



Crockett's Spirit

Impavidus Scribere Veritas — The Brave Write the Truth



Volume 3 Issue 12

Merry Christmas!

December 2015

ESB News and Happenings

by Jedi General Dregondo Tensabeh

Awards:

Officer

CAPT Y'Wanna



Award Earned

M.T.C.M.S.M.*

Stardate

2015.12.19

Jedi

JG Tensabeh



Award Earned

1000th Post

Stardate

2015.12.19

*Marshall T. Crockett Meritorious Service Medal. You may read the citation on Page 3

A Message from the V.C.

by Jedi General Dregondo Tensabeh

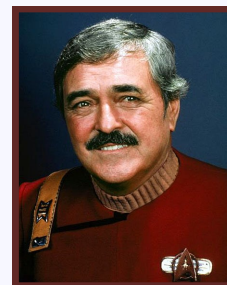
We are on the threshold of a new year. We began a journey of expansion earlier this year and we will continue expanding far into the coming year and beyond. From our simple MACO beginning, we incorporated two new themes: Starfleet and Star Wars. Star Wars was added as a category to the forum pages on Stardate 1015.12.20. The arrival of 2016 will see us in the verge of our Stargate theme with it's own forum category, if it isn't already in place by then. And we're not stopping there. Under consideration as future themes are Star Wars' The Dark Side, Firefly, Lord of the Rings, and Babylon 5. Doctor Who, Indiana Jones and Battlestar Galactica (TOS) have been suggested as well.

Esprit Starbase is in a dynamic mode now. We're creating new venues for as diversified a following as we can attract, our goal being new members which, when translated, means new friends. We want 2016 to see us grow in a big way. So, spread the word!

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from



Star of the Month

by JG Dregondo Tensabeh

James Doohan

Star Trek star James Doohan shot two snipers on D-Day and was shot seven times in WWII

Doohan was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, the youngest of four children of William and Sarah Doohan, who emigrated from Bangor, County Down, Northern Ireland. His father was a pharmacist, veterinarian, and dentist; his mother was a homemaker. Doohan's father reportedly invented an early form of high-octane gasoline in 1923. Doohan's 1996 autobiography recounted his father's serious alcoholism. The family moved to Sarnia, Ontario, and Doohan attended high school at the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School (SCITS), where he excelled in mathematics and science. He enrolled in the 102nd Royal Canadian Army Cadet Corps in 1938.

At the beginning of the Second World War, Doohan joined the Royal Canadian Artillery. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the 13th Field Artillery Regiment of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division. Doohan went to England in 1940 for training. His first combat was the invasion of Normandy at Juno Beach on D-Day. Shooting two snipers, Doohan led his men to higher ground through a field of anti-tank mines, where they took defensive positions for the night.

Crossing between command posts at 11:30 that night, Doohan was hit by six rounds fired from a Bren gun by a nervous Canadian sentry: four in his leg, one in the chest, and one through his right middle finger. The bullet to his chest was stopped by a silver cigarette case. His right middle finger had to be amputated, something he would conceal during his career as an actor.

(Continued on Page 6)

Fiction

Fallen Angel - Part 23

by Capt Wynan

Angel's white skin had a blue tint to it as she shivered uncontrollably. Her lips and fingers were an even deeper blue.

Professor Pearson jumped up from his bed, bringing the blanket with him. Captain Moore carried Angel into the room, laying her on the bed closest to the fireplace. A blanket was quickly wrapped around her. Captain Moore and Professor Pearson started rubbing her hands and feet to warm her and to help get her circulation going. She cried out in pain.

"Momma hurt?" Lillian asked worriedly.

"Yes my dear, she isn't used to being human and any touch right now hurts because she isn't used to being touched," the professor said still rubbing her feet.

Lillian patted Angel's face gently and said, "Poor, poor mommy." Gently with a feather light touch she kissed her on the forehead.

Angel's eyes fluttered open, she looked at Lillian's face and a faint smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. Her teeth started chattering as her skin started to lose its blue hue. Boomer sat close by digging into the clothes everyone had until he found a set of clothes for her. No one had much of anything but what they did have was enough to cover her up and help warm her. As gently as they could, once she was dry they helped her into some clothes and rewrapped her in the professor's blanket.

The wind howled outside as they sat quietly in the little cabin. The wind blew over the chimney making it moan every now and then. Some dripping water hit the logs every once in a while causing the fire to sizzle. The roof had been repaired in time and kept the rain out. The walls shook when the wind hit with a fierce blast every now and then. With the fire in the fireplace and everyone clustered around the cot, soon the room was reasonably warm.

Angel sat up, looked around and said, "I'm glad to see all of you are safe."

"What is the last thing you remember?" the professor asked.

"I, remember the worm hole and," she paused furrowing her brow as she tried to remember. "I don't remember anything after. I woke up in the dark, cold pouring rain."

"How in nebula did you find us? You could have been hopelessly lost in this forest," Boomer said.

Angel looked around until she spotted Boomer, "I just walked. I felt something pulling me in this direction. I really don't know."

Angel's hair was starting to dry when she finally stopped shivering. "I feel strange," She said, looking at Captain Moore.

"What do you mean? Strange how?" Moore asked.

"My skin feels...uncomfortable, and my middle part

feels...empty." She paused trying to figure out how she could express what she felt.

"My guess is, you aren't used to the sensation of touch. That will ease with time my dear," Professor Pearson said gently patting her hand.

"That emptiness you're feeling is probably hunger," Henderson told her. Then he walked over to the pot of stew simmering next to the fire, stirred it, and then ladled the thick broth laden with vegetables into a wooden bowl. He handed it gently to Angel with a small spoon.

Angel took the bowl awkwardly into her hands. Her expression brightened as she felt the warmth of the bowl caressing her hands. "I like this feeling," she said smiling. Gently, she picked up the spoon trying to handle it so she could spoon a mouthful towards her lips. She soon got it under control and took her first bite of food. As the flavors met her tongue, she uttered, "Mmmm." A quick learner, angel quickly devoured the bowl of soup. Boomer brought her a glass of water to help wash it down. With a satisfied sigh she sat back, feeling warm and full for the first time since waking up on the planet.

"Who's going to explain to her what happens when the food and water works its way to the other end?" Henderson asked with a sly smile on his lips and a glint in his eye.

Captain Moore glared at him knowing full well what he was referring to and was very aware of the fact that there was only one female among them and that she was just a little girl. One of the men would have to explain that to her later. Right now they were concerned keeping getting her warm and surviving the wicked storm raging outside at the moment.

A loud crash caused everyone to spin around to the door. A flash of lightening illuminated several figures framed in the doorway. The men jumped to their feet, ready to defend themselves. The figures, dressed in long flowing cloaks made from animal skins and what large leaves for hoods to cover their head, stepped in crossing the threshold. A strange guttural sound emanated from the tallest figure. Captain Moore looked at them questioningly.

"I'm sorry, I don't understand." He said stepping forward a bit.

"They said they have come in peace and mean us no harm," Angel said looking surprised. "How did I know that?" she asked looking to the professor.

The tall one uttered more of the guttural sounds.

"He says we need to come with them and leave the area. We are in a flood plain and the flood is coming now," Angel said looking at the tall one who nodded and motioned with his cloak-covered arm.

"Well, I guess we don't have much of a choice. This storm is growing worse by the minute and if they were going to harm us they could have done so by now," Captain Moore said looking around.

They gathered what few items they had and readied themselves to follow the strangers out into the stormy night. They stepped out of the small building, into the storm just a loud clap of lightning struck a tree by the shack, the tree fell landing squarely where they had just been. Everyone looked at each other. There was definitely no going back now. Everyone turned to follow the strangers to who knew where.

Fiction

The Alfore Encounter - 27

"Tears and Advice"

by CAPT Two Wolves

Tony stepped into the semi dark bedroom. He espied Shara sitting up in bed. Obviously, her ultra-sensitive ears had heard the buzzer, as well as the entire furtively whispered conversation between Skonn and her husband.

You heard, Tony stated through their marital link.

Yes, Shara replied.

What are we going to do?

First, I must go to Janice and console her. Afterwards we will talk, Shara replied as she stood, hastily pulled on a robe over her sleeping gown, and stuffed her feet into a pair of fur moccasins. She swiftly left the V.I.P. quarters and headed towards the lift with her faithful feline companions Kiki and Rusty close on her heels.

As Shara stepped off the lift, she could hear her friend's sobs. She slammed down her emotional controls and barged into Sickbay. Kiki and Rusty sat by the door, unsure if they were allowed in. Shara ran to her friend. She and Nurse Hopkins embraced the Captain as she cried.

Dr. Savage and Skonn stood off to the side and watched.

"Question, Doctor," Skonn whispered.

"Ask away, Commander."

"Is it traditional for human women to mourn so?"

"Come with me, kid," the doctor said, as he led Skonn into his office. The left side of Skonn's mouth quirked up a bit. Doc Savage was well aware they were nearly the same age. Both men took seats.

"Would you like something to drink? Coffee, tea or Altier water?" Savage offered.

Skonn shook his head.

"Bustelo, light and sweet," Savage ordered from the replicator. He withdrew the steaming mug with the Tesla's logo and sat behind his desk.

"To humans, especially women, crying is a way of expressing extreme grief. It also helps to cleanse the soul. Since women are more sensitive emotionally they tend to cry more often. However, men cry too," Savage stated after he'd taken a sip of the Spanish espresso.

"Have you?"

"Yes, at my parents funerals, and when my wife of 25 years died two years ago," Savage admitted, with a slight catch in his voice. His wife's loss was sudden and tragic. It took a long time to heal.

"You mentioned that human women are more sensitive..." Skonn started.

"That's because of their maternal hormones," Savage answered.

"The same hormones that allow them to produce and nurture children?"

"Let me give you a very short primer on human women; on women in general. Women are the great mystery of the universe. No one truly understands the hidden aspects of the female gender, except the one who made her. I will say from experience, if you love her, protect her, cherish her, treat her with respect; she will be your best friend. But, if you cross her, she'll be your very worst enemy."

The room was silent for a moment as Skonn mused on the doctor's words.

"If you are sweet on her, kid, please take care of her. But, if you break her heart, I will find you and kick your butt," Savage declared quietly yet firmly.

Skonn looked across the desk at the Doctor whose left eye was still blackened and slightly swollen, making him look like an old Earth pirate without an eye patch. However, his expression was deadly serious. Skonn nodded slightly indicating that he understood.

"Excellent! Let's go see how the Captain's doing," Savage said.

(Continued from Page 1)

Citation - M.T.C.M.S.M. Award:

Upon her arrival here at Esprit Starbase, Captain Y'Wanna immediately went to work writing superb articles as both a Feature Writer and a Senior Staff Writer for *Crockett's Spirit*, ESB's signature newsletter. Also upon her arrival, Captain Y'Wanna brought with her a tribble she had rescued in the past named Murray. Murray, as it turns out, is a most extraordinary tribble, being gifted with mobility, agility, speed and intelligence. Through Captain Y'Wanna's tutelage, Murray was able to acquire Ten Forward, a tavern that had lain dormant for quite some time prior to, then, General Tanner's assuming command of Esprit Starbase. Captain Y'Wanna was subsequently instrumental in seeing to the refurbishment of the tavern. She renamed it Murray's.

More than just a restaurant and pub, Murray's Tavern is a multifaceted establishment where the officers and Jedi of ESB can take a quick coffee break, can relax after hours over drinks, can have exceptional meals. Murray's Tavern is a place not only where people can congregate, converse and enjoy each other's company, it's a place where fences can be and have been mended. Literally a home away from home for everyone on board because of its relaxing, friendly atmosphere, Murray's Tavern is a tremendous boon to and a great asset of Esprit Starbase.

Therefore, for her leadership in mentoring me and others, and especially for her influence in the virtual creation of Murray's Tavern, I take great pleasure in recommending most highly that Captain Y'Wanna be awarded the Marshall T. Crockett Meritorious Service Medal.

A Nugget from CDRE Logan Kale

Did you know that... as there have been in other Star Trek series, little inside jokes that are not often shown on camera appear on the DS9 set. For example, the Jupiter Mining Corporation from the BBC comedy series "Red Dwarf" has an office on the Promenade.

Source: Withheld

Brain Benders

ACROSS

1. *Head hunter
6. Sweet potato
9. *Tried to steal a ship but became a partner
13. Of service
14. The Greatest
15. Donnybrook
16. More sound
17. PC linkup
18. Shouts
19. Singer Brewer
21. Gathers. as livestock
23. Frontiersman Carson
24. Listening device
25. Hit the slopes
28. "The Right Stuff" org.
31. *Enigmatic former mentor
36. Hue
38. Woes
40. Hot spot
41. Function
42. *Ex-soldier with memory issues
44. Bed support
45. Flooded
47. Shrewd
48. Faction
49. *Helpful mud-died medic
51. Response to an insult
53. Shoat cote
54. Summer mo.
56. Test site

58. Ne'er-do-well
62. Newborn's complete clothing outfit
66. Under way
67. "___ rang?"
69. Mountain nymph
70. Off-color
71. Plastic pipe material: Abbr.
72. Pasture
73. *Tends bar
74. Cow chow
75. *Ruthless rival RAC agent

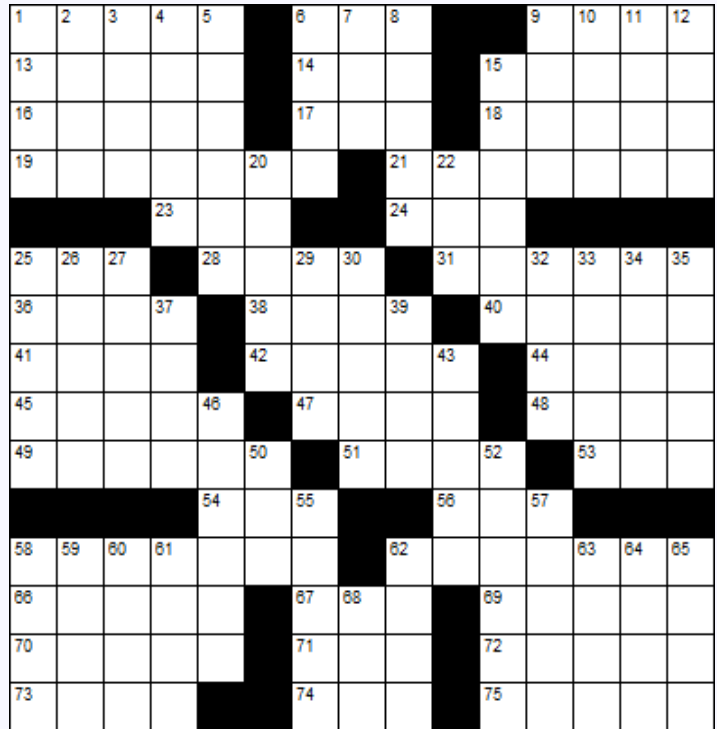


DOWN

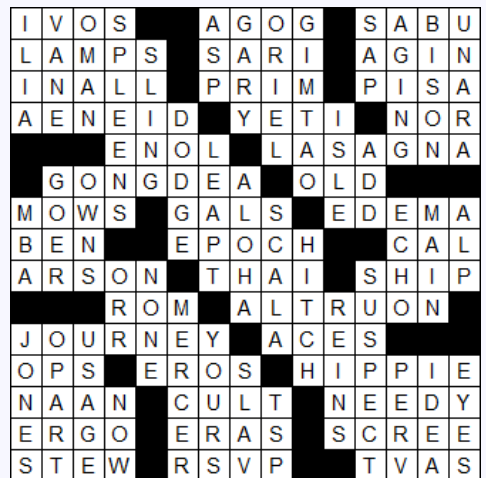
1. Check for prints
2. Bryce Canyon locale
3. Trident part
4. Office worker
5. Found on these pages
6. *Nickname of 1A from childhood
7. ___ provençale
8. Chop finely
9. Hoot
10. Paella pot
11. "___ hath no fury..."
12. Capone nemesis
15. Aromatic resins
20. Sedate
22. Symbol of strength
25. Rein, e.g.
26. Plains Indian
27. Acquired relative
29. Cole ___
30. *Robed revolutionary
32. Bonny one
33. Christmases of yore
34. Pass
35. Dapper
37. Try out
39. Window feature
43. African antelope
46. Robust
50. Regret
52. Bribe
55. pictograph
57. Stalin's secret police chief
58. Mud dauber, e.g.
59. A long way off
60. Exclusive
61. ___ bag
62. *Computer with a favorite
63. New driver, typically
64. Soft mineral
65. Small whirlpool
68. Eggs

ESB Crockett's Spirited Crossword Puzzle

*Killjoys - by JG D. Tensabeh - December 2015



Answers to Previous Puzzle



More Brain Benders

SUDOKU PUZZLE

December 2015
Hard Non-Symmetrical
by JG D. Tensabeh

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

Solution to November's Sudoku Puzzle
Medium Non-Symmetrical

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

WORD SEARCH

December's Topic: Montalban Roles
Look for 32 Portrayals
by JG D. Tensabeh

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

Solution to November's Word Search:
Michael Ansara Roles

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

(Continued from Page 1)

Doohan trained as a pilot (graduating from Air Observation Pilot Course 40 with 11 other Canadian artillery officers), and flew Taylorcraft Auster Mark V aircraft for 666 (AOP) Squadron, RCAF, as a Royal Canadian Artillery officer in support of 1st Army Group Royal Canadian Artillery. All three Canadian (AOP) RCAF Squadrons were manned by Artillery Officer-pilots and accompanied by non-commissioned RCA and RCAF personnel serving as observers.

Although never actually a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Doohan was once labelled the "craziest pilot in the Canadian Air Force". A story from his flying years tells of Doohan slaloming a plane—variously cited as a Hurricane or a jet trainer—between mountainside telegraph poles to prove it could be done, which earned him a serious reprimand. (The actual feat was performed in a Mark IV Auster on the Salisbury Plain north of RAF Andover in the late spring of 1945).

After the war, Doohan returned to Canada. He worked in radio before making his way to New York City. Joining the Neighborhood Playhouse in 1946, Doohan studied with Sanford Meisner and performed with the likes of Tony Randall, Lee Marvin, and Leslie Nielsen. Commuting between the United States and Canada, he reportedly did more than 4,000 Canadian radio programs and appeared some Canadian and American programs during the 1950s.

In his later years, Doohan's health began to decline. He developed Parkinson's disease, diabetes, and lung fibrosis. Around 2004, Doohan was also experiencing symptoms of Alzheimer's as his short-term memory began to deteriorate. He was, however, able to attend the ceremony held in his honor as he received his star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame on August 31, 2004.

On July 20, 2005, Doohan died at his home in Redmond, Washington. He was survived by third wife Wende, their three children, sons Eric and Thomas and daughter Sarah who was only five years old at the time. Doohan also had four adult children from his first marriage, Larkin, Deidre, Chris and Montgomery as well as several grandchildren and great-grandchildren



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