



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 1, Issue 10

October 2013

A Message from the VC

by Col Drego Tensa

Should Esprit Starbase be opened up to the public? Recent polls, first among the senior staff, and then among the general population were recently established to answer that question. The overwhelming consensus was a resounding, "yes!" So Major General Tanner is preparing to open our doors. She is taking care of a few things that she wants to accomplish first.

There are dangers to beware of in such a change, but there are many benefits to be derived from no longer hiding behind locked doors. We had one major breach of security back in March when we tried letting our existence be known. But we were quite well aboe to handle it.

Recently, participation here at ESB has been falling off. Much of this has because of real life issues having taken precedence. Several of our members are in school and are somewhat restricted in the amount of time they can allot to ESB. Others have jobs that occupy them for more than the standard forty hour week. Perish the thought that any of our core cadre are simply losing interest. That is, as Captain Picard would say, "Unacceptable!"

Our progress is slow, but we are progressing. When we open our doors, hopefully, we'll bring in a substantial number of new members with a wide range of talents and we'll be able to fill in all the gaps that currently exist in our departments. Ideally, we'll have more members than we'll know what to do with

Finally, I've been remiss in my duties as editor of Crockett's Spirit. This this is the third time I've been late and this is the very latest I've been with an issue. There is no excuse. I could apologize until I'm blue in the face, but apologies that are not followed with results are valueless. All I can do is make a greater effort to be on time in the future. Results are what count.

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An Editorial

by Maj Dennis Howard

Last Saturday I was back at that bar I mentioned a few issues ago, the one with the TIE Fighter hanging from the ceiling. But the TIE Fighter wasn't the only Star Wars artifact this time. The place was full of Star Wars characters: Stormtroopers, Darth Vader, Darth Maul, Boba Fett, Princess Leia and more.

So what was going on? Was this a mini convention Or has my favorite bar finally morphed completely into the cantina from the movie? Well, neither of those. Or maybe both. This was an event called "Fight Like a Jedi", a fundraiser for a local child with cancer.

The Star Wars characters were all members of the Midwestern Garrison of the 501st Legion. The 501st is a fan organization dedicated to constructing and wearing screen-accurate Star Wars costumes. They appear at Star Wars promotional events, often at the request of Lucasfilm, and at many charity events, including Toys for Tots, MDA telethons and benefits for children's hospitals.

Lucasfilm has granted the 501st Legion limited use of their copyrighted characters, as long as members (1) never use their costumes for personal profit and (2) represent the franchise in a positive manner.

I don't think any of the Midwestern Garrison members live locally here. They all drove three or four hours from the southern part of the state up to northern Michigan to appear at a benefit for one young boy. That's quite a commitment. Congratulations to those dedicated fans.

Sometimes you run into people who really make you feel proud to be part of this science fiction hobby.



This is the way I was greeted at the bar.

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It seems odd, but Darth Vader was really popular with the kids.



Not the usual bar crowd.



Of course Princess Leia liked to pose.

This Month in Star Trek

by Col Y'Wanna

October is the tenth month of the Human year.

The gunfight at the OK Corral took place on October 26, 1881 in Tombstone, Arizona. (TOS: "Spectre of the Gun") Cowboys never get outdated, huh? This episode actually justifies the tagline, "Space, the final FRONTIER!"

On October 4, 1957 the Soviet Union launched Earth's first artificial satellite, Sputnik 1. (ENT: "Carbon Creek") Sputnik was also a tribble at the former Online Starbase. I wonder where he might be purring nowadays...

Vulcans T'Mir and Stron were stranded on Earth in October of 1957 when their ship crash landed near Carbon Creek, Pennsylvania. (ENT: "Carbon Creek") Oh, the poor Vulcans! I pity them for having to live among humans, who are known to be sooo illogical. Bad Karma!

Baseball great Buck Bokai was born on October 31st, 1998 in Marina del Rey, California. (DS9: "The Storyteller") And ended up on DS9. What an interesting life!

The Ares IV command module, piloted by ISA astronaut Lieutenant John Kelly, disappeared from Mars orbit on October 19, 2032 due to the effects of a graviton ellipse. (VOY: "One Small Step")

John Kelly died on October 29, 2032 after failing a final attempt to escape from the graviton ellipse. (VOY: "One Small Step") RIP!

Earth's First Contact with the Coridans occurred in October of 2151. (ENT: "Shadows of P'Jem") And Archer was forced to realise he'd grown quite fond of his Vulcan science officer. Oddly enough, T'Pol was also forced to realise she actually liked humans! Not so illogical, since the Vulcans of the Enterprise series were so disappointing!

In October of 2153, Hoshi Sato was telepathically contacted by the alien Tarquin while traveling through the Delphic Expanse aboard the Enterprise NX-01. (ENT: "Exile") Beauty and the Beast - space version!

Captain Jonathan Archer, Lieutenant Malcolm Reed and MACO Major Hayes of the Enterprise NX-01 visited a Xindi-Arboreal colony in October of 2153. (ENT: "The Shipment") I do not know about you, but I do find the Xindi intriguing.

In an alternate timeline, Captain Archer's brain was infected with interspatial parasites in October of 2153. (ENT: "Twilight") And Archer gave the Latin phrase, "Carpe Diem" new meaning and took it to the extreme.

Earth's first contact with the Skagarans occurred in October of 2153. (ENT: "North Star") Wild West in space! Again! I wonder... is it because of the creators lack of creativity, or the people are just too fond of cowboys?

Beverly Howard was born in Copernicus City on Luna on October 13, 2324. (TNG: "Conundrum") Now this is very important. If you don't believe me, imagine having Dr. Pulaski as CMO for seven whole seasons of TNG. And if you still don't believe me, read the next paragraph. Happy Birthday Dr. Crusher!

Miles O'Brien married Keiko Ishikawa on the USS Enterprise-D on October 24th, 2367. (TNG: "Data's Day") Thus Data finally learnt how to dance...from Dr. Crusher.

Source: <http://en.memory-alpha.org/>

Fiction

The Alfor Encounter

by Col Two Wolves

USS Valkyrie: Captains Log, Stardate 2103.10, 0400 hours; Commander Shara speaking;

We were returning to Deep Space Ten from a successful scientific mission to Noblo Seven with important aquatic samples. However at the halfway point, Lieutenant Harrison of Engineering informed me that the warp coil issues which harried us since we left Noblo Seven 32 hours ago have become critical. We must either put into the nearest station or land on the nearest planet to effect repairs. There are no stations in the immediate vicinity. However, Ensign Drummands of Sciences informs me there is a planet nearby. Unfortunately, it's environmental conditions resemble Rura Penthe. Those are not the best climatic conditions to effect repairs but we clearly have no choice in the matter. I've ordered distress signals sent via subspace transmission to Starfleet Command, Deep Space Ten, any Starfleet vessels in the area, as well as any allies. Cold climate clothing and supplies have been issued to all personnel post-haste. We currently await the next phase of this journey. As my Academy instructor would often say, Godspeed to all.

The dark skinned Vulcan female Commander donned her cold weather gear, the last item of which, a watch cap bearing the USS Valkyrie logo.

Commander Shara gazed at the view screen as the ice planet, which had seemed so far away only minutes earlier, now filled the screen. Suddenly everything on the bridge went red as emergency lighting took over. The ship yawed to port and began an uncontrolled descent towards the planet.

"Helm, report!"

"I've lost control of the helm, Ma'am," Ensign Tobin shouted.

"Engineering report," Shara ordered.

"We have total engine failure, Mame," Lieutenant Harrison shouted back.

"Brace for impact! Brace for impact," Shara announced over the shipwide com. She sat back and activated her seat restraints and gazed at the planet. All she could see was white. She mentally calculated the odds of whether it would be better if the ship crashed on ice or in snow.

Neither would be advantageous at this speed, was her last thought before impact.

Unknown to Valkyrie's crew, a large contingent of humanoids and their feline companions witnessed the vessel streak across the sky like a comet, and

crash.

Shara was abruptly returned to consciousness by the intense cold. Though she'd donned cold weather gear, she still felt as if she was incased within a block of ice.

"There must be a serious hull breach for it to have become so frigid in such a short timespan. *I will not survive for long in this cold*, she thought as she attempted to move. She could not because she was pinned.

And what of my crew..., she wondered. Her musings were cut short by a series of bird like chirps. Shara frowned in the dark. The statistical probability that a bird would be here in this environment was nil. Yet the noise continued. Shara blinked turned her head to the left and beheld a large white, Lynx like feline curled next to her.

Shara's first unVulcan desire was to flee but since she could not, she calmly awaited her fate. Instead of tearing her assunder the cat uncurled itself and gently rested a paw on her face.

I am KiKi. Not be afraid. I bring help, the creature's breathy thoughts echoed in Shara's mind.

An intelligent, and telepathic feline? Incredulous, Shara thought. Indeed, to her, this was an even greater discovery than the aquatic samples the Valkyrie had been returning with.

If we live to see that day, Shara thought solemnly as she assessed her crew's current situation.

Hunting party soon come. Rest now, KiKi thought, as she climbed up and lay upon Shara. The Commander felt the cat's warmth seep into her body and had no choice but to follow orders.

Consiouness returned to Shara hours later. Without opening her eyes she knew she was no longer in the Valkyrie's wreckage. She was lying prone on a sleeping platform, covered in furs and she was warm and toasty. Her sharp hearing picked up a spirited discussion going on in the next room.

They are probably discussing our fate, she thought, as she abruptly sat up. Her body protested with various aches and pains which caused her to grunt and groan unVulcan like. Her sudden movement frightened three small versions of KiKi who stumbled over each other as they scrambled from the room.

Seconds later, all conversation stopped and the doorway filled with at least fifty, dark skinned, humanoid faces who gawked at her. Though she was dressed in a short sleeved, sleeping gown, Shara hastily snatched up the furs to cover herself.

One tall, muscular male separated himself from the group, entered the room, and squatted before her bed.

"Greetings Starfleeter. I am Qwan. Welcome to my home and tribe. My people have been expecting you," he related in slightly accented Standard.

To be continued...

Fiction

Off the Parade Ground - 5.2

by Col Dreago Tensa

The MACO Academy is a selective institution. Its corps of cadets is small, so its campus is small. Situated at its center, running east to west, staggered in two rows of three, are the cadet dormitories, long-sided, H-shaped, three story buildings. To their north sits the base exchange, mess hall complex. Cadre parking to its west, cadet parking to its east. Scattered about just beyond and to either side is cadre housing. Furthest north are the academic buildings, the libraries and the study halls. The baseball diamonds, the football and soccer fields, the parade ground, the running track, the archery range and underground rifle ranges all lie just to the south of the dorm block. The medical complex lies directly to its east, and, finally, to its west lies the athletic complex, MacArthur Hall: gymnasium with Olympic sized indoor swimming pool, assembly hall, and Ballroom.

Roger Kennison and Melanie Sencindiver, her right hand holding his left arm, strolled leisurely west across the MACO Academy campus toward MacArthur Hall. The sun had not quite set, the air was still warm, there was a gentle, soothing off shore breeze.

Roger took deep breath in through his nose, expanding his chest, held it, then let it out quietly through his mouth. "Ah, that sea air smells so good," he exclaimed. "Looks like the weather gods are watching over us, Mel."

"I couldn't have asked for a nicer evening myself," she replied, a buoyant lilt in her voice. "I had my umbrella ready just in case though," she added through a chuckle.

"You don't mind being early," he asked.

"Not at all," she replied. "I have no need to be fashionably late. I don't care much for slow moving receiving-line queues either. Early's good."

"I feel the same way," he told her. "And getting there early means getting a good table," he added.

"Looks like we're on the same page," Melanie observed.

"That we are, Mel." Roger concurred. "That we are."

No one else was arriving when they approached the front entrance to MacArthur Hall. Roger opened one of the half dozen east facing doors and held it. Melanie let go of his arm and stepped into the narrow foyer. Roger stepped in right after her and she again took hold of his arm. Signs guided them to the right, then left just around a corner to a side entrance through which they entered the main hall. Several high ranking officers, including generals and an admiral, were standing by their tables along the east wall ready to receive guests. The first to greet the couple was Brigadier General Tambul, the commandant of the academy.

"Lieutenant Kennison, it is good to see you again," the five foot two inch brigadier, beaming, said as he reached out his dark chocolate hued hand.

Shaking the brigadier's hand, the young lieutenant, matching the brigadier's smile, responded, "The pleasure is entirely mine, Brigadier. You taught me many valuable lessons and I am grateful."

"I learned much from you as well, light footed one. You will be a great leader one day."

Then, still smiling, he turned his attention to Melanie. She, in turn, let go of her escort's arm and held out her hand

to the Brigadier, looking into his eyes.

Taking her hand and shaking it, he said, "Lieutenant Sencindiver, you are an extraordinarily skillful soldier-leader. You are one of the highest scoring women ever to grace this academy with her presence. Your skill with a bow is unmatched. You are an asset to MACO."

The young woman smiled and said, "Why, thank you, Brigadier. Your words are far too kind."

"Not at all, Lieutenant. Not at all."

Moving down the line, Roger and Melanie began greeting and were greeted by some of Starfleet's and MACO's most prestigious senior staff officers.

Lieutenant Kennison looked into the eyes and shook the hand of a Vulcan Starfleet officer and said, "It's a rare pleasure to meet you, Admiral Verek. You blazed many trails in the Alpha and Beta Quadrants."

"Yes, it's an honor to meet a genuine pioneer, Admiral," Lieutenant Sencindiver said next, shaking his hand.

"Why, thank you, Lieutenant, and you, miss," he said, looking from one to the other. "I am quite pleased to meet you as well. May you live long and prosper."

"Peace and long life, Admiral," the young woman said as she and her escort returned his Vulcan salute.

"Good evening, General Harkness. That ploy you came up with at Auriga Seven was inspired and brilliant," Lieutenant Kennison praised, shaking the older man's hand. "Saved a cruise liner and its passengers as well as a minor population on the planet."

"The source of ideas is frequently a mystery, Lieutenant. I was fortunate that day."

"There's no mystery, General," Lieutenant Sencindiver countered. "I believe it was Karma."

"Ah, but what is Karma if not itself a mystery," he challenged. Then he said, "Enjoy the festivities."

"Thank you, General," the two said in unison.

To the last officer in the receiving line, Lieutenant Kennison said, "Good evening, Colonel."

"Good evening, Lieutenant, miss."

Upon hearing the colonel's voice, Lieutenant Kennison looked closely into the colonel's eyes and asked, "Colonel, have we met?"

"We've not met face to face that I'm aware of, Lieutenant," he replied. "And I'd certainly have remembered this young lady."

"Allow me to present Lieutenant Melanie Sencindiver. I'm Lieutenant Roger Kennison." *And yes we have met before, he added in his mind. I'll remember the circumstances sooner or later.*

Shaking first her hand, then his, the colonel said, "Colonel Max Trautman. It's good to meet you both."

"Likewise, Colonel," Lieutenant Kennison replied.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," Lieutenant Sencindiver added.

As Melanie was checking her wrap, Roger looked around the enormous room. The walls were hung with Persian print tapestries interspersed with shields and crossed swords; the ceiling was draped with fish nets filled with subtly hued transparent glass globes. The indirect lighting was soft amber. At the front of the room was an upraised stage where the band would play. Below and in front of the stage was the dance floor, a rectangular area that could accommodate thirty to forty couples. Between the dance floor and the rear of the hall were four place dining tables. Aisles ran up and down both sides of the hall, up the middle of the seating area from front to back, and laterally across the same area from side to side. Small curved booths were set up along the

(Continued on Page 5)

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walls on either side of the room. Except for two couples sitting at a table just left of the center of the room a short distance from the dance floor, the few officers in the receiving line at the back, and themselves, MacArthur Hall was empty.

Her wrap checked, Roger once again held out his arm to Melanie. "Shall we?"

The young woman took his arm, smiled, and said, "Let's."

Roger led her to a booth on the left side of the hall not far from the center cross aisle. Taking her hand, he assisted her to her seat, then went around the table and slid into the booth beside her on her right. The curvature of the booth allowed for ease of eye contact, thus fostering conversation. It allowed for closeness as well.

"Amazing décor," Roger said with a sweep of his hand.

"Definitely medieval," Melanie responded. "Like a castle of old. I like it. It's better than I expected."

"Can I get you s..." he began but paused when a waiter, an underclassman, walked briskly up to the booth. "Sir, ma'am, dinner will not be served until seven but perhaps I can get you an aperitif?"

Roger looked at Melanie, an eyebrow raised slightly.

"A glass of rosé would be nice."

"Bring us a bottle of vin rosé please."

"Would you like bread sticks to go with that, sir?"

Another look at Melanie, then, "No, thank you."

"Very good, sir," he said, and strode off.

Roger returned his attention to Melanie. "The brigadier mentioned your prowess as an archer. I've seen what you can do. No man or woman can outshoot you. You're a regular Robin Hood."

"I wanted to learn to draw a bow since I was a very little girl, so my father taught me. He loves the sport a lot. He's also half Cheyenne. I've seen what you can do too, Roger. You're far better with a rifle than I am with a bow. I bet you could outshoot Annie Oakley. I've watched you run as well," she continued. "You're an astonishing distance runner. I'm surprised you haven't run in the Boston Marathon or the one in Los Angeles."

"Thanks, but I'll leave the championship stuff to the Kenyans and Ethiopians. I prefer not to be in the spotlight. For that matter, you could be a champion in gymnastics quite easily. I've watched you perform on a number of occasions. You're so limber, you impress me no end! You're an amazing athlete!"

"I'm not interested in winning a medal in gymnastics, or in archery for that matter," she explained. "What I *am* interested in is being the best MACO officer I can be. My athletic skills are simply additional abilities I can apply to that end. And, like you, I prefer to avoid the public eye."

"We're on the same page again, Mel," Roger commented. "We think alike. We would do well working together."

Melanie's eyes widened a little. "You're *right*, Roger," she agreed. "We *would* do well working together."

"Hold that thought, Mel," he said, his attention suddenly diverted, "Our wine is arriving."

The waiter returned right then with their bottle of rosé and two wine glasses. He set the glasses down, removed the cork and handed it to Roger. Roger sniffed the cork, nodded his approval and handed it back. The waiter poured a little wine into each glass and set the glasses in front of them.

Roger took a sip of wine. Then he smiled at the waiter and said, "Thank you, Cadet,"

The waiter smiled in return and said, "Very good sir!" Then, he bowed slightly, turned and strode off again.

Roger, his full attention now on Melanie, raised his glass.

Melanie, gazing at Roger, raised her glass in response.

"To possibilities, Mel," he proposed.

"To possibilities," she echoed.

They touched their glasses together. Then, holding each other's gaze, they each drank a sip of wine.

As seven o'clock arrived, soft music started to play. The room was filling rapidly. Waiters and waitresses, in abundance, were scurrying about hurriedly taking dinner orders. Meals were soon being served with military efficiency, and animated dinner chatter was echoing across MacArthur Hall. Roger and Melanie talked about everything and nothing as he dined on an "excellent" T-bone steak and she dined on "scrumptious" breast of chicken.

Ted Ballard's orchestra began playing at eight o'clock sharp. Roger went around the booth, took Melanie by the hand and led her to the dance floor. He took her into his arms and they began swaying to the strains of "Moonlight Serenade." They continued dancing to "String of Pearls," "At Last," and to half a dozen other such slow romantic numbers. Then the tempo changed from sway to swing.

"*All right*," he exclaimed. "That's 'In the Mood!'"

"*Yeah*," she effused, her eyes alight.

Roger put his right arm around Melanie's waist, took her right hand in his left, she put her left hand on his right shoulder, and they both locked eyes as they began tapping their feet and "swingin' to the beat." He'd dance with her in close, twirl her under his arm, pull her in close and then twirl her again. Absorbed in each other, they were in perfect unison as they jitterbugged all around the dance floor, their movements going from bold to subtle to bold in sync with the music. Blissfully unaware, they were dancing alone, their eyes on each other while all other eyes were on them. As the last notes played, he twirled her around several times, pulled here in close, then concluded their dance in a dip holding her securely in his arms and looking into her smiling eyes.

There was immediate applause. Roger and Melanie, startled, straightened up, looked around wide eyed at the myriad onlookers, looked at each other, then looked again at their audience. Hand in hand, they made a sweeping bow, then hurried back to their booth. They danced only to slow numbers after that, holding each other closely. They capped the evening dancing to "Goodnight Sweetheart."

Roger and Melanie, hand in hand, their fingers entwined, strolled lazily back across the MACO Academy campus in no hurry whatsoever. So they were surprised when they found themselves standing in front of the door to her quarters.

Roger turned toward Melanie and said, "Mel, I had a great time tonight. I've never had a better one. My high school prom wasn't even this good. And you're a fantastic dancer!"

Looking at him with glistening eyes, she said, "Roger, I have to tell you something. I've wanted to meet you since we were sophomores when I first saw you on the track. I was thrilled when you asked me to the ball, and I love the way you dance! For me, tonight was perfect!"

Roger put his arms around Melanie. "We have to keep seeing each other, you know that, don't you, Mel?"

Reaching her arms up and around his neck, she responded, "Yes, Roger...we do...I know."

Then he pulled her body close against his own and kissed her passionately.

Melanie kissed him back with equal passion.

Then, saying, "I'll call you," he released her.

"Yes. Call me," she breathed.

Roger turned and went out into the moonless night. Melanie followed him with her eyes, her eyes welling with tears.

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. Outlaw
4. Stern's opposite
8. Frosts, as a cake
12. Queen's residence
13. Coastal raptor
14. *Built by a stranded 45A when 34A was damaged and malfunctioning
16. A Swiss army knife has lots of them
17. Deftness
18. Hard work
19. Polaris is that way
21. "Phooey!"
23. Upper hand
24. Blast maker
25. First word of "The Raven"
27. "And I Love ___"
29. Foil alternative
30. *Informal title of 48A
31. Free from, with "of"
34. *Android avatar of the Andromeda Ascendant built by 45A
37. 42A alternative
38. "Much ___ About Nothing"
39. Isaac's eldest
40. Swindle
41. Man, for one
42. 37A alternative
43. Haze
45. *Engineer-inventor (born and raised in Boston)
47. Bon ___
48. *Ally of 12D, a devout mem-

ber of The Way religion and a Magog, with 30A

49. Wing on a string?
50. Hotshot
51. Comme ci, comme ca
52. Shoot the breeze
55. Chow
58. Surprise attack
60. Combine
62. Road runners?
64. Bleak
66. Pipe problem
67. *Formerly a Tarazed admiral, now New Commonwealth Lieutenant Commander ___
68. Gather
69. ___ carotene
70. Perlman of "Cheers"
71. Pharaoh's symbol
72. Exist



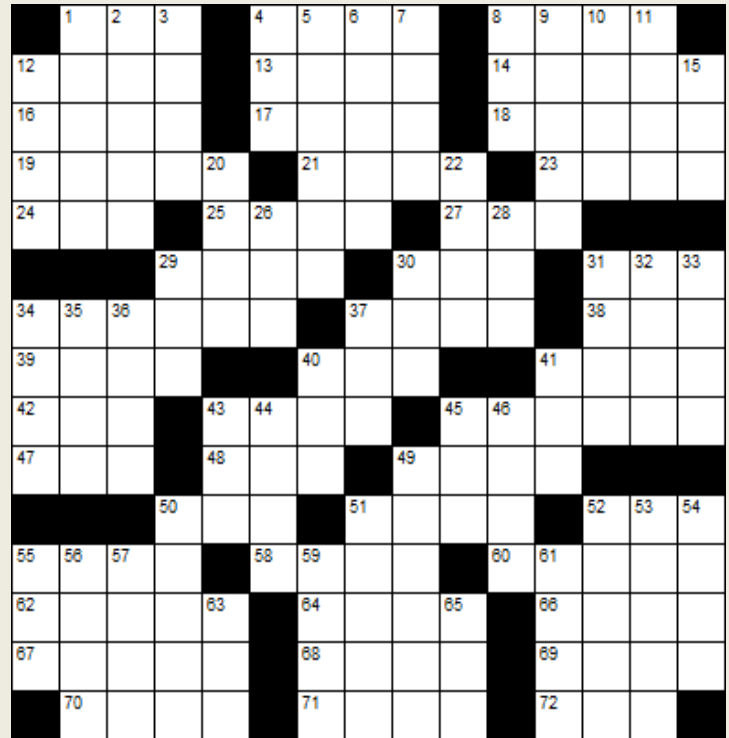
DOWN

1. Plains grazer
2. Deflect
3. Home, informally
4. Behold
5. *Her surname is a sign
6. Follow as a result
7. Convene
8. Driver's lic. and others
9. Show fear
10. Checked out
11. Smeltery refuse

12. *Restorer of the Commonwealth
15. Berlioz's "Les nuits d' ___"
20. Arizona Indian
22. Abandon
26. Born, in bios
28. "The Three Faces of ___"
29. Australian runner
30. Light into
31. Coarse file
32. Inactive
33. Person of action
34. 500 sheets
35. 1952 Winter Olympics site
36. Fountain treat
37. *He's out of Victoria by Barbarossa
40. Doublemint, e.g.
41. Anger
43. "Monty Python" aier
44. Goatish glance
45. ___ Master's Voice
46. Physics class topic
49. *The pride of 37D
50. Domicile
51. Femme fatale
52. Garson of "Mrs. Miniver"
53. Banded stone
54. *She inherited her ship from Ignatius
55. Long-jawed fish
56. German industrial valley
57. D-Day beach
59. Taj Mahal site
61. Exile isle
63. Caribbean, e.g.
65. Dashboard abbr.

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*Andromeda - by Col D. Tensa - October 2013



Answers to Previous Puzzle

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



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

October 2013
Medium, Symmetrical
by Tensa

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

Solution to September's Sudoku Puzzle
Easy, Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

October's Topic: "Romulans"
Look for 35 Cousins of Vulcan
by Tensa

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

Solution to September's Word Search:
"Bajorans"

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

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From the Ready Room

Departmental Hierarchy

by Col Drego Tensa

Departments here at Esprit Starbase have a hierarchical structure. Each department has a chief and a deputy chief. ESB Recreations is divided into sections. Each active section has a section leader. Some of the sections are subdivided further into teams with either hosts and assistant hosts, or team leaders and assistant team leaders. Why? To prevent duplication of effort and and to prevent scenarios that are out of sync with one another. Looking at the team level, for example, the USS Legacy SIMM is designed to have both MACO and Starfleet participants. MACO is military while Starfleet is civilian. So, different rules apply to each group, but the rules for one group must not conflict with those of the other. Assume that two members write the rules, one for Starfleet, the other for MACO. If they write their respective rules, then post them solely on their own volition, there's no guarantee that there will be no conflict. They need to clear their work with their team leader first. The team leader assures that the rules do not conflict but that they complement each other. The team leader is there, not to control, but merely to supervise efforts, thus ensuring efficient use of resources. So, before you carve it in stone, show it to your team leader.

How Tough are Scotsmen?



Laddie, you're speaking to the only
guy in a red shirt who isn't dead.

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