

# THE WRIGHT STUFF

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

## A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT

By J.R. Fisher

The date on this newsletter is December '92, but this article is actually after New Year's Day. I wanted to wait until after the First Night event to write this so that I could reflect on our performance and evaluate our participation in this program.

First, let me say that everyone who participated from the Kitty Hawk seemed to have a good time. Second, they all worked together so the burden was shared and we demonstrated to all the value of teamwork. The difficulties that were encountered were overcome quickly and with a minimum of fuss.

A very special "Thank You" to Sherry Poole, who was the volunteer co-ordinator that got us involved with this event. She was an island of calm in an otherwise sea of confusion among the event organizers. I hope they appreciate the work she did for them as much as we appreciate her efforts on our behalf. "Well done, Sherry."

And, a "Well Done" to all those catbirds who contributed their time and efforts to this event when they could have been partying with friends. Not only was this a civic activity, but we were able to raise money for our charity and increase our seed money for our convention which also increases our assistance to the Duke Children's Hospital. We don't have the final figures at this time, but we raised approximately \$300.00. So, to Jane Fisher, Tara Weaver, Jeff (or John) and Maria Cohn, Peter, Donna, and Phillip Hansma, Cynthia Sokol, and Diana Waldier -- look for something special in your stockings from the Real Santa who

is coming a little late this year.

I hope that next year more of us will become involved with First Night and we can start selling those buttons earlier than this year. This could be the beginning of a great tradition for the Kitty Hawk. The possibilities for the future appear to be excellent.

I have spoken with most of the crew and it would appear that most had an excellent holiday season and those Trek collections received a big boost. Mine certainly did. Please share (verbally) those new treasures with your fellow crew members. That is how we find all those special items. And speaking of those collectables, the long anticipated Next Generation Tins are now available. They are numbered and only ten thousand of them were made. If the count on the gold hologram of 50,000 is correct and the tins take 10,000 of those..... Pat says he will sell a gold hologram for \$100.00.

1992 was a pretty good year for the Kitty Hawk. We accomplished most of our goals, both in the civic arena and the fun department. The ground is already broken for even more activities for 1993. If you want to become even more active on the Kitty Hawk, you will have ample opportunity in 1993. Please speak to the department heads handling the various projects. I have said it many times before and I will say it again: Volunteer, join in and share; the more you do, the more fun you will have.

When you read this, you will probably already have seen the new Star Trek show, Deep Space Nine. We are starting off the new

year with more science fiction shows previewing than I ever remember being on T.V. at one time. Some of them will be good and some probably won't be all that great. Let the networks know what you like and what you don't like. History shows us that they are listening more and more with each season. Maybe that is why some shows get better.

And speaking of T.V., it will soon be time for the P.B.S. Telethon again. If you worked it in the past, you will know how much fun it can be. If you haven't done the telethon before, be sure and sign up, it is a real treat. They haven't contacted us yet, but we always hope we can get a segment fully staffed by STARFLEET people. Stay tuned. Same Catbird channel, same Catbird time.

Well, that is about it for me this time. I continue to believe that the people I associate with on the Kitty Hawk are the finest in STARFLEET. If there is a future like the one we see on the television program Star Trek, then it will be because people like you, people with the WRIGHT STUFF, made it so.

## ESSE QUAM VIDERI







# THE WRIGHT STUFF

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# THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 3

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*Season's  
Greetings*



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# FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

Happy holidays to the crew and their families. I hope this finds everyone well and having a great time.

We are still collecting stamps. A total of 4,236 stamps were collected and sent to the Stampede. Please keep collecting! I've noticed a lot of stamps not having much of a paper border around the stamp. In this case, more is better. I check each stamp and sort them for the Stampede. Thank you to all the folks who contributed this year.

With the holiday season, please donate to local charities (if you can). I realize that money is tight this year, so,

even if it's just helping someone in terms of canned food or giving directions to someone from out of town. It makes the spirit of the season continue.

The weather is turning colder, so, please think of the "critters" outside. The birds and squirrels would appreciate a pan of water (unfrozen) and sunflower/bird seed is always a big help. Usually there is food available for them, but with the weather we have had, I have noticed many bushes already stripped of berries.

Hope to see everyone at the January meeting.

## CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

**STARDATE: 9211.21** - Location: Earth Station Kennedy - Cape Canaveral, Florida. John Miller, our Chief of Shuttlecraft Engineering, invited me to join him at the open house held at the Kennedy Space Center. It was for all the NASA employees and their families (but no one asked for my I.D., so I guess they didn't care too much).

I took the day off work Friday and drove down, shaving 20 minutes off of John's Raleigh to Cocoa Beach land speed record. We met at the Rocket Park in front of Spaceport, U.S.A., then we went to his apartment. Once there, we made plans for the weekend.

First stop was dinner at the Hard Rock Cafe in Orlando. After we finished eating and buying souvenirs, we were walking around looking at the collection of music memorabilia when they dropped a projection t.v. screen from the ceiling and showed the video for "Shout!" and everyone joined in - then, if that didn't get the crowd wild enough, they did the Time Warp! What a blast! Then we went to a 10-screen movie theatre with A THX sound system (designed by

Lucasfilm) to watch Dracula. Then we headed home.

Saturday morning, we woke up and headed to the Space Center. The open house was from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., and just a few of the things we saw were the inside of the vehicle assembly building, including the stack with the sound rocket boosters and external fuel tank (that is, the VAB w/ SRB's and ET, in NASAESE), the launch control center, both launch pads, and they even rolled Endeavour out of the hanger for pictures! We ate lunch in John's office - 5th floor, with a view of both launch pads and the VAB - and then went back to the apartment.

We decided to check out the "Adventurer's Club" at Pleasure Island, near MGM Studios. I dressed up in my Indiana Jones costume and we were on our way. Once there, I fit right into the crowd and decor, and quite a few people thought that I worked there! I finally found a home! Then we went across the street to The Cage. This was a post-atomic, neo-gothic, art deco, bombed-out Gotham City type of place, in black and graffiti and lots of video screens everywhere. The music was pumping, the drinks were flowing, and the ladies looked oh, so good!! We stayed for a while, then I, feeling a bit mellow and out of place, went back to the Adventurer's Club to relax.

We finally got home at about 3:30 a.m., and dropped immediately into unconsciousness.

The next morning, I woke up

# OCTOBERTREK

By Deborah Herndon

It was another fun-filled, exciting visit up to Hunt Valley, MD. On Oct. 9th, Liz Read and I headed on up to Richmond to stay with family and after some minor adjustments on her shuttle we were on our way. We arrived at the Con on Saturday and for 45 pressure-packed, panic-filled minutes, we searched and searched for my ticket and/or any NSG's at the info booth or at the hotel (which by the way, the Marriott Courtyard didn't have either J.R. or Diana registered and they had been there three days). But just as I was about to buy a new ticket here comes Diana down the stairs, talk about perfect timing. So with badge securely in hand we left to find Grindage and ran into a great discount at the local B. Dalton (10% off for badges, 15% for uniforms). So once we got all their books (just kidding) we had some lunch at the local Friendlies and then headed for some fun at the con. We looked at the art show and Jeff got some great cartoon pics at the auction. We saw the Cap'n was selling some goods, way out of our range, but nice even though. We periodically ran into and lost Larry, Elaine, Jeff, Libby, Diana, and J.R., having fun with them and seeing the goodies they bought. Liz, Michael (Liz's Bro), Diana and I went to a panel "Bush, Clinton, and Perot on the Space Program". The two true political people Bush and Clinton representatives did a good job but the Perot supporter was only a fan of Perot and had no idea what he was talking about so of course he did an awful job and really was a cumbersome part of the panel. But then we got to leave and see a writer of some of the parts of the movies and he did a great job. Then at four it was time for DeForest Kelly and

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about 11:00 a.m. and headed for home. The trip back was uneventful (and much slower than the trip down). What a cool weekend!! Thanks, John!



# DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

## ENGINEERING

By Pat Heinske

A friend of mine, Audra Taylor (who will soon be joining us on the Kitty Hawk) has donated to the Kitty Hawk an armload of original movie "one-sheet" posters to be sold and the money donated to the Duke Children's Hospital. Also in the lot are two 10' vinyl banners and a number of transparencies (used in the displays at the box office and over the theatre doors). Available items are:

### One Sheets

Blame it on the Bellboy (2)  
Captain Ron (1)  
Christopher Columbus (1)  
Consenting Adults (3)  
Cutting Edge (1)  
Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag (2)  
Honey, I Blew Up the Kid (1)  
Innocent Blood (2)  
Man Trouble (4)  
Mighty Ducks (2)  
Radio Flyer (1)  
Straight Talk (2)  
Unlawful Entry (1)  
White Sands (2)

### Transparencies (one of each)

(L) = 5" x 24" (S) = 2" x 12"

Buffy the Vampire Slayer (L)  
Candyman (S) (L)  
Captain Ron (L)  
Consenting Adults (S) (L)  
Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag (L)  
Honey, I Blew Up the Kid (L)  
Honeymoon in Vegas (L)  
Pure Country (S) (L)  
Whispers in the Dark (L)

### Banners (4' x 10')

Dr. Giggles (1)  
Mighty Ducks (1)

One sheets are usually found for approximately \$15.00, but since these are not really blockbuster movies, I think around \$5.00 (or maybe less) is more in line. However, the transparencies and banners are very hard to come by, so they will be priced higher.

Please make an offer and remember, the money goes to charity!!

## MEDICAL

By Liz Read

### From the CMO...

Plan ahead. As we move into 1993, let's take a moment to assess where we are, and plan for the future. This might involve going back to school, changing jobs, moving or just anticipating the next ST con. I'd like you to spend a little time on medical matters. With a new President and more attention than ever being paid to the high cost of health care, you can bet that things are going to change. North Carolina is proposing a plan for health insurance that will affect each of us. Stay informed and vote whenever possible. Let your employers know how you feel, too.

Take a moment to think about these questions:

1. If I were seriously injured, how would my bills be paid? rent? food? Would my family be OK financially?

2. Who would legally be able to make decisions for me if I can't? Is this a person I trust to make the right decisions for me?

3. If I am unlikely to recover, do I want to be kept alive on machines? Do I want to be allowed to die if there's no hope of a meaningful quality of life? What is a "meaningful life" to me?

4. Do I want to be an organ donor? Donate my body to research? Do I want to be buried or cremated? Are there religious considerations for me or my family?

5. If I die, who will get custody of my children? Will there be any money for them?

No one is too young or too old to consider these questions. As a critical care nurse, I have seen people of all ages die unexpectedly. Families who know what their deceased family member wanted manage a whole lot better. Perhaps leaving clear instructions is the last gift you can give.

Talk to your family about your wishes; sign your organ donor card (or driver's license). Set up a durable power of attorney; set up a trust for your children. Make a will. Review your disability, health, and life insurance - is it enough? Plan ahead.

## OPERATIONS

By Larry Pischke

Things have been pretty quiet around here of late. That isn't to say I have nothing to do; there is just not much going on as far as OPS is concerned. The entire department helped out with the second day of highway cleanup, as well as the paintball extravaganza. That's the good thing about this department: we either all do something or we don't. There is no division, no half-way. Solidarity. I love it.

## SECURITY

By Carey Muse

I know that this is a little late, but I would like to once again thank everyone who worked the Creation Show at the end of October. We had a good turn out as for crowd and Creation treated us well. Their treatment of us improved over the Show in March and hopefully it will continue to improve. Special note of thanks should go to Larry for working audio visuals for Creation. Also thanks go to Jeff for his transporter locator beacon which was probably more of a hit at the Show than other items that were there and a special notice needs to go to Tara for working the Creation Table, a job that most of us would have refused. By the way Tara, how much is the sweatshirt with the hood? Just kidding!

The Security Department is continuing its organization and getting positions assigned within the Department. I am waiting on several things to happen with personnel but this should be settled by Spring.

There will be some items coming out related to Star Trek, ST:TNG, and Deep Space Nine. Star Log Press will continue their magazine series based on ST:TNG this season and they will also be introducing a new series magazine based on Deep Space Nine. While we are on Deep Space Nine, DC Comics which currently publishes

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# THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

## EPISODE 10: OUT OF THE NEST

By Elaine Royal



Over the next few weeks, Spot saw very little of Mystery. She was so busy with those new kittens that she had very little time for him. So he was a little surprised when she showed up at his door early one morning, shortly after Data had gone on duty.

"Mystery! You're here!" Spot greeted her affectionately.

"Of course," Mystery replied. "Today is an important day. Today I must find homes for my babies. I would appreciate your help."

Spot noticed then that Mystery was not alone. She was followed by an entourage of three curious kittens, who were already beginning to investigate Data's and Spot's quarters.

"Not here!" Spot protested. "There's no room here for any more cats!"

"Oh, don't fret your whiskers off. I'm not leaving them here." Mystery scanned the room to be sure her offspring were behaving themselves. She noted one had gotten his head stuck between a table and chair leg. She sighed and went to retrieve him. "I'm taking them to the rec room, where I'm hoping some of the humans will take them home."

"You're going to give your children away?"

"Yes. It's time." She nudged one of her little ones affectionately. "Besides, it's not like they're really gone. They need someone to take care of them. I don't think the Captain would tolerate more than one free roaming, unattached cat on board."

"Have you ever seen the Captain?" Spot asked.

"On occasion," Mystery replied, but she would say no more on the subject. "Now, let's gather up these children and trot them off to be displayed. They are adorable, are they not?"

"Oh, yes, of course," Spot replied diplomatically.

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When the rec room door opened, it seemed that all eyes turned to watch the proud Siamese

and her little parade of kittens enter. Spot brought up the rear, to be sure none of the little one strayed.

"Oh, how cute!" someone exclaimed. Several people gathered around the kittens, petting and playing with them. Mystery and Spot backed away and watched. Just as Mystery had hoped, the people were discussing whether the kittens were old enough to leave their mother. When it was decided they were, two of them promptly laid claim to the kitten of their choice. Several others considered, but changed their minds.

Mystery sighed and moved to retrieve her unclaimed kitten.

"Wait," Spot signalled. He had spotted a young child, a Klingon, moving closer to the circle as the other people moved away. The child was staring in fascination at the kitten. Slowly he approached the cat, getting down on the floor, almost nose to nose. Suddenly the little cat jumped back and hissed. To Mystery and Spot's surprise, the boy did not move away. Instead he grinned and picked up the kitten.

"You have spirit! I will call you 'mangHom', little warrior." The kitten suddenly relaxed and began to purr.

Mystery also relaxed as the boy left with her last kitten.

\*\*\*\*\*

Later that evening, Alexander and his father, Lt. Worf, were at dinner when a strange scratching noise interrupted their meal. It was coming from the boy's sleeping room. Worf leapt to his feet. "What was that?"

Alexander scurried around his father to block his way. "Nothing. It was nothing."

Worf glared at his son. "Alexander! Are you lying to me again?"

The boy swallowed hard. "Well...I mean, it's nothing bad."

"Oh?" Worf moved past the boy and opened the door. The kitten scooted past him straight for Alexander, who scooped him up.

"It's a cat! Where did you get

it?"

"It's one of Mystery's kittens. His name is mangHom. He's a brave little one. He challenged me to bring him home."

"Is that so? Humph." Worf watched the boy and the cat. It was clear they were already attached to each other. However, he wasn't sure that a cat was an appropriate pet for a Klingon. Then again, one couldn't really bring a targ aboard the Enterprise.

Worf glanced into the boy's room and saw the mess the kitten had made. He saw the look of worry on Alexander's face and knew he had seen it, too. Worf hid his amusement at the boy's concern and simply "harumphed" again. He turned and sat back down at the table to continue his meal. The boy looked at him questioningly.

"After dinner," Worf stated simply between bites. "Procure that animal a litter box."

Alexander grinned. "Yes, sir!"

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### OCTOBER TREK

*Continued from page 3*

he was fantastic, a true gentleman. He read us a poem he had written and was presented with an award for the work he does with an animal shelter. He answered questions, let some people take pictures and even gave out some hugs. Then we went on out to the Sizzler for dinner and a quick look at the owl. And finally we saw Brent Spiner. Wow. This guy is a great speaker. His personality of having quick witticisms and interesting information makes him a definite must see in my book. He was well worth the wait. By this time it was 10 p.m., time to close up shop and head on home to Richmond for four hours of sleep and then to head back to Raleigh at 8 a.m. All in all it was a great time and one I plan on having again.



# A SHORT STORY

## PART II

By Martha Lee

McCoy slumped. "Dear God." He turned to Kirk. "He was one of the first men to come in. It's going to get worse, Jim."

Kirk sighed. "I see your point, Bones. Give me a minute to see Alexie then surely there's something I can do to help."

"Captain, perhaps Dr. McCoy has not impressed you with the urgency of our situation." Spock's tone was formal. "At the current rate, over one half of the crew will be disabled by tomorrow morning. We could figuratively and literally be dead in space in fifty two hours. Eight hours before help arrives."

Kirk was shocked. He was also angry with himself that he hadn't fully realized how serious this was, and that made him defensive. "Thank you, Mr. Spock," he said tightly. "As I said before, I will return, after I have seen Alexie. I must explain the situation to her." With that Kirk left.

McCoy and Spock went back to their research, McCoy dividing his time between research and seeing patients. Reports were coming in hourly of new patients. There were two more deaths. Kirk had intended to hurry back, but Alexie was truly upset. It was just over two hours before Alexie was sufficiently calm enough for him to leave.

When Kirk returned he could not easily find McCoy or Spock. He was somehow surprised at the number of people in the ward. At last he saw McCoy coming toward him. McCoy walked past and without speaking motioned for Kirk to follow him into his office. Once inside, McCoy deliberately closed his door, then sat behind his desk. "Do you mind my asking where the hell you've been?"

"I'll choose to ignore your tone of voice, Doctor. I know you are very tired." Kirk was still standing. "How is your research progressing?"

"We know the cause. Spock found it. A theory we've been working on all afternoon. A mutant strain of a flu virus on Marsh II two hundred years ago. Then

Marshians lost nearly a forth of their population to the flu. They've developed an immunity to it now, but one of the Ambassador's entourage had a cold. A carrier. Spread the virus to us."

"Well, then," smiled Kirk. "The battle is half won!" I'll just call Alexie and let her know our progress so far."

"Jim, where is your mind? We have a cause. We still don't have a cure or a preventative! Three people have died. Three more will die within an hour! And all you can think about is that woman. What has she done? Has she slipped you some kind of love potion?"

"That is enough, Doctor! If you wish to remain on this ship as my friend, you won't talk about my fiancée that way!"

McCoy was stunned. "Your what? You don't mean... you haven't even known her... you can't possibly..." McCoy stopped stammering and simply stared at Kirk.

"Bones, I didn't mean to tell you that way. I'm sorry. Let's talk about it later. Right now tell me where Spock is so I can go help him with the research."

McCoy was really angry now. He didn't understand why Kirk was behaving so out of character and he would never believe that Kirk was really in love with that woman. If he had time to think this through, he might convince himself that the only reason he objected to Kirk's relationship with Alexie was his own dislike of the woman. But he didn't have the time or, if the truth be known, the desire to analyze his feelings. What he wanted was to say or do something to jolt Kirk into action. And he had just the right ammunition. "Spock won't be doing any more research."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

McCoy stood. "Because he has the flu, has had it most of the day. He hid that information from me because he knew how badly I needed his help. I surprised him in the store room about half an hour ago,

vomiting. He collapsed then. I've set him up on a cot in the store room."

Kirk's stomach was doing flip-flops. "The truth, Bones, how is he?"

"Bad. Very bad. But not any worse than any of the twenty other severe cases we have here! They'll all be dead in the next twenty four hours if we don't find a cure!"

"Why didn't he say anything? Surely you could have done something for him."

"Yes, with treatment we can slow the progression of this thing. But Spock didn't have time for the treatment. Somebody had to help with the research and somebody had to keep the Enterprise running as smoothly as possible. You've ruffled quite a few feathers today with your attitude. And you have been too preoccupied with your personal affairs to be concerned with your duties!"

"Enough! My personal life is none of your concern, and despite what you might think, I have not been derelict in my duties! I'm here now to offer my help. Just tell me what to do."

But McCoy wouldn't stop. "My God, man! What's happened to you? You just don't give a damn any more, do you? Not about Spock, not about..." McCoy stopped as a certain look came to Kirk's face. He realized immediately he had gone too far.

"You're on report, Mister. One more word and I'll have you court martialled. Understood?"

Kirk and McCoy stood frozen, staring at each other for a long moment. They jumped apart as the door to McCoy's office opened. Spock, leaning weakly against the door, looked at his two friends. "I suggest, gentlemen, this is not the time for recrimination or fighting. There is much to be done."

McCoy dashed to Spock's side. "What are you doing up? Are you trying to kill yourself?"

Spock accepting McCoy's help, entered the office and sat down in a chair. "Why, no, Doctor. It is the



virus killing me, and my best chance of survival is research, not rest."

Kirk felt a sharp pang of fear at Spock's matter of fact assessment of his condition. He moved to kneel beside his friend. "Spock, you shouldn't be up, but you're right. We need you. Tell me what to do and I'll help."

Spock looked at the Captain quizzically. "Are you sure you will not need to be elsewhere?"

Kirk turned his face. "That's not fair. I've performed my duties."

"But that is all you have done." Spock pressed on. "You have not gone beyond what duty required. That is not like you. Are you all right, Captain?"

Kirk sat on his heels and looked at Spock. "If you say it also, it must be true, Spock. No, I must not be right. But, I wasn't aware I was not." Kirk turned his head to look at McCoy also. "I'm sorry. What can I do to help?"

The three men, with several technicians, worked through the night. McCoy had given Spock something for the nausea but it didn't seem to help much. Kirk's heart broke each time his strong, Vulcan friend was sick. As Spock grew weaker, Kirk found his best help was to act as Spock's legs, fetching and carrying. Toward dawn, Spock collapsed again. He had gone into the store room. Kirk followed and found Spock vomiting blood. Kirk held Spock's head until the spasms had passed, then eased him to a reclining position on the floor.

"Jim, leave me. I can no longer function. You are needed to complete the research. I prefer to be alone."

Kirk was frightened. He had never known Spock to give up in a situation like this. "If I help can you make it to the cot?" Spock nodded and Kirk reached out supporting arms. He was surprised at how heavily Spock leaned on him. It scared him even more. He helped Spock lie down and found cover for him. He sat down on the floor beside the cot and held on to Spock's hand.

"Jim, you must go. We are close. We must be close. Nearly half of the crew is now sick. More are dying. The last series should be cross checked with series forty nine, sixty one and seventy nine. I believe

finding the antidote is close."

Kirk wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "All right Spock, just hold on. Hold on."

"I will, of course, make every effort to survive."

Kirk stood up to leave.

"Live long and prosper, Jim. You and Alexie, if that is what you desire."

Kirk stumbled out of the room blindly, unable to see past his unshed tears.

Spock had been correct. In under an hour, based on Spock's work, McCoy had a cure. With pieces of the puzzle, the cause and the cure, McCoy was sure they could find the third piece, the preventative. The cure had come not a minute too soon. Over fifty percent of the crew had the flu. The rest were working double shifts and during any free time were tending to the sick. The most recent casualties included Scott, Uhura, and Chekov.

Kirk had a headache. Not to be unexpected, he thought, what with no sleep, overwork, and worry about his crew. Worry about Spock, who was now unconscious.

McCoy was busy working on a batch of the curative serum. He looked exhausted and not at all as pleased as Kirk thought he should be. "Thank God we finally have a cure," McCoy explained. "But it came too late for eleven of our people. It may still be too late for several of the most severe cases."

Kirk hesitated. "Spock is included in that last group?"

McCoy nodded and kept working. "At last count there were fourteen people already unconscious. I can't quote you odds, but we stand a damn high possibility of losing all of them." McCoy stopped working. He stood with his hands on the counter, his head down.

Kirk put a comforting hand on his friend's shoulder. What could he say to this man who cared so deeply for life.

A short time later, McCoy went to the store room to personally give Spock the first injection. He was not surprised to find Kirk sitting quietly on the floor beside the cot. Kirk was holding his best friend's hand. Kirk glanced up, his smile jagged. "If he knew what I was doing, he'd be most embarrassed."

"The unconscious mind is a funny thing," McCoy explained

quietly. "He may know what you are doing. Your distress may be the call he needs to hang on to life."

## TO BE CONTINUED...

### SECURITY

*Continued from page 4*

both Star Trek and ST:TNG comic books will not be publishing a comic book based on Deep Space Nine. This will be published by Malibu Press. More details on this later or as they become available. Pocketbooks has something of interest coming out in February. It is called Star Trek Chronology, The History of the Future, written by Michael and Denise Okuda and traces the history of Star Trek from Kirk's early days in Star Fleet to Captain Pickard's command of the Enterprise, with the order being by both stardate and actual earth calendar date. This should be a very interesting book. It will be a \$14.00 trade paperback similar in size and contents to Mr. Scott's Guide to the Enterprise, The Star Trek Compendium, and The ST:TNG Companion.

As this is being written, it is early December. When you read this it will be January; so therefore, I and the entire Security Department aboard the Kitty Hawk would like to express wishes that you had a happy holiday season and that you all have a safe and happy new year in '93.

**REMEMBER  
TO SUBMIT ALL  
ENTRIES TO THE  
PUZZLE BOOK  
TO DIANA WALDIER.**

**IF THERE ARE ANY QUESTIONS,  
CALL DIANA AT  
(919) 821-2820**



## PROS AND CONS

By Larry Pischke

Con-spiracy, held August 28 - 30 at the Durham Omni, was an unusual convention for me to attend of late. This was the first gaming convention that I have gone to in a long time. Actually, I had to go, as I was running a dealer's table for the family store, but that doesn't change the fact that I had a good time.

From a financial standpoint, the convention was a virtual bust for the store. This was the first time that this con had been run; as a result, it was rather small. The major draw (in fact, the only draw) was its continuous gaming. Games of all description, from roleplaying to miniatures, were being played at all hours.

The biggest thrill of the entire convention for me was participating in the live roleplaying game. It is hard to describe the fun we had to those who have not played; imagine playing a part in a play with no script - everything is impromptu. The thrill is being in character and trying to react the way you think your character should react. It keeps you on your toes.

Even though the turnout was small, Con-spiracy made money. This will hopefully bring it back next year, perhaps bigger. This area sorely needs some conventions.

## OCTOBER TREK

1992

## AWAY TEAM REPORT

By Elaine Royal

Once again, the Pischke warp shuttle headed North to Hunt Valley, Maryland on a Thursday evening, arriving at target destination at the usual time, around 4:00 a.m. For once, the night clerk had not cancelled our reservations, so we were pointed towards our room without having to get indignant, threaten legal action, or cause bodily harm. After a whole two hours or so of sleep, we were joined by the second pair to arrive, Jeff and Kristen. Later in the day we picked up another roomie, one of those Bonaventure types, Phil something or other. As usual, Friday was a slow day at the con, a good time to get acclimated and spend some money in the dealer's room. On Saturday things got into full swing. The con generally went smoothly, except that Brent Spiner overslept and missed his flight, and had to be rescheduled for later in the evening, which pushed back the time for the costume call and dance. However, when he did finally arrive, he was quite entertaining. DeForest Kelly was also a charming guest. Most of our group, and others from our crew who met up with us at the convention, put in an appearance at the 10-forward dance, and some of us, in true Kitty Hawk tradition, closed it down, and of course made the traditional trek to IHOP afterwards. Sunday was spent catching up on what was missed Saturday, and trying to grab a few more treasures from the dealer's room. This convention was different from others I have been to in one way - no one was signing autographs. I was disappointed, but it was a nice change to not spend half the convention waiting in a line. We left Hunt Valley about mid afternoon and arrived at home port at a reasonable hour, for a change. As usual, I recommend any of the Hunt Valley conventions to a neophyte looking for a well run convention to attend. See ya next time.

## DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

No sir! You can't make me do it! I refuse! I will never admit that I worked security for a Creation Con! You can torture me, you can...oh...uh...oops. Guess I kinda blew that one, huh. Okay, okay, okay... It was a Creation Con. And, yes, I volunteered <gasp!> I know, I know... But, hey! What can I say? I'm easy. (I'm not cheap, but I'm easy.) I did it...um...for the free goodies! Yeah, that's it! The free stuff!

Okay, fine. Don't believe me. The facts are that it was a good convention, both for Creation and the Kitty Hawk. Why? (Cause two of the three prize winners in the costume competition are bridge officers on the Kitty Hawk!) No, no, no. Well, okay, that's part of it. But that's not all of it.

As many of you know (and some of you don't), a couple of years ago, Creation (a for-profit organization) tried to get all of the ST:TNG actors to sign contracts to do Creation Cons exclusively. That's right - no fan-run convention would be allowed to have a guest star from TNG. Even though all but Marina Sirtis turned them down,

this did not endear Creation to Star Trek fans, and we've been carrying a pretty big chip on our (collective) shoulder against Creation ever since. However, I feel that they are realizing the errors of their ways and are trying to make amends to the members of STARFLEET, as well as to the members of all those other clubs that dream of being Starfleet when they grow up. (Just kidding!) Or, maybe they are just kissing up to us because they are afraid of losing business. I don't claim to know for sure, but I, for one, am going to give them the benefit of the doubt and see what happens.

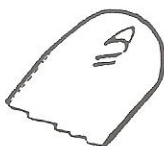
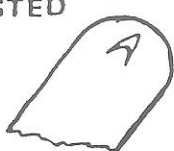
But whether or not you agree with me, you have to admit that, if nothing else, it was an excellent opportunity for those of us on the Kitty Hawk to meet new people, make new friends, and recruit some new members to the ship. So, even if we gained only one new member, or made one new friend, it doesn't matter how much money Creation made for themselves - we still got the better part of the deal.



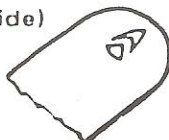
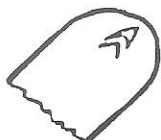
# NAME THE ORIGINAL STAR FLEET INSIGNIA

By Lynette Crowley

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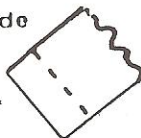


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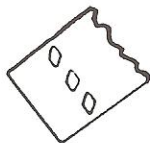
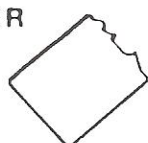
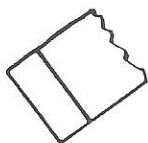


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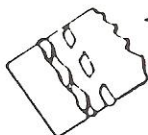
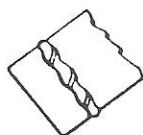
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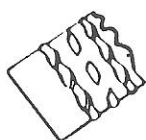
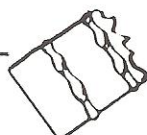
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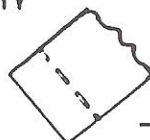
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\_\_\_\_\_ wide  
Braid is \_\_\_\_\_



## ACADEMY



\_\_\_\_\_ stripe 1 cm. \_\_\_\_\_

# THE SCI FI CHANNEL IS HERE

By Jeff Cohn

Those of you whose cable service is provided by CVI (Cablevision Industries) now receive the Sci-Fi Channel as part of your basic service! This includes the towns of Wake Forest, Cary, Garner, and Wendell, but not, unfortunately, Raleigh. Service began on December 1, 1992 and at present is considered to be a permanent addition to the lineup. It couldn't hurt, however, to write the folks at CVI and let them know that you're pleased with this decision and intend to watch. Letters can be addressed to Ms. Pam Edmundson, Regional Mgr., CVI, 508 S. White St., Wake Forest, N.C. 27587. Those of you not serviced by CVI should contact your local cable operator to let them know that you want the channel in your lineup.

The Sci-Fi channel includes science and technology news and documentaries, interviews with scientists and authors, sci-fi shows from the 50's through the present (including Dr. Who, Lost in Space, Battlestar Galactica), and a plethora of lesser known but fascinating programming not available elsewhere. There are also movies ranging in quality from 2001: A Space Odyssey and Star Trek I - V to grade Z productions from the 40's through the present.

One minor problem is that CVI does not presently include the Sci-Fi channel in its monthly listings, nor can it be found in the News and Observer. You may, therefore, have to hunt to find it on your dial (Channel 38 in Wake Forest). I am told that this will be rectified in the hopefully not too distant future.

# MATCH WORLD TO THE EPISODE ANSWERS

By Diana Waldier

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 7 ALPHA 177           | 8 M-113               |
| 3 ALTAR VI            | 14 MAKUS III          |
| 51 ARDANA             | 51 MARAK II           |
| 28 ARGELIUS TWO       | 50 MEMORY ALPHA       |
| 36 ARGUS X            | 34 NEURAL             |
| 39 ARRET              | 41 OMEGA IV           |
| 33 BABEL              | 20 OMICRON CETI II    |
| 17 BETA III           | 22 ORGANIA            |
| 44 BETA XII-A         | 45 PLATONIUS          |
| 56 CAMUS II           | 9 PSI 2000            |
| 26 CAPELLA IV         | 27 POLLUX IV          |
| 19 CETI ALPHA V       | 24 PYRIS VII          |
| 47 CHERON             | 13 Q                  |
| 10 COLONY ALPHA FIVE  | 58 ROMULUS            |
| 15 COLONY BETA SIX    | 55 SARPEDION          |
| 6 DELTA VEGA          | 46 SCALOS             |
| 23 DENEVA             | 31 SHERMAN'S PLANET   |
| 142 EARTH             | 31 SPACE STATION K-7  |
| 52 EDEN               | 16 STARBASE CETUS III |
| 40 EKOS               | 465 TALOS IV          |
| 42 ELAS               | 12 TANTALUS FIVE      |
| 48 ELBA II            | 13 TARSUS IV          |
| 18 EMINAR VII         | 14 TAURUS II          |
| 54 EXALBIA            | 10 THASUS             |
| 11 EXO III            | 43 TRIACUS            |
| 25 GAMMA CANARIS N    | 35 TRISKELION         |
| 30 GAMMA HYDRA IV     | 42 TROYIUS            |
| 29 GAMMA TRIANGULI VI | 36 TYCHO IV           |
| 49 GIDEON             | 3 VULCAN              |
| 53 HOLBERG 917-G      | 57 YONADA             |
| 37 TOTIA              | 32 892 IV             |
| 21 JANUS VI           |                       |
| 38 KELVA              |                       |



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# CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

JAN. 9 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting, 5:00 p.m.

JAN. 15 ..... Crabtree Valley Food Court, 7:00 p.m.

JAN. 30 ..... Bowling at Fairlanes, 6:00 p.m.

FEB. 6 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting, 5:00 p.m.

FEB. 19 ..... Crabtree Valley Food Court, 7:00 p.m.

FEB. 20 ..... Museum of Natural Sciences

REMINDER!!!  
KITTY HAWK DUES ARE DUE FOR 1993  
MEMBERSHIP RATES:  
INDIVIDUAL...\$24    FAMILY \$24

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THE WRIGHT STUFF  
U.S.S. KITTY HAWK  
P.O. BOX 52112  
RALEIGH, N.C. 27612-2112