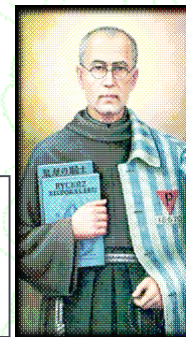




# The Mighty Max



U.S.S. Maximillian (NCC-74997)  
Science-Fiction Fan Organization  
"Reach for the Stars, and Grab the Future"  
-Christa McAuliffe, 1986

VOLUME 15, ISSUE 8

AUGUST 2007

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## IT'S THE RETURN THAT EVERYONE HAS BEEN FRELLING WAITING FOR!!!

SCIFI.COM has ordered a 10-part webisode series based on the multi-award-winning Farscape, the fan and critical darling that has been widely recognized as one of the greatest sci-fi series in television history. Executive produced by Brian Henson and Robert Halmi, Jr., and produced by The Jim Henson Company, in association with RHI Entertainment, the series will revive and expand the beloved Farscape universe. (more on page 3)



## Space Fashion Gets Hip

Submitted by LT Lisa Lombardi  
Ship's Counselor

one step closer to spandex-wearing space babes. richard should be happy. :P

When Neil Armstrong took his famous small step in 1969, he might have managed a larger leap if it weren't for his 300-pound bulk of a spacesuit that minimized the motion of his legs and arms. Today, Dava Newman from MIT is designing a sleeker space suit that would allow astronauts to move about more freely during their space voyages.



Newman's suit design is slim, trim and looks more like a Superman costume than the bulging bundles of material we're familiar with today. For the last 40 years, the suits have not changed much, except for getting heavier. The current suits use gas pressurization to protect astronauts from the vacuum in space, supplemented

with a heavy life support system and multiple layers.

Wearing one of the traditional suits, an astronaut would not be able to perform some of the tasks that scientists predict will accompany space missions in the future, such as driving rovers, maneuvering robots, and exploring landscapes. About 75% of an astronaut's energy goes simply to bending the suit. Also, if the suit should rip, the astronaut would have to immediately return to the ship before life-threatening decompression occurs.

Newman's suit, called a BioSuit, is meant to give astronauts the maximum amount of mobility possible while keeping them safe. Instead of gas pressurization, the suit consists of cloth wrapped tightly around the body to take advantage of mechanical counter-pressure against the vacuum. The design utilizes physicist Saul Iberall's discovery of certain "lines of non-extension" that run through the body, lines on the body that never bend, and can provide a skeleton of structural support. And if the suit rips, the damaged part can simply be bandaged with more material, and the suit as a whole remains unscathed.

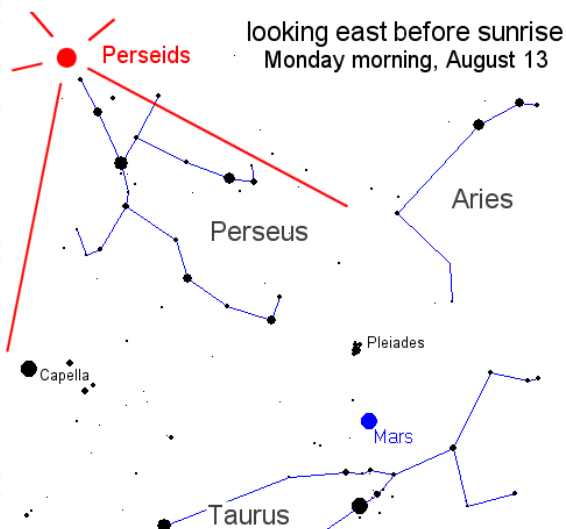


Lines of Extension



Like the traditional suits, the BioSuit would also use an oxy-gen tank and helmet. Most importantly, the lightweight, skin-tight suit would enable astronauts to physically perform necessary tasks by allowing greater mobility.

Not only would this help with science experiments, but Newman hopes that it will also help astronauts to stay in shape while living in the microgravity of space, which is currently a health challenge for astronauts. And as for mankind's first step on Mars, maybe it will truly be a giant leap.



## 2007 Perseid Meteor Shower

Submitted CMDR Susan Moran  
Ship's Purser / Chief of Science

During the predawn hours of August 13, make time to step outside and cast your eyes heavenward. The Perseid Meteor Shower should be at its peak. At an average of 60 mph (meteors per hour), your be sure to catch a flash across the sky every minute or so, weather permitting

As you pan the early morning skies, your observe white or bluish-white streaks light as the brighter Perseids enter the atmosphere at speeds of up to 145,000 mph. Following their spectacular display, many of the meteors leave behind smoke trails that can linger for several seconds.

## O'Bannon Penning Farscape Webisodes

Submitted by CMDR Susan Moran  
Ship's Purser / Chief of Science

Brian Henson, executive producer of the upcoming *Farscape* "mini-isodes" that will debut on SCI FI.COM's SCI FI Pulse broadband network, revealed that series co-creator Rockne S. O'Bannon will collaborate with him on the scripts for the revival.

"Rockne and I are back together to work on the beginning of the next generation of *Farscape*," Henson told the panel audience attending Comic-Con International in San Diego on July 27.

SCI FI has ordered 10 webisodes of *Farscape*, to be produced by Brian Henson and Robert Halmi Jr. and produced by The Jim Henson Co., in association with RHI Entertainment.

The series will expand the *Farscape* universe. Henson was tight-lipped with details. "As for the project, we're not allowed to actually tell you anything about it," Henson said. "What we are doing with *Farscape* is having a lot of fun and in the experimental media of webisodes; it takes *Farscape* to its next chapter. There's very little we can say creatively, other than I'm sure there will be characters there that you all know, and I'm sure there will be characters that will be new."

Henson said that each webisode will run between three and six minutes in length. "We are very excited about it, and, as is tradition, we are very secretive about it," he said. "But it's also very early. We only just decided to do this very recently, so it's still in its creation state." The *Farscape* series aired on SCI FI Channel starting in 1999. No premiere date has been set for the upcoming webisodes.



## Your First Doctor Holds a Special Place in Your Heart(s)

Submitted by ENS Ed Locke  
Ambassador to the "Fishnet Mafia"

There's something sentimental about Doctor Who. You've got this avuncular character, albeit more fun than any real uncle, who gathers up curious young folks and takes them along with him as he dimension hops through the universe. Most of us started watching it as a kid or a teen. We could relate to the companions and dreamed of getting away from our daily tedium. The Doctor became our access to this other world where we could escape; we loved his mannerisms and eccentricities.

And then he regenerated. You remember the first time you saw it happen. You felt -- betrayed. That wasn't YOUR Doctor anymore. It was somebody else with a new look and new idiosyncrasies. That's not right; bring back my Doctor, dammit. You kept telling yourself, "He'll be back. This is all some sort of mistake, right? We'll all wake up from this dream-sequence in the next episode... or maybe the one after that... right....?" A lot of Doctor Who fans are sentimental over THEIR Doctor -- the Doctor they grew up watching. An informal poll here reveals that Tom Baker, Peter Davison and Christopher Eccleston carry the day in our office, which makes a lot of sense considering the average age of our office monkeys and the timespan in which our PBS stations aired the newest Doctor Who episodes. For 60% of us, our first doctor is our favorite. The other 40% are heathens. [Editors Note: Alright, so technically Ed didn't really submit this and it is just an ad for a t-shirt, but I really liked the sentiment and besides I'm doing the news letter...]



My current favorite Doctor. I guess that makes me a "who-heathen." —Susan

## Meeting Minutes

LT Babs Magera  
Records Officer / Chief of Operations

Once again, at the MCL Cafeteria, we present the July 2007 meeting of the USS Maximillian! Fortunately, androids don't need to eat (especially androids who went to Burger King prior to coming to the meeting) so I get to set up early!)

And so, after the eatening, we start the meeting with introductions all around...with 23 members at a July meeting! Another point for us!! We then move onto the Captain's report! The website was updated with our latest podcast, up to date meeting minutes, and pictures! The Yahoo group continues to be active, and Max fiction continues to be generated. The alternate universe story challenge still stands, and a new anthology book is still in the works. Regarding TV night, Torchwood, Dresden Files and other shows are the viewings of choice. Also, should anyone wish to host TV nights on Mondays and can hold 15 people, by all means do! :D Oh. And there are always cookies.

Next up, is First Officer, CJ the Horta. Membership has grown a lot, and thus the structure and organization had been brought up to date. Also, should conflicts or issues arise, either talk to him, the Counselor or the Tribune. The position of Yeoman is still available, and everything else is filled. The various departments and what they do were also briefly described to give newer people an idea of who the department heads were and what each one does. Auxiliary service is where new people are assigned to, until a more fitting department can be found. Lisa (ship's counselor) can help answer questions, and a sheet detailing the organization of the ship will be posted to the website. In other news, public events need to be a little more curbed. People need to be a little more family-oriented in their mannerisms, and act a little more grown up. The Trash Heap has spoken!!

LCDR Overload has the best report in the WORLD! In the UNIVERSE.....or...maybe just in the Alpha Quadrant. Either way, it's really really good! To begin, AC rocked!!!! I did lots of art, earned about \$300 in the process, and got to see a lot of my friends! In fact, we all managed to get our pic with Rob Paulson, the voice behind Yakko Warner and Pinky from Pinky and the Brain! Needless to say...AC next year or BUST! On other news, a poll has been put up on the max list regarding our next away mission. Will it be Dragon Con? or will we try another attempt at the San Diego Comic Con? YOU decide! Finally, flyers were passed out advertising Amtgard, a medieval-themed LARP. Like foam? Like blunt objects? Then come here and go crazy you wild things you!!!

Now we have the Purser's report. T'Purr says there are gobs of money, as a result of new members, and lack of fingers has resulted in losing track of how much we have.

The max Store also now has a PayPal account, and you can pay for everything there if needs be! The PayPal address is [েকেজুম্রে@gmail.com](mailto:েকেজুম্রে@gmail.com). Put your name and purpose on the email. Also, Quidditch shirts are \$21.00 so everyone who ordered them must pay up, or else Blobbin will set you on fire!

And now....our crew:

\*Crazy Bill's Bargain Basement offered up an A+ manual today, among other software and books as well! Dig those crazy prices and free stuff!

\*Dan (Through Linda, but we'll get to that later!): Context is going well, and the costume contest is going to be on Friday night!

\*Isa does her Dip. Corps duties and says Vulkon went very well, and will be in Columbus next year!

\*Chief Aux. officer Rachel says that she needs contact information from newer members and see what they want to do on the ship, so as to better integrate them.

\*Counselor Lisa says that for the next two weekends, Starbase, HP Ohio and Bill's bricks will have tables selling merchandise. If folks wish, go help out and have fun!

\*Ed made a compilation CD of fantasy and sci-fi music and gave them out to everyone!

\*Databit has made a mess of the Captain's video games again. Which is really Droid's fault, as he's the one who bought a game holder rack thingie that was so irresistibly climbable in the first place!

And now....ADMIRALTY TIME with Blobbin (with lack of Turock and Elaine for all! \*wail\*)! Everything is happy over there, and Greg HOVERED! And FLEW! And he's not wearing underwear....oh such underwear is not worn...

Guests: Ralph and Cathy from the Columbus made an appearance. Ralph recently was offered a position in Starfleet as head of Engineering at Starfleet Academy. Linda Winks made a quick guest star spot, reporting Dan's Context report!

Old Business:

\*Next dinner will be at BW3's at Lane Avenue on Wednesday July 25th at 7:30.

\*Friday Night (July 27th), Scully's will be featuring Wizard Rock night with Draco and the Malfoys, the Whomping Willows, and Harry and the Potters. The next Saturday will be an afternoon viewing of the Simpsons Movie at the Movie tavern!

\*King's Island has been moved to August 25 since July is so packed. Meet at 8 - 9 at Stringtown Rd. and then caravan down. At 1 pm we shall meet at the Eiffel Tower and have lunch and then go play in stuff!

\*Movie Marathon will be in October at CJ's. 24 hours of movie watching is in the works, with prizes given out for

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## Meeting Minutes

LT Babs Magera  
Records Officer / Chief of Operations

(Continued from page 4)

anyone who can stay awake all that time!

\*Starbase is still planning their bowling league, though times and dates will be announced. More information will be on the group and at the next meeting.

\*Suggestions have been tossed about regarding going to a drive-in movie, though further details and ideas of where to go shall be discussed on the Max group.

\*Trek Putt is also in the works for August 12th at noon.

\*Red White and Boom pulled 15 people and 5 new members!

\*Weird Al is August 8th in the Ohio State Fair....but I won't be there, 'cos RISA (AKA Vegas phun!). Meet up at the Fair at 6:30 and the concert is \$20.

\*Wilmington's celebration regarding the new Harry Potter book in on July 20th. The main drag will be turned into Diagon Alley, and Quidditch events will be held.

And now...new business:

\*The Max has a Quidditch team (Astra Maxima!) and we have uniforms! There will be one practice a month, and playing against HP Ohio's team in a league of sorts! We will also be getting Quidditch protective equipment and either brooms and field hockey sticks. And hoops. We need hoops. There will be a mailing list for the team and further details will be discussed.

\*Though the Max is a social group, we need to also consider the Charity aspect of the ship as well, as that is one of the founding purposes. As such, a charity coordinator is needed so as to organize such events. A possible blood drive can take place at Context, but in the meantime, we can we can hold CJ down, steal his blood, and eat his cookies! Yay Max! :D Other suggestions include donating to the Red Cross, the Cancer Society and Cat Welfare. Whetstone Park also offers park cleanups and dog walking events.

\*After our November meeting, will be the Max Charity Auction. Half the proceeds will benefit the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation. Good stuff is permitted, political and religious stuff is not.

\*Next orientation is after the September meeting. So gather round, new members! 'Tis MAXLEARNIN' TIME!

\*BJ from Starbase needs help unpacking on Monday afternoon after Vulkan. If you show up, and help her, she will be grateful. She may even be YOUR slave for life someday!

\*Vulkan needs panelists, and next Vulkan we WILL make a presence. But we needed to get population under control before taking on new members, and taking Vulkan by storm!

On that note, YAY! That's the end of our show!!

Good night everyone!! You've been a great audience!! See you after I get back from Vegas!!

## Continuing the Mission after 21 years

www.nasa.gov

[Editor's note: The moto on our newsletter standard is a quote from Christa McAuliffe the prime Teacher in Space project finalist. Her back up was Barbara Morgan. Barbara is a mission specialist on the current Space Shuttle mission.]

08.08.07

**Editor's note:** In 1986, Ed Campion was a NASA public affairs officer working on the Teacher in Space program. Now news chief at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, he sent this e-mail to friends offering his personal thoughts before the launch of STS-118. He graciously gave the NASA Web team permission to post it for all to read.

Aug. 7, 2007

Dear Friends:

It is time for another one of those periodic rambling e-mails that yours truly is famous for sending out on occasion. I know I've missed sending out year-end summary of activities in holiday cards and promise to give the complete Eduardo recap at some point later this year but for now, I just would like to talk two numbers: 7,861 and 1.

Most of you are already familiar with my NASA career, but for those friends who have come into my life more recently, I will give a short background briefing. Way back in 1984, yours truly was a fresh-faced young public affairs officer assigned to the space agency's new Teacher-in-Space project. For

the better part of a year, I basically spent night and day with the national selection process, the 10 finalists evaluation and finally the naming of Christa McAuliffe and Barbara Morgan as the prime and back-up Teacher in Space finalists. Through several more months of training and media activities, everything was driven towards the day that a teacher would fly on the space shuttle.

On Jan. 28, 1986, Space Shuttle Challenger, with the 51-L crew aboard, launched at 11:38 a.m. It was my first launch and as the shuttle rose off the launch pad, it was the most awe-inspiring sight I had ever seen. All the long work hours that had been put in just seemed to disappear and the feeling was one of, "Wow, the dream has finally come true."

And 73 seconds later, the dream became a nightmare.

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## Continuing the Mission after 21 years

[www.nasa.gov](http://www.nasa.gov)

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The plan had been for Christa to teach two live lessons from space. She was going to tell kids about what it was like to live and work aboard the space shuttle and why space exploration was important. Instead, the lesson taught that day was the frailty of human life and the horrible price that is sometimes paid in humankind's exploration efforts.

But that is enough about Jan. 28, 1986, and here is where those two numbers I mentioned earlier now come into play.

It has been 7,861 days since the Challenger accident. Think about all the things you have done and have experienced in the last 21-plus years: the different jobs you've had, the people who have come into or gone out of your life, all the new places you have visited, things you have learned, etc. Now think about this: Barbara Morgan has been carrying the teacher-in-space banner that whole time.

She has endured more media attention and public scrutiny than most politicians or celebrities have to bear and through it all she has stayed true to her beliefs. She could have made herself out to be a victim or tried to make money in some tell-all book or just walked away and tried to resume a quiet normal life but she believed in what the teacher-in-space concept could do. She recognized the potential the program had for inspiring youth she has carried that promise for the last 7,861 days.

And now we are 1 day away from Barbara finally getting the opportunity to fly aboard the Space Shuttle.

If things go as planned, Barbara and the STS-118 crew will launch aboard Space Shuttle Endeavour (the Shuttle that replaced Challenger) at 6:36 p.m. tomorrow evening. I'm down at the Kennedy Space Center press site and I'll be standing right where I was standing so many years ago. People have asked me if my being at KSC is for closure or



Image above: The crew members of STS-118 pose for their official portrait. Pictured from the left are mission specialists Richard A. (Rick) Mastracchio, Barbara R. Morgan, Pilot Charles O. Hobaugh, Commander Scott J. Kelly and mission specialists Tracy E. Caldwell, Canadian Space Agency's Dafydd R. (Dave) Williams, and Alvin Drew Jr. Credit: NASA



just wanting to be part of the media support team for the 118 mission, and I'm sure those are elements are in play.

I just know that deep down in my soul there is no place else I could be tomorrow.

So depending on what you're doing on Wednesday night, turn on your television and watch an event that will hopefully remind you that there are still people like Barbara who can inspire all of us.

Take care,  
Eduardo

# MIGHTY MAX Adventures

by **Skrit**

**THIS MONTH:**  
*An Encounter  
with Who?*

Captain, Engineering here. You wanted me to contact you when I came across that anomaly we detected earlier today.



Yes, I did. I would like to know immediately if there are any precautionary measures we need to take to fix it or if it is just a glitch in the computer.



I will see what I can do Critch. Although it doesn't appear to be any type of anomaly... Wait, a moment. Something is materializing here in engineering.



I am reading a massive build-up of tachyon particles, there is definitely something going on down there.



**RED ALERT!** Security to main engineering!



Skrit here. Just a hunch, but I do not think it is hostile.



What makes you say that?

How can I put this? Care to make a phone call?



Tune in next month to find out what happens in another *Mighty Max Adventure!*

Brought to you by  
Skritweb  
Productions

## No one ever comes here . . . almost

*CDR John Chubb  
Chief of Armory*

To all my readers.

Due to a plethora of circumstances ranging from testing for my CDL-B licence upgrade, celebrating my 35th birthday today-which is the day I'm writing this intro, preparing for a family reunion trip to Massachusettes, as well as other odds and ends I will not be able to write my usual indepth article this month as I usually have.

This does not mean however this space will go unfilled. I have decided to place the entry I submitted for a Doctor Who short story writing contest Big Finish Audio had last year. Needless to say I didn't win, but there were a thousand or so entries.

So that being said enjoy the story below.

No one ever comes here.....almost

No one ever comes here. Nothing ever happens here.

I have told myself that for so many years that I have lived in the town of Granville, Ohio. Just a small blip in the Midwest that no one takes notice of. And if anyone even does take notice of the state I lived in the notice usually goes towards cities like Toledo, Cleveland and Cincinnati. Even our capital city is taken to receiving a blind eye compared to our other metropolises.

And even they get turned a blind eye when cities like New York, Chicago and Los Angeles are mentioned.

No, little towns like Granville don't get noticed. They're just quiet little burgs that tourists point and gawk at as they pass by on their way to whatever big city they are heading to. Most likely Cleveland since the road that passes it, State Route 16, connects with Interstate 77 which goes north to Cleveland.

And me?

Well, I guess I'm like most Midwestern kids in America. They can't wait to get out of the small towns they are trapped in and seek to make their names in the big cities.

I suppose I should introduce myself. My name is Jason Seacliffe. I'm a sophomore at Granville High School. I'm interested in theatre, creative writing and many other artistic endeavors. Which makes me something of a nerd in people's eyes.

And when you're a nerd, you're nothing.

In my school the athletes are considered the 'cool kids'. They get the girls, they get the perks, and they get

their pick of which 'loser' they get to throw into a school locker. I found myself pushed into a locker many times.

I had very few friends. I was a social outcast. Sometimes I would escape by writing in a journal. Envisioning different places. Cities I wanted to go to. Countries I wanted to visit. To that end I involved myself in the International Penpal organization and talked overseas with a friend from England. London to be precise. I told him about myself and he told me about himself. Soon we were talking online with each other.

It was fun, but it wasn't the same as going to England and seeing the country for myself. For my artistic pursuits I performed in school plays, but was never the lead. I wondered if I could have gone professional, but I was told I was not good enough.

Over and over and over again.

It seemed no matter how hard I tried to pick myself up someone was always looking to knock me back down, and smile while they did it. I thought I'd never experience the wonders of the world I'd hoped to see.

That is, until I met The Doctor.

Going to the town library was pretty much my only connection to the outside world. My family was so poor that we had to use library computers to connect to the internet. Fortunately one of the advantages was that we didn't have to worry about hackers coming our way since our town was so remote. That and we didn't have charges on our accounts as the internet was free. We did have limited time though, so we had to make our moments count.

When I joined the penpal organization I chose England for a reason. I was always fond of England as I watched a lot of British television on our local Public Broadcasting Station. I wondered what it would have been like to live there. We'd often tell of our respective countries and how different and similar they both were. I heard it rained a lot in England. That was one thing our places had in common as it seemed to rain a lot here in my state. Many days at a water park were cancelled due to a down-pour from Mother Nature.

Then we got into mystery stories and I told one that I thought would be a doozy.

Not far away from the town square was the local cemetery that was set up since the Colonial days. And it had been said that sometimes one could swear that ghosts still haunted the place. It was also where the disappearances took place.

It had been said that people that frequented the cemetery had the tendency to disappear at odd times during

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## No one ever comes here . . . almost

CDR John Chubb  
Chief of Armory

*(Continued from page 8)*

the night. It happened ever since 1803 when a maid was walking through one night, and the next morning she was never seen again. That is until the caretaker of the cemetery claimed to have seen her ghost.

The way the legend described the ghost was that it was reaching out to the world, as if trying to grab on to the last bit of life that it could before being pulled back into the great beyond. Never to be seen again. For the longest time it was dismissed as a simple folk story, but over the years there were more disappearances.

And over the years more ghosts. Each with the same description of the missing reaching out as if trying to grab onto the last bits of life before being pulled back to their heavenly rewards. The last time this had happened was around 1973.

A soldier had come home from Vietnam and he and his girlfriend decided to spend some quality time together. They were a young couple, barely in their 20's, but when he came home it was like they were in their teens again. And as teens they mischievously went off to the place that was the most mysterious, the most spooky.

The cemetery.

When morning came the couple was gone. Only the scarf of the girl was left to mark their passing. The people of Granville searched high and low for the young people. But no sign of them remained other than the scarf.

And again, a few nights later, the couple's ghosts were seen by the caretaker. Like before they seemed to be running to what looked to be the last bits of life only to get pulled away.

I thought nothing could top that story.

That was when my penpal told me of the story of 'The Doctor'.

I had never heard of anyone called 'The Doctor' until my friend mentioned him. I will also admit that I was curious to hear more. And more was definitely what I had heard.

It seemed like the Doctor was something of a myth. A story much like the Illuminati. A shadowy organization that was said to manipulate events to their own ends. Only in the terms of the Doctor, it wasn't an organization it was one man.

It seemed like appearances of the Doctor have dated back to even prehistoric times. Cave drawings had shown a image with an old man and four others who were said to have given the secret of fire to a prehistoric tribe. Other appearances seemed to have him in Scotland when the Redcoats attacked. Only he looked different.

There were other appearances of a man called 'the Doctor'. And by his side seemed to be a companion of sorts. Sometimes men, more times than not women. Sometimes there were men and women together with the Doctor. The

appearances of these men also seemed scattered. Like you'd see one in the past, and then another two hundred years later and not having aged a day. And in between were several different 'Doctors' with their own companions. Each with the mysterious time intervals.

But the biggest constant of all was the blue box that was said the Doctor traveled in. It had been said that when it appeared he appeared. And when it disappeared so did he.

The more I read the more I was intrigued.

I caught a few glimpses on events that the Doctor had appeared in: the London fire, an appearance or two in Ancient Greece, some say he stood with soldiers against the Spanish Armada. I wondered if perhaps he might have made some appearances in America.

Turns out there were a few appearances by the Doctor in the States. One image saw him in attendance at the Gettysburg address. Another had the Doctor placed at the 1849 Gold Rush in Sutter's Mill. It was even believed that he was present at the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

My favorite however had to be the sighting at the Liberty Bell.

It had been so long since the Liberty Bell had been rung, seeing as it was cracked and was believed to never ring again. One day someone snuck in and went up to the bell and rung it. When the authorities came they found a man with a mop of curly brown hair and a long scarf around his neck. When asked why he rung the bell I would never forget his answer.

He said "Isn't this the country where freedom was supposed to ring? I didn't hear it ringing."

After I chuckled to myself I asked my penpal "Who do you think the Doctor is?"

My penpal gave his answer. "I think he's an alien from another world. The box is his ship and the women are his wives."

"Yes, but what about the men?" I asked.

"Future Doctors?" he responded. "Someone to carry on while he's not able to?"

I chuckled at that answer. I had my own answer as to who the Doctor was.

He was a hero.

He was someone who came to make things better. When things were at their worst he was there to make things right. If there was an evil to fight the Doctor would fight it.

This belief corresponded with several events where the Doctor had appeared. It had been said that he thwarted the last murder of Jack the Ripper, and the murderer hadn't been seen since. Another report had him at Kitty Hawk trying to stop a saboteur to the Wright Brothers' Flyer 1 leading to the birth of the Space Age. And another had him stop some sort of kidnapper that took a little girl and returned her

*(Continued on page 11)*

## No one ever comes here . . . almost

*CDR John Chubb  
Chief of Armory*

*(Continued from page 10)*

to her family.

I wondered what would have happened if the Doctor ever came here. As I thought of this I realized that it was a fool's dream.

But like all important people they never come here. Who would waste their time in a small town like this?

I would later find out that the Doctor would.

I had just finished my usual web browsing when I ran across one of the few friends I had. There were times I wished we could be more, but that was not to be as far as I could tell

Her name was Julie Gordon. A pretty girl. Not exactly one of those cheerleading glamour queens, but beautiful nonetheless. She took part in several of my classes, including my art classes. However she went one step further with her artistic endeavors.

She was also a part of the dance club. I remember seeing her quite a few times taking part in dance numbers with the rest of the girls. There were very few guys that were part of the dance club, as it was something that was considered to be....uncool.

I guess what was considered to be 'cool' was joining the football team then going out and killing something. Something I had no interest in doing. Maybe that was why all the girls seemed to be around star quarterback Craig Sinclair. Someone who was more meathead than man if you asked me.

Craig was pretty much your typical 'All-American' boy. Blonde hair, chiseled features, the whole shebang. He also had an attitude that seemed like anyone that wasn't like him, or worshipped him, was beneath him. And he treated them worse than the dirt he walked on.

What a guy.

It seemed like all the girls fawned over him. Braggarts say he had dates with all the cheerleading squad, and was moving to the dance class. Most of the girls were all over Craig, except Julie.

Julie had no interest in Craig, but a lot of her friends seemed to be taken in by him. She heard stories of how he was rough with some of her friends. I wasn't sure I wanted to know how rough he was.

At any rate Craig was throwing a big blowout at the cemetery. A place where he could show how much of a big bad cool guy that he was. He was inviting all his friends to come, as well as all the pretty girls he could get. Julie was one of the girls on his list.

And Craig let me know that I was one on the 'uninvited' list before he shoved me into a locker. After I got

out I headed to the library where Julie and I met sometimes. To say that I was concerned was an understatement.

"You sure you want to go?" I asked.

"No, but I have to." Julie said. "In case things go wrong."

"That's not exactly comforting. You know Craig will try to get everyone drunk, or worse." Julie nodded as she agreed with me. "If I run into any trouble I can always call the police on my cell." I looked at Julie. Her mind was made up.

"Please be careful." I said looking at my friend. I didn't want anything bad to happen to her. Julie smiled saying that she would be fine.

The next day I found out she wasn't fine. No one who went to that party was fine.

In fact no one at that party was even there come morning.

Word travels fast in a small town. When the local police went to check the scene he saw a few empty kegs, some clothing strewn all over the place, but no people anywhere. All the party guests were gone. No Craig. No cheerleaders. No Julie.

Julie I thought as I wondered what had happened to her, and fearing the worst. The worst part being no one could tell if there were any signs of a struggle due to the junk thrown around. Thanks a lot Craig. I thought to myself. After a while we all realized there was nothing else we as a community could do, but go on with our lives.

So I went to school, and afterwards the library again. I was about to contact my penpal when I noticed something curious.

I saw this girl off in the corner. She was looking in the science books as if trying to find something to read and not succeeding. Breathing a sigh of frustration she had descended down the stairs and we had bumped into each other. "Sorry." I had said.

"It's no problem." the girl had said. I had taken a look at her. She looked to be about 19 with curly red hair. She wore some kind of red blouse with red hugging pants to adorn it topped off with a pair of boots covered by her pant legs. "I was looking for something to read, but I couldn't find anything worth reading."

"Welcome to Granville." I said. "There's not much of anything here." The girl said nothing as if silently agreeing with me, but having too much class to say anything else that would be taken as too offensive to those that lived in this town. "Sorry, that was a stupid thing to say."

"Why was it stupid?" the girl asked. I gave her my answer. "A friend disappeared a while ago. Everyone in

*(Continued on page 13)*

# September 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 <i>Robin Golblum's Birthday</i> Rocky Horror Picture
2 <i>Rachael Biro's Birthday</i>	3 TV Night	4	5 <i>CJ Biro's Birthday</i>	6	7	8 <i>Max Meeting 5:00p</i> <i>Via Colori</i>
9	10 TV Night	11	12	13	14	15 Columbus Meeting 5:00p Rocky Horror 11:30p
16	17 TV Night	18	19	20	21	22
23	24 TV Night	25	26	27	28	29
30						



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 FAN ORGANIZATION

## No one ever comes here . . . almost

CDR John Chubb  
Chief of Armory

(Continued from page 11)  
the town is worried."

"I understand," the girl said. "Perhaps she will be found." I wanted to be optimistic, but I didn't feel all that optimistic right now. Maybe I needed a distraction. Maybe talking to this girl could provide it. "I didn't catch your name." I said trying to strike up conversation with the girl.

"Nyssa," the girl said in introduction. "And yours?"

"Jason." I said. "Jason Seacliffe."

"Pleasure," Nyssa said. "So is there anything here interesting?"

"Depends on your definition I guess." I answered. "So what brings you here?"

"My friend and I just arrived." Nyssa answered. "He said he was trying to find someplace where we could find some peace and quiet. He fancied a place where he could just sit down, have a cup of tea and read a morning paper without getting into some sort of trouble." I couldn't help but chuckle at that description, as it seemed like that was all anyone could do in this town.

"Do I amuse you?"

"No." I answered taking great pains as to not offend this girl before me. Which was odd seeing as how I didn't always talk to a whole lot of people. I usually kept to myself a lot, and yet here was this girl that I couldn't help but feel at ease with. Both of us had a similar attitude about us to the place we were in.

That attitude being 'We gotta get out of this place'.

"It's just that..." I said resuming my discussion with Nyssa. "The way you just described what your friend wanted, that just seems like all anyone can do here." "Perhaps." Nyssa said as her face cracked a smile. "I thought I'd explore this settlement and leave the Doctor to his amusements."

That was when I perked up. "The Doctor? You know the Doctor?"

"Yes, I travel with him."

I couldn't believe it. Here was the man I had spent hours talking about with someone from across the pond, and now he was here. Somewhere in this so called 'quaint little burg' that I called home. This 'quaint little burg' where no one came to, and where nothing happened. Except people disappearing after a couple of years. A place where my friend had disappeared.

And now something had happened. The Doctor was here. Perhaps he could help find Julie.

"Is it possible I could meet him?" I asked sounding like a star struck kid the whole time. Nyssa looked at me for a second as if seeming to study me. She then decided and said "Why not? You seem harmless enough."

And with that I was led out of the library making my way to where the Doctor was staying. A man that had become a personal hero of mine through the stories I had heard from my overseas friend.

(Continued on page 14)

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### August

11) Max Meeting  
17-18) Decadent Carnage  
18 Columbus Meeting

### September

8) Max Meeting  
8-9) Via Colori  
15) Columbus Meeting

### October

13) Max Meeting  
20) Columbus Meeting

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## No one ever comes here . . . almost

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Chief of Armory

*(Continued from page 13)*

I was hoping I'd make a good impression.

There were a few bars nearby where one could go for a drink. One of them even served as a restaurant at times for those that wanted a more fulfilling meal. I quickly learned that these were places the Doctor did not prefer.

No, he stayed at the local bed and breakfast. It was the only place where he could get a good cup of tea and read the morning paper on the front porch. As I walked up I took notice of the Doctor. What I saw I didn't expect.

The Doctor seemed to be a young man with blonde hair, wearing a tan coat with red piping. A sprig of celery on his coat lapel as well as a sweater with tan pants with red stitching. I have heard that this was how people who played the game of cricket dressed. I guess he must have really loved the game. I tried to place which version of the Doctor this was from the pictures my pen pal had shown me. This was the one that was at the London fire.

And Nyssa. Nyssa looked like someone that was reported to have been seen with the Doctor during that time. Hundreds of years ago and across an ocean and she hadn't aged a day. How was this possible?"

I had no time to answer as Nyssa brought me forth to introduce me. The man stretched his hand out as if to shake it. "Ah hello. I'm the Doctor."

"Pleasure to meet you Doctor." I said trying not to sound too nervous. "My name is Jason Seacliffe. I've heard a lot about you."

"Good things I hope." the Doctor said as if not concerned about the legends that were told of him. From what my penpal also said sometimes people around the Doctor wound up dead. I hoped I would not be one of them. Or Julie.

I wondered what all I was supposed to say next when Nyssa spoke up next and said "I met this young man at the local library. He wanted to meet you."

The Doctor then looked in my direction and smiled. "Well it's nice to meet you. What seems to be your problem?"

"My friend. She's missing." The Doctor looked at me curiously and asked "Isn't that the job of the constables of this settlement to look for its missing citizens?"

"Usually it would." I said. "But this disappearance is kind of different. It seems kind of tied into a legend."

"What legend?" Nyssa asked. I quickly explained about the disappearances over hundreds of years and how

ghostly apparitions appear before they seem to be carried off to the afterlife. I looked at the Doctor who seemed to be deep in thought as he then said "Sounds like something in the graveyard is connecting with some kind of alternate reality."

I looked at the Doctor confused. "What...what are you talking about?"

The Doctor sighed before explaining. "I don't suppose you are familiar with temporal rifts and time corridors are you?" I shook my head no. "I only heard about stuff like that on Sci-Fi shows."

The Doctor then had a look across his face as he then said "Rest assured. This is very real. There are temporal rifts and corridors that lead to different times. Some of them are artificially made. Others are natural phenomena, but no more dangerous."

I was not sure I believed what I was hearing. "What the hell are you? Rejects from the funny farm?"

"And if we are?" the Doctor asked. "Does that mean you won't believe us? Just because someone lives in a different reality than you does that automatically make them wrong?"

"Well....their elevators don't go to the top floors. How can they be right?" I asked.

The Doctor looked in my eyes dead on and said his next lines with an intensity I would have never expected. "There is a saying that a stopped clock is right at least twice a day. Right now this moment is your stopped clock. I need your help if I am going to be able to find your friend and to get to the bottom of these disappearances. You know this town I don't. I need a guide to help me figure out where the rift will open, and how I can get your friend through from the other side." Suddenly the Doctor spoke again as if speaking to my very soul.

"I know of you Jason Seacliffe. I know you expected to be trapped here for the rest of your life. Never able to touch the stars. Right now I offer you that chance. A chance to touch the stars, save your friend, and start you on the journey to a great and glorious future for you. But for that I need your help. What is your answer?" I continued to go over what the Doctor said in my mind wondering if I could believe what he was saying. I looked in Nyssa's direction, apparently with the same intensity as the Doctor's, and all the while I had been thinking about all the times I wanted to leave this town yet never could.

For years I have been trapped in a nowhere town going nowhere with my life. I dreamt of better, but it never came. And nowhere was this man telling me of time corridors and temporal rifts, and my friend being

*(Continued on page 15)*

## No one ever comes here . . . almost

CDR John Chubb  
Chief of Armory

*(Continued from page 14)*

trapped in one. I couldn't believe it. It was impossible. It wasn't real.

'Real' was cold and isolated. Where no wonder exists. Nothing to enrich lives. Just everyone plodding through day by day looking for their next paycheck. There are no temporal rifts or time tunnels. They can't be real.

And yet what if they are right? What if some of these phenomena exist? Is this my chance to be part of something greater than myself? To touch the wonders of the world as I always dreamed of doing? To escape the humdrum existence of my world even if only for a little while?

I answered the Doctor's question. I hoped it was the right one.

"What do you need me to do?" I asked.

The Doctor and Nyssa both smiled. Glad of the decision I made. "First," the Doctor said. "We need to get some equipment."

We walked down the bike path leading into the woods where at the end of one trail, obscured by trees stood what looked like a Police call box. I saw one on Public Broadcasting during a historical documentary. They had been phased out forty years ago. What was it doing here?

Then I realized, blue box. The Doctor's spaceship?

"Do you mind coming in and helping me carry a few things?" the Doctor asked. I shook my head yes as I went inside. I couldn't believe what I saw.

Inside he box was a big white room with round circles on the wall. In the center was a control console of some kind. The Doctor stepped in and said "Welcome to the TARDIS." I was like "Wow!"

"It does have that affect on people doesn't it?" Nyssa asked. I couldn't help but agree. Never before had I seen a ship like this. The inside bigger than on the outside. What else could it do?

"In case you were wondering TARDIS stands for Time And Relative Dimensions In Space. It's a ship that travels through not just space but time as well," the Doctor explained. "We can go to any planet we want to any time we want."

"Provided the TARDIS decides not to go any-place else," Nyssa said sarcastically. "It has been known to go places we do not intend to go." The Doctor cast a look in Nyssa's direction and said "Nyssa please. Now is not the time to tell Jason of the TARDIS's short comings. His friend is in danger."

"So what do we do?" I asked. The answer came in a bunch of consoles that the Doctor seemed to drag from the back. "We'll need these to measure it."

"Measure what?" I asked.

"The interphasic reaction of the portal I suspect is in your cemetery," the Doctor explained as he grabbed more equipment. When he was finished there was so much junk on the floor I wondered how we were going to carry it all

"You don't happen to have some kind of carrier do you?" I asked the Doctor. Once more he made a trip to the back of his ship. It took him a while to bring up what he needed. Even longer to load up all the equipment. Especially with Nyssa's help.

We were able to get the equipment to the cemetery. The Doctor then flashed a badge causing the police to leave. I wondered exactly what that badge was, and the Doctor said that he had some connections with the U.N. Afterwards we unloaded the equipment and set it up per the Doctor's instructions. After that we waited until nightfall for some sign of a portal. Or some sign of Julie.

"Not the usual way to spend a Friday night is it?" I asked the Doctor and Nyssa out of sarcasm. Nyssa rolled her eyes as if minding the tone I said my sentence in. The Doctor however smiled as if he found my quote amusing.

"I've always found many ways to spend a Friday. No matter when or where I am" the Doctor said with an lightness in his voice. His expression then became stern as he looked at the equipment he kept close by hoping for some sort of sign indicating that he and Nyssa were close to finding where their friend was.

"Doctor are you sure this equipment is reliable?" Nyssa asked.

"Positive," the Doctor said. "It will detect time/space corridor spikes and allow us to open a portal allowing us to get your friend free of the space rift."

"Provided it's been kept maintained," Nyssa said. The Doctor looked at Nyssa shooting a look at her as if asking "What is that supposed to mean?"

Before Nyssa could answer though the equipment nearby seemed to come to life. "Is it supposed to do that?" I asked.

"Only if there's a rift trying to open," the Doctor said as he fiddled with switches. Nyssa however pointed to something that was forming before them. Something that looked like a woman. Something like...Julie. Sure enough it was the image of the girl I knew exactly as I

*(Continued on page 16)*

## No one ever comes here . . . almost

CDR John Chubb  
Chief of Armory

(Continued from page 15)

remembered her before he left for Craig's party.

But what really seemed to draw my attention to her was the bluish glow she had. It may have enforced her ghostly apparition image, but on her it looked beautiful. She seemed to take notice of me and looked to be reaching out. Looking off to the side I saw the Doctor fiddling with a lot of the equipment he brought with him.

"She's trying to get through the rift," the Doctor said. "If I can increase the power I can stabilize the rift."

I watched as the ghostly woman that was Julie reach out, as if trying to make contact with the world we were involved in. It seemed like every second she was getting closer and closer. Then something happened. Julie's apparition started to change.

She now took on an eerie red glow, and it looked as if she was being pulled away. She shook her head as if saying 'no' through a mouth that gave off no sound. Also the word 'Help' forming on her lips as well as the word of the person who's help she needed.

"Doctor."

"Doctor what's happening?" I asked.

"Something's pulling her back through the rift," the Doctor said. "Something taking a great amount of power. It might be more than I have readily stored here."

"Doctor you must help her," Nyssa pleaded. The Doctor just said "That's what I'm trying to do Nyssa," as he pulled a lever surging more energy into his machine. More than even I knew it could take as it gave a whine that would have indicated pain if it was alive.

Julie's image seemed to fluctuate as if shifting from red to blue and becoming more unstable. The Doctor however continued to work the controls not willing to lose the tug of war with whatever was on the other side of the rift that was hell bent on taking his friend. However as sparks came from the equipment the Doctor had, it was clear that this was a contest the Doctor was going to lose.

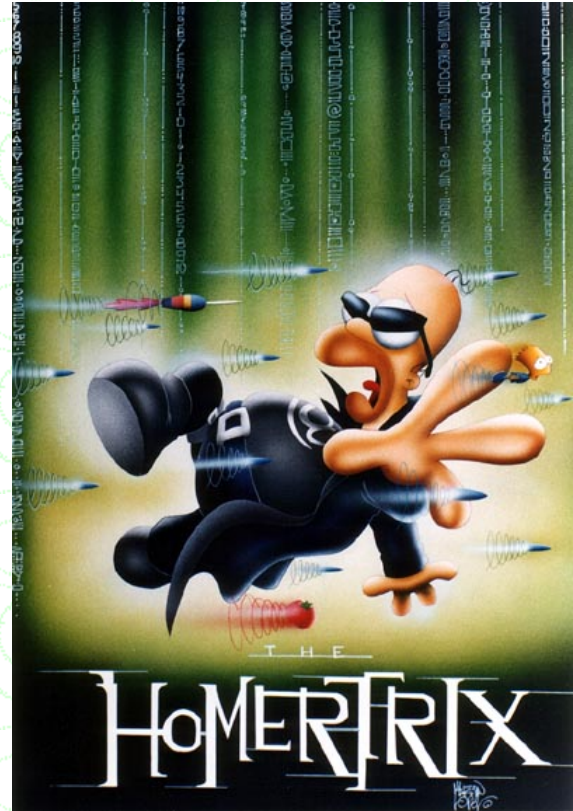
And when the equipment exploded defeat never seemed more certain. As it looked as if Julie was being pulled away. She futilely reached out to grab some sign of the world she sought to reach, but it was to no avail.

"JULIE!" I shouted as she looked to be pulled away by something. I immediately got up to go after her with the Doctor taking off in close pursuit. "No Jason! Come back!" he shouted. But it was too late. I reached out to Julie's fading hand and felt myself being sucked in through the rift.

The Doctor then decided that he was going to follow and told Nyssa to stay where she was. It probably was the best idea to stay behind, but for some reason Nyssa didn't listen as she leapt in and joined us in hot pursuit of Julie.

We were pulled into the rift, gone from this world.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .



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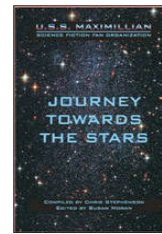
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