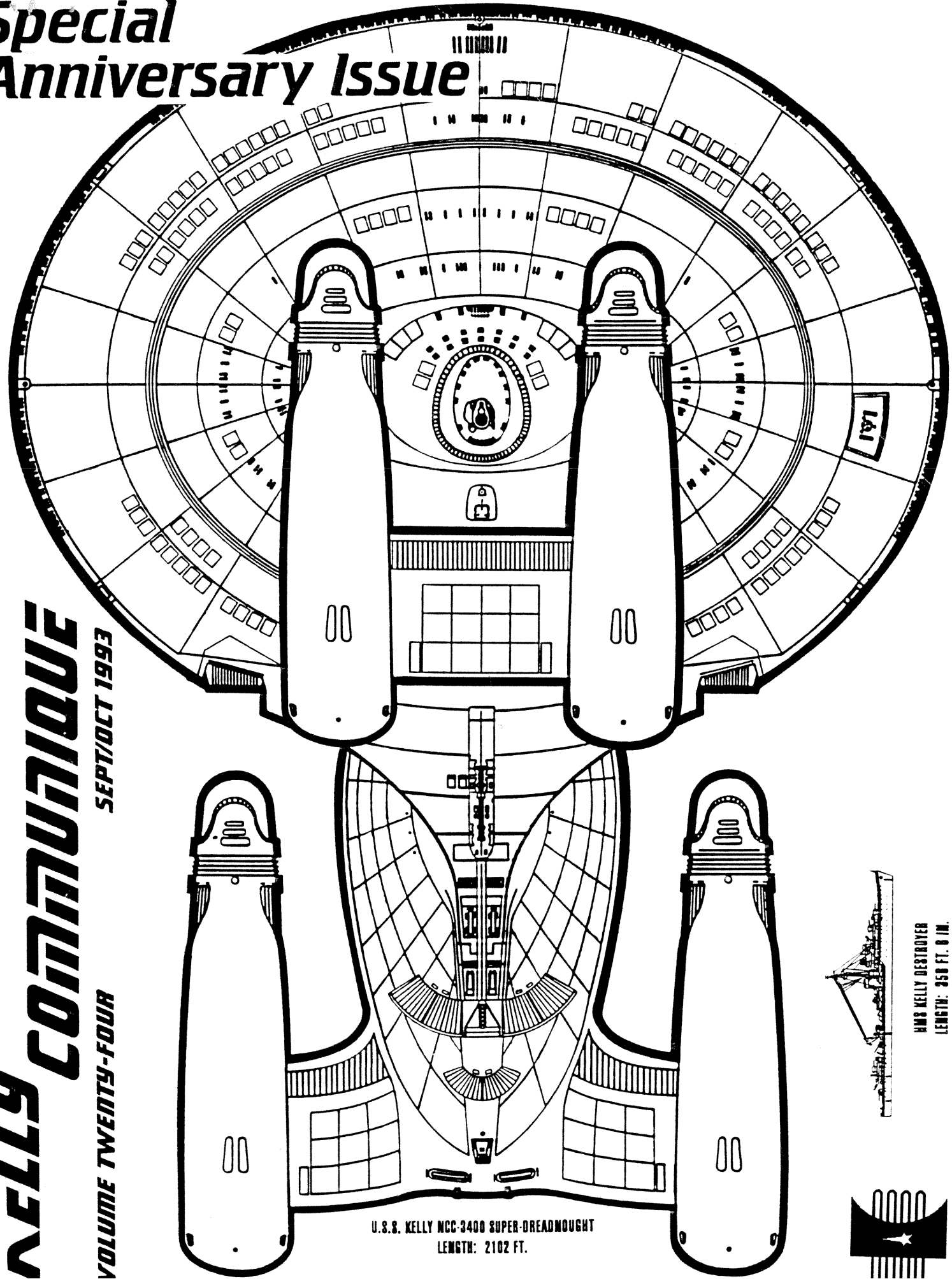


Special Anniversary Issue

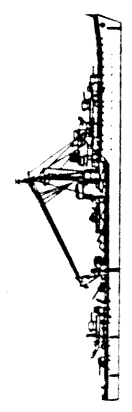
KELLY COMMEMORATIVE

SEPT/OCT 1993

VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR



U.S.S. KELLY NCC-3400 SUPER-DREADNOUGHT
LENGTH: 2102 FT.



HMB KELLY DESTROYER
LENGTH: 950 FT. 0 IN.



LOG ENTRY

SECOND OFFICER'S LOG, Stardate 47090.1. Seven years ago the Kelly was commissioned. You have all read the history of the starship and fan club in the past Communiques. We've had a lot of fun and we've worked hard to get the reputation that we have in the community. People look up to us.

When we discussed our ideas with Starfleet, we decided to make the Kelly a family ship and charge no dues. The Admiral was concerned about how we were going to be able to run the ship without dues. We didn't want people coming into the group with their hands out expecting something from us. We were looking for Star Trek fans who wanted to do the same things we were doing. We decided to produce a newsletter, for a nominal cost, to keep the crew informed of the happenings in the Star Trek world--a newsletter that they could also contribute to. Starfleet warned us of the costs involved and the hassle to get contributions, but we were convinced that if the members didn't have to pay dues, they would be willing to contribute articles, drawings, cartoons, etc., to the success of the communique. We also expected members to pay their own costs for activities.

The Executive Officer and I have compiled a Character Guide. It took hours and hours to complete. It is a great help with training quizzes and learning more about the Star Trek characters. We still have a box full of them waiting to be purchased. Those who are waiting for the sixth season update may be waiting for a long time. We don't feel the need to do an update because there hasn't been enough interest in the original.

Money earned (from Communiques, Character Guides, yard sales, etc.) is used to run the ship. It goes to the set-up of the Communique (the copying costs alone exceed the \$1 charge). The Kelly Kampout was paid for out of this money.

We started the Kelly so others could do the same things we were doing. We have 60+ members, but only 20 of them come to activities. What other things would you like to do? Have you expressed your ideas to your department chief? What do you want your Kelly experience to be? We need your help to keep Star Trek fandom alive.

We have a reputation for being reliable. When conventions come into town, they call the Kelly to help because they know we can be counted on to be there. Other ships have challenged us to contests of skill and knowledge because they know we are the ones to beat.

We have seen other fan clubs struggle with their organizations. I think we have a solid foundation. Other ships may come and go, but the Kelly will live long and prosper.

You can count on us to be there when we are needed. Let us know that we can count on you. We, the fans, are the ones who make it fly.

Commander Nada Henline
Chief of Operations

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CREW COMPLEMENT

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Bob Bogue 9/13
David Sciortino 9/13
Tommy Claytor 9/13
Tom O'Neil 9/20



Mark Boone 9/22
Jerry Millman 9/25
Richard Henline 9/26
Valeen Pack 10/10

WELCOME ABOARD

Jonos Opra- Medical
Tory Whall- Conn
Tina Weidauer- Conn
Dan Egli- Communications
Amy Wullschleger- Communications

CONGRATULATIONS

ON YOUR RANK ADVANCEMENT

Mark Boone- Crewman 1/C
John Dorociak- Crewman 1/C
Stephen Dorociak- Crewman 1/C
Brent Neilson- Crewman 1/C
Jed Smith- Crewman 1/C
Paul Nelson- Ensign
Rachel Walker- Ensign
Tom O'Neil- Ensign

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THE DC VENTURE

by Nessa Harvey

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*"Well, do you want to go?"**"I don't really have the money, Tony. Where will we stay, what will we eat?"**"My brother lives in Maryland, only about a half hour away; and I have plenty of money to feed us both. We'll only be gone two days; we can share the driving, come on, it'll be great."**"Oh, and I suppose we're taking my car?"**"Of course. Where else are we going to get a registered shuttlecraft?"*

Thus began the ten hour drive to Washington, D.C., beginning on a Saturday morning, and ending on a very late Sunday night. My friend, Tony, brought up the idea one night at dinner. There was the Star Trek exhibit in the Air and Space Museum at the Smithsonian. It was to be disassembled in two weeks, and we both wanted to see it. We spoke about it for three days prior to leaving, and as each day passed, my excitement grew. I'd been to D.C. before, but we would be going just to see this one exhibit (the one I'd missed last time due to disinterest of the group, and "it's being cleaned this week"). All sleeping and other arrangements had been made through Tony's brother. All we had to do was decide who was driving first.

Saturday morning began very late, because there was someone who might be going with us, if he could get out of his work shift. He didn't come to us until well after 10:00, and we weren't on the road until nearly 10:45. The trip was going splendidly (Tony and I listened to same type of music) until we hit Pennsylvania.

As we got in line at the end of a massive traffic jam (keep in mind, this is the only four lane highway that runs through Pennsylvania, and we didn't know how to get to the other ONE), I got on the CB and asked how long the wait was. Four hours. What? Four hours. FOUR HOURS!!! Well, we'd better get comfortable; our 10 hour trip just turned into a disaster. We wouldn't get into Maryland until well after midnight, and after a good night's sleep, we might not get to see the exhibit until late afternoon Sunday, putting us home just before work Monday morning. We might as well turn around right now. It wasn't going to happen. But Tony's persistence came through, and we waited in line for 264 minutes (4 hours and 24 minutes).

We arrived in Maryland at 1:15 am, and finally got to sleep at about 2:00 am. Forgoing a good night's sleep, we arose at about 7:30 am, and, after a quick breakfast, got going. We arrived at the museum at just before 9:00 am, and found that the only tickets available were those for the 4:30 pm group. Well, this is what we came for, so we might as well wait.

Anxiously awaiting our turn, we went touring around D.C. and such. After

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what seemed to be an eternity, it was our turn. We rented an audio tour to pack around with us, and as per instructions, we turned them on as we entered the first hallway to "25 years of Star Trek."

The first hall was made up of displays and models of ships that have roamed the galaxy for a quarter of a century. Pictures of Gene Roddenberry, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and the rest of the original cast, with comments and explanations beneath and beside each picture. Each actor had his own perspective of the phenomenon. The hall opened up into a room, and several other rooms, with each classic episode classified under a topic: Racial Equality, Political, Social Class, etc. Each episode had a picture taken from a scene, and a background on that episode. Each screenplay had a very specific social, economical, or other problem that needed to be addressed. I was amazed to learn about such episodes such as MIRI, THE CHANGELING, SPOCK'S BRAIN, and THE LIGHTS OF ZETAR. Each explanation brought me closer to the realization that Gene created this to be a moving experience for every person who watched it. Every episode contained a message, and even those who only watched it once, picked up a subconscious key to helping the world overcome its dismal state. There was a large glass display case that held the only pieces left of the original set: the conn and nav stations. It contained also costumes from different female aliens and explanations as to why they were so revealing for the time. A smaller glass display case held the original screenplay for THE CAGE, and the budget for that episode. Another held such items as an original tribble, a phaser, Uhura's earpiece, a tricorder, and a white silicon block from BY ANY OTHER NAME. There was a transporter platform and the original Captain's chair set up for photos. A video was showing every 20 minutes that showed interviews with each cast member, production, casting, costuming, makeup, and a special account by the late Gene Roddenberry.

After we were done exploring "Gene's World In a Nutshell", we spent some hard-earned money in the Star Trek gift shop, and were immediately on our way. We talked most of the way home about how the exhibit was organized and arranged.

It was interesting and educational, yes, but also thought provoking and mind boggling. I didn't know what went into creating the Star Trek Universe, and making it so utopian and peaceful. Gene, more than once, jeopardized the series to ensure the continuity of equality. He knew what he wanted, and made sure that was exactly what he got: a black female officer on the bridge, prime time viewing, worlds that mirrored the Earth, and complete control over screenplay and casting. Gene envisioned a world that could overcome the problems that enveloped the day, and made the solutions clear to everyone who cared to watch.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

While guest starring at a Dreamworks convention in Chicago, Walter Koenig "Chekov" suffered a heart attack at 2 a.m., Sunday morning, July 25. He underwent heart surgery with no complications.



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ON THE KELLY

(to the tune of LaHyna)

by Ensign Haro Nishar (Nessa Harvey)

*I was sitting at a table in Ten Forward
Looking at the starboard view
When my combadge beeped at me,
"Ensign Haro, please come to the bridge,
and don't you be slow!"*

*On the Kelly, defending the borders
On the Kelly, livin' and playin'
On the Kelly - where we strive to
move up but the bureaucrats they
always be cutting us up!*

*I was standing so impatient in the corridor
Waiting for the turbo lift
When the door swooshed open, it was all
I could see, there was a mean Cardassian
'a starin' at me.*

*On the Kelly, defending the borders
On the Kelly, livin' and playin'
On the Kelly - where we strive to
move up but the bureaucrats they
always be cutting us up!*

*I had just a nanosecond to decide what to do
While staring at his hand phaser
When I ducked aside, I grabbed my phaser okay
"So long, Cardassian," was all I could say!*

*On the Kelly, defending the borders
On the Kelly, livin' and playin'
On the Kelly - where we strive to
move up but the bureaucrats they
always be cutting us up!*



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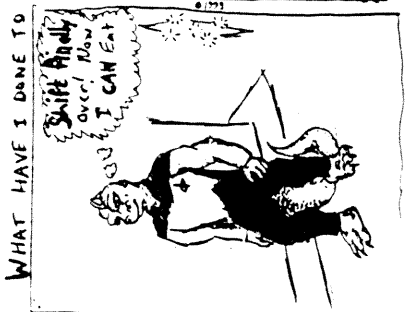
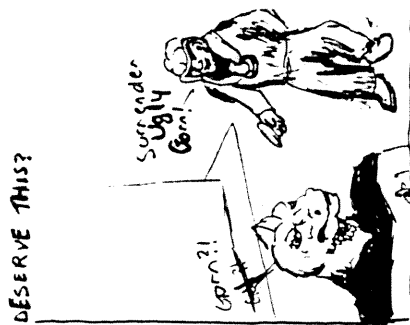
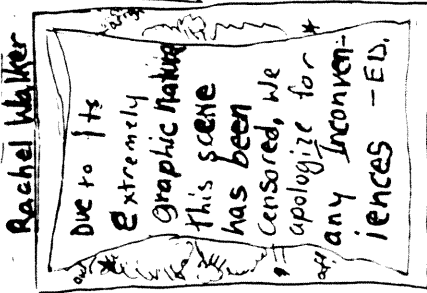
By Rob Brown, USA TODAY

SHATNER: He wasn't the first choice to play Kirk.

PHASE BACK:

Imagine *Star Trek* with DeForest Kelley as Mr. Spock and Lloyd Bridges as Capt. James T. Kirk. Kelley, aka Bones, and Bridges were creator Gene Roddenberry's first choices, William Shatner writes in *Star Trek Memories*, excerpted in the Sept. 4 *TV Guide*. Shatner says he got the call to play Kirk after Bridges turned it down. Jeffrey

Hunter was fired and Jack Lord "apparently demanded 50% ownership of the show." Other tidbits: The network backed away from actually showing what's considered the first interracial kiss on TV, between Kirk and Uhura (Nichelle Nichols); Chekov (Walter Koenig) was modeled after The Monkees' Davy Jones. Finally, Shatner also gives much credit for the show's success to the late Gene Coon, who steered *Star Trek* after taking over day-to-day producing from Roddenberry after 13 scripts.



■ **Nichelle Nichols:** "Star Trek's" Lt. Uhura tells all in an autobiography, "Beyond Uhura," due out next year. The actress, Nichelle Nichols, writes that she had an affair with "Star Trek" creator Gene Roddenberry, who died in 1991. He dated her and Majel Barrett, who played Nurse Chapel, while he was married. *New York* magazine reports. Other Trekkie tidbits: Co-star William Shatner was a scene stealer. In one episode, Spock was supposed to kiss Nichols — which would have been the first interracial kiss on TV — but Shatner butted in: "If anybody is going to kiss Uhura, it is going to

be the captain."

'STAR TREK' SUIT: A Los Angeles jury has awarded Eileen Roddenberry, the ex-wife of the late *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry, over \$4.5 million in residuals and profits and \$900,000 in punitive damages from the TV show and its spinoffs, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. The Roddenberrys divorced in 1969 after 27 years of marriage, during which Gene Roddenberry created *Star Trek*.

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PREVIEW OF UNTITLED STORY

BY LT. CARL STARK

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NOTE: This is a sneak preview of a story that I am currently writing for Lt. (j.g.) Carol Paton's Fanzine Project. She is accepting stories and artwork dealing with the USS Kelly and Star Trek in general.

Ensign Shaw could barely believe himself. He had only been on board the USS Kelly for three days and he had been assigned bridge duty for the Beta shift.

On the USS Thorn he had only been on the bridge twice-TWICE! A small destroyer and he couldn't even get on the bridge duty roster. He was glad that he had transferred to the Kelly. Now he was in charge of keeping track of, and collecting reports from, the various security squads placed on duty throughout the Super Dreadnought. The opportunities for promotions and responsibilities were tremendous. Yes, things were looking up for this boy from a small town in Ohio.

The thought of all that responsibility caused a little bit of sweat to form underneath his regulation beret, causing his black hair to stick to his forehead like dark rivers running down the side of his face. Of course, the fact that Commander Richard Henline was just two steps to his right didn't help either. "I wonder why he's not sitting in the Captain's chair?" he thought "The Captain is off duty, and the Commander has the conn. I wonder if the rumors I heard about certain members of the command staff are true?"

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the turboshaft doors opening. A quick glance snapped into a ridged stand-at-attention as Lt. Sandrax passed the security guard posted at the entrance. The Chief of Security looked about the bridge and then approached the station without acknowledging the ensign a half-a-head shorter than he. Sandrax's hands flew across the board with speed and function.

"Ah, sir, is there something I can help you with?" Ensign Shaw started. He stopped suddenly as Sandrax turned to look at the shorter ensign. Shaw noticed the not-so-normal red glint in the Angosian's eyes. And that wasn't all he noticed. A strange, but worn-looking sword was strapped to his back. And instead of a regulation phaser, he had an old battle phaser strapped to his leg. Shaw noted that Sandrax's comm badge was also missing. Suddenly, for the new ensign, it got much hotter on the bridge of the mighty Kelly Class Super-Dreadnought.

The look on Sandrax's face snapped suddenly and he returned to his task with machine like grace.

"Sir, what is going on?" Shaw asked firmly.

A commanding voice boomed from behind him. "Is there a problem, Ensign?" Turning, the ensign caught the eyes peered behind a regal face covered by a grayish beard. Unusual for a Starfleet officer, but as the old saying goes, rank

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has its privileges.

"Commander Henline. Uh...I don't know. Lt. Sandrax just arrived, and..." The executive officer looked past the youthful ensign and, with a minor shock, noticed the differences.

Again the voice boomed. *"Lieutenant, what is going on?"* No answer, just the sound of the computer accepting commands. *"Lieutenant Sandrax, I asked you a question!"* This time the rest of the bridge crew started taking notice. Again, silence.

Very annoyed, the Commander stepped forward to grab the Security Chief's arm. At least that's what he remembered. He looked up and realized that he had painfully landed on the security guard posted next to the turboshaft.

Ensign Shaw's mouth was open in shock. He had just watched his commanding officer pick up Commander Henline by his uniform and throw him at the guard, impacting the bulkhead behind them. Drawing his phaser, Shaw recovered in time to stun Sandrax while the Angosian was entering the turboshaft.

Sandrax caught himself on the far side of the turbocar, and calmly stated, "Deck 23."

As the doors closed, Commander Henline gasped out orders. "Ensign...Override the turbocar...and prepare to bring it back here..." came his commands, punctuated by hurried breathing.

Shaw turned to the console. He quickly discovered that all was in working order. "Everything seems to check out O.K." Pushing a couple of panels, he continued, "I should have control of the car in a couple of seconds."

Standing in the center of the turbocar, Sandrax didn't move until he felt the car come to a stop. "Computer, resume to deck twenty-three," came the sharp statement. The computer responded in an almost exact monotone, "Unable to comply. Security override from the main bridge."

Sandrax scanned the confines through his red tinted eyes. Looking down, he stopped.

"Koh, Kier, Matthews! Get up here." Barked Commander Henline. When the Klingon and the Humans arrived on the upper deck, he continued. "We're going to bring Lt. Sandrax back here. We don't know what to expect, but remember: He can only be affected by maximum stun." He nodded as he saw Crewmen McLean and Smith moving the injured security guard. "Set your phasers and get ready." After adjusting his own phaser, Commander Henline raised his good arm to add his phaser to the other three pointed towards the turboshaft.

The Commander's thoughts were racing at warp speed. "Now, Ensign." He ordered. Ensign Shaw, with his phaser nearby, hunched over his console and began to tap out the command. Several moments later, the scowl disappeared from his

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drenched face. "It's a little sluggish, but here it comes. Ten seconds until arrival." And he too added his phaser to the ones already present.

Ten seconds seemed like an eternity as fingers twitched and pulses raced as finally the doors opened.

All that greeted them was a dark, empty turbocar with a hole cut out of the bottom.

TO BE CONTINUED...



**UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS
MILITARY DIVISION
STARSHIP CREW PROFILE
U.S.S. KELLY NCC-3400
STARDATE: 46070.1**

NAME: Karen Vincent
AGE: 34
RACE: Betazoid
DEPT: Communications

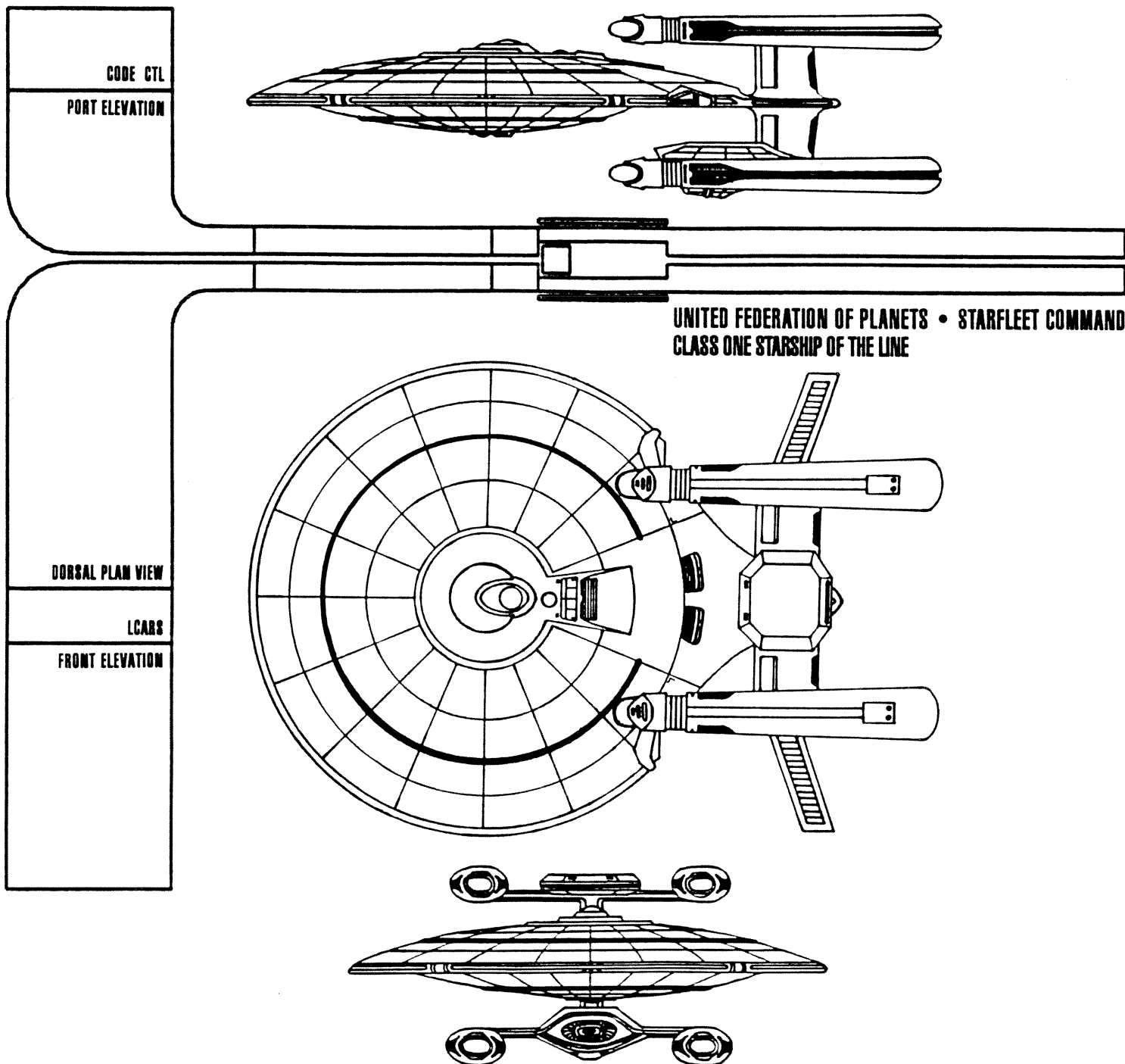
I have been a Trek fan since the original series. I remember watching it with my mom as a kid. I really got involved with it though in high school. I read the book "The Making of Star Trek" and I was hooked. I loved watching to see the things that were described in the book (special effects, etc.). Being impressionable, I fell for Captain James T. Kirk. Mom and I both thought--and still do--that he was cute. I've been married for thirteen years, and still tell my husband that Jean-Luc Picard and Will Riker are cute too. Alan, my husband beats them all though. He's a Trek fan also, but not to the extent that I am. He just likes to watch the show. I have six children. Doug will be 12 next month. Chris is 10, Debra 9, Andrea 4, Laura 2, and James is 1. We also have a dog, a cat, 2 frogs, 2 birds, and a gerbil all joining our household. One may question my sanity--I do! I am enjoying all the friends I've made on the Kelly so far, and there are too many to name. You guys are great. I want to thank you for having me. On the ship, I will be called Zenathia from Betazed. I figure I might as well have some fun in the club and I chose Betazoid because I like Lwaxana's carefree attitude and the fact that women are important on Betazed. I hope to be a friend to all of you and live the Star Trek ideal. Thanks for making me feel welcome.

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UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS • STARFLEET COMMAND
CLASS ONE STARSHIP OF THE LINE

EXPLORATORY CRUISER

A MAN BEYOND HIS TIME

On the 3rd of July, astrophysicist Stephen Hawking lectured at the Symphony Hall. Turnout for the lecture on Black Holes and Baby Universes was phenomenal. Of the 13,000 who sought entrance, we were among the fortunate 3,000 who attended.

The most striking thing about the event was the obvious courage and physical debility of Professor Hawking. We could tell he had laboriously "typed" his remarks using his special computer.

His special computer was connected to the audio system and spoke for him. His computer-generated voice sounded like an old phoneme algorithm. We had read that he had been offered a newer, more realistic voice instead of the robot-sounding voice he had, but he chose to keep the old voice because it was "his." After a minute or two, he was understandable.

His sense of humor shined through when he suggested an astronaut travel by entering a black hole and exit a white hole in the form of spaghetti. He said that was all that would exit the white hole.

We were already familiar with the theory of black holes, white holes, and baby universes. (That was "news" some 10-15 years ago.) What struck us as strange was the apparent ease with which the audience accepted what he said. There was no apparent reaction when he told us that faster-than-light objects/waves were commonplace.

When he concluded, we joined the rest of the audience in a several-minutes standing ovation for the courage and strength of this remarkable man.

by John and Stephen Dorociak

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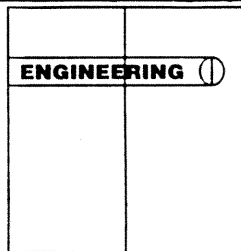
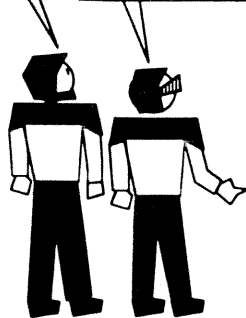
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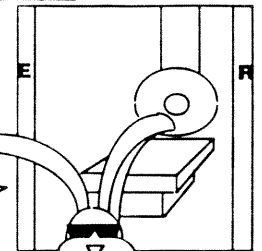
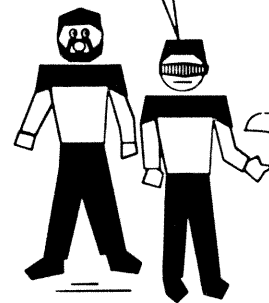
What's that noise, Geordi?

It sounds like the main Energizer is going...

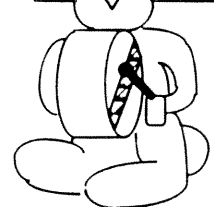


BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

and going, and going...



BOOM
BOOM
BOOM



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**TALKING WITH ARMIN SHIMERMAN
"QUARK"**

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Around noontime yesterday, I was hanging around some of the dealers' tables at the Creation Con, when someone said that our guest speaker was over by one of the tables. So, since I had my trusty camera handy, I took a couple of shots of Armin Shimerman. He was shaking hands with Rex and Kimber as they welcomed him. A little while later, I went into the Main Events room to watch the slide show. He was sitting in the last row, first seat. I politely excused myself as I went to the second seat. We watched a little of the slide show and I made some comment about it and we started talking. He told me how long it took to put on the makeup and I commented that I would never be able to wear it because I am always so hot. But he said it wasn't so bad. I thought that it would be just miserable, especially under those lights, but he told me it wasn't as bad as everyone expects. They are under the lights for only a short time and the rest of the time, they are just sitting around reading their scripts, or otherwise being occupied.

Of course, I am hot anyway, so the lights and makeup would probably make me just miserable. Another thing is I am so allergic to things that I doubt that I could wear the makeup without breaking out.

I then asked him if he liked SLC and he said that it was very nice. He told me that he had been here before and that he liked it enough to come back. Then the slide changed and we started talking about it. I forget everything we talked about but the main thing was about my drawing that I have started of him. I told him I had been working on it and that I had hoped to get it done so he could sign it for me, but alas I didn't get it finished. He told me that when I did finish it, to send it down to Paramount Studios in c/o him and that he would sign it and send it back to me. So I do plan to do that, I think that is very nice of him to suggest.

I enjoyed talking to Armin during the slide show. After that, I wanted to get photos of people in the costume show so I left to go do that.

After he spent a couple of hours signing autographs, I showed him the sketch I did of Mark Shepard (Mron) on our Communique and he was very excited about it and asked me if he could take the Communique back to show Mark. I was very pleased to give him the newsletter and also flattered by the way he got so excited about my drawing. Maybe it was because even the people who just walk around Deep Space 9 ARE important to him. He sure made me feel that way and I know that other people felt the same way.

by Lt. (j.g.) Ruth Burns



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8 July, 1993

To All Hands of the U.S.S. Kelly,

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My most heartfelt thanks to you all for the Gold Press Latinum and the candy, not to mention the kisses. I had a wonderful time in Salt Lake and it was a pleasure to meet with some of you. Your kindness will be dutifully recorded. I wish the U.S.S. Kelly smooth sailing - stay away from the Borg.

Yours,

Armin Shimerman
Quark
(Armin Shimerman)



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WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

created by Carol Paton

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LEADS

All of the actors listed have played multiple roles on Star Trek, TNG, or in Star Trek movies. There is even one character from Deep Space 9. So, warm up your character guides and search for the names of FIFTY characters in the grid below. GOOD HUNTING!!! (Worth 4 Knowledge pts.)

MAJEL BARRETT
DENISE CROSBY
BRENT SPINER
JONATHAN FRAKES
COLM MEANY
CAROLYN SEYMOUR
DIANA MULDAUR

WILLIAM CAMPBELL
MARK LENARD
LEVAR BURTON
ARMIN SHIMERMAN
PAUL WINFIELD
IAN WOLFE
MALACHI THRONE

VIC PERRIN
SUZIE PLAKSON
MICHELLE FORBES
PATRICK STEWART
MERRIT BUTTRICK
TED CASSIDY

L R B S Q O R O L A R E N C K A C E Z P E N N G D K
H E D A T A U B M I R A N D A J O N E S V E U M R L
T R T R L W K V G M L I T S T S M I X C N I M C J I
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Z D S K K I K I A L E S E C P A U L V A W B E R H G
T R E O O T E V T U L L K J U G T E S P J O R I N O
A N P V L R D Q T O Q O E T L J O R H T E S O S W N
B O T M O X R L L J L K E Y A Y R T A A L E N T A C
S O I L T V A M E A O R P W S I G H N I C L E I T A
J N M E H X P O B W E N E T K O Y N R H Z I Z N S P
E I U O A B T R R W P G R L I R M A A D V M R E O T
L A S T B D A Q I U Y Z R D S T A S H A Y A R C N A
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Y S D D T O L C G Z Q O P L F N W N G H O C J A I N
A O F O I R S K E H L E Y R M A S O R O C H M P D T
T O R K I E D D C A R L O S C X L W H N L I W E C E
S N C K W Q N Z O T Y U G C S A Y I D K N S O L W R
A G E C H E O S N W U Y T I E W O E D O X A M F R R
R R T I M O A N N M U L H A L L O W Z R O R I Y U E
I S J E A N L U C P I C A R D S U T U C O L K L E L
M H S U B C O M M A N D E R T A R I S Q U E O X S L
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LEADS

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KELLY KAMP-OUT. . . SORT OF

I wanted to tell about four among the USS Kelly who intended to come to the Kelly Kampout: Kimber Brasher, David Kelly, Jenny Hansen, and myself, Claire McLean. Kimber telephoned me the day before the campout and asked if I were going, and I told her no because I wanted to be available for my daughter, Emily, should her condition suddenly become worse. As we talked longer on the phone, Kimber came up with a brilliant idea of doing a card for Emily and having the command staff and crew of the Kelly sign it. It was an excellent idea, I thought, and I'd tell Emily where I'd be that evening and that we'd all have her in our thoughts and prayers, according to each one's religious and philosophical preferences. And I'd be back in time that evening to check on my husband. What a plan!

The following day, Kimber phoned me again and asked if I could pick up two other people, and I said yes. Unfortunately, I couldn't find my campout map and didn't even think about it until 5:30 that evening. But we decided to give it a go, anyway. We stopped at Ream's and bought some hotdogs, marshmallows, etc. We got on Highway 80, drove past the East Canyon Resort, looking for any Kelly Kampout signs posted along the way. We saw none, and after we had crossed into Summit County, I decided we'd best head back and regroup. The sun was setting, and I didn't want to be driving around in unfamiliar territory in the dark with a half-tank of fuel left. But we had enjoyed talking about Star Trek (classic and NG) trivia and breathing in the fresh, country air, looking at the breath-taking scenes of mountains, valleys, foliage, and lakes along the way.

Because I hadn't checked on Emily yet, I asked my companions if it'd be alright if we stopped to get some more fuel, which we did at the Chevron station. I called the care center and learned that Emily was suffering from another severe headache. Since my passengers had agreed to come with me to visit Emily, I told the nurse on the phone that we'd be there in about a half-hour. When we arrived at the care center, the nurse tending Emily told me that it was care-center policy that no one except the residents' parents or family could go back to the rooms after 7:00 p.m. My friends agreed to wait for me while I went back to visit Emily. When I told Emily that her new friends had wanted to visit with her but couldn't because of the rules, she smiled to know they at least cared about her. Due to her headache, I didn't get her out of bed and bring her to the visiting area in her wheelchair. Emily and I visited for about 15 minutes and I told her I'd be back the next day to manicure her fingernails, a weekly tradition we've kept during the four years she's lived there.

Our little group left the care center trying to decide where to roast our hotdogs. We'd already eaten some of the goodies along the way, but

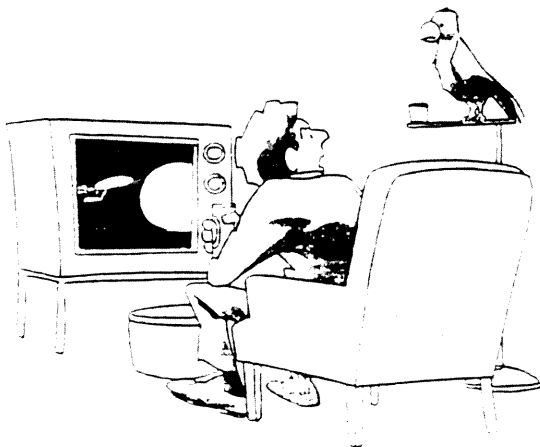


wanted to top it off with roasted marshmallows and hotdogs. We ended up going to my home and found all was well. After I checked Mark's blood sugar, we began our camping activity by cooking the hotdogs in a fry pan and roasting the marshmallows (with our redesigned hangers) over an electric burner (a trick which Kimber had taught us). I put on *Star Trek IV: The Undiscovered Country* and we watched that instead of sitting around the campfire beneath a clear, summer night sky in the wilderness and singing "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" to the accompaniment of the whispering pinetrees and the Crickets & Critters Orchestra.

After the movie was over, we agreed that we all had a wonderful time. David, Jenny and Kimber were courteous, fun, and conducted themselves well the whole time we were together. I thoroughly enjoyed their company. I wish I had found my copy of the camp-out map, but this has been a great learning experience for each of us, and one of my most cherished memories of good Starfleet friends (including last year's campout). Though I would've loved to have been with the rest of the USS Kelly group (we all wanted to), it was a welcomed change of pace for me!

Meanwhile, I found out later that Emily had settled down and had a good night's rest after our visit. She's concerned about dying and what awaits her between now and the time she journeys to the other side. The uncertainty is unsettling, and there's the physical separation from her parents and close friends to deal with. Knowing that the Command Staff and crew of the USS Kelly were all thinking of her seemed to bring her more courage because her eyes sparkled and she smiled when I told her of our friends, she will one day join the "Honored Dead" who "died well at their posts" in the heat of battle in the midst of their "finest hour."

by Crewman I/c Claire McLean



"If you don't stop calling me 'Earthling,' I'm going to cancel the Sci-Fi Channel."

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LCARS

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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

***The gift of America to the world is silliness.
It has done wonders for a stuffy old world.***

Patrick Stewart

HAILING FREQUENCIES

CLOSED

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