

# KNIGHTLY NEWS

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## SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Published bimonthly
- Fascinating stories from our very own crew!
- Delightful recipes to tease any tastebuds
- Lots more to come—participate in the fun—submit an article!

## READY ROOM

By Capt Jessica Stratton

Greetings from the center seat, this is Captain Jessica Stratton, commanding officer of the USS Saint George. I am please to welcome you to the second edition of 'Knightly News'.

Our ship is a correspondence chapter and this means that we do not have meetings. We do how ever have a great web site, <http://www.geocities.com/stg63541/> and also an email list. Please feel free to email me directly if you have any questions (Jessica.stratton@yahoo.com)

I hope you enjoy your tour through cyber space with the crew of the USS Saint George.

CO Jess

## SHIP SERVICES

By Ensign Kara Doddema

It has been quite a challenge getting supplies of the favorite Earth drink "coca cola." There are so many different varieties that the replicators can't get the right carbonation into the pop or "soda" as some call it. The Ferengi, again, have been gracious enough to help with this endeavor; they drive a hard bargain but I'm not Ship's Services for nothing!! Because we are trying to boost morale this month, there have been a lot of grand functions and you know who to contact if there's anything you require—I'm your gal! It's good to know that we are taking the time for relaxation and getting to know each other better since we're out here exploring the undiscovered star systems far from home. Thanks to this recent boost of comaraderie my work load has doubled but with glad hearts and smiling faces it makes my work worth while. So I wanted to personally thank all of you who were patient and understanding while waiting for their supplies. I'd like to make a toast so get out your cups and raise your glasses "To another good month my fellow comrades and to the captain who guides us along the right paths and to the fine crew we have aboard the U.S.S Saint George."



## XO'S COLUMN

By Lt. Cmdr. Tom Schulte, XO

This is the XO's column for the Knightly News, in which I'll hold forth on topics that interest me and that are hopefully related in some way to the USS Saint George and STARFLEET.

One of the hardest parts of writing is to get started. A trick I've remembered from the days when I thought I was going to be the next Clark Kent (sorry 'bout that, Bernard) is to just start writing whatever comes to your mind. You can edit it later but this way you have something written down.



THE RIGHT HAND PERSON OF THE CAPTAIN.

### JOB DESCRIPTIONS

In the last issue of the Knightly News, I had an article that listed the jobs onboard the Saint George with the request that department heads follow up with additional information or corrections. As usual, I've had almost no response. By the same token, I've not been able to get myself to enlarge upon the XO duties section. Maybe I'll have to email people personally.

The XO's duties are to track crew promotion points, and let the CO know who's been doing what. Also work with the CO to keep the crew happy and the ship running smoothly. Other duties may include, but are not limited to: proof-reading, 'volunteering' to help at events the StG participate in, being present at the Region Six Summit, Conference and other regional/fleet events as mundane life and finances allow, reminding the CO to do the MSR's as needed.

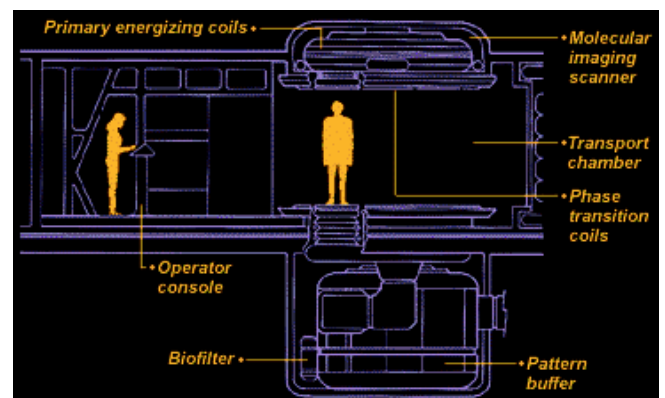
### PARTICIPATION

Since we are a correy group, our only meetings are online. We've got quite a few avenues available—the Saint George Bulletin Board, the Yahoo forums as well as email. Communication is the lifeblood of any club, so you can always expect to see occasional pushes to increase your communications. Lt. Schulte and Ens Pechman have worked on the project as well as the CO and XO with mixed results. If anyone has any suggestions, please post them.

Ens Joanna wrote a good item on the Yahoo board giving her reasons for not posting a lot. That's really good. Now we know she's interested but has a life. That'd be nice if everyone did that.

Another thing I've noticed about cyber conversations is that time is irrelevant. One time a message goes through quickly, other times it takes days or just plain gets lost. I really haven't found a good way to deal with that, other than to assume it was ignored and have found out that's not always the case.

I guess that does it for this month. Initiate Transporter!



FOLLOW UP WITH XO REGARDING  
JOB DESCRIPTIONS MENTIONED IN  
PREVIOUS ISSUE OF THE  
"KNIGHTLY NEWS"

## UNTITLED

By Capt Jessica Stratton

(This story takes place after the incidents in Star Trek Nemesis)

Prologue...

The warm salty sea air and sunshine caressed her skin as she rolled over onto her stomach. She brushed sand off her beach towel and pointed to the empty drink next to her. The handsome scantily clad, muscular young male cabana boy removed the empty glass and replaced it with a fresh pina colada. Not a word was spoken the woman buried her face in her arm and sighed contentedly, "...this is the life." She thought.

Beep-beep.

She frowned and tried to ignore the noise, burying her face deeper into her arm, it was futile.

Beep-beep.

With a groan she rolled over in her bed, the dream fading as she sat up and rubbed the sleep out of her eyes.

Beep-beep.

She tapped a button on her nightstand, "Stratton here." She said briskly, hoping she didn't sound as tired as she felt.

"Captain, you have an incoming priority message from Starfleet command," said the excited young voice on the other side of the channel.

"Only an ensign would be excited about waking the captain up at 0500," she thought with an amused shake of her head. "Put it through to my quarters, ensign." She said aloud, walking to the replicator. "Coffee," she paused to yawn, "...extra cream, extra sugar". Her beverage appeared, taking the steaming mug she sipped the hot liquid cautiously and sat behind her desk, pressing a button the comm channel opened with the Starfleet logo. Moments later her old academy friend, Vice Admiral Michael Urvand appeared on the screen.

"Mike!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Jess, sorry to wake you," he apologized. "The Empress Qapmoc on G'Niniart II is dying and they need a Starfleet officer to mediate between the two feuding Royal houses until she can declare a successor. The Saint George is the closest ship, I'm sending you the rest of the information now."

"I thought the G'Ninarians had been refused membership to the Federation for their use of slaves?" she asked.

"They have, but with the end of the old regime will come social reforms. We want to give the new leadership our full support and show them the benefits of the Federation."

"...and to have a base so close to Romulan space isn't going to hurt us either," she said with a smirk.

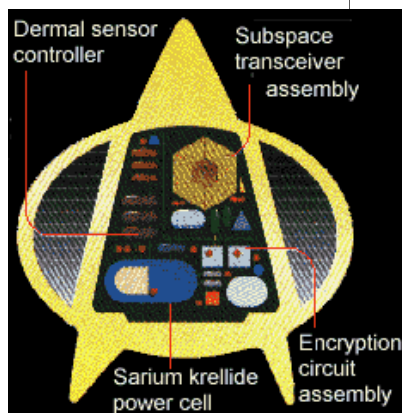
"Exactly. We also expect to have the Romulans send a delegation, as well as the Independent Ferengi Trade Coalition."

"Sounds like it should be an exciting party."

"Good luck Jess. Urvand out."

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN TWO PERSONAL COMMUNICATORS IS LIMITED TO APPROXIMATELY 500 KM, STARSHIP'S COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS ARE ABLE TO ENHANCE SIGNALS, GIVING A GROUND TO SHIP RANGE OF APPROXIMATELY 75,000 KM.

-TAKEN FROM WWW.CC0UMP.ORG



## DIARY OF A MAD SCIENCE OFFICER

Before CPO Pechman started studying for her OTS exam, she was *encouraged* by the Executive Officer to keep a log of her experiences. What follows is that log, written in Jay's inimitable style.

Diary of a Mad Science Officer

### Day 1

The realization hits. What the hell happened to the first week of November? Tomorrow's the 10th! I made a commitment to somebody on the ship to take my OTL exam by the 27th. Where's the book? Maybe it's the OBT exam by the 23rd. Somewhere in my quarters is a big, fat manual I'm supposed to read. Where did I put that thing? Wait, there it is! Oh my god, it's huge! Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of pages, pages, pages..... Wine, I need wine.

### Day 2

There are ten points of the Starfleet Officer's Code of Conduct. I think I piss fellow crewmembers off when I do #4. I should probably be shot for transposing #9. Honestly, I thought I should criticize first and praise last. I was overjoyed to read that "Military style court martial proceedings are strongly discouraged..." as I'm sure I would be up for one ASAP. There is an Archivist in the Admiralty Board. Where does the Anarchist live? What is the difference between a VRR and a JAG? Isn't one a TV show? I'm so glad I don't have to take this OCP test for 3 months! Maybe by then I'll have this all figured out. The stress, THE STRESS!

### Day 3

Fun With Ranks and Grades: Studied this stuff today (while sitting at stoplights) and concluded it's as clear as a blood wine. Was I ever a Crewman Apprentice? Somehow I leaped over Petty Officer Third, Second, and First Class directly to Chief. If I were a Marine I would be a Gunnery Sergeant! In fact the Ground Forces names are way cooler than the Naval Forces. My favorites are Lance Corporal (sounds so piercing) and Major General (I started humming Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates of Penzance). Shouldn't there be a Minor General somewhere? And Ensign sounds a lot more important to me than Lieutenant so I was surprised to discover that ENSs are under LTNs. If my OBR exam isn't open book I'm in deep \*&\$%@! Thank god I have 4 more months to study!

P.S. My personal household veteran (PHV) is having way too much fun humiliating me over my pending OFX exam. Said PHV is enthused that if I actually pass said exam I may cease pestering with military jargon and rank questions.

### Day 4

The stress mounts. I woke up in the middle of the night tossing and turning with Election Timetable dates pounding in my head. Is August 1st when the "Results are announced in the Communiqué" or is it July 16th? Something happens on November 20th, but what? WHAT? My mind is numb. Arggh! I logged onto the Starfleet Academy and officially registered for the exam. Now there is no turning back, or is there?? What happens if I flunk. Will this be posted on all the lists and will the Communications Officer announce it ship wide? I believe I need to pursue a transfer to another ship. There must be somewhere in Starfleet I can go without a Schulte brother nagging me to take tests and clip coupons. My life is no longer my own. . . . someone H-E-L-P meeeeeeee.

### Day 5

Well I've had it! All week long I've read about Command Status Reports, Designation Limitations, and Supervision of Election Processes. I've walked, breathed and eaten VCSs, IGs, O-6s, and ECs. If I ever meet a live CO, MAJ, or XO I cannot be held responsible for my actions – it will not be pleasant. Although I have more than 6 months to take the OTS exam I just can't wait any longer. I've decided that this weekend I will take the test! Either I will pass and carry the flaming torch of Starfleet onward, or I will fail and tailspin into the murky, lurid abyss of failure. I cannot endure the assiduous torment thrust upon me by my command officers. I am running out of adjectives to describe my pain and anguish. One way or another, the end is near.....

### Day 6 - The Exam

I arrived at the testing station at 0758. They had to run my palm scan twice because my palms were sweating so. I was

(Continued on page 5)

## ANSWERS TO THE STARFLEET ACADEMY ENTRANCE EXAM

Well, here are the answers for the entrance exam. I was hoping for more conversation but all is well. I'm not going to take the time to write out the questions again. For those that are interested just refer to the previous issue on this same page for the questions to follow along. If crewman are interested, I'll do more of these sort of things.

Answer Key:

1 B

2. A

3. B

4. B (That's the best explanation)

5. D (A trick question; tribbles are born pregnant, so two newborns that are not pregnant are either sterile or an impossibility. Otherwise, the correct answer would be C.)

Taken from Star Trek: Starfleet Academy #6

Again, if interested in more of these quizzes, please contact me using either personal email at [clarkkent93@yahoo.com](mailto:clarkkent93@yahoo.com) or use the Yahoo Forum/ St George Message Board.

See you in May!

### CALENDAR

03.03.04 JAMES DOOHAN  
(SCOTTY)

03.05.04 JOLENE BLALOCK (T'POL)

03.10.04 J.G. HERTZLER (MARTOK)

03.19.04 CONNOR TRINNEER (TRIP)

03.20.04 JOHN DE LANCIE (Q)

03.22.04 WILLIAM SHATNER  
(KIRK)

03.26.04 LEONARD NIMOY (SPOCK)

03.29.04 MARINA SIRTIS (DEANNA  
TROI)

04.01.04 GRACE LEE WHITNEY  
(RAND)

04.20.04 GEORGE TAKEI (SULU)

04.29.04 KATE MULGREW  
(JANEWAY)

## DIARY OF A MAD SCIENCE OFFICER CONT

(Continued from page 4)

stripped of my tricorder, communications disk, and most horribly, my biophysics subroutine calculator. I felt naked as I walked into the exam room at 0800 and positioned myself at a computer terminal between a Troglyte and a Denobulan. The OTS examiner arrived, abruptly announced the rules, and informed us that we would be allowed only one pee break and must be accompanied by a monitor. I CAN'T pee if someone is watching so I'll just have to hold it. The examiner released the exam codes and the questions appeared on the screen. I struggled for four agonizing hours with dastardly multiple-choice questions and arduous, trick true/false problems. I was stunned to find no essay questions on the exam. I had been looking forward to using my huge stash of big words to reflect my grasp of the voluminous and complex subject matter. The Denobulan walked out with an ear-to-ear grin after only 1.75 hours. I was the last to leave. Sweat-drenched I staggered from the room. There is no way I could have passed this exam. Surely I will have to leave STARFLEET.

### Day 7 – The Reward

Received word that I passed the OTS exam today along with a neat certificate. I'm going to have to start a collection of these. This test was sooooo easy I could have taken it with both hands tied behind my back, blindfolded, and a phaser pointed at my head. I do not understand why the XO made such a big deal out of this. He made me think that I'd have to study for over a year and that only 10% of takers passed the first time. He even told me to "hit the deck" (which would have really ticked off the Chief Engineer) and "to give him 20". Just where did he think I, a mere CPO, was going to get 20 bars of latinum? Clearly, this was an extortion attempt. Well I showed him! I took the test and passed the first time and didn't even break a sweat doing it. Geeesh!

## THE NAME GAME

By Ensign JoAnna Wahlund

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Note: this story is slightly A/U (alternate universe), written under the assumption that Tom and B'Elanna did not find out the gender of their baby in the episode "Lineage." This story takes place shortly before the events of the season 7 episode "Human Error."

The Name Game – a dialogue only story  
By Ensign JoAnna Wahlund

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"Ow! Stop that!"

"Uh – B'Elanna, is something wrong?"

"I think your daughter has decided to play jump rope with her umbilical cord. She's kicking kind of hard -- ow!"

"My son, you mean."

"Whatever. Are you going to get something to eat?"

"I don't know. Does Neelix have something edible today?"

"Actually, this meatloaf's pretty good -- at least, I think it's meatloaf. I could be wrong."

"I think I'll pass."

"Suit yourself. I couldn't get here fast enough after my shift. I was starving."

"You're *\*always\** starving."

"Shut up, Paris. I'm eating for two, remember?"

"The way you eat, it's more like six."

"Bite me, Helmboy."

"I will...tonight."

"Get that smirk off of your face. The way you tease me you're lucky I'm letting you sleep in our quarters. I *\*could\** make you sleep in Sickbay."

"Speaking of Sickbay, the Doc wants to know if we've picked out names yet."

"What did you tell him?"

"Bertha or Elmer."

"Thomas Eugene Paris -- "

"Well, actually, I told him we're still trying to decide."

"When *\*are\** we going to decide?"

(Continued on page 7)

## NAME GAME CONT.

*(Continued from page 6)*

"Oh, we have plenty of time."

"Three months isn't that far away, you know. I think we should discuss it."

"Okay. Any ideas?"

"No, not really. How about you?"

"No...hey, Harry!"

"Yeah?"

"We're trying to think of names for the baby. Any suggestions?"

"Um...well, if it's a boy you could call him Harry."

"Nice try, Harry, but the thought of you as a role model for my son is frightening."

"Ha, ha. Very funny, Tom. Well, try a variation, then. Like Harold, or Harris, or -- "

"Seven of Nine to Ensign Kim. Please report to the Astrometrics Lab."

"On my way, Seven." \*pause\* "Gotta go. See you later."

"Bye, Harry -- B'Elanna, what's so funny?"

"Do you think he was serious? Harris Paris?"

\*snort\* "Yeah, and if it's a girl we could call her Maris. Then if we had twins we'd have Harris and Maris Paris."

"And Harry would have a daughter and call her Kim. Then there'd be Harris Paris and Kim Kim."

"Hello, B'Elanna! How's the little one?"

"Hi, Neelix. She's just fine, thanks."

"How's the pot roast?"

"Pot roast? Oh...it's, um, fine."

"Can I get you anything? More tea? A piece of fruit?"

"No, I'm fine. Thanks anyway, though."

"If you need anything, just give me a call. I'll be in the kitchen."

"I will. Bye."

"B'Elanna...what about Neelix?"

"What about him?"

"If he ever has kids, what do you think he'd name them?"

"Oh, that's easy. He'd have a girl and a boy, and name them Leola and Root."

"Ugh. If that happened we'd never be able to insult Leola Root because we'd hurt someone's feelings."

*(Continued on page 8)*

## SENIOR STAFF

CO: JESSICA STRATTON  
 XO: TOM SCHULTE  
 CMO: WENDY URYAND  
 SCI: JAY PECHMAN  
 ENG: KEN OZIAH  
 TAC: WADE WANTOCH  
 OPS: TOM WEBSTER  
 COM: BERNARD DODDEMA JR  
 SERVICES: KARA DODDEMA

IF YOU'RE MISSING FROM THIS  
 LIST, PLEASE NOTIFY ME AS  
 WELL AS CAPT. STRATTON.

## NAME GAME CONT.

*(Continued from page 7)*

"Can you imagine if Seven ever had triplets? She'd call them Eight, Nine, and Ten."

"B'Elanna, I think you've had a little too much pot roast."

\*chuckle\* "Oh, come on. Give me another person. This is kind of fun."

"Okay...Tuvok."

"He \*has\* four kids, and they all have weird Vulcan names. Someone else."

"The Doctor."

"Tom, he's a hologram."

"Hypothetically, then. If the Doc had kids, what would he name them?"

"He can't even pick a name for himself. What makes you think he'd be able to name children?"

"True. Okay, here's a challenge: Captain Janeway."

"Captain Janeway...hmmm. Let's see...oh, I know. Jane Faye for a girl, and Kane Ray for a boy."

"Jane Faye and Kane Ray Janeway. Hey, that's great!"

"Actually, Mr. Paris, I've always liked the name Elizabeth."

\*pause\*

"Uh...Captain. Hi. We, um, didn't see you standing there." \*cough\* "We're just...um..."

"Discussing names for my children, I see."

"Yeah...well...it's, um, -- "

"Tuvok to Janeway. Captain, could you come to the bridge?"

"On my way, Tuvok." \*pause\* "I'll talk to you two later."

"Whew...saved by the commbadge."

"I'll say...okay, give me someone else."

"B'Elanna, aren't you tired of this \*yet\*?"

"No."

"Okay...I'm gonna make this harder. How about...Chakotay."

"Chakotay...let's see." \*long pause\* "I think you've stumped me. I have no idea."

"Why don't you ask him? He just walked in."

"Okay, I will. Chakotay!"

*(Continued on page 9)*



## NAME GAME CONT.

(Continued from page 8)

"B'Elanna, I was just kiddi -- "

"Yes, B'Elanna, what can I do for you?"

"I have a question to ask you."

"Okay, shoot."

"Hypothetically, if you had a son, what would you name him?"

"Bubba."

\*stunned silence\*

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get to the bridge."

\*long pause\*

"You...don't think he was serious, do you, B'Elanna?"

"Well, he \*looked\* serious."

\*pause\*

"Um, B'Elanna, if we have a boy..."

"No, Tom. Absolutely not."

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The End

## STARFLEET GENERAL ORDERS-1ST 3

### General Order 1--The Prime Directive

As the right of each sentient species to live in accordance with its normal cultural evolution is considered sacred, no Starfleet personnel may interfere with the normal and healthy development of alien life and culture. Such interference includes introducing superior knowledge, strength, or technology to a world whose society is incapable of handling such advantages wisely. Starfleet personnel may not violate this Prime Directive, even to save their lives and/or their ship, unless they are acting to right an earlier violation or an accidental contamination of said culture. This directive takes precedence over any and all other considerations, and carries with it the highest moral obligation.

### General Order 2

No Starfleet personnel shall unnecessarily use force, either collectively or individually, against members of the United Federation of Planets, their duly authorized representatives, spokespersons, or designated leaders, or members of any sentient non-member race, for any reason whatsoever.

### General Order 3

The sovereignty of each Federation member being respected in all things, Starfleet personnel shall observe any and all statutes, laws, ordinances, and rules of governance currently in effect within the jurisdiction of a member planet. Violators of such ordinances will be subject to such punishments or corrections as shall be determined by local governmental bodies.

U.S.S. SAINT GEORGE  
NCC-63541

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[HTTP://USSSTGEORGE.PROBOARDS12.COM/INDEX.CGI](http://USSSTGEORGE.PROBOARDS12.COM/INDEX.CGI)

EMAIL: [ST663541@YAHOO.COM](mailto:ST663541@YAHOO.COM)



WE'RE ON THE WEB:  
[WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/ST663541/](http://WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/ST663541/)



ANIMO ET FIDE, VIRES ET  
HONESTAS

CADET'S UNIFORM



The USS Saint George NCC-63541 is a correspondence chapter for STARFLEET INTERNATIONAL, a Star Trek fan club. A 'Correy' Chapter does all of its discussion on-line, so there is no need for pesky ship dues or taking up copious amounts of free time going to boring meetings. The most you would need to spend is for your STARFLEET membership package. Our ship is an 'Akira-Class' Battlecruiser. For more information, please check out our web page <http://www.geocities.com/stg63541/> or email the captain at [stg63541@yahoo.com](mailto:stg63541@yahoo.com) . See you in cyberspace!!!! :-)



USS SAINT GEORGE DISPATCHING PEREGRINE FIGHTER WING DURING DOMINION WAR