: someone to listen and laugh at your hundreds of jokes; I got sick of 'em...

Mr. Scheier: a shave, a book of jokes (yours were lame), and my "See Dick Drink" shirt

Louie: an 8th grade babe who's realistic

Jesse Lineberger: an old lady with lots of money walking down an empty sidestreet in Mallorca and a life-preserver

Kiki Kirksey: a wedgie

Becki Frank: speech therapy to correct you irritating nasal twang plus a closet full of clothes from L.L. Bean

Juniors in Trig: advice: don't take Calculus - it's too hard

Next year's Red Soccer Team: a key to the room in Rota with the 42 cases of beer (they will probably still be there) and directions to the Hard Rock Cafe

Tony and Rob: sh\*t, chips, jays, puke, church, guers, pretzels, beer, jaam, y Paco, waves, caves, cheen, peen, Gaby's, Fanny's, yeah...Shamacuish...hhuuh... (gulp gulp)...beers, chip!...(tap tap chink chink)...nam yeh!!!

I, Charles M. Cain, a graduating senior hereby give my possessions to the following people:

To Beth Manois: Everything I own even myself.

Everyone else: SCRRY!



I, Lisa Stymans, being of confused mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Joel - all of my money you've used in the past five months, my Swatch (you've had it long enough), our promise from New Years Eve, more pictures to gamble with, and all the love and support you need for those eight weeks. I love you!

To Debbie - 5 cartons of Fortuna, a flammable gas sticker, your own surprises with something too keep them in, a thank you for always being there and listening, and the best of luck for whatever happens.

To my parents - a whole pack of your own gum, our saying, stock in Net Co., a clock that's an hour early, a shineless burger free nose, and tons of love.

To Mom - many memories of the "Alkies", and everything we went through, good and bad. I leave you a true love, lots of luck, and always remember you're special.

To Chris - all our classic novels, some tennis balls, a Pictionary game, and my real mother's phone #, I love ya!

To Louis - a new best friend who won't give you lead poisoning, and one last hug.

To Bridgette - another mother in California, lots of love, and all the luck in the world with Bozo. I understand now.

To Danna - more affectionate guys, all my sweaters, memories of chemistry, art, and hamburgers at the caf. for lunch. I love you.

To Theresa - The knowledge that they aren't cold sores, but I won't ever tell what they really are. Also, some people to go out of their way to pick you up from work for the rest of your life.

To Jody - all the leg eating sewers in the Oaks.

To Little John - a lie detector test, a new big sister, all the cigs I owe you, and tons of love.

To my parents - a thank you for the last three years for letting me grow up, helping me be a better person, and sticking through it. You guys are the very best, and I love you!

I, Jama D. Van Horne, being of sound mind and healthy body leave:

to Mara Kully: I leave Mike and Steve, for great nights at ABA's

to Cecilia Lebel: I leave a prescription of Motrin

to Jimmy Conner: I leave Cecilia, God help you both

to Ann Sullivan: I leave my couch for midnight talks and my government papers

to Robert Benavides: I leave Ann Sullivan because you deserve each other

to Mari Vera: I leave my business law books

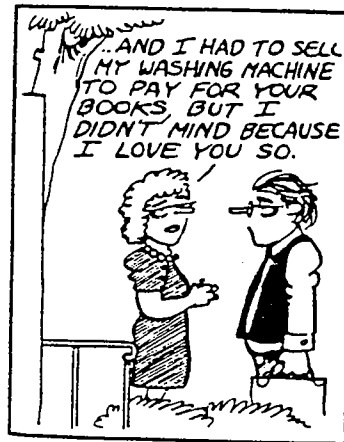
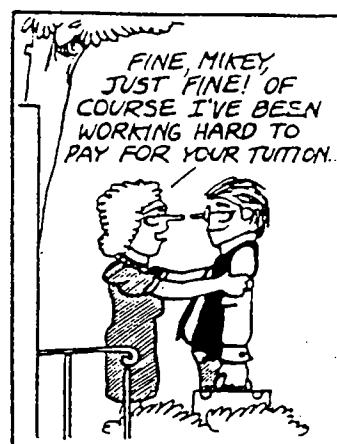
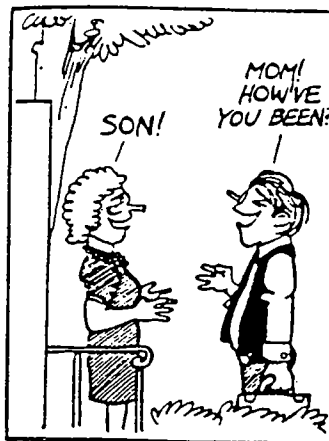
to Terrol Sauter: I leave my hope for her and Chris forever

to Ms. Inselman: I leave an earring and knowledge of law

to Mr. Scheier: I leave my holey jeans and half shirts

to all my friends: I leave my love for without that they would be forgotten

to future Seniors: I leave Mr. Hoge. Good luck



I, Charles E. Thompson Jr. do hereby bequeath the possessions to the following:

Jesse Lineberger: the ability to dance, his own haircutters and a girlfriend to match his wits and strength

Willie Dubois: \$4.00 to go to the barber shop on base to get something done to his hair

Dee, Lambone, Ike, Cherry: Alcobendas

Rachael Carter: a big, gigantic sign reminding you you're not an adult yet

Katrina Humphreys and Rachelle Johnson: their own personal secretaries to sign their own "excused" absences

Mike Maymi: a case of MD 20/20, and an answer booklet so he doesn't have to ask for my homework every morning

Stacey Jackson: an 88-89 school calendar to show her the days we did have school

Sheila Ann Williams: a contract to give public speeches to the 1st and 2nd grades on Dr. Seuss books

Debbie Gardiner: my legs

Jama Van Horne: your very own island in the Persian Gulf, that way we won't hear you anymore

Oscar Torres: a job as a politician, since he has the lies down pat already

Ludmilla McCullough and Domica Bellamy: something they never gave me....love

Nicole Dautain: a hair cut and another dollar

Nawanda Vincent: half a wine cooler to get another head rush

I, Mari Vera being of tired mind and blah body here do bequeath the following items to the following:

Lesley Boyd: my friendship, our many hours on the phone, the two hour ride we'll have to see each other next year and pieces of plastic forks to toss around

Sarah Armstrong: my eyes, so she can find all the fine guys she never saw in Madrid

Mike Lemons: a room full of nerd parents to go to college with him

Tony Garcia: rug cleaner, so you can clean it up next time

Loree Shutt: earplugs for those certain times

Margo Tucker: three inches in height and a "Koff-Hoff" all of your own

Dee Dee Correll: Woolite to get a certain stain off of a certain dress

Mrs. Lavery: a chorus of 80,000

Violeta Ruiz: your own private revolution to battle

Rachelle Johnson: a tape of Mr. Paulin's singing

Andrea Smith: A tube of Ben-Gay so you won't complain in A.V.

Stacey Garner: A bottle of Martini and a sponge

Andrea Lemons: my black boots to sit on them whenever you want

Nawanda Vincent: a certain Soccer player from Rota and a green card

Aisling Morgan: a light switch, because you did it

Lou DeBarriacua: your own harems to lead around

Patrick Boyd and Matt Thompson: a non-stop C.D. of Guns and Roses

Terrol Sauter: a case of Pepto-Bismol tablets and a can of Lysol

Saa Gaier: a pair of steel glasses

Katrina Humonreys: a bottle of "Stay Awake" pills for Physiology

Nate Morales: "THE GREAT" added permanently to his birth certificate

Steve Ward: a house full of mirrors to look at his bod

Leo Stacks: a listing of every cologne in the world

Alisa Wrestchko: an extra large towel for the next time you get locked in a shower

Becki Frank: A case of Noxsea for Portuguese burns

Angie Martinez: A large cube of ice to ease your sunstroke

Weedie: my ghost to live forever in your life, your favorite girl as a girlfriend and the the rest of me and dad's complaints for five more years. HA HA

I, Becki Frank, being of worn out mind and unmentionable body do bequeath the following:

To Loree: A pair of three inch heels, a certificate for 100 minutes of free phone service so you can call me, and all the memories we have shared.

To Lesley: A garden of garlic to wear as lip gloss, a keg of German beer, the editor position of the yearbook staff at Trinity, and twelve bottles of Coppertone Dark Tanning Oil.

To Mari: A Portuguese flag, London, ten shares each in the stocks of Esprit and Benetton, a bookcase to hold all your cassettes, all the film you want for your camera, and fine guys.

To Margo: Six inches of height, an umbrella to block out the sun, a book called The Guide to Stacking It Gracefully, and an adding machine (calculator) just like the one in business lab.

To Mike Lemons: All my math notes, a set of colored pencils for College math, and a guide to making dirty video games.

To Rob Benevides: A bill for \$10.50 (5% daily interest on that \$10.00 that was three weeks late) and a tuxedo with one sleeve enlarged at the bottom to allow room for a cast.

To Sarah: NHS and the roach store.

To Caryn Finefrock: My sail club member shirt so you have a matched set!

To Jama Van Horne: a talk show that you co-host with DeeDee.

To Chuck Ferguson: The new track season, a bottle of 30 sunscreen, an SAT study guide, and the knowledge to make decisions.

To Laurel: The lawn to mow, the dishes to wash, the refrigerator full of food so you gain weight, and the front seat.

To my parents: Tuition bills, phone bills, credit card bills, and a quieter house.

To Theresa Groce: London, an M & M wrapper, and this quote given to me by another good friend:

"May the road rise to meet you,

May the wind always be at your back,

May the sun warm your face, the rains fall softly upon your fields, and until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of his hand."

I Michael Anthony Maymi being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following to:

Jesse Lineberger: I leave something to talk about besides yourself.

Cynthia Santiago: I leave my round framed glasses which you already have!

All the Seniors who went to Mallorca: I leave the telephone number to Alcohol Anonymous.

Jama Van Horne: I leave something to cry about.

Stacey Jackson: I give you the day off.

To My Love Anna: I leave you my love!

To the Double XDC Posse: I leave a year supply of M.D.

To THS: I leave you nothing!



Senior Superlatives  
(taken from the yearbook)

Donkey Dust: DeeDee Correll and Oscar Torres

Wheaties Kids: Katrina Humphreys and Charles Thompson

Class Clowns: Theresa Fuller and Marc Ashton

Frettiest Eyes: Patricia Blockmon and Charles Cain

Most Likely to Succeed: Margo Tucker and Mike Lemons

Best Dressed: Linetta Grant and Leo Stacks

Shyest: Sarima Anderson and Jason Baldwin

Most Spirited: Mari Vera and Will Moore

Yuppies: Becki Frank and Rob Benavides

Class Flirts: Caryn Finefrock and Rick Offield

Best Smile: Sheri Saiter and Jim Connor

Most Studious: Lesley Boyd and Alex Rodriguez

Rowdiest: Rachelle Johnson and Mike Clapp

Best Personality: Nawanda Vincent and Nate Morales

Most Likely to be Married Before the Age of 20: Sheila Williams and Jesse Lineberger

Most Patient: Loree Shutt and Jim Welch

Best Figure: Marisol Garcia

Best Build: Steve Ward

Most Likely to Enjoy the Weekend: Joanne Gaddis and Eric Acuff

Biggest Complainers: Jama Van Horne and Mike Maymi

Most Eccentric: Carla Vallet and Joel Bautista

Sleepyheads: Lisa Stymans and Sidney McWilliams

Dear Abbey: Cynthia Santiago and Chris Kuranko



I, Stacey Jackson, being of sound mind and out-of-shape body. Hereby leave the below objects to the people in my life listed below - Enjoy:

Daniel E. Boose, I leave a bottle of window cleaner, a huge batch of spinach casserole, a bottle of champagne bubbles; and of course-all my love.

Joanne Gaddis, I leave a blowdryer, a beer bottle and a bar stool; a gallon bottle of Vodka and a liter of limon-have a great time with them.

Belinda Lotz, I leave your own Dear Abby column (or is that Dr. Ruth), a blank video tape to make a sequel to the first, and a new bed!!(cause I always hated yours).

Lou Fonseca, I leave you a life supply of bandages, and all the Rocky tapes; and a big black book.

Eric Acuff, I leave you a warm jacket for all those long cold nights in the park.

Tammy Perkins, Meow-fft;fft! and smelly sweat socks!

Ollie Harbour, I leave you a medal for attending school three days straight; and a silencer for your mouth!

Karen Lotz, I leave a ticket to the Wild Side! Just this once!

Stacy Gardner, I leave you a decent pair of shoes.

Rosy Mitchell, I leave a great, big smile!

Michelle Soto, I leave your own computer terminal and a manual; and a scalding hot shower for victims.

Angrea Smith, I leave another year of Algebra.

Saran Armstrong, I leave another ticket to the Wild Side, and a bigger car trunk!

Jia Welch and Tony Garcia, I leave you both a big thank for making Sociology so darn exciting!

Jama VanHorne, I leave a new and improved guy alert and a calendar to keep track of them all!

Kevin Liebold, I leave a map from the B.A. to school, then maybe you can find your way.

Rachelle Johnson, I leave a megaphone so everyone can hear all your intelligent remarks.

Linetta Grant, I leave a plane ticket to go and see tu novio and get married and have ten kids.

The Senior Class(those graduating), Good Luck in the real world.

I Rachelle "Cheeks" Johnson being of fine mind and body, especially body, do hereby and fore after and all that jazz, leave the following to the following:

Ms. Roz Carter and Tameka Strickland, I leave some business of their own mind, so they can stay out of everyone else's WORDS!

Ms. Rachael Carter, censored

To the deapest posse around, Double XDC, I leave my collection of addresses of "real" men, and not these TJ suckers, because I can only look at the menu, but I can't order. Peace! Pipi,

Dominique, MiMi -n- K-rock!

To my homegirl Nicole "Pipi" Dautain, I leave my footsteps to follow in. Tread lightly now!

To all my T'CHAs, past and present, Ms. Itakura, Mr. Paulin, Mr. Hoge, Mr. Whitely, and especially Ms. Donald, I leave some peace, quiet and a little sanity. I think you deserve it now and maybe now you can even sleep at nights. MAYBE!

To Willie DuBois, I leave a lifetime supply of haircuts, so then you'd really be "Ready For The World!"

To Cybil Murray, Niecy Harbison and the rest of the anorexic anonymous posse, I leave some FOOD!

To Jesse Lineberger, censored

To Mr. Scheier, I leave a shaving kit that contains a razor with spikes at the end!

To Mr. Hoge, I leave a class that stays awake, and a "Happy Meal."

To the YCK, I leave some bruises on their faces and butts if they keep harrassing Pipi and the rest of my posse. I also leave them some sense.

To Will Moore and Polyanna Crabtree, I leave some matching clothes.

To Jama VanHorne,

And last but not least, to THS (the Torture House of Scheier), I'll just leave, I'm more than sure that I won't be forgotten for a long, long, long, long, long, (you get what I'm saying) time! Stay chill, and make sure you don't do anything I would do. Peace in the Middle East. Hasta Lama Negro!

I, Mara Kully, being of sound mind and body, do becueath my possessions to the following:

To Tara Spahr, I leave you a gorgeous guy who will move here and sweep you off your feet.

To Denis Vanderman, I leave a plane ticket to California for after your graduation, Class of 1990.

To Terrol Sauter, I leave you my love, friendship and many letters

To Jama VanHorne, I leave you a Brian look-alike in Ohio, only younger.

To Sis Lebel, I leave you all my strength and attitude for your marine corps career.

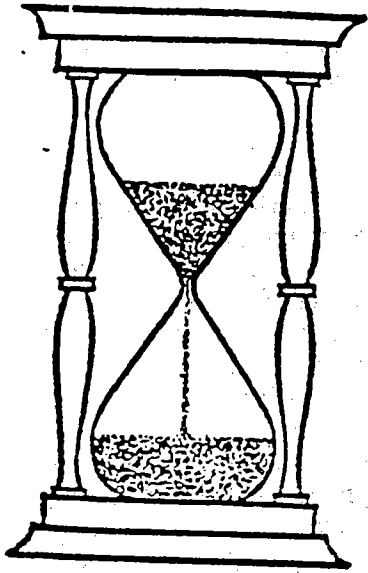
To Violeta Ruiz, I leave all the great times we'll have in California, Summer of 89.

To Charles Thompson, I leave my friendship and letters, and luck at UNLV, love ya.

To Kevin Liebold, I leave my good grades and sense of humor so you won't forget me, and my r-a- action.

To Alex Fuentes, I leave you your own pair of Ray Bans and a tennis ball to shut you up when you try to repeat what I say.

I, Theresa Fuller, being of deprived mind and body hereby bequeath the following:



Karen Burns: the wonderful memories of our friendship and any guy you want  
Mike Milletich: a maid to fold your clothes and clean your room (so you won't have to do it); a shed and all my love and friendship  
Ky Ramos: censored  
Debbie Gardiner: your own everything and beer in a coke can  
Lisa Styvans: blistex  
Kenny Mangione: a pitcher of Sangria and a bathroom  
Cecilia Lebel: a cherry  
Amine Joudar: eleven dollars  
Donna Palacios: the back seat of the bus and a pack of cigarettes  
Mike Lemons: Fontvella waterbottle and lessons to French braid  
Nate Morales: a new attitude P.S. thanks for everything  
Tony Garcia: your own tangent  
Steve Ward: reality  
Steve Lecon: money and a deck of cards  
DeeDee Correll: a box of t\*\*p\*\*s  
Mrs. Inselman: a beerful summer with me!!!!  
Seniors on the Girls B-Ball team: another year of high school so you can kick butt  
TJ's Soccer Team: no curfew and alcohol  
Mallorca '89: indestructible mopeds  
Sirena Andras: buPepsi

I, Will Moore, being of sound mind and body hereby bequeath the following possessions:

DeeDee Correll: I leave you a magic stage to act out your fantasies and an audience that never tires.  
Mr. Hoge: I leave you all of my wonderful essays!  
Ms. Thomas: I leave you the Martin Luther King accent I did not have.  
James Lee: I leave you "un cubo para la pota" and "seis limones."  
Chris Kuranko: I leave thee my "Drakkar Noir."  
Ms. Donald: I leave you a dozen roses for your hard work.  
Paul Welch: I leave you a tissue. (Welcome to the Club).  
Donna Beaty: I leave you an illuminated cross.  
Samuel Galer: I leave you a cage for when you act like a monkey.  
Terrol Sauter: I leave you big fat cheeks that you can squeeze all you like.  
Mike Lemons: I leave you a thimble.  
Steve Ward: A weight belt!  
Jenifer Blockman: To you, I leave all the answers to questions.  
Ms. O'Brien: I leave you a reminder to record all the assignments.  
Debbie Garner: STRESS! STRESS! STRESS!!!  
Rachelle Johnson: I leave you a knife.  
Becki Frank: A free pass to Joy's.  
Frank Lis: A mirror, so you don't have to turn around so much.  
Anne Sullivan: I leave you a "pca-poa."  
Eva Clinton: A chocolate bar.

I, Joanne Gaddis, being of corrupt mind and body hereby leave the following:

Mom and Dad: I leave you a stress free life. You deserve it. Love U lots!  
Richard G: I leave you a tattoo saying "NOT" on your forehead, a great time in the future, and memories of our headbanging sessions!  
Soacey J: I leave you a quote "Hey man your hairs on fire!", and a dark suntan.  
Bel: I leave you a bigger guardroom and a microphone so the whole CAKS can hear you!  
Tammy P: censored  
Eric A: I leave you my beautiful hair so that I don't have to stand behind you and put my hair on your shoulder, and a tape recorder of you saying, "Man, I'm swilly!" Thanks for the memories of our CRAZY friendship.  
To Marry, Glenn, Herman and Justin: I leave you 10 billion dollars so you won't have to slave all your life and you can buy all the maids you can handle and all the stuff (Johnny) to make you happy. You probably won't last!  
To Stevon: A warehouse of cigarettes (tax free).  
To Stacey G: I leave you Barabas! You WILL learn to like it! (How about a week with Metallica? You can borrow one of my slut suits!)

I, Katrina Humphreys, being of sound mind and body do bequeath the following possessions to the following people:

Linetta Grant: I leave a replica doll of VIC to keep you company until you meet again this summer. I also leave you a plane ticket to Hawaii so that you can visit your favorite teacher Itakura.

Charles Thomson: A prescription for steroids because that may be the only hope you have of playing Pro football, also a drivers manual instructing you on where the clutch is located.

Sheila Williams: A Dick and Jane reading book so that you can continue to give the fascinating book reports like you did in Mr. Hoge's class.

Oscar Torres: A polygraph machine so that even you will know when you are lying since you confuse your lies with the truth all the time (smile).

Nawanda Vincent: a fashion consultant so that you will learn that sneakers are not appropriate with all kinds of skirts, neither are stockings and sandals.

Mike Mavri: A case of MD/20 so that you can relive your experience during track season.

Alissa Pruitt: Another chance with Russell, this time don't blow it!

Rachelle Johnson: A book on The lives of Thugs. This way you won't feel left out and you'll have something to talk about with your fiance Larry Harrison.

Bonita, Nicole and Ludmila: Two weeks to spend in Rota so that you can party like we should have the last time we went, hopefully we won't lose the camera this time.

DeeDee Correll: I leave you Adolfo seeing how you never stood a chance with him whenever I was around. Yes, you'll have to settle for sloppy seconds again. But, you should be accustomed to that by now. Try chocolate sauce next time, you might have better luck!!

Mr. Hoge: Another sixth period English class like this year's and another person like me so that you can have a fantastic view of the back of someone's head again.

Mr. Whitley: Another person to sleep throughout your Psychology class again so that you don't lose that inferiority complex I gave you.

I, Terrol Sauter, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath my possessions to the following:

To Chris Anderson: I leave all my love and the promises of the future.

To Michelle Clapp: I leave all my friendship and promises of letters.

To DeeDee Correll: I leave an endless supply of Kleenex, and someone as understanding and with such an appealing smile as mine.

To Jama Van Horne and Mara Kully: I leave an endless supply of gorgeous men, because you deserve to find the best. And, of course, promises of letters.

To Tony Landrith: I leave a neat roommate so that you don't have to pick up after yourself.

To Anne Sullivan: I leave my bar. That's exactly what you asked for.

To Mari Carmen: I leave a plane ticket to the States so you can come and see me.

To Kevin, Rick, Jason, Sis, and all of my friends: I leave memories of me, that way you won't be so lonely.

I, Alissa Pruitt, being of sound mind and body leave the following things:

The Double XDC's - some new posses and a great senior year, you guys are all right.

Chris Parker - all the gum you need so you can stop eating up all mine!

All the Afros in the Senior isle - all the best in the future, you guys gave me a laugh.

Nawanda Vincent - patience to deal with your brothers, Don't we all need it.

All the underclassmen - all the determination and knowledge it takes to be a senior.

All the SENIORS - the best in the years to come in whatever they decide to do. Hope to see you all in 1999.

Katrina Humphreys - all the excused absence notes that you need, in case you ever run out.

Rachael Carter - some better excuses (your old ones are getting sour).

All the Spanish drivers - lessons on how to drive...correctly and safely.

The brown bomber - many more years of good running consition.

