

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 year is quickly coming to a close and we on the Kitty Hawk are in our usual blur of activities which surround the holiday season. First I would like to thank all those who made it to Diana's house for the Halloween party, as it was some of the best food we have had at one of our affairs. Hope that trend continues at future functions. It was a good gathering and as always, a lot of good conversation was had by those attending.

Next, a hearty "thank you" to Jeff Habrych, Ray McAlister, Teresa Tuel, Robert Yates, and Martha Lee for joining me at the Trek-A-Rama down in Greenville, N.C., last month, actually September. This was a nice small con and we had the opportunity to meet STARFLEET personnel from other ships in the region as well as several other Star Trek fan clubs in eastern N.C. It was fine experience for those who participated and I hope more of the crew will volunteer for future cons. I was particularly gratified that our people stayed at their posts throughout the convention.

I would direct your attention to our calendar of events for most of the topics I will cover in the remainder of this article. I believe our science officer has scheduled a trip to the planetarium for the evening of November 12. Please contact Mugsey for more details. We haven't been to the planetarium in several years so it should be fun. Past shows have been quite good.

At our November meeting, I hope to be able to pass out the buttons for First Night. I have been in contact with those people and the deal this year is pretty much the same as last year. I understand that there will be even more events downtown this year so attendance is expected to climb once again. We will be manning one of the merchandise booths again and it will

be even more organized this year. By starting to sell these buttons early this year, we have an excellent opportunity to make extra money for the ship as well as for the Duke Children's hospital fund. Also, those persons buying buttons before Christmas will be saving two dollars.

There is no guarantee that First Night will have the excellent weather that we had last year but no matter what the weather, those working the tent will have a fabulous evening. Please try to sell five buttons each before the December meeting. This would get us off to a great start.

Speaking of December; don't forget the highway cleanup at 9 a.m. on Saturday the 4th, which is also the day of our meeting. These cleanups have been less than well-attended recently; a trend which needs reversing.

As each of you knows, we have scheduled our holiday/anniversary party for Saturday December 18th at 7 p.m. at the Barbecue Lodge located in mini-city on U.S. 1 north. They will be serving family style. The cost of the meal will be \$7.57 per person and that includes taxes and tip. Dress will be coat and tie for the gentlemen and suits or dresses for the ladies.

This will be our promotion and awards banquet. Those persons who feel they have sufficient points to warrant a promotion should turn in their points sheet no later than the December 4th meeting. There may be some other happenings at this affair.

Following the banquet (approximately 9 p.m.), we will adjourn to Jeff Habrych's club house for a holiday party. Light refreshments will be provided, just in case anyone has any room for anything. Music and dancing will be the order of the evening and if someone is inclined, there is the hot

tub and pool. All-in-all, it should be a great evening. And if it is, maybe it will become a tradition on the Kitty Hawk.

There is a limit of thirty five persons in the space for this banquet. Therefore, we will ask that those persons who plan to attend, and we hope everyone will, please pay us in advance no later than the December 4th meeting.

Keep in mind our third-Friday-night outing to the movies each month. Also, remember those cans of food for the Food Bank, stamps for Teresa, and change for Duke children.

Some of the crew attended the N.C. State Fair recently and spent the evening in the usual way: eating. I mention this only because it has been my experience that whenever a number of us get together for any reason, we usually wind up engaged in fun conversation. And that really is the reason for any of our gatherings. It doesn't matter what the occasion is, we really get together to enjoy one another's company and have some lively conversation.

Star Trek is our common bond, but each of us has found that we have other interests that we share with almost every person on the Kitty Hawk. This is the basis for friendship. We don't need to schedule an activity to get together with friends.

If you have something you would like to do, and think some of us would enjoy sharing the experience, call us. If it is something far enough in the future to make major plans for, contact Jeff Cohn, our recreation officer, and let's see if we can make it an event. While all of our civic activities are important, the major emphasis is on having fun. So show us you have the Wright Stuff and let's enjoy ourselves.

Esse Quam Videri



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VOLUME 4 NO. 5

is a publication of the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, the Raleigh, N.C. chapter of STARFLEET, an international STAR TREK fan organization. This publication is provided free of charge, to all chapter members in good standing. Subscriptions for non-members are \$8.00 per year (six issues). Please address all correspondence to CATBIRD Publications, 5017 Glen Forest Dr., Raleigh, N.C. 27612. This publication is a non-profit enterprise and is not meant to infringe upon any copyright or trademark held by Paramount Pictures, Gulf & Western, or any other holder of STAR TREK copyrights or trademarks. Unless otherwise noted, ENTIRE CONTENTS ARE COPYRIGHT 1993 CATBIRD Publications, THE WRIGHT STUFF. Nothing in whole or in part may be used without the written permission of the publisher. THE WRIGHT STUFF assumes all material submitted for publication is gratis. The publisher and editors reserve the right to edit all submissions.



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VOLUME 4

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TOOL BOX: Dramen 386/25; Hewlett Packard Laserjet III; Logitech Scanman Plus; Word for Windows; Logitech Ansel Image Editing Software; Microsoft Publisher.



FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

The first officer was not able to contribute this month due to being trapped in a holodeck suite. She is waiting for the Chief Engineer and company to release her. With musical strains of "Do You Love Me..." floating in the background, she did not appear to be in any great hurry to be released.

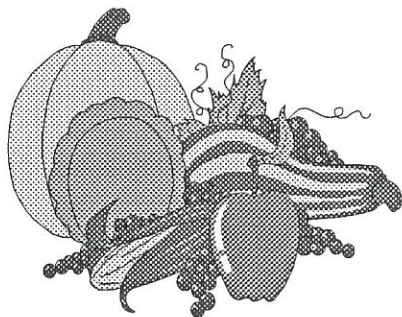
CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

Attention! Attention!

Buy your tickets now for the second annual U.S.S. Kitty Hawk Workbee Drag Race and Stock Shuttlepod Meet! See the finest pilots this side of Wolf 359! Meet the winners of last year's competition! Don't forget to meet, in person, that talented actor, Johnathan Frakes, Commander Reeker from Lost in Space (one of those dippy space T.V. shows) - and, Saturday night only - meet that amazingly incredible Eccentrica Gallumbits from Eroticon Six!

One weekend only - You don't want to miss it! Tickets on sale now through the Chief Engineer's quarters, or charge by phone by dialing 1-900-555-KITTYHAWK! Have your Pan Galactic Express Card ready - order now.



COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

I have heard that in 1994 there will be an audio book with Captain Sulu and his crew from Simon and Schuster. I am not sure, however, if Pocket Books will be producing a paperback or if this is just only to be an audio version. Details to follow.

Calendar Report: There are three calendars available - Classic, Next Generation and DS9. The Next Generation and DS9 calendars feature stills from the past season's episodes. The Classic cast calendar features early publicity shots of the cast. There are only two stills taken from actual episodes. One thing that I find interesting in the Classic calendar this year is that the center four pictures all feature Captain

Kirk but one features Spock and the other three are all Kirk and McCoy. There are three publicity shots and three pictures from the episode "The Deadly Years", two of them are publicity shots and one from the episode. One interesting thing is that both the Classic and Next Generation calendar have in common is the month of December - the December for Next Generation features a still of Mr. Scott from the episode "Relics" and for the Classic Trek calendar the month of December is a publicity photo of Scotty from the "Deadly Years". (Do you think Pocket Books did this on purpose?)

AWAY TEAM REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

The Kitty Hawk away team for this event was a little smaller than usual (myself, Larry, Jeff and Robert) (budget constraints, I suppose - the Captain doesn't want to pay hazardous duty pay to so many of us. You know how dangerous those Dealer's Rooms can be). Anyway, our intrepid crew ventured out of Starbase Raleigh on Thursday evening in a rented luxury shuttle, arriving at Farpoint Station around 2:00 a.m. to find the advance scout vessel piloted by Diana Waldier had already made camp. On Friday we did the usual - registered, checked out the dealer's room, and headed for the Mall. We did learn that George Takei would not be present for the con, having found real work on a movie filming in Romania. I was sorry to miss him, but happy that he is working. The substitute guests were William Campbell (The Squire of Gothos) and June Lockhart. They were joined by regularly scheduled guest John de Lancey. But back to Friday. As

usual, Friday was a slow day, but Jeff took in the auction and walked away with a reasonably-priced set of bone china dinnerware. We then went in search of dinner, wound up in Towson where we found a nice seafood restaurant which we will probably visit again on future trips. Then it was back to the hotel to check out the Friday night version of Ten Forward with a live band. Well, the band was not so good and what they played, when they weren't on a break, was not very danceable. The dance was sparsely attended, and we gave up on it early and headed off to bed. Saturday held promise of being better. The first thing of interest scheduled was a play, Little Ship of Horrors. We stayed 5 minutes. It was horrible. Later the guests were talking. All of the guests were interesting. William Campbell was friendly and sociable and had lots of stories to tell. I missed much of the other folks waiting in the autograph line. After dinner, we decided to head on down to the costume contest. We had counted on it starting late, as usual, and wouldn't you know it, this was one of the few things the Farpoint Committee did right. It actually started on time, so we missed most of it, as it was also quite short. And the judges made their decisions quickly for a change, so the whole thing was over by 9:30. I

(Continued on page 4)

BOOK REVIEWS

By Liz Read

ST:TOS THE GREAT STARSHIP RACE

By Diane Carey

Diane Carey has written several ST novels and they are among the best. Her particular forte is the action-adventure story. It's obvious that she is a sailor and that she considers the Enterprise as a sea-going vessel that just happens to be a starship. She also focuses in on the relationships between the crew. Kirk-Spock, Spock-McCoy, etc. The story is crisp, full of surprises and a lot of fun.

ST:DSN THE BIG GAME

By Sandy Schofield

Quark organizes the biggest poker game ever seen in space. Knowing Quark, you know there's more to it than that! Need a hint? Think PROFIT! As the game gets underway, the station begins to experience some troubling problems - someone dies, the station has power failures. Believe in ghosts?

The husband and wife team who wrote "The Big Game" maintain the suspense and give us some truly funny moments. This is one you'll enjoy.

DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

YESSEREE! It's that time of year again! It's time once again for Pat to go into withdrawal because he can't find time to go to conventions!

Your cards and letters were so helpful last year - Thank you! - But please, don't forget to do it again this year! The donations last year nearly exceeded that quarter of a dollar

expected - let's see if we can't push it right over the top in 1993!

Let's all band together and help the Chief Engineer hold on to the last vestiges of his sanity - remember, somebody loves you! (somewhere...)

(Continued from page 3)

thought great, maybe the dance will start on time for a change. No such luck. They decided to run Rocky Horror before the dance, and it must have started late. Suffice it to say that when we checked in at 1:30 a.m., they seemed to be about ready to start. A few people seemed to be having a lot of fun at the expense of the rest of the con-goers, and I think these were the people supposedly running things. We decided to go to the intergalactic House of Pancakes and forget about the dance. Unfortunately, what used to be one of my favorite parts of any convention, the Ten Forward dance, seems to be dying out. The dances have been progressively worse lately and both of these were complete disasters.

As for Sunday, we stuck around to hear a little of the talks and spend a little more money in the dealer's room. John de Lancey and William Campbell performed a skit written by Peter David on the origins of Q. Seems he's Trelaine's delinquent son who got sent off to the Q Continuum (the omniscient beings equivalent of military school) to be straightened out.

Our shuttle made it back to Raleigh without incident. All in all, we had fun, despite the lack of anything interesting about the convention. Farpoint was in many ways an example of how not to do a convention. Quite frankly, some of us feel inspired to attempt a con of our own, just so we can do it right.

MATCH THE MOON WITH THE PLANET

By Liz Read

- | | | | |
|----------|---------|----|----------|
| _____ 1. | VENUS | A. | RISA |
| _____ 2. | JUPITER | B. | ARIEL |
| _____ 3. | URANUS | C. | PHOBOS |
| _____ 4. | EARTH | D. | CALLISTO |
| _____ 5. | PLUTO | E. | NONE |
| _____ 6. | MERCURY | F. | TRITON |
| _____ 7. | SATURN | G. | MOON |
| _____ 8. | MARS | H. | CHARON |
| _____ 9. | NEPTUNE | I. | JANUS |



THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

EPISODE FOURTEEN

UP UP AND AWAY

By Elaine Royal Pischke



Spot opened his eyes for about the millionth time, hoping to find himself safely curled up on the sofa in Data's quarters, the bad dream finally over. He was not surprised, however, to find himself still stuck high up in a tree on a strange planet, far from his comfortable, safe familiar starship. It was quickly growing dark and he could barely see the ground far below him. Fortunately, he sensed Mystery not far away. She had grown tired of waiting for him on the ground and had decided to perch a few branches below him until he came to his senses and started behaving like a respectable cat, and climbed down. But Spot was stubborn - well, terrified, actually, and refused to budge.

"You can't stay up here forever, you know," Mystery pointed out, reasonably, and not for the first time either.

Spot wanted to cry out, "Why not? I like it here!" But he knew Mystery wouldn't buy that. At least, she hadn't the first dozen or so times he had broadcast that defiant thought. Of course, it wasn't true. He didn't like it here one bit. Not on this planet, and certainly not up this tree.

Mystery considered giving up on Spot and heading back to the shuttlecraft alone. Instead, she sat watching as a white moon slowly rose behind the tree, illuminating the orange cat cowering above her. In a very short time, the moon was the only light left. The forest below them was black now, and silent.

She was about to say, "well, we should be safe here for the night", when a loud "whooshing" sound in the sky above them broke the silence. The leaves above them shook as something landed on a branch higher up. Both cats gazed up and were startled to see eyes glaring back at them. Attached to the eyes was a head, feathered in dark blue, and a large, pointed beak, and huge wings with gold and blue feathers, and large, clawed feet. The creature

studied them for a moment, as if trying to decide if they were edible, or, perhaps if it could possibly eat both of them, or whether one would be enough.

"Get down!" Mystery shouted. She scrambled backwards down the trunk of the tree.

Finally, Spot felt inspired to move. Cautiously, he felt for the trunk of the tree, keeping his eyes on the huge flying beast above him. But the movement of the cats caused the bird to act quickly as well. It spread its wings and swooped down on poor Spot, who was much easier to see, as well as closer. Mystery was nearly on the ground when she heard Spot screech as the giant bird caught him in its claws and crashed through the trees carrying its prey.

Spot looked down and saw only darkness and swiftly moving shapes - presumably trees below him. He was seriously regretting his earlier cowardice about now. He tried to squirm but the creature had a firm hold on him, and one claw was digging quite annoyingly into his ribs. He cried out to Mystery for help, but was too panicked to sense any reply. He thought of Data and for a moment imagined he saw his android friend reaching up to rescue him, but it was just another tree, a little closer than before. He realized suddenly that the bird had slowed and was circling an open area not too far below. He looked down and saw a flash of fur run between two trees. Mystery! Yes, Mystery would save him! But the bird was also aware of her, and seemed to be debating what to do. He circled lower and lower until the ground was clearly visible in the moonlight. Spot could see Mystery, but her mind was only transmitting vague impressions of helplessness. She didn't know what to do. Spot felt suddenly very alone and lost. He hung like dead weight from the creature's claws, with no hope of rescue. But soon he noticed the bird seemed to be tiring. Spot was slowly

slipping from its grip. Maybe he stood a chance after all. He waited. When the bird tried to get a better grip, Spot lashed out quickly with his back legs and clawed the bird across the belly. Startled, the creature let go, and Spot tumbled free into the air. He did a twist and a turn and landed right side up in the grass. He wasted no time heading for cover - he could hear the great wings beating close behind him. But within seconds he was safely hidden beneath a low bush where even the sharp eyes of the bird could not detect him. He lay still, heart beating wildly, for a long, long time. At last he felt a comforting presence enter his mind, then nuzzle up close behind him. He began to purr wildly, unable to control himself. His fur was falling out in little puffs as he purred.

"You're all right," Mystery said gently. She waited for him to calm down. It was a long while.

Finally he said, "Can we go now?"

In the morning, Dr. Selar did not need to activate her cat locator. When she returned to the shuttle, she found two very sleepy felines curled up together on the cot in the back of the shuttlecraft. She nodded to the pilot, who was just entering the craft. Swiftly, efficiently, they prepared for take off. Once underway, the pilot looked back briefly at the stowaways.

"You know, I'm surprised they came back on their own. I'd have thought they would want to explore this place more, look at the other felines and all that."

Dr. Selar raised an eyebrow. "An interesting notion, Lieutenant, but they are, after all, just cats."

And right then they were doing what cats do best - nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED...

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES

TARA'S ADVENTURE

PART V

By Audra Taylor and Scott Robertson

Chief Engineer Pat Heinske paced the floor of the *Kitty Hawk* conference room in front of the view screen. A look of deep concentration creased his brow. He addressed the Captain without looking up, picking up where he'd left off a moment before.

"At first we didn't think anything of the barion particles that we found in Lieutenant Weaver's quarters. We thought that it was probably nothing but the residue from the plasma bomb that went off in her quarters. Some Romulan devices leave traces like that. But then, Commander Muse suggested that we scan the area around the ship for barions. This is what we found."

At that point Pat punched a button on the view screen control that was set into the surface of the conference table. The screen instantly flashed an image; a miniature of the *Kitty Hawk*. The ship was surrounded by a pale cloud of tiny golden dots. Barion particles. A thin line of them led off away from the ship.

"A trail, Commander?" Captain Fisher leaned forward in his chair, putting his elbows on the table.

"We believe so, sir," Pat replied.

"Do you think it will lead us to Tara?"

"Yes, sir. The trail extends as far as our long range sensors and as far as we can tell, it doesn't end. It should lead us right to her abductors."

"Excellent!" Captain Fisher tapped his communicator badge. "Helm, set course..." He paused to glance at Pat.

"Two-three-seven mark seven."

"Did you get that?"

"Yes, sir. Understood," the helmsman answered.

"Engage. Warp eight," the Captain said.

"Acknowledged. Helm out."

"Commander, is there any indication as to the source of the

barion particles?" the Captain turned to Pat again.

"None as of yet. We're still working on it."

"Carry on. What about you, Dr. Reed? You mentioned that you may have something that may help us solve this little mystery."

"It may not be relevant but I have found something unusual in Tara's medical records." The doctor got up and brushed past the chief engineer as he took his seat at the conference table. Within a few seconds, she had Tara's medical records up on the view screen. She scrolled through until she came to the genetic profile.

"Now I'm no Eugenics expert, but I know enough to see that this," she highlighted a section of graphically represented DNA, "doesn't belong."

"What do you mean, *doesn't belong*?" the first officer, Commander Tuel, asked.

"What I mean is that this particular sequence does not occur in humans."

"Is Tara of mixed ancestry?" Captain Fisher asked.

"No, medically she's pure human with the exception of this one little strand in her hypothalamus. The odd part is that this particular sequence doesn't occur in any of the other humanoid races that we've encountered so far. It is totally unique to Tara," the doctor stated.

"Does that mean that Tara is a new lifeform?" Pat raised an interested eyebrow. "Or is it just some sort of mutation?"

"Technically, no. On both counts."

"What do you mean *technically*?"

"I mean she's still human but with something new. I accessed the Eugenics database and had the computer run a check for me, based on what we know about the functions of other genes in human DNA. Get this. The computer thinks that this little gene is what

we call a time bomb. When Tara reaches a certain point in her life, it will go off. When it activates, the gene will be like a blueprint. Her hypothalamus will start manufacturing a hormone that will act upon her lymphatic system, causing it to produce a new type of immune cell. This new cell will swim through her blood stream and help restore any damaged cells that it might find. Theoretically, this new cell could halt, maybe even reverse the effects of aging."

"You mean Tara could live forever?!" Commander Tuel said incredulously.

"It's entirely possible. We won't know for sure until we study this new gene. It could be that our Lieutenant Weaver is the next step in human evolution," Dr. Reed said.

"You know," Commander Muse spoke up for the first time, "if it were possible to somehow clone or transplant this gene into another person, it would be worth a fortune."

"It would be possible to transplant it but getting it out of Tara is the problem. All of the known methods for gene stripping are fatal..." The doctor let her sentence trail off as she realized what she had just said. All eyes at the conference table turned suddenly to her as comprehension dawned on them.

The raid on the Faulkner outpost where Tara was born. They only took a single isolinear data chip. Medical records. Nothing of value. Except in the fact that Tara's records had been on that chip. And now, Tara was missing. The Captain hit his comm badge.

"Helm, this is Captain Fisher. Increase speed to warp nine point five!"

TO BE CONTINUED...

DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

ENGINEERING

By Pat Heinske

Well, as usual of late, not a whole lot going on in the ole' secondary hull. The Chief Engineer has relocated his quarters once again, but can still be reached through the old address and phone #.

John Miller has been seen on the holodeck swinging weapons of destruction with myself, Diana Waldier, and Larry Pischke; Brian Jones has been seen at the ship's outings; Robert Yates has been seen at the ship's meetings; and Steve Motley has not been seen. (I'll have to check the transporter logs to make sure he hasn't beamed himself into the warp core again - we had a heck of a time getting him outta there last time.)

MEDICAL

By Liz Read

FROM THE CMO...

Soon we'll be giving a First Aid review so to get you thinking in that direction, here are some things you should know.

Fever: A temperature of 101°F is significant. If it doesn't come down and stay down, see a doctor. Give Tylenol (acetaminophen) to children, NEVER aspirin. Read the dosage directions carefully.

Head Injuries: These can occur from many causes but one of the biggest is bicycle and diving accidents. Wear a helmet for biking and don't dive in head-first unless you know it's deep enough.

Treatment: Always assume there's a neck-injury, too. Keep the head and neck straight, cover the victim with warm blankets and go to the E.R. Be alert for vomiting.

Fractures/Broken Bones: Don't let the victim walk on an injured leg. Immobilize the limb to reduce pain and prevent further damage. Anything can be used as a splint: pillows, rolled newspapers, tree branches, golf clubs, etc. Elevate the limb higher than the heart to minimize swelling.

Cuts/Abrasions: First and most important, NEVER use a tourniquet- NEVER! Bleeding can be adequately controlled with direct pressure and elevation of the area above the heart, if possible. Once bleeding is controlled using a clean cloth (T-shirt, handkerchief, paper towels, etc.),

pressure, and elevation, wash SMALL cuts and scrapes with soap and water, then cover with a bandaid. Antiseptic ointments may be used but are not necessary.

Larger cuts that require stitches mean a trip to the E.R. or Urgent Care Center. Just cover with a clean cloth and keep the pressure on.

Contact with blood is a concern these days because of HIV/AIDS. Actually the risk of acquiring hepatitis is much greater but does not generate the same level of fear. In hospitals we observe what we call "universal precautions". Basically, we assume that every patient could be HIV+. And we wear gloves when we handle fluids from any patient. Now, most of us don't carry gloves in our pockets, but you can avoid body fluid contact in a first aid setting. To stop bleeding, use a clean cloth - if possible, tell the victim to do it themselves. Another option - put saran wrap or baggies around your hands or on top of the cloth. If you get blood on your own hands, wash it off with soap and water.

There is no risk unless you have open cuts on your hands. Even with needlesticks, there is only a 0.3% rate of seroconversion (becoming HIV+). Please don't be afraid to help an injured person - but please do be careful!

Stings and Bites: For nonpoisonous bites/stings, ice is helpful. If it's a poisonous situation, go to the E.R. Be prepared to describe what bit or stung you, if possible, but DO NOT DELAY going to the E.R. by trying to trap the insect or snake or whatever. And remember, NO TOURNIQUETS!

Heart Attack: This is still the #1 killer in the U.S. 500,000 people (equal numbers of women and men) die each year. 250,000 of these deaths occur outside the hospital, many in the first hour after the onset of symptoms (chest pain; arm pain, especially left arm; jaw pain). Know the emergency number (911) and don't hesitate to call. Know this: many people who have heart attacks don't have "pain" - they have "pressure" or "tightness". And know this: most people who are having heart attacks DENY that they are having a heart attack. And do this: learn CPR.

Remember - CLICK IT or TICKET! Wear a seatbelt.

OPERATIONS

BY Larry Pischke

Yes, I'm still around. I've already gotten into trouble for not turning in my reports from the captain, so I don't need any lip from the likes of you.

Simply stated, *REAL LIFE* has been kicking my butt. There has simply been no time for anything else of late. I want to apologize to all who have missed me (there must be *somebody*), but I'll try harder from now on to at least be visible.

SCIENCE

By Michael Glenn

"The Pig Patrol"

There are two aspects to the Kitty Hawk's Highway Cleanup. One active, the other passive. The active one is more fun.

The active aspect, of course, involves joining your shipmates on the road again (or for the first time!). Sure, it's only a mere four kilometers of the home planet, but it's an important latter part of "think globally, act locally". For me, one of the most intriguing parts of the whole thing is seeing what our fellow humans choose to discard (or won't know they've discarded until they've gotten home). It's not unlike an archaeologist delving into a midden.

The passive aspect isn't much fun, but it's no less important. Much as we enjoy cleaning up after the swine of the motoring public (yeah, right!), we don't really need anyone making additional contributions, litter-wise. Please, save it until you get home or to a barrel somewhere and, as the packages exhort us, "Dispose of Properly". Recently, someone in the parking lot of my apartment dumped their vehicles ash tray. If I had a camera, I would have shot it and titled it "Smokers' Rights or Wrongs?".

So, pound pavement with the Pig Patrol! Commune and converse with the crewmates! Give Gaia a great gleaming! Recycle retired refreshment receptacles!

What? You say you're just not a morning person! Well, have we got a job for you! Join the Pig Patrol! It's as mindless a no-brainer as I've ever seen (as long as you can tell the difference between on-the and off-the-road when the land based cruisers come by).

SECURITY

BY Carey Muse

Security has deemed a number of places aboard ship as off limits - Authorized Personnel Only. Should any unauthorized personnel be in these high risk areas, they will be detained until the Chief of Security can question them.

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

NOVEMBER 12.....Planetarium
DECEMBER 4.....Highway Cleanup
 Kitty Hawk Meeting
DECEMBER 18Anniversary Party/Banquet
DECEMBER 31First Night
JANUARY 8Kitty Hawk Meeting
JANUARY 23.....Creation Convention

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