

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS Rendezvous

Stardate: May 2001

From the Bridge...

Boy the summer is coming fast, is already here, and all too soon will be over. The ship has been actively traveling about on field trips, more of which are upcoming, and is getting ready for CONduit this month. We hope to continue to have an active summer with the upcoming Seventh Fleet Olympics, of which we are the hosts, a trip to the Air Force Museum, Rocket launches and such. Please see the Coming Events section of the newsletter for updates on the days and times of these activities.

The Rendezvous as mentioned above will be hosting the Seventh Fleet Olympics this year. The event will be held at Lundstrum Park and should be great fun. Our ship will be providing lunch for everyone for the small fee of \$4.00 per person. We will be needing volunteers to help with game set up, food prep, game operations and awards. Please let me or Command Trowbridge know if there is an area you can assist with.

Lasts months club meeting, with accompanying trip to Hogle Zoo went really well. The weather looked as if it wasn't going to cooperate but we decided to head down anyway. 10 members attended and the weather was cool, but it did not rain on us until we had packed up to leave the zoo. The new baby polar bear put on quite a show as her Mom tried to get her into the water. It was an unsuccessful attempt but fun to watch in any case. We hope to see you on next month's field trip. Also while we were at the zoo we saw a marmoset which carried a striking resemblance to the President of the Federation in Star Trek 6. If you would like to see the picture, come and take a look at the Captain's scrapbooks.

Lt. Reed Strawn is going on special assignment to an Earth based technological station in Colorado. There he will be working for a company called IBM and will be maintaining and establishing our computer networking systems.

I guess that is one of the greatest and hardest parts of being a member of the Rendezvous. A large majority of our members are university students. Upon completion of their degrees, many leave to further their education's or to take active roles in society. It is an honor to meet and work with every one of them and those of us who remain here locally. It always impresses me the intelligence and knowledge that passes through our little ship. We have always been known as the science ship of the fleet and I feel that we fill that role well. Congratulations to all of you who are taking some time each day to increase your knowledge about the world we live in. Keep up the good work.

Command Trowbridge and I got a unique experience today while traveling about in our shuttle. Some youth of the area had established a "Museum" in their backyard and were charging 25 cents to see the

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spectacle. We were able to see a car of ancient origin as well as a newer, racier looking model for cargo hauling, the grasslands of Africa where the lions live, the 'seas' of Australia and a robot that had been struck by lightning and destroyed (plastic lawnmower). I hope that in our travels through life, we can all find our minds as creative as this youngster's was.

Captain Marla Trowbridge
Commanding Officer
USS *Rendezvous* NCC-1896

Coming Events

May 18-20. CONduit. Science Fiction Convention in SLC. This three day event is loads of fun. Cost for entry \$36.00 per person + Hotel fee (Approximately \$30.00 as we share a room.) + food if you don't bring your own.

May 19th. 10:30am Foods and Nutrition Building room 202. Regularly scheduled club meeting. Commander Dalice Nilson residing.

June 16th. 10:30am Foods and Nutrition Building room 202. Club meeting with 11:00 departure for the Air Force Museum. Cost is \$5.00 per person for carpool fee + lunch money if you don't bring a sack lunch. This is a great way to see some really nice planes the military has utilized at one time or another.

June 23rd 10:00am Lundstrum Park **Second Annual Seventh Fleet Olympics**. We are the hosts of this

event and need all the participation we can get. There will be lots of games, good food and friendship. \$4.00 for your lunch (Dutch oven dinner, all you can eat). There will be a rocket game that everyone can play but we will need \$1.50 per entrant to cover the cost of the engines. Let us know if you can help with the activity.

July 21, 10:30am Lundstrum Park. In lieu of our club meeting this month, we will be gathering at Lundstrum Park to meet and launch rockets. If you don't have a rocket, still come and have fun with us. We will have drinks and light snacks for everyone. This is a traditional event.

July 27-Aug 4. Festival of The American West. If you want to see the Captain about something during this time, you'll have to go to Festival. It is held here in the valley and is a fun way to learn about the history of the pioneers and the old west. There will be shoot outs, cavalry demonstrations, and lots more. The Captain will be here working on her harness as this is her week and a half of holodeck time. Cost \$10.00 per person for the day.

August 10-12. Pineview Reservoir. Klingon Games, hosted by Stan Reneau. Camping lots for up to ten people \$12.00. No cost if visiting for the day only. Advanced reservations required for banquet. No cost known for banquet at this time. You can take your own food just like a camping and save some cost. For reservations or questions. e-mail: warrriorunlimited@netscape.net

Author Douglas Adams Dies



Author Douglas Adams, who wrote *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, has died suddenly aged 49.

Mr Adams died on Friday morning in Santa Barbara, California, following a heart attack, said his spokeswoman Sophie Astin.

The author became a household name when the cult science fiction novel was turned into a BBC TV series.

Prominent figures at the BBC, who worked with Adams on many projects, have spoken of their shock and sorrow at his death.

Alan Yentob, the BBC director of drama and entertainment, said: "Douglas was a big character who will be hugely missed by a host of friends and millions of fans around the world.

"He was a gifted writer; a one-off talent who managed to combine fantasy and humanity in books which enthralled generations of readers. We'll miss him enormously."

The BBC's head of comedy, Geoffrey Perkins, who produced the original *Hitchhiker's* radio series, said: "I'm absolutely devastated. I've known Douglas for 25 years. He was absolutely one of the most creative geniuses to ever work in radio comedy.

"He probably wrote one of the greatest radio comedy series ever; certainly the most imaginative.

Film

"For somebody who was so involved in breakthroughs in new developments in technology, it's a tragedy that he's died before most of the things he's talked about have come about."

Ashley Highfield, the BBC director of new media, who worked with Adams on his website, said: "I've been a huge fan of Douglas and working with him on the h2g2 website was the culmination of childhood dreams.

"He was pretty unique in being innovative in media after media - from radio to the web. He was still coming up with more new ideas than almost anyone I've met.

"His brainchild - the h2g2 website - which the BBC has taken forward, is groundbreaking in enabling an online encyclopaedia to be created by the people for the people."

Pioneer

Adams was born in Cambridge in 1952 and educated in Essex before returning to Cambridge to study at St John's College.

His career included work as a radio and television writer and producer before his life was changed by the publication of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* in 1979.

The satirical tale chronicled the journey of alien Ford Prefect and his human companion Arthur Dent throughout the Universe after the destruction of Earth.

It centred around the search for an answer to life, the universe, and everything - which turned out to be 42.

The novel went on to sell more than 14 million copies worldwide and was followed by the sequels *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*; *Life, the Universe and Everything*; and *So Long and Thanks For All the Fish*.

In recent years, the author had been working on a *Hitchhiker's Guide* movie.

There was much speculation about who would play Arthur Dent, with Hugh Laurie, Rowan Atkinson, Jim Carrey, Ben Affleck and even Bruce Willis said to be in the running.

Adams was also an internet pioneer, presenting a series on it on BBC Radio 4.

He believed something powerful was created when people pooled experiences and information and the internet offered a unique opportunity to do just that.

He said part of the internet's extraordinary power was the fact that it "evolved as an organic entity, a bottom-up design rather than being hierarchically controlled from above".

Adams married Jane Belson in 1991 and had a daughter, Polly, in 1994.

Rendezvous Saga

by Marla Trowbridge

Captain's Log. Stardate 0105.06

The Rendezvous is on its way to meet with the ships of the Seventh Fleet at the annual ship gathering. This is a time of year I really look forward to. Usually its the one time you can sit back and unwind without having to worry about getting shot at, losing a crewman on an away mission, or having to wonder if everyone in Star Fleet thinks your mad. Well I guess the last won't change, but somehow I believe they enjoy having a Captain who pulls their strings a bit.

Captain QurtIS is still living and working on board the ship. He seems to have settled into a routine somewhat and has invited me to do some combat training with him. I have requested the presence of some of the security staff as well. I am sure the Captain has a lot he can teach us, plus it gives all of us more targets to check our aim on. We have a few hours before reaching our rendezvous point with the fleet so I have agreed to take him up on the request. Commander Trowbridge has displayed concern for my health but I feel confident my training will come back to me.

Captain Rex Rouviere, currently posted as Adjutant to the Admiral, is headed in on this same course. On hearing about the combat training he asked to join in as well. I have agreed. This should be interesting.

Captain Trowbridge crept through the bushes. She knew her prey was out there, somewhere. She had heard the distinct sound of phaser fire only moments before and her every sense was on alert. She had had several good kills today. Clean kills, and was pleased that she had been able to show the Klingon she was still combat trained. He had worked with her, and Captain Rex Rouviere the first few times and they had cleared the field of combatants. This time, he played against her and Rex. The two of us had been dubbed mutants, everyone else was a hunter. If we killed them, they joined our side, if we were killed, we were out.

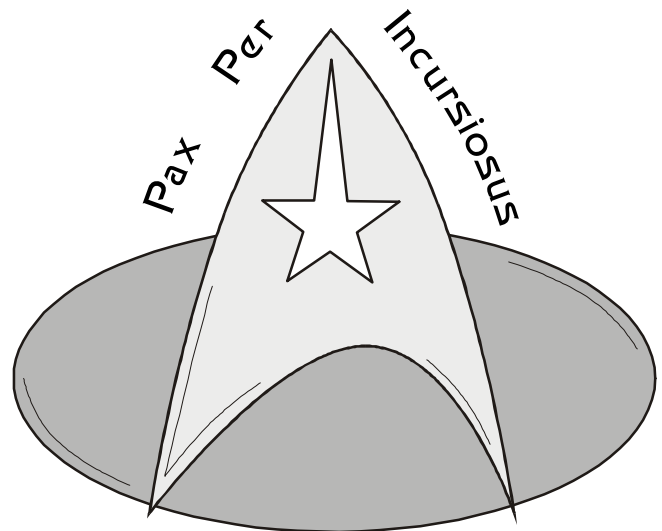
A small opening in a rather thick bush provided nice cover with shooting access. She could get her phaser through it to shoot someone coming at her, but had enough brush around her that it would be a difficult shot for someone coming from any of three sides. Rex took a position across the road. Between them, they should be able to see most anyone coming at them and there were several, including the Klingon.

From her small vantage point she watched as two personnel crept into one of the areas she was covered on. She kept an eye on them, signaling to Rex, the presence beside her.

“That could be the Smith brothers” she thought to herself. Jeremiah and Nathan had become familiar faces on the ship. Jeremiah loved the fine art of interrogation and hadn't had much chance to use it yet. Both enjoyed security work and were suitably skilled in the area. She was not sure if they had detected her presence and watched them for a minute, checking her other sides to make sure they were still clear. Scanning equipment had not been permitted in the scenario and made it more difficult to track a target. After a moment the two moved off in another direction and she breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

From down the lane a form stepped into view. She looked it over for a moment, waited till it was clear of the bushes and Rex had signaled it was not one of their people. She lined up her sights and fired, effectively 'killing' the opponent. Again the field went quiet. She checked with Rex to see if the area was clear and he nodded. A bit more waiting and another kill.

SNAP. Every sense suddenly jumped at a sound that she did not make but that came from very close beside her. Slowly she turned, her weapon in her hand, ready to fire to a side that she had felt she was safely concealed. The tip of a phaser was three feet from her chest. Even a stun shot would hurt more from that distance. She had no way of getting a shot through that would kill him.



U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS
NCC-1896



“Do you want to surrender?” Captain QurtIS asked. His words came through his teeth and she could hear the pleasure behind them.

She nodded “Yeah” and put her hands slowly into the air. Removing herself from the field. “I had no idea a Klingon could be so quiet.” She thought to herself as she walked out.

Rex had seen that she was in trouble, and then ‘dead’ and walking off the field. He knew something had slipped through their position. He moved in to cover the area she had previously occupied.

“Rex, do you want to surrender?” The Klingon said from under the bush.

“No!” Captain Rouviere replied and the phaser fire started cutting through the bushes between the two. In the end, the Klingon joined the ranks of the mutants as had the rest of the players on the field.

Rex walked over to Marla and patted her on the back “Good job little mutant sister.” He said as he moved to his station to prepare for the next round.

Time passed quickly and no sooner than it seemed we had started, the combat training was over and we were on our way into port to meet up with the ships of the fleet. Captain Trowbridge was slightly stiff, but much more relaxed as she entered the bridge.

“How did it go Captain?” Commander Trowbridge asked.

Captain Trowbridge made a bit of a face “You’re never safe if you have a sneaky Klingon on the field,” she said as she dropped into her chair.

“Status, Mr. Chism?” Lt. Chism had been manning Helm and Operations since the Helm position had opened up.

“We’re five minutes from dock Captain. All ships systems operating normally, though the holodeck

seems to have used nearly 40% of our power and almost put us in an energy crisis.”

“Noted.” The Captain replied. She made a mental note to inform QurtIS he would have to cut back a bit on his holodeck activities.

“Have we heard from the other ships of the fleet yet?” she asked Lt. jg Speer, formally Lt.jg Wisser.

“Yes Captain. All vessels have arrived. They report they are looking forward to seeing us here this year.”

Last year, circumstances had kept the Captain and First Officer from attending the scheduled meeting. Mr. Chism had been sent as the ship’s representative and had been peppered with questions about the Captain’s absence. The stress had been so great that at one point the ships counsellor felt it would be good for him to meet with her.

Mr. Chism turned to face the Captain. “I am SO glad you are attending the meetings this year. I don’t know if I could have taken another three days of the same question.”

Captain Trowbridge smiled. “So noted Mr. Chism. I’ll do my best to not miss anymore.”

The Smith brothers were down in the main security office of the ship making sure their weapons were in tip top condition. There really wasn’t a lot of maintenance that needed to be done on a phaser, except for periodically needing to charge it.

Jeremiah had been studying up on the most recent forms of effective information gathering. That was the politically correct name that had been given to Interrogation. It didn’t sound as good to say you were “interrogating a prisoner” as it sounded saying “I’m gathering information.” He had laughed when he had heard of the change. All of the techniques that were supposed to be new and improved were the same

techniques of the past, just with nicer wording and explanations.

“Hey, Nathan, take a look at this. The old Chinese Water Torture has had its title changed.” He laughed “Now they call it ‘Use of Hydro Therapy for Information Gathering.’ No one even uses that style anymore and they had to re-title it as well. Sometimes I wonder about the politics and all the rewriting people have to do. Guess it gives someone a job.”

Nathan smiled at his brother while he put a bit more polish onto his personal phaser. “It’s true with everything nowadays it seems. It doesn’t matter what you say, someone can misinterpret it.”

The ship docked at Starbase SLC 518. Those members of the crew who had been approved for shore leave began departing the ship. As a public service, parts of the Rendezvous were opened up for public tours. Small groups of individuals were able to board and were escorted about the vessel. In preparation for the event all areas of the ship had been busy cleaning up and reorganizing. Dr. Beverly Miller had been a flurry of motion, the medical bay had never shined so much. Part of this had been done in preparation for the minor injuries she was expecting. Permission had been given to QurtIS to continue a light-weight version of his combat training scenario for persons who were wanting to see what combat can be like. It was also made available to all members of the Seventh Fleet on a bit harder scale. It’s not often you can fight a Klingon and not worry about getting killed. Mr. Chism had approved the additional use of the holodeck as we were now hooked up to station power and not draining our own core.

The ship tours were going smoothly when the Captain got a call. “Captain Trowbridge, This is Crewman Nickols. I just finished my tour of the engineering compartment and headed for the turbo lift.

When I arrived, one of the members of the group was gone. I’m not certain where he went.”

“Understood Crewman. Have you notified security?” she asked.

“Not yet. I’ll let them know right now. Nickols out.”

Jeremiah and Nathan's comlinks came on at the same time. “Crewman Nickols to security. I need to report a missing person.”

“Go ahead Crewman.” Nathan said.

“He’s male, about 5’7”. Blonde hair. He was with us in the engineering compartment. I lost him between there and the turbo lift.”

“We’re on it. We’ll keep you informed. Notify us if he turns up. We will want to speak with him.” Nathan said.

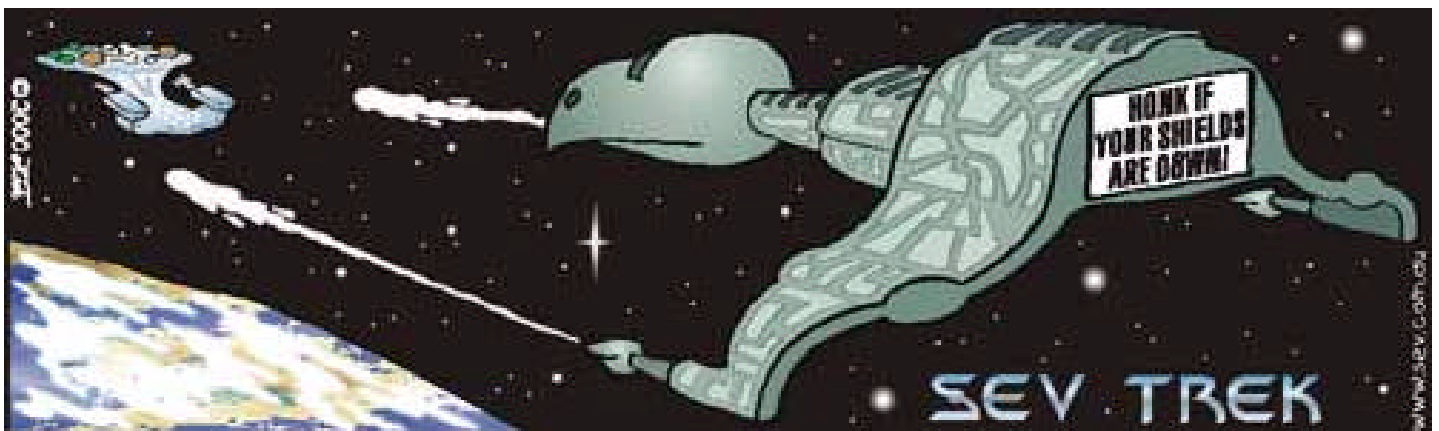
Jeremiah beamed. “Its about time we had someone we get to question. Now we just have to find him.”

The two men strapped on the impeccably clean phasers, making sure they were set for light stun, checked their uniforms to make sure they were straight, and put on ‘serious security breach in progress’ faces. Both walked straight upright, their shoulders pulled back and chests slightly out. Security was on the move and they wanted people to know it.

They moved to the engineering section of the ship. Going down halls and shifting positions around doorways. “Clear,” Nathan said as he covered for Jeremiah while he entered the section.

A noise could be heard coming from one area and they made their way quietly that direction.

Jeremiah motioned Nathan forward “I can hear something, coming from over there.” He whispered, motioning in the direction of the sound. After another moment the sound repeated itself. It sounded like metal scraping on metal.



They were on the other side of the wall, the noise now closer when Nathan nodded to Jeremiah, holding his phaser over his younger brother's head to cover him. "Go," Nathan said.

Jeremiah leapt gracefully into the next room, his weapon in his hand. "Freeze!" he said to the occupant of the compartment.

Commander Steven Wall had been busy disassembling the ship's simulator to move it into a larger holding compartment. He heard the sound of a person landing behind him and jumped as the word "Freeze" was stated. The metal beam he had been removing was still in his hands.

Jeremiah straightened "Oh. Good evening, Commander. Have you seen any non-ship personnel in this area? We have a missing person search going on."

"No I haven't. I've been here all day taking this simulator apart and no-one strange has come through. Interesting manner you two have of rounding people up." He smiled at the two, knowing it had been a long time since security had been busy in something other than simulations.

The two security persons departed the engineering compartment after making sure the area was clear. Next stop was one of the science stations, located between engineering and the turbo lift.

Now practicing their combat hand signals, Jeremiah and Nathan moved down the hall. The two Ensigns signalled to each other when crew or tour groups were spotted, with hand signals and signs indicating number of persons and whether they were friendlies or not. They each took a side of the door to the science station and then Jeremiah keyed the security code on it. The door slid silently open.

Both men were flat against the outside wall. There was no sound from the immediate area. Nathan leaned in, signaling to Jeremiah that he could see no one within. There were several desks in the room and they worked their way slowly around them. As they neared the back of the room quiet humming was heard. This time Nathan leapt around the corner to face the occupant of the desk.

Lt. jg. Tom Post was busy working on his recent modeling project. Pieces of a scale model of the solar system he had just finished studying were spread over his desk and he was just gluing a new piece to the model.

"Freeze!" Nathan said, and Tom did what he was told. The action worked to his benefit as he now had to hold the piece he was applying for 60 seconds until the mounting medium stuck. "Hi Nathan. Have you seen my model I've been working on? It's really going to

be a neat one. Do you think the Captain will like it?" Tom asked.

Nathan straightened out of his crouch. "Hey, Tom. Yeah I think that's a great model. She should love it. Have you seen anyone you don't know in here?"

"No I haven't." He was still holding completely still with the exception of his conversation. "Would you like me to call you if I do see someone?"

"That would be great," Nathan said and turned, heading for the door again.

Jeremiah had checked out the other desks in the room and found them all empty. He joined Nathan at the door. Nathan saw that Tom had finished his 'freeze' and was applying adhesive to another part of the model. They left the room.

They entered the hall, their posture rather relaxed as they hadn't taken up their security actions again. They spotted an individual they did not recognize heading down the hall towards the holodecks. "Hey! You!" Jeremiah said.

The man bolted, security hot on his tail. They hadn't been able to get a clean shot off as the man rounded a corner. They followed him and he had disappeared. The exit from the hall close enough for the man to have gone in was the holodeck. They checked the program pad on the wall and found there was a program in progress. They looked at each other and smiled as they realized it was QurtIS' training program.

"This is going to be fun," they said to each other at nearly the same moment and keyed the door. They locked the exit from anyone but ship personnel, and made their way into the jungle.

Nathan thumbed his comlink, "Nathan to QurtIS." A strained voice came over the link "This...Is.. QurtIS. Your..." there was a grunt "...timing is not good."

"We have an intruder on the ship, he is here on the holodeck. Jeremiah and I are here to obtain him." He thought and added, "Alive and well."

Another grunt, and a growl was heard. "Take that, you PetaQ." There was a brief pause. "Fine, I will flush him your direction." The comlink went silent.

The roar of a Klingon battle cry peeled through the jungle of the holodeck. The man who had entered the deck chilled with the sound. Jeremiah and Nathan smiled. They had learned to enjoy the presence of the Klingon. It had made their stay on the ship more interesting. They knew that the man was probably wondering just what he had gotten himself into. They advanced into the jungle, spreading themselves a short distance apart, enough they

could cover more ground but close enough they could still see each other.

It would have been an easy matter to have just shut down the holodeck program. But that was too easy. This was much more interesting and more fun. They were tracking an 'enemy'. Well, they really didn't know who the man was, or what he was doing having departed from his tour group. But they would make it a memorable experience for him.

Nathan went low to the ground, remembering what had happened to the Captain when QurtIS had done the same thing. He moved slowly and carefully, creeping under the vegetation the simulation provided. After a few minutes he spotted two shoes in the bush ahead. They were not Federation issue and QurtIS was not the kind to stand around. Plus the legs were wider than the Klingon's. This Klingon was tough fellow, rather thin and stringy, but there was more skill and strength in that lean body than he had seen in many heavy combatants.

He quietly moved the phaser into a position where he could get a good stun shot on the man if needed. He then spoke up. "This is Ensign Smith. Ship Security. Step slowly away from the bush or I will have to stun you."

The man did as he was instructed. Jeremiah came out from behind a tree and aimed his phaser at the man. "What is your name and your reason for being here?"

The man had been taken quite by surprise. That increased when the Klingon joined the group. He stood quietly at the side of the group. Watching intently.

"It's Tucker Brown. I...I came on the tour. I got lost."

"You didn't look lost when you saw us. How come you ran?" Jeremiah asked, stepping a bit closer and looking the man directly in the eye.

The man glanced nervously at the Klingon, and then at Jeremiah, finding the officer a step closer to him and with very focused eyes. "I wanted to see more of the ship. If I got caught, that wouldn't happen."

Nathan stepped up behind the man. "Put your hands out to your sides so I can search you."

The man did as he was told "Really. I just wanted to see more of the ship."

A bulky object was in the man's pocket and Nathan carefully removed it. Identifying it as a image capturing device. "We'll have to hang on to this. Once the film is developed, if there are no compromising photographs, the imager and the photos will be returned to you."

The man nodded "OK. Can I go now?"

Jeremiah knew and felt that this was a Civilian who had just stepped over the line a bit. He relaxed his pose again and said "Fine. I'll take a copy of your identification and then you can go." He turned to look at QurtIS. "Captain QurtIS, how would you like to accompany our 'friend' here and Ensign Smith to the transporter room, while I start filling out reports?"

QurtIS smiled, his teeth showing, and took a step closer to Tucker. "Certainly. I would love to help you with that."

The man obviously hadn't been this close to a Klingon and seemed a bit nervous about that. Jeremiah knew it would give him a great story to tell and nodded, letting the others go about their way.

Captain's Log 0105.07

It seems our intruder was just a civilian wanting to see more of the ship. We examined the images he had taken and found all of them to be rather benign in nature. He did ask to have his picture taken with the Klingon on the same roll of film, in hopes he would get that one back. QurtIS actually agreed.

Both Smiths have been on cloud nine since the event took place. Jeremiah didn't get to do as much interrogation as he would have liked to, but he was able to question an individual and practice his ship security training. Nathan too seems to have enjoyed the experience immensely.

I received a copy of the local Informer, the publication for the starbase that gives current news. Our friend submitted a story about his ordeal on the ship to them, and they, of course, published it. We are getting more calls now from people wanting to be tracked by our security crew and escorted by a Klingon. That's just what I needed. I have put Lt. Speer on the job of answering all the calls. I'm sure this is one time she is thinking about changing from the department of communications.

I will be interested to see what the Captains of the Fleet and the Admiral have to say about the events I'm sure they have now read in the paper. Seems we show up in the oddest places some times.

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