

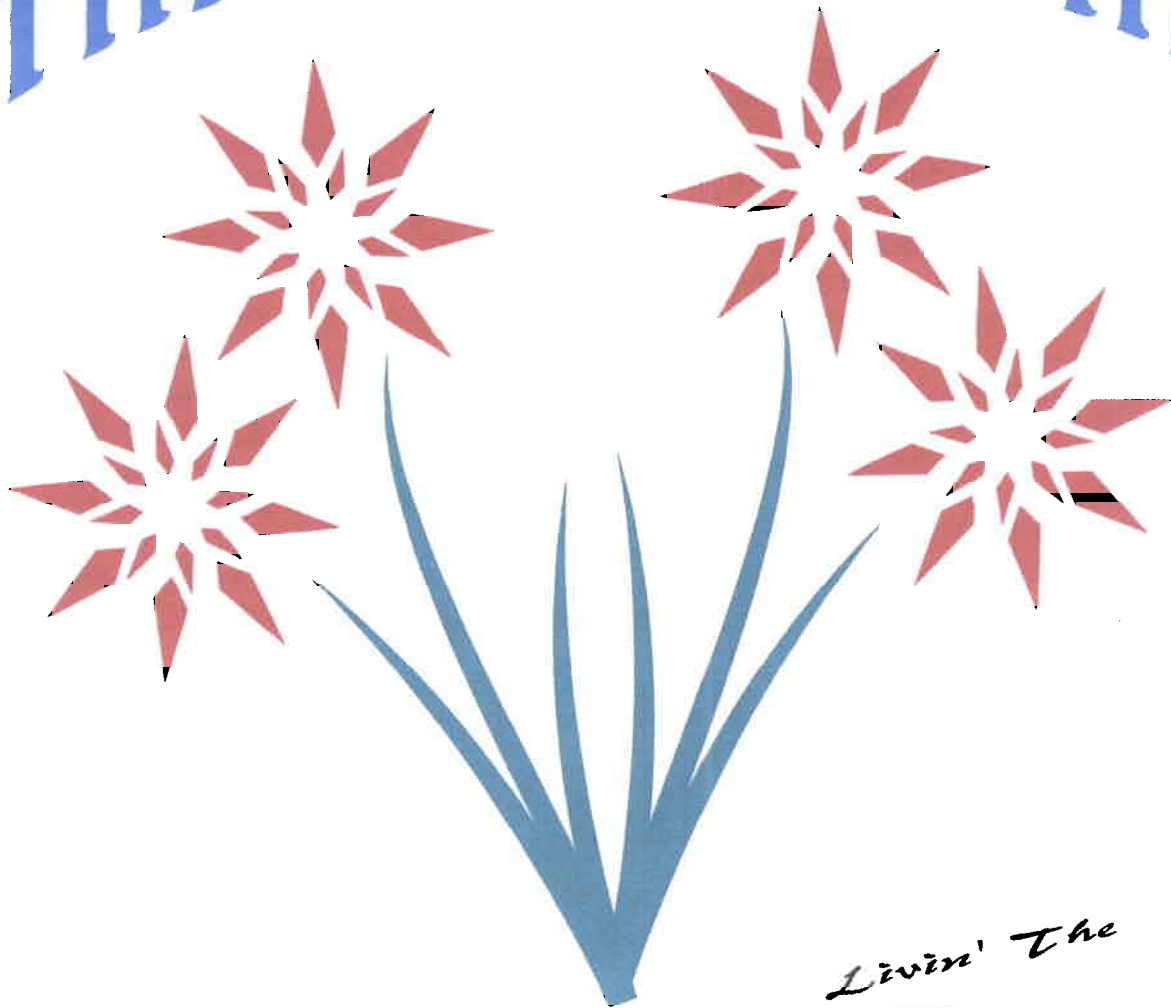


KELLY COMMUNIQUE

Issue #63

Spring 2002

Time To Bloom!



Living The

USS KELLY WAVY

Jan 2002

LOG ENTRY

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE: 55030.1

"It's been a long road...getting from there to here..." I love the music and lyrics to the theme song for the series *ENTERPRISE*. I know there are critics who do not believe this is a proper theme for a Star Trek series, but if you will just listen to the words, and let the music wash over you, I think you can see how this song very much portrays the feeling of *ENTERPRISE*. I also think its message is appropriate for our own fan club. Over our many experiences I think we can truly say that we have "Boldly gone where no one has gone before." How else could we have accomplished all that we have if we didn't have Faith of the Heart? I devoutly hope that as friends, family and crewmembers, we may be able to work together on our continuing mission down that long road into the future. I have been troubled lately about an apathy or lack of enthusiasm among some of the crewmembers. I realize that we all have lives to live, jobs to do and families to take care of outside of our *KELLY* positions...but I would encourage everyone to take part in our ship and fleetwide friendships. After all, the Seventh Fleet motto states that "*We Do Not Stand Alone.*" Let everyone who is a member of our club, and even those who are not yet in our club know about what we are doing, what we stand for, and what we want to accomplish. I know that there are certain crewmembers that work unceasingly to help others in any way that they can. But think of what more we can do if EVERYONE were willing to do the same. I by no means want to suggest that we work towards this goal to the exclusion of our personal responsibilities. Simply take the time to reflect on what we can do to help out our fellow crewmembers, our community and the universe that surrounds us. Then have confidence that there are others willing to help you as well. To quote a line from an old song, "People who need people, are the luckiest people in the world."

I am ashamed to admit, that in my own family, I have not kept up with my duties in helping out and associating as I should. A brother that I have only seen a couple of times in the last few years (although he only lives across the valley from me) just recently passed away and now I feel the loss and the missed opportunities very deeply. Please don't let this happen to you or anyone you call "friend." Regret is one of the strongest emotions, and one of the saddest. It is better to be more aware of what is going on around you than to wish that you had. So take a few minutes to listen to the theme song for *ENTERPRISE*. Let its message into your heart, then move forward knowing that as a team, we can do most anything. And live a happier and much more fulfilling life in the process.

CAPTAIN RICHARD HENLINE, REPORTING...



I KNOW...
LET'S PERFORM
THE REFUSION!

**EMOTIONAL VULCANS
REALLY KNOW HOW
TO PARTY!**

EXECUTIVE STRESS

By Lt. Cmdr George Bogler, Executive Officer

Hi everybody, I'm back. I really missed being X O during Jill's brief tenure. I hope to strike a new balance between my Command and Engineering duties so that both can be met without either suffering. One help is the assignment of Commander Ruth Burns as Second Officer. She will be assuming some of the load previously handled by the First Officer alone. Jill now has Ops (and temporarily, Tactical) so she can now process PMPs in a timely manner. In getting caught up we ran into a few surprises, which you should all know about by now.

This time around I want to stress our 2002 theme: *Livin' The U.S.S. Kelly Way in 2002*. There are many ways to demonstrate this, and we have had 3 people recognized for their efforts so far. In reality these should be considered "grand" demonstrations-examples to the rest of us. We should all be livin' the Kelly way everyday. It is as much a state of mind as it is any specific activity or behavior. Sometimes we will do something that gains special recognition, but "The Kelly Way" is about attitude. Now is the time for us all to bloom!

I also want to put in a brief word about CONduit. The organizing committee has made a special effort this year to try to satisfy the complaints from the Science Fiction clubs, especially Star Trek. There are a number of Star Trek panels, and they are trying to get guests from the list we all had a chance to vote on. If a local convention like CONduit is what you as a fan want, NOW is the time to step up. Buy your membership early (prices go up April 1). Let us know that you are willing to help out on the panels. CONduit is a great opportunity each year to meet Science Fiction authors, and if things work out, production & acting people. If the Star Trek fans let CONduit know they want Trek programming AND if we support the programming that happens, we will get more. Just remember that Star Wars fans, and even Filkers, are people too.

As always, please feel free to contact me about anything.

Contact Info: 685-6154 (home), 755-4100 (cell),
KellyXO@USWestmail.net

Somebody
feed my
dog!



Mother May I?

(Part I)

By Lieutenant Stephanie Thalmann

His first thought was of an intense blinding light, then there was utter darkness. He didn't know how long the darkness lasted, but while in the void, he could hear voices, indistinguishable, muffled voices. After a time, there was again light, not as brilliant as before, but light nonetheless.

Soon he began to see more clearly and was able to recognize those shapes, they were faces. The faces he saw most frequently were those of the one who called itself "Mother" and the other who called itself "Daddy." These voices often spoke to him and in turn he responded. Mother and Daddy never seemed to react to his responses, though. He would have to keep trying to get their attention.

As he grew, he discovered the "window." What a wonderful thing. The window showed him a whole new world. He desperately wanted to be out there. He stood up in his crib and peered out the window with all of his attention. A bright ray of sunshine fell upon him. He again wished with all his might that he could be outside. Suddenly, he was! He was outside, in the bright sunlight! What a wonderful feeling! He could feel the warmth of the sunshine on his face, and something else. What was that light touch on his cheek? Mother and Daddy were nowhere to be seen, but he could feel something. He would have to find out what it was, and what it was called.

As he was looking for the source of the wind, he saw something skittering across the ground. He began to follow it as fast as his short little legs would carry him. He tripped over something and began to crawl after the thing on the ground. The ground thing wasn't very fast, so he was able to keep up with it easily.

Suddenly, something swooped out of the air and picked up the insect. He was startled. What now? "Hey, where you goin'!" he cried, or at least that's what he meant to say, but no one else would have understood it. He really wanted to follow the air thing, but he could never crawl that fast. Then he had an idea. If he could wish himself outside, maybe he could wish himself to follow the air thing.

He sat down, stuck his thumb in his mouth, to help him concentrate, and thought really hard. He screwed up his little face in concentration. The next thing he knew, he was flying through the air after the air thing. "Wheel!" he shouted. *This is fun*, he thought, *I should have tried this sooner, it's easier than walking.*

He followed the air thing over the ground and into some trees. When the air thing stopped at a tree, he was puzzled. Why would the air thing stop at this tree? He went a little closer and peered over the top of the air thing. *Oh*, he thought, *it's got 'Baby' too.* In fact it had a nest full of chirping hungry babies, and the bug it had caught would only feed one of them.

When the air thing left, he got bored and started inspecting the tree. He had never been this close to one before. He touched the rough bark and felt the soft leaves. He followed the tree up and up and up. Then he was above the tree and could see a long, long way. Off in the distance was a really tall thing that looked like a mound of blankets. He flew toward it, but slower than when he had followed the air thing. He was in no hurry, he was enjoying himself.

Captain Janeway was the last to enter the briefing room for the weekly senior officer's meeting. Seated at the table were Chakotay and Seven of Nine. Tom Paris, Harry Kim, and B'Elanna Torres were deep in conversation about the upcoming hoverball tournament. Tuvok sat calmly consulting his PADD. At the end of the table, the Doctor and Neelix were discussing Norlau psychology.

Captain Janeway walked across the blue-gray carpet and took her seat at the head of the long conference table. She picked up her PADD and looked it over. "OK, people, let's have it. How is Voyager holding up?" Janeway took a sip of her ever-present coffee while she waited for her crew.

"Captain," said B'Elanna, leaning her elbows on the table, "we need more deuterium. Our current supplies will last us a little while, but I wouldn't want to push them too far."

"I would really like to pick up more food supplies, Captain," said Neelix sitting up in his chair. "Between our stores and hydroponics, our food will last us quite a while before we have to resort to *replicated* food. If you can call *that* food, but I would like to add a little variety to spice things up." At that both Harry and Tom groaned.

Captain Janeway smiled and said, "Understood, Mr. Neelix. We will look for more supplies as we go." She took another sip of her coffee.

"I must insist, Captain, that the crew be given shore leave as soon as possible," said the Doctor with some force. "It has been several months since most of the crew has even set foot on the surface of a planet. People are starting to go 'stir crazy' as the old saying goes."

Janeway almost choked on her coffee at the Doctor's remark. "Chakotay, Tuvok, do you concur that we need to find a safe harbor for shore leave?" The Captain looked from one to the other. Chakotay merely smiled and nodded in reply.

Tuvok steepled his hands. "I do believe, Captain, that shore leave would be beneficial to the crew. As for supplies, we will either need to find them on a nearby planet or trade with others."

Janeway looked at her crew. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think that you were all conspiring to get off the ship. Harry, start scanning for suitable planets. Tom, be prepared to change course shortly. Dismissed." She sat back in her chair and sighed. It *would* be nice to get some shore leave.



In the tradition of the "Incredible Tales" I thought it would be nice to begin a new feature in the Communiqué. This is the first installment of "Mother May I?" a story that was originally written for and submitted to Strange New Worlds IV. The story did not get published at that time, however did receive the personal attention of Dean Wesley Smith. Enjoy, and look for Part Two in the next Communiqué.

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NASA DEEP IMPACT MISSION Launch date: Jan. 2004

OBJECTIVE:

Explore the interior of Comet P/Tempel 1 to understand how it may have evolved.

MISSION DETAILS:

Blasting Open a Comet's Heart:

If it sounds like a scene from an Arthur C. Clark book - a spacecraft firing a projectile into a comet—well...it is. The idea is at least 30 years old, and has remained completely in the realm of science fiction for almost that long. But that status will suddenly change in mid-2005. Unlike the Contour mission, which will explore comet evolution subtly, comparing and contrasting several comets of different ages, Deep Impact will conduct its science more violently, blasting away the evolved outer layer of Comet P-Tempel 1 to reveal the pristine layer beneath. A high-resolution telescope and a spectral imager on the spacecraft will help scientists of Earth determine the composition of the exposed material

--Steven Bedard

Article found by Lt. Jenny Hansen



ACCUSER CLASS
pumwl'
DREADNOUGHT (KDN)

The enormous 'Accuser-class' Dreadnought (*pumwl'*) is currently the second most powerful and dangerous vessel in the Klingon fleet. Measuring approximately 600 meters in length, this massive vessel strikes fear into the hearts of all who encounter her. With five warp nacelles, she has tremendous power reserves and her shields are amongst the strongest in the galaxy. Presently, only a handful of these vessels are in service, serving as the command flagships of the various Klingon naval fleets. Only the most experienced commanders earn the right to command one of these monstrosities, making them all the more dangerous. These ships will always be found at the heart of a fleet of D7s and BOPs, and never alone. As of 1 January 2293, six of these vessels are in service, and two more are in trials. An additional four hulls have been authorized by the Council, but those keels have not been laid yet as of this writing, primarily due to funding difficulties within the Empire. Some feel that this vessel is actually the most beautiful and elegant of all Klingon vessels currently in service.

SPECS:

Length: 610 meters
 Mass: 1,250,000 metric tonnes
 Crew: 600
 Marines: 60
 Maximum Impulse: 1,140 kellicams per second
 Hull Rating: 4.6
 Shield Rating: 83.0
 Maneuverability Rating: .31/.14

WEAPONS:

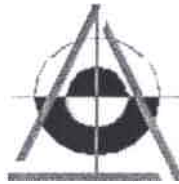
Forward: 5 disruptors, 2 heavy photons, 1 AMFP
 Aft: 4 disruptors, 1 heavy photon
 Port/Starboard: 2 disruptors each

Tactical Summary: These ships are powerful but quite slow. Although one has never been lost in battle, tactical specialists believe one could be taken down by warships who stay away from her formidable front array of weapons. Even then, they should be prepared to take a lot of damage from her secondary weapons. Also, the attacking warships will need to deal with her cloaking device, as this is the largest Klingon ship that can cloak. The Accuser, in conjunction with the Emperor-class Battlecruiser, replaces the unsuccessful Ber'taa-class of "Advanced Heavy Cruiser," a variant that suffered from a distinct lack of available main power and a vulnerable starboard warp nacelle. In particular, warp containment would fail and the entire ship would typically explode if the starboard nacelle was damaged. These problems hopefully have been rectified by Klingon engineers with these newer warship classes.

TACTICAL OPERATIONS

By Lt. Commander

Jill Bogler



Part 1

As Acting Chief of Tactical I recently met with the members of that Department. Since gaming was re-assigned to Security, the Tactical Department has been without a Club function. The new departmental assignment we have chosen, and that was approved by the Captain, is to be a centralized source in the club for information on collectibles. Although the focus will (naturally) be Star Trek, we will also provide information on other science fiction collectibles.

The idea behind this is to find out what collectibles are out there, and to inform the crew of them. This will include everything from comic books, pens, key chains and so forth to the higher priced items like a custom-fit Klingon or Borg outfit from Paramount (sold through the Admiral's Gallery at Star Trek: The Experience). This will also include things like parody scripts and where to find autographs.

We will keep a list of conventions. We are also willing to connect crewmembers that want items with those going to conventions that are willing to look for those items. Non-attendees are personally responsible for making payment arrangements with those who are attending the convention. Tactical is an information source, NOT a broker.

In connection with our stated function, we have come up with a departmental "mission statement" as follows:

We will support the U.S.S. Kelly and the Seventh Fleet by providing resources on collectibles (both Trek and non-Trek). WE DO NOT COLLECT ALONE.

If you are hunting for a particular item, or if you are willing to shop at a convention for someone else, please contact your department head, a member of the Tactical department, or the U.S.S. Kelly at usskelly@subspacemail.com.

Part 2

Being freed up from the duties of Executive Officer, I was able to buckle down and, with some help, get caught up on recording the PMP's. As a result, I am better positioned to keep up with all the new PMP Request Forms coming in, as well as working on a couple of other behind-the-scenes projects. Rest assured that all PMP points turned in have been logged. If you have a discrepancy to report, please contact your department head as soon as possible.

The following is a list of the orders, promotions and awards that have been earned so far this year:

PROMOTIONS

- ♣ Pam Carson *Ensign*
- ♣ Pam Carson *Lt. (j.g.)*
- ♣ Dave Thalmann *Crewman 2nd*
- ♣ Dave Thalmann *Ensign*
- ♣ Don Hallett *Lt (j.g.)*

KELLY WAY

Why it was earned & Address (____ Kelly Way)

- ♣ Dave Thalmann *Styrofoam combadges (73401)*
- ♣ Ruth Burns *Lee Chon/Chere Bears (73402)*
- ♣ Brent Nielson *Lee Chon/Chere Bears (73403)*

H.M.S. KELLY 25 Oct 1938- 23 May 1941 Submitted by Lt. Jg Pam Carson

Every year from 1928 to 1936 the British Admiralty built a class or flotilla (usually 8) of destroyers plus a larger ship to serve as flotilla leader. A different letter of the alphabet was used to represent each class, and each ship within that class carried a name beginning with that letter.

The K class ships were : the *Kelly*, *Kashmir*, *Kipling*, *Khartoum*, *Kandahar*, *Kingston*, *Kelvin* and *Kimberley*. Only two ships survived World War II: the *Kelvin* and *Kimberley*.

Ship No. 615 was christened the *H.M.S. Kelly* on October 25, 1938, named after the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Kelly, whose daughter spoke these words, "I name this ship *Kelly*. May God guide her and guard and keep all who sail in her." Then she broke the crystal champagne bottle against the bow. Thus christened the hull slid down stern first into the black Tyne River to be towed to join the *Jervis* to receive engines. "She was thing of beauty, a slim, graceful shape with a rakish tilt to her superstructure." (Poolman, p.27)

Commander M.G.Evans was the Chief Engineer and he supervised the fitting of the engines and boilers. The naval architect was Mr. A.P. Cole and the command was given to Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, a sailor and a cousin to the King.

Mountbatten, a wireless [communications] expert, liked people and showed it. He respected them, high or low; he preached humanity and decency in human relations and practiced what he preached. He knew every sailor on his ship, their service records, and personally welcomed each one to the *Kelly*. He talked with all the commanding officers in his fleet and had them stay with him on the *Kelly*.

The *Kelly* wore the fleet leader's proud black band around her funnel, meaning they led the flotilla and had to set an example. Among the crew were two pets—Hawthorne, the queenly white cat and George, a little black mongrel dog. Stoker Gordon Rogers entertained his shipmates playing his ukelele.

The *Kelly* was handed over from shipbuilders Hawthorn, Leslie and Co. Ltd. at Hebburn-on-Tyne to His Majesty's Navy August 23, 1939 and Mountbatten signed for His Majesty. The sailors dreamed of an assignment to sunny Malta in the Mediterranean but with Germany attacking Poland Sept. 1, war was imminent.

Bob Knight was assigned the job as editor of a daily news column, the K.D.F. (Kelly Destroyer Flotilla News) and he never missed a day. The ship docked at Chatham to pick up the rest of the crew. Before the sea trials (Sept. 5, '39) were finished *Kelly* saw torpedoes approaching from a German U-boat, dropped depth charges and saw signs of wreckage in the sea. To be missed by one submarine and bag another all in the first day's war is good going. Mountbatten warned the Germans would lose no time trying to destroy them. The sailors were more excited about the dead and stunned fish that were floating nearby and they grabbed hooks and caught fish for a tasty meal.

One week later Mountbatten was given secret orders to pick up a mysterious Officer X at Le Havre, France and to make with all speed. Her funnel was practically red hot as they dashed to pick up the secret guests, the Duke (formerly King) and Duchess of Windsor and the mysterious officer turned out to be Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill.

The *Kelly* and fleet were assigned to escort and protect convoys from submarines around Great Britain. New guns were quickly fitted to the destroyers. The destroyers were too few in number to escort the merchant ships and could only protect parts of the British Isles.

One dark night in bad weather off Land's End and SOS came on the wireless. The aircraft carrier *Courageous* was approaching the Bristol Channel when she was struck and began to sink. *Kelly* went Full Ahead to rescue survivors. After the rescue she hunted for the U-boat and once again they ate fresh fish and had enough to give to the dockyard workers when they docked. The *Kelly* was on patrol so much that the dockyard workers thought the war was over whenever she came alongside for an "all-night-in." Thus ended the *Kelly*'s first month.

Bibliography: <http://navismagazine.com/demo/kelly/kelly.htm> Poolman, Kenneth. *The Kelly*. W.W. Norton Co.:New York. 1955.

The HMS Kelly & Lord Louis Mountbatten





**THE GORN IS A DISTANT COUSIN OF T'REX!
WHAT COLOR DO YOU THINK HE SHOULD BE?**

Transparent Aluminum Invented

From *Der Spiegel Magazine*

Submitted By Lt. Cmdr George Boglar, Chief Engineer

Translated by Lt. Cmdr Galen Anderson

Transparent Aluminum, or at least a preliminary & related substance has been invented, not in San Fransisco with the help of Montgomery Scott, but in Germany:

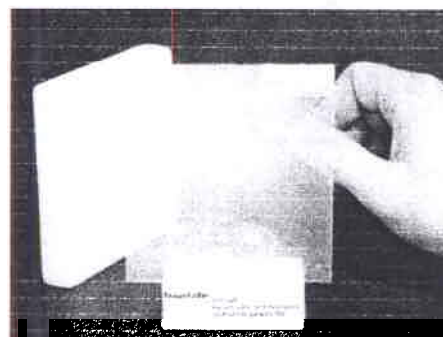
Armored tiles protect against projectiles.

American weapons technicians are showing interest in an armored tile from Dresden. The Fraunhofer Institute for Ceramic Technologies has succeeded in baking fine-grained aluminum oxide in a furnace at 1200 degrees Celsius in such a way, that an extremely hard, transparent material develops. A 10-centimeter square disk (strength: 1 cm) weighs only about 400 grams, but is three times harder than hardened steel.

During firing tests ordered by the Procurement Office of the German Federal Armed Forces in Koblenz "outstanding results " were obtained, reported the researcher Andreas Krell. The tiles were also examined in Idaho: The Pentagon is fascinated by the transparency of the material, with which bulletproof visors or large windows of armored reconnaissance vehicles can be built.

The original article (in German) can be found at: <http://www.spiegel.de/wissenschaft/0,1518,183008,00.html>

(Translator's note: The term "transparent aluminum" was used only in the caption under the picture of a tile.)



Combat Training

By Lt. Jg. Justin Rouviere

"The time is now 0500 hours," informed the computer. "Time to wake up," I told my self silently. When I finally made it out of my warm bed, I got dressed and stretched to get ready for my morning training before duty. I strapped on my phaser and headed for the holodeck.

"Computer load program J-12," I ordered when I made it to the holodeck doors. It was my favorite program, and I had loaded it many times before. "Set to level 7," I added. This program has ten challenge levels and today I felt up for a vigorous work.

"Holodeck program J-12 loaded, challenge rating 7," the computer replied. With that response I entered the holodeck and searched for cover as the Nausican started his assault. J-12 was my favorite program because it was a firefight. At each level the aliens became stronger and smarter.

As I ducked behind a tree as the Nausican fired his weapon, the blast went over my right shoulder. I looked around the trunk of the tree to see where he went to. Finally I spotted him, he was trying to hide his massive hulk of a body behind a bush. I carefully aimed my phaser and shot him.

The Nausican yelled out in pain and fell to the ground. Almost immediately he disappeared. "Computer load level 8," I commanded, the computer responded by adding two more Nausicans. The Nausicans appeared on opposite sides of me. I ran for a different location, while the Nausicans shot at me. "Aaaahhhh," I screamed out more in surprise than pain. One of the two had shot me in the left arm. I tripped and fell into the bushes.

I decided to lay still and wait for one of them to finish me off; soon enough one of them came over to check out if I was dead. As soon as one was near I rolled over and shot him square in the chest.

As he fell to the ground his partner moved in to get a clear shot. When he fired, it was too late, I was already on my feet. He missed and instead vaporized a little bush next to me. It took only a moment for me to jump to the left and shoot him.

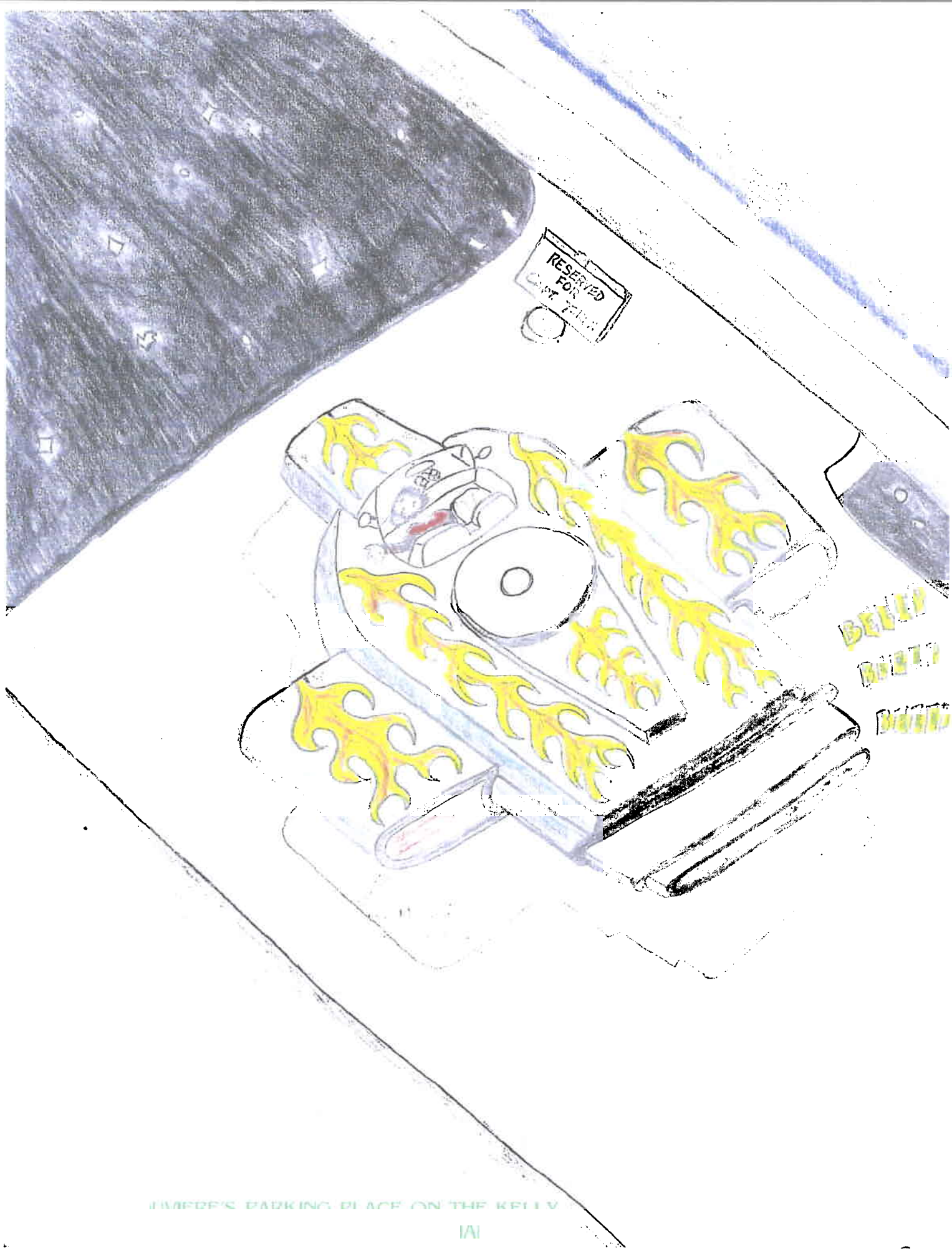
"Engage level 9," the computer initiated the next challenge level as I said those exciting words. I've never made it past level 9 by myself. Level nine involved three Jem'Hadar. The three of them came at me in a line. I ducked down behind the tree nearest me and shot at one of them. "Blast it," I said to my self silently as I missed. Now the Jem'Hadar were firing back. I took another pot shot at the one nearest me and hit him in his arm; he fell and didn't get up. The other two moved to aid their fallen comrade.

While they moved ever closely I fell back steadily and shot at them to keep them at bay. After a short exchange of fire I killed another of the Jem'Hadar. "The time is now 0530," the computer chimed in. The Jem'Hadar used this timely event to shoot me. I was dumbfounded; he hit me in the chest. "Game over," the computer said all too cheerfully. A little upset at the loss I headed back to my quarters to finish my morning routine before my shift.

ENTERPRISE

EPISODE GUIDE

<u>Title</u>	<u>Production #</u>	<u>Airdate</u>
SEASON ONE:		
Broken Bow	ENT 001	9/26/01
Fight or Flight	ENT 003	10/3/01
Strange New World	ENT 004	10/10/01
Unexpected	ENT 005	10/17/01
Terra Nova	ENT 006	10/24/01
The Andorian Incident	ENT 007	10/31/01
Breaking the Ice	ENT 008	11/7/01
Civilization	ENT 009	11/14/01
Fortunate Son	ENT 010	11/21/01
Cold Front	ENT 011	11/28/01
Silent Enemy	ENT 012	1/16/02
Dear Doctor	ENT 013	1/23/02
Sleeping Dogs	ENT 015	1/30/02
Shadows of P'Jem	ENT 014	2/6/02
Shuttlepod One	ENT 016	2/13/02
Fusion	ENT 017	2/27/02
Rogue Planet	ENT 018	3/20/02
Acquisition	ENT 019	3/27/02
Oasis	ENT 020	4/3/02



RESERVED FOR
CAPT. KELLY

BERRY
BERRY
BERRY

WIFE'S PARKING PLACE ON THE KELLY

WHAT HAS STAR TREK DONE FOR ME?

I was thinking the other day at all the twists and turns in my life. Everyone reaches a point where they examine where they are and how they got there and look at the things they could have done better, worse or just different. In exploring my current situation I looked at job history, family life, and hobbies. I came to realize a few things when I asked what was important.

Most people like to categorize other people. He's a jock, he's a Philadelphia fan, he's married with children, etc. They do this because they feel that by classifying them, they know where they fit in the 'pecking order' and know how to deal with them. In trying to classify myself, I found that I couldn't.

I like to play games. Computer, Role Playing, table-top miniatures, it doesn't matter, I like them all. I like to write, especially science fiction and have mentally created an entire sci-fi universe that I hope to share with you all shortly. I was President of the Chess and war games club in high school, member of the student council, and generally recognized by my peers. I like sports, playing and watching, I even took second place at the National Open Martial Arts tournament in 1985. I love my wife and two wonderful sons. I attend my local church. I have held nuclear weapons in the palms of my hands. I have 'killed' dozens of trained professionals during exercises at my job with the Department of Energy's Nuclear Weapons labs. (I once spent an entire night as a sentry to a nuclear weapon.)

All of these go into what make up Rex. I realized that I didn't fit neatly into any mold. I could get along with almost anyone, but could not be classified in any of the traditional groups. I was bright, but not really a 'brain'. I was strong, but not really a 'jock'. I didn't really fit into those groups. I am a misfit. Alone...



Alone...

I realized as I mentioned this to one of my friends though that this wasn't true. Ten years ago I met this daring group of flashy, brave and distinguished people. To my surprise they were fans of Science Fiction and Star Trek in particular. I cautiously spoke with one of them and she introduced me to her husband. I questioned him to death. After a two hour phone call with him I called up his Executive Officer and spent another two hours speaking with him.



The more I listened the more I realized that there are people out there just like me. Alone... except, they aren't alone and since I joined them, neither was I. I decided that this was something that I had to pursue. I had found a group that accepted me, despite my gargantuan appearance, offensive intelligence, and threatening good looks. (sarcasm, got to love it...) Regardless, they accepted me for what I was and what I had to offer. I went to an orientation meeting and I was hooked.

Since that time I have met dozens of actors, production people, and insiders from the various Star Trek shows. I have been a guest at several conventions myself. I have gone behind the scenes at Paramount Studios and seen where the magic takes place. I have my own Internet Star Trek talk show. I have come to the point where my list of contacts is so long and impressive it scares me sometimes.

I have however, reached the conclusion that despite all of those wonderful things that I have done, despite the stars that I have met and places that I have gone. If I had not found acceptance in that first smile from one random person in the Starship U.S.S. Kelly, it all would never have happened.

What has Star Trek done for me? It created a reason to bring together the most amazing group of people that I have ever met. It gave me a home.

It is my fervent desire that it continues to do so, for you...

Sincerely,
Rex Rouviere
AKA Capn T'Rex
www.starfleetcommunicator.com



Birthdays



April

- 03 Marie Hollinger
- 04 Rex Rouviere
- 07 Steve Ford
- 08 Pat Conrady
- 10 Jill Bogler
- 18 Russ Hallett
- 19 Vicki Rouviere
- 25 Ruth Burns
- 29 Fred Provoncha



- 01 Mike McCreight
- 10 Jason Hansen
- 24 George Bogler
- 24 Sam Hollinger (3)
- 26 Dennis & Rhonda Hollinger Anniversary
- 27 Dawn & Rob Woods Anniversary
- 30 Dawn Woods
- 31 Bart Holfeltz



June

- 21 Mellanie Ramos



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The Kelly Communique welcomes articles, stories, and art from all crewmembers. Submissions for the Summer 2002 Edition are due

June 1

NO EXCEPTIONS

IMPORTANT DATES:

- Apr 01 Grace Lee Whitney's Birthday
- Apr 07 Daylight Savings Time Begins
- Apr 06-07 LDS General Conference
- Apr 12 SOM
- Apr 13 Kite & Rocket Activity
- Apr 19-21 Starfest (Denver)
- Apr 20 George Takei's Birthday
- Apr 22 Ancestors' Eve (No Activity)
- Apr 29 Kate Mulgrew's Birthday
- May 01 Marc Alaimo's Birthday
- May 10 SOM
- May 12 Mothers' Day
- May 16 Star Wars Episode II Premiere
- May 20 John Billingley's Birthday
- May 24-26 CONduit (Official Activity)
- May 27 Memorial Day
- May 30 Colm Meany's Birthday
- Jun 01 Rene Auberjonois' Birthday
- Jun 14 SOM
- Jun 16 Fathers' Day
- Jun 22 Tim Russ' Birthday
- Jun 29 Kelly Activity (Tentative)

If anyone knows the birthdays of the stars of ENTERPRISE, please let the Command Staff know.

Starfleet Communicator
www.starfleetcommunicator.com

CONduit fashion show sewing/fitting session every 1st & 3rd Sat through May. All sessions 3pm at Ruth's unless notified.