



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 1, Issue 1

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January 2013

Words of Welcome to Esprit Starbase from your VC, COL Drego Tensa

Your starbase commander, Major General J. Tanner, and I bid you welcome to **Esprit Starbase**. **ESB** is the finest outpost in the galaxy! Our remote location here in the Beta Quadrant, virtually within walking distance of the Delta Quadrant, is by choice and to our advantage. We may seem isolated and alone here but we get plenty of traffic from both quadrants. While some of the visitors to our station are friendly and free to roam, others need to be kept on a tight leash. Every creature is welcome here until he, she or it misbehaves. Our brig has plenty of room.

The major general chose this locale because it's so... shall we say...interesting. Our quarters are Spartan but that's who we are. We volunteered for this post. We're **MACO** and we're tough. Are we tough because we're **MACO**? No! We're **MACO** because we're tough!

There's much to see and do here. There are forums to read and respond to, or you may create one of your own. There is a lounge (shout box) where you may chat over snacks and coffee, or tea. There are crew assignments, jobs as it were, and more than enough to go around. You veterans have already established and secured your MOSs (Military Occupation Specialties). Those of you who are new may seek a position once you have attained the rank of 1st lieutenant (captain for ESB Security). No MOS is necessary though. You can still rise to the rank of captain. So make your selves at home, get your Beta Quadrant space legs, and prepare to have a great time!

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Whence Esprit Starbase by COL Drego Tensa & LTC Karen Welkin

The M.A.C.O. Forces are renowned far and wide for their heroic exploits throughout the Delphic Expanse during the joint ventures they shared with Starfleet aboard the USS Enterprise. But what else do we know about them?

Legend has it that a contingent of MACOs on a routine recon patrol uncovered a remote space station while scanning the outskirts of the Beta Quadrant. There, within a hair's breadth of the Delta Quadrant, lay a forgotten but recognizable Federation outpost. Hoping for a little R and R after a prolonged and tiring mission, they hailed the outpost. The response was not what they had bargained for.

As the story goes, a cluster of alien vessels set out from the space station, assumed an attack formation and began firing. The MACOs polarized their hull plating right away and took evasive maneuvers. Nevertheless, their cruiser sustained moderate damage before the crew was able to reply. Recovering quickly, they focused their firepower on a single target. They crippled the lead off-ending ship and slipped through the enemy line.

Within transporter range now, several troopers volunteered to beam aboard the station. The go-ahead given, the intrepid MACOs immediately found themselves outnumbered by a well-armed weasel-like species. However, the element of surprise combined with the familiar layout of the place gave them clear advantage. After a brief but harsh skirmish, the MACOs motioned for the remaining combatants to drop their weapons. Those that continued firing were "stunned" for their efforts. Within minutes, the rest had surrendered. The victors then gained control of the station's defenses and soon neutralized the threat from the alien flotilla.

Soundly defeated, the Ferrets, as the MACOs had dubbed them, all vanished into the Delta Quadrant, never to be seen or heard from again. Except for this fabled encounter, their existence might never have been known.

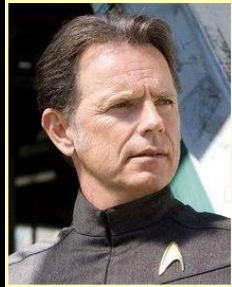
A subsequent search of the station yielded a lone Federation survivor. Logan Kale, a mysterious futuristic fellow who spoke little, chose to remain on board.

Closed down for a time but no longer forgotten, the solitary outpost was reactivated after Major General J. Tanner recognized its potential and assumed command. The station was named in honor of its liberators' esprit de corps. Now, **Esprit Starbase** is *our* home!

Officer Profile

COL Marshall T. Crockett
Senior Officer Emeritus

Interviewed by COL Y'Wanna



Name: Marshall T. Crockett

Age: 36

Position on the Starbase: Senior Staff Consultant

Location: Las Vegas, Nevada, USA

Hobbies: baseball, golfing, writing fiction, poetry.

Enjoys: acting, watching movies, serving in the USAF

Hates: beets, cranberry sauce and misspellings.

Guilty Pleasures: Cheesecake.

First Encountered Star Trek: 1982, watched STII at a friend's house...was totally hooked.

Other interesting facts: I'm a 14-year veteran of the US Air force and have served in 7 countries.

COL Y'Wanna: How did you and Star Trek meet?

COL Crockett: When I was 6, watched the Wrath of Khan at a friend's house and it was an outstanding movie. I made it a point to watch as much Star Trek as I could. When TNG came out in 1987 I was intrigued by Worf. It sort of went counter to what I had grown up with in the Star Trek universe.

COL Y'Wanna: Which is the most valuable thing you've learned from Star Trek?

COL Crockett: That really ANYTHING is possible...and Roddenberry thought of it all first.

COL Y'Wanna: What is your favorite Star Trek race and why?

COL Crockett: Klingons. Because they basically ROCK!

COL Y'Wanna: Any plans for the future you wish to share with us?

COL Crockett: Aside from retiring from active duty...nope.

COL Y'Wanna: What things do you like and dislike about yourself and other people?

COL Crockett: I don't like continually fighting my weight. But my wife is such a good cook, I deal with it. When it comes to others, I just don't like those who would tear our country apart from the inside out.

COL Y'Wanna: What do you like most about Esprit Starbase??

COL Crockett: The uniqueness. Nothing like it on the Internet.

COL Y'Wanna: If someone wanted to join ESB Recreations what sort of person would you recommend?

COL Crockett: Creative, motivated, self-starting people who will add value to the department. They must be sure they want to do this; they will be held to task every day.

COL Y'Wanna: What words of wisdom to you have for new members of ESB that would help them get integrated?

COL Crockett: Spend your first month getting really well acquainted with the base. Post regularly and learn the ropes. Then apply for department service. Take a leadership position. Transfer departments, gain breadth and be creative. ESB is always looking for solid leaders and the next ESB commander may be a 2nd lieutenant today.

COL Y'Wanna: Thank you for your time, **COL Crockett.** Live long and prosper!

Members' Haiku Poetry

Inner confusion
The injured mind doubts itself
Though there are four lights!

(inspired by TNG ep.
Chains of Command)



An emotion chip
Longing for humanity-
An android's hope...

Now and forever
The Starfleet ship Enterprise
Will live on in our hearts

To fly faster than
A Tribble can reproduce-
Tribbelocity...

Starship Enterprise
Into the great void it went
On another trek

In a galaxy
Not so far far away- a
Lost ship-Voyager...

The final frontier -
Last hope of humanity -
Lies within our dreams...

Star Ship Enterprise
Bravely trekking through the
stars
Where no one has gone

A sad tribble in
The shadow of a warbird-
Klingon depression.

The troubled tribble
Pondered in desperation
The best solution.

Bones- ship physician
Ill at ease in outer space,
He's a doc, not a

Outer space awaits.
A ship, by name, Enterprise
Heads into the void.

Spot-a ball of fur
and an indifferent "meow"
melting Data's heart....

Starfleet's Green Alert

By LTC Logan Kale

You've heard the alerts being called on starships and space stations. Federation wide alerts have even been called. But what is an alert and what happens in the background when an alert is called? In this and subsequent articles, each of the most common and not so common major alerts used by the Federation will be examined.

Condition Green – This usually ongoing condition is for all good and normal activity. Everyone goes about their daily routine. But in the early years of the Federation a Condition Green was used if the away team was communicating to the ship under duress. Usually it meant that an away team was compromised but not in immediate danger. This alert was a prearranged code on the Original USS Enterprise and was used on other starships as well. During Condition Green, alert light and sound alarms are not utilized.*

Preparation of specific systems on the Enterprise-D include:

- Level 4 automated diagnostic series are to be run on all ship's primary and tactical systems at the beginning of each shift. Key systems may require more frequent diagnostics per specific operational and safety rules.*
- At least one major power system is to remain operational at all times, and at least one additional power system is to be maintained in standby mode.*
- Long range navigational sensors are to be active if the ship is traveling at warp speed. Lateral and forward sensor arrays are to be maintained at ready status, although these instruments can be made available for secondary mission use at the discretion of the Operations Officer.*
- Navigational deflectors are to be active as needed for the protection of the spacecraft from unanticipated debris or drag from the interstellar medium.*
- At least 40% of phaser bank elements and one photon launcher are to be maintained at cold standby status, available for activation on two minutes' notice.*
- One shuttle bay is to be maintained at launch readiness with at least one shuttle vehicle maintained at launch minus five minutes status.* ♦

*Sources: Star Trek Freedom's Wiki; Memory Alpha

A Nugget from LTC Logan Kale:

Did you know that the transporter floor discs in The Original Series were reused as the ceiling discs of the transporters in TNG and Voyager?

Episode Review

"TIMELESS"

Voyager: Season 5, Episode 6

By LTC Karen Welkin

Takara sector, Alpha Quadrant's doorstep. Aluminium clothed humanoids (giant baked potatoes?) find Voyager and her crew underneath a thick layer of ice, fifteen years after they crashed - and died - from a slipstream miscalculation made by Ensign Harry Kim. Only Harry and Chakotay made it home. Harry feels guilty and tries to redeem himself by altering the past.

Back in that past, Voyager's crew celebrate their new quantum slipstream drive. Neelix offers B'Elanna his good luck charm, a Talaxian fur fly. Tuvok replies: "You are an unending source of astonishment." Well... The enormous fly made them crash anyways!

To save their friends, Harry, Chakotay and his lover, Tessa, become Federation traitors by stealing the Delta Flyer and a temporal transmitter salvaged from a Borg cube. They used Seven's implants (very handy, those Borg!) to alert her past self with new coordinates... that didn't work! Good plot! After fifteen years of thinking, the plan doesn't work!

Then, a poignant moment where the EMH sacrifices himself to give Harry the means to send another message, right before the Delta Flyer explodes, as Captain Geordi La Forge watches, powerless, aboard the USS Challenger. I cried. Still did when Janeway gave Ensign Kim the log entry from Harry Kim... to Harry Kim.



Harry Kim receives a message from...
a future Harry Kim

Guest Fiction

OFFICER AT LARGE – 03

Drones on Patrol

by: Captain Marshall Crockett of Starfleet

Dateline, Ryzax VII; a class-M planet, by Federation standards, that is not interested in becoming part of the Federation, Romulan Empire, Klingon Empire or any other larger organization that does not directly serve its main global interest: isolationism. Therefore, I absolutely had to check it out.

I was barely able to book passage on a small freighter that claimed to be an "antiquities" vessel...which to me sounded less than honest...but for 800 credits they simply couldn't pass me up! I guess business is not so good these days...in antiquities. So, with my satchel and a little bit of pocket change I headed for Ryzax VII.

The Freighter was, as I expected, stopped shortly after takeoff, inspected and surprisingly let go by Federation authorities. While the antiquities business may not be good...it certainly is creative!

"Now entering the orbit of Ryzax VII...buckle up! Of course, it brought a small smile to my face since the ride so far had been anything other than smooth! Nevertheless, I strapped myself in and prepared for descent.

The next few minutes were very harrowing. Not only did we dip and dive, churn and burn and get tossed to and fro, but we also found ourselves in the middle of a formation of aircraft. The freighter was surrounded and the aircraft were like nothing I had ever seen before. The shape was very triangular but there were no canopies, external engine outlets, or landing gear. It was almost as if we were surrounded by arrowheads that moved at three times the speed of sound. I made a small notation in my notebook and held on as the pilot of our freighter attempted to lost our 'escorts' through the tall peaks on the planet's surface.

There were at least four aircraft that I could tell...at least there were four aircraft that the pilot told me he was trying to 'lose.' After a few minutes of dodging our aggressors, I was called to the bridge. There was one open seat next to the pilot and I was asked to sit there. "I'm not a pilot," I told the captain. "No problem," he said with a smirk. "I'm not much of one either!"

The canyon walls seemed to get taller and taller the farther we flew. Then I looked down and realized

the river below was getting wider and wider. Those two facets together could only mean one thing...we were losing altitude. As we dived closer and closer to the river below, the aggressors stood firm and right on our tail. Just when I thought our freighter would be transformed into a makeshift submarine, the captain and I pulled with all our might on the yolks in front of us. The rickety vessel lurched forward and upward, leaving hundred foot tail sprays of water behind us as we avoided the river. Two of our attackers were not so lucky. We reduced our following by half when two of the airplanes crashed into the shallow river and exploded.

"Ha, two down and two to go," the captain said as he zipped back toward the sky.

"What are those things?" I asked. "Sure don't seem normal."

"Computer," the captain said. "Analyze attacking aircraft."

"The aircraft are of the origin, Ryzaxi. Approximate length, 22.3 meters; wingspan, 12.9 meters; maximum speed 3.3 mach, crew compliment zero."

"Zero, the captain said. "Like a ghost ship?"

"A drone," the computer replied. Armament is approximately twice that of a Federation scout ship."

And, as if almost on cue, two blasts ripped past our bow on the starboard side, detonating on the mountain in front of us and sending rubble cascading into the river below. As the phase blasts continued, our communicator beeped. Without even answering it, an image appeared.

"You are trespassing in Ryzaxian airspace. This is your final warning. Your weapons are no match for us and if you resist, the next shots will not intentionally miss."

As much as I wanted to actually meet someone on the planet to discuss the philosophies of the isolationist theory, I think I got my answer in the form of a practical demonstration. So, in light of this, we decided to continue out of the Ryzax atmosphere and out of the system.

So many more things to see and places to go.
~mtc. ♦



Antiquities Freighter

Fiction

All for One

by LTC Karen Welkin

The damaged shuttle set down hard on the planet's surface amid dense foliage. Of the four on board, three were injured, one seriously. "Report," barked the injured team leader.

"Sir, we're in some sort of magnetic well, impervious to outside sensors. We're lost, sir!" dramatized Ensign Nog, falling prey to his innate sense of tragedy.

"Not quite Ensign," shivered Lieutenant Ezri Dax. "Before entering the atmosphere, I modified the engines to emit a tachyon particle trail."

Benjamin Sisko, a streak of blood running down his forehead, carefully rose from the ground amid the loose panels and dangling structural beams of the shuttle's cabin. "Good job Dax," he complimented, steadying himself against the bulkhead. "Along with the residual particles left by the Jem'Hadar's phased polaron beams, it's just a matter of time before they find us."

Benjamin negotiated his way up to Ezri. "How are you old friend?" he inquired, crouching beside her.

"I've been better Benjamin," she quivered. "Think I'm losing a lot of blood. Can't stop trembling."

"We're gonna get through this," he whispered before turning his head in Nog's direction. "Nog! Have a look at the Chief!" he commanded.

"Already on it Sir!" replied the young Ferengi, bending over an unconscious Miles O'Brien at the front end of the vessel.

An electrical ark crackled over the navigation controls, terrorizing the already fidgety ensign. His arms fanned out as he yelled.

"Arrrrrghh!" moaned Chief O'Brien, getting back to his senses. "What's all this commotion?"

As Nog was explaining the situation to Miles, Sisko was examining Ezri's condition.

"I won't lie to you Dax. It's serious," he notified. "You have multiple plasma burns on your legs from a ruptured EPS conduit and fragments of that conduit cut through your skin."

"I understand Ben. You need to go. Now!"

"Dax... I know where you're going and I won't..."

"Listen to me Ben!" intensified Ezri. "The Jem'Hadar will soon be barging through this door! I can't stand and you can't escape carrying me around. Be reasonable Ben! With unattended wounds, it's too risky for me to move! Just leave me and go!" she grumbled.

Captain Sisko turned his head around to look at the

two embarrassed officers standing behind him. "What do you think Chief?" asked Sisko in an even tone.

"We stay and fight!" was his prompt answer. "Won't we Nog?" demanded O'Brien, using his elbow to poke the Ferengi.

"Sh-sh... Sure!" stuttered Nog, straightening his back in an unpersuasive attempt to appear valiant.

"Come on lad, let's set up a defense perimeter," instructed Miles.

"Yes Sir!"

Benjamin glanced back at the disapproving face of Ezri and put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "I couldn't live with myself knowing that I left you behind old man," he murmured gently. "And you know it to be true."

Ezri's facial expression softened when she declared: "We'll have to work on that 'old man' appellation Benjamin. Jadzia didn't say a word but..."

"Shhhh... Another time Ezri, another time."

While Sisko was administering first aid, O'Brien and Nog were rummaging through the debris to gather type three phasers, micro-charges, detonators and trilitium resin canisters. Then they forced the hatch open to mount a surprise party for the Jem'Hadar. Out into the jungle they went.

An explosion startled Lieutenant Dax awake. The dim light that had filtered through the window when they crash-landed had now completely vanished. The consoles appeared to be blank. She lay under an emergency blanket in total blackness. "Ben?" she whispered. Another explosion shook the earth and flashed a red glow inside the cockpit. Ezri felt helpless, drained of energy, she couldn't even slither if she wanted to. She heard some distant screams and then nothing. After a few minutes of listening to her shaky breath, she fell back to sleep.

"Dax wake up!" The voice was distant. "Come on Dax, wake up!" It was Ben's voice, mixed with phaser fire.

Ezri felt her body being lifted from the ground. As if in a dream, she struggled to open her eyes. Light was now filling the wrecked shuttlecraft. She tried to speak out but lacked the strength to.

Benjamin whirled her out of the cabin and into the forest. "Stay with me Dax!"

Leaves, branches and twigs hampered their escape route. Jem'Hadar soldiers were closing in. Bringing up the rear, Nog and Miles were trying to repel them with phaser fire. The quartet of exhausted Federation officers made it to a meadow. Before long, they would have no place to hide..

"USS Rio Grande to Sisko, prepare for emergency beam-out," announced Kira Nerys.

"In the nick of time Major!" asserted the Captain blissfully. "Hang on Ezri, we're going home."

Ezri managed a hint of a smile before the runabout flew over the clearing and dematerialized the crew.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

- Word before and after "oh"
- "She Done ___ Wrong"
- *He helped retake the bridge from the Triannon
- Mongolian desert
- Stride
- ___ arcade
- Not mixed, as metals
- Rarefied element formerly believed to fill the upper regions of space
- Permit
- "Potemkin" setting
- Bullring cheer
- Soap ingredient
- Fleur-de-___
- Chowder morsel
- Bird ___
- Stinker
- Actress Spelling
- *Mil. org. assigned to Enterprise NX-01
- *Alliance of five member species
- Fencer's weapon
- Costa del ___
- "Beowulf" beverage
- *Primate scientist who designed a super weapon
- *She had a crush on Tucker

45. Rounds

- Cores
- Suffer
- Sinister look
- Old style computer monitor, for short
- Unit of current, briefly
- ___ Khan
- Heir's concern
- 1/100 of a kyat
- Aired again
- Shut-up dough
- Kind of lily
- Comply with
- Towel inscription
- *Corporal who sniped on the trillium mining planet
- "No ___!"
- More, to Miguel



DOWN

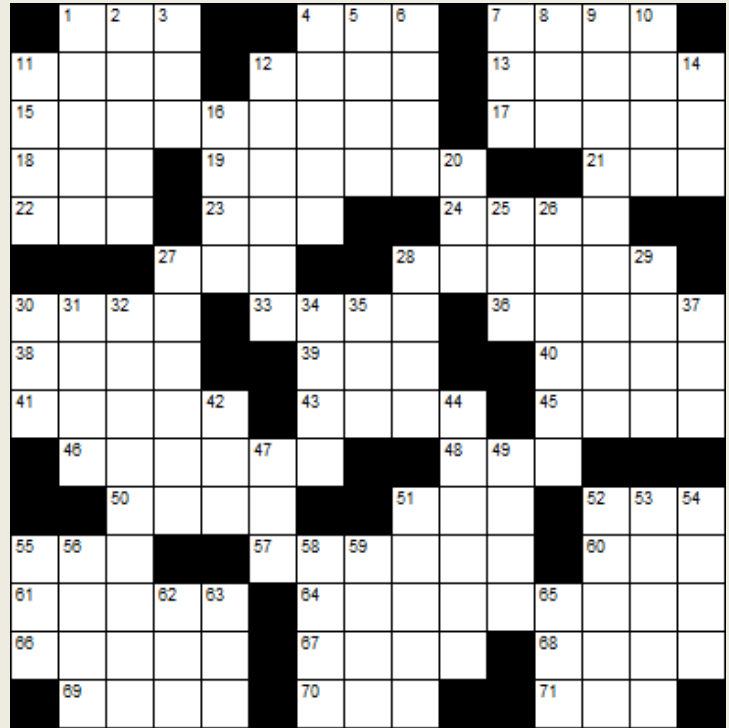
- *She helped rescue Archer, Tucker and Kessick from the trillium mining planet
- Subside
- Zip
- *Major assigned by 51D to Enterprise NX-01
- Frosts, as a cake
- Drugs, briefly
- "___ Maria"

8. Clearasil target

- Personal
- Quaint dance
- Deceive
- Dais
- Bauxite, e.g.
- Veg out
- Air hero
- Calif. airport
- Kind of instinct
- Vehement
- Gangster's gal
- ___ cheese
- A Turner
- Forthright
- As a rule
- Fungal spore sacs
- Bill and ___
- Bachelor's last words
- A pint, maybe
- Coarse
- Before, of yore
- Big-ticket ___
- *General who assigned 4D to USS Enterprise NX-01
- Sleep disorder
- *She and Private Carender, accompanied Tucker and Reed on a mysterious vessel
- Compensates
- ___ de Triomphe
- Reverse, e.g.
- Air
- Big brass
- ___ maison (Indoors): Fr.
- A Bobbsey twin
- Resistance unit

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*The Delphic Expanse - by Tensa - January 2013



Answers to Previous Puzzle

M	E	L		A	S	T	I		U	H	U	R	A		
C	L	I	P		S	P	A	N		K	A	R	E	N	
C	O	S	H		P	O	R	T		E	S	S	A	Y	
O	P	T	I	C		C	O	O	K		T	A	P		
Y	E	S		I	R	K			I	V	Y				
				S	A	E		S	A	R	I		S	A	P
C	H	E	K	O	V		A	R	K	S		L	I	E	
Z	A	N	Y		U	F	P		M	A	D	E			
A	L	I		I	S	L	E		C	H	A	P	E	L	
R	E	D		C	U	T	S		O	A	R				
				E	E	L		S	O	L		E	L	K	
	B	A	R		U	R	I	C		O	U	T	E	R	
F	E	R	A	L		I	D	O	L		R	H	E	A	
E	L	I	T	E		M	E	T	E		N	E	C	K	
B	A	L	O	K		Y	E	T	I		R	H	O		



The MACO Medico's Log:

A young MACO grunt came into my office. To say he looked like he'd been through the meat grinder was putting it mildly. I asked him, "What in the vast reaches of space happened to you?"

"Well, ya see Doc, it's like this: My brother just graduated from MACO Marauder Training. Well, he's a pretty kung pao kinda guy...or is that gung ho...? Anyway, he decides we're gonna go out an' celebrate. So we goes into this bar an' it's loaded with Nausicaans. My brother gets up on a table and declares, "I can lick any six of you Nausicaans in here!" But ya know what, doc?"

"What's that," I asked.

"It took both of us to do it!"

More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

January 2013
Easy, Symmetrical
by Tensa

6					2			8
5		9						
		1			4		7	
	5			7		4		9
			9		6			
9		3		1				6
	9		8			2		
						1		4
8			4					5

Solution to Previous Sudoku Puzzle
Hard, Non_Symmetrical

4	1	8	6	7	3	9	5	2
3	5	6	8	9	2	1	7	4
9	2	7	5	1	4	8	3	6
1	8	5	4	3	7	2	6	9
6	4	3	9	2	5	7	8	1
7	9	2	1	6	8	5	4	3
2	6	4	7	8	1	3	9	5
8	3	9	2	5	6	4	1	7
5	7	1	3	4	9	6	2	8

WORD SEARCH

January's Topic:
Look for 37 "Federation Planets"
by Tensa

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

Solution to Previous Word Search:
"More Starships"

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

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Deputy Chief, ESB Security
Senior Staff Writer

Colonel Y'Wanna
Feature Writer / Senior Staff Writer

Lieutenant Colonel Two Wolves
Senior Staff Writer

On Command

by COL Drego Tensa

My fellow officers! Officers? When we step aboard this starbase, we are officers, just as if we had been trained at M.A.C.O. Academy. Everyone who is active here serves Esprit Starbase, whether by working in a department, by posting a contribution of knowledge in one of the forums, or by communicating positively in the chat box. Ultimately, everyone here contributes to the overall betterment and welfare of this base and everyone on it. That is the stuff officers are made of.

When any one member interacts with another here, each pays the other the appropriate amount and manner of respect. Interestingly, a member who outranks me in another realm, is a junior officer here and quite respectfully calls me sir. All of ESB's members are respectful of all others, and the newer members pick up on that right away. This is the stuff officers are made of.

I'm quite amazed at how young some of our members are, here at ESB, but even the very youngest port themselves thoroughly professionally, precisely as officers.

So, be assured that when I greet you as "my fellow officers," I am addressing you accurately. You are indeed officers and you have earned the right beyond question to be recognized and respected as officers.



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