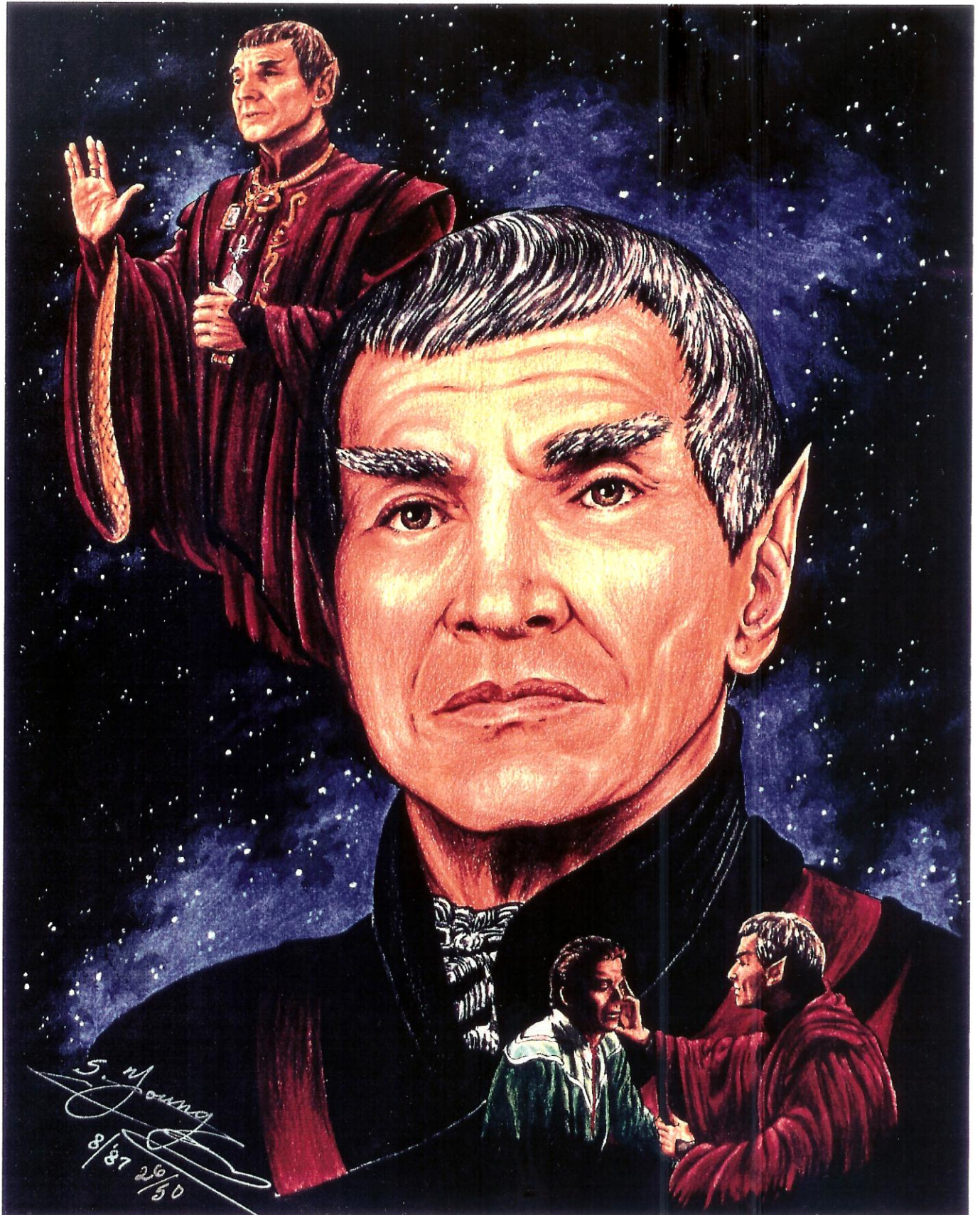


VOLUME 3 NUMBER 3

JUNE, 1992

THE WRIGHT STUFF

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE U.S.S. KITTY HAWK NCC 1659





THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 3 NO. 3

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 3

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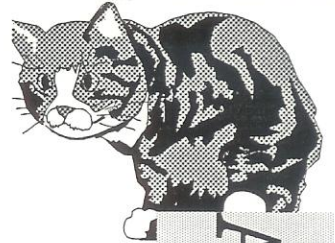
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Our color cover for this newsletter was done by the very talented *SHARON YOUNG*, who allowed us once again to use her work. If interested in obtaining some of her work, please contact:

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A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT

"Helmsman, thrusters to station keepings."

"Aye, Sir."

"Space dock, we are keeping station and are ready for dock tractors."

"Engaging tractors.-----Now! Kitty Hawk you are docked and secure. Welcome aboard, Captain Fisher."

"Thank you, will secure all stations."

"Helm, release thrusters and secure your station."

"All hands, this is the captain. We are docked. Please secure all stations and your own quarters. Shore Leave will commence immediately as per medical and recreation schedules. While the Kitty Hawk undergoes refitting your orders are to have fun. But when you return to the ship in sixty days be prepared to do some hard work. You will need to reacquaint yourselves to your new stations and prepare for the jobs ahead. Captain out."

So we are sort of on vacation this summer. Not that we have a lot of choice in the matter. We barely had enough people (eight) to do the highway cleanup on the 27th of June. Fortunately, there was very little trash on our stretch of road.

Debbie Herndon has, like her predecessor, planned events for the crew based on your responses to our surveys, yet only a few people actually show up to participate. I commend Debbie for not getting discouraged.

If we are not planning things you want to do, please tell Debbie or me. Everything is more fun when we do it as a group. Make suggestions for activities and follow up by helping to plan them. We know it is summer and everyone has plans, but take a little bit of time to get together with others in the crew, or write an article for the newsletter.

Which is another thing. The same people continue to do most of the articles in the newsletter. We had so few contributions this time, I had to beg people to give us some extra pieces. This isn't fair to them or to Jane. We give you deadlines so that we won't have to put this together at the last minute. But if we ran with what we had at the deadline, this would be two sheets of paper.

As the captain, I have to file my reports to STARFLEET at a precise time. If I am late twice, it counts as a miss. Two misses in a twelve month period of time and I am replaced, fired, out of here. The same should go for our department heads. Let's get serious about our commitments, folks. Along those lines, thanks to those people who do write extra pieces to entertain the rest of you. Why don't you take the time to tell them how much you appreciate their efforts and enjoy their work.

At this time I want to give special recognition to Elaine Royal. Surely, everyone who has been following her continuing story of

Mystery and Spot, realizes that she has a special gift that we are very fortunate to have her share with us. Ask to read some of her other works sometime or perhaps sing a song, take a photograph, or paint a picture. Thanks, Elaine, you are appreciated.

News wise, some of you have seen some of the beautiful and unusual Trek items I have come across recently. If you haven't, please ask. I would rather my friends get these things than strangers.

Hallmark ornaments! Latest word is that they will be for sale starting August 29-30 when the stores are having a "Shuttlecraft Landing Party". No one seems to know what that entails just yet. Newest flyer says they will retail for \$24.00. Reserve one at your local store. The message that the ornament plays is: "Shuttlecraft to Enterprise. Shuttlecraft to Enterprise. Spock here. Happy Holidays. Live long and prosper."

A special thank you to Jeff Habrych for the use of his clubhouse and facilities for the Fourth of July "meeting".

Please check with Debbie and Pat about upcoming events for July and August as to times and places. We haven't decided about an August meeting yet but we will probably have the September meeting on the 2nd weekend rather than the first because of Labor Day. Let's start planning now to make it a big meeting and real feast. I have not heard when Next Generation will start up again but we may adjust to coincide. Larry, are you reading this?

Please read the article on Apollo 14 and keep it in mind. One day I will write a footnote to that for you.

All in all we have had a good spring. Landing Party was not what everyone had hoped it would be and a "We was robbed" almost became our cover. But I am proud of the way our crew conducted themselves regards the games. If there is a next year, we will insist on fairness from others. Nice guys don't always have to finish last.

I hope to talk privately with each member of the crew over the next two months to determine what changes in the operation of the ship you think should or might be made in order to make it serve more of the crew in a fun manner. Please be thinking of what you want to convey to me as I know each of you has the **WRIGHT STUFF.**

FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

The warm weather has finally arrived. The crew has been very busy with community projects and fun activities. I would like to thank all the members who contributed their time and hard earned pennies to the Duke Children's Telethon. With our contributions we are Miracle Makers and our name will be on a plaque that is displayed on the Children's Ward. As an employee at Duke, I have seen the

advances in medicine and technology now routinely used at Duke. Until recently, children with cancer often had to travel to Washington State for treatments. It's nice to know that we have helped make this a possibility for the children in the area. Thank you again for your support.

Debbie Herndon has been working at warp speed planning activities for the ship. She has

planned a wide variety of activities and should be congratulated for her efforts in providing interesting and educational activities for all ages. Thanks a bunch, Deb!

Hope everyone has a safe and happy 4th of July. Until our paths cross again, safe and happy trails.



CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

Well, I haven't got too much to say this time out (Stop that cheering right now!!) Last month I traded in my manned high-warp probe (license # CHF ENG) for a two-person high-warp scout shuttle (license # CHF ENGR) (more room on a car plate than a bike plate) and I like it a lot. I haven't cut the roof off yet, but then summer's not over yet, either. I just received my O.C.C. Certificate, so that should make Cap'n Fisher happy (I guess he's trying to make me RESPONSIBLE or something - Ha! Fat chance! Keep trying, J.R.!!) After the fiasco at Landing Party '92

(see Doin' The Con Thing Again), I talked with Cap'n Jane Terry of the Hawkeye and offered my services to assist in the Recreation Department next year.

The trip to Kitty Hawk, N.C. will take place on Saturday, August 1st, and Sunday, August 2nd. Currently, plans include a sleep-over at the Chief Engineer's Quarters on Friday (7/31) and launching at 4:00 a.m. (Yes, that's 4-o'clock in the morning) on Saturday. The only responses I received were from Liz Read, Debbie Herndon, Robert Yates, and Steve Motley, so if anyone else wants to

go, you either need to score your own hotel room (Good Luck!!) or make do crashing on the floor of ours, as space permits. At any rate, I was hoping for a bigger response than what I got, maybe even hoping to hear from someone out of state, or something. Oh, well. Thank you to those of you who responded, and we'll just have fun without the rest of you. Nyahh! Well, I guess I had more to say than I thought, but I'm going to shut up now. (Hey! Stop that cheering!!)



SHORE LEAVE

By Liz Read

One fine spring evening in May saw the XO, the Recreation Officer and the CMO strolling along Franklin Street in Chapel Hill. We met for dinner at Swenson's; the food was good but the highlight absolutely had to be the desserts. There were varieties of chocolate sundaes to sate even Counselor Troi.

Chocked full of chocolate, we sashayed back to Morehead Planetarium for the show "UFO". There are six categories of UFO's - nighttime lights, daylight disks, radar-visual objects, and close

encounters of the first, second, and third kinds. While some of us would love to meet a tall green man with painted ears, the truth is that most UFO's have pragmatic, down-to-earth explanations. But not all...

Many scientists today believe that if intelligent life from other worlds is to be found, it will be discovered through the use of radio telescopes. Just as our radio and TV signals leave Earth at the speed of light, would another planet's. Their signals would be detectable. Astronomers involved in the search

for extraterrestrial intelligence (SETI) are listening to the skies all the time.

We agreed the presentation was well-done and provocative. A quick tour of the exhibits and the gift shop and our time was gone.

Beam us up, Chief O'Brien.



THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

EPISODE EIGHT: THE PAWS OF LIFE

By Elaine Royal



"Where to today?" Spot followed his friend, Mystery, through the corridors of the Enterprise. He had been cooped up in Data's quarters for several days without a visit from the adventurous Siamese, and he was quite excited to get out.

"I haven't decided yet," Mystery replied. She paused at a fork in the pathway. "This way."

Spot followed expectantly. After several weeks now of exploring the ship with Mystery, he was beginning to learn his way around. He recognized this section as being near the family crew quarters and classrooms. The cats stepped aside as a trio of boisterous young adolescents passed by. A door swished open and the three entered, leaving the corridor much quieter.

Spot looked back at the closed door longingly. "Can we follow them? It looks like they are having fun."

Mystery paused briefly. "Maybe later. Right now I'm hungry, and I believe it's snack time in the nursery."

"The nursery?" Spot remembered his first encounter with the nursery, the children, and the puppies. He had mixed feelings about returning there. He wasn't entirely sure he would be welcomed.

Suddenly an amber light lit up the corridor. Doors slid open and teachers and children filed out of the rooms on either side of the cats. Mystery stepped aside deftly. Spot was startled for a moment and hunched down in the middle of the corridor. It quickly became clear that this would not be a good place to remain. He followed Mystery to a protected space behind a potted plant near a bench in an alcove at the end of the hallway. A klaxon was sounding "yellow alert".

Spot's heart beat madly. "What's happening?"

Mystery hunkered down close to Spot. "I don't know."

Spot was really worried now. That was the first time he'd ever known Mystery to be unsure of anything.

As if aware of Spot's terror,

Mystery replied more calmly. "I've seen this before, though. People will rush around here and there for a while, but eventually things will settle down. Something has excited them, though. Look."

Spot watched as the classroom area was quickly evacuated. Students chatted nervously in hushed tones as teachers directed their charges off of this deck. The last pair, a gray haired man with a little girl in tow, waited for the turbo lift to return.

Suddenly the klaxon changed tone and the light switched from amber to red. Within seconds the cats felt the deck shake beneath their paws.

The little girl whimpered. "Are we being attacked?"

The man responded by holding the girl's hand tighter. "We'd better go the other way." The pair turned back toward where the cats were hiding. At that moment, a loud cracking sound assaulted their ears. The man and child were thrown against the wall. Spot squeezed his eyes shut against the sudden rush of heat and smoke he felt. He would have bolted had there been any place to go.

In a moment the smoke cleared a little. Spot opened his eyes. The corridor was eerily quiet, though he could see flashes of red from the light on the wall through the hazy air. A soft moan drew his attention to a spot a few feet in front of him. He could make out Mystery's form, nudging the face of the child lying on the floor. Spot could not see the man. He dashed to Mystery's side, suddenly aware of her urgent purpose.

"We must get her awake and make her move," Mystery signaled as she continued nudging and licking the child's face.

Spot was aware, also, of the large hole in the wall and ceiling, and above them something fiery dangling through the hole. Water was spurting from sprinklers along the corridor, but the burning object

was above their reach. Spot stifled his panic and bit the girl firmly on the ear lobe.

"Ow!" she exclaimed, more alert now. "Mystery?" She noticed the cats. Mystery scooted under the bench and looked back at the girl. She caught on quickly. She winced as she crawled toward the cat, but she moved quickly. Spot jumped over the girl, getting safely under the bench beside Mystery just as the girl pulled the rest of her body under the shelter. Her small frame fit neatly under the length of the bench. Spot purred frantically into the girl's ear, trying to soothe his rattled nerves.

All three of them jumped, a moment later, when the burning object fell from the ceiling, bouncing off the bench and landing where the girl had been lying a few moments before. The water from the sprinklers was now able to reach the flame and it was soon extinguished. The air began to clear and Spot could see the man, unconscious, against the far wall.

The turbo lift doors opened and in a moment, Dr. Crusher was kneeling beside the man. She issued orders to her team, then spotted the little girl. She hurried over and knelt beside the girl, running her medical scanner over her.

"No major damage. Easy, now. Let's get you out of there." The doctor helped the girl out from under the bench. Then she noticed the two cats huddled there.

"Well, look at this! You have company in your hiding place, I see."

"Yes. They saved my life. They got me under there."

"Oh, really?" The doctor sounded doubtful. "These two cats? Maybe that bump on your head is worse than it looks. Let's get you up to sick bay."

The doctor gently led the girl away. But before the child entered the turbo lift, she turned back to the two cats.

"Thank you," she said softly.



DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

*Yes, here it is - one of many reports you will find in this issue of **THE WRIGHT STUFF** about Landing Party '92 - but remember, mine's the best.*

STARDATE 9205.31 - The Away Team: Pat Heinske, Jeff Habrych, Elaine Royal, Larry Pischke, Andy Sink, John Miller, and Pete and Donna Hansma, with a brief appearance made by Andy's parents, who dropped him off and picked him up. (Thanks! We were glad he was able to come! But don't be afraid to ask for a ride, Andy!) The

INTERGALACTIC TRAVELS

By Teresa Tuel

With Shore Leave fast approaching, here are a few gems of wisdom to safeguard your shuttle against unseen space travel dangers as adapted from early earth travels by Charles Kuralt:

Always sleep on the side of the bunk opposite the comm panel (everyone else sleeps on that side causing the mattress to sag). Carry large safety pins (old fashion closing devices) to pin sleep curtains that don't meet (sound familiar, Larry?), portable lights (i.e. flashlights) and extra batteries in case of environmental control overload, and pre-packaged food items for quick snacks.

You should stay off the major galactic lanes (no excitement) unless your shuttle has a tendency to have warp drive failure, always ask for dry toast (unless you are into grease), and save all federation credits (known as quarters in the late 1990's) for interplanetary toll lanes, refreshments, and local publications. Journeying into the great unknown without a bag of credits is like going into battle against a band of rowdy Klingons out for a good time, with a dead phaser.



Beam-Down Point: Betsy-Jeff Penn 4-H Camp in Reidsville, N.C., Earth, Sol Sector.

I arrived first at 2:00 p.m., followed by Jeff at 3:00 p.m. We secured the loft (the **WHOLE** loft this time) of Cabin #8, a.k.a. Risa. (Damn! I knew I should have brought my Horgon!!!) For the most part, we just stayed in the cabin to prevent squatters from jumping our claim. Then, about 5 hours later, the rest of the team arrived. After properly securing our gear, we converged upon Golden Corral to indulge our empty stomachs. Then we returned and met a few others. Later on in the evening, Larry, Andy, and I played a round of Laser Tag in the dark and rainy woods. (I know, C.M.O., not smart, but it was fun, and we lived.) Andy and I took a few potshots at each other, but we didn't see Larry at all, so we decided to go hunt him down. I discovered him by accident in the bushes by the lake waiting for us to walk by so he could mow us down, but he was having equipment problems.

After we went back to the cabin, we got John interested in coming with us to watch the next presidential team of the U.S., Ren & Stimpy. We watched a few episodes in the Rec. Hall before going to bed at 3:00 a.m.

Two hundred and ten loud minutes later, we dragged our weary selves out of bed and went down to eat breakfast. As it was, we were early so we sat and drank coffee until they

began serving the food. As usual, the kitchen staff did a wonderful job.

After breakfast, some showered, some sat, some did other things. Elaine went to a filksinging gathering and premiered my filksong, "It's Still Classic Trek For Me" and from what I heard, it went over well. Eventually, it came time for the Volleyball Tournament, and due to rain outside, we played it inside the Rec. Hall with a "Universe Ball" (it's a Landing Party thing - you wouldn't understand.) The six of us (the Hansma's lent emotional support) were immediately up against last year's champions, the U.S.S. Chesapeake. I'll keep it short: we whupped their butts. Then, it was supposed to be the U.S.S. Wasp vs. Dragonhawk (teams from the Celestial Dragon and the U.S.S. Hawkeye) but things dragged on for so long that we went on to other things. Finally, it came to be Region 7 vs. a conglomeration of Region 1 people. Region 7 won, and that made it Region 7 vs. the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk. I'll keep it short: we got reamed. I don't know what it was - we played a good game - we just couldn't score any points. So, congratulations to Region 7 - 1992 Landing party Volleyball Champions.

Later on, after a brief respite, we assembled down at the outdoor Volleyball court for the Tug-O-War competition (it wasn't raining at this point) and the court was ½ mud and ½

See Con Thing, Page 8

WHOA

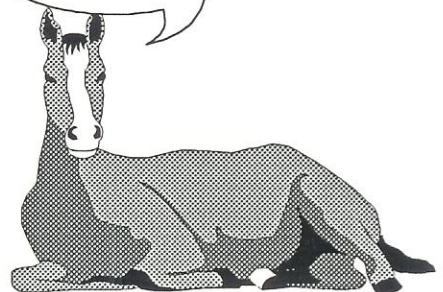
By Deborah Herndon

On April 11, The Captain and four crew members Liz, Teresa, Tara, and I, beamed sideways to the J&H Stables. Our mission was to have fun. It was stimulating, invigorating, exciting, and (the next day) **PAINFUL**. All in all though, our mission was successful. After meeting at the correct coordinates, we boarded our five shuttles (horses) and took to the trail. Well actually our trail leader hadn't been out in a couple of years so we went on a trail that in some places hadn't been used probably in as long. But it was quite an adventurous and

exciting time, and one I hope to repeat in say 40 - 50 years. I hope future such events prove to be more participated by the crew and that each crew member can try something new and something old. Someone mentioned **Bungee Jumping!** Hee-hee!



They're sore!!
What about me?



FIRST SPACE FLIGHT OF KITTY HAWK

By John P. Miller

We all know the history of our ship's name. It comes from the first time that man took flight in air, but did you know that ours is not the first space vessel named for the Wright Brothers' historic first flight? The first space ship to bear the name "Kitty Hawk" was the command module of Apollo 14. It had become common practice to name the lander and command modules with separate names. We all know that the first manned landing on an

extraterrestrial body was done by the crew of Apollo 11 on July 20, 1969. The phrase "The Eagle has landed" has been repeated and used over and over in literature and science-fiction. Not as many people knew that the command module for Apollo 11 was named "Columbia". Likewise, is it not hard to believe that few people could name the lander or command module for Apollo 14 if their lives depended on it. As I mentioned before, the command module of Apollo 14 was named "Kitty Hawk". Unfortunately, my source does not list the name of the lander that was used during that mission.



YOUNG RIDERS STARFLEET STYLE

By Teresa Tuel

In early April, several crew members, namely J.R., Tara, Debbie, Liz, and myself ventured out into the great unknown on the backs of some very interesting creatures, known as horses. The woods were just starting to leaf out and the cool, spring-like weather was just what the doctor ordered to chase away the winter blues. Over hill and dale, through valley and stream, our ever dependable mounts walked, trotted, and galloped (no, they did not have canter speed; old models - 3 speed only) through pristine countryside. The group took in the wonderful clean air, the early blooming flowers, various woodland creatures and each others company and comments (and, boy; there were some classics, such as, "Don't let her do that lady" and "Hang on Liz, here we go again"). It was an enjoyable, if at times a little bit hairy (i.e., some of the trails resembled the first hill on a roller coaster ride) but everyone had a good time, and Deb, let me know when you want to go again. Just reserve "Wild Man" for me! As for Young Riders, move over, here comes the Kitty Hawk gang.



APOLLO 14 MISSION OUTLINE

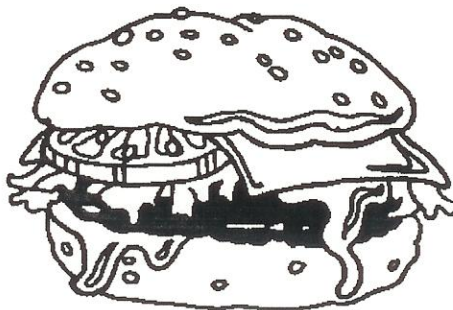
Apollo 14: January 31 - February 9, 1971

Crew: Alan B. Shepard, Jr., Stuart A. Roosa, Edgar D. Mitchell

After landing in the Fra Mauro region -- the original destination for Apollo 13 -- Shepard and Mitchell took two Moon-walks, adding new seismic studies to the by-now familiar Apollo experiment package, and using a "lunar rickshaw" pull-cart to carry their equipment. A planned rock-collecting trip to the 1,000-foot-wide Cone Crater was dropped, however, when the astronauts had the trouble finding their way around the lunar surface. Although later estimates showed that they had made it to within 30.48 meters of the crater's rim, the explorers had become disoriented in the alien landscape. Roosa, meanwhile, took pictures from on board command module "**Kitty Hawk**" in lunar orbit. On the way back to Earth, the crew conducted the first U.S. materials processing experiments in space. The Apollo 14 astronauts were the last lunar explorers to be quarantined on their return from the moon.

NATURE TREK By Deborah Herndon

The picnic at Umstead Park on Sunday, April 25 was a success. Many crew members participated, dismissing the rumor that we are only a "fair weather friend-crew". The firemen Jeff put the word Blaze to shame after we had cooked our hamburgers and one say-bean burger (via the Captain - we still are trying to settle the debate of whether



WHERE'S THE BEEF, J.R?

it tasted like chicken or not - NOT!). The crew got itself into a rather rowdy game of charades, followed by some adventurous souls going after frisbees (to the knees, trees, and anywhere else). A couple of crew members played horseshoes and even a game of cards was played (and, yes all you Romulan spies, I want a rematch!). All in all, the crew had a good time and hopefully will continue in thus manner at all future events. That's an order all you PO1's.



PROS AND CONS LANDING PARTH

'92

By Larry Pischke

This year's trek to the wilderness of North Carolina held much promise and anticipation in the hearts and minds of the away team from this fine ship. Unfortunately, all of this fell into the mud and slop of a rainy May weekend.

When the arrival confusion settled, the Kitty Hawk contingent consisted of myself, Elaine Royal, Pat Heinske, John Miller, Jeff Habrych, Peter and Donna Hansma, and Andy Sink. This year, we were cohesive enough to take over the entire loft of a cabin, instead of the

paltry half loft of the previous year. After a refreshing meal at the Golden Corral, Pat, Andy, and I spent most of the soggy evening playing Lazer Tag. We played alone, as the other ships wimped out.

The next morning, the rain continued. In a way, it was relaxing, just sitting around the cabin reading and talking. In a way, it was maddening being cooped up all day. At least there was the recreation hall to go to mingle with the rest of the campers.

Later on in the day, the competitions began. The details of the events don't bear repetition, but the Kitty Hawk settled for second prize in both volleyball and the tug-of-war.

All in all, we had a pretty good time. The organizers did their best under the circumstances, and that's all you can ask.



BATTER UP!

By Teresa Tuel

On a gray, soggy Sunday, a small group from the ship decided to observe the national pastime in Durham.



After confirming that people really were coming to the game (it was raining the last time I checked outside), Liz,

Pat, Debbie, and I all met at the gate to the Durham Bull's Ballpark. After purchasing programs, and various types of edible goodies, we ascended to the top row of the first base bleachers. Some crew

members required portable oxygen tanks and seat belts due to the altitude. (Bet they don't let me pick the seats next time!) The day was cool and overcast, but otherwise perfect weather for the game. We had fun watching several great plays, a home run, foul ball within 10 feet of our position, Liz winning a door prize, losing a purse, which was retrieved, an upclose and personal encounter with "The Chicken", a lengthy discussion on the rules and signs of baseball (Liz wants to be an umpire), and a victory for the Durham Bulls. It was also announced that some of the cast and crew of "Young Indiana Jones" were in attendance. We almost lost Pat over the railing as he tried to see where they were sitting. After the game, Pat and Debbie travelled to Liz's home to continue the adventure.



VULKAN BLOCKS

By Teresa Tuel

With perfect timing, Liz, Debbie, and I arrived at Morehead Planetarium in Chapel Hill from

three different starting points. We were very pleased with our accurate timing ability. After purchasing our tickets for the UFO show, we decided to search out dinner. Unknown to us at the time, Hector's (a galactic pit stop for many ships in the area) had been destroyed by a

INDIANA JONES MEETS DUKE

By Teresa Tuel

I realize this has nothing to do with Star Trek. So why am I writing about this, you ask? Because it was part of the adventure to the ball game. Duke University was chosen as a shooting site for The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles. The sites will be used in two different episodes to be aired next spring. If only we had known....1150 extras were hired.

The producers used the Gothic architecture of the campus as backgrounds for the two different episodes. One episode will take place in 1920, Chicago, shortly after the race riots of 1919. Indiana will be studying archeology at the University of Chicago. Along the way, he will develop an interest in jazz music and playing the saxophone.

The second episode will deal with Thomas Edison and the production of the electric car. Different locations on campus were used to emulate Princeton. The production company also filmed some scenes around the Liggett Myers Tobacco Company in Durham.

So far, the series has travelled to 22 countries. These are two of the first shows to be filmed in the U.S. The production company has 4 to 5 historians researching each show's script and the uses of period clothing, antique cars, and everyday items from a particular time period make the stories true to life. The goal of the show is not only to entertain but also to educate people about world history during the turn of the century and other cultures outside of the U.S. borders.



meteorite. So, with the first officer in the lead (mistake # 1), we went in search of Shoney's, walking (mistake #2). I really did believe it was only 3-4 blocks away. After walking for 20 minutes, we finally reached Swenson's (I never said I

SEE VULKAN, Page 8

AWAY TEAM REPORTING IN...

By John P. Miller

SD: 9205.29

The Shuttle "Wyndreth" arrived at Risa around 1900 hours. The away team consisting of myself, Larry Pischke, and Elaine Royal proceeded to check in with the staff on Risa, namely the folks running "Landing Party '92". Even though Risa is climate controlled for their guests comfort, we could only assume that some Klingons had beat us there and had the weather set for "ugh!" for the entire weekend. After obtaining the requisite T-shirts and signing in, we were off to unpack. We were lucky enough to get to stay on Risa, as others attending Landing Party had to stay elsewhere. Upon reaching our cabin, we met up with Jeff, Pat, Andy, et al. We had decided that we were going to have some fun no matter what the weather!!

SD: 9205.30 0100 HOURS

REN & STIMPY! REN & STIMPY! REN & STIMPY!

The first evening came to a close with the Ren & Stimpy marathon. Day one came to a close about 0300 hours. Just 210 minutes 'till we have to get up for breakfast! (Remind me to complain to the Risan Governor.)

SD: 9205.30 0630 HOURS

"FUGH!!!" (Klingon translation unpronounceable by Earthers)

Away Team Log: Supplemental

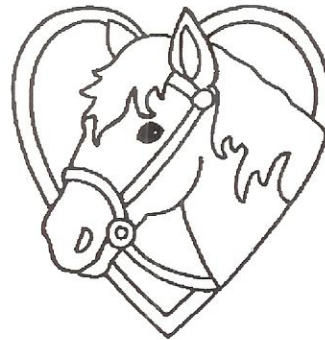
Saturday progressed fairly smoothly. Since it would be impossible to have an outdoor volleyball tournament, and since indoor volleyball would be deadly to humans, it was decided that the tournament would be played indoors with the "Universe Ball". While we all felt a bit robbed, it was a good solution to a bad situation. The USS Chesapeake put up a fine showing, but ended up falling to the superior forces of the USS Kitty Hawk's spike-mongering team.

YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER

By Liz Read

An intrepid group from the Kitty Hawk set out to go, well, where none of us had gone before! Led by Capt. J.R. Fisher, the fearless away team (Tara, Teresa, Debbie, and Liz) took off on horseback to explore northwest Wake County. Fearlessness quickly turned to apprehension, at times bordering on panic. With the exception of Teresa, who had experience riding bareback, no one had spent more than one or two hours on a horse. Nevertheless, there we were, galloping down hills, (yes - galloping), forging streams - how do you get the horse to stop drinking and start walking? - and just generally having a lovely time. After Pudding galloped down a hill, miraculously not unseating the CMO, the trail master called back "Lady, you shouldn't let him do

that". DO YOU THINK I'D LET HIM DO THAT IF I HAD A CLUE HOW TO STOP HIM? And by what cosmic joke was this ton of cantankerous horse flesh named "Pudding"?



PUDDING???

Those members of the ship who did not take part in this outing missed a prime photo opportunity. Watching each other try to walk after dismounting back at the stables gave all of us the biggest laugh of the day. I am proud to report that I learned how to make Pudding stop and go, turn right or left, and "stop drinking, it's time to go now". The weather was beautiful and we all felt like old hands by the time we got back!

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(Way to go, Elaine!)

There seemed to be much confusion as to who would play in the second playoff, but it ended up being a conglomeration of the "Hawkeye" and "Celestial Dragon" playing some "dudes" from Region 7 (NCC registry unknown). After the anonymous Region 7 "dudes" defeated the "Dragon Hawk", it came to us in the final game. Alas, it was not meant to be. A strong effort was put in by all, but a combination of confusion over the rules, over zealous hitting due to not being used to playing with a Universe Ball, and a serious overdose of adrenalin caused the Kitty Hawk team to put in a less than stellar showing. Maybe next year.

Saturday afternoon was scheduled for the tug of war. Medical bills will be tendered to the CMO as soon as the processing is finished.

SD: 9205.31

Sunday, and the final thing we get to do before leaving is to attend the AUCTION!!! Unfortunately, not many things were offered that were of any value to people. I, for one, am not interested in buying an empty box with Star Trek written on it. The prize attraction was a DeForest Kelley trading card, personally autographed by Bones himself. This was especially valuable considering that De doesn't do autographs anymore due to his arthritis. It went for over \$70.00!

After the auction, time to squeeze back into that Class 1 probe Larry calls a car (sorry, Larry) and warp back to Raleigh. We set out to have fun, or else. We definitely got the or else part down! My thanks to all who worked on Landing Party '92. You did your best with lousy circumstances. I look forward to giving it another try in '93.

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CON THING

Continued from page 4

dirt. We couldn't fairly play like that, so we thought we'd play on the grass. Not so. The U.S.S. Hawkeye (last year's champs) wanted to play in the mud. Or at least across the mud. There were three teams, the Hawkeye, the Kitty Hawk, and another conglomeration of other people. The Kitty Hawk took on the conglomeration and WON. Then we took on the Hawkeye and WON. (Roll up your pants legs, 'cause this is where the B.S. starts.) The Hawkeye wanted to make it two out of three because they said there was a "lack of traction". After some deliberation, we, being the good sports we are, agreed. We switched sides and discovered that there was indeed a "lack of traction" due to out pulling the feet, butts, and faces of the opposing teams into the mud. (Gee, isn't that how you play tug-o-war?) So, to break the tie, we moved the match away from the mud and into the grass. Imagine that. We moved the match into the very same grass that we had wanted to compete on to start with. Well, due to a number of things, including the fact that this was our fourth match in a row with little or no rest, we lost. The crew went back to

the cabin tired and some were more than slightly upset, and I stayed behind to assuage the situation.

Anyway, after that, we ate dinner and then got ready for the dance. My thighs were almost in spasms after the day's activities, so I sat most of them out. I did, however, involuntarily 'walk like an Egyptian' and I of course did the Time Warp at midnight. Afterwards, I went back to the cabin and talked to Jeff for a while, then later, everyone else came back from the dance and went to bed, and Larry and I played another round of Laser Tag.

The next morning, we got up for breakfast and once again beat everyone else there. Then we packed up our stuff and congregated in the Rec. Hall to watch the Star Trek: Next Generation episode that they had on tape. Definitely one of the best yet!! Then came the auction - they had next to nothing this year! If I remember correctly, the highest price was \$75.00 for an autographed Impel card of Deforest Kelley. I was unfortunately next to broke. Jeff brought 25 cans of food for the raffle, but someone on the U.S.S. Chesapeake won the prize - a die-cast Next Generation Enterprise! Big deal!! After that, we said out good-byes and headed for home.

Yes, I had a good time. Yes, I'll

VULKAN

Continued from page 6

was perfect, just good). After munching on sandwiches and ice cream, we hiked back to the planetarium.

The UFO show was about early encounters and that most UFO incidents can be explained, such as, weather balloons or sun reflecting off the metal skin of an airplane. According to experts, there are only 250 planets capable of sustaining life as we know it. The show was interesting, but not as entertaining as previous shows. Afterwards, we browsed around the gift shop checking out a light and sound shuttlecraft (for major federation credits), games, and posters. Surviving a death race with an Intergalactic Being Mover (Greyhound Bus), we piloted our personal shuttles for home port.



go again next year (if there is one). And most importantly, I learned something - next year, the hell with the rules! Let's take what we can get, guys! Heh, heh, heh... oh, uh, hi, Cap'n Fisher. Sorry! Gotta go!! My, uh, engines are calling me! Bye!



DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

ENGINEERING

By Pat Heinske

Well, all is hunky-dory and peachy-keen in Engineering-Land; the matter is playing nicely with the anti-matter, the impulse drive is pulsing, the warp drive is warping, and Operations Chief Pischke and I

finally located his new office. It only took us a couple of hours to remove all the brooms, dustpans, mops, buckets, and cleaning supplies out of it, and for some reason, his office has windows that open. (Must have been a modification that Ex-Ops Chief Steve Cox did without telling me.) At any rate, Larry's new Ho-Ho-A-Matic fits in very nicely with

the decor, and I believe everything is all ship-shape (you know, kind of round and flat with two long, skinny things sticking out the back). Well, if any of the above made a lick of sense to you, then you must be as far gone as I am, and so I order you to eject yourself out of Airlock #2 immediately; you know, for your own good.

OPERATIONS

By Larry Pischke

The Operations Department has been offline of late. I am still recovering from an unknown illness, and as I am the ONLY PERSON IN OPS, nothing got done. Most people

don't seem to realize how exciting OPS really is. Well, okay, maybe not exciting. Necessary. Yeah, that's the word. Most people don't really seem to realize how necessary OPS is. Without us (well, me), this ship wouldn't go anywhere or do anything. Both helm and navigation

are in OPS, as is weapons and sensors.

I will leave you with one final thought before I go to celebrate some birthdays (I won't tell you who for their sake - unless you ask): on the NCC-1701D, Commander Data is the Chief of Operations. So there.

SECURITY

By Carey Muse

Now that summer is here, it's time to get things caught up in the Security Department. I would like to thank those who volunteered and

worked the March convention. As I have stated at earlier meetings, I think we could have done a better job if we had more time to prepare and organize. Being told to do something five minutes before it occurred was not enough time to get

organized. Since we now have more than two people in the Security Department, I will be taking this summer to get the Security Department organized and ready to go for the fall and upcoming winter events that we have planned.