

# THE REPUBLICation

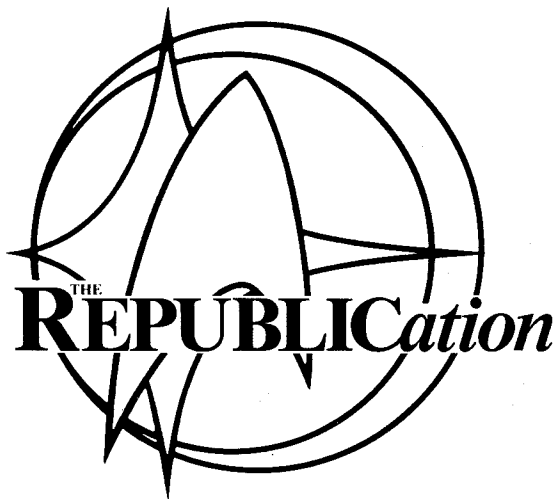
VOLUME II ☆ ISSUE ONE

JANUARY 1990



**WE WERE  
BACK!**

"It was all a dream; just a horrible nightmare."



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### From The Editor

Well, here we are! After a long absence, it sure feels good to be able to wield the editorial axe again. And I'd like to welcome all of our members who've joined since Dixie Trek this past June. The best is yet to come!

Because it's been a L-O-N-G time since the last issue of *The REPUBLICation*, I feel it proper to reiterate a few of the key aspects of this newsletter.

For those people who wish to contribute to *The REPUBLICation*, please keep the following words in mind when preparing anything for submission:

*The REPUBLICation* is intended to inform, educate, and entertain the members of USS *Republic* in matters regarding Star Trek and Starfleet (the International Star Trek Fan Association). Any articles, short fiction, or artwork prepared for *The RE-*

*PUBLICation* should be aimed at the *total audience*. Submissions should center around Starfleet, Star Trek, USS *Republic*, or space science-related information. The main considerations for publication are, "Does it appeal to a majority of our members?" and "How long is it?"

All articles/fiction should be roughly three typed, double-spaced pages in length. All artwork must be "line art" and in black ink on white stock. Shaded, colored, and dot matrix artwork will not be printed due to reproduction quality.

As with any publication, all submissions are subject to final editing. If you don't feel comfortable having your work edited, please do not submit it.

Submissions may be given to the Publications Director at any general meeting, or they may be mailed to the *Republic* address at the bottom of this page. ★



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### REPUBLICation Staff

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Typesetting, Design ..... Paul A. Timm  
Paste-up, Production,  
Proofing, Design ..... Michael G. Hart  
Staff Writers ..... Brian J. Flatley  
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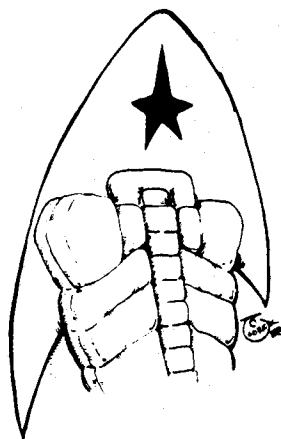
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Please send all inquiries to: Publications Director ♦ *The REPUBLICation*, 6050 Peachtree Pkwy., Suite 340-177, Atlanta, GA 30092.

## From The Center Seat

by Michael G. Hart



"Attention all hands, this is the Captain speaking . . ."

. . . And welcome aboard the new *Republic*!

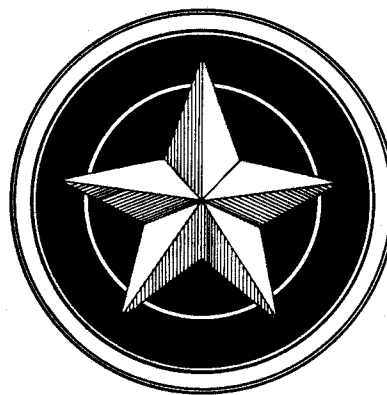
First off, I'd like to take this opportunity to express my sincerest appreciation to all you faithful members who have stuck with us during the past few months. It hasn't been easy, never knowing who's in charge and not being able to get things rolling because no one really was. But because of *you*, the Atlanta chapter of Starfleet did not simply wither away and die. Over the past six months we found out, albeit the hard way, just how much this club means to its members . . . and how much they're willing to sacrifice to make it live and prosper.

But the hardest part may still be before us. Now it's time to roll up our sleeves and actually initiate some of those projects and activities we've been talking about for so long, saying, "When we get back on our feet, we'll . . ." and so forth. Well, now we're on our feet, and we'll have to work to remain standing. We can do it, too. Our group has shown that, not only can we stand on our own two feet, we can *run*!

Just to let you know, the *Republic's* effect has not remained confined to the Atlanta area. News of this chapter has permeated Region Two, the proof of which I saw recently in Orlando as a contingent from *Republic* attended Vulkan there. At this Vulkan, I participated in my first captain's call, at which time the representatives from each chapter and Regional office introduced themselves in turn.

When it came time for *Republic's* name to be announced, our chapter received an ovation to put a Fleet Admiral to shame! The applause of the Region's captains for the *USS Republic* was loud and sustained, and it literally knocked me out of my seat; and it was then that I realized that *Republic* has not been nor will it be facing its troubles alone. We've got all the ships in the Region behind us, not to mention a number of the higher-ups in the Region and Fleetwide.

Add that to the group we've got in Atlanta, and we can't lose!



So now we look to the future and the tasks before us as we launch ourselves into its infinite possibilities. Our future will be what we make it, what we work to produce. It can be done. We've already proven that.

"Helmsman, viewer ahead. Take us out." ★

## Special Assignments

*Special Assignments* is an ongoing literary opus taking place in the Star Trek universe; any member of Starfleet may contribute. See Paul Timm, *Republic's* Director of Special Services, for more information on this project.

Well, the writer's guides are in! We had several good character descriptions submitted and from them we've selected the following:

Captain ..... Capt. David T. Walker  
First Officer ..... Cmdr. Virginia Rhodes  
Comm. Officer ..... Lt. Cmdr. Karl Stewart  
Science Officer ..... Lt. Cmdr. Vraxis  
Chief Engineer ..... Lt. Gerteckla  
Security Officer ..... Lt. K'ar  
Helmsman ..... Lt. (j.g.) Emlan  
Navigator ..... Ens. Alen Tymar  
Chief Medical Officer ... Lt. Cmdr. Nigel Jacobsen

All of these characters are detailed in the *Special Assignments Writer's Guide*, available from the Publications Director. The *Guide* is 23 pages long and includes writing guidelines, specifics about *USS Republic*, a ship's directory, and references within the Trek "universe."

We are very happy to have "Phred" Jenkins of the *USS Paegan* as one of our contributing artists. Her work is fantastic! Other artists are encouraged to submit samples. We'd like to get as many people involved in this project as we can.

**Time Period:** Captain James T. Kirk has been given command of the newly christened NCC-1701-A. The crew of that vessel has just returned from a short shakedown cruise and is enjoying leave on Earth. *USS Republic* NCC-1371 has just launched from Orbiting Station Alpha Centaurii IV under the command of Captain David T. Walker. ★

## Recreation Deck

### Intelligents Report

*Jack Russell: The Next Generation?*

by Brian Flatley

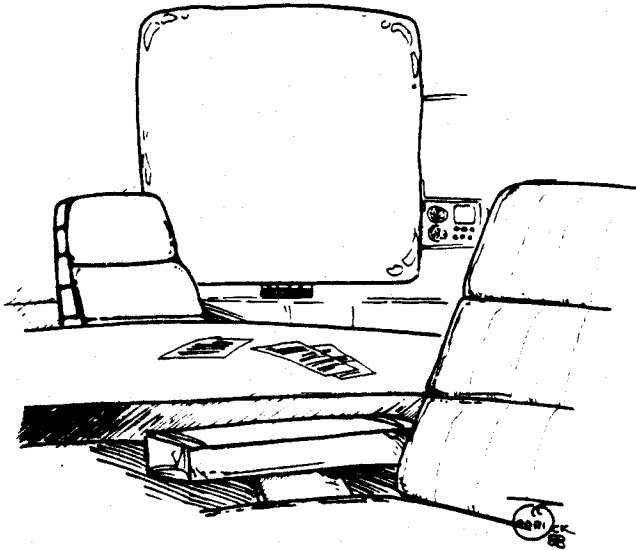
Jack Russell has been in Starfleet for all of eleven years, and in this time, he's had many opportunities for shore leave. Most of the planets and stations were boring, some were not, and a few . . . well, he ended up being wanted for questioning.

But in all, Jack had always returned to the ship from which he departed. Not this time. This time, Lieutenant Commander Jack Russell departed from the *USS Republic* NCC-1371 and has returned ("wound up" is a better term) on *USS Republic* NCC-1371-Z. Neither Jack nor his new-found shipmates are quite sure what has happened. But Jack suspects that it was a transporter malfunction, which is the classic way writers like me get characters like him into messes like this.



Jack has been trying to fit into his new surroundings. While trying to get used to the idea of his grandson being the Captain of the *Republic*, he was attacked by a parrot with a glandular problem. The assailant was later caught and served for dinner to some visiting dignitaries. For those of you who missed the last episode and have no idea what I'm talking about - well, that's what you get for missing staff meetings. *continued on page 8*

## The Briefing Room



### Cdr. Brian Flatley Executive Officer

Under our new structure, I now oversee the Engineering, Science, and Security divisions. I'm "looking for a few good beings" for these areas. Any interested parties should contact me at the earliest possible convenience.

The data base is still undergoing revisions and corrections. If possible, please contact a member of the Command Staff to ensure that all data is correct. What we need is your name, address, phone number, SCC number, and date of birth. Having the correct data will enable us to continue sending you this fine publication, as well as information about upcoming chapter events.

If you are having any problems with your membership materials from the international organization, are not receiving copies of the *Communiqué*, or any Starfleet Academy curricula or results, please let me know.

In the future, we will post a listing of the unfilled positions aboard *Republic*. This listing will include the duties and responsibilities of each position so as to give you, the member, a chance to explore areas that interest you. ★

### Cdr. Paul Timm Second Officer

Whew!! Where do I start? Special Services and Medical are now under my direction. To that end, Deborah Young has accepted the position of Chief Medical Officer and is now gearing up that division. Anyone interested in Medical should contact Deb at any of the chapter's general meetings.

Special Services has many new people working hard to make this the most active division in the chapter! Robert Ray is the Ship's Archivist and is responsible for . . . everything. Everything that has to do with USS *Republic*, that is. This includes meeting agendas from the days of the Shuttle Nautilus to photographs of the *Republic* Holiday Party.

Brian Christopher (B. C.) Hamilton is now the Ship's Historian as well as a staff writer for the multi-award winning newsletter, *The REPUBLICation*. He'll be penning the regular column "Activity Log" along with the occasional feature article. But we're always looking for other writers to keep Chris from being lonely. ★

## *The Briefing Room*

### **Lcdr. Kelly Hilliard** **Chief of Operations**

Kelly Hilliard is currently out of town. However, we'd like to tell you a little bit about the position of Operations Chief as it is now defined.

The Operations division is primarily responsible for the maintenance of *Republic's* business records, including financial and membership data. As such, this division is of great importance to the functioning of the *Republic* and is under the direct supervision of the Captain.

Kelly will be providing regular financial reports to the membership at general meetings as well as at staff meetings and in future issues of *The REPUBLICation*. ★

### **Lcdr. Bertha Ray** **Recreation Officer**

Perhaps the officer you'll be hearing most from is *Republic's* new Recreation Officer, Lcdr. Bertha Ray. As the Rec Officer, Bertha is responsible for providing the membership with all sorts of fun things to do. Bertha organizes activities such as parties, outings, and the postmeeting Social Hour.

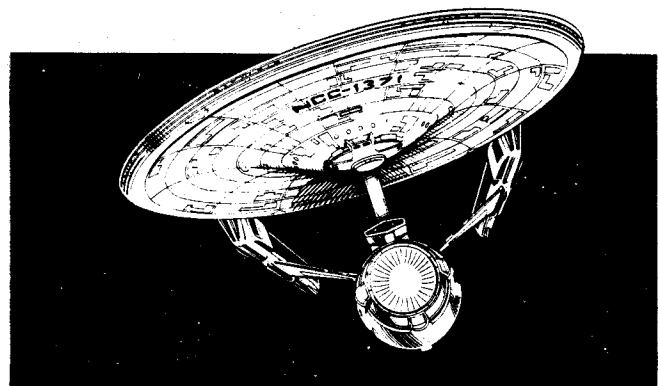
This is nothing new for Bertha -- she's been doing the job during the past six months with the assistance of other dedicated members. And while she has done a fantastic job so far, she still needs input from all the members to keep things rolling and to provide a means for "having fun." Please contact her if you have any suggestions for activities we might do as a group. ★

## **DATA SAMPLE**

### **BYLAWS COMMITTEE**

In response to the numerous questions and suggestions received from local members, a new committee is being formed to reevaluate and revise the chapter bylaws of USS *Republic*, the Atlanta chapter of Starfleet. All members are invited and encouraged to provide input to the committee.

Participation in the committee's activities is open to all local members. "Local members" being those individuals who are both paid members of the international Starfleet organization and paid members of the local chapter. If you wish to join the committee, please contact Capt. Hart or Cdr. Flatley for meeting times and places.



## **DATA SAMPLE**

### **CONTACT LIST**

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## Activity Log

by B. C. Hamilton



It was a slow day in Starfleet . . .

It started out rather promisingly, with the first *Republic* meeting under newly elected Captain Michael Hart. The crew was introduced to the new officers and department heads, Vulkon was reviewed by XO Brian Flatley, and other miscellaneous ship business was carried out. Once the official meeting was adjourned, the famous (infamous?) Starfleet Social Hour convened in the DeVry Common Hall.



"Bertha Brownies" were not able to appear at the meeting due to pressing social engagements, but their twin, B.R. Gingerbread, was a delightful and tasteful replacement. Adding to the excitement was a huge (and I mean HUGE) chocolate chip cookie lovingly created by Deborah Young. It wore the *Republic* logo proudly on its chest, but proved to be no match for a bunch of ravenous Starfleeters. All that was left from the massacre was an empty tray, a few crumbs, and a collective smile.

The group split up for a few hours to do personal chores in the afternoon (a.k.a. eat some more and play full-contact UNO) but met later in the day at Brit-Con, a small British sci-fi convention held annually at Oglethorpe University. Due to our late arrival, the convention was a bit of a disappointment. Some members were able to speak with fan legend Owen Ogle-tree, who expressed interest in working with *Republic* on upcoming events! Hopefully we'll hear more about that in a later activity log.

Next was the second annual *Republic* Holiday Party, held at Park Colony Apartments in Norcross. In keeping with *Republic* tradition, this party was a rousing success. Expanding on last year's entertainment, not only did we play sci-fi "Win, Lose, or Draw," but we added Star Trek Match Game (courtesy of Robert Ray). All this in addition to a repeat of "Scavenger Hunt - The Experience."

The edible portion of the event is credited wholly to the culinary talents of Bertha Ray and Deborah Young. The fantastic spread was quickly devoured and enjoyed by all who attended.

Well, that's it for now. Tune in next month for more exciting (?) news from *Republic*, including these tidbits . . .

**Captain Cloning:  
"Picard, pick any Picard"**

**Secret Klingon Cooking Rituals**

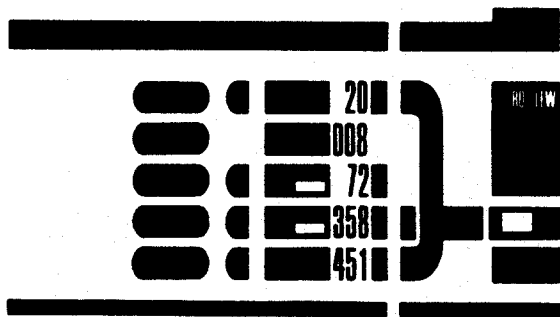
Until then, hailing frequencies closed. ★



## *Intelligents Report*

*We now come to the present, where we find Jack in sickbay, just about to regain consciousness . . .*

Jack opened his eyes slowly, hoping that he would discover that it was all a bad dream. [Sorry, Jack, this isn't *Dallas*.] Fortunately, it seemed that he was in a regular sickbay, except that it had the same strange interior designer as the rest of the ship had: as he looked around, he saw more of those weird panels and displays.



Jack began to sit up, but was held down by someone in a blue and black jumpsuit. *Well, at least Science and Medical have their original colors back, thought Jack. Now, if I can only work on the other two divisions.*

"Don't try to get up, Mr. Russell," Dr. Spritx said. A Vulcan, Dr. Spritx was the *Republic's* Chief Medical Officer. Spritx was ordered by Captain Russell [the grandson, not Jack; remember, our Jack is only a Lt. Commander] to take charge of the now eldest Russell's case. "In order for you to recover properly, it is best for you to remain on your back."

For once in Jack's life (well, twice, but no one was around that other time), he didn't have a witty reply at hand. "Whatever you say, Doc. This is a little too confusing for me. One moment I'm sitting with a movie

producer who's on the brink of suicide; now I'm in *The Twilight Zone*."

"I understand your disorientation, Commander. It is not every day that a human is displaced nearly a century through time via the transporter. In fact, it has never before occurred to anyone in the Federation or other known civilizations," the doctor concluded. He tapped the insignia on his chest. "Captain, this is Dr. Spritx. Commander Russell is now conscious."

"Tell Jack that I'll be down to see him in a few minutes. Russell out," Jack heard Jack reply.

"Excuse me, Doctor. I assume that's a communicator?" Jack asked the Vulcan.



"Yes it is, Commander. If you wish to familiarize yourself with our technology, ask the Captain to allow you access to the technical reference materials. Commander Okuda's textbooks are noted by most humans as being enjoyable to read, since they contain that most illogical trait, humor."

*I had hoped that Vulcans would develop a sense of humor. I guess that was just wishful thinking on my part, Jack thought.*

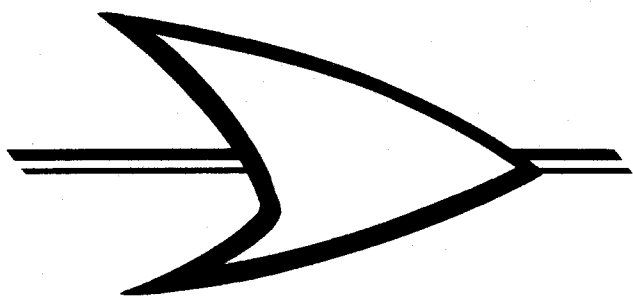
Meanwhile, Captain Jack Russell III was looking at the viewscreen that filled the



## *Intelligents Report*

front of the spacious bridge. They were patrolling the Romulan Neutral Zone, and Jack wondered why fate had taken this opportunity to mess up his life by dropping his long-lost grandfather onto his ship. Not that he really minded.

He'd heard that his grandfather was a much decorated officer and that he was a valued, though cautiously used member of Starfleet Intelligence. Not because the senior Russell was the best agent. Simply because he was so unpredictable.



Now, nearly seventy-plus years after his disappearance, Jack Russell Sr. had beamed in from nowhere. *Well, at least he's not missing anymore*, mused Captain Russell.

When Doctor Spritx paged him to sickbay, Captain Russell left the bridge to his First Officer, Commander Rebecca Nolan, or "Becky" as she was known to the crew during off-duty periods. Russell liked Nolan. She was one of the top-rated graduates in her class in the Academy and had made a very fast, though well-earned, progression through the ranks.

"Captain," Becky said to Jack as he walked to the aft turbolift, "is that guy in sickbay really your grandfather?"

"To be honest Commander, I've no idea. I hope he is, because Starfleet owes him a lot of back pay, and I haven't played poker in a long time."

As Jack stepped into the turbolift, Red Alert claxons began to wail. Jack jumped out of the lift and aimed straight for the conn, not taking his eyes off the main viewer. "Lieutenant Sanduval, report."

The young Chief of Security never looked up from his tactical displays. "Captain, sensors report a Romulan Cruiser at 270 mark 35. She has her plasma weapons charged, and is ready to fire."

*Well, time to put all that Starfleet training to use*, thought Jack. "Raise shields and charge phaser banks. Arm photon torpedoes. Mr. Gummidge, try to raise the Romulan ship."

To be continued . . . ★

### DATA SAMPLE

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