



# 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

Vol. 6, #1. The start of a new year. Number six for the Kitty Hawk and the Wright Stuff. A lot has happened over the past five years and the pace of change doesn't skip a beat and we begin another year.

But first, I want to give a special "Thank You" and "Well Done" to Jane Fisher, for all the time and effort she has put into the Wright Stuff for the last five years. Each of you that contributes to this publication knows first hand what is involved in getting your piece ready for the next edition. Well multiply that by the number of articles in each edition plus the time to proof, layout and assemble each edition. The time commitment is enormous! Many evenings the only thing Jane does is work on the newsletter.

The product is a reflection of the effort that has gone into it. We can be very proud of our newsletter and I invite you to compare it to any other chapter's efforts. It is quality from quality people. Again, thanks to all of you for your efforts in this endeavor and a special thanks to Jane. Please let her know that you appreciate all that she does.

There is some especially good news to print in this edition of our newsletter. We welcome two new people into the world and on board the Kitty Hawk: Samuel Frederick Blackwell joined us in January as the son of Patty Blackwell; and Brandon Scott Cox came on board in February as the son of Steve and Suzanne Cox. Both families are well and we look forward to seeing our newest crewmembers in the coming year.

On the down side, I am sorry to report that Diana Waldier lost her aunt recently. Our condolences to Diana and continued prayers for her mother who is recovering from

surgery.

Another loss to the Kitty Hawk family is Michael (Mugsy) Glenn. Mugsy has completed his contract work in our area and is moving back to New Hampshire to be with his wife. During his stay with us, Mugsy performed admirably as our Chief Science Officer and brought a new level of excellence to that department. He will be sorely missed.

His replacement will be Lt. Commander Elaine Pischke, one of our senior officers who recently transferred to the sciences from medical. Elaine brings many years of experience and a different style of leadership to her new job. Please give her every assistance as she attempts to fill some very large shoes.

A special thanks to all the people who worked the Trek-O-Rama on the eleventh and twelfth of February; especially those who paid full Starfleet fare to get in, only to be drafted by our hard-nosed security officer. The turnout was excellent and the job done by our people was better than our usual great. There were many kind things said about us by the attending public and our recruiting effort seemed to go very well. The producers also recognized the quality of our work and said so, repeatedly. Mr. Starnes, who produces Trek-O-Rama, has sent us a check, as a donation and reimbursement for our preproduction efforts on his behalf. He also said he would re-examine the personnel needs for future events of this size. He expects to return to the area with a big name guest sometime around October of this year.

Of particular note, the guests were reported to have said that this was the best run convention they

have attended. A great deal of the credit for the success of this show goes to our chief of security, Lt. Tara Weaver. I am not going to go further with my praise for the job she did as she has already heard so much she is getting hard to live with! Great job, Tara! Special thanks also to First Officer Carey Muse and C.M.C. Jeff Habrych for handling ship's matters on their respective days. And finally, a thank you to the captain and participating crew of the Imperial Star for their efforts at this convention.

Please check the calendar for upcoming events. Especially note Diana's C.P.R. class and get with her immediately. P.B.S. is in full swing with our dates being March 4 and 25. Don't forget your stamps for Larry, aluminum for Pat, change for the Duke jar, and food for the N.C. Food Bank.

Please read all the news in this edition as it will impact us throughout the coming months. If you think of things that would benefit the Kitty Hawk or our efforts, don't be afraid to step forward. At the convention, Jeff Habrych donated twenty dollars to purchase cards we give away for donations to the Duke jar. The dealer we approached was impressed with our efforts and gave us extra sets for the cause. Jeff's twenty may well multiply itself into as much as a hundred dollars at other events. Thanks, Jeff.

Who says doing good work isn't fun? (Yes, my feet were killing me, too!) Yes! We are family. We have the Wright Stuff! We are Kitty Hawk!

**Esse Quam Videri**



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# THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 6

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# FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

It has been five years since the Kitty Hawk was commissioned. We have accomplished a lot of good things in these five years despite the fact that we have made changes aboard the ship due to people moving and leaving the ship. Our group has made an impact on the community, which is what Starfleet is striving to accomplish. We have done several community oriented projects most of which are ongoing.

One or two have come to an end; however, we will find other projects to replace them. We need to continue our donations to the Food Bank each month, as well as, our donations to the Duke Children's Hospital. It has been a good five years. Speaking as a Starfleet veteran of 11 years, I am extremely proud of my association with the Kitty Hawk and her crew. This is my second ship in these 11 years and

I am very happy and proud to serve onboard this ship with such a fine crew and an excellent captain. Every member aboard the Kitty Hawk is to be commended for their excellent work to make the Kitty Hawk a fine ship. Let those crewmen on Enterprise have all the glory while we have all the pride in the service we do for the community.

# COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

The following COLLECTOR'S CORNER is a special report and it is my opinion alone.

Let me say first of all that I have enjoyed Playmates Star Trek figures and other collectibles. They are certainly of a better quality than figures distributed by Galoob a number of years ago; however, I do have a few points of contention. First, let me speak about the positive. The positives are Playmates has put out some good ships. The Enterprise, the Klingon and other ships, the Bridge, the Transporter Room and Engineering sections have been excellent. The various props such as the phaser, communicators and tricorders are top of the line and very much like the ones used on the shows. The points of contention I have are with the figures. To begin with the positive thing about the figures are that they are detailed and very accurate. I have found no problems with any of the figures as far as appearance and movement (yes, I open my figures, look at them and display them from time to time). However, where I disagree is Playmates seems to be sacrificing quality for quantity. They are putting out, in my opinion, too many of the same type of figures - example: (1) included in the recent batch, including the Generations Movie figures, there are approximately five Riker figures, one of these is Tom Riker and the only difference from the others is the

color of the uniform. (2) There are five Worf figures. (3) There are five Picard figures. (4) There are five LaForge figures. (5) There are four Data figures. They are all alike, making one head and attaching it to different bodies. I feel Playmates should have made one or two different figures instead of so many of one character. Just based on the above you can tell there are a lot of figures out there. With the Classic Star Trek items Playmates has done relatively well - not too much overexposure - the three from the new movie and one set from the original TV costumes and three from the Next Generations episodes. Yes, I would like to see a complete set of the Classic cast in their movie uniform - they really need to do only four more. Playmates is expanding DEEP SPACE NINE but again some are repeats. They are going to have a figure of Dax, O'Brien and Bashir in their official Starfleet uniforms as well as other new figures, such as Jake Sisko, Rom and Nog.

Again, on the positive side, Playmates has done some very good and unique ships and figure sets.

The other thing I want to talk about is the movie figures. Again, I have no problem with the figures themselves, they are accurate and detailed; however, in my opinion, in Playmates' effort to jump the gun on merchandising, they have made several mistakes with the figures. The first and most obvious mistake they made was in the Starfleet Next Generation uniforms. They went

with a preliminary sketch design for uniforms which were scrapped before the movie was made. As a result of this Playmates has distributed the entire Enterprise D crew in the wrong uniforms. Also there are several small things such as the wrong rank listed on the cards, etc. Because of this, the next batch of figures, coming soon, will have the figures in the right uniforms. This mistake will only cost the collector. The bottom line of this is (THIS IS MY OPINION) Playmates moved too fast to produce these items - quantity for quality.

The final thing I have to comment on is the numbering Playmates is doing. Numbering is fine if you are doing it in a small limited edition collectible; however, when you are making figures in the quantity they are being made I really don't understand this numbering system they have.

How valuable will all these items be? I don't know. Only the future and future demand will tell us this.

Thanks for letting me sound off - I am not knocking Playmates, but as a collector I feel that manufacturers should be careful and distribute quality items. On the whole Playmates is doing a good job on most items and if I was grading them I would give them a B with a note that they need to improve where the movie figures are concerned.

# ST:DS9 ANTIMATTER

By John Vornholt

Reviewed By William Barry

Terrorism, being the problem that it has proven itself to be in recent years, has created three distinct schools of thought on how to deal with it. The most pragmatic, misguided, and yet most appealing school advocates, "Fight terror with terror. Root out and kill the terrorists, no matter what the cost." A second, more idealistic school recommends a more by-the-roots approach: "Eliminate the conditions which create the terrorist and you eliminate the terrorist." Still a third school, the most recently-formed of the three, puts forth a most disturbing argument: "Terrorism, like crime, will always exist as long as there exist people who will try to get something for nothing, or something for far less effort than they would need to gain it legally." No one can say for sure which of these approaches is absolutely right or wrong, or whether there are any alternatives. Yet an alternative is presented, and even acted upon, in the eighth and newest STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE novel, **Antimatter**.

A momentous occasion is close at hand for the ravaged planet of Bajor: the antiquated Okana Shipyards, long dormant since before the Cardassian Occupation, are once again alive with activity, and a small army of Bajoran workers are close to completing their first new project in decades... the Federation starship U.S.S. Hannibal. Such an undertaking will be instrumental in revitalizing the planet's economy, and may possibly provide the inertia for Bajor to stand on her own two feet again one day with a rebuilt navy and merchant fleet. Yet all of these possibilities cannot be realized without the crucial ingredient for the new starship's maiden flight... and its name is antimatter.

A shipment of twenty standard containers of this extremely valuable and exceedingly volatile substance is en route for Bajor under heavy escort, and Commander Benjamin Sisko has been charged with the duty of seeing that the antimatter

safely reaches Bajor and the holds of the Hannibal. But in spite of all his precautions, unknown saboteurs manage to damage one of the support pylons at the grounded starship's berth, just as Sisko and Major Kira happen to be taking an inspection tour on the premises. Security is tightened, but forensic evidence obtained from the damaged pylon suggests that the sabotage may have been an inside job... a frightening implication for Sisko. His suspicions are confirmed when the antimatter tanker and her escorts emerge from warp in the Bajor system; a carefully laid ambush is sprung by Bajoran hijackers, assisted by renegade Klingons with cloaked ships. In a matter of minutes, the escorts are rendered powerless, and the now-commandeered tanker vanishes into the wormhole.

With a major crisis now in evidence, desperate action is clearly called for. Leaving Kira in command to keep the Bajoran political kettle from boiling over, Sisko, Dax, and Odo pursue the hijacked ship into the Gamma Quadrant. Tracking their quarry to a previously-uncharted Class-M planet, they concoct a dangerous but novel strategy: they will infiltrate the enemy's camp and gain his trust, then steal the tanker and the antimatter out from under his nose and head for home. However, the dauntless threesome soon land in the heart of a virtual nest of vipers as they find themselves confronting not only Bajoran terrorists, but also a crew of greedy Ferengi with an interest in the antimatter, interfering Cardassians with an interest in shutting down the Bajoran shipyards, and the host aliens of the planet itself; a multitude of insectoids with a dangerously deceitful hive mind who also desires a piece of the action.

Even more fuel is fed on the fire when Kira's investigation of the hijacking on the Bajoran end turns up a startling revelation: the deadly and secretive Circle, long thought defunct in the wake of its abortive

takeover of Bajor, is still alive and still plotting...

Having begun his association with STAR TREK by writing the Classic Trek novel **Sanctuary**, and continuing his association with the contribution of three Next Generation works (**Masks**, **Contamination**, and **War Drums**), John Vornholt now adds a Deep Space Nine feather to his literary cap, weaving a yarn as gripping and pulse-pounding as any nuclear thriller ever penned, and one which will no doubt leave the reader as breathless and as much on pins and needles as Sisko, Dax, and Odo. (And how would you feel, chasing down a stolen cargo with the power to wipe out a solar system, knowing fully that one of those involved in the theft might, for any reason or none at all, detonate it out of hand?)

In the tradition of his previous novels, John Vornholt proudly continues to display his heartfelt regard for the old maxim: "There are no simple solutions, only intelligent choices." **Antimatter** is certainly one of the latter.

*"The exploration of space will go ahead, whether we join in it or not, and it is one of the great adventures of all time, and no nation which expects to be the leader of other nations can expect to stay behind in this race for space.*

*Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolutions, the first waves of modern invention, and the first waves of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder in the backwash of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it — we mean to lead it."*

— John F. Kennedy,

From an address at Rice University, Houston, Texas, September 12, 1962.

# KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES II TO EACH HIS OWN

By Audra Taylor

## Captain 1: Partners

It was a moment of solitude. He allowed his mind to become void of any negative thoughts. He just simply wanted peace. He needed it and he damn sure deserved it. Especially after that last mission. It only took one temporary thought and he could feel the headache coming on. Peace and quiet, he told himself to concentrate only on that. The door to his ready room chimed. Go away he thought, leave me to my quiet.

"Come in," he grunted with a heavy sigh.

The petty officer timidly entered the room. "Sorry to disturb you Captain. But there is an incoming message from Starfleet Command."

"I'll take it in here. Thank you."

He moved from the couch to the chair and stared at the blank screen. It would be a prerecorded message, because they were too far out to speak directly. He tapped the button. The face of a mild elderly man came into view. It was Admiral Butro. His face had become more weathered over the last few years but it was rare that he was not carrying a smile. As the captain looked at him, this was one of those exceptions. The captain had reason to worry.

"Captain," the voice said, "I do regret that we cannot speak face to face. You are the only ship close enough to respond to this. In the last few months we have had an observation team on a small planet called Tamarous. It is only a few days from your current location. It is in the corner of the southern quadrant. And as I'm sure you're aware of, that is a very unexplored area. That is until just recently. That planet is barely a class M and does hold life. Human life. We really don't know, just yet, how a colony of humans got that far out in space. Considering the conditions of the planet, it's just not possible that they could have evolved there. However, their culture is quite unique. But in the last 48 hours they

have been threatened with literal extinction. Almost all of the observation crew was killed with only one survivor. She has sent an emergency beacon and you will need to find her as soon as you arrive. Captain she knows a great deal about the situation, if she is still..." He paused for just a moment to take a deep breath, "alive. I would prefer that you not make a move without her. She informed us that the people attacking this planet are Romulan. Here is the message she sent on the beacon."

The admiral disappeared from the screen and it was filled with a blurred picture of a young woman.

"To Starfleet Command, this is Stephanie Fleck Petty Officer First Class. I am the only survivor of the observation crew for the planet Tamarous. We were attacked by a group of well-armed Romulans. The people of this planet will not survive much longer without help. Many have been killed and those that could not escape are slaves. Please help us!" The screen went back to Admiral Butro.

"Captain, this is a delicate situation, but I want the destruction of this planet stopped. I am sorry that I can't give you more information about the planet. It's remoteness has prevented a lot of contact. Keep me informed and good luck. Admiral Butro out."

The captain hit his communicator and told the helmsmen their new course heading. "and give me warp factor eight." A delicate situation, the admiral had said. That was an understatement. The Romulans were not people who liked the idea of being told to leave. Or even forced to leave. Three hours it would take for them to arrive. That could be too little too late, depending on the kind of damage that was done by the Romulans. And what if he was too late; what then, a whole planet of humans wiped out or enslaved. His jaw tightened along with every muscle in his body. He hated the idea of anyone being forced to live under Romulan rule. His

head was starting to ache again. He needed his wife. She always knew how to calm him. But she wasn't here, she was millions of miles away. It was times like these he missed her most.

He leaned back and let his mind clear. He took a deep and relaxing breath. He heard the soft hum of the ship in the silence of the room.

## Tears of a Goddess

She sat down on the smooth and flattened rock with recorder in her hand. She ached all over. Not because she was sick, at least not physically. She put her face in her hands and lowered her body onto the ground. 'I have no more tears left,' she shouted. Her whole body shook. "I can't do this anymore. It's too hard. Just let me die, please dear God let me die."

She just laid there, not moving, not thinking. Telling all thoughts to go away. She just listened to the soft wind and the distant whispers of the D-ings. D-ing were such odd and funny looking creatures. The crew had called them D-ings instead of beings because their bodies were shaped like a large D. They were gentle ignorant creatures. A couple of the crew taught it how to fetch and even play dead. Once they had tried to teach it to roll over and it got stuck like a turtle unable to get up. It took five crew members to heave-ho and get the large creature up again. The creature was very hurt when all the crewmembers began to laugh uncontrollably at what had just happened. It was the first time they'd laughed in months. The thought of the gentle D's had slipped into her mind without even realizing it. It had succeeded for the moment in lifting her spirit. She got up and returned to the flat rock. She cleared her throat and began...

"The child born to Hais lived only 36 hours before he was killed by the same disease that has now killed five of our crewmembers. Physically she is fine, but mentally she is at

*(Continued on page 15)*

# MODELER'S CORNER

By Larry Pischke

For those of you who may have taken the time to read my last *MC* last month, I told you of a slew of new kits coming out in 1995. Now, I have stock numbers, prices, and release dates for at least some of them.

<u>Stock # Kit</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Release Month</u>
<b>AMT</b>		
8230 "Generations" Klingon Bird of Prey	\$19.75	April
8719 1/6 scale Quark vinyl kit	\$21.75	July
8761 1/6 scale Odo vinyl kit	\$21.75	July
8762 "Generations" USS Enterprise B	\$19.75	October
8764 Fiber Optic Deeps Space Nine Station	\$50.25	March
8766 USS Reliant Snap Together	\$19.75	August
8767 3 Piece Enterprise Set Flight Display	\$21.75	August
8793 "Generations" USS Enterprise D	\$17.50	??????
8743 Star Wars Battle on Hoth Action Scene	\$15.00	August
8768 Boba Fett's <i>Slave I</i>	\$15.00	August
8769 Gold Plated X-Wing	\$35.00	April
8770 Gold Plated TIE Fighter	\$35.00	April
8780 Gold Plated B-Wing	\$35.00	April
8782 Fiber Optic Star Destroyer	\$50.25	August
8783 1/6 Luke Skywalker	\$21.75	August
8784 1/6 Darth Vader	\$21.75	June
8785 1/6 Han Solo	\$21.75	July
8788 X-Wing Flight Display	\$21.75	August
<b>Revell</b>		
3300 1/6 "Batman Forever" Batman vinyl kit	\$29.50	2nd Quarter
6720 1/25 "Batman Forever" Batmobile	\$13.50	2nd Quarter
6721 1/32 "Batman Forever" Batwing	\$13.50	2nd Quarter
6722 1/25 "Batman Forever" Batboat	\$13.50	2nd Quarter

That's all of the information that I have on the new models. Notice that there is still no release date on the "Generations" NCC-1701D kit; I'm not sure what kind of modifications, if any need to be done on the already existing model kit, so this is a puzzle. For Revell, "2nd Quarter" means that their kits should be out between April and June. There is still no mention of what the Monogram kits for "Voyager" are going to be; all that I know is that they're due "4th Quarter," which is October through December.

Please keep in mind that release dates for many in the model industry, especially AMT, are usually a **COMPLETE LIE**. They rarely, if ever, actually show up when the companies say. So don't come crying to me if these kits don't come out when they are supposed to.

One final note for those Star Wars fans out there. We have all heard and seen the ST:TNG collectable/trading card game that is running around. Well, apparently there will also be a Star Wars game of a similar type to be produced. More I cannot tell you, for more I do not know.

## SECURITY DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Tara Weaver

It's hard to believe we are already this far into the year. We have had a pretty good beginning to 1995, and I'm looking forward to it getting even better - at least we can all hope that will be the case. First and foremost, I want to thank everyone who worked the convention with me. To Larry, Elaine, Carey, Irene, G-Lee, Brian, J.R., Jeff, Amy, Pete, Bill, Stephanie, Diana, Patty, and Adam, you have my thanks for

the time you put in and a job well-done. Special thanks to Liz who worked even though she had not been scheduled to, and to Howard and Ray, who both helped me on their off-days in addition to their scheduled day. Unfortunately, I was unable to get these people a discounted admission for their extra effort. The convention went well, though it got stressful at times, and the guests commented on how

organized it was - which is something that would not have been possible without the efforts of the crewmembers who worked.

There is little else for me to report at this time. I apologize for the lack of a Security Department report in the last newsletter; I don't plan to let that happen again. I hope everyone is doing well. For now, All's Clear.



# ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By John Miller

SD: 9502.14 - The weather is here, wish you were beautiful.

No, that's not right. Or maybe it is. You see, I haven't been in the engine room for a while since the entire engineering staff has been given shore leave while the Kitty Hawk is in space dock for refits and resupply following the completion of our first five year mission. (You DID read that in my last departmental report, didn't you?)

According to my liaison with Earth Station Kennedy, all refits and resupply operations are going well. Due to some extra work being scheduled at the last minute, our dry dock layover will be extended by three to four weeks. Engineering staff will be back on board and on duty as of Stardate 9503.01. The Kitty Hawk's departure date has not been set as of this writing because final planning for our next mission is not yet complete. A full report of all modifications and repairs made during dry dock will be included in my first report following our departure from dry dock.

## AWAY TEAM PROJECT UPDATE:

SD: 9501.07 - Well, a new year is upon us, and no sooner does it begin, than we start falling behind. I am referring, of course, to the upcoming launch of Atlantis on STS-71. The STS-71 launch is the one we are going to try to go down to Florida to view this summer. Originally set for a mid May launch, the current date has been pushed back to **June 8, 1995**. Again, this is still a tentative date and could be changed

again between now and June. I will be in contact with Kennedy Space center to find out about procuring a launch pass for our group this month. Hopefully we will be able to get our plans firmed up in time for the February meeting so that people can start making plans.

SD: 9402.14 - No new news. I have received conflicting dates from KSC as to the launch date of STS-71. It is currently expected to go the first or second week of June. I have contacted a friend of mine to see about getting a launch pass for us, but have not heard back from her. A full update will be made as soon as verifiable information is available.

## ENGINEERING MANUAL UPDATE:

SD: 9501.07 - Work on the Engineering manual was put on hold during the Christmas holidays. I hope to be back at the computer later this month. While precious little has actually been put down on paper, the ideas and designs are firming up nicely. Again, if anyone wishes to put something personal in the manual (ie, office/lab surroundings, etc.) please let me or Brian Jones know. Also, in keeping with Next Generation tradition, accommodations can be made for crewmembers and families sharing living space. Each person will be assigned their own private quarters based on their grade and position. If two or more people wish to live together, they may combine their quarters into one larger unit. This is something that is mentioned in the Next Generation to

accommodate families on board, and I have elected to make it a movie era ship, but rebuilt with Next Generation technology, it will allow us to benefit from the best of both time periods. Truly, the best of all worlds...

SD: 9502.14 - Ideas are continuing to congeal and form rather sticky substances on my computer. The bio-sciences lab has been given the task of deciding whether or not the "goo" is sentient. If everything goes according to plan, I hope to go to press sometime this summer, but I intend to wait until I am satisfied with everything before it goes out the door. Again, any ideas are welcome. Brian Jones and Larry Pischke have given me some ideas, as well as Diana Waldier, but I haven't heard from many other people. I will be distributing a questionnaire at the next few meetings to try to get some more crew involvement in the manual. While this is an engineering project, it is definitely NOT "For Engineers Only". For people not sure what to suggest, technology wise, consider that we are a Constitution Class Refit (aka, Movie Enterprise) that has been modified with Next Generation technologies. So anything between the movies and Next Generation (or Voyager) is up for grabs. The general feel is that the Movie era ship was just updated over the years, and as new ships were built, they incorporated that new technology from the keel up.

# MEDICAL DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Diana Waldier

With most of the crew on leave while the refit takes place, things are very quiet in medical. Only three minor injuries have occurred during the refit, none involving anything but first aid.

The CPR class will be taking place on March 18th as planned; however, we will need to know who can come and have payment by March 8th or 9th. If less than eight sign up, we will be doing the class at

the Wake Medical Center at 8:30 AM. If more than eight, then it will be at my house at 1:30. I encourage everyone to become accredited to do CPR. **YOU CAN SAVE A LIFE!**

# OVER THE NET

Submitted By Robert Yates

## The Andorian Assault (Continued) By Andrew Clark

Ko'ta maintained her silent vigil for several minutes. Grover had not yet returned when the communications console began beeping furiously. She looked at it and her antennae flared. Priority One, all ships, from StarBase 4. Ko'ta put it on main viewer.

It was Admiral Newhausen. He looked grim.

"A situation has developed on the Romulan border. A Federation scout was attacked by unidentified craft suspected to be Romulan. It was crippled by the attack and remains near the Neutral Zone. Eastern Fleet combat orders are being relayed through StarBase 8.

"As you know, the Romulans have significant cloaking capabilities. The scout reported that the Romulans were not detected before opening fire. This may mean that one or several Romulan vessels are in Federation space at this time, should the Romulans intend to break the cease-fire agreement.

"In response, the Klingon Empire has significantly upgraded its combat posture. StarFleet Intelligence reports indicate that Klingon forces are massing at <screech> and <screech>. The Klingons may intend to take advantage of this conflict between Romulans and Federation by attacking both. All StarFleet vessels should exercise extreme caution at this time." The screeches indicated positions, which were transmitted in code and superimposed on a display. The message winked out.

"This is USS Endeavor. Acknowledge. Do we have specific orders?" Ko'ta sent. It had been a while since she had run a communications display; it took about a minute. The reply was quick.

"USS Endeavor, we're putting you on StarBase sector traffic control. Under the higher security conditions, all routine traffic approaching a StarBase must be searched for contraband or

unauthorized weaponry. Larger vessels are needed in the combatant role. We'll have specific orders after we get in contact with Revolution." Ko'ta knew that Revolution was the command ship for this sector. Commander Tanaka's direct superior was Captain Cogswell, StarFleet Operations, aboard USS Revolution.

Ko'ta sent a routine acknowledgement and paged the captain.

"Captain Tanaka, message from StarBase 4. Please report to the bridge."

Thirty seconds later, there was no reply.

"Computer, where is Captain Tanaka?"

"Captain Tanaka is in her quarters." Ko'ta pressed the buttons that would give her a direct link to Tanaka's quarters and override the intercom shut-off.

"Captain, we have received a message from StarBase 4. It is urgent. Please report to the Bridge." Nothing.

Ko'ta connected to Security, intending to ask them to send someone to check on the Captain. No response. Ko'ta turned on the viewer and blinked. Sergeant Tyrone was collapsed across his desk, unconscious. He was supposed to be on duty, ensuring that drunk crew didn't get into trouble. Starfleet Marines were specialists at dealing with drunks.

Ko'ta jogged over to the security systems display and initiated an internal security scan. Except for a small group in AuxCon, two crew in the port cargo bay, and one person in the Bridge head, everyone was unconscious. She switched to interior views and saw that they had collapsed, many with food still in their hands.

Ko'ta activated Yellow Alert. The siren would normally be enough to wake the dead, but it had no effect on the figures displayed on the monitors.

"This is AuxCon here. What the hell is going on?"

Several nude humans were standing in front of the AuxCon screen. Ko'ta wasn't embarrassed; different standards apply to

different species -- one lesson she had learned well.

"A number of the crew have collapsed. I suspect poisoning. Have any of you eaten the food from StarBase 4?"

The humans looked at each other. Most were in the process of dressing rapidly.

"No, sir." The food packages were happily unopened.

Lieutenant Nguyen, having dressed the fastest, walked towards the turbolift and ran into its closed doors. She tried to open it from a console, and swore loudly in Vietnamese when it would not budge.

"Computer, drop security lockdown."

"Security lockdown established by Captain. Unable to override," the computer announced cheerfully.

"The Captain accidentally crashed our own lockdown and must have reestablished it personally. She didn't think that we would be unable to override it."

"The Captain is unconscious." Ko'ta looked at the screen and swore. Only one person on the ship might be able to handle this.

"Warrant Officer Grover to the Bridge, now!" Ko'ta snapped on ship wide intercom. An instant later, Grover stumbled in, pulling up his uniform trousers in the process.

"What the..."

"We have an emergency. Most of the crew is down from food poisoning, including the medical staff. Almost all of the unaffected people are trapped in AuxCon by an inadvertent security lockdown. I'm ordering you to break it."

Grover sank into a chair, configured his console for hacking, and began to work on the problem. He loved a challenge; he had made his own modifications to the Security protocols. Problem now was breaking his own creations, since he had forgotten to leave a back door. Wouldn't forget to do that next time, of course.

Ko'ta glanced at the Internal Security display, and saw flashing red. She leaped in front of it and started figuring out why.

*(Continued on page 9)*



(Continued from page 8)

The two beings who were in the port cargo bay had blown the locked cargo doors and were headed aft for Engineering. Ko'ta activated Intruder Alert and activated three emergency bulkheads. The red-painted emergency barriers sealed off the corridors, trapping the hostiles between the starboard transport nexus and the starboard recreation facility. She tried to activate a viewer, but the visual sensors in that area had been destroyed by the intruders.

Ko'ta reached under the Internal Security display, tapped five keys on a concealed pad, and grabbed a phaser as the safe hissed open. She tossed another to Grover and put a third in her belt before closing it and changing the combination, just in case.

"AuxCon, check your internal security display."

"Shit," echoed a petty officer as he sat at the Internal Security console.

"Sir, recommend <immediate> command transfer to AuxCon."

Ko'ta nodded. It was a logical precaution.

"Lieutenant Nguyen, command transfer in five, four, three, two, one, now." Lieutenant Nguyen nodded and pressed a key on the AuxCon command chair just as Ko'ta turned a switch disguised as a button.

"Transfer acknowledged, sir. Orders?"

"Head for StarBase 4 at once. Notify them we have a medical emergency aboard and a possible security emergency. Fastest safe speed."

Lieutenant Nguyen's helm officer looked up. She did not look very pleased. Behind her, other crewmembers were getting out phasers or turning on consoles.

"Without an Engineering staff online, we don't dare risk anything above Warp 5."

"Very well. Try not to inform the StarBase command staff. I suggest

you reach the Medical and Security departments aboard the StarBase directly, and make arrangements with traffic control for a priority docking. The Captain may not be pleased if she wakes up without a command."

"Aye, sir."

"I am going below to eliminate the security threat. If I am captured or disabled, Lieutenant Nguyen is in command."

"Yes, sir. ETA to StarBase 4 is forty-three minutes."

"Bridge out." Ko'ta killed the screen and turned to Grover.

"After I leave the bridge, execute a security lock-out. If the intruders get by me, it should stop them."

"Aye, sir."

Ko'ta entered the turbolift and the doors hissed shut automatically. She snapped open the control panel and took the turbolift off computer control. Using manual commands, she moved the lift to the starboard

(Continued on page 16)

## APOLLO 11: 25 YEARS LATER

Submitted By John Miller

Below is a message from Kennedy Space Center Director, Robert L. Crippen, to the employees of KSC on the 25th anniversary of Apollo 11, as printed in the July 15, 1994 issue of *Spaceport News*. *Spaceport News* is KSC's centerwide newsletter focusing on current events and news of going on at the center.

"As we commemorate the 25th anniversary of the first lunar landing, it's worth remembering the context in which this monumental feat took place. The late 1960's represented a watershed in the history of our nation. Many milestone events happened so quickly that it was as if time stood still and held its breath while this country engaged in tumultuous self-assessment.

"The late 1960's were the era of the Vietnam conflict, civil rights, student unrest and the birth of environmental awareness. One must ask, in recalling this period of so many distractions, how did the men and women of the space program manage to succeed in landing men on the moon and returning them safely? To remain so focused and dedicated on that goal during such a trying time represents an admirable achievement in and of itself.

"Perhaps this is one of the greatest gifts the Apollo program bequeathed to us, the men and women of today's space program: a belief in our goals, and in our ability to achieve them in the face of all obstacles. I believe that the same commitment that made Apollo a success still runs strong here at Kennedy Space Center.

"This team has overcome many challenges in past years. We have remained steadfast in the face of shrinking budgets and a declining work force. Thanks to our commitment, we can look proudly on a robust and highly successful Space Shuttle program. We just sent into space our 63rd Shuttle flight and are busily preparing for our 64th mission next month. Representing only 5 percent of all U.S. space launches, Space Shuttles have carried more than 55 percent of all U.S. payloads to orbit. With the highly successful Hubble repair mission last December, we demonstrated anew the Shuttle's versatility and our ability to conduct complex on-orbit servicing. Now this remarkable machine is evolving further as we ready the orbiter Atlantis for the first docking with Russia's Space Station Mir next year.

"Let us hold tightly to the baton passed to us by our Apollo peers and press forward to the international space station and beyond. As we read through this commemorative issue of *Spaceport News*, let the knowledge of their remarkable dedication continue to inspire and strengthen us as we continue our quest of exploring beyond Earth's boundaries. Great nations are to dream, and the exploration of space is the greatest dream of all. We here at KSC are making that dream a reality."

# ST:TNG REQUIEM

By Michael Jan Friedman and Kevin Ryan  
Reviewed by William Barry

Ever since the concept first manifested itself within the human mind, travelling through time has never ceased to find an intrigued and fascinated audience. A virtual host of novelists, playwrights, and screenwriters have written copiously on the subject, producing stories that run the gamut from the utterly ridiculous to the utterly serious. Still for all of this dreaming and conceptualizing, one fact still holds true to this day: The threads of history are tightly interwoven, and being so, cannot be undone. Even if it were possible to travel back in time, the traveller should dare not intervene in what was the past, or else history would be irrevocably altered. Such is the lesson learned in the latest STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION paperback novel, **Requiem**.

On Stardate 3045.6, a newly-established Federation outpost on the planet Cestus III was decimated by unidentified assailants in an apparently unprovoked attack. The starship U.S.S. Enterprise NCC-1701, arriving on the scene too late to save anything or anyone but a single survivor, met the aggressors' deadly force with deadlier force. The attacking ship fled into uncharted space with Enterprise in hot pursuit. This was only the beginning of the Federation's first encounter with two new species; one a highly-advanced race of hominids calling themselves the Metrons, the other a reptilian race known only as the Gorn.

On Stardate 16175.4, Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the U.S.S. Stargazer, responding to an unexpected priority hail from Gorn territory, met with one of their ships and its captain, Keeyah by name. What initially appeared to be a formal declaration of war resulted instead in a series of breakthrough negotiations, the first step upon the road to full diplomatic relations between the Gorn and the Federation...

Twenty-five years later, Captain Picard, now commanding the U.S.S. Enterprise, is once again en route for the domain of the Gorn

as the Federation's representative at a summit which may prove to be the capstone to the Gorn-Federation peace process. As the Enterprise skirts Metron territory on its way to the Gorn homeworld, its course brings it directly into contact with a huge spherical structure, floating all by itself in interstellar space. Preliminary scans reveal not only that it is uninhabited, but that it also contains plenty of matter-transport circuitry and a huge subspace field coil. If this structure is some sort of transporter relay station, then its range must be at least of an interstellar scale.

Picard, Riker, and a team of engineers go over to the alien construct, resolving to undertake only a preliminary survey, as that is as much as they can do before the Gorn summit begins. Things begin to go wrong for Picard's party soon after transport, however. First, some of the mysterious station's machinery activates the moment they arrive. Then one of the engineers is killed when a hatch abruptly shuts on him. Finally, surges of energy begin to course through the station, disrupting transporter lock. Resigned to depart by shuttlecraft, all of the remaining away team members manage to escape through an airlock... except Picard. Caught in the midst of an immense energy surge, he is engulfed in whiteness, blacking out...

...and waking up in an unfamiliar and somewhat old-fashioned sickbay. When the resident doctor questions him as to his identity, Picard concocts a false history using the alias "Dixon Hill", determined not to give away any useful information if he should be in hostile hands. The presence of a Starfleet commodore puts him partly at ease, but also poses a new problem: This commodore wears a uniform and insignia that haven't been used by Starfleet in nearly a century. Then comes the real jolt; Picard learns that he is in the outpost infirmary on Cestus III, four days before the historic massacre.

Realizing now that the alien

artifact has transported him not only through space, but through time as well, Picard knows that he must escape. His cover story won't hold indefinitely, and there's also the Prime Directive to consider. Much as he would wish to do otherwise, he must stand aside and let history run its course. But it gets worse: Picard discovers that the outpost personnel are conducting dangerous experiments with their matter-antimatter reactor, the results of which could destroy the whole colony long before the Gorn arrive. And how will Picard return to his own era in time for the impending Gorn summit?

Back in the future, the remaining senior officers of the Enterprise are hunting for an answer to that question, only to be interrupted by news of internal political friction developing on the Gorn homeworld, a condition which could have dire consequences for the Federation if it reaches the boiling point. Riker and company must step up the seemingly hopeless search for Captain Picard, their situation now akin to hunting for the proverbial needle in a haystack, with the needle disguised as a piece of straw and the barn burning down around them...

in his time, Michael Jan Friedman has made himself the adapter of a pair of teleplay-based novels (**Relics, All Good Things...**), the author of four original works (**Faces of Fire, Shadows on the Sun, A Call to Darkness, Reunion**), and the co-author of one other (**The Disinherited**). Now, with a generous dose of aid from his friend, editor Kevin Ryan, Friedman delivers the goods yet again with a narrative fit to rival Harlan Ellison's award-winning Classic Trek script, **City on the Edge of Forever**. Picard finds himself going through an experience much like the one that James Kirk had with Edith Keeler. Unlike Kirk, Picard doesn't fall in love, but he does form a sort of relationship with the doomed inhabitants of Cestus III, almost

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# THE UNIVERSE

Reprinted From "Region One Sciences"  
Regional Division Chief Capt. Willy Smith

We are living in the universe's prime, long after most of the exciting things have happened. Gaze into the sky on a starry night and you will see a few thousand stars, most straddling the darkness in a great swath we call the Milky Way. This is all the ancients knew of the universe. Gradually, as telescopes of greater and greater size and resolution have been developed, a universe of unexamined vastness has swum into view. A multitude of stars gathered into the islands of light we call galaxies, and all around the galaxies is a cool sea of microwaves the echo of the big bang some fifteen billion years ago. Time, space and matter appear to have their origins in an explosive event from which the present-day universe has emerged in a state of overall expansion, slowly cooling and continuously rarefying.

In the beginning the universe was an inferno of radiation, too hot for any atoms to survive. In the first few minutes, it cooled enough for the nuclei of the lightest elements to form. Only millions of years later, would the cosmos be cool enough for whole atoms to appear, followed soon by simple molecules, and after billions of years by the complex sequence of events that saw the condensation of material into stars and galaxies. Then with the appearance of stable planet environments, the complicated products of biochemistry were nurtured, by processes we still do not understand. But how and why did this elaborate sequence of events begin?

*"I must thank you," said Sherlock Holmes, "for calling my attention to a case which certainly presents some features of interest."* - The Hound of the Baskervilles

How, why, and when did the universe begin? How big is it? What shape is it? What's it made of? These are questions that any curious child might ask, but they are also questions that modern cosmologists have wrestled with for many decades. One of the attractions of cosmology for popular writers and journalists is that so many of the questions at the frontiers of the subject are easy to state. Look at the frontiers of quantum electronics, DNA sequencing, etc. Until the twentieth century, neither philosophers nor astronomers had questioned the notion the space was absolutely fixed - an arena in which the stars, the planets, and all the other heavenly bodies played out their motions. But during the 1920's, this simple picture was transformed: first by the suggestions of physicists exploring the consequences of Einstein's account of gravity, and then by the results of observations of light from stars in distant galaxies by the American astronomer Edwin Hubble.

## OPERATIONS DEPARTMENTAL REPORT

By Larry Pischke

After the climactic Christmas Party, things have pretty well returned to normal here in OPS-land. The rest of the department has faded once again into the woodwork, leaving me in the spotlight.

One sad note to report (for those of you who don't already know) is that my second in command,

Margaret, is being transferred by her real job. The nice part of this is that they're sending her to England. Unfortunately, she'll be leaving us for at least two years. I guess it's back to actually working for me. If you see Margaret, wish her well.

As a reminder, I'm **STILL** collecting stamps for the Starfleet

Stampede. The money raised goes to a good charity, so please remember to save stamps. Leave as much of the envelope around them as possible, and I'll do the rest. If you're not sure, just bring the whole envelope.

## REMINDER!!!

# 1995 KITTY HAWK DUES ARE DUE!!

# VAB STORES REMINDERS OF ITS PAST

Submitted by John Miller

— Taken from an article in *Spaceport News*, written by Susan Walsh

Twenty-nine years ago, it carried the undisputed title of the largest building by volume in the world. Its awesome size seemed to exemplify the purpose for which it was built — to check out and assemble a rocket big enough and powerful enough to take America to the moon.

Initially called the Vertical Assembly Building, the behemoth was renamed the Vehicle Assembly Building (VAB) in 1965 during construction to more accurately reflect current programs as well as future plans.

At the height of the Apollo program, several thousands of KSC employees found a workday home in the VAB's hundreds of offices and laboratories honeycombed throughout the massive 525-foot-tall interior steel structure, in the huge transfer aisle spanning the 716-foot-long building from north to south, or along the many movable work platforms in the high bay and low bay areas. With two cafeteria / lunch rooms and an infirmary, workers never had to leave the building until their shift was over. If not careful, they could even get lost in the structure which [covers] about eight acres and [encompasses] nearly 129,500,000 cubic feet of space.

Architect Max O. Urbahn envisioned the VAB as more than a building. "What we learned from this endeavor was the new and challenging technique of designing structures for optimum efficiency as machines, as well as for people," he remarked during construction. "The VAB is not so much a building to house a moon vehicle in construction as it is a machine to assemble a moon craft."

A massive cleanup of the VAB last year — reportedly the biggest in two decades — removed some 83 truckloads of material to be disposed of, surplus or sold as scrap, according to Fritz Widick, chairman of the VAB Control Board. Among the discards were old civil defense provisions, some of them dating back

three decades. "An effort of this magnitude had not been done in the building since Apollo," Widick commented.

But Tangible evidence of the past remains on a few of its 52 stories, along some of its silent, dark corridors. Dust-covered Apollo training simulators and related equipment can be found on the 19th floor of A Tower, and by the north door on both sides of the transfer aisle in two open niches reachable only by crane. Thiokol VAB Site Manager Darrell Hamilton said that much of the Apollo training equipment was brought out for display in 1976 for the nation's bicentennial, and then was expected to go to the Smithsonian Institute. "We were told that the stuff was to be stored here for six months. That was in 1977," he said with a grin.

Hamilton started work at KSC in 1966, and remembers well how the VAB used to look during the push to get the building ready for the 363-foot tall Apollo / Saturn V vehicle. "The transfer aisle was always full of people. There was a lot of activity."

Things have changed. The KSC population has dropped by about a third from its all-time peak of nearly 26,000 in fiscal year 1967. Use of the building has changed, too. The VAB once was the focal point for assembling the stages and instrument unit for the Saturn V space vehicle, and mating it with the Apollo spacecraft. Now, the Shuttle's solid rocket boosters (SRB's) are stacked, mated to an external tank, and the orbiter added in the building.

In the Apollo days, access to the VAB was more open because hazardous fuels were not involved. Now, the SRB's with their solid propellant preclude the presence of non-essential personnel, especially during stacking operations.

"Now, you can walk in the transfer aisle, even during the day shift, and not see anyone," Hamilton commented.

"Part of the center's strategic plan calls for a decreasing VAB population. The last audit in October showed a population of less

than 1,000 in the VAB; the plan targets a VAB population of only 290 by 1997.

High above the transfer aisle on the 41st floor is an important part of the VAB's history. A 38-foot long steel I-beam, used for a VAB "topping out" ceremony on April 14, 1965, was signed by hundreds of KSC workers. Nearby is a new beam, installed for the roof ceiling maintenance platform, and signed by many KSC Shuttle workers last November. Lockheed VAB Site Manager Sharon Myers takes particular pride in noting that she is a second-generation VAB worker. Her mother, Yvonne Rodenbaugh, signed the Apollo-era one as KSC employee then; Myers wrote her own name on the new one.

Today, one of the VAB's major roles is as a storage facility — everything from giant external tanks and, occasionally, an orbiter, to relatively smaller items such as payload equipment, old and new hardware, and archival records. For example, there is enough thermal protection system tile material stored in B Tower to last the Shuttle program through 2020, according to NASA VAB Site Manager Joe Bartoszek.

While the VAB long ago lost its claim to being the largest building by volume in the world, Bartoszek staked a new claim on its behalf; "It's the biggest storage building in the world."

Reader's Digest, November, '94  
Contributed by Johanna S. Billings

*As a freelance writer on assignment for a cat magazine, I interviewed the owner and trainer of Spot, the cat that occasionally appeared on the TV series "Star Trek: The Next Generation".*

*When my father-in-law called later that same day, I revealed many details from the interview, including the fact that Spot is played by more than one cat, and that the feline character will appear in two scenes in Generations, the seventh "Star Trek" movie.*

*My father-in-law listened patiently as I went on. Then he asked, "Isn't Spot the one with the pointed ears?"*

# ST:DS9 THE SEARCH

By Diane Carey

Based on the teleplay by Ira Steven Behr,  
Robert Hewitt Wolfe and Ronald D. Moore

Reviewed by William Barry

The prospect of a possible war is always unpleasant. Factor in lack of preparation, little or no knowledge of the enemy, and the probability of a disastrous defeat, and it becomes even more unpleasant. Yet there are always those who elect to stand fast in the face of such odds, certain only in the knowledge that some of them, perhaps all of them, may not survive. Such is the situation presented in the pages of the second STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE teleplay-based novel, **The Search**.

The first hint of the Dominion's existence came to the attention of the officers and crew of Deep Space Nine the day a refugee fleet came pouring through the wormhole and onto the planet Bajor's doorstep. The first contact with operatives of this mysterious interplanetary union revealed it as a ruthless dictatorship with equally ruthless footsoldiers, the Jem'Hadar... and it cost the Federation a ship-of-the-line and all of her crew and passengers.

Now, having completed a series of battle scenarios, the station's command staff are faced with a very grim prognosis: an all-out Dominion attack could easily overrun the entire Bajor system in less than a day. But Commander Benjamin Sisko, in his efforts to drum up support for Federation defense plans at Starfleet Command, has returned with "a little surprise"; the U.S.S. Defiant. Officially classified as an "escort vessel", she is actually a warship... and Sisko's ace-in-the-hole in his plan to track down and confront the Dominion's enigmatic leaders, the Founders. By proving to them that the Federation and the other interstellar alliances of the Alpha Quadrant are forces to be reckoned with, Sisko hopes to prevent a war, or at least reduce the threat of war significantly. But if worst comes to worst, he and the Defiant can bring the fight right into

the Founders' front yard.

With high hopes and more than a little trepidation, Sisko, Major Kira, Odo, Dr. Bashir, Lieutenant Dax, and Chief O'Brien journey to the Gamma Quadrant aboard their untested new ship. Quark comes along as well, to upgrade business negotiations with several races who trade with the Ferengi... and hopefully to obtain the location of the Founders' homeworld or seat of power in the bargain.

This first stage of the mission comes off without a hitch; the Defiant's crew is steered to the Callinon star system, home of an unmanned Dominion commo-relay station. But it isn't long before things begin to go awry. Odo begins to act very strangely, and becomes almost obsessed with a region of the Gamma Quadrant named the Omarion Nebula. Then Dax and O'Brien, tracking the destination coordinates of comm-traffic sent to the Founders, are stranded inside the Callinon station when they accidentally activate a hidden security system. Forced to leave them behind, the rest of the Defiant's crew shortly find themselves in a slam-bang furball with a wolfpack of Jem'Hadar warships.

With the element of surprise now lost, Sisko and his comrades must fight for their very survival against a foe they know little or nothing about, in a battle they cannot afford to lose...

Truly, the pooled professional talents of Behr, Wolfe and Moore have combined to produce a riveting, suspenseful, and wholly impressive teleplay. And yet Diane Carey, the author of such outstanding STAR TREK novels as **Dreadnought!**, **Battlestations!**, **Final Frontier**, **Best Destiny**, and **The Great Starship Race** takes it all a step further. With her gift for breathless plot-pacing and her biting sense of humor, she adds dimensions to the

story in a way that no screenwriter ever could. (Personally I think Diane should try her hand at screenwriting, or at least assist on a script or two. It might prove to be beneficial.)

The fact that such a ship as the Defiant exists makes a statement in itself about the Federation's changing attitude towards its bad new neighbors. Factor in the presence of a cloaking device on "extended loan" from the Romulans (arriving complete with Romulan nursemaid) and a certain statement about politics and strange bedfellows is proven true once again. And then comes one of the most enjoyable elements of a true STAR TREK narrative; as an old question is finally answered, new ones are inevitably raised to be pondered in its stead.

Fans can praise the teleplay version of **The Search** to the stars if they wish, and more power to them. But in this fan's humble opinion, the book was better.

*(Continued from page 10)*

against his will. The fact that he knows of what is to come and yet cannot intervene is indeed a cruel challenge to the ideals and beliefs that he holds most dear. Friedman chooses his words carefully to accurately convey Picard's inner turmoil and anguish, to the point where the reader will not only sympathize with Picard, but empathize with him as well.

Fans of such literary milestones like The Time Machine, big-screen flights of fancy like Back to the Future, and small screen groundbreakers like Quantum Leap will gladly hail **Requiem** as a welcome addition to their time-travelling libraries.

# THE ASTRONAUTS OF APOLLO WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Compiled by Alan Aldinger, KSC - Submitted by John Miller

The 29 astronauts who flew the 11 manned Apollo missions either helped pave the way to the moon or landed and walked there. [We] have done a little investigating to find out where they are now. The commander of the Apollo mission is listed first, followed by the command module pilot and the lunar module pilot. Mission dates and significance are also provided.

**Apollo 7 — Oct. 11-22, 1968.** First manned flight test of Apollo hardware:

**Walter Shirra Jr.** – aerospace consultant, Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

**Donn Eisele** – died Dec. 2, 1987 in Tokyo, Japan.

**Walter Cunningham** – partner, Acorn Ventures Inc., Houston, Texas

**Apollo 8 — Dec. 21-27, 1968.** First manned circumlunar mission:

**Frank Borman** – chairman of the board, Patlex Corporation, Las Cruces, N.M.

**James Lovell** – president, Lovell Communications, Lake Forest, Ill.

**William Anders** – retired chairman, General Dynamics Corp., East Sound, Wash.

**Apollo 9 — March 3-13, 1969.** First flight test of lunar module:

**James McDivitt** – senior vice president, Government operations, Rockwell International Corp., Arlington, Va.

**David Scott** – president of Scott Science and Technology, Inc., Manhattan Beach, California.

**Rusty Schweickart** – involved in satellite communications business, Tiburon, California.

**Apollo 10 — May 18-26, 1969.** Tested lunar module, rendezvous, docking in lunar orbit:

**Tom Stafford** – partner, Stafford, Burk, and Hecker Inc., Alexandria, Va.

**John Young** – special assistant to the director, Johnson Space Center, Houston.

**Eugene Cernan** – president, The Cernan Energy Group, Houston, Texas.

**Apollo 11 — July 16-24, 1969.** First manned lunar landing, Sea of Tranquility:

**Neil Armstrong** – chairman, AIL Systems, Lebanon, Ohio.

**Michael Collins** – retired, Avon, N.C.

**Buzz Aldrin** – chairman of the board, National Space Society, Laguna Beach, Ca.

**Apollo 12 — Nov. 14-24, 1969.** Landed at Ocean of Storms:

**Charles "Pete" Conrad Jr.** – vice president, McDonnell Douglas Aerospace, Huntington Beach, Calif.

**Richard Gordon Jr.** – president, Space Age America Inc., Manhattan Beach, Ca.

**Alan Bean** – American space artist, Houston, Texas.

**Apollo 13 — April 11-17, 1970.** Lunar landing aborted after oxygen tank rupture:

**James Lovell Jr.** – president, Lovell Communications, Lake Forest, Ill.

**John "Jack" Swigert Jr.** – died Dec. 27, 1982 in Washington, D.C.

**Fred Haise** – senior vice president, Grumman Technical Services Division, Titusville, Fla.

**Apollo 14 — Jan. 31-Feb. 9, 1971.** Landed at Fra Mauro:

**Alan Shepard Jr.** – president, Mercury 7 Foundation, Pebble Beach, Calif.

**Stuart Roosa** – president, Gulf Coast Coors Inc., Gulfport, Miss.

**Edgar Mitchell** – founder, Institute of Noetic Science of Sausalito, Calif; resides, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

**Apollo 15 — July 26-Aug. 7, 1971.** Landed at Hadley Apennine:

**David Scott** – president of Scott Science and Technology, Inc., Manhattan Beach, California.

**Al Worden Jr.** – vice president, technology acquisition & new business, B.F. Goodrich, Brecksville, Ohio.

**Jim Irwin** – died Aug. 8, 1991, in Glenwood Springs, Colo.

**Apollo 16 — April 16-27, 1972.** Landed on the Descartes highlands:

**John Young** – special assistant to the director, Johnson Space Center, Houston.

**Tom Mattingly II** – vice president and director of Atlas programs, Martin Marietta, San Diego, Calif.

**Charles Duke Jr.** – Charlie Duke Enterprises, New Braunfels, Texas.

**Apollo 17 — Dec. 7-19, 1972.** Last lunar mission; landed at Taurus-Littrow.

**Eugene Cernan** – president, The Cernan Energy Group, Houston, Texas.

**Ron Evans** – died April 7, 1990 in Scottsdale, Ariz.

**Harrison Schmitt** – science and technology consultant, Albuquerque, N.M.

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best suicidal. And now there is another woman pregnant. Patricia Tuner is at best scared and worst cold and distant. We all fear that any child born in this environment will not live. The bacteria here is too much for a child. Also out of the ten survivors of the bacterial plague, there is now only seven of us. Lt. Powell was bit by a small brown lizard. The poison was so strong he was dead within seconds. Ensign Sych and Ensign Loww were killed in a rock slide. It has been impossible for us to be optimistic about life here. It is a living hell. The death of the two ensigns barely affected the rest of the crew, it was as if they expected it. And I must admit that I am finding it very hard to even get myself up in the morning. Something has got to change or we will all be dead before long."

She closed her eyes and listened once again to distant whispers. It was time to return. She got up and knelt on the rock. She clasped her hands of front of her in prayer. "Dear God, I know religion has never been easy for me. But this prayer I hope you will hear. Give us a miracle, to bring life back to the living and allow the unborn to survive. Please give us a change to make it. Amen."

Her voice blended into the whispers. Her father would have been very proud of that prayer. As a minister's daughter, religion should have been as natural as breathing. But it wasn't; at least not for her. Her father had always had a hard time teaching her religion. He was a good and faithful man and his daughter was expected to be the same. She was just too wild and just not interested. Now and then the lessons flooded her memory with things she had long forgotten. It was ironic that after all these years she finally believed her father could have been right. She missed him. Sometimes the memories of him were so strong they almost became like an hallucination. She could reach out and touch him. Feeling the warmth of his skin and the strong smell of Old Spice. She lowered her hands and slid off the rock.

It was a long walk back to camp. Yet she couldn't resist coming here. Maybe it was because of the view. She walked over to the edge of the large hill and looked out at the

landscape. It was as beautiful as it was deadly. The suns were high and bright, one looking like the sun of home. The other looking like a bright distant star. The sky swirled with colors of blue and lavender. The lavender was the bacteria. It was so numerous it covered everything in a purplish dust, even the clouds. At almost every moment of the day they either inhaled or ingested quantities of this bacteria. So why hadn't it killed the rest of them?

Somewhere deep down inside she knew part of the answer had to be their genetic heritage. Yet something else puzzled her. Out of all the species in the known galaxy, humans had very little physical protection. The Vulcans had an incredible immune system. By all accounts the humans should have been the first to die and the Vulcans should be the ones left alive. It made no sense to her. It things didn't change soon, it wouldn't matter anyway.

#### **Dr. Talegrusi's Companion**

When Laquin awoke she found herself huddled in the corner of a small room. It was dark, very dark and it took a few minutes for her eyes to adjust. She was not at all surprised by what she saw. The other women were lying around on the floor as well. Some were cuddled up beside each other and some were alone and crying. It was not a comforting sight.

At least Laquin herself felt much better. It took her a moment to locate her shadow. There it was standing in the corner directly across from her. In all the years that she'd been a doctor she still disliked the shell forms. They looked too brutal, she thought. They should look more like us.

She glanced down at the stone band around her arm and closed her eyes. It took less than a minute for the image to appear in her mind. The vitals were normal and the shadow within was doing well. She opened her eyes for a moment, rubbed her fingers across a red star on the band and then closed her eyes again. "My dear, you are my shadow, my child, my gift from the Goddess. And I love you so very much" she ended the thought. Another voice began, it was hers, but all she did was listen. It was the programming

she had installed in the shell. It was beginning the shadow's lessons. The voice would continue and repeat itself until the day the child was born.

It was a way of creating a wide base of knowledge, so that the almost fully developed body of the shadow would not be born acting like an infant. It would of course take the child awhile to associate everything that was learned with everything that was going on around it. But in most cases that took less than a year. Besides the newborn usually spent the first month in the dark anyway.

Dr. Talegrusi could quite clearly remember her own containment in the shell as a child. It was a total submersion in security. She still had dreams about it. She would not even know the sex of her own shadow until it was born. Of course if she had wanted to know they could have found out with a simple mind scan. But considering the environment in which the transfer took place, there wasn't time. It was enough to know that it was alive and healthy.

With a groan of anticipation, Laquin forced herself to get up onto her feet. She struggled for a minute, she was still very weak. She wondered if her legs would be enough to hold her. In the same instance another woman walked over.

"You should be sitting down, you need the rest."

"I feel much better. I just need to..." Her knees lost their strength and she slipped back down to the floor.

"You're still not strong enough. The transfer may be an easy process for the doctors," the woman said as she helped Laquin to adjust herself, "but for the mothers, well let's just say it takes more than one day to recover."

"It's not so easy for the doctors. A transfer has to be done just right or the child will die." The words had slipped out of Laquin's mouth before she even realized that she might have offended the woman. Then Laquin smiled.

"It's nice to know we have a doctor with us. That may come in handy. The aliens have already been in twice looking us over."

"What do you mean, looking us

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transport nexus.

In this case, "nexus" was a fancy word for stairwell. During one counter-intruder exercise, the Starfleet Marines acting as the enemy had gone all-out to seize what they thought must be a transporter room. No such luck; the nexus was a combination of ramps, ladders, and turbolift entrances that could handle high-speed cargo transfer and remain defensible from armed attack. The combination could be quite confusing at first, but was easy to use after some practice. Ko'ta hoped it would confuse the intruders. Phaser set on maximum stun, Ko'ta charged around a corner and found herself facing an emergency bulkhead. She snapped open her communicator while her antennae waved back and forth. Nervous tension.

"AuxCon, have the intruders moved?"

"No, sir."

"Close the bulkheads behind me and get ready to raise this one." Ko'ta knew that the people in AuxCon could see exactly where she was.

"Ready, sir."

"Execute."

The bulkhead slammed open and Ko'ta saw a black shape just as she fired. The shape slumped to the floor unconscious, and Ko'ta shot it again for good measure. Humanoid, dressed in Starfleet uniform, also armed with a phaser. Ko'ta kicked

the phaser away.

<BOOM>

Ko'ta spun in pain. Her antennae had been on maximum sensitivity, and the blast of air created by the explosion made her reel in agony. A human would not have been affected, Ko'ta cursed mentally as she staggered to her feet.

The communicator said something, but Ko'ta could not understand it at the moment. She could not hear a thing, nor would she for several hours.

Ko'ta threw herself around the corner and saw that the intruder had breached the bulkhead leading to officer's quarters. From the damage, it looked like some sort of shaped charge had been used.

"AuxCon," Ko'ta shouted, confirming the crew's suspicion that she was now unable to hear. "Use your own discretion in sealing off sections. Hostile is now headed towards officer's quarters."

Ko'ta heard no reply, nor did she expect to. In fact, her hearing might be permanently damaged. The Andorian mentally shrugged. Not like it mattered much.

Ko'ta moved down the corridor cautiously. It was one-on-one now; she did not have the advantage of help from AuxCon anymore. The hostile probably had a gas mask, but she did not. That made the intruder control system useless.

The door to Commander Tanaka's quarters was open. Ko'ta tucked her spare phaser behind her back and

stuck one eye across the threshold, jerking it back just before the flash of light enveloped the compartment. The phaser had been set on vaporize; part of the corridor wall opposite the door had been disintegrated.

The hostile was lying on the floor in the center of the compartment. Tanaka's body lay in front of him, acting as a shield against phaser fire.

There could be no negotiation. Ko'ta smiled as she set her phaser to overload. If she didn't disarm it in time, so what? Her life didn't mean much, and quite frankly neither did Tanaka's. She tossed the phaser into the room, drew the spare, and dived in a moment later.

The flabbergasted hostile had dived for the overloaded phaser as it hit the floor. Ko'ta stunned him with extreme prejudice, then stepped over his unconscious body and threw his phaser out of the room. She disarmed the overloaded phaser, then looked down and checked her own phaser setting. Light stun.

### To Be Continued...

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over?" Laquin wasn't quite sure she understood what the woman meant.

"Why do you think they took only women? They're looking for mates."

"That's what I was afraid of."

Her eyes looked away. Laquin wondered if her mate was still alive. She'd tried so hard not to think of him, because it caused her so much pain. He was the only man she would ever love.

The woman looked at her as if she knew exactly what she was thinking. She gently wrapped her arms around Laquin and pulled her close. Laquin began to cry. It just poured out of her with no control. Softly the woman holding her began to sing.

### To Be Continued...

## CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

- MARCH 4 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting/P.B.S. Telethon
- MARCH 18..... St. Patrick's Day/Green Toga Party
- MARCH 25..... P.B.S. Telethon
- MARCH 31 - APRIL 1 ..... Region I Summit
- APRIL 8 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting/Highway Cleanup
- APRIL 22 ..... Cookout
- MAY 6..... Kitty Hawk Meeting
- JUNE 3 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting/Highway Cleanup
- JUNE 10 ..... Putt-Putt Challenge/Yacht
- JULY 1 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting/Pool Party
- AUGUST 5 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting
- SEPTEMBER 2 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting
- OCTOBER 7..... Kitty Hawk Meeting
- NOVEMBER 4 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting
- DECEMBER 2 ..... Kitty Hawk Meeting
- DECEMBER 17 ..... Anniversary Party