

# THE WRIGHT STUFF

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

If you are wondering where the artwork is, there isn't any this month. No one came forward with any and I did not have the time to create one and do everything else that needed doing. So here I am on the cover.

Several things did not take place as anticipated during the last month. I was unable to find a suitable place to have the large meeting we planned at the bridge staff meeting. Nor did I get every name into the computer for the staff to call. So we are sliding that back and will do it as our schedules permit.

This is going out in the mail so everyone will have enough time to make plans for our next meeting, which is Saturday, September 12, at 5 P.M. at the Fisher's house. Bridge staff will meet at 4 P.M. Highway cleanup is the same day at 9 A.M. at the usual spot. For that, please wear long pants and bring your gloves.

The meeting this month will be a "covered dish" affair. This does not mean a bag of chips and some dip. It won't hurt you to make a dish (preferably a good one) or go to the deli if you don't cook and treat yourself and your friends to some real food. Debbie Herndon is coordinating the food list. You can reach her at 919-460-1601. If she isn't in, please leave a message so that our dinner is coordinated and not 25 vegetable trays. By the way, we have not changed the name of the newsletter to "THE HERNDON REPORT".

In that vein, please note how few contributors there are in this issue. We thank them all for their efforts, which we will enjoy, but it is time for more of you to step forward and share your talents and imagination with the rest of us. We have some articles in reserve including a multipart one, but it would be nice to hear some fresh points of view on Star Trek, STARFLEET, etc. Not everyone goes to cons, but nearly everyone reads the books. Share your point of view on a recent or old work. Even if no one agrees with you, it is still a valid opinion. I.D.I.C.

I would remind each of you that we are starting our yearly schedule and that means taking care of our charities. We ask that you bring one can of food to each Kitty Hawk function between now and the December party. We will donate this to the N.C. Food Bank in December.

The Duke Children's Fund container will be present at as many functions as possible. Please drop in whatever small change you can spare. It is nice to be able to make a donation at the telethon each year.

We continue to collect stamps for STARFLEET. Please bring those cancelled stamps

to our meetings and give them to the First Officer. We would like to send them in again in late December.

One of the things we decided at the staff meeting was to encourage social activities among the crew. Along this line, we are suggesting that as many of the crew as can meet on the third Friday of the month at the food court in Crabtree Valley Mall at 7:30 P.M. We will enjoy a meal together and decide what type of entertainment we would like for the rest of the evening. We will not all have to do the same thing, but after our perhaps separate adventures, agree to meet at a late night establishment for coffee, etc. and share our pursuits.

Another decision we made was to pursue the visit to one of the children's wards at a local hospital. Check with your department head for details and advise him or her if you have a uniform and would be interested in participating.

And speaking of department heads, we are pleased to announce the selection of Suzanne Miller as the new chief of the Science Department. There are lots of opportunities in Science and I am sure Suzanne could use your help.

Besides the Kitty Hawk schedule, there are a lot of conventions coming this fall, so get together and share rides and rooms when possible. Please check the calendar on the back and keep those dates in mind for the coming months. We have a lot of opportunities to do good works and have good fun this year, so let's take full advantage of them.

Last, but not least, it is election time both in STARFLEET and the U.S. of A. We all have opinions and they are valid to each of us. Please don't make them a problem on our ship. Respect the other person's opinion. But, most importantly, be sure and vote. It is a privilege. Exercise it.

Now I know that if you have read all of this, you really do have "THE WRIGHT STUFF".

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A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT





# THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 3 NO. 4

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## THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 3

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## FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

It's hard to believe that summer is almost over and school will be beginning soon. We have been busy with various projects all summer from hunting gem stones to a trip to the beach. Everyone had a great time who ventured out to join in on the fun. We even had a visit from my cousin, the Romulan Commander. She was very

impressed with the variety of activities for all ages that our recreational officer planned.

With the cooler weather approaching, maybe more outdoor activities like a cookout at Umstead State Park or horseback riding (are you ready, Debbie?) can be planned. If you have any suggestions or if you know of some interesting local

events like fairs, arts and craft shows, or a good rousing game of volleyball, please let us know.

It won't be long and we will be celebrating another year together. I hope the upcoming year will be as exciting as the last. See ya at the meeting.

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## CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

**STARDATE 9208.1 - 4:00 a.m.**

We, (Liz Read, Deb Herndon, Robert Yates, and I) left for Kitty Hawk, N.C., the birthplace of space flight. We arrived at 8:30 a.m., and went to the memorial at 9:00. (For a detailed description of the memorial, see "Chief Engineer's Log - THE WRIGHT STUFF - April, 1992") After noticing how strong the winds were at the top of the hill, we decided to purchase some toy airplanes and fly them off the back side of the hill. We did so, and drew quite a crowd watching those three maniacs running down the side of the hill that was covered in brambles and prickly vines and such, and having a good time doing it! For the record, Robert's was the first glider to make it to terra firma.

After that, we ate a nourishing lunch at Dairy Queen, then shopped

at Kitty Hawk Kites. We watched some people scaling an artificial cliff face in the building. Quite interesting!

We then went back to the hotel, and played some Frisbee on the beach. Then, after a walk in the surf, we showered and dressed up and went to dinner at the Weeping Radish in Manteo. They serve authentic German food, and they brew their own beer on the premises! Definitely a return trip is in order!

Then we came back to the hotel and played some cards, and then went to bed.

At 11:00 a.m., we got up and checked out. We drove up to Kitty Hawk, N.C. (we had been in Kill Devil Hills) and took some pictures. We stopped back at the monument, and then at Kitty Hawk Kites. We

became interested in watching people climb the wall, and after much cajoling, daring, and many threats, Robert and I decided to give it a shot. (Here's a clue - don't read the consent form - just initial and sign it. - It goes into great detail what could happen to your bodily parts, and the weak of heart may pass after all.) While Robert and I were waiting for our turn, Liz decided she would give it a shot, too!! We were all successful at least once, and we got some good pictures, too!

After that, we went to the aquarium and saw some fishes and turtles, then to the Elizabeth II - a replica of an old sailing ship. Very interesting! Then we ate dinner at The Pirate's Cove, and made our way home.

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## LET'S GO SURFIN' NOW

By Deborah Herndon

On June 26th after a quick and easy highway pickup and a not so quick lunch (see "Pick Up Artist" for details), the crew of the U.S.S. Nissan consisting of me, myself, and I headed on over to Silver Lake. After approximately 1 1/2 hours, Elaine Royal showed up and we swam and got some sun. We also nibbled on some fruit we had to munch, for the lack of anything else to do. The owners of the park have it all figured out. You pay only

\$4.00 to get in, but the slide, the paddle boats and bumper boats all cost \$3.00 extra EACH. So, to really enjoy yourself, the park costs \$13.00 per person (no discount for kids). Because it's the only lake around, they've really got no competition and can get away with charging ridiculous prices. I certainly had a good time and once a summer would go out there for the sand beaches alone. However, at those prices, I would not recommend it for a

family. \$16.00 is a bit much for a glorified pool with sand. I'm hoping the crew at the gem digging will be more than me, myself and I. If not, me, myself and I are going to have to plan something me likes cause myself and I are kind of tired of her complaining. "What Cap'n? Me talking to myself? Never!! I doesn't like her, I mean that. Who said Romulan ale....?"

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# THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

## EPISODE NINE: KITTY LITTER

By Elaine Royal



Spot stretched and yawned, his long yellow body sprawled feet up on the sofa in Data's quarters. He extended his claws a time or two, considered wandering over to the scratching post, then decided to save that activity for later. He rolled over and leapt from his bed, leisurely strolling by his food bowl. Nothing new and interesting there. He looked around. There was his toy mouse. He took a half-hearted bat at it, and cried out piteously. He was bored. He was lonely. Where was Mystery? She hadn't been around to see him in ages. Was she angry with him? The last time he had seen her, she was unusually quiet, but she didn't seem angry. Spot thought if Mystery were mad at him, she'd say so. He began to worry. Maybe something had happened to her! Maybe the transporter had eaten her! Maybe the turbolift had taken her so far away she couldn't find her way back! He began pacing near the door. "Mystery! Where are you?" He shouted out in his mind, and not for the first time. He had tried to make contact with Mystery by telepathy hundreds of times over the previous week or so, but with no response. He knew it only worked if she were very close by, and she could be anywhere on this vast ship. He had come to realize that Data's quarters were only a tiny piece of the world, and the more he saw of it, the less content he was with his fake mouse.

"I hear you shouting. Pipe down!"

"Mystery!" Spot leapt nearly a foot off the floor. "Where have you been?"

The door slid open and the cats greeted each other nose-to-nose. "I've been busy," Mystery replied, and rubbed against Spot affectionately as she walked past him into the room.

"Busy? Busy with what? Couldn't you take me along? I'm so bored! I missed you! Where have you been?"

Mystery let Spot vent for a moment while she washed her ears. Finally he stopped, aware that she wasn't going to answer until he let her.

"All right. I missed you, too. But

it couldn't be helped. I'm here now. What do you want to do?"

"I want to get out of here. I want to see new stuff." Spot flicked his tail excitedly.

"Sure. Follow me." Mystery paused in front of the door and it slid open. The two cats scooted out into the hallway. Spot tried to contain his excitement, but it was useless. Mystery was always so calm, so superior, the way a cat should be, he thought. He wanted to be like that, too. He resisted the temptation to ask where they were going, but when the territory became totally unfamiliar, he could contain himself no longer.

"Engineering," Mystery replied to his unasked question.

Spot followed silently for awhile. "Mystery, isn't that one of those 'off limits' places?" he finally asked.

"Not all of it. But you must be careful in there. I will show you where you can and cannot go."

"Alright," Spot responded like a trusting child. "And I'll be good."

"Yes, you will," Mystery agreed.

When the door to Engineering opened before them, Spot was momentarily overwhelmed. The room was huge. Numerous humanoid beings worked at their stations, or busily scurried about. A few noticed the cats and smiled as the felines strode through. Spot thought Mystery was acting more puffed up than usual, like a queen holding court.

Mystery paused before a vast room in the center of which was a large glowing, pulsing object. Spot looked up, but could barely see where the object stopped. It seemed to go on forever. He was hypnotized by the object.

"Do not ever go in there," Mystery commanded.

"Never," Spot agreed, and tore himself away from the object to follow Mystery. She moved purposefully past more work stations, then turned into a room where several people were conversing in Engineer-speak. Spot understood none of it, but he recognized the man seated at the desk. He paused in his tracks, torn

between the urge to bolt and the desire to follow Mystery. Just then, the other people in the room moved away and left. Geordi LaForge noticed the cats.

"There you are! I thought you'd abandoned us. I'm getting mighty used to having you around." The Chief Engineer came over to Mystery and knelt beside her, petting her fur gently. Mystery purred softly. Spot relaxed a bit.

"Have you adopted this person?" Spot asked.

"Oh, no. I'm just temporarily using his office."

"What?" Spot was getting a little annoyed with Mystery's obtuseness. Sometimes he wished she'd be more direct. But then she wouldn't be Mystery.

"Oh, all right. Over here." Mystery reluctantly left the man's touch behind, and led Spot behind the desk to the corner of the room.

"What do you think?" Mystery asked, although she really didn't care what Spot thought.

"They're kittens!"

"Of course they're kittens." Mystery settled down on the blanket amidst three tiny, furry fuzz balls, their eyes just opened. They began to mew in tiny voices until they found their momma and latched on. Mystery closed her eyes, suddenly quite sleepy.

Spot didn't know what to say, so he lay down near by to watch. Kittens! Who'd have thought it! How amazing.

Mystery slowly opened her eyes. "Well, you said you wanted to see something new. This is the newest thing - the newest things - I could think of to show you."

Spot watched for a while, entranced. He was feeling reasonably secure now that it seemed Data's friend wasn't going to evict him or turn him in. The man had gone back about his business. Finally, Spot offered his opinion, pronouncing it with all the seriousness and respect he could muster.

"I like them much better than puppies."





# LIBRARIAN'S REPORT

By Martha Lee

Last month I attended a special conference/workshop for active duty starclass librarians. I had a wonderful time!

Usually these conventions are so boring with workshops on the latest tech stuff but no actual hands on experience, and motivational speakers who badly need some motivation of their own. I really dreaded going but it is required that I attend at least one conference every two years. I picked location rather than agenda this time. I decided if I was going to be bored anyhow I might as well be bored in an exotic place. I went to Florida on Earth.

My hotel site was on the Gulf of Mexico. My rooms overlooked the water so I knew from the first that I had picked the right place. At the very least I would have a great view. I arrived several hours before the first meeting was scheduled and happened upon an old school friend. We both agreed to stick together during the convention both for companionship and to keep our sanity during all those boring days attending meetings. Our first decision was to go to a nearby beach for a few hours before the roll call meeting. The beach was hot, dry and full of people. We had a great time and were late to the first meeting. At that point I should have remembered that I have never been anywhere with Regina without getting into trouble but it was so much fun having an old friend lighten the seriousness of the convention that I just went with the flow.

The first full day of the convention began with a 7:00 a.m. breakfast meeting. The whole day was scheduled right down to a 9:00 p.m. motivational speaker. (Who needs to be motivated to go to bed after a full day of meetings?). The second day was set up the same way. By the third day, Regina and I were making real pests of ourselves by laughing and giggling at any and everything all through the laser tech shows, and the different speakers. That could be why no one reported us when we decided to skip the fourth and last day of the

convention to have some fun and "learning" on our own. We decided to visit the historical Cape Kennedy sight before we had to report back to our respective jobs. At least, we reasoned, we would really have an educational experience at the museum plus maybe a little fun. What I failed to notice was the scheduled motivational closing for the convention was my own Captain, J.R. Fisher.

Cape Kennedy is on the east coast of Florida so Regina and I had to hop a shuttle for a short flight over to the museum. We had a hard time booking space and didn't realize until we were on our way that special activities were taking place at the museum that day. There was a dedication ceremony scheduled for that afternoon to dedicate a new room in the museum. Someone on the shuttle flight told us the guest speaker was Admiral James T. Kirk. You can imagine our excitement at our fantastic luck to have chosen that day to visit the museum. We had real hopes of not only seeing the famous Admiral but perhaps actually having a chance to shake his hand. We landed near the museum full of excitement and anticipation. From that point on things went downhill.

First Regina and I found that the actual dedication ceremony was by invitation only. That didn't even slow us down. We knew all we needed was to find someone involved in that age old tradition of scalping tickets. We decided to get to the gates as quickly as possible to find a scalper. Sure enough the first person we met at the gate was selling tickets but his seats were so far back we would have needed special equipment to see Admiral Kirk.

"Let's see if we can find someone with better seats," suggested Regina, and I quickly agreed. We walked around the crowd that was already gathering. Security was out strong but that was to be expected with such large numbers of people and someone of Admiral Kirk's rank attending. The second scalper we met had great

tickets.

"How much?" asked Regina. When the scalper replied we both just burst out laughing. The asking price was more than a week's salary.

"Admiral Kirk is fantastic but not that fantastic!" I blurted out. "How about cutting your price to something reasonable?"

I won't tell you the exact words the scalper used at that point but he let us know in no uncertain terms that his prices stood and that he was having no trouble selling the tickets to people and that we should get lost instead of calling attention to our illegal activities.

"Let's go back to the first guy," I suggested. At least we'll be in the same room with Kirk and we'll get to hear him in person." Regina agreed and we began to make our way back through the ever increasing crowd to the first scalper just in time to see him being arrested.

"O.K. That's it," I said. "Maybe the fates are trying to tell us something. We really shouldn't be here in the first place and if we had been the ones buying those tickets we would be on our way to jail right now. I can see myself trying to explain what happened on my return to the Kitty Hawk right now. My captain would never understand skipping the convention and never forgive ending up in jail!"

I think Regina was about to agree with me when we both heard a "Psst! Psst! Over here!" from somewhere in the crowd. We turned and saw a man motioning with his head for us to come to him. Without a thought, we both stepped over.

"Scalping tickets is illegal," he whispered.

Regina and I looked at each other wondering what kind of idiot this was.

"But I'm not scalping tickets. I got something better. I can get you in the press line, taking pictures of the whole event. You'll probably even get to talk to the famous Admiral."

I began to question the man but Regina stopped me with the question, "How much?"

The man quoted us a very



reasonable price. "How can you sell press passes for so little?" I questioned. "Good tickets are going for ten times that." Regina shook my arm to quiet me and said, "We'll take them!"

"Wait a minute," I began. "There's got to be something not right about this deal," but Regina was already paying the man for her pass. So I paid for a pass too. At that point, I reasoned with myself that I was not about to let Regina get to see Kirk while I stood outside and wished I had her nerve.

The man gave us what appeared to me to be real press passes and then took us over to the press entrance. "Wait here," he said. "They send out security to take in the press every few minutes. Just look like you're supposed to be here and show your passes when they ask for them." He was looking right at me. "You won't have any trouble if you look like you're supposed to be here."

In a flash the man disappeared and before I had any real chance to try to talk Regina out of trying to fool security, the door opened. Out stepped two security men. "Press?" they asked.

"Yes," answered Regina showing her pass. They took one glance and motioned her through the door. I, on the other hand, was so nervous at that point that I couldn't reply at all. When I tried to show them my pass, my hand shook so hard one of the security men had to take the pass from me to check it out. I guess my nerves and guilt gave me away or something, because instead of just motioning me on through like they had Regina, the security men began to ask me questions. What news agency was I with? Who had I gotten my clearance from? Had I submitted a list of possible questions the day before? What was the name of my boss? So on and so on. I thought I was doing a pretty good job of faking answers but evidently I wasn't because in just a few minutes two more security men came out and suggested I go with them for further questions. The last thing I heard as I was escorted off was Regina saying, "No, I've never seen her before in my life. She just came up in line behind me just seconds before you guys came out."

To make a long story short, I

confessed to everything within seconds of being escorted into a security room. Well, almost everything. I didn't tell them Regina and I had been together. The security went amazingly easy with me especially when I agreed to go back out with them and identify the guy who had sold me the pass. They arrested him without any trouble and then took me back into the security room where they continued to question me until they had confirmed my story of who I was and where I worked. Then they gave me a blistering lecture on "you ought to know better" and kept me confined until the whole thing was over. After Admiral Kirk had left and the crowd had dissipated, the security escorted me personally back to a shuttle which took me back to the site of my convention.

I went back to the main meeting hall hoping to slip in during the last speech and blend in with the crowd. I didn't want to go back to my room alone. I didn't want to see Regina. I just wanted to pretend I had been at the convention all day and hopefully not get into any more trouble. The meeting hall was empty. I was too late. The last speaker had finished early and everyone had gone home. The only people there were cleaning up. I picked up a left over folder which had been given out to introduce the first night's guest speaker and began to thumb through it as I walked back to my rooms. I was depressed to say the least, and tired, and all ready trying to figure out how to hide my bad judgment from Captain Fisher when I returned to the Kitty Hawk. The picture of the speaker that night caught my eye, and I sat down right then and there on the wall around the grounds of the meeting hall. It was all I could do not to break into tears. The guest speaker that night had been Captain J. R. Fisher!

How could I not have noticed his name on the speaker list given out when I first arrived? Why hadn't Captain Fisher told me he was coming to this convention? I'll bet he was planning to surprise me when he arrived. He had probably tried to look me up when he arrived. Oh my! That meant that for sure he already knew I had skipped out of the day's meetings. With the luck I was having he probably already

knew what kind of trouble I had been in today. I got up and rushed back to my rooms. I didn't want to take the chance that I'd do anything else foolish. I had already had enough trouble for one day.

As I walked down the hall to my room, I noticed two men walking in my direction but I was so depressed and so upset that I didn't notice who the men were until Captain Fisher spoke to me. "Well, Lieutenant. We had given up waiting for you to return. We were about to go out to dinner without you."

I was so embarrassed that Captain Fisher's words did not sink in at first. All I could think of was "how much does he already know" and "what can I say to him" and "wonder how much trouble I'm in". And then I noticed Captain Fisher's companion for the first time. It was Admiral Kirk! Oh my! I must really be in trouble. Both Admiral Kirk and Captain Fisher had come to get me. I could think of nothing to say. I could only wish to die right at that moment and get it over with. But at last, it dawned on me that the two men were grinning. And finally the Captain's words sunk in. "Dinner?" I stammered.

"I know it won't be the same as hearing the Admiral give a speech, but perhaps it will be a good substitute," Captain Fisher laughed. "I decided anyone of my men that desperate to meet Admiral Kirk might enjoy joining us for dinner."

"Oh my! Yes!" I breathed. And I turned to join the two men for dinner.

Some time during dinner Captain Fisher quietly let me know I would have to face the consequence of my actions that day, but neither he nor I let that interfere with that wonderful, glorious dinner. I also later learned that Regina's press pass was kicked out as a phony before she ever really got into the press line. She didn't get into any real trouble but she never got to see Admiral Kirk either. I was put on report when I returned to the Kitty Hawk but the punishment wasn't so bad. What do you expect with a kind, wonderful captain in charge of the ship.

And so as I said at the beginning of this report, I had a wonderful time at last month's convention!

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## DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

**STARDATE 9207.11** - At last!! We finally get some Shore Leave!!

I warped out at 2:00 a.m. on Saturday, and met up with Jeff Habrych at 9:30 a.m. at the Hunt Valley Marriott in Maryland. A little later, we found Larry Pischke and Elaine Royal, then we ran into Cap'n J.R. (I hope we didn't hurt him...) We looked around the dealer's room, and I found nothing that I could afford (well, what else is new?)

Later on that afternoon, we discovered the heroic Admiral Dave Forvendel and his charming (and cute) sidekick, Shari Ham (or should that be partner in crime? I'll get back to you on that.) Of course, Dave wasn't really there, (at least, according to him) so we didn't really see him (wink, wink, nudge, nudge).

After that, Larry, J.R., and I went to lunch at the mall across the street. I felt like I hadn't eaten since, well, March, so I was about due for a refill. We went into the knife and tool shop there and, what do you know - I found something to spend money on! It's the official "Young Indiana Jones Chronicles" pocketknife, and it made the Indiana Jones Khyber/Bowie knife I have a good little brother.

After that, it was time for Lt. Cmdr. Pat Heinske to disappear, and time for the Rocketeer to appear on the scene. (You know, people keep telling me about this guy, but he always seems to come around after I'm gone. I'm starting to wonder if this flying hood ornament really exists.)

Anyway, what I heard was this: He went to the costume competition, freaked Shari out, met up with and made friends with "The Mouseketeer", and walked away with a medal for best re-creation and a first place trophy in the science fiction category. I (or, I mean, he) was shocked! Also present were the bat, the cat, and the penguin, and I forgot my camera!! **ARRRRGH!!!**

Anyway, the Mouseketeer's wife (Minnie?) took some photos of the Rocketeer and Mouseketeer together, and sent copies to the Rocketeer. So, there has been

mention of the two of them appearing together in the future (or in the past - it depends on how close we fly to the sun).

After that, I got out of the shower and met up with the Kitty Hawk and Bonaventure groups at ten-forward. I went over and danced embarrassing dances with the Bonny-V crew (mainly because the Kitty Hawk crew were dancing in a socially-acceptable manner).

Then, after we closed down the dance and threw the D.J. out in the street, we (the Kitty Hawk crew) went for our traditional post-ten-forward breakfast. Larry and I had eggs and waffles, and Elaine became a vegetable. Then, off to bed.

We got up some time the next day (I think it was the next day) and checked out. On the way home, I stopped at the Smithsonian to see the Star Trek exhibit, but I was not willing to wait in line for an hour and 15 minutes to see stuff that I'd probably seen before anyway, so I went home.

I docked at home about 11:00 p.m., and immediately performed my traditional post-convention ritual - I unpacked the car, left the stuff on the floor, and fell into a coma on my bed.



## FIREWORKS

By Deborah Herndon

July 4, 1992 and the U.S.S. Kitty hawk held up the party tradition with **FOOD**, fun, laughter, **FOOD**, swimming, TV. watching, **FOOD**, talking and did I mention **FOOD**. Jeff made delicious hamburgers, symmetrical even, thanks to two UFO's (I mean saucers). Neat trick. I'm going to try it next time. Thanks Jeff for the great hamburgers and for getting the clubhouse. It was fantastic. Much swimming and hot tubbing was done and even diving for change. (By the way, Petey. You're supposed to scatter the coins not drop them all in one spot four inches from yourself.) It was a great time had by myself and I am grateful we don't weigh in after the function - and that was **NOT** a suggestion. So until next time, **Blub, Blub, Blub.**

## DUKE

(Not John Wayne)

## TELETHON

By Deborah Herndon

The Duke Telethon was a fantastic time had by all four of us. The Captain, First Officer, Tara, and myself all went on over to Duke to help raise money for the kiddies. Our training time was -0-. You got it. We arrived and were immediately put on those phone lines. Thankfully we all had previous experience at the PBS telethon. Oh, and by the by, we volunteered (crazy us) to go on the lines with no training. In shortly three hours that we manned the lines, they raised over \$100,000. Pretty great for a late Saturday night expedition. The joy and excitement to be had by participating in these telethons should not be missed. Hopefully we can have more of the crew head on over next time. The end of the evening was as traditional as ever with the gang heading on over to Honey's for a bite. Of course, while the less adventurous had breakfast, your fearless and crazy recreational officer had a hot fudge sundae. The ambulance was a little much (don't you think Teresa). I mean J.R. could of just pulled over. Well, I guess I should tell y'all about getting in at 3 a.m. and how wonderful it is, but I guess you'll find out next year, right? Right!!

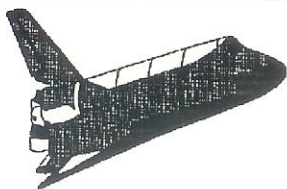


## PICK UP ARTIST

By Deborah Herndon

The crew of eight did a super job on highway cleanup this time around. We were fortunate for there was very little trash and we got done quickly. However the people at the restaurant thought we looked like people who love to wait, so after 1/2 hour in the vestibule, the fearless bartender said "Service or die you Romulan pig" (earthling translation - "can we please be seated, I'm starved"). So after a couple of seconds, they miraculously got us a table and we sat for a very tasty and a reasonably priced meal and much fun-making. In fact, the other patrons were heard cheering at our departure. Just reaffirming our reputation, Captain.





## SHORE LEAVE 1992

### AWAY TEAM REPORT

By Elaine Royal

Shore Leave XIV was held at the Hunt Valley Inn in Maryland (a port-of-call which is beginning to become very familiar to some of us). A number of crew members attended Shore Leave this year, arriving in a number of separate shuttles. Larry and I arrived at the Embassy Suites around 3:00 a.m. on Friday, and joined forces with Jeff Habrych there. The room was not what we had ordered, so in the morning we descended upon the "free" breakfast bar, then checked out, making our way two doors down to the much cheaper Courtyard. Here we met up with Diana Waldier and J.R. Friday was mostly spent relaxing, hanging out in the pool and hot tub, and scouting out the dealer's room. On Saturday our group was joined by Pat Heinske, who's Rocketeer costume captured two trophies at the Costume Call. (Congratulations, Pat!) Highlights of the weekend included meeting the captain of the

real Enterprise (the aircraft carrier, that is), meeting the guests (Mark Leonard and Majel Barrett), hearing all the latest scoop on Deep Space Nine, and just having fun. Is it my imagination, or are there more and more Klingons attending these things all the time? They seemed to be everywhere! Gripes: I spent too much time in lines, and the quality of the music at the dance is deteriorating. Except for one set capped by the Time Warp, the rest was Mindless Dance Drivel. And my camera decided to malfunction for the weekend, so anyone who attended Shore Leave who has pictures, please make some copies for the Kitty Hawk's photo album. None of mine came out. Overall, it was a fun way to spend a weekend. I just wish we could get the transporter operational so we wouldn't have to make the long drive up to Maryland so often. See ya there next year!



## "JIM, IT'S THE MOTHERLODE" By Deborah Herndon

On Saturday, 8:15, myself, Capt, Liz and her son David, Pat, Diana, and Tara all headed on over to Panner's Creek. We first met at Pizza Hut and decided to let Liz and I lead since we knew sort of where we were going. This decision made Pat and J.R. leave out first, naturally, and proceed to get lost, naturally. We are talking engineering and the bridge crew. So the medical crew safely landed at the proper coordinates and waited, naturally, for the rest-of-the-story/gang. Well we all arrived with only a half hour to sift, but with the rain pouring down we didn't mind. The price of the bags was reasonable. \$5.00 was the mixed one and the majority of the group went for two of those. We all found some nice rocks (no one's retiring though) and some small gems, so all in all, it proved a nice outing. I would recommend going on a clear day and definitely bring a towel to sit on, The benches are pretty dirty. The rest of the gang headed on over to J.R.'s to play the new Star Trek game and I'm certain had a great time. I'm playing the next time.



## FROM 10-FORWARD By Deborah Herndon

### A note from the management:

*Due to the lack of repeat business due to the ever popular Clorox and cyanide, the management has decided to temporarily leave these ingredients out of drinks. We regret any inconvenience. Below is a list of this month's specials:*

### FUZZY TRIBBLE

1 SHOT PEACH SCHNAPPS  
12 OZ ORANGE JUICE  
4 ICE CUBES  
1 TRIBBLE

### KITTY COMBO HAWK

1 SHOT RUM  
6 OZ COKE  
2 TSP CHERRY JUICE  
1 KATS TAIL  
1 HAWKS BEAK

### HOLODECK 5

1 SHOT RUM  
1 SHOT GIN  
1 SHOT VODKA  
6 OZ JUICE  
3 OZ COKE  
1 SLICE LIME

### CAPT'S PET

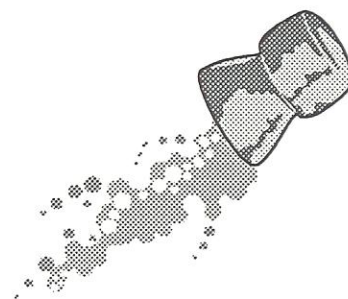
7 OZ SALT WATER  
1 TSP SEAWEED  
6 OZ COKE  
1 FISH (CATCH OF THE DAY)

### THE VULGARIAN

6 OZ TONIC  
1 SHOT GIN  
1 TSP LIME  
4 ICE CUBES

### SPACE SUNRISE

2 SHOTS TEQUILA  
7 OZ JUICE (COMBINED)  
- PAPAYA  
- ORANGE  
- GUAYANA  
3 TSP CRANBERRY  
6 ICE CUBES





# STAR BASE KITTY HAWK

By Deborah Herndon

**STARDATE 8-1-92.** Four STARFLEET personnel set out for what would be a perilous journey for one and a fantastic journey for all. At exactly 4:00 - 4:15 a.m., the caravanette (2 cars) set out for Kitty Hawk. With only one stop for the bathroom, in which I was given (I did not steal) Pat's info brochures, we made record time. Even the kamikaze bugs could not slow us down. The first order of business was of course to visit the Wright Brothers Memorial. Inside they have paintings and plaques of information about the scientific aspects of the Wrights' work. Also they have a full scale model of the gliders the Wrights first constructed and a 15 minute dissertation on the model and the something something and yawn. Then it was outside to visit the quarters of 'where the Wrights made camp'. It was really neat to see the sacrifices these men made in the name of aeronautical research. Then we walked, or as in my case trudged, on up the hill to see the memorial. And we made some awesome photo opportunities. Then it was down the hill to buy supplies for the experiment (I tried proving Newton's theory - and it holds). After we purchased 3 aerodynamically sound flight machines, we went back up the hill to put the Kitty Hawk seal of approval on the site. Due to my previous experimentation, I was unable to participate (we needed a control group anyway). Pat, Liz and Robert did us proud though. They were tough and really played with those airplanes and one dead duck (ask Pat). After this we headed over to D.Q. which was Robert's favorite restaurant. He wanted breakfast, lunch, and dinner there but we used higher powers B.K.A. phasers to change his mind. Then we headed on over to the hotel with their amenities like shuffleboard, swing set, pool, and putt-putt but no stationary (I wanted to ask for a 50% discount but we decided that it wasn't worth getting laughed at). After we got unsettled, we headed out to Kitty Hawk Kites and everyone purchased and purchased and (you get the idea). Then back to

the hotel for some frisbee on the beach in which some very graceful dives for the elusive discus were made. And some shells were collected (of course). The water however proved too chilly for anything but wading. Next it was off to the Weeping Radish for some wonderful German food and for the guys, beer (just one though, they were copiloting). Then we went back to the hotel and after a few rounds of poker it was lights out. Now for the rest of the story. On Sunday, the great green gofer finally aroused and after a chips + dip + soda + donuts + cheese breakfast, we packed up our shuttles and went boldly to explore Kitty Hawk. Wow. Then on to shop some more (these are my kind of people). We went to the Kitty Hawk Kite shop again and there, after much goading and little contemplation, Pat, Liz, and Robert headed up the wall of death. O.K. So it was only 12 feet high. But I didn't do it and it was hard. I saw everyone puffing away. The crew completed their mission, braving and conquering the wall. Then it was off to the aquarium. This was nice. The size though was very small and there was really only a couple of interesting specimens. The aquarium is worth a visit, if you're going out to the area to see other things. Ahoy, mates! For near completion of our journey, we had to visit the Elizabeth II (we did have the ship's namesake with us after all). The tour included a movie before you actually saw the ship. This was done very well, giving you a feel for the times and people. And the tour guide was very informed and entertaining. And, of course, no coastal trip would be complete without one meal of fish, so off to the Fisherman's Cove we go. I had a cheeseburger. I don't do fishy food. But the others really enjoyed theirs and were satisfied. Now it's time to head home (midnight is our ETA) and off we go. Except for the kamikaze birds, the trip back was great. Coincidences are such that on the return trip we ran into Captain Quirk of the U.S.S. Intercourse and Mr. Spoke, a Bulgarian on 103 FM. It was a

## DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

### ENGINEERING PAT HEINSKE

Everything is going smoothly; Kitty Hawk trip went very well; Shore Leave went extremely well; and I'm looking forward to my trip to Canada (8/25 - 9/3). Oktobertrek is fast approaching. Hope to be there this year. (Last year was a blast!) 'Fraid that's about it!!

### RECREATION BY DEBORAH HERNDON

The U.S.S. Kitty Hawk has really been having some fun lately. In the month of June, we attended a baseball game; in July, we had a pool party; in August, we had gem panning and a trip to Kitty Hawk, N.C. For anyone who hasn't thus far joined in, please come join us and for those who have come, have some more fun. Remember also that highway cleanup is a great time to have fun and do a good deed. I'm hoping that after the next cleanup we can go play volleyball, frisbee golf or whatever. So bring a change of clothes and a fun attitude. For more fun and up to the minute updates, come on out!

The following departments failed to submit monthly reports:

Medical  
Operations  
Security

These officers have been put on report and will be required to clean up holodeck five which has been unusable since Larry tried to program "THE LAND OF GIANT TWINKIES". Apparently his HOHO-A-Matic was broken and engineering had not had time to fix it.

perfect ending to a great weekend. Now I need a vacation from my last vacation.

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## CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

- SEPT. 12.....9 A.M. - Highway Cleanup  
4 P.M. - Staff Meeting  
5 P.M. - Covered Dish Supper and Meeting
- SEPT. 19.....11:30 A.M. - Picnic at Aboretum on Hillsborough  
St.
- OCT. 3.....Kitty Hawk Meeting
- OCT. 31.....Halloween Party
- NOV. 7.....Kitty Hawk Meeting
- NOV. 14.....Party?
- DEC. 5.....Kitty Hawk Meeting
- DEC. 19.....Anniversary Party

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THE WRIGHT STUFF  
U.S.S. KITTY HAWK  
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