

ENGAGING THE NEW MILLENIUM

# Anno Domini MM



***U.S.S. KELLY***

***COMMUNIQUE***

***ISSUE L I V***

***WINTER 2000 A.D.***

## **CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 53010.1**

Here it is...the turn of the century! And better yet, the beginning of a new millenium. As this momentous occasion approaches, I can't help but look back at the past few years. The Kelly is in her fourteenth year and has accomplished many things. She has made her name and mark in history. She went from a fledgling club of two members to embrace a great many people of different backgrounds, talents and temperaments...bringing them into our family. We have had our ups and downs. We have made great accomplishments as well as experienced bitter disappointment. One thing is certain, however. People know that we were here. We made a difference in the world and the universe around us. Now, before us lies the great unknown. Shakespeare and Star Trek call it The Undiscovered Country. And we stand ready to sally forth as explorers of this vast future that stretches before us into eternity. It is time to make our mark on a new century, a new millenium, a new eon! We have a wonderful mission before us, exploring strange new worlds, seeking new friends, making the universe around us a better place because we are here. We will be solving mysteries, confronted by challenges and boldly going forth where no one has gone before. We should not go into this vast uncertainty faltering, but at full warp speed, with all our senses engaged.

As a club we need to push forward, making changes, solving problems and creating the kind of future that will benefit everyone. We have new members of our Kelly family joining us from the Retributor. Please treat everyone as family... after all, we are working together for the common good. We all have talents and foresights to contribute. Let us cooperate so that everyone may benefit. There are new changes in the command structure of the club. You've all heard that it was coming. In order to keep up with the changing times we must utilize our full potential. Some of the new members will get the chance to be part of the senior staff. And the major change will be with a new Executive Officer. Jill Bogler has served well as XO for the past two years. She has done a lot to help push the Kelly forward. She has worked tirelessly to build up the ship and club, and now it is time for her to get some much needed rest. Anyone who thinks that the job is easy needs to spend some time as a First Officer in order to learn just how much the ship depends on the position. I have the greatest respect and admiration for Jill and appreciate all the fine work she has done. I hope every member of the crew has a word of thanks for her and all her efforts in our behalf. Now the job has been passed on to the capable hands of George Bogler. Many of you have already seen examples of his dedication. He has also worked hard at promoting the Kelly at every opportunity. He has many ideas and talents that we need now and in the future. He has my full support and I hope that all of the crew will get to know and appreciate him more as he helps lead us on our mission.

Well, we are all set! We have our orders. We have our future. Now let's see what's out there. ENGAGE!!!

CAPTAIN RICHARD HENLINE RECORDING.

## Executive Stress

Greetings to the Officers & Crew of the U.S.S. Kelly. Captain Henline has asked me to give my wife a rest and take on the duties of Executive Officer. I thank her for the hard work & great job she has done. The primary duty of the XO is to be a liason between Captain & Crew. I shall strive to do this as well as she.

This column will take the place of the "Ask Number One" feature during my tenure as XO unless there is greater demand for the old feature. In each Communique issue I will address some specific need on the ship that I feel needs to be *stressed*.

2000 will mark our 14<sup>th</sup> year as a club. We are a happy, content group but we need new ideas. As Captain Picard said in *Q Who?* "What we need is kick in our complacency". To that end, and with the Captain's approval, I am instituting the "Y2-Kelly" compliance program. During the year special recognition will be awarded to individuals who show fresh, extra-ordinary efforts or ideas that "push the envelope". More details will be available from your Department Chiefs. In the meantime, have a Happy New Year!

Are **YOU** Y2-Kelly Compliant?

Lt. Commander George Bogler

Executive Officer KellyXO@USWestmail.net

How long will it take  
to degauss the (Voyager's)  
entire transporter room  
with a micro resonator?



# Kate Mulgrew

2000 Calendar, Now on Sale

Did you know our society raised over \$900 for  
Incarnation Children's Center last year?

Do you believe we can do it again?

## 2000 EDITION CALENDAR

Since there was an overwhelming response to last  
year's calendar, we have decided to challenge  
ourselves and design a 2000 edition calendar.

We are talking new ARTWORK,  
more QUOTES, you name it!

What makes this edition so cool?  
It has PHOTOGRAPHS of Kate and you  
know you can never have enough of those.

PLUS... it will be presented in a desk calendar size,  
packaged in a CD case and be IN COLOR!!!

Please mail the form below to:  
Dianne Dressor 6905 Cisco Road NW Albuquerque, NM 87120



I WANT ONE NOW!!!! ... PLEASE

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Calendars @\$12 ea (US addresses only)

\_\_\_\_\_ Calendars @\$14 ea (Overseas addresses)

Total amount inclosed: \_\_\_\_\_

## Plate With A Button

(To the tune of "Stairway to Heaven", by Led Zeppelin)

**By George Bogler With Jill Bogler**

There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold,  
And she's buying a plate with a button.  
At conventions she knows if the dealers' room's closed;  
With a word she can get what she came for

Ooh, ooh, and she's buying a plate with a button

There's a sign on the wall:  
We take credit cards all;  
'cause we know sometimes checks are just rubber.

At the booth by the hall  
There's a dealer who calls,  
"Star Trek plates are not bought just with buttons."

Ooh she makes me wonder  
Ooh she makes me wonder

There's a feeling I get when she wears a new dress,  
And I notice a button is missing.  
I have seen Harvey bring  
Dealers down to their knees,  
And the faces of those who stand gaping.

Ooh she makes me wonder  
Ooh she really makes me wonder

And it's whispered that soon if they all call the tune  
Then the Con Com will lead her to reason.  
And will talk to Miss Dawn,  
And do it real calm.  
Then the dealers will echo with laughter.

If there's a rustle in the room's rows, don't be alarmed now;  
It's just more shopping for the Con Queen.  
Yes there are two booths she can go to, but in the long run,  
There's still time to join the line she's in.

And she makes me wonder.

She wants that plate and she just won't go, in case you don't  
know.

A vendor's begging her to pay him.  
"Look lady I just need the cash flow, and did you know  
Your button's not worth the whisp'ring wind."

<interlude>

And as she winds on down the rows  
With a button off her coat  
There walks Dawn Harvey we all know.  
She smiles so bright and wants to show  
That ev'rything still turns to gold,  
And if she bargains very hard,  
The plate will come to her at last.  
When all her buttons have been spent,  
The vendors' eyes will cease to roll.  
And she's buying a plate with a button

# Birthdays

## JANUARY

04 Kimber Brasher  
08 Crystal Smith  
06 Bo Bowman  
22 Nada Linnarz  
26 Florine DeMagny  
26 Julien Lamour

## FEBRUARY

01 Mike Read  
02 Granger, Tasselhoff  
08 Kathy Park

## MARCH

04 Justin Rouviere  
09 Christy Thorsen  
18 Scott Cagle  
18 Billy Craig  
21 Ted Wentz  
22 Julian Ramos (1st Birthday)  
23 Thierry Ledru



# ASK OPS

By Lt. Commander Jill Bogler, Operations Manager

We were unable to publish this in previous Communiques, and the new XO is discontinuing the "Ask Number One" feature due to lack of participation, so it was put here.

This issue's question comes from Ensign Don Hallett of Conn, who asks, "How did the Captain of the Phoenixfire become a Captain?" For this question I talked to Troy Bringhurst, a.k.a. Captain Dakkar of the Phoenixfire. Here is what he said:

"I have always enjoyed Star Trek, Star Wars and Sci-Fi in general. When I moved up to Salt Lake, I found that I had extra time for a hobby. I enjoyed building models, so I visited a few model and comic stores. As I was wandering through one store, I saw a poster that caught my attention. It was a flyer from the U.S.S. Thunderbird looking for crewmembers. I contacted Captain DiBella and soon found myself a member.

I was given the rank of Lt. Commander with all the duties of Chief of Operations. I found myself doing all different types of things as Ops Manager. I wanted everyone on the ship to be proud of it. So I worked extra hard. There came a time when I needed to take an extended leave of absence for family reasons. When I returned, I found that things had been difficult for the ship. I was asked to take the position as Chief Engineer and given the rank of Commander for the work that I had done.

After a while I moved out of state. I tried to find clubs in my new area, but found none. I began to think, 'what it would take to have a club?' I moved again, this time to California. I still could not find a local club. I began working on what I thought might produce a cool club. What things would be needed, how I should go about things, and the like. For nearly two years I tried ideas for different things that I thought would be needed to found a ship.

Finally, I moved back to Salt Lake. I contacted my ol' Captain (and found that he had become Commodore in my absence) and explained what I had been doing. He gave me permission to continue my work and told me that he would grant me the Captains chair if I could prove myself.

After some time, I had proved to him that I was serious and dedicated to the cause. He granted me permission to launch the ship that I had created along with all of the rights and duties that go along with the Captain's chair. The U.S.S. PHOENIXFIRE was launched on January 31, 1998. We started with 4 members at the time of launch, and within a year had about forty members. As most clubs do, we have had our share of difficulties, misfortunes and problems. It takes a lot to command any group of people. Things had come up that I had never prepared for. A good Captain will always find a way to ride the storm. If you are thinking of goin' for the chair, I say, DO IT! But be sure that you're dedicated enough and don't give up. It takes time to learn how to be a Captain and command a ship. Every member under your command is counting on you. Learning trivia is one thing, but learning how to work with people and manage them is totally different. Good luck in YOUR adventures!"

Although the way in which each ship handles it's rank structure is different, the goals are the same: to train people the skills to run a ship and to have fun doing it. This way, you will be able to run a club if that is your desire. You will only fail if you fail to try.

*We want to see you succeed.*

Remember, even if there is no Q & A forum in the Communique, if you have questions about anything related to the Kelly you can ALWAYS **ASK NUMBER ONE.**

Executive Officer: KellyXO@USWestmail.net

Operations Manager: Agiani\_no1@yahoo.com

SCRAMBLED EPISODES

- EWHOREDTHBSOTFLOSTB (5) \_\_\_\_\_
- LYAFIM (1) \_\_\_\_\_
- TROBERSH (1) \_\_\_\_\_
- DUMSHEDANYLUN (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- BEERMEEMEM (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- GAYCEL (1) \_\_\_\_\_
- NRNEIOU (1) \_\_\_\_\_
- CTIOMREUTEFFEPR (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- SINSOFALIONM (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- SHELSOT (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- SATADYAD (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- WHENTDOUDE (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- VEILEDUDS (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- LUSEC (1) \_\_\_\_\_
- TAIRSTCFONCT (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- DAIXGCLYHASL (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- ROTTESRINGR (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- CISTIDERYNSITI (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- GREENTENTHDE (3) \_\_\_\_\_
- PQDI (1) \_\_\_\_\_
- THUMDREADHT (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- FAIFELAHL (3) \_\_\_\_\_
- SHETHOT (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- DEEMSTHYNIE (3) \_\_\_\_\_
- YETROINH (2) \_\_\_\_\_
- DEEPMIRNOT (1) \_\_\_\_\_

# SHIPS OF THE GALAXY

28-38479

578-72478

OVERALL LENGTH: ..... 248 METERS  
 OVERALL WIDTH: ..... 52 METERS  
 OVERALL HEIGHT: ..... 43 METERS  
 OPERATIONAL TONNAGE: ..... 84,880 mt  
 CREW: ..... 42

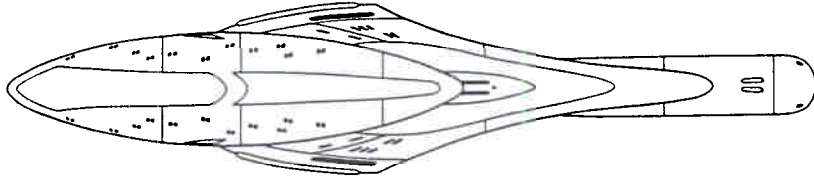
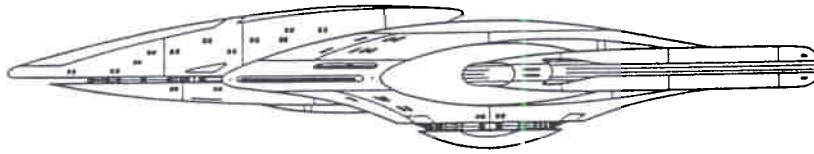
WARP ENGINE: ..... (1) FBWC-3v2 LINEAR SPLIT-TOROID  
 MAXIMUM EMERGENCY SPEED: ..... WARP 9.9  
 PHASERS: ..... (2) TYPE 8 EMITTERS  
 (2) TYPE 8 PULSE COMPRESSION CANNONS  
 SHIELDS: ..... FIFTH-LEVEL TRANSDUCER

## U.S.S. TRAPPER NCC-74721

88-888838

LCARS

028-850000



**ESCORT**

WHAT'S THE  
TOUGHEST  
TIME TO TRY  
AND CATCH A  
FROG?

LEAP YEAR





## PHOTON TORPEDOES

By Lt. Commander George Bogler, Chief Engineer

The photon torpedo was developed as a tactical weapon that could be used while a starship is traveling at warp (FTL) speeds-when phasers are ineffective to useless. They were first developed in 2215 and have become standard equipment on Starships and Space Stations capable of firing them (they are not practical for shuttles for instance). They function by combining matter & anti-matter to create a massive explosion. Photons (particles of light) have nothing to do the way the torpedoes work.

Originally frozen deuterium pellets were forced into shaped magnetic pockets holding anti-deuterium. Modern Photon Torpedos utilize thousands of tiny packets of matter & anti-matter which are kept physically separated until after launch. Once launched, the packets are mixed, although still magnetically isolated, in preparation for detonation. At the proper moment the targeting software in the torpedo drops the magnetic fields resulting in the annihilation of the payload, torpedo casing, and any other matter within the range of the reaction. Shields absorb and deflect this energy, but only to certain limits before collapse.

Standard design of photon torpedoes took some time to become fully developed. Casing and delivery systems were in place early in the 23rd century, but the first models had a range of just 750,000 km and produced a relatively low explosive yield. The modern version by comparison, has a maximum range of 4,050,000 km when launched from a vessel at warp speeds. Torpedoes launched from a stationary point (i.e. a station or a ship in orbit) have a much shorter range as well as a somewhat lower yield (due to lesser kinetic energy). The exact yield value is classified. A special "warp sustainer" engine built into the torpedo casing allows it to continue to travel at launch velocity once it leaves the launching ship's warp field. However this sustainer cannot initial warp on its own. The weapon is guided either from the launch point or by on-board software.

A fairly recent advancement in torpedo technology is the "Quantum Torpedo". The exploitation of the "zero point energy field" (a subspace phenomenon) yields a dramatically higher yield with little or no energy increase to fire or decrease in range. This technology is also safer than storing antimatter.

A standard torpedo measures 2.1 x 0.76 x 0.45 meters and weighs 187.6 kilos. Explosive yield is determined by the amount of deuterium and anti-deuterium loaded into the weapon. This allows a Captain of Tactical Officer significant flexibility in choosing the exact tactical strength needed in a given situation.

# Godspeed

By Captain Rex Rouviere

Lt. Anderson looked at his PADD again and shook his head. He had been trying to figure out a mystery. As Chief of Security on the U.S.S. Retributor, he didn't like mysteries. They made his job more difficult. The turbolift opened, he crossed the corridor and rang the bell to the Captain's ready room.

"Enter." came the reply.

As he walked in, Captain Rouviere blanked his screen and turned to face him.

"What can I do for you, Lieutenant?"

"I have something of a mystery going on sir." He handed his PADD to the captain. "Admiral Hollinger has beamed over several automation control modules for transfer to the Federation outpost on Tango Sierra 9. There's enough equipment here to run three starships."

Captain Rouviere looked the PADD over. "I see. And what exactly is the mystery?"

"Well, sir. As the Chief of Security, it's my job to anticipate potential problems. I did some checking. There is no Federation outpost named Tango Sierra 9." He paused observing his captain's lack of response. There was however, a Tango Sierra mentioned briefly in a message to Starfleet Command two months ago dealing with the Bijani and something called the Omega Protocol. When I tried to inquire further my terminal locked up with a message to come see you. With all due respect, sir, what's going on?"

The captain sat up a little at the mention of the word "Omega." He looked sternly at his junior officer. Then he smiled a little, making himself look vaguely like a shark. It was hardly comforting.

"Galen, I wish you hadn't been quite so inquisitive. There is no mystery. You have uncovered something you and I need not be concerned about. In fact after I tell you this I want you to forget all about it." He paused and the lieutenant nodded his head in agreement.

"Federation intelligence has several *classified* monitoring posts in a *classified* star system code named Tango Sierra. We are delivering some *classified* equipment to one of them. It's a simple *classified* cargo run. For obvious reasons, the destination is *classified* and is not mentioned in the database. The reason for the equipment is *classified* and should not be discussed, speculated at, or talked about. All reports concerning our destination, cargo and activities will be *classified*. Does that help clear things up for you?"

There was still a puzzled look on the Lieutenant's face. "Everything except why my terminal locked up when I asked about the Omega Protocol."

"Oh, that..." the captain cringed a little less this time. "Let's just call that a slip up. There is no 'Omega Protocol', directive or anything of the like. That's just some Intelligence ghost somewhere trying to make this cargo run seem more important than it is. Let them have their fun. As far as we're concerned, we're just hauling junk from here to there."

"Yes sir. I understand." He was not convinced. "Thank you for your time."

He turned to leave, already making plans to dig deeper into this 'Omega Directive', whatever it was.

Captain Rouviere anticipated his response.

"Oh, Lieutenant, one more thing before you go..."

"Yes, sir?" He turned to see his commanding officer holding a phaser.

"You're very good at your job, Lieutenant. Too good sometimes. If it's any consolation, I regret the necessity of doing this. If you had only waited two more hours..."

"Sir, wait a sec..."

The captain shot him and he fell to the floor like a sack of wet clay. The captain placed his phaser back under his desk.

"Computer, activate Emergency Medical Hologram."

A hologram of Dr. Ruth Weisenheimer appeared in the captain's ready room.

"Please state the nature of the medical... oh my word!" She pulled out a medical tricorder and immediately began scanning the body on the floor.

"This man has been stunned by a Federation phaser."

"Doctor, activate Omega cipher filter, 0-1."

The EMH hesitated a moment, then looked at the captain. "I must object to this, sir! A person's memory is not a plaything to be manipulated so casually!"

"It's either that or we kill him, Doctor. You decide."

The Doctor gave a disapproving look and after a moment's further consideration said, "I understand sir. What time reference should I use?"

The captain reactivated his monitor. "The equipment transfer was at 14:50 hours, so one hour should be sufficient. Please leave an incriminating wound on his forehead and beam him to some place isolated with low head clearance, preferable Jeffries' tube J-12 near the brig. When he reports to sickbay with his apparently self inflicted head wound I want you to scold him a little and caution him to be more careful."

The captain picked up the lieutenant's PADD and left his ready room, pleased to note that nobody was waiting outside. He walked to the bridge, pausing only to place the PADD in the replicator for disposal.

A little while later a sheepish looking security officer entered the bridge.

"There you are Lieutenant. Where have you been?"

"Uh...in sickbay sir."

"Sickbay? Are you feeling ill?"

"Uh...Well, I wasn't... I mean... I'm a little disoriented. I apparently bumped my head. The doctor said I had a mild concussion, but it feels like I was stunned."

"Well, be more careful. I can't have a security chief that walks into walls."

"Yes sir." He moved off to his station, trying to remember why he had gone to Jeffries tube J-12.

The captain smiled knowing the lieutenant would soon find the false energy signature he had planted a half-hour before.

An hour later, the Kelly notified the Retributor that they had completed transfer of all the cargo and database upgrades.

"Thank them for me, Crewman K'Lod and ask them to standby for final transfers. Engineering?"

"Engineering here, Ensign Jeremy Rouviere reporting... Chief Engineer Dataj is... uh... indisposed, sir."

The captain again smiled knowing his son had disabled the android engineer. "Have the system upgrades been completed?"

"Yes sir. We are ready to go whenever you give the order."

"Thank you and good work. Bridge out."

Captain Rouviere looked around his bridge. His Klingon tactical officer, Lt. Kronk was running a diagnostic on his weapons station. Lt. Anderson had returned from his wild goose chase. Lt. Moloth, who had just recently transferred with his family from the Ticonderoga, handed him a report. He set it aside for later review.

The captain took pleasure from watching his crew working away efficiently. He remembered a few of their adventures together and chuckled a little to himself. He would take those memories with him. They would help him get through the coming months. As he activated the intercom, the crew stopped what they were doing and looked to him.

"All hands this is the Captain. I just wanted to take a moment and let you all know what an awesome privilege it has been for me to serve as your commanding officer. You are without a doubt a credit to your uniforms, the fleet and this ship. You are also my friends and I shall miss you very much." This last caught the bridge crew by surprise.

Lt. Kronk stood up and asked "What do you mean you will miss us, Sir? I am not leaving your side."

The Captain saddened visibly at his Klingon friend's devotion. "I appreciate your feelings, my friends, but where I am going, you cannot follow. I hope it is enough for you to know, you are my friends. Computer, execute Threshold."

"Patahkl!" the Klingon officer shouted as he started running towards his captain. At that moment, the entire crew regardless of location, position, or disposition dematerialized.

Nearby, alarms began sounding on the U.S.S. Kelly's bridge. Captain Henline looked towards his First Officer.

She was looking at her monitor. "Intruder alert! We are being boarded by unauthorized personnel, multiple transport signatures." She looked more closely at her monitor. "It's the crew of the Retributor! They're on deck 10, section 204, main gymnasium."

The Vulcan officer at Tactical added, "Security has been dispatched."

"Hail the Retributor," ordered Captain Henline.

"Incoming transmission, data only. It looks like they're downloading personal logs and personnel replicator files. No other reply, sir."

Lt. Hansen spoke up from the Conn station; "Retributor is moving off, sir... They've just gone to warp!"

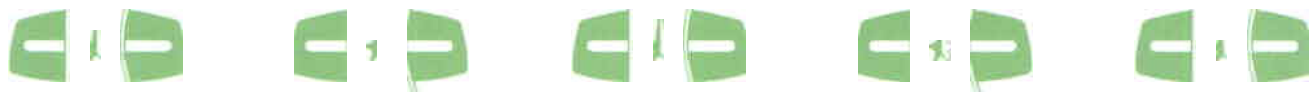
"Lay in a pursuit course, Lieutenant!" ordered Captain Henline.

"BELAY THAT ORDER and delete all sensor data concerning the Retributor and her heading."

The stunned captain turned toward Admiral Hollinger, who had just entered the bridge. "Do you know what this is all about, sir?"

"There was no time for me to tell you, Captain. This is a code 47 situation." He looked meaningfully at the other crewmen on the bridge. "The only thing I can do is this..." he looked longingly at the fading image on the screen.

"...Godspeed, Retributor. Hurry home."



"These are our stories.  
They tell us who we are."

Worf, TNG episode "Birthright, part 2"



Are YOU Y2Kelly compliant?

FIND OUT AT OUR WEBSITE:

[www.geocities.com/Area51/Corridor/4725](http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Corridor/4725)

The Kelly Communique is a non-profit newsletter  
published as a means of communication between Star Trek fandom.

It does not intend to infringe upon any rights.

"Star Trek", "Star Trek: The Next Generation", "Star Trek: Deep Space  
Nine", and "Star Trek: Voyager" are registered trademarks of Paramount  
Pictures Corp.

All rights are reserved to the original work herein.

No copying without permission of the individual author.