SHIP'S STATUS

Vol. 1, No. 1 May 1974 S.T.A.R. / W-Salem

Well, here it is. The first edition of "Ship's Status". I know that it is very small right now, but that is only because I had to do all the writing and drawing by myself. I need your own drawings and stories to put in future editions. Whether you think they are good or bad, please send them to me. You may be a future Hugo winner. This newsletter will survive only with your support. If you send any stories or drawings and want them returned, just enclose a 10¢ stamp along with it and it will be returned to you undamaged. Live long and prosper!

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As many of you may know, there are hundreds of items that you can buy pertaining to Star Trek. Until now, no one has been able to make up a list of all the organizations, companies, and fans that sell them. Well, Star Trek Welcommittee (STW), a non-profit organization of fans working voluntarily, have compiled the Star Trek Directory. This directory can be purchased for 50¢ by writing to STW Directory Sales, 13627 Tosca Lane, Houston, TX 77024. It is an interesting and very helpful list for all those people who want to buy all the Star Trek stuff that they can.

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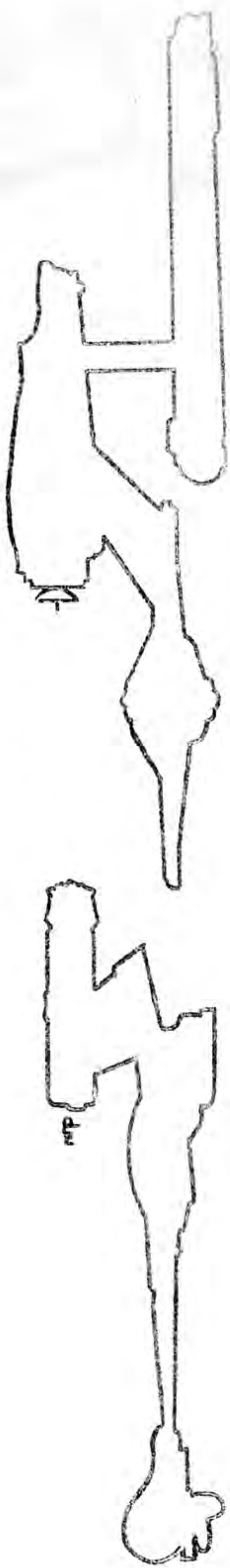
If you would like to attend any of the many conventions that are taking place this year, Here i a list of all the known ones:
Benecia I-Atlanta, GA; July 5-7, 1974. Write: 2470 Sandtown Rd., Marietta, GA 30060
Star-Con II-Detroit, MI; July 19-21, 1974. Write: Box 68, Detroit, MI 48223
Star Trek '74-Houston, TX; June 20-23, 1974. Write: 2511 Pennington St., Houston, TX 77016
Vul-Con II- New Orleans, LA; May 29-June 1, 1974. Write: Box 8087, New Orleans, LA 70812
These conventions will all have something, if not everything to do with Star Trek. They are fun and every Star Trek or science fiction fan should attend at least one convention in his life.



SPACE PURSUIT

and tell him so. Send it to Gene Roddenberry care of STAR and give him your opinions. Also write to me and tell me what you think of it. I plan to put more information and stories about Planet Earth in future editions.

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Extra sets of the Enterprise-Klingon Ship-Phaser are available for 25¢ or 15¢ plus a 10¢ stamp. I am going to make up another Trivia Questinairre and put it in the next edition of SHIP'S STATUS. Many people did very well on the previous test. It shows that there are some really dedicated fans in North Carolina and Virginia. One thing that I want to make clear to everyone; I am not a "Trekkie". I think that this is a tacky label that people apply to any devoted Star Trek fan. I do not consider this a trekkie club either. I hope you will agree with me. We aren't fanatics, just dedicated fans that want to bring back the best television show ever aired for good!

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If you would like to become a member of the national organization STAR; of which we are only a state branch, write to S.T.A.R., P.O. Box 886, Dearborn, MI 48120. Tell them that you are a member of STAR/W-S. You will receive an introductory newsletter and the information needed to join. It is a very interesting organization and a must for anyone truly devoted to Star Trek.

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The first meeting of STAR/W-S was quite a success. Although only about fifteen people showed up it was totally enjoyable. There was a brief slide show after which everyone browsed around rapping about their favorite shows and their favorite stars. People brought their Star Trek stuff and looked at everyone else's stuff. I hope to have another meeting very soon. When you come to a meeting, bring all of your Star Trek stuff, because someone will inevitably be fascinated by it.

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This is an original story written by STAR/W-S member Shmmwood Jones. It will be divided into different parts in each of the coming newsletters.

PART I

The USS Enterprise is cruising through space. Captain's Log;Stardate 5233.7. En route to Starbase Four for minor repairs to the ship, we have had our communications unacknowledged. All frequencies are dead. Commodore Walden may have proclaimed space silence, but that is unlikely.

MR. SPOCK

KIRK(to Uhura): Status report, Lieutenant.
UHURA(manning her communication panel): Still no answer, sir.
KIRK: Keep trying. (to himself) Why won't they respond? (to Sulu) Mr. Sulu, how long till we reach Starbase Four?
SULU: We should have visual contact in a few moments, Captain.
KIRK(walks over to Mr. Spock who is manning the library computer): Speculation, Mr. Spock?
SPOCK: None, Captain. They either refuse to respond, are not receiving us, or, no one is there.
KIRK: Well, they better be there. (jokingly) I can't stand a silent welcome. I talked to Commodore Halden less than a week ago and he confirmed our arrival. But now, this....
SULU: Starbase Four, dead ahead sir.
The base appears on the viewscreen. It is completely enveloped by a bluish glow.
KIRK(staring at the screen from his chair): Mr. Spock....?
SPOCK(viewing it through sensor probe): Picking it up on sensors, Captain. Composition: carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and an unknown element.
KIRK: Unknown?
SPOCK: Affirmative, Captain. A unique chemical element. (glancing up from his sensors) Unlike anything I have ever encountered before. Our sensors are unable to break it down.
KIRK: Strange. Mr. Sulu, establish orbit.
SULU: Aye aye, sir.
KIRK: Keep a good distance between us. As long as we don't know what that thing is, we don't want to get too close to it.
The Enterprise is orbiting the glowing starbase. Mr. Spock is still trying to break it down.
KIRK: Anything, Mr. Spock?
SPOCK: Negative, Captain. It is, indeed gaseous and it is encircling the station.
KIRK: A nebula, perhaps?
SPOCK: Unlikely. This could be the obstacle blocking communications.
KIRK: That's impossible! Communications can penetrate any gas, regardless of it's size or strength!
SPOCK: Presumably, Captain. Yet we are here, and it is here. In addition, if Commodore Halden had issued space silence, Star Fleet Command would have been notified. (to Uhura) Lieutenant Uhura, has Star Fleet made any notification of space silence as of late?
UHURA: No notification, Mr. Spock.
KIRK(ponders and then turns to Spock): Think we can beam down through that thing in one piece?
SPOCK: A risk, Captain. Like the subspace radio waves, your molecules could be scattered and trapped within the cloud.
KIRK: I'll take that chance. Lieutenant Uhura, notify the transporter room. The landing party will consist of

myself, Mr. Spock, Mr. Sulu, Dr. McCoy, and Ensign Matthews. Mr. Scott will have the con.

Dr. McCoy and Ensign Matthews are waiting in the transporter room as Kirk, Spock, and Sulu enter. Engineer Scott is manning the transporter controls. The landing party assemble on the pads.

KIRK: Energize.

The five men materialize inside the starbase which seems completely empty. All systems are operating.

MATTHEWS: All systems operating, Captain. No discernable malfunctions.

KIRK(after a long pause) Let's go.

They leave the room and walk down the corridor. Kirk stops at one of the intercoms.

KIRK: This is Captain James T. Kirk of the USS Enterprise, please acknowledge. (after a long period of silence) This is Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise, please acknowledge.

Nothing.

McCOY(jokingly): Seem's that no one's home.

SULU: What could have happened?

KIRK: I don't know....but the thing that gets me is that if they were planning to evacuate, as it seems, why did'nt they notify Star Fleet? And why is everything still on, still functioning....as if someone is still here?

MATTHEWS(from another part of the station): Captain!

They run to a part of the hallway where Matthews is kneeling over a star base uniform. He uncovers a compressed crystalline ball when he picks it up. McCoy kneels and analyzes it with his tricorder.

KIRK: Bones?

McCOY: Well, it's a combination of hydrogen, calcium, and phosphorous, among other small percentages of elements.

SPOCK: All components of the human body, Captain, with the exception of carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen, if my memmory on human chemical makeup serves me correctly.

KIRK(stunned) That cloud....

It suddenly dawns on the others.

McCOY: It couldn't be coincidental.

SULU: You mean that cloud....

KIRK(voice raised in anger): To put it bluntly, that cloud sucked all the carbon, oxygen and nitrogen out of everyone on this star base!

SPOCK: That is a logical deduction.

KIRK(quickly flipping out communicator): Kirk to Enterprise.. ..Kirk to Enterprise.(no answer)

SPOCK: No use, Captain. That cloud is blocking out all forms of communication.

KIRK(despairingly putting away communicator): No communications, no people, no escape. Gentlemen, I believe this star base has turned out to be a trap!

Part II next issue.

Next Ship's Status coming out in July. See you then.

Ship's Status

Vol. 1, No. 2 June 1974 S.T.A.R./Winston-Salem

I hope that all of you enjoyed the first issue of Ship's Status and will keep on reading it. Let me thank all of you that sent me your stories and drawings and let me assure you that I will try to get as many of them in as possible. Keep sending them. I now realize that there are many creative authors and artists in this area. For those of you who came to the first meeting, the model of the table-top communicator I made is now on a simple set of plans and is available for a 10¢ stamp from me. Please keep sending any requests and suggestions for this newsletter. After all, it is written for you.

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"Star Heck" by Garry Nolan and Christopher Johnson*

Jerk: Captain's Log-Star Date 1283.6. The starship Rentaprize is on a mission to transport plans for a secret weapon and to make peace with the Zuranians on the planet Markus 117 in the Tartanium star system. The planet is designated Class O - O for Odd.
Jerk (on bridge): Plot a course for Markus 117, Mr. Checkon.
Checkon: Course plotted and laid in, sirr.
Jerk: We've got to get those plans to Star Base.
Oharia: Sir, I'm receiving a signal from a ship.
Jerk: Oh, it's probably one of those idiots from "Lost In Space". Sueyou, scan area and lock phasers and all other weapons on Target.
Sueyou: All phasers and weapons locked on, sir.
Jerk (excitedly): Get those matches away from Spark! Mr. Spark, stop playing with those matches! Get the fire extinguishers up here! Mr. Spark is setting the bridge on fire!
Checkon: Ship approaching, sir.
Jerk: Fire on my signal, Checkon.
Oharia: Ship identifies itself as a Federation vessel, Captain.
Jerk: Mr. Spark, put those matches down! (carpet bursts into flame) Fire! Fire!
Sueyou: Firing all weapons, sir.
Jerk: No, no! Not that kind of fire!
Sueyou: Ship completely destroyed, sir.
Jerk (sadly): There goes another career up in smoke.
Oharia: Message from Star Fleet Command, sir. They say that the ship we just destroyed was a Klingoon vessel disguised as a Federation ship.
Jerk: Thank you. (to Spark) Good work, Mr. Spark. Now if we could only get some fireproof carpeting.
Jerk (later): Captains Log-Star Date 1284.6. Now entering or-

bit around Markus 117. We shall soon transport down to the planet's surface with a party consisiting of Spark, McCore, Mr. Scotch, and astrophysicist Davison.
Narrator: The landing party arrives on surface.
Spark: Captain, this rock formation has an unusually high content of flint. It would be a highly recommended substance for lighting fires. Request permission to take some back to the ship for personal use.
Jerk: Request denied.
Spark: (dissappointed) Aw, firecrackers!
Scotch: I have picked up a high energy reading, sir.
McCore:(lookingup): I don't see any energy up there.
Narr: Suddenly thereis a shrill scream.
Scotch: That sounded like astrophyks....er....astrofist.... uh....Miss Davison.
McCore: It sounded like it came from behind those rocks over there. We'd better investigate.
Narr: The men reach the spot and stand over Davison's lifeless body.
Jerk: What happened?
McCore: She's dead, Jim, apparantly from a heat ray.
Spark(enthusiastically): It might have to do with fire. Let's go!
Jerk: I agree, but not for Spark's purposes. (later) Captain's Log-Star Date 1284.9. We have transported down to Markus 117, picked up a high energy reading, and found Davison dead. The rest of the landing party is going to investigate.
Narr: While the landing party walks through a ravine, a strange froglike creature materializes before them.
Crokar: I am Crokar of the Zuranian race. You have received a warning, which you ignored. For this you will be punished.
McCore: Creepy!
Jerk: But we're here peacefully.
ALL: Hey! What are you doing?
Narr: Crokar waves one of his tentacles, and the landing party dematerializes.
Scotch: We've been transported beneath the planet's surface!
Jerk: Yes, I can see that.
Spark: Let's light a fire!
McCore: Well, I say let's try to get out of here.
Jerk: Yes, but how?
Spark: We could always burn our way out!
Jerk: Mr. Spark, I've had enough of you. Listen here, you pointed-eared pyro, if you don't stop this fire stuff, I'll have you court-martialled.
Spark: Yes, sir: But now to find a way out.
Scotch: Captain, why not blast our way out? A four-phaser concentrated blast could vaporize a mountain.
Jerk: Spark? McCore?
Spark: Highly illogical, sir.
McCore: I agree.
Jerk: I guess it's anonymous....I mean unanimous. Are you men ready? Fire! (pause-then to Spark) Not that kind of fire, Spark!
Scotch (after several attempts) The phasers won't do any good, sir!
Jerk: Spark?

Spark: Apparently, there is a high energy forcefield of ions surrounding us. It seems to draw power from us as we exert force against it.
Jerk: All right, on my signal, everybody stops all exertion of force. (pause) Now!
Scotch: We're free! We're above the surface!
Jerk: What would you do without me?
Spark: I suggest we desert the premises.
McCore: Let's go.
Spark: Doctor, I believe I've already said that.
McCore: Huh?
Scotch: Well, what are we waiting for?
McCore: Jim, I can't move! My shoes are stuck in the ground!
Jerk: I can't move either.
Narr: Meanwhile, back aboard the Rentaprise....
Sueyou: Checkon, how are you coming on those sensors?
Checkon: I'm not on the sensors. I am in front of them.
Sueyou: Checkon, put yourself on report for that remark. (pause) Will you kindly get off my report?
Checkon: Sorry. (at station) Still detecting nothing, Sueyou. The landing party seems to have vanished.
Charia: Receiving a communicator signal, sir.
Sueyou: Send an armed guard detail to the transporter room, just in case.
Narr: The activity continues in the transporter room.
Sueyou: Beam up who or whatever activated that signal.
Transporter Chief: Energizing now, sir.
Sueyou: It vaguely resembles a frog I had as a boy.
Transporter Chief: Look out, sir! It's moving toward us.
Sueyou: Phasers on stun. Fire! (pause) Now take him....er... ..it to the brig. Red Alert security.
Narr: Captain Jerk and the rest of the landing party are still stuck to the ground.
McCore: Jim, why don't we just take off our shoes? Nothing to lose.
Spark: Doctor, that is highly illogical. Besides, I might stub my delicate Vulcan tootsies!
Scotch: (taking off shoes) Doctor, it's working! Let's go!
Jerk: Forget about your tootsies, Spark, and let's get out of here!
Narr: They break away quickly.
Spark: Captain, I've located an exit at 27 degrees, asmath 6.
Jerk: Spark, you can't let the Zuranians discover the plans for the new Federation antimatter phasers that are tattooed on your back.
Spark: We have nothing to worry about, unless I lose my shirt!
Narr: The landing party reaches the exit.
Spark: I advise we return to the coordinates on which we beamed down.
Jerk: I agree. Which way?
Spark: Straight ahead.
Jerk: Let's go! Double time-hup, two, three-Aaaarrrggggg! (They begin falling) Spark! What happened to the ground? Are you sure you have those coordinates right?
Spark: Sorry, Captain. My tricorder did not register that cliff, but at least there is a pond to break our fall.

Scotch: What? That little speck all the way down there?
Spark: Mr. Scotch, we are exactly 10,473.4 kilometers above the pond. I assure you that it will grow larger as we descend!
McCore: Look out, everybody! Hold your noses!
Narr: The four men hit the water and go under. As they return to the surface....
McCore: Did you happen to see a building down there?
Spark: It was there, Doctor. It seems logical that it could have been a Zuranian Defense installation, or something.
McCore: Spark, you're all wet.
Spark: Indeed I am, Doctor. So are you and all the others.
McCore: You know what I meant.
Jerk: Let's get to shore before we freeze.
Narr: The men swim to safety.
Spark: Sir, I think I could possibly convert my tricorder to a communicator by crossing the subminiature rheostat with the microrelays and adjusting the microscopic thingamahoogies and....
Jerk (aggravated): Mr. Spark, we'll be here all day if you explain what you're trying to do. So quit explaining and just do it!
Scotch: Sir, he finished while you were talking.
McCore: Well, use it! Let's get out of this frog-forsaken place.
Spark(into tricorder): Spark to Rentaprize, Spark to Rentaprize....
Narr: At the same moment aboard the starship....
Oharia: Receiving a signal from Mr. Spark, sir.
Sueyou: I'll take it over here. (into receiver) Sue you speaking.
Spark: Mr. Sueyou, beam us up immediately.
Sueyou: Yes, sir.
Narr: The landing party is transported up to the Rentaprize's transporter room, where else?
Jerk: Spark, report the the experimental laboratory with Scotch. It's time we made use of those new phasers. McCore, back to sick-bay.
Narr: In the laboratory....
Spark: Scotch, read the diagram on my back and assemble the weapon. But please be cautious as I am extremely ticklish!
Narr: The weapon is soon assembled and installed in the phaser banks.
Jerk: Captain to head phaser setter-offer: Lock onto the co-ordinates that Mr. Spark gave you. Then fire on my signal. Oharia, establish communication with the Zuranians.
Oharia: Contact has been made, sir.
Jerk (in speaker): Zuranians, you have no choice but to surrender. We have your leader, and our antimatter phasers are locked onto your installations. With these phasers, if you don't cooperate, we'll blow your lily pads to bits.
Froggy: We have no choice but to surrender. We will send up a representative.
Jerk: (later) Captain's Log-Star Date 1285.9. All is well. Mission accomplished.
Narr: Peace is eventually established with the Zuranians. The Rentaprize goes to Star Base, and is cleaned of a fungus that resembles warts. Mr. Spark is in a tattooparlor on Vulcan having his tattoo removed. Captain James T. Jerk and the rest of the crew are outpatients at an insane asylum.

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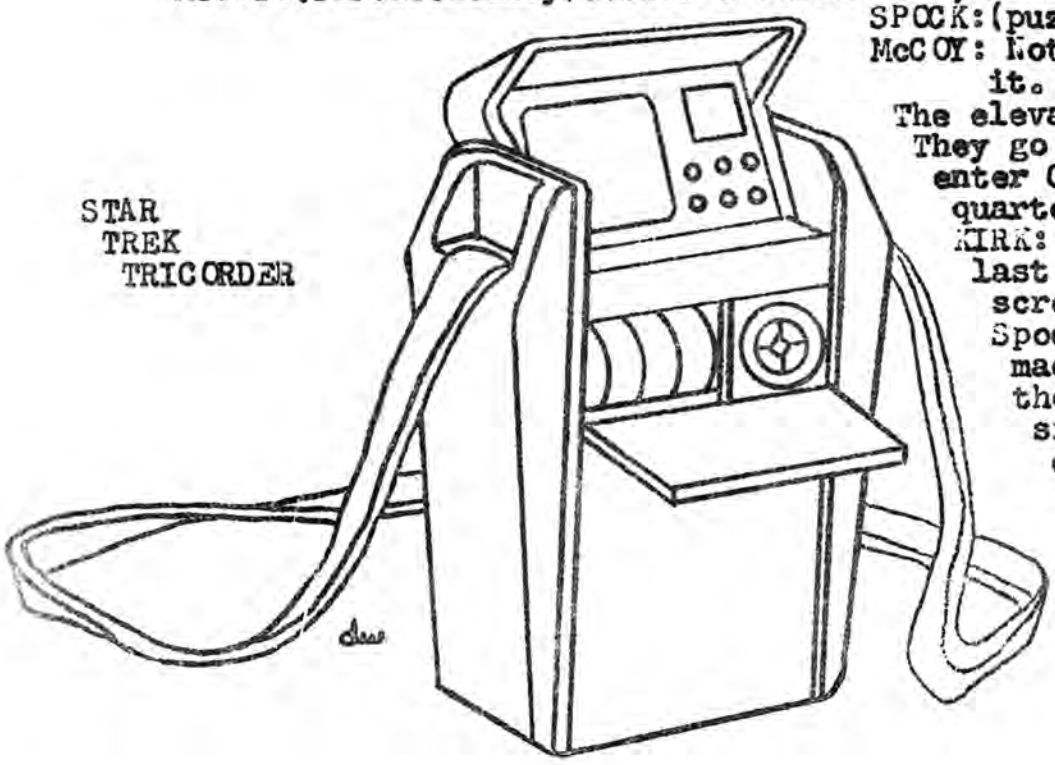
David Gerrold, the writer of the show "The Trouble with Tribbles" and the author of The World of Star Trek and The Trouble With Tribbles, along with numerous other science fiction books, has written a new book. It is titled The Man Who Folded Himself and is an excellent story of time travel written in up-to-date language. Other books by David include: When Harlie Was One, Yesterday's Children, and Space Skimmer. If you are interested in any type of science fiction, these books are a must to read.

This is Part II of an original Star Trek story written by Star/W-S member Sherwood Jones.

The landing party consisting of Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy, Mr. Sulu and Ensign Matthews have discovered that they are trapped on Starbase Four by a bluish mist that sucks all the body's vital chemicals out of it. Cut off from all communications with the Enterprise, they must determine a means of escape on their own.

SPOCK: Captain, may I make a suggestion? I believe we should examine the last log entry made by Commodore Halden.
KIRK: Good idea, let's go.
They hurry to the end of the corridor to the elevator. The five enter quickly.
KIRK (activating elevator control): Deck Three.
McCOY: What I can't understand is why and how a cloud would drain the body of a few measly chemicals.
SPOCK: Doctor, if something is desperate enough, it will do anything to gain possession of what it wants; even drain the human body....
McCOY: (sarcastically)....or a Vulcan one, I hope.
SPOCK: (puzzled): Doctor....?
McCOY: Nothing, Spock. Forget it.
The elevator stops. All exit. They go down the corridor and enter Commodore Halden's quarters.
KIRK: Mr. Spock, put the last log entry on the screen.
Spock goes over to the machine and activates the screen. Halden is sitting down with a desperate look on his face.
HALDEN (over speaker): (gasping) Starbase log; stardate 5136.5. This may be my last entry. Only a few days ago a strange mist



STAR TREK TRICORDER

enveloped the starbase. Hundreds of men and women are dying, now, as I speak. As you listen to this, I may already be dead. For some unknown reason this....thing.. ..has drained our bodies of needed elements. We are all dying, one by one. First, the younger crew members were drained. The more active and the younger one is, the quicker one dies. Dr. Granger has been working for hours trying to find an immunity drug. We have tried to notify Star Fleet, but the mist has blocked all communications. The starship Enterprise is, or was, scheduled to arrive stardate 5234.1. Jim, if it's you who's looking at this, you're a dead man. This thing, which may still be there, has infected you; has gotten into your body and is now taking effect.

Shot of Kirk with blank expression on his face.

HALDEN (continuing): You don't dare beam back aboard your ship. You will infect your crew and they will die as well. There's just no way out, Jim. (haggardly) We will try.. ..

Suddenly Halden disappears from the viewscreen. Background is still visible.

KIRK (startled):What happened?

SULU: Captain, look!

Kirk turns to see the chair Halden was sitting in occupied now only by his empty uniform and the same crystalline ball they found before.

KIRK (sadly): We were good friends at the Acadamy.

Shot of Enterprise still orbiting starbase.

KIRK (voice over-shot of Kirk pacing the floor): Captain's Log-stardate 5234.8. Upon beaming over to the starbase, we find all personell drained of their body's necessary elements. We know now that we cannot return to the ship without killing the rest of the Enterprise crew. Without communications , we cannot return to the Enterprise at all. Soon, it appears, we will all die.

McCOY (to Kirk): Jim, you shouldn't move around like this. The more the blood circulates, the faster the effects.

KIRK:(goes over to Spock) Spock....

SPOCK: Captain....?

KIRK: Theoretically, is it possible this cloud could be natural? Could it have been "born"? Formed naturally?

SPOCK: That is a possibility. It is also possible that it could be formed by the collision of two or more forms; one being gas, the other being some form of oxygen, nitrogen, or carbon.

KIRK: Could it be an intelligent form of being?

SPOCK: Negative, Captain. It is purely unliving mass, but it does consume matter.

McCOY: Jim, Halden said the doctor was working on some sort of vaccine. Why don't we go to the lab and see if he got anywhere?

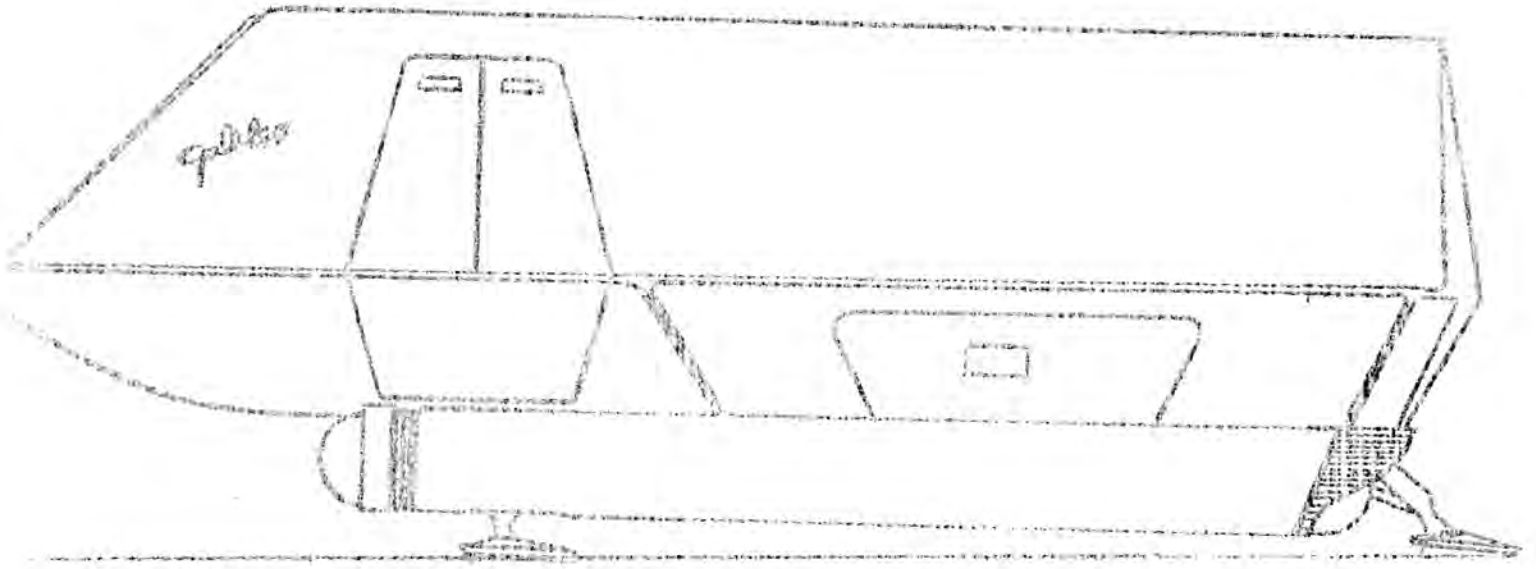
KIRK: We've got nothing to lose.

They quickly exit and go down corridor to the lab. They find another crystalline ball that must have been the doctor.

SULU:(picking up broken flask lying next to doctor) He must have been working on it when he was drained.

McCOY:(picking up another flask containing different liquids) He seems to have been trying to counteract the effects.
KIRK: Could he have succeeded had he lived?
McCOY: I don't know. It's possible, but I can't tell without further experimentation.
KIRK: It's the only chance we've got. Get to it!
Shot of Enterprise orbiting starbase.
SCOTT(voice over): Ship's Log; stardate 5234.8. Lieutenant Commander Scott Reporting. The landing party transported to the starbase over three hours ago. No communications have been received from them since. Undoubtedly the strange mist has blocked transmissions. We will remain in orbit until we receive word from them.
Lieutenant McDonald sits at Sulu's post-Ensign Palmer sits next to him.
McDONALD: Sir, there's a ship out there, bearing 865 mark 3.
Shot of screen showing enormous ship also orbiting starbase.
SCOTT: Aye, and it's a big one: I don't think it's a Federation vessel. Lieutenant Uhura, see if that vessel is transmitting any messages.
UHURA: Aye aye, sir.
McDONALD: Mr. Scott, the ship has stopped dead in space.
UHURA: No transmissions, sir.
SCOTT: Open hailing frequencies, lieutenant.
UHURA: Frequencies open, Mr. Scott.
SCOTT: Lieutenant Commander Scott of the USS Enterprise to alien vessel. Acknowledge and identify. (no response) Lieutenant Commander Scott of....
ALIEN VOICE:(very low and demanding) Silence! We have heard you, alien vessel. You are hereby ordered to remove yourselves from this sector of space! Failure to comply with this order will result in the immediate and total destruction of your tiny ship!

Part III next issue.
Next issue in September.



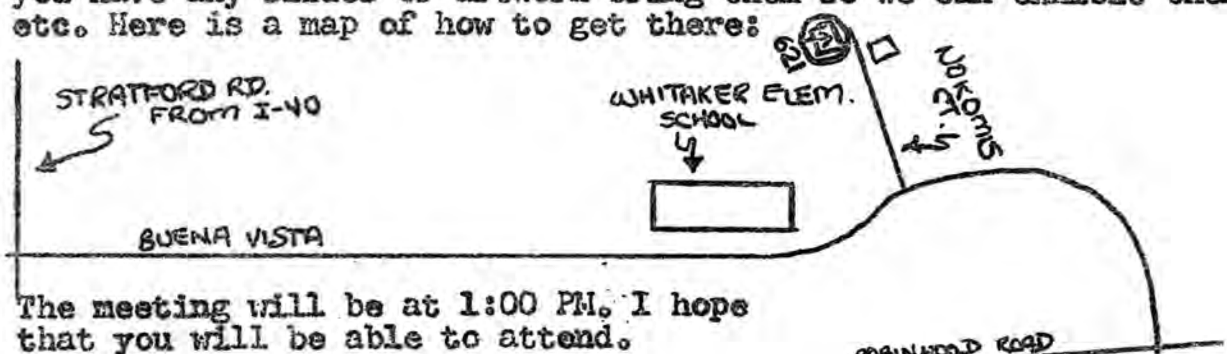
USS Enterprise Shuttlecraft Galileo
NCC 1701/7

SHIP'S STATUS

"IDIC"

Vol. 1, No. 3 September/October 1974 STAR/Winston-Salem

Let me start off this newsletter with a thank you to all of you who contributed stories, artwork, etc. I will try to publish as many of them as possible, but I still need more if the newsletter is going to last. Since the beginning of this publication, the club membership number has nearly doubled! Keep spreading the word about our club. I hope that you are still enjoying the newsletter, and any comments or criticisms are greatly appreciated. The next meeting of STAR/W-S will be on October 5 at 621 Nokomis Ct. here in Winston-Salem. Please bring any and all of your Star Trek stuff. Please send me any suggestions you might have for the meeting: what should be discussed for our club, if you have any slides or artwork bring them so we can exhibit them, etc. Here is a map of how to get there:



The meeting will be at 1:00 PM. I hope that you will be able to attend.

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If you are really a dedicated fan of Star Trek, and you should be, then you will want to help in the following cause. It was announced at a recent convention that Star Trek might be brought back as a mini-series. Some Paramount executives want to change the show. They don't think that you will want to see the same actors because they are 5 years older. Prove to them that they are wrong. Answer the following questions:

1. Do you want the show back?
2. Do you want it back without Capt. Kirk, Mr. Spock, etc.?
3. Do you want it back without the original actors?
4. Who is your favorite charactor & actor?
5. Name, address, age, club(s) you belong to

Send this info. to: STSTC (Save the Star Trek Cast), PO Box 3432, Pasadena, Texas 77502
The results will be compiled and sent to Gene Roddenberry.
HURRY!!!

SHIP'S STATUS

Here is Part III of Sherwood Jones's Star Trek story.

With the landing party still trapped on Starbase Four, the Enterprise is further menaced by an alien ship of enormous size. It has issued an ultimatum: unless the Enterprise immediately evacuates the sector of space it is now in, it will be totally destroyed!

SCOTT: (in angry reply to the alien's demands) The Enterprise is a Federation vessel and has every right to be in this sector of space. Also, our captain, first officer, and three other personell are trapped on the starbase we are orbiting.
VOICE: Then you refuse?
SCOTT: (defiantly) Aye, that we do.
Long period of silence.
UHURA: Shall I close the frequency, Mr. Scott?
SCOTT: Might as well Lieutenant. Now we just sit and wait for whatever they plan to....
Suddenly a violent jolt hits the ship and sends the bridge personell reeling from their chairs across the floor.
McDONALD: Sir, some sort of beam from that ship is throwing us out of orbit....
There is now a sound of steadily accelerating engines.
McDONALD: Picking up speed, sir. Warp Three....Warp Four.... Warp Five, sir.
SCOTT: (to himself) Those mad dogs! (pressing button on arm of chair) Scott to Engineering.
BARNES: (over intercom) Ensign Barnes here, sir.
SCOTT: How much power do we have left?
BARNES: Some, sir, but not enough to combat the force of that ray.
McDONALD: (still clocking the Enterprise's speed) Warp Six.... Warp Seven and still accelerating, sir.
SCOTT: (to Barnes) We're going to use all the power we can. It's either the captain or the ship.
BARNES: Aye aye, sir.
SCOTT: Full forward thrust, Mr. McDonald.
McDONALD: Full forward thrust, sir.
Sound of slowly decelerating engines.
McDONALD: Slowing, sir. Warp Three....Warp Two....Warp One.... ..sub-light....we've stopped dead, sir.
BARNES: (urgently) Mr. Scott!
SCOTT: Yes, Mr. ~~Sxxxx~~ B arnes.
BARNES: We're stuck between the ray and the force of the engines. Sir, if we sit here like this, we could be crushed between the two.
SCOTT: I know, lad.
Cut back to the starbase. All personell are in sight except for Matthews.
McCOY: It's no use, Jim. It's impossible to counteract the effects of that cloud. There's just no way.
KIRK: Well, we've checked all sides of this thing. What next... ..Mr. Spock?
SPOCK: Captain, I have wondered what effect, if any, the cloud would have on me. After all, I am a Vulcan.

KIRK: But you're also part human.
SPOCK: True, Captain. That is what I was contemplating. It is logical that since the youngest seem to die first, Ensign Matthews will die first. Mr. Sulu will follow, then you, Captain, the doctor, and then myself.
KIRK: (looking around room) By the way, where is Matthews?
SULU: He said he was going to study the power generators, Captain.
KIRK: (realizing what might have happened) Let's go!
They all hurry down the corridor to the elevator. When the door slides open they find another crumpled uniform with its crystalline remains.
KIRK: That wasn't there before!
SPOCK: Ensign Matthews, Captain. Fascinating!
McCOY: Blast it, Spock. A man's dead and you think it's fascinating!
SPOCK: Doctor, I am greatly sorrowed by the death of Ensign Matthews. I only think that it is fascinating that it took such a short time for the cloud to take effect.
SULU: (in dread) And I'm next!
McCOY: Well, what are we going to do, just sit around and watch each other die off, one by one? Aren't we going to do something?
KIRK: Any suggestions, Bones?
Cut back to the Enterprise which is still straining against the force ray.
SCOTT: (having to shout over the sound of the pulsating engines) Mr. Barnes, are our engines holding ~~xxx~~ out?
BARNES: No sir. They're growing weaker. We can't stand the strain much longer. (he is suddenly thrown violently across the engineering room by another sudden jolt of force) We'll have to shut off engines and let it push us back.
SCOTT: I wish we could, lad.
Cut back to corridor on the starbase.
KIRK: (flipping out his communicator again) Kirk to Enterprise.
McCOY: You already tried that, Jim.
KIRK: I know, but I don't believe in giving up hope.
Suddenly all five of the crew are beamed off the starbase and find themselves inside the alien ship.
KIRK: Where are we?
SULU: How did we get here? There aren't any transporter pads.
SPOCK: It seems to be an alien vessel...(he turns on his tricorder and takes some readings)...immense, but irregular in shape.
KIRK: Well, now that we know where we are, the question is how did we get here and why were we brought here.
SULU: Captain!
He points to a towering figure that gradually appears in the room. He wears a floor-length robe and has a slightly high-pitched voice.
ALIEN: I am Zorrak, and this is my ship. We are presently in orbit around your starbase.
KIRK: Then where is my ship?
ZORRAK: Your ship is no longer in orbit. Behold your pitiful ship.
He points to a viewscreen which shows the Enterprise being

held in place by a heated red ray.
KIRK: Release my ship, Zorrak!
ZORRAK: I am not holding your ship, Captain. I am merely pushing it back. If they persist in applying force against mine, they could be crushed.
KIRK: (exploding with anger, lunges at Zorrak) Release my ship.
Zorrak extends his arm at Kirk and a lightning blue bolt streaks from it. Kirk is thrown against the opposite wall and falls to the floor unmoving!

Part IV In next issue

****

Due to many requests I an including in this issue a Star Trek Questionnaire. Fill out the answer sheet included in this issue and send only that to me. GOOD LUCK!

1. Spock as Selik named some relations. They were
a. Sitar and T'Pau b. Shariel and T'Pel c. T'Pel and Safik
2. A city on Vulcan is
a. Langan b. Aichaya c. Shikar
3. In "More Tribbles, More Troubles" the Klingon's new weapon was
a. a more powerful phaser b. a safe tribble c. a stasis field
4. Harry Mudd has been known to use the alias
a. Harcourt Fenton b. Leo Francis Walsh c. Cyrano Jones
5. Who called Kirk a "swaggering, overbearing, tin-plated dictator with delusions of godhood"?
a. Kolof b. Kor c. Korax
6. Tal-Shaya is
a. an ancient form of Vulcan execution b. Spock's childhood pet sehlat c. a Vulcan city
7. What was the name of the officer who interrogated Kirk in "Tommorow is Yesterday"?
a. Webb b. MacPhearson c. Fellini
8. Who did Kirk Call a "chair-bound paper pusher"?
a. Stocker b. Pike c. Kommack
9. How long had the creatures been on Deneva before the Enterprise arrived?
a. 6 Months b. 8 Months c. 10 Months
10. The murder weapon used in "Wolf in the Fold" was made on
a. Rigel 4 b. Rigel 5 c. Rigel 7

(continued)

1. a b c	6. a b c	11. a b c
2. a b c	7. a b c	12. a b c
3. a b c	8. a b c	13. a b c
4. a b c	9. a b c	14. a b c
5. a b c	10. a b c	15. a b c

For grading of this test please send it back to me with your name and a 10¢ stamp, on a self- addressed envelope.

NAME ____________________

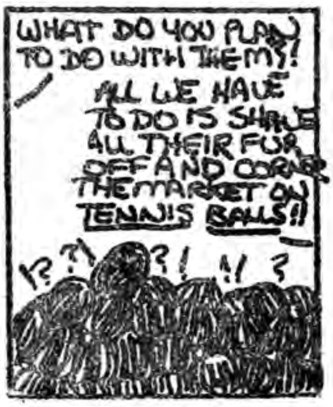
11. Who was the court buffoon in "Plato's Stepchildren"?
a. Alexander b. Parmen c. Dr. McCoy
12. Garth was from
a. Axanar b. Izar c. Tau Ceti
13. Who ran the 21st Street Mission?
a. Roberta Lincoln b. Edith Keeler c. Janice Lester
14. Which name is destined to go down in galactic history?
a. Garth b. Kor c. Leonard James Akaar
15. Who was left by the "Old Ones"?
a. Andrea b. Ruk c. Miramanee

****

Good news! The animated version of Star Trek is back with all new episodes of the Enterprise crew. Unless the schedule is changed it will still be on at 11:00 AM. Watch it! For those of you that can pick up Channel 36 on your TV, Star Trek is now on at 8:00 PM instead of 6:00. This is the only daily viewing you can get of Star Trek in this area, to my knowledge. Bob Gordon Theatre will be showing the show for a while starting in late October. This program is on Sunday afternoons.

****

I am thinking of making "Tribble Talk" a regular feature of this newsletter. Please write me and tell me your comments and/or criticisms, or any story ideas for it. Thanx!!



"TRIBBBE TALK"

Next issue out in November

Remember....STAR TREK LIVES FOREVER!!!
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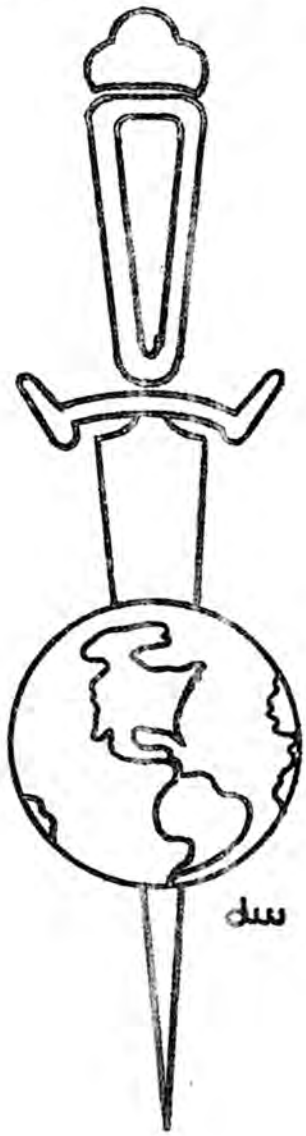
*DEVRA LANGSAM, Chairperson
THOM ANDERSON, Treas.

SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF S.T.A.R./W-S

"MIRROR MIRROR"



VOL. I, NO. 4

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

SHIP'S STATUS

I am beginning the new format of putting a cover page on our newsletters. If you have any ideas for covers please send them to me. They will have to be the size you want them on the cover. The newsletter seems to be coming along well. Still, I need contributions such as stories and artwork. I seem to be getting stuff from the same people. If you can draw or write, send me an example of your work. The last meeting of Star/W-S was very successful. There was good attendance and many people brought all their stuff. There was a slide show and several tapes of the show were played. Time and place of the next meeting will be published in an upcoming newsletter.

****

Here is the conclusion of Sherwood Jones' exciting Star Trek story.

In the last episode of this story, Captain Kirk had made a valiant attack on the alien that was endangering the Enterprise and her crew. He was struck down by a powerful bolt of energy emitted from the alien which left him lying motionless on the floor.

Spock, McCoy, and Sulu rush to their Captain's side. McCoy pulls a hypo out of his medikit and injects a stimulant into Kirk's bloodstream. He slowly revives.
McCOY: Jim, are you all right?!
KIRK: A little sore, but nothing broken....(he groans)..I think.
ZORRAK: I commend you on your bravery, Captain. If it means so much to you, I will release your ship.
He closes his eyes and concentrates. The screen on the alien ship shows the beam holding the Enterprise disappear.
SPOCK: Fascinating! Telepathy, Captain.
Cutting back to the ship, the sounds of slowly decellerating engines are heard.
MACDONALD: Mr. Scott, we're leveling off at Warp Three, sir.
SCOTT: Good. Mr. Barnes, how are our engines?
BARNES: (over intercom) Recharging themselves and growing stronger.
SCOTT: Establish orbit again, Mr. MacDonald.
MACDONALD: Yes, sir.
KIRK: (back on alien ship) Why did you beam us up?
ZORRAK: For your safety, Captain. I didn't want you or any of your party to be drained.
KIRK: (grimly) One of us already has been.
ZORRAK: Oh? Well, I apologize for that, but I am glad I saved the rest of your party.
McCOY: How did you know that the people on the starbase were being drained?
ZORRAK: Easily, doctor, since I was the one who drained them.
KIRK: (shocked) You?!
ZORRAK: Yes, it was I who manufactured the cloud.
KIRK: Do you realize that you have murdered over five hundred men and women in cold blood?
ZORRAK: Murdered, Captain? I have done nothing of the kind.
KIRK: You have willfully massacred hundreds of people.... and for no reason!!

ZORRAK: But I have hundreds upon thousands of people in my race that needs those elements. A few hundred puny humans will be no great loss to this galaxy.
SPOCK: Sir, is this the only group of beings you drained?
ZORRAK: NO, there have been others before. My clouds have traveled throughout the galaxy collecting needed elements.
KIRK: Why can't you ask for the elements, instead of killing for them? The Federation could supply you with the elements you need to survive.
ZORRAK: Federation....I do not understand.
KIRK: An alliance with other civilizations, other colonies, and other planets. An exchange of cultures and ideas and based on peace. You could be your civilizations' representative.
ZORRAK: That would indeed be an honor. I will return you to your ship. Will you send a representative from your Federation to meet with my people?
KIRK: I'd be delighted to, Zorrak.
Cutting back to the bridge.
MACDONALD: Mr. Scott, the cloud has vanished.
SCOTT: What about the alien ship?
MACDONALD: Moving off, sir.
At that moment the landing party are materialized onto the bridge.
SCOTT: (startled) Captain!! How did you get back, Captain? Are you all right?
KIRK: I'm fine. How's the ship.
SCOTT: No damage done that we can't repair, Captain.
KIRK: Good. (Sulu relieves MacDonald) Mr. SUlu, take us out of orbit.
SULU: Aye, aye, sir.
KIRK: Mr. Spock, make out a full report for Star Fleet Command.
SPOCK: Fascinating.
KIRK: Mr. Spock...?
SPOCK: The alien claimed that the human race was small and inessential. I tend to agree.
McCOY: Well, Mr. Spock, you must realize that statement is also true for Vulcans.
SPOCK: Really, Doctor, you can't be serious.
KIRK: You mean Vulcans are indispensible?
McCOY: (before Spock can open his mouth) Well, why not? After all, if they weren't around, we wouldn't have Mr. Spock's logic!
McCoy and Kirk and the whole bridge crew begins to laugh as Spock stands with a puzzled look on his face.

-THE END-

****

For those of you who don't know, STAR TREK LOG TWO is now out, along with STAR TREK LOG ONE. These books are by Alan Dean Foster and contain three animated stories each. There are fascinating books which should be at your local book store, along with all the rest of the Star Trek books.

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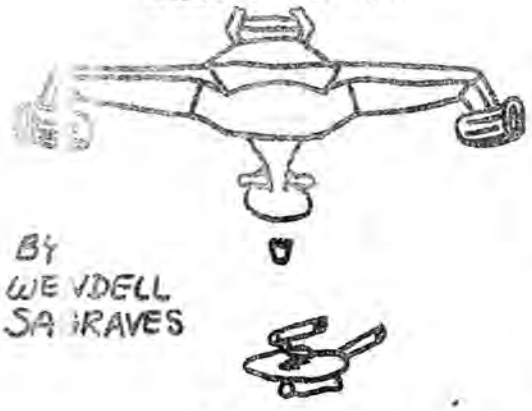
SHIP'S STATUS



BY WENDELL SAGRAVES

BACK ISSUES #1, #2, #3 - 50¢ EACH

Here is a Star Trek story written by STAR/W-S member, Wendell Sagraves.

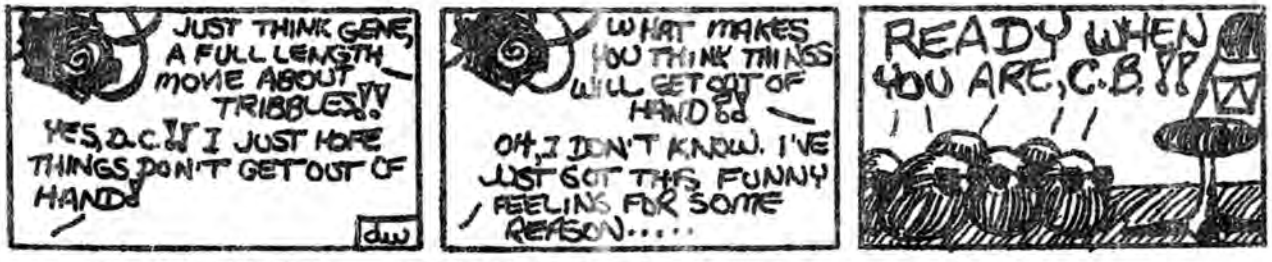
Captain's Log Star Date 3128.6. Long range sensors have picked up a Klingon ship beyond the limits of the neutral zone and approaching the Enterprise at Warp Six.
KIRK: Mr. Sulu, how soon til we have visual contact?
SULU: In three minutes, sir.
SPOCK: Two point five four to be exact.
KIRK: Mr. Spock, speculation on what they're doing here.
SPOCK: None, Captain, but my sensors indicate that their ship has increased speed to Warp Seven.
SULU: Captain, we have visual contact.
KIRK: Very well, Sulu. Uhura, open all channels.
UHURA: All channels open, sir.
KIRK: (over intercom) This is Captain James T. Kirk of the USS Enterprise. You are in Federation space and I order you to surrender your ship. Acknowledge.
UHURA: No response, Captain.
KIRK: Kirk to Klingon battle cruiser. Acknowledge at once or prepare for battle.
UHURA: Still no response, sir.
KIRK: Go to red alert. Mr. Sulu, prepare for battle.
SULU: Aye aye, sir.
SPOCK: Captain, another ship has come into sensor range.
KIRK: Is it a Klingon ship?
SPOCK: No, sir. It is an unknown ship and seems to be pursueing the Klingon ship.
SULU: Sir, the alien is firing on the Klingons.
On the viewscreen is shown the Klingon ship being hit by an unknown weapon.
SPOCK: (checking damge in his sensor) It has been hit in it's warp engines and is no longer maneuverable. The alien is moving in on it, presumably to destroy it.
KIRK: Uhura, open all frequencies. I've got to stop it.
UHURA: All frequencies open, sir.
KIRK: This is Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise. State your reason for being in this sector of space.
After no acknowledgement, he repeats his message and an answer is received.
KIRK: Switch to ~~xxxx~~ visual, Lieutenant Uhura.
The screen shows the alien bridge.
ALIEN CAPTAIN: We are the Morcons. We were traveling at the edge of your neutral zone en route to the planet Syra for colonization purposes. Then, five Klingon vessels attacked us for no reason and destroyed our two companion ships. The Klingon ships either escaped or were destroyed, and I will destroy this one even if I have to destroy you.
KIRK: This is Federation space and we cannot let you destroy that ship.
ALIEN CAPTAIN: Then prepare for battle.
KIRK: Notify Star Fleet of our situation. Mr. Sulu, arm main pahser banks.

SHIP'S STATUS

SULU: Phasers armed and ready, sir.
UHURA: Something is blocking all communications. I can't contact Star Fleet.
SPOCK: My sensors show it is some kind of force field.
KIRK: That's why the Klingons didn't respond.
SULU: Sir, the ship is turning toward us.
On the screen it shows the alien ship firing its weapon at them. After a moment it hits the Enterprise.
SPOCK: Right shields completely out. One more hit like that will put out all shields.
KIRK: Sulu, fire phasers one and two.
SULU: Phasers one and two fired, sir.
SPOCK: A complete miss, Captain.
SULU: Captain, the aliens are firing again.
The weapon hits the ship with a violent jolt.
SPOCK: All shields out, sir. The next hit will destroy the Enterprise.
KIRK: MR. Sulu, fire phasers three and four mixed with photon torpedoes.
SULU: Aye aye, sir.
SPOCK: A hit on the port side, but it is still maneuverable. It is turning to fire again.
KIRK: Mr. Spock, can we get out of here?
SPOCK: Not possible Captain . The last hit damaged our engines.
KIRK: Then we're trapped.
SULU: Captain, the Klingon ship is firing on the aliens.
The alien ship is totally destroyed.
SCOTT: Captain, the engines will take us where we what to go, but I canna' give you any faster than Warp Three.
KIRK: Very well, Scotty.
SPOCK: Sensors indicate the Klingon's engines are repaired and they are veering off rapidly.
KIRK: Mr. Sulu, give us maximum speed and pursue that ship. Scotty, do we have phaser power yet?
SCOTT: Yes, but we can only get off one shot.
SPOCK: They are getting out of phaser range.
KIRK: Fire!
The Klingon ship suffers a direct hit.
SPOCK: There are a few survivors, Captain.
KIRK: Scotty, transport remaining Klingons aboard and put them in the brig. Mr. Sulu, plot a course for Starbase Four to deliver the prisoners. Let's get out of here.

-THE END-

TRIBBLE TALK



NEXT ISSUE -- JANUARY

SHIP'S STATUS

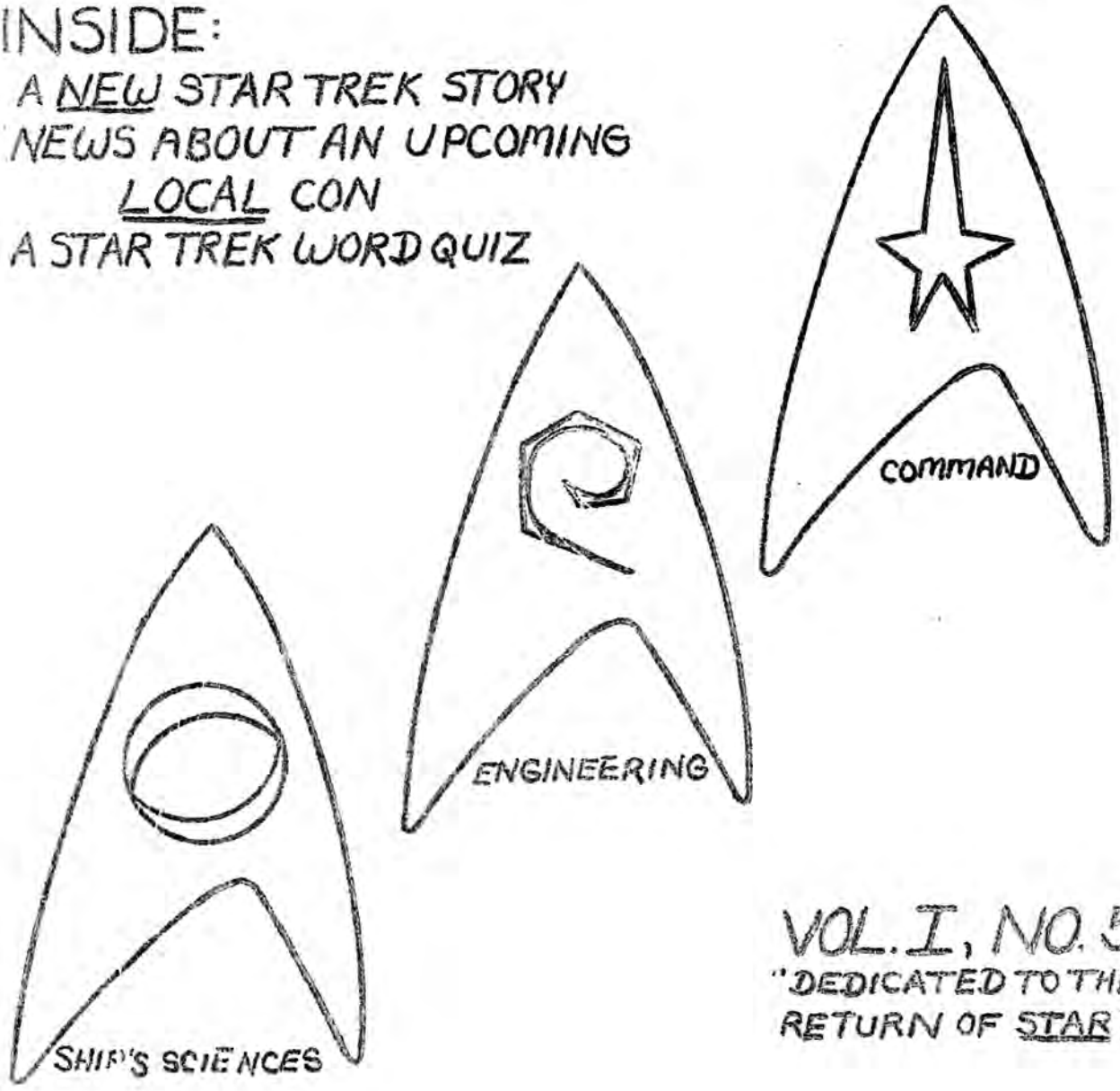
A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF S.T.A.R./W-S

INSIDE:

A NEW STAR TREK STORY

NEWS ABOUT AN UPCOMING LOCAL CON

A STAR TREK WORD QUIZ



VOL. I, NO. 5

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

SHIP'S STATUS

Well, here it is, our fifth issue, and we're still going strong. But we still need your contributions of stories and artwork if we are to continue to bring you a good newsletter. Also, remember that since this publication is written for you, please feel free to write in your comments and opinions both pro and con. In this issue you will find a new Star Trek story, some artwork by myself and by other readers, and a Star Trek word search puzzle which I think you will find very interesting and entertaining.

****

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

STAR TREK WORD SEARCH

1. KIRK
2. SPOCK
3. McCOY
4. SCOTTY
5. SULU
6. CHEKOV
7. UHURA
8. NURSE CHAPEL
9. ROMULAN
10. ANDORIAN
11. GORN
12. VULCAN
13. KLINGON
14. NOMAD
15. TRIBBLE
16. SENSORS
17. PHASER
18. COMMUNICATOR
19. TRICORDER
20. BRIDGE
21. TRANSPORTER
22. PHOTON TORPEDOES
23. ENTERPRISE
24. SHUTTLECRAFT
25. GALILEO

The Southern Star Trek Convention that you may have heard of is no myth, neither is it folly. It is a serious convention being put together by a group of concerned people. The set date for this con is June 27-30 and is to be held at the Charlotte Civic Center. This is definitely turning out to be a professionally done con. Mr. Jack Townsend is heading up the organization and planning of it and he really getting places! Already on the confirmed guest list are George Takei and Gene Roddenberry who Mr. Townsend has already talked with and is working with him to get the following already strong possibilities as confirmations: Walter Koenig, DeForrest Kelley, Leonard Nimoy, James Doohan, and Maybe William Shatner. Several films including a blooper reel From the Star Trek shows, some episodes of the Questor Tapes and Planet Earth. There will be an art contest and auction and also a costume contest. The proceeds will go to the Cancer Fund and The American Red Cross in memory of Gene Coon. If you would like more information contact STAR/W-S or write directly to Southern Star Trek Convention, P.O. Box 986, Lenoir, NC 28645. I strongly suggest you find out more about it. I think you'll want to attend.

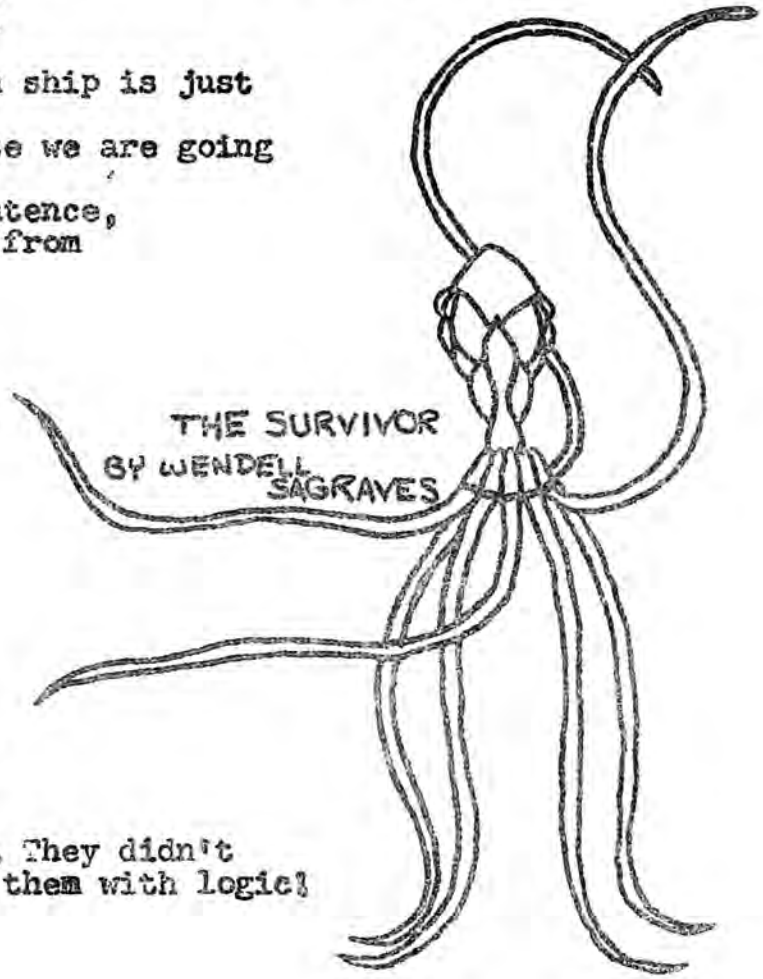
****

Here is a new Star Trek story written by regular contributor Wendell Sagraves:

Captain's Log Stardate 3194.3. We have received a distress call from the USS Lexington whose present mission is star-charting in an unexplored sector of the outer section of the galaxy. We are proceeding to investigate.
KIRK:Mr. Sulu, set course for the last known position of the USS Lexington. Ahead Warp Eight.
SULU:Aye, aye, sir.
KIRK:Lieutenant Uhura, have any further communications been received from the Lexington?
UHURA:Noneas yet, sir.
KIRK:Keep all channels open. Mr. Spock, any speculation on what might have happened?
SPOCK:I can make no logical speculation due to the lack of facts, captain.
KIRK:Sulu, how much longer until we reach our destination?
SULU:Approximately fifteen minutes, sir.
SPOCK:Fifteen minutes, five seconds to be exact. Captain, sensors are picking up some form of space vessel just at the edge of sensor range.
KIRK:Is it a Klingon vessel?
SPOCK;No, it is totally alien to us. The ship is approximately twice the size of the Enterprise.
SULU:Captain! We're slowing down...Warp Six...Warp Four... ..WarpThree...Warp One...we're going sublight. We've stopped dead in space, sir.
KIRK:(over intercom)Scotty, what happened?
SCOTT:I don't know, sir. All engines are going at full power but nothing is happening.
SPOCK:Captain, the sensors show that the alien ship is the

source of power holding us here.
KIRK:Lieutenant Uhura, open all channels.
UHURA:All channels open, sir.
KIRK:This is Captain James T. Kirk of the USS Enterprise. We are here in response to a distress call received from a Federation ship. I order you to release this ship!
ALIEN:Captain, you are in no position to order anything.
UHURA:Captain, all communications are blocked.
KIRK:Mr. Spock, are sensors still in working order?
SPOCK:Yes, Captain, they are fully operational.
KIRK:Sulu, arm photon torpedoes and prepare to fire on my order.
SULU:Photon torpedoes armed and ready, sir.
KIRK:Fire!
Almost immediately after the torpedoes are fired there is such a powerful explosion that it sends the bridge crew whirling to the floor.
SPOCK:There seems to be some sort of force field surrounding the Enterprise. It is apparantly capable of containing our weaponry also.
KIRK:(over intercom) Scotty, shut down all engines before we drain our crystals. We may need them later.
The Enterprise is taken in tow by the alien ship.
SPOCK:captain, sensors are picking up two more ships. One appears to be another alien ship and the other....the other seems to be the Lexington.
UHURA:Captain, I am receiving a communication from the alien ship.
KIRK:Put it on visual.
The alien that appears on the screen appears to be suprisingly human but slightly larger in size.
ALIEN:Captain, your species seems to resemble ours quite a bit. Never the less, you and your first officer will transport over to my ship immediately. The captain and first officer of the other ship will do the same.
KIRK:Mr. Spock, it appears we have received an invitation.
SPOCK:Captain, do you think it wise that you should leave the ship? It could be a trap.
KIRK:We are already trapped, and we can accomplish nothing just waiting for something to happen.
SPOCK:Logical.
KIRK:(now in the transporter romm)Beam us aboard the alien ship.
They both materialize inside a large room just in time to see Commodore Wesley and his first officer materialize.
WESLEY:Jim, am I glad to see you. We have to get out of here. They're planning to use us as their ser...
The alien Captain enters the room and Wesley breaks off his sentence.
ALIEN:I am Merilus. I am still amazed at the resemblance of our species. (looking at Spock) This member of your party appears different. Is he one of your servants?
KIRK:We have no servants. We do our own work, as you should; at one time, long ago, we had servants. But we learned of freedom and realized the having servants was foolish. Each man should do his own work.
ALIEN:It has always been our way to have servants, or so our legends say.

KIRK:What exactly do these legends say?
ALIEN:They say that long ago, before we reached our advanced state of technology, we were taken away from our home planet by some advanced form and brought here. We live now as we did according to our lives then.
KIRK:Spock, is it possible that these people were taken from Earth to live here?
SPOCK:Because of the similarities between the two races, it is a strong possibility. The difference in size might be due to some atmospheric differnces.
WESLEY:You mean that these people were taken from Earth at the time when slavery was practiced and they have never gotten rid of it?
KIRK:Exactly.
ALIEN:Because you are one of the same race as we, I will try to convince my people to release you.
After about an hour has elapsed Merilus returns.
ALIEN:I am afraid that my people do not believe that we are of the same race and refuse to release you. But since I am positive of it, I will help you escape. I will send the other ship out on a mission so that mine will be the only one left guarding yours. I will disrupt the power source long enough for you to escape. You may return to your ships now.
KIRK:Scotty, beam us aboard.
Once materialized on Board the Enterprise, Kirk and Spock return to the bridge.
KIRK:Mr. Sulu, I want full reverse thrust on all engines.
SULU:But captain, we can't....
KIRK:No questions, just do it.
SULU:Aye aye, sir.
SPOCK:Captain, the other alien ship is just leaving sensor range.
KIRK:Stand by, in just a minute we are going to....
Before he could finish his sentence, the two ships are jerked away from the reamining alien ship as the force field is dropped.
SPOCK:Captain, the second alien ship has apparantly found out about our escape but they cannot keep up with us.
KIRK:Very well. Lieutenant UHURa, notify Star Fleet to ward off that sector of space.(looking over at Spock) Spock, you seem puzzled at something.
SPOCK:I was just wondering how this particular group of humans was able to advance to such a higher level of technology than yours.
McCOY:That's easily explained. They didn't Have Vulcans around confusing them with logic!
THE END



SHIP'S STATUS

Here is big news for all Star Trek fans. Paramount has developed a new technique called "Magicam" which will cut down production costs and increase the quality of television producing. It is a complicated process involving a new method of camera operation. This means, in essense; that a great deal of money can be saved in building sets, which was the major problem behind the production of Star Trek. Nothing definite has been said yet, but this is obviously a step in the right direction. It has been said that several contracts have been signed in regards to a Star Trek movie, and this new technique will inevitably put the odds in favor of the movie pulling through. Keep your hopes up!

****

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****

The Monster Times is the magazine for every science fiction fan. Many of thier issues are devoted to Star Trek and there is usually a column in each issue pertaining to Star Trek related items. It also contains information on the latest science fiction movies and television programs. It is an excellent magazine that you really should look into. Write: The Monster Times, P.O.Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York, 10011.

****

A reminder to all "Ship's Status" subscribers. The next issue of this newsletter will be your last one. Renewal price will still be $2.00 a year for six issues. This notice pertains only to you if your first issue received was Vol. 1, No. 1. Otherwise, you need not worry about your subscription running out. The last issue in your subscription will be noted by an asterisk next to your name. If you wish to renew, mail your check or money to STAR/W-S, 808 Arbor Road, Winston-Salem, NC, 27104. Make all checks payable to David Wooten. Back issues numbers 1,2,3, and 4 are still available at 50¢ each.

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TRIBBLE TALK

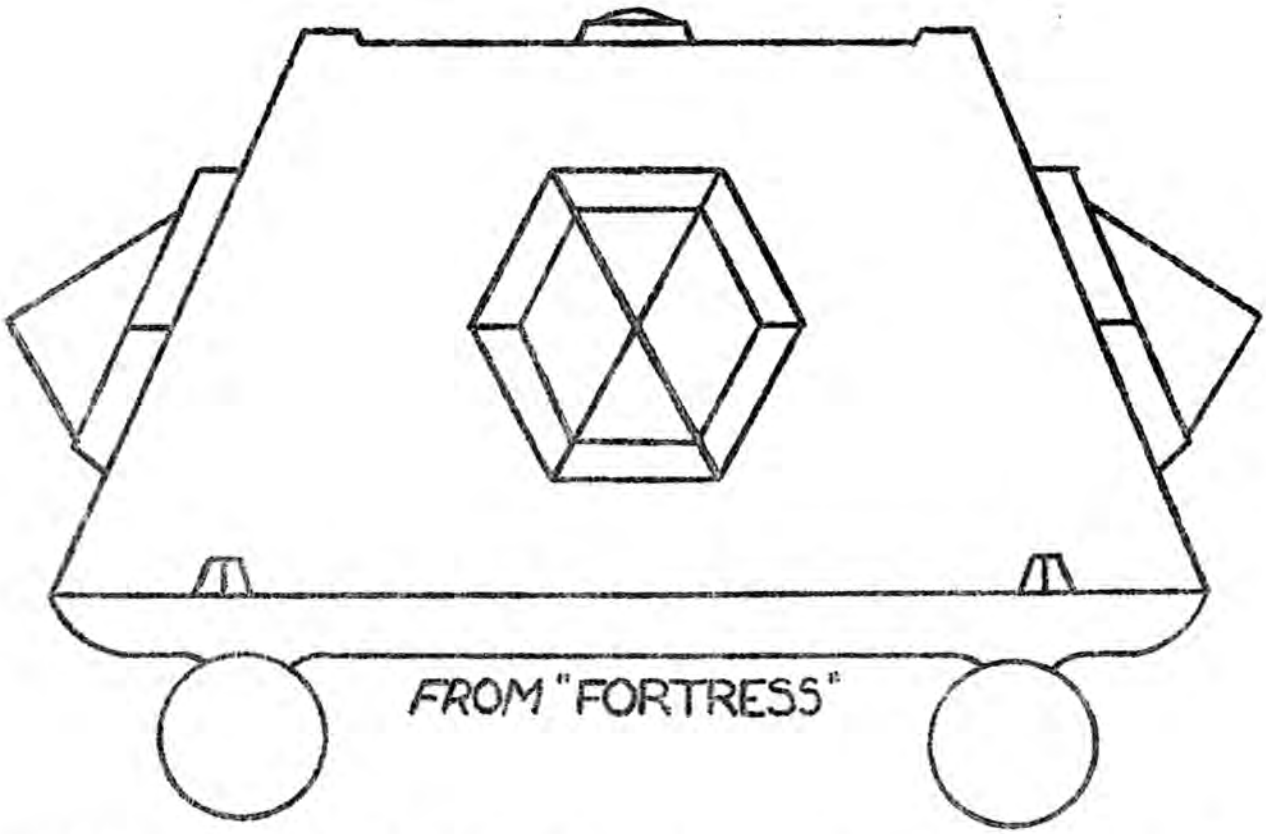
NEXT ISSUE IN MARCH
STAR TREK LIVES

SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF S.T.A.R./W-S

SPECIAL EDITION

2 FASCINATING NEW STAR TREK STORIES



FROM "FORTRESS"

STAR TREK ASSOCIATION FOR REVIVAL
WINSTON-SALEM BRANCH
DAVID WOOTEN - CHAIRMAN
208 ARBOR ROAD
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA 27104

VOL. I, NO. 6

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

SHIP'S STATUS

This will probably turn out to be one of the longest and the finest issues of "Ship's Status" ever published. Uponreceiving the two stories in this issue I just could not wait to publish them. I think you will enjoy them as much as I do. Let me remind you that if you have an "*" next to your name, this is your last issue. Renewal price is still $2.00. I hope that the second year of our newsletter will be even better. Live long and prosper!

****

"FORTRESS" by Craig Harris

The Enterprise had been on mapping duty for nearly 3 months running, near the Klingon Empire, and Captain James T. Kirk was sure he'd go up the wall before the week was up. It had happened before. Spock had once suggested that they perform with less than total efficiency. Doing so seemed mighty attractive right now.
Spock broke into his reverie unknowingly. "Captain, we have something most unusual ahead. A binary system. I will have a schematic in a moment." Seconds later, the screen lit to show the area in question. In addition to the suns, there were several planets each and an asteroid belt of astonishing density.
Sulu voiced the thoughts of all. "Shouldn't we notify Starfleet about this?" Kirk seemed to jerk himself. "Of course. Spock, take the con. Continue mapping. I'll be in my quarters."
About a half an hour later, the intercom buzzer awoke the captain rather unpleasantly. It was Spock. "Sorry to wake you, sir, but we have an artificial body in the asteroid belt. I think you should see it." The small screen lit to show something that raised the small hairs at the back of Kirk's neck at it's sheer size. Spock's voice intoned,"Evidently, an automatic fortress. We have encountered rubble and debris that looks like a major battle was fought here." Kirk was already on the way to the bridge.
When he got there, all was quiet. On the big screen, the fortress floated quietly, as well it should, for according to the most recent analysis it was almost 2500 years old. There was no energy flow of any kind.
"It appears, gentlemen, that we are not the first here.", said McCoy, who had come inobtrusively onto the bridge. "Logic would seem to bear the fact of prior habitation, since we can all see the object.", returned Spock. The doctor said something under his breath about Vulcans in general and Spock in particular.
Kirk gave his orders. "Scotty, Spock, and myself will beam over to investigate. Maintain yellow alert. Lt. Uhura will be in charge."
Chief Kyle had three life support belts ready when they entered the transporter room with thier equipment. After a belt check, they stepped into the alcove.
As the landing party materialized in the control room, deep in the heart of the fortress a large red light lit fiercely for an instant and then faded. Roughly twice the size of the Enterprise bridge, the control room had the same general layout. Kirk took out his communicator and reported back to the Enterprise. Again, the light Flared. "Captain, most of this equipment seems to be for long range scanning and tracking," reported Scott,"and it's in good condition. Where's Mr. Spock?" "Over here, Captain. I found these in a stack by that

(CONT)

seat. May I return to the ship with them? There seems to be no danger here." "Very well, Mr. Spock. We'll all leave for now." As they burst into a sparkle, the light flared...and stayed on. Back on the Enterprise, Spock began to translate the tapes. At the end of the watch, he handed Kirk a taped report of the results. It was taken to the briefing room where the boarding party and Dr. McCoy might listen in privacy. The tape read in part:"...This was evidently only one of a chain of such fortresses which was the secondary line of defense for the planet which we have designated as Beta Ganaris Alpha III. This planet no longer bears life of any kind, although its neighbors have primitive civilazations similar to those on Earth between 1970 and 1980..." The rest was drowned out by the raucous blast of the red alert signal. In the bridge the tension could almost be felt. Uhura reported,"We ran a quick scan while you were below and found out that the engines had started recharging themselves almost as soon as you left. Look!" The four diamond-shaped objects, one to a side, had begun to glow. The Enterprise was probed quickly and fired upon.

Spock was flung form his chair, Kirk barely held to his, but Sulu was thrown against the console as he fell and was bleeding from a nasty cut on his forehead. "Captain, our shields are buckling, and #3 phaser is out." "Go to sickbay, mister. That's an order."

After the guards dropped Sulu off at Sickbay, they went down to phaser control. They found the doors to #3 blown out of the wall. Smoke was billowing out of what was left of the room. Entering, they found that the entire top panel had been blown off. The lower panel had been bent almost to a level with the floor, and Ensign Harris was caught under it, unconscious, with an arm twisted in an improbable position. Hansen, one of the Security men, whistled. "Let's get him out of here before the rest of it goes, hurry!" As they made off down the hall, carrying Harris, a second explosion ripped the room.

Luckily, a second attack did not come before the Enterprise could take evasive action. The #3 phaser was not alone; all over the ship, things gave out. Fortunately, there were no deaths; all the overworked medical staff had to deal with were cuts, lacerations, broken bones, and other minor and major burns. It was at times like this that people fervently loved their doctors.

One of the thing s that quit was the sub-space radio; cutting off communications with Starfleet. After three days respite, sensors picked up the fortress coming at them at Warp 5. The first thing it did was to scan the Enterprise, concentrating on casualties. It then pulled off, as if to think, and Kirk got the absurd impression that it was doing just that.

A bit later the Enterprise was taken in tow almost gently. When they tried to break away, they found it was futile. The diamond facing them flared menacingly. The radio was fixed rapidly, and was used to contact it. At first, the fortress would not respond, but repeated calls finally got a response. The voice of the fortress's computer, relayed through the universal translator, was harsh and somewhat gloating, most likely a taped message. "What do you say now, o sons of pelagic slime, eaters of filth? Do you admit defeat?"

Kirk was tempted to say something less than kind to this arrogant monstrosity. The fortresses circling the Time Planet were just as deadly, but they didn't insult their victims. Kirk decided to try to reason with the fortress. "Open a channel, Lt. Uhura." "It's waiting for us, sir." "Fortress, scan our vessel very closely. Study your readings

carefully." The tractor beams came down, slowly, and the fortress began to scan. Kirk turned to Scotty. "When those beams go down, I want maximum warp out of this system. I don't care what it does to the engines, just so we put distance between us and that thing out there.. Mr. Chekov, plot us a course to swing by the Beta sun of this group. Now!" The Enterprise fairly lept away at nearly twice the best speed her captor could build up to. The fortress would have smiled if it had been possible. The puny opponent had escaped for the time, but it would soon be returned. It was a new type, just as the last several had been, and yet built differently. It would make a nice addition to the growing collection around Argana. Strange that the crews of its captives had lived.

Around the pelagic world the Enterprise swept, making repairs--and plans. The plan finally settled on reeked of desperation, if not outright madness. It was decided that Kirk, Spock, and Scott, with McCoy for possible emergencies, would take one of the shuttlecraft and try to enter the fortsess through one of the two ports.

As the shuttlecraft neared the fortress, it became apparant that the fortress was going to let them in. Most likely an automatic impulse. The thing evidently did not bother with objects under a certai n size. It did. As soon as the doors were fairly shut, a familiar object was revealed behind a hidden door. The diamond-shaped outlet for the power used to destroy the Fortess's enemies. "Gentlemen, we are 'up the creek' to put the matter lightly." "Captain, thereis a breathable atmosphere forming in the chamber. I suggest we leave the shuttle." Apart from a faint mistiness, as from things long dead, the air was adequate.

The fortress contacted the Enterprise, with another distinctly unpleasant message, and a visual of the shuttlecraft being dismantled by drones. "I have your leader. Therefore, you will follow my orders or you will watch them die. Is that quite clear?" Sulu, though furious, managed to hold his temper long enough to reply. "Very well. Just be patient."

Back in the fortress, a pair of drones escorted the officers to their 'Quarters'. They were straight out of a medieval torture chamber. Heavy iron links at their middles held them within easy speaking distance.

As the Enterprise drew near the home planet of the fort, it became horribly clear that the thing had been at this game for a long time. There were old Klingon and Romulan ships along with a few that were as yet unknown. The Enterprise was placed in position near a Romulan. The fortress hovered over it's array for a moment, then left, presumably to take up the hunt once more. Released of his bonds, Kirk began considering how he might regain his ship's freedom. While he was thinking, a signal was received from the Romulan vessel. Unlike the others of his race with whom Kirk had had to deal, there was intense resignation to fate and great regret in his whole bearing. "Welcome, fellow sufferer, to the domain of the lost. I wish that we might have met under different circumstances. I have been told that you are an Earther. You are the only ones of your race here." He turned his head slightly, and the perspective changed to reveal a Klingon at his elbow. "I forget my manners. You and your second-in-command are invited to attend a meeting of our council."

The council was held in the Romulan vessel. Only once before had Kirk seen assemblies as morbid as this. Everyone had long ago given up hope of escape. This infuriated Kirk. Two intra-ship marriages were performed, and then the attention of the aliens was turned on Kirk and Spock. Kirk was shocked to find some of the most warlike, formidable races of the

known galaxy sitting at a table, lethargic and complacent. All the spirit seemed to be gone out of them. A Klingon, of all things, could not meet his gaze. Too shocked for a moment to speak, Kirk just stood there. Then, "I am honored to be asked here. However, I cannot believe that I stand before descendants of the most feared and respected, and the proudest races known in this part of the galaxy. I see, in place of warriors, sheep, cowering from a machine. Granted, a powerful machine, but a machine. Aren't living beings superior to machines? You sit in your Council and make plans of escape, but you haven't the guts to carry them out." By this time, actual growls could be heard from different parts of the chamber. "I do not mean to insult to any of you, for your ancestors got you here, but it is up to you to rectify their errors. As for my crew, we leave within the week, with or without you. Those who choose to go with us are welcome to do so."

The members of the Council sat silently with heads bowed as Kirk and Spock left the chamber. Were it possible to see the faces of the members, an awakening gleam would have been noticed in their eyes. The meeting was quickly adjourned.

During the next few days a great many calls were made to the Enterprise affirming that each caller would be leaving. Engines were being recharged, weapons tested, and a course agreed on, that would bring the fleet across many of the main trade routes, to a certain system where, using charts from the Enterprise, the ships would disperse to their home ports. At the appointed time, the motley armada began ever so slowly to leave orbit. When all were in position, a single, powerful signal was sent from the Enterprise, and the fleet set out.

The fortress picked up that signal, too. It began to accelerate after the mob, and began to gain imperceptively. The last ship detected it, and pushed its engines to the breaking point--and beyond. They gave out, and the fortress bore down o n it, the diamond facing it flaring. It never got a chance to fire. The fortress had not been in the habit of using all its directional sensors in battle situations. In this case, it was a fatal mistake.

The signal sent from the Enterprise was of great intensity and had been sent along a broad path. That path led straight to the sensors of the Leviathan, out on patrol of the border with the Klingon Empire.

A devastating blast shook the fortress quite thoroughly. Instantly, its sensors were turned on the intruder. The size of the new opponent would make it a worthy challenge. Releasing the smaller ship, it fired a full charge, only to have still a more unpleasant greeting. Never before had it been so damaged internally, except that action so long ago when the makers had gone. The fortress had overheard talk of "severely altered programming" and "Its killing repair crews". Strangely enough, parts of it's being were demanding, insistently, that to destroy was wrong under any circumstances.

In the fortress's computors, old scan results were being compared with more recent ones, and the result was that the fortress decided to investigate further. It contacted the Enterprise. "Captain Kirk, what is your home planet? I have need of this knowledge." The tone of glo ating was gone, and replacing it was one of terrible uncertainty. "We are from a world far from this place; a planet called Earth. Your world was destroyed many years ago, as was its enemy. Are we not different?" The fortress took its time about replying. Finally, "I concur. You must be others. I had wondered at the differences in body structure. So many were killed." At this point Captain Brewster chose to comment. "You sure pick fights big, Jim. Must've been tough to

get those sheep to leave with you." Typical. "What do you plan to do with that thing? It can't be left here." "These are not 'sheep'. It took real guts to run from that thing. As to the fortress, I think I'll ask you to escort it to Star Base 12. You both might learn something." Lt. Uhura cut the channel audio quickly, having heard some of Brewster'S usual replies to such statements.

Some weeks later, the news officially reached the Enterprise. The arrival of the fortress at Star Base 12 had created considerable stir among historians and in military circles. Brewster had laid it on thick and heavy about Kirk's "brilliant actions". Even Commodore Harris, one of the most hard-to-please men in the fleet, sent his congratulations.

Kirk was in his cabin when he got the news, and at it's conclusion he sent for Spock. When the first officer entered, "Mr. Spock, what do you think will happen to those freed? Some, I understand, have no place to return to." Spock was silent for a while before he answered. "The Romulans and Klingons will, I think, simply be absorbed into their respective populations. I doubt they will have any peaceful influence. Those with no homes will most likely find suitable planets." A small light flashed, and Kirk said, "Time to get back to the bridge. After you, Mr. Spock." ....THE END

****

If you have any science fiction of Star Trek related subjects that you have informations on and that would be of interest to "Ship's Status" readers, send it to STAR/W-S and if it is suitable, it will be printed in the newsletter. Also if you have any questions on Star Trek or other science fiction, send them to me and I will try to answer them for you.

****

"THE FOREVER PEOPLE" by Franklin Bolin

Captain's log, stardate 3961.5. The Enterprise is on a star charting mission in the Ator star system.
SPOCK:Captain, planet 1 is directly ahead. Orbit in 10 minutes, 37 seconds
KIRK:Prepare to lock into orbit, Mr. Sulu.
SULU:Aye aye, sir.
SPOCK:(Looking into hooded viewer)Captain, long range sensors show 6 small vessels approaching rapidly.
KIRK:Identification?
SPOCK:Negative, definitely nothing known to the Federation.
KIRK:Main viewing screen on, Mr. Sulu.
SULU:Viewing screen on, sir. We should have visual contact in 24 seconds.
6 saucer-shaped ships appear and move into a formation around the ship.
KIRK:Open hailing frequencies, Lt. Uhura.
UHURA:Frequencies open, sir.
KIRK:This is Captain James T. Kirk of the USS Enterprise representing the United Federation of Planets. We are on a peaceful star charting mission and mean you no harm. Please acknowledge.
UHURA:They are replying on visual, Captain.
KIRK:Put it on, Lieutenant.
An almost human-like figure appears on the screen.
ZOLAR:My name is Zolar. I am from Adonis 3. My people have long awaited your arrival. We will tow you to our home planet. Any effort made to

escape will prove against you. Otherwise, you will not be harmed.
The Enterprise is then jerked away with the alien ships.
SPOCK:They are using a highly engineered tractor beam on the ship.
KIRK:I wonder what they meant when they said any efforts to escape would be against us? Mr. Sulu, arm phaser bank 1 on light stun. We don't want to hurt them, just show we mean business.
SULU:Phaser bank 1 armed and ready, sir.
KIRK:Fire.
The phaser is fired and suddenly a jolt hits the ship and knocks people out of their seats.
KIRK:(into communicator)All damage control teams report. Mr. Spock, what happened?
SPOCK:It appears our phasers backfired. They have turned our weapons against us. All communications have been cut off too, sir.
KIRK:I am open to suggestions, Mr. Spock.
SPOCK:Isuggest we merely sit back and enjoy the ride.
KIRKVulcans aren't supposed to have a sense of humor.
SPOCK:I was not intending to be humorous, Captain. I simply stated the facts, there is nothing we can do.
SULU:Captain, the alien ships are putting us in orbit around planet 1.
Suddenly, Zolar appears on the bridge.
ZOLAR:Kirk, you and your other top officers will come with me. The rest of your crew will be beamed down later.
KIRK:We are not going anywhere, mister.
Suddenly Kirk, Spock, Scotty, McCoy, Uhura, Sulu find themselves in some room on the planet surface.
ZOLAR:I am glad you found our force field affective, friend Kirk. There are some record tapes on that table over there that I think Mr. Spock and Dr. McCoy will find interesting.
SPOCK:Captain, these people are not human. They are machines with brains.
McCOY:What are you talking about?
SPOCK:They are completely bionic.
MCCOY:That is medically impossible.
SPOCK:It has been medically impossible, until now.
KIRK:What do you think they plan to do with us?
SPOCK:I cannot speculate right now.
KIRK:(Zolar enters the room)I demand that you tell us who you are and that you release us.
ZOLAR:I shall answer all your questions, but I am afraid I cannot release you until you have been prepared.
KIRK:Prepared for what?
ZOLAR:Prepared to tell the rest of the universe of what you have learned here and show them what you will be.
KIRK:What do you mean, what we will be?
ZOLAR:You will be like us, cyborgs. You will still have the same features, the same mind. The only difference is that you will be completely machine.
KIRK:You aren't turning my crew into a bunch of walking computers.
ZOLAR:You are wrong, friend Kirk. The first few planets will reject the idea, but more and more you will begin to like it.
SPOCK:May I inquire as to how young ones will be born?
ZOLAR:There will be no need gor them. My people and I are over one thousand, three hundred years old. We have waited a very long time. DR. McCoy, Mr. Sulu, you shall be the first two. Of course, your power will be minimum compared to ours, but you will still be much

stronger than you are at present. Now, if you two gentlemen will accompany me.
Kirk starts to lunge at him, but Spock stops him.
SPOCK:The attempt would be useless, Captain. His strength is 85.3 times greater than yours.
Some time passes before another being enters the room.
AKMAR:I am Akmar, son of Zolar.
KIRK:What do you want and where are my men?
AKMAR:I have come too late to save them; they have been converted. I will arrange for your ship to be released and your men to be transported to the vessel.
KIRK:I'm not leaving with my men turned into robots.
AKMAR:There is no time to turn them back.
KIRK:Then it can be done?
AKMAR:Yes, it is possible.
SPOCK:May I ask what will be done with their bodies?
AKMAR:They will be frozen like ours.
KIRK:Why are you helping us?
AKMAR:Many like myself that were young when we were converted think that perhaps we should live normal lives. Maybe man wasn't meant to live forever, but the old ones will not hear of such ideas. They try to force their ideas and will on everyone. We young ones think you should have a choice. I must leave now. When your friends return I will come back and release you.
KIRK:Mr. Spock, can't you figure any way to force them to return Sulu's and Bones's bodies?
SPOCK:Captain, if these creatures are completely machine, it would be only logical that they could be short circuited.
KIRK:You may have something there, Spock. Do you think we could rig up something with the materials available?
SPOCK:I am not sure, Captain. That seems to be more in Mr. Scott's field.
KIRK:Scotty?
SCOTT:If it can be done, Mr. Spock and I can do it.
Scotty and Spock take apart a solar-powered light fixture and begin to work. McCoy and Sulu walk in.
KIRK:Bones, Sulu, are you all right?
SULU:Captain, it's awful. This body...it's not mine. I can't feel or smell with it.
McCOY:He's right, Jim.
Spock and Scotty finish their work.
SPOCK:Captain, this device should immobilize at least one of them.
Akmar enters the room.
AKMAR:You must hurry. There is little time left.
KIRK:The only place we're going is to that conversion room.
AKMAR:No, that must not be permitted. I shall have to warn the guards.
As he turns to leave, Spock switches on the deviceand Akmar stops instantly
McCoy does a tricorder check of the being.
McCOY:Jim, I'm no computer expert, but if we don't get this man into another body, he'll die. The short circuit badly injured this one.
KIRK:Bring him with us, Spock.
SULU:I think the conversion room is this way, Captain.
They follow Sulu down a series of halls until they come to the room.
Inside there are four tables with cuffs to strap the bodies down and all types of machinery.
McCOY:The freezing compartment is in the back, Jim.
Uhura is the first one to reach the chamber.
UHURA:Captain, here are the doctor's and Sulu's bodies.

SCOTT:And here is Akmar's.
KIRK:Let's get McCoy's and Sulu's bodies.
They place the bodies and the machines on the tables.
KIRK:Mr. Spock, can you operate these controls?
SPOCK:I believe so, Captain.
Spock adjusts some knobs and throws the main switch. Both bodies jump as if electrocuted and then arise. They then place Akmar's body on and repeat the process. Akmar slowly rises.
AKMAR:What have you done to me?
KIRK:We just took away your eternal life.
Zolar rushes in.
ZOLAR:What have you done to my son!?
AKMAR:Do not blame them father. Is it so awful to be normal again?
ZOLAR:It is not the way of our people.
AKMAR:It is how I wish to remain. I am sure many more young ones will convert this way also. We can understand that you older ones will wish to remain this way. Please release Kirk and His friends, father.
ZOLAR:I see there is nothing I can do to keep you from living your own life. They may go.
KIRK:(speaking into communicator)Prepare to beam up landing party. Zolar, perhaps someday your people will join the Federation.
ZOLAR:Perhaps friend Kirk, perhaps.
SPOCK:(back on the bridge)Captain, I fail to see why the Adonians couldn't be satisfied with the bodies they had. They could have remained functioning for several thousand more years.
KIRK:It just goes to show that not everyone wants to live forever.
The Enterprise zooms on to its next mission. ...THE END

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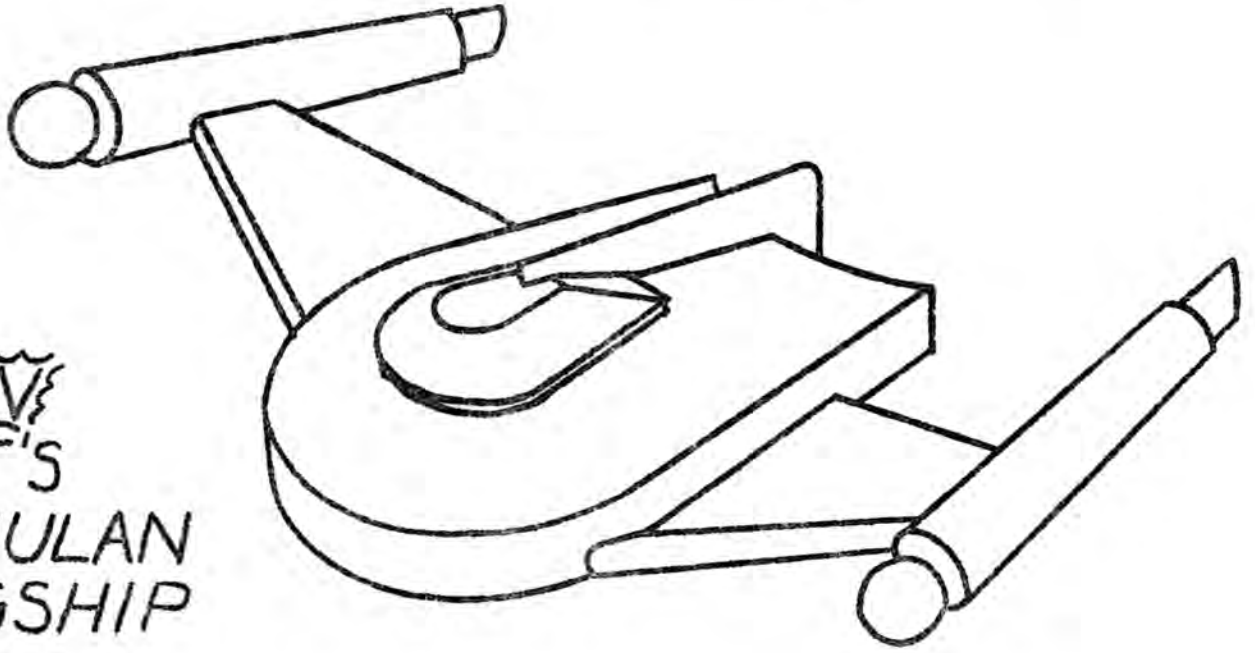

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VOL. 2, NO. 1

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

This issue of "Ship's Status" will mainly be a news issue for the simple reason that no stories have been submitted to me recently. Remember, we can always use a story. Many things have happened in the realm of Star Trek lately, and this newsletter should interest you. The next meeting of STAR/W-S will be on Sunday, May 18 at 2:00 pm at 621 Kokomis Ct. here in Winston-Salem. (This is the same place we held our last meeting.) If you can attend, please bring all of your Star Trek collection, including any slides you may have. I hope to see you there.

A lot of rumors have been going around about a Star Trek movie. Well, here are the facts: Gene Roddenberry is currntly at work writing the script for the movie, as many of the original stars as possible will be in the movie, several famous guest stars will be in the movie, and the feature will probably be released sometime next year. The movie is something we all have been waiting for, but let's not let our interests stop at this point. If Paramount or anyone else thinks that one movie will kill the tremendous fandom that Star Trek has built up, they are sadly mistaken. Keep writing letters and spreading the word about our club and our ideals.

More and more Star Trek books are coming out, and at the date of publication of this newsletter, here are the ones currently on sale:

SPOCK MUST DIE!	THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES
STAR TREK 1-11	THE MAKING OF STAR TREK
STAR TREK LOG ONE-FOUR	THE WORLD OF STAR TREK

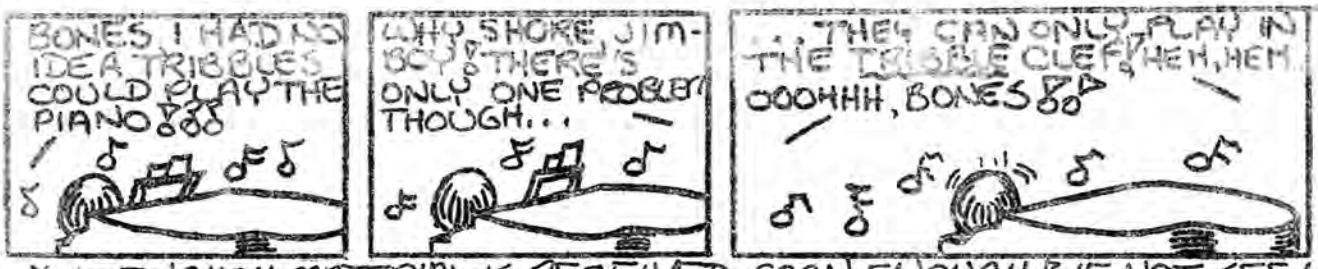
Hopefully James Blish and Alan Dean Foster will continue to publish these books until they run out of episodes, and even beyond!

The Star Trek model collection has grown again. In addition to the Enterprise, the Klingon Ship, The Galileo 7, Mr. Spock, and the Exploration Kit, AMT has now put out the Romulan ship. This is quite a popular model and one of the simpler ones of the series. The infamous warbird symbol appearing on the bottom of all Romulan ships is included as a decal in the kit. It is one I think you will enjoy putting together and is currently available at your local distributor.
For those of you into flying model rockets, Estes now puts out models of the Enterprise and Klingon ships that actually fly. These are made chiefly of plastic and are on the advanced level but are excellent rockets. These are also currently availalle at your local dealer.

Due to a lack of initial membership, the Star Trek Convention that was to be held in Charlotte this summer has been cancelled. Hopefully the organizers of this years unfortunately unsuccessful con will be able to get one together for next year.

STAR TREK!!!

TRIBBLE TALK: ♪♪♪



NEXT ISSUE JULY

*IF ENOUGH MATERIAL IS RECEIVED SOON ENOUGH! IF NOT, SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER!

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Well, NBC has done it again. They have cancelled the animated Star Trek series on Saturdays. For those of you who want to write to get it back, don't write to Paramount. They have sold the rights to this show. If you do wish to write, write to FILMATION or NBC. Here are the addresses:

Mr. H. S. Schlosser
President
NBC Television Network
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10020

Mr. M. Antonowsky
Vice-president, Programs
NBC Television Network
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10020

Mr. Fenton Coe
Vice-president, Programs
NBC Television Network
3000 W. Alameda Avenue
Burbank, California 91505

Filmation Associates
18102 Sherman Way
Reseda, California 91335

Also, write to your local NBC affiliate station manager. Remember to keep your letters polite, precise, and to the point. Do not write Star Trek or anything to do with Star Trek on the outside of the envelope or it will be merely sent to the fan mail department. Write today to keep Star Trek alive!

****

WRET-TV, who has been carrying Star Trek faithfully for the past couple of years, has now taken it off the air. Do not despair! Star Trek will return again in the fall as a regular part of WRET's programming. Due to their contract with Paramount they have a limited amount of time to show Star Trek, and the contract resumes again this fall. Also, The Bob Gordon Theatre will be showing Star Trek until the end of May. Keep writing to Mr. Gordon and urge him to keep showing Star Trek.

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Back issues of "Ship's Status" are still available. Numbers 1-5 are 50¢ apiece and special edition number 6 is 75¢. Ad rates for this newsletter are: full page-$3.00, half page-$2.00, quarter page-$1.00. I again must emphasize a definite need for stories and artwork if the newsletter is to survive. After all, if this club is going to have a newsletter, it must be a cooperative effort. The newsletter should be written by you and for you. Please send any and all stories or art you have. Thanks.

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SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF STAR/W-S

INSIDE:
A NEW STORY WIT
SPOCK'S PARENT

STAR TREK ASSOCIATION FOR REVIVAL
WINSTON-SALEM BRANCH
DAVID WOOTEN-CHAIRMAN
808 ARBOR ROAD
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA 27104

VOL. 2, NO. 2

"DEDICATED TO THE
RETURN OF STAR TREK

SHIP'S STATUS

Due to the quick response of several regular contributors, enough material was received to publish this issue, and I think it will be one of the better ones. The last meeting of STAR/W-S was fairly successful. I must apologize for the short notice that was given on this meeting. In the future, there will be plenty of time between the announcement and the actual meeting. Although this may sound like a broken record, "Ship's Status" is always in need of material so send in whatever Star Trek material we can publish. I have just become a volunteer worker for Star Trek Welcommittee, a national fan organization dedicated to answering all questions about Star Trek. STW publishes the most complete list of Fan Clubs, fanzines, and Star Trek dealers possible. If you would like to get one of these informative directories, send 75¢ to Allison Whitfield, PO Box C-35, New Rochelle, NY 10804.

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Craig Harris, author of "Fortress"*, has written another excellent Star Trek story which you will surely enjoy.

EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

It was a rare watch that had no unpleasant little incidents to dirupt its blessed monotony. Just how rare Captain Kirk would find out in a few moments. A hand was placed on his shoulder. It was Uhura, with a tape in her other hand.
"Captain, this just came from Starfleet. I think you and Mr. Spock should hear this in private. It concerns his parents."
Kirk reacted quickly. "Mr. Sulu, you have the con. Mr. Spock, come with me."
In Spock's quarters, Kirk turned to him and asked him to be seated. Then he took out the tape, put it in the slot, and pressed a button.
The message was short and to the point. A Manta spaceyacht, carrying Ambassador Sarek and his wife, had apparantly taken meteor damage and gone off course into the Klingon Empire. Spock sta silently, but a flicker of concern came onto his face and was quickly forced down.
Kirk turned to Spock. "I'm going to the bridge." He left and Spock took a deep breath as the door shut. A while later he came onto the bridge as Kirk began the log entry.
"Captain's Log, Stardate 7526.3. The Enterprise has been ordered to retrieve a spaceyacht of the "Manta" class. At last report, the yacht was carrying Ambassador Sarek and his wife to the coronation of the new emperer of Altair 7. Proceeding to last recorded position of yacht at Warp Factor 6."
The bridge crew reacted in silence to the news. Kirk turned to Chekov.
"How long will we take to reach the area, Mr. Chekov?"
He glanced at a readout on his console. "At our present speed, sir, we should reach it in approximately 1.4 light-days."
"Thank you, Mr. Chekov. Mr. Spock, do you have any further readings on that meteor swarm?"
"Yes, Captain. It did pass through the area indicated at the proper time. One of the larger bodies, might conceivably have been able to cause damage enough."
At this point, Mr. Scott interjected a comment. "Captain, are ye sayin' that we're after a "Manta"?" A gleam came into his eyes. "It's only one of the most beautiful ships in space."
Kirk found it diffieult to repress a smile. "Save your comments for the briefing. Mr. Spock, Scotty, come with me. Mr. Sulu, continue on course.

* Volume I, No. 6

Lt. U hura has the con." McCoy, coming out of the turbolift, found himself pushed right back in.
Apprised of the situation, McCoy bit off a remark He'd been about to make to Spock. On the way to the briefing room, he lagged behind with Kirk.
"Well, Jim, How'd he take the news?"
"When I first told him he let it show a bit, but I think he's got it under control by now."
"I hope so, for his sake and ours. Let's catch up."
In the briefing room, the officers took seats and Kirk activated the computer.
"Working"
"Give us the available data on the Manaa- class spaceyacht."
The computer complied, showing an oddly graceful ship, along with a few statistics. The top speed was only Warp 5, so catching up should be no problem. The engine controls were almost totally automatic, repair facilities included. There were twp meteor deflectors.
Spock turned to Scotty. "Mr. Scott, if there are meteor deflectors, how could the ship be damaged by meteors?" While he was speaking, Spock became aware of drumming his fingers on the table-top. A quick check around the room showed that the disgustingly emotional activity had gone unnoticed.
"The meteor must've come in a very narrow corridor to hit the right place, and it had to happen very fast."
Nothing happened to disrupt ship's routine the rest of the journey except for a very mild incident...taken alone. Mr. Spock, a master of 3-D chess, lost a game to Dr. McCoy, who had something to say about it.
"Don't tell me you're losing the old touch, Spock, old boy?"
A hint of anger passed over Spock's face, and McCoy felt, for a moment, that Spock would strike him. Then he said, "No, Doctor. I merely have other, more important, things on my mind." With that, he stalked out of the room. McCoy stood there, worry written across his face. Spock's concern for his parents was beginning to show.
"Captain's Log, supplemental. The Enterprise has arrived at the last reported position of the yacht. We are not alone. There is a Klingon battlecruiser in the area, bearing the insignia of a Squadron Commander. The Klingons, for their own purposes, have agreed to help in our search."
"Open a channel, Lt. Uhura."
"Channel open, sir."
Kirk forced a pleasant, though thin, smile onto his face. "My congratulations on your promotion, Commander Korax. Do you have any data on the missing Federation ship?"
Korax smirked, as if hiding a guilty secret, and cleared his throat.
"I accept your congratulations; and about that other matter," again the smile, "one of our robot stations recorded the ship's passage on of your weeks ago. I am here to escort you to the area, ah, projected."
When the transmission ended, with exchanged pleasantries which neither Kirk nor Korax meant, those on the bridge looked at one another in silence.
The area mentioned by Korax turned out to be squarely in the middle of an asteroid field. The yacht was there along with a full squadron of Klingon battlecruisers, 7 in all. There was no damage to the yacht. The cruisers were in position to destroy the Enterprise.

SHIP'S STATUS

Korax contacted the Enterprise with a distinctly unpleasant message. "Kirk, you and your treacherous, sniveling crew will stay here under guard. Even that fool Kang could keep you here." He seemed to brighten, and his sneer deepened. "I once called you a swaggering, overbearing, tin-plated dictator with delusions of godhood. I wish to, how do you say, reiterate my statement." Saying this last, he thumbed his nose and signed off.

Kirk unclenched his fists, making a mental note to do plastic surgery on Korax's face at the first oppotunity. He turned to Uhura.

"Lt. Uhura, get me a tape of that last from the communications log. I want it for..." She held up a tape and winked. "Thanks Lt. That's a load off my mind. Mr. Spock, take the con." He went below to meet the inevitable Klingon boarding officer.

Kirk got a shock when he saw the Klingon. It was Kang, but he had undergone a change in his bearing. Though still dignified, he had dropped his usual overbearing manner. "Captain Kirk, I am most pleased to see you again. Amabassador Sarek and his wife are in good health."

Kirk knew that he'd heard wrong and was probably dreaming, so he pinched himself. He wasn't. McCoy came in to see what was happening. He cracked up when Kirk told him what was going on. He stopped when the Klingon drew his Sonic Disruptor Pistol.

"Captain, I will place this in your custody. I assure you that Korax, as you say, 'means business', with his plans. They involve the starting of war between your Federation and the Empire. He will succeed unless stopped at the outset."

They were in the corridor now, heading for the briefing room. Kirk stopped atan intercom panel. "Mr. Spock, please come to the briefing room." Spock managed to beat them there.

When all were seated, Kang rose. "You may be surprised by my behavior, which I admit is strange for a Klingon. Also, you may wonder why Korax commands this squadron. Suffice it to say that Koloth was 'rewarded' for his several failures at your hands. He disappeared several months ago, and Korax rose to his command, rising from there to command this squadron."

McCoy was curious about Kang. "Tell us about yourself. Why is Korax so contemptuous of you?"

"Up to the date of Koloth's disappearance, I was commander of the 'Emperor's Own' squadron. When our nationals were freed from the fortress, they were presented to the Emperor. I listened to their pleas for peaceful coexistance with other races. As a result, they were sent to a prison planet, and I was demoted to my present rank and ordered to retain my ship's markings." For a moment, he was silent, then he burst out, "Please let me escape with you! There is nothing left for me within the Empire. My family was executed before my eyes. Since that time I have sworn a vow of hatred for the great, the invincible Klingon Empire." He slumped into his chair, exhausted.

Kang soon returned to his ship, taking his weapon. During the next watch, the squadron pulled away, leaving the yacht, the Enterprise, and the Guardian, Kang's ship. It was decided to beam over the passengers of the yacht and tow it, since it would slow the other ships down.

Sarek and Amanda came under examination by Dr. McCoy, particularly Sarek, because of his heart condition. Both wer in good health. Spock spent nearly an hour with them.

Getting out of the field presented no problems. The nearest command post was Space Station K-7, where the yacht was left. From here, the news could be broadcast throughout the Federation. Sarek and Amanda decided to stay with the Enterprise.

Finding the renegade squadron proved to be no trouble at all; they were going through the Mazarian Corridor and leaving a trail of destruction half a parsec wide. Debris from several types of ships was noted. Woden-class, the new automated Clam-class, and regular vessels.

SHIP'S STATUS

Thanks to the warnings sent from K-7 the Federation did not launch a retaliatory attack, and the Klingon High Command even condemned the action, for the sake of appearances.
As the Enterprise closed on the squadron, it became apparant that a large force was rapidly closing behind the ship. Contact being made, Kirk found that Starfleet had sent two starships and eight cruisers; the ally of the Federation, the Bazurkan Federation, was represented by four of it's battleships; the Romulans had sent three cruisers; and even the Klingons sent four of their ships; all after 7 renegade Klingons.
Just before the fleet came in range, the 7 ships were each enclosed in a ball of fire. When it dissipated, the ships were seen to be frozen in what appeared to be huge blocks of ice.
"Captain's Log, Stardate 7530.5. It appears that the Organians, after all, do have a sense of humor. They have enclosed each ship of Korax's squadron in ice, apparantly to cool him off. A council is to be convened aboard the Enterprise, headed by Sarek, to try him for his actions."
Ending the recording, Kirk adjusted the collar of his dress uniform and went down to the briefing room.
Whispers eddied about the room, except for the Klingons, who sat in stony silence. Frequent, dirty looks were directed at Korax, in the defendant's chair. Abrupt silence came over the room as the Organians appeared and settled to the floor.
For almost all of those present, this was their first look at Organians, of whom all had heard. Taking humanoid form, they gave Sarek the Vulcan salute and took seats on the tribunal.
Sarek rose and turned to the assembled company. "Gentlemen, we are gathered here to pass judgement on Commander Korax, of the Klingon Imperial Fleet. His actions include treason to his government and acts of war attempting to involve the powers represented here." Low growls of agreement were plainly audible throughout the room at this point. "Although his guilt is self-evident, he must be heard in his own defense."
Korax rose and looked at the assembly. The assembly looked back. "My actions are my own, and were not instigated by the High Command. I also believe that I would have succeeded, had it not been for that fool Kang and Kirk the imbecile. I have no regrets at all."
The Organians stood. One of them spoke. "Korax, it is our judgement that you have deliberately commited multiple acts of war against the civilized galaxy. Your actions have been those of a savage and, in truth, deserve death. That, however, is the sole right of the Creator. He alone can decide your guilt in His eyes. You are released into the custody of your race. The squadron is released."
The Klingons having taken Korax in hand, Kang rose. "Sarek, I have learned much here. However, I cannot stay here, as my enemies are too close here. It is my desire to return to the Bazurkan Federation. What will you decide?"
Sarek was in agreement. "That would be the best course for you to take, Kang." He gave the Vulcan salute. "Live long and prosper."
Kang tried to return the gesture, but got only halfway. "Peace and long life, Sarek of Vulcan."
The fleet broke up and the next morning each contingent went to it's own base. The Enterprise stayed behind to assist in rescue operations for those stranded by the Klingon attack....THE END

****

STAR TREK FANS......send 50¢ for a catalog to A Piece of the Action, 1127 Tremont Drive, Glenolden, Pennsylvania 19036.

SHIP'S STATUS

As in previous issues, here is a list of some upcoming Star Trek conventions. If you are interested in attending or just want to find out about them, write to the addresses given.

Benecia '75 - Atlanta, GA; July 4-6, 1975. (no definite address as yet)

HoustonCon 75/Star Trek 75 - Houston, TX; June 25-29, 1975. For info: 2511 Pennington St., Houston, TX 77016.

2nd British Star Trek Convention - Leicester, England; Sept. 1975. For info: STAG, 16 Stafford Drive, Wigston, Leicester LE8 2AA England.

Hey! All you Walter Koenig fans! There is a local fan club dedicated to Mr. Chekov. If you want to find out about this club, write to: Walter Koenig Fan Club, Jackie L. Townsend, Rt. 7, Box 195, Lenoir, NC 28645.

Star Trek Association for Revival
PO Box 886
Dearborn, Michigan 48120

.......This is the national organization of which we are a branch club...........

DAGE Company (David Gerrold)
Box 1190 M
Hollywood, California 90028

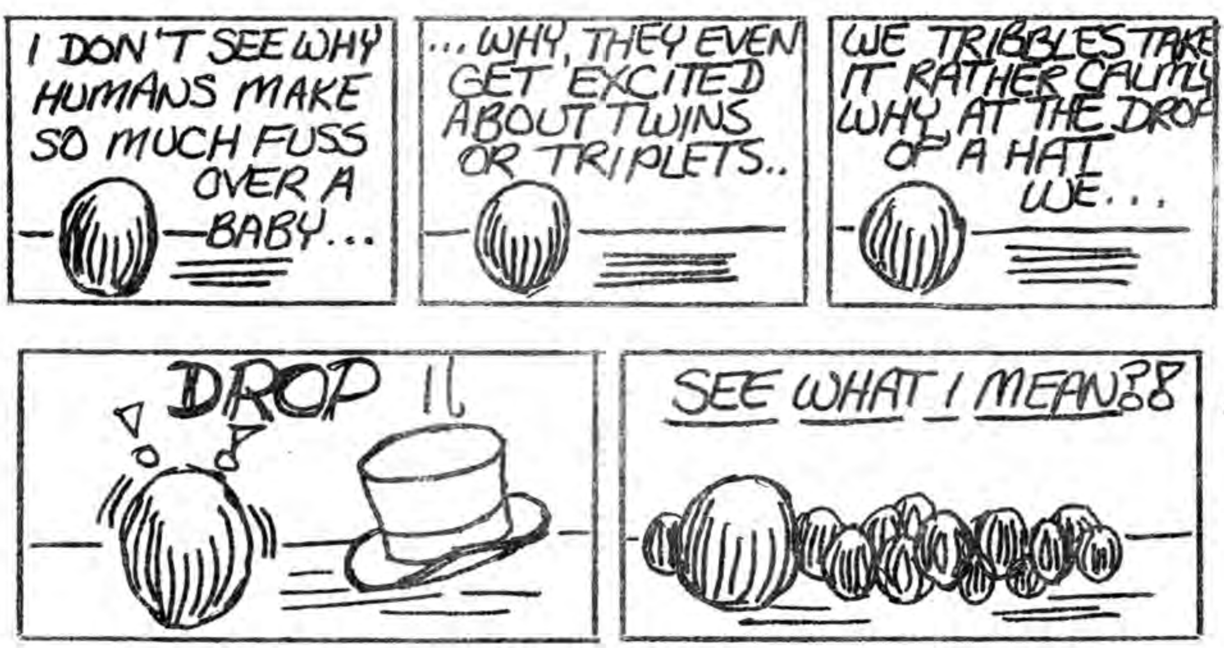
.......This is David Gerrold's own company which sells many interesting items.........

The Monster Times
Box 595
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

........This is a regular science fiction magazine which publishes some Star Trek material................................

Lincoln Enterprises
Box 69470
Los Angeles, California 90069

........This is the most popular supplier of Star Trek material in the country....

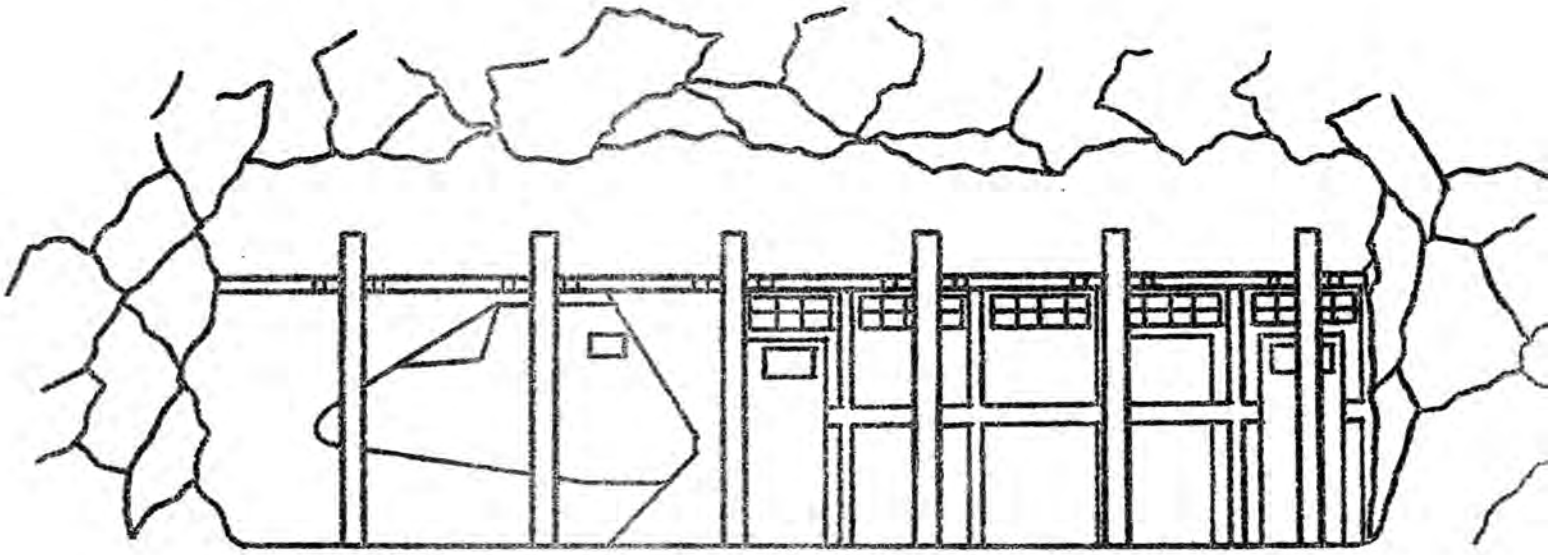


NEXT ISSUE: SEPTEMBER

SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF STAR/W-S

INSIDE:
A GREAT "PLANET EARTH" STORY



PLANET EARTH

STAR TREK ASSOCIATION FOR REVIVAL
WINSTON-SALEM BRANCH
DAVID WOOTEN-CHAIRMAN
808 ARBOR ROAD
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA 27104

VOL. 2, NO. 3

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

Have no fear! Do not let the cover of this issue fool you into thinking that this is no longer a Star Trek magazine. But since this is the first Planet Earth story I have received and since Roddenberry produced the show, I felt it had something to do with the Star Trek fandom. I think you will enjoy the story. By the way, the cover drawing was done by Wendell Sagraves, also the author of the story. ANNOUNCEMENT---Subscriptions to Ship's Status are no longer available. The current rate per issue is 50¢, except for the special editions which are 75¢. Although this is unfortunate, it is necessary. After next year I will be heading off for college and thus my printing source is gone. Unless someone in the club can think up another way to get this zine printed, or has access to a printing source and would like to take over publication, I will be forced to drop the zine which I really don't want to do. In any case, publication of Ship's Status will definitely continue through the July issue of 1976. All people who have already paid for a subscription will continue to receive issues until their subscription runs out, then each issue will be 50¢ or 75¢ apiece. Remember that I still need all the art and story contributions that I can get my hands on. Thanx!

****

PLANET EARTH by Wendell Sagraves

Dylan Hunt...lost in 1979 in a suspended animation accident. Over a century and a half later in the year 2133, he was found and awakened by the people of the city of PAX, the one place on earth which escaped the final conflict of the 20th century, the one place on earth where civilization did not perish. Dylan Hunt is one of them now, leader of a PAX science team exploring a much changed world. Part of the PAX dream of rebuilding on earth a new and wiser civilization. Their mission is mankind...rebirth of "Planet Earth". Walking down the corridors of the headquarters of PAX, Dylan is called to the main office where the most important decisions are made.
Highest Representative:Dylan, come in. We have something to discuss with you.
Hunt:What's my assignment this time?
Highest Rep:We have received word from one of our spies that the Kriegs have found and captured another man from your time, whose technical knowledge would increase the Kriegs power 80 percent. We need you to bring him back.
Hunt:But why me?
Highest Rep:We of the council voted for you because of your previous experience with the Kriegs and because of the fact that you have dealt with suspended animation yourself. It seems this man was lost in the same type of experiment you were only two years later. Convince him of the evil nature of the Kriegs and bring him back with you to work for PAX.
Hunt:Well, when do I start?
Highest Rep:Immediately. You will be accompanied by your usual team: Phalof, (an ESPER and one of PAX's top doctors) and Izia(an unusually large and strong member of PAX). Harper Smythe will not accompany you on this mission.
Hunt:Why, has something happened to her?
Highest Rep:No, it is just that women are very rare in Krieg camps and her presence might arouse their suspision. Your equipment has already been placed in your sub shuttle and your team members are waiting for you there. Good luck, Dylan.
Soon after Dylan arrives at the shuttle station they are under way to the Krieg city. En route, Dylan glances over the tapes on the Kriegs, learning their mannerisms and language, for he will have to infiltrate the camp as one of them. He still remembers his last encounter with them so he already has some insight into their ways. Soon they arrive at a shuttle station near the Krieg city and change into their costumes. They begin their trip

to the Krieg city.
Hunt:Remember to wear your helmets at all times or we will be immediately recognized as imposters. (This is due to the fact that all Kriegs are bald with about five big bumps running down the center of their heads) Phalof, you and I will have to speak in a deep voice to fool them. Izia, your voice is deep enough.
Phalof & Izia:Right.
They soon arrive at the city in the middle of the night.
Hunt:Do either of you know where we are supposed to meet the spies.
Izia:I was told that we were to meet them by a large statue.
Phalof is the first to see it and shouts out to his other friends and they rush over to the statue.
Hunt:No one seems to be around.
Izia:Maybe it's the wrong one.
Hunt:No, I don't think so. Let's wait awhille.
Soon two figures appear from behind a building and walk over to the statue.
1st Spy:(in a deep voice)Who is there?
Hunt;(in a deep voice)Have noe fear fellow Krieg. It is just I and my two men.
Then Dylan steps into the two men's view.
1st Spy:(in a normal voice)Dylan, sorry we're late but a few Kriegs detained us for a moment.
Hunt:Never mind that, where is the man we are after being kept?
2nd Spy:Come, I will show you. It is very well guarded.
Dylan and the other men follow the two spies who lead them to a small building surrounded by eight guards.
Hunt:It's going to be difficult to get him out of there. We are going to have to plan this out well.
Izia:Where do we stay for the night?
1st Spy:We have ap lace, come with us.
Soon Dylan and the other two men are sound asleep. It seems like no time at all before morning comes. Dylan gets up and lo kks around. He sees that Izia is gone and Phalof is fixing something on a wood-burning stove.
Hunt:Where is Izia?
Phalof:He went to watch the building and see how often the guard changes.
Hunt:How long has he been gone?
Phalof:About three hours, but don't worry about him. Let's eat.
Dylan and Phalof soon finish their breakfast.
Hunnt:He isn't back yet. I'm going out to look for him.
At that moment Izia walks in.
Phalof:Well, what did you find out about the guards?
Izia:Each hour one new guard comes to take the place of the guard who has bee there the longest. All the other guard does is call out to him and he takes over.
Hunt:Good. Each one of us is going to be a guard at that prison.
Phalof:But we can't get inside without the other guards seeing one of us missing.
Hunt:I thought about that and I have a solution. You and I will guard the door and as soon as we go in, Izia will take my place.
Phalof:But how do we know we will be chosen to guard the right place?
Hunt;We will have to figure out when the door guards need replacing and make our move them.
Izia:But how will we get him out of there?
Hunt:We will each bring an extra piece of Krieg uniform and when I go in you can hand them to me. Then when you leave, the two of us can take your place. As quickly as possible we will get replacements and rejoin you.
Phalof:When do we begin all of this?

Hunt:Early tomorrow morning. Now, let's be getting ready.
So the rest of that day the team makes things ready for the escape. Early the next day the plan goes into action.
Izia:It is just about time for the door guard to be relieved.
Dylan then moves out from hiding and proceeds toward the guard at the door, but the guard does not say anything, so Dylan keeps walking. Then he hears something.
Guard:Hey, you there.
Dylan:(in his deepest voice)Did you call me?
Guard:Relieve me of my guard.
Dylan, without anything else said, assumes the guard's position. He will have to wait another full hour before the other guard is releived, and he has no assurance that he will pick Phalof as his replacement. The other door guard starts up a long conversation about past experiences and Dylan has to keep talking in a strainingly deep voice. When the hour is finally up, Phalof starts past the door, but the guard is too interested in his conversation to notice the time so Phalof walks toward them again.
Hunt:Do you happen to know the time?
Guard:(looking at an unusual watch)Oh, it's time for me to get off guard.
The guard looks around and sees Phalof.
Guard:You there, come take my guard.
So Phalof hurries over and takes the weapons that the guard gives him.
Hunt:(whispering)It took you long enough. My throat was really beginning to hurt from talking that deep for so long.
Phalof grins and they both wait to see if Izia is ready to come and relieve Dylan. He quickly glances around to see if anyone is watching and is prepared to pick the lock but is suprised to find that it is already unlocked. So Dylan runs inside the cell and Izia hurries to assume his position. They have pulled of this much of the plan unnoticed.
Prisoner:Who are you? I've already told you that I will not give you the information.
Hunt:No, my name is Dylan Hunt. I've come to get you out of here. I know what has happened to you and why they are holding you here.
Prisoner:My name is Owen Garrick, but how do I know that I can trust you? And how do you know about me if you're not one of them?
Hunt:I work for a secret organization called PAX, an organization working for the good of the world. I, too, was caught and awakened not too long ago from a suspended animation accident.
Garrick:I was awakened only a short time ago from my pressurised cell by these people.
Dylan notices that the man is speaking in a slightly deep voice, but thinks nothing of it at the time. He pulls out an extra shirt that he smuggled in and gives it to Garrick.
Garrick:You actually think that I can get out of here with just a uniform shirt on?!
Hunt:No I have two partners outside with more parts of a uniform for you to wear.
Garrick:You mean there are others helping you?

SPACE: 1999

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Hunt:Yes.(the rest of the uniform is thrown in) Now get the rest of this on quickly.
Soon Garrick has the complete uniform on and both are ready to complete the escape.
Garrick:How will we get out of here without the other guards seeing us?
Hunt:My partners will knock on the door signaling that they are leaving. When they leave we will assume their positions and wait for the next change of guards and then we will leave.
Garrick:That will be a long wait.
Hunt:You're not kidding!
They hear the knock and hurry out to take their places. Dylan begins to think about Garrick's deep voice and has second thoughts about his authenticity. If he were really put in suspended animation, he would have had to work at NASA and would surely have recognized Dylan as the first man to be put in suspended animation. He decided to put Garrick to a test that would prove whether or not Dylan was in a trap.
Hunt; How was Mark Foster the last time you saw him?
Garrick:Who?
Hunt:Mark Foster, the man who created suspended animation.
Garrick:Oh, Mark. He was fine.
Dylan know realizes that this man is an imposter and tries to think of how to escape. He sees Izia and Phalof waiting for them to be relieved and runs as fast as he can toward them. Garrick sees this and alerts all the other guards. Dylan yells for his partners to jump in the nearest automobile. The guards opened fire on the three and Dylan was hit in the left arm but finally made it to the car. The three drove off as quickly as possible with bullets still flying everywhere. The special dart guns Dylan's partners used picked off a few of the guards but there were still plenty left. Soon they were far out of the city and on their way to the nearest sub shuttle station, but there were plenty of Krieg automobiles in hot pursuit. They soon arrive at the entrance to the station, but to keep the Kriegs from seeing where it is they push the automobile off a cliff and while the Kriegs were watching it go down the quickly slipped into the entrance. They hurry into the shuttle and are quickly on their way back to PAX. Phalof examines Dylan's arm and bandages it up.
Phalof:It's not bad. It should heal in a few weeks.
Hunt:(sarcastically) Only a few weeks? Well I guess I can make it. Obviously, the Kriegs wanted to discover the entrance to the shuttle and attempt some sort of takeover of PAX. Thank goodness we foiled their attempt.
Phalof:(chuckling)Dylan, your voice sounds a little hoarse.
Hunt:Yea, talking in Kreig does that to your throat.
Phalof;Do you want me to take a look at it?
Hunt:No, I'm just worried about that long report tape I've got to make.
Phalof:Why, what's wrong with that?
Hunt:Well, you know how they like to make us go into so much detail that it will take three hours.
Phalof:(grinning) Yea.
Soon the sub shuttle arrives at PAX headquarters and the three get out.
Highest Rep:Well Dylan, are you ready to make your report?
Dylan opens his mouth but nothing comes out.
Phalof:He lost his voice due to his necessary straining to disguise it.
Highest Rep:Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Now you will have to write out your entire report.
Dylan is obviously angered and his friends get a good laugh.
Izia:How soon until he gets his voice back?
Phalof:In two or three days. That's just long enough to write the report.
Both men chuckle as they walk down the corridor.

Izia: One thing still bothers me Phalof. Why didn't the imposter look like the rest of the Kriegs?
Phalof: He was probably a morins, who resemble the Kriegs except for two things: They don't have the bumps on their heads, and they often work together. THE END...

****

For those of you who are intersted in collecting comic books, either new ones or very old ones, you'll love the great magazine-"The Rocket's Blast Comicollector". Even if you don't collect comic books, this mag has stuff on movies, tv series, and pulps. As a matter of fact, issue #118 is devoted to Star Trek. I bought this issue just because it was Star Trek oriented, but because of the high quality of this magazine, I plan to keep on buying issue after issue. One of the main reasons is the fantastic artwork done by cartoonist Don Rosa, who is drawing his wacky way through each issue. To get the Star Trek issue, #118, send $1.50 to James Van Hise, 1014 Salzedo, Apt. #10, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134. Also find out about the current issue and subscription rates, cause you're gonna want to get every issue you can get your hands on. You'll love it!!

****

Here is a sad bit of news for every Star Trek fan. James Blish, author of the world famous series of Star Trek books, died in August. Hopefully he had finished some more stories for the books to keep the series going. But we will all miss this creative man's work.

****

William Shatner's pilot film, "The Barbary Coast", broadcast May 4, has been picked up by ABC as a series for their fall line-up and will be shown in the 8 PM EST (7 Central) Monday time slot. The name will be "Cash and Cable", with Shatner playing the role of Cable, as he did in the pilot. In the role of Cash, Doug McClure will replace Dennis Cole. Shatner returns to the Paramount Studios for the series, already in production. The pilot, directed by Bill Bixby, presented Shatner with a number of various diguises, among which were a Chinese coolie, a pirate, a vigilante, a Southern gentleman, and a minister. (reprinted from A Piece of the Action, Star Trek Welcommittee's Monthly Report; Number 27, June 1975)

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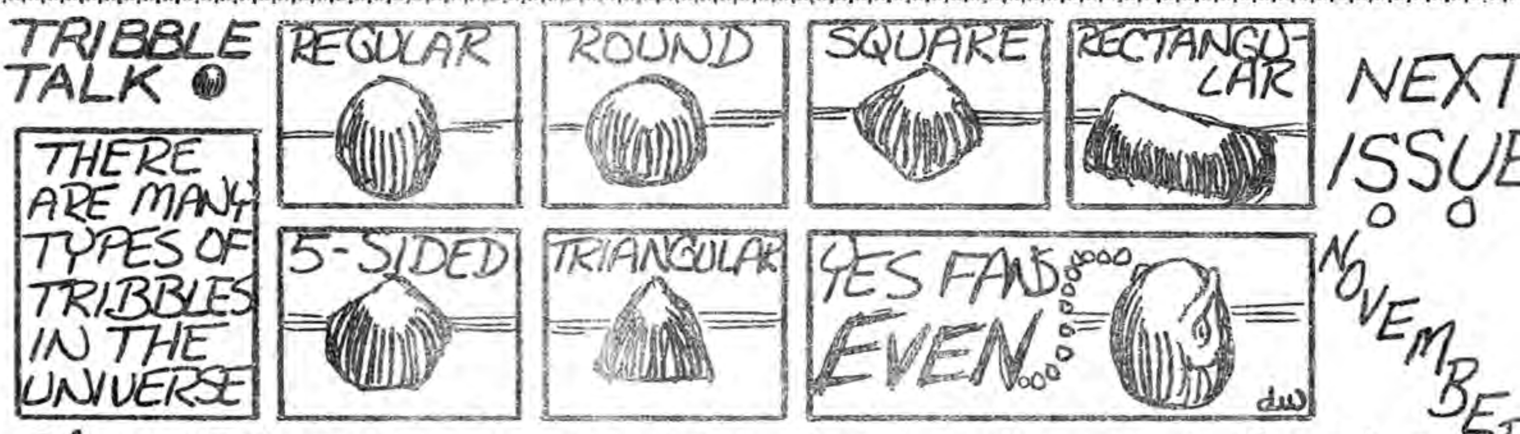

BACK ISSUES — #1-5: 50¢; #6: 75¢; VOL 2, #1-2: 50¢

SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF STAR/W-S

INSIDE:
"ENIGMA"-A NEW STAR TREK STORY

STAR TREK ASSOCIATION FOR REVIVAL
WINSTON-SALEM BRANCH
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VOL. 2, NO. 4

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

SHIP'S STATUS

Well readers, since the most common question that seems to be flooding my mailbox is: What is happening with the Star Trek movie, I thought I would give you the most up-to-date information possible from my own source. 'Gene Roddenberry's script has not been accepted by Paramount, although the studio does still have plans to make the STAR TREK movie. Mr. Roddenberry is currently writing another script, and there is a possibility that another writer may be brought in. In a telephone interview with John Christensen of The Louisville (KY) Times Scene magazine Mr. Roddenberry discussed the current situation. The Aug. 16th issue states, "The script is written, but Paramount's president has some objections. Roddenberry does not know what those objections are and can only guess that they will require some changes at least, and possibly an entire new script."*Let's hope Gene works out these changes and comes up with a script typical of his fantastic style. Well, for those of you who have been wondering about the new Star Trek Convention (5th ANNUAL), you will find more information about it somewhere in the confusion of pages that follow. I think you'll enjoy this issue's story. You will note that it was a tri-author effort and it was pulled of excellently. KEEP WRITIN EM!!!

****

ENIGMA..........by Robin Thompson, Roberta Woods & Sharon Hinnant

"Captain's Log, stardate 9212.1, Captain James T. Kirk recording. Due to reasons unknown, while star charting in an unexplored region of space, the ship has been stopped completely. There appears to be no malfunction anywhere, Mr. Scott says the engines are in fine working condition. Yet we are unable to move. It is as though we are surroudded by a force field or being held by some invisible hand. However, sensors detect absolutely nothing.

After finishing the recording, the captain turned to Spock. "Do you have anything?"

"No, Captain. Insufficient data for theories."

Kirk turned when McCoy's voice came through the intercom. "Jim, sorry to bother you, but could you come down to my office? I have to talk to you."

"Not now; Bones. I can't leave the bridge."

"Captain, PLEASE! What I have to show you is important!"

Kirk hesitated. "All right Bones. I'll be there. Spock, you have the con. If anything happens, contact me."

Kirk arrived in McCoy's office. From the examining room came angry, frustrated yells: "What is it Bones? What's wrong?"

"It's Chekov; Jim. I don't know what's wrong. He was late coming in for his physical, and when he did come in he was waving his 19th century sword and yealling what I assume to be Russian curses at some poor soul and praising some czar. He jumped on one of the examining tables and knocked over some of my medicines with that fool sword of his. Christine managed to get three security guards and he's finally strapped down, though I haven't sedated him yet. I thought you might want to take a look at him first. I've never seen anything like it. There's something else, too. Nurse Richards had my medical files strewn all over the floor and that's not like her at all. She's always been a painfully neat person. Very efficient, too. At first I didn't think anyhhing of it, but with Chekov..."

"Mmmm, well let's go see him Bones. You have no idea as to the cause? Could it be some form of space sickness?"

*FROM "A PIECE OF THE ACTION", OCTOBER 1975 — NO 31

"No, Jim. Chekov's not that type. I mean, he's pretty well used to space now and he has too strong a character for that. Besides which, I've already tested him for that. I've taken a few other tests too, but so far everything is negative."
Kirk walked into the examining room and stood by Chekov's bed. Chekov was struggling frantically to get free and yelling something about Napolean ruining Moscow. Kirk thought back to his history lessons at the Acadamy. Ah, yes, the war between France and Russia somewhere around 1812. Ancient history!
Kirk sighed and looked at McCoy. "You'd better go ahead and sedate him Bones. Keep me posted as to his progress." Kirk walked towards the door, paused, then turned back. "Bones...never mind!" As if embarrased, Kirk turned and walked quickly out of the room.
McCoy looked to Nurse Chapel, took a hypo and injected the sedative into Chekov's arm.
Later, Kirk arose from the command chair and walked over to Spock who was concentrating on the situation. "Any answers yet, Spock?"
"None, Captain."
"Damn it Spock, it's been over eighteen hours!"
"I am well aware of that fact, Captain. However, that still does not change the fact that the answer to our problem has not yet been found."
Kirk swallowed the retort that had come to his lips. "I'm sorry Spock. I shouldn't have lost my temper. I guess the waiting is affecting me more than I thought. And Chekov..."
"I understand Captain."
"Jim, McCoy here. I've got a surprise for you." The voice came from the intercom. Kirk turned and walked back to his command chair.
"What is it, Bones?"
At that moment the elevator doors opened. Chekov stood at attention.
"Chekov requesting permission to return to duty, sir."
McCoy's voice said, "It's okay, Jim. I checked him over thoroughly and had him under observation for the past couple of hours. He seems fine."
"Thanks Bones." Kirk turned to Chekov and nodded. "Permission granted Ensign." Then softly into the intercom Kirk said, "I'll be down in a minute, Bones. I want to talk to you. Kirk out."
As the captain entered Sickbay, McCoy looked up from his medical reports. "What happened with Chekov, Bones? What caused him to be like a madman one minute, then back to normal the next?"
"Istill don't know Jim. I've taken all possible tests and everything turned up negative. Funny thing, though, Chekov doesn't remember a darned thing except going into his quarters and waking up here."
"Well keep on it. We need some answers around here. If you find anything, I'll be on the bridge."
"You ought to rest you know. You've been going for several hours. Why don't you go to your quarters and take a nap? Spock's capable of taking care of things for a while."
"All right Bones. I'll follow your advice gladly."
Soon after Kirk fell asleep, he was awakened by a violent tremor traveling through the ship followed by a sudden lurch. He sat up on his bed and waited a moment. Nothing happened. He jumped off the bed and went to the intercom.
"Kirk to bridge. What the devil is going on up there, Spock? Are we able to move?"
"Negative, Captain. Mr. Scott says that the ship is just as immoble as before. As to the movement just now, I can find no logical reason for it."
"I'm on my way Spock."

"Very good Captain."
Just as Kirk walked on the bridge, he saw McCoy standing beside Uhura and said, "Oh, Bones. Iwas going to send for you. I'm glad you're here. Any progress on...?"
"Nope. Nothing yet. I'm driving the computers crazy with questions."
Spock looked at McCoy and raised his eyebrows. "Crazy, doctor? Computers aren't 'driven crazy'. They are logical machines. Logical machines..."
"All right you pointy eared computer! You made your point. It was only a figure of speech!"
Kirk broke in, "That's enough of that. Gentlemen, we need answers, and fast. Scotty, have you tried everything to get this ship moving?"
"Everythin' sir. She's stuck fast to somethin' out there."
"Does anybody have any idea of what is keeping this ship from moving?"
Spock looked up from the library computer. "I may have something sir."
"Well, let's hear it!"
"I have fed what information we have to the computer, including Dr. McCoy's report on Chekov's unusual behavior. It has come up with two hypotheses. One of which is the more likely."
McCoy gave Spock a sour look. "If you weren't so logical, I'd say you were creating an atmosphere for a scary story. Tell us the hypothesis."
"Patience Doctor.", Spock said trying to calm the doctor down. "The computer came up with the possibility that there is a powerful entity or being in this region of space, probably an organism completely unknown to us. It could even be made up of unknown substances which would explain why our sensors show nothing. This being could very possibly be intelligent, which, again, would explain the actions of Chekov and the sudden start and stop of the ship."
Uhura looked baffled. "How's that Spock?"
"Imagine yourself to be this entity. If you found an unknown something wandering around your 'Home', which is a good name for this section of space since we have never encounterd this creature before, would not want to know about it? Study it?"
McCoy snapped his fingers. "I get what you're saying Spock! That would give a fairly good explanation for Chekov's, uh, actions earlier. 'It' could have been experimenting with him so to speak."
"Precisely Doctor. I commend you on your unusual ability in thought."
McCoy scowled, but before he could say anything, Kirk said, "That's good Spock. I want you to try and work on communication with that thing."
"Captain's Log, stardate 4512.5. We have been trying to find ways of pinning down and communicating with the creature. We've decided to work on the hypothesis that it is a being. Spock said the computer came up with only two logical hypotheses and this one seems to be the more probable. So, we'll continue to try and get in touch with whatever it is out there."
Kirk turned off the recorder and stared at the empty viewscreen in deep thought. Uhura's puzzled voice quickly snapped him out of his reverie.
"Captain, someone has just activated the transporter!"
At that moment, Lt. Kyle's voice came through the intercom. "Captain, Chief Kyle here in the Transporter room. I..."
"Kyle! What the devil is going on down there?"
"I'm not sure, sir. I just came into the Transporter Room to relieve Ensign Bard and found him on the platform looking like a turned off android. I asked him what he was doing, but it was if he didn't hear me. Then I heard the transporter switch on. I don't know how, but the controls were working themselves. No one was around. I went over to check it out and found that the co-ordinates were set on..." Kyle's voice rose.
"Kyle! Get a hold of yourself man! Where is Ensign Bard?"

"In deep space, Captain. He's out there without a life-support belt, space suit, anything! I tried to reverse it, but he was already dematerialized."
Kirk swung around in his command chair to Spock. "Was it our creature, Mr. Spock?"
"Very probably Captain. But, I wouldn't look on it as an act of hostility."
"Well what would you look on it as?"
"It seemed more like another 'experiment' Captain. I do not believe it knows it is doing harm. It probably was trying out certain controls on the ship."
"Very well, Spock. If that thing wnats to know how the transporter works, we'll give it a demonstration! Kyle, bring in Ensign Bard's body. Doctor McCoy."
"McCoy here."
"McCoy, get down to the Transporter Room."
Kirk switched off the Intercom and waited impatiently. A minute later McCoy's voice announced, "We've got him Jim. I don't have to tell you he's dead or what he's dead from."
"Okay, thanks Bones."
Suddenly the ship shuddered violently and lurched to one side. Kirk yelled, "Mr. Sulu, what's happening?"
Sulu picked himself up off the floor and looked into the goose-necked viewer, "Sir, something is causing the ship to turn around."
Scotty's voice came from beside Kirk's arm on the command chair. "Captain, I don't know how, but the engines are firin' by themselves."
"That's impossible Scotty! Are you sure they weren't turned on already? Sulu said that the ship is turning around."
"Somethin' else has to be doin' it Captain. They were turned off somehow when the ship stopped and they suddenly came back on."
Kirk turned to Spock. "Could that being out there be doing all of this?"
"It's the only logical answer, sir."
Sulu turned around to Kirk. "We're moving at sublight speed sir, in the same direction we came from."
"Turn us back around Mr. Sulu."
"Aye Aye, sir...Sir, the ship isn't responding! Somehow it's keeping a straight course."
Spock left his station to stand beside Kirk. "Sir, if I may say something."
"Go ahead Spock."
"Sirm I believe that the creature is trying to communicate us in this way."
"What do you think it is trying to tell us?"
"Perhaps that it wants to be left alone. For us to leave and go back to our own home."
Kirk hesitated, then nodded. "All right. We'll inform Starfleet of this new being and let them find out what it is. They'll probably send us back here, but for the time being, we'll leave it alone. Mr Sulu, ahead Warp Factor two."
"Warp Factor two, sir."
"Uhura, send a message to Starfleet. Tell them that for now this section of space is 'hands off' and that we'll send a more detailed report later. We have a funeral to perform. ...THE END

****

Okay Star Trek fans, it's coming. The biggest, best, most fact filled book of Star Trek information you're gonna find anywhere. Ballantine Book's Star Fleet Technical Manual will have the most complete source of information you can possibly want. It is a companion to the BLUEPRINTS, and this 100 page manual is designed by the same people. To get it, send $7.50 ($6.95 plus 55¢ postage) to New Eye Studio, PO Box 10193, Elmwood, Conn. 06110.

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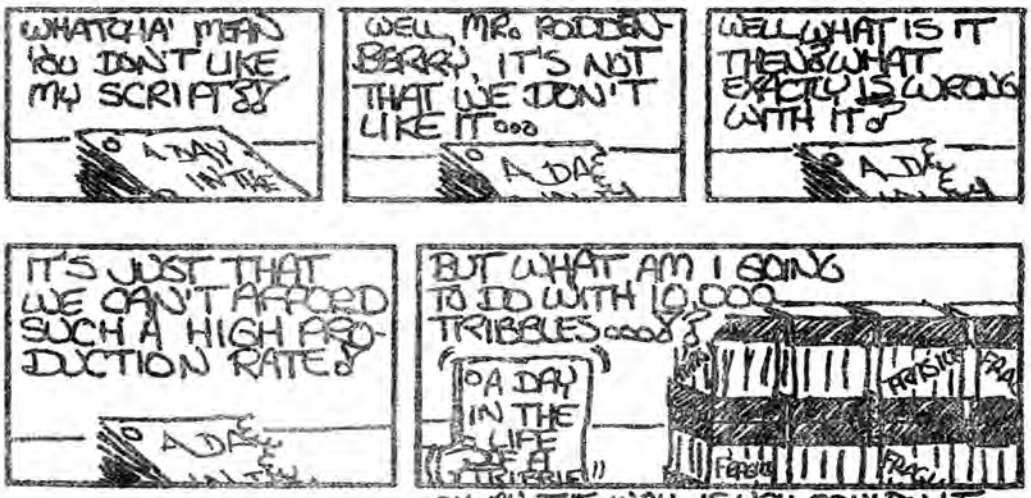
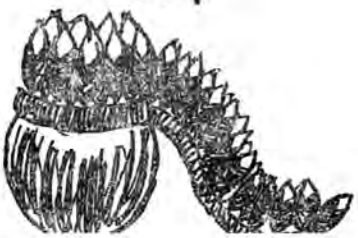


OH, BY THE WAY, IF YOU COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THIS ISSUE'S COVER IS, IT'S A STATUETTE FROM SPOCK'S QUARTERS.

NEXT ISSUE: JANUARY
SEE YA'



HAPPY THANKSGIVING!!!

SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF STAR/W-S

WHAT COULD CAUSE:

1. NURSE CHAPEL TO GO BERSERK AND BECOME THE MOST DANGEROUS CREWMEMBER?
2. SPOCK TO LOSE HIS EARS AND BE HAPPY ABOUT IT?
3. CHEKOV TO GAIN SPOCK'S EARS AND BE UNHAPPY ABOUT IT?
4. McCOY TO BREAKDOWN AND END UP GROVELING AT THE CAPTAIN'S FEET?
5. KIRK TO HAVE SMALLEST PART IN A STAR TREK STORY?
6. THE ENTERPRISE CREW TO GO MAD TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON?

READ:

"AMUCK TIME"!

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VOL. 2, NO. 5
"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

SHIP'S STATUS

First, let me apologize for the somewhat delayed publication of this issue. Due to holiday vacations, Ship's Status could not be printed until after New Year's Day. Nevertheless, I think this issue contains a quite humorous Star Trek parody by reader Marian Starr, who is quite a good author. You will surely enjoy it. Also in this issue you will find a report of the lecture Gene Roddenberry gave at Wake Forest last month. Next issue look for a new Wendell Sagraves story that is very exciting. Well, Happy New Year to you all and live long and prosper.

****

AMUCK TIME - A GALACTIC TRAGEDIE WITH A HAPPY (?) ENDING ..... Marian Starr

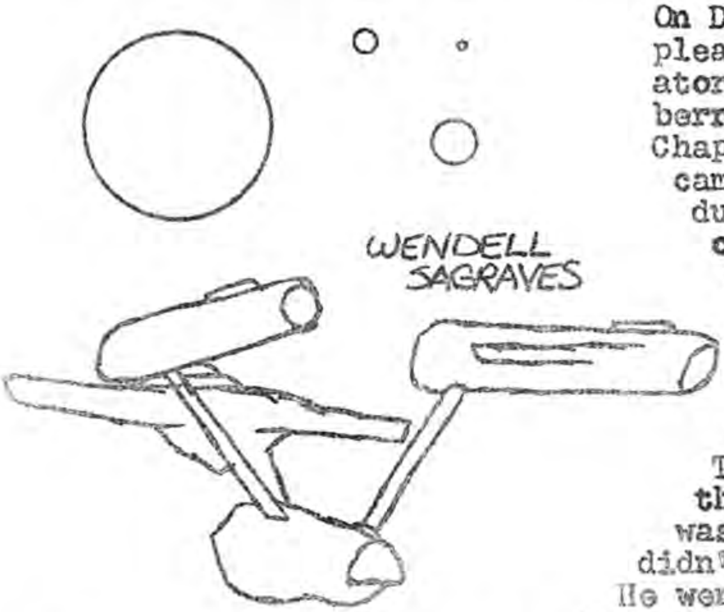
Once upon a time there was a nurse. She wasn't a good nurse because she was in love with our hero. When she was giving shots, she thought about his muscular chest, instead of Kirk's flabby arm. Poor Kirk-He got shot in the imperial nose. When the nurse was operating, she thought of unemotional hearts located in the lower right-hand side of the body. She occasionally did open liver surgery. The nurse couldn't take blood samples either. She broke down in tears when the blood wasn't green, and when it was, she wouldn't let the doctor have it. The nurse had 3 quarts of green blood in her quarters. All in all, she was a bad nurse .
One day, she really blew it. The nurse, lost in a glorious daydream of ears, felt moved to do some cosmetic surgery. With a scalpel in her hand she was invincible. The first male stumbling into her clutches was tied securely to an operating table faster than he could say Leningrad. She was stopped before she had time for an encore, but her original victim, the defenseless navigator, lurched back to his post with ears pointy enough to put on a compass. The doctor couldn't solve her strange problem. (I'm a doctor, not Dear Abby.) Anyway, he went to see the Lord of the Universe. "Jim," he said, "there is a problem. Nurse Chapel is in love with Spock. She's unstable. She goes crazy in operations. I can't trust her with a scalpel. Chekov has recently acquired pointed ears. Surely you've noticed!" The Lord of the Universe hadn't, actually, so he said, "Well..."
McCoy knelt by the Captain's chair. "Please, Jim, make him marry her!" He clutched Kirk's sleeve. The Captain gingerly removed McCoy's icky fingers from his shirt and summoned a trekkiebopper to launder the sacred garment. Then he called the bad nurse and the logical Science Officer before the Imperial Chair, and married them.
Well, things were not too good. Living in close proximity to a muscular chest can be disturbing. Nurse Chapel was disturbed. She took to staring into space alot and writing "I Grok Spock" on all the prescription forms. The doctor became very upset. He ventured before the LOU again. The LOU was getting tired of all these interruptions. He resolved to end Nurse Chapel's problem forever. Obviously, familiarity wasn't breeding contempt. Would absence make the heart forget? There was only one way to find out. The Captain summoned Miracle Man, the Ship's Engineer, to the Imperial Chair. "Scotty," he said, "send Spock on a Dangerous Mission. ANY Dangerous Mission!"
Being a perfectionist, Scotty picked a DM that would have made Clark Kent quail. Spock was promptly beamed down to Mongo II, where the mailmen were striking for better working conditions. (Their contract specified "rain, sleet OR snow" - not all of the above, all year round.) Mongo II was to mailmen as tribbles were to Klingons. And Spock, poor Spock was plopped down in the middle of this disaster with only a map and a

mailbag. He struggled purposefully through bellybutton deep slush, dispensing bills and junk mail to the hardy settlers. Then, while busy eluding a pack of vicious canines, our hero fell into enemy hands. The hands tied him up and went in search of their bodies. Meanwhile, spurred on by thoughts of 'How Embarrassing To Be Tied Up', Spock broke his bonds. He galloped away, pausing occasionally to dispense bills and junk mail. He hated to lose all that time, but he had to be trustworthy if he wanted to remain a certified Vulcan. However, all the rain, etc., visibility was poor and our hero didn't quite manage to see the ravine. Oh well. Being a CV, he wasn't killed but his muscular chest was scratched and - OH HORRORS - his ears were chopped off!!! He started to cry, but heard a sound and stopped. It would never do to show emotion before the enemy hands. Well, the enemy hands lined up along the ravine and began to throw things at him. Spock, who couldn't find anything to throw back, turned to searching frantically for a way to escape. Amazingly he remembered the existance of his communicator. Thanks to David Gerrold, his reflexes knew just what to do. They flipped the lid up and bawled, "Scotty, save my ass!" Fortunately, Scotty happened to be in the vicinity. He beamed Spock up and they all lived happily ever after, right?
Wrong! The Certified Vulcan Association took one look at Spock's funny ears and threw him out. So he went home to be consoled by his wife. She, too, Took one look at the ears and marched down the hall to the LOU who granted her a divorce on the grounds of damaged merchandise.
The nurse, however, had not learned her lesson. Instead of becoming a good nurse, she became a worse nurse. No longer having Spock to moon over made it necessary to choose a new hero. But to decide! She resolved to give every male careful consideration. This horrendous task took so much time that the good doctor threw up his hands in despair. Once more he staggered into the Presence. "Jim," he implored, "do something! She's gone haywire! Do you know that not counting Spock, there are 287 men on this ship?" The LOU didn't, actually, so he said, "Well..."
McCoy collapsed at the foot of the Captain's Chair. "Jim, she stops work 287 times a day to moon over some man! I can't take much more of this!"
"Obviously," the LOU thought. He stared down at the quivering heap of humanity and felt vaguely repulsed. He had just beckoned a trekkiebopper to dispose of McCoy when the mass shuddered and gasped, "You were my last hope, Jim! Only you could have helped me!"
The imperial ears pricked up. Why, McCoy was right! There were some things that ordinary humans were totally incapable of dealing with. The question was - did the doctor deserve divine intervention? Of course, he wasn't wholly acceptable, sprawled on the floor in that disgusting way, but then; he had refrained from ickying up the SG in the course of his plea. THe LOU concluded that the doctor did indeed deserve DI and happily set his brain (such as it was) to work. He meditated, concentrated, and deliberated. His gray matter (what there was of it) labored unceasingly at the problem.
Nurse Chapel need a hero. Surely there was some suitable material on the Enterprise. He rolled a regal eye around the bridge. Past Sulu, Spock, Chekov - ah, Chekov! The LOU reached down and prodded the doctor, who showed every sign of becoming a broken man. "Tell me," the captain inquired, "do you notice anything rather, well - odd about Chekov?" McCoy glanced at Chekov and answered, "Yes I do - he has pointed ears."
"Exactly." purred the captain, and leaned back in his chair. An incredulous expression of relief attached itself to the doctor's worn face. "Ahhh!" he said. "Ahhhh!"
The wedding was magnificent. The only event to mar the occasion occured just

outside the chapel door, when Chekov went berserk with joy and tried to strangle his bride. Sulu dragged the happy groom kicking and screaming to the altar. Such energy from the navigator under heavy sedation for the past 3 days was truly remarkable!
After the (nondenominational) service, the newlyweds and the crew retired to the ship's main mess hall for the reception. Chekov was a trifle green (could it be the ears?). Every one agreed the bride looked lovely, though. The nurse's new hubb y tried on Spock's uniform. It was loose, but "What the heck," said Nurse Chapel, "I'd rather have a flabby chest (unscarred) with the ears, than a muscular chest (scarred) without the ears." Spock was glad to get Chekov's old uniform because his had gotten rather ripped, what with falling into the ravine, etc., and besides, sitting at Chekov's post all day was a lot more fun than standing at the lovesick computer hours on end. So, they all lived happily ever after.

EXCEPT Chekov. .....THE END

****



On December 6, 1975, I had the distinct pleasure of seeing a lecture by the creator of Star Trek himself, Gene Roddenberry. The lecture was held at Wait Chapel on the Wake Forest University campus in Winston-Salem. The introduction given to an almost capacity crowd was the one-and-only blooper reel that makes the rounds at almost every large convention. Then after a tremendous amount of applause, Gene finally began his lecture, which leaned more toward television in general with undertones of Star Trek. He stated at the very beginning that he thought that television today was too much commercial-oriented and didn't believe this is what people want. He went on to say that humanity can only mature when it diversifies. He din't and still doesn't belive Star Trek actually depicts future life, for he believes that "we are evolving into something beyong our human animal form" and that Star Trek's people were just 20th century types placed in the future. He even said that computers might someday qualify as life forms themselves. At the end of his lecture, the full length original pilot of "The Cage" was shown (in black and white). This was thoroughly enjoyed by all. After the lecture there was a limited reception during which I was able to speak to GR personally. He told me that if the movie is successful enough, a series of some sort will definitely follow. When I asked the actual reasons for the show going off the air, he said that man was not into space quite deep enough and people couldn't totally accept it at that time. Also, the bad time slot had something to do with it. Gene is currently working on the new movie plus a movie based on psychic phenomenons backed up by facts. All in all the man is quite a genius and a truly fascinating person to meet.

NEXT ISSUE: MARCH

SEE YOU THEN
DW

SHIP'S STATUS

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF S.T.A.R./W-S

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE

STAR TREK ASSOCIATION FOR REVIVAL
WINSTON-SALEM BRANCH
DAVID WOOTEN-CHAIRMAN
808 ARBOR ROAD
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA 27104

VOL. II, NO. 6

"DEDICATED TO THE RETURN OF STAR TREK"

SHIP'S STATUS

Well, here we are, ending up another six issues of our newsletter. I must say that I truly appreciate all of the contributions of stories and artwork that I have received this past year. Because I am unsure of how much longer I can keep producing the zine, I will continue to ask for contributions for as many more issues as possible. I can guarantee at least one more issue if I receive enough stuff. I am still looking for any enterprising fan to want to continue publishing the Newsletter. I will lend any assistance necessary as I want to see this publication continue instead of dying off. Please contact me if you are interested in taking over. It is helpful if you have access to a printing source. Please let me know soon so that the new editor can be announced. For some brief notes, Star Trek Log Six is now out, as well as Star Trek: The New Voyages, a collection of eight never-before published Star Trek stories with introductions to each by a member of the cast. Also, the new Lincoln Enterprises catalog is out. It is entitled "Star Trektennial" and is available by writing to Lincoln Enterprises, PO Box 69470, Los Angeles, CA 90069. It's packed with lots of new stuff you will want to buy. Hope you enjoy this ish and hope to hear from you soon.

- EDITOR: "Ship's Status"

MIND ENTRACE.....Wendell Sagraves

Captain's Log Stardate 2131.5. The Enterprise has received orders to assist the USS Yorktown in removing all people from the planet Arcus 4, bound for destruction by a mass of giant asteroids hurling through space directly toward it. Because of the emergency the Enterprise is taking the shortest route available to reach it without passing through the Klingon neutral zone.

KIRK:All decks on yellow alert. Scotty, do we have full power?

SCOTT:Aye, she's on maximum.

SPOCK:Captain, sensors picking up a Klingon battle cruiser heading directly toward us.

KIRK:Sound red alert, arm main phasers.

BULL:Phasers armed and ready, sir.

SPOCK:Captain, sensors also detect an alien presence here on the bridge.

Before the astonished eyes of the crew, Spock vanishes without a trace.

[illegible]:Captain, I'm picking up a transmission from the Klingon ship.

KIRK:Put it on audio, Lieutenant.

ALIEN:(over bridge intercom)Do not search for the one you call Spock. He has been put on the Klingon vessel you see before you. I have all of the Klingons under my power and your First Officer will serve as their commander in a battle of your ships.

KIRK:Who are you and what do you wish with us?

ALIEN:I merely want to test the superiority of your races in command, vulcan or human. You are both supplied with ships of equal power, so the battle lies in the command capabilities of yourself and your First Officer. This is a battle of power, with the destruction of one ship the only acceptable outcome.

KIRK:We refuse to cooperate.

ALIEN:Oh but captain, you must. You see, I am inside the vulcan's body and have taken over his mind. Still, the commands given will be his instincts and not mine, so it will be "fair". You will please send out one of your shuttlecraft to retrieve Spock at the conclusion of our battle. Or what is left of him.

KIRK:I refuse to send out any shuttlecraft and I refuse to follow any of your commands..

ALIEN:Captain, you have no choice. Either you send out that shuttlecraft, or I will kill the vulcan now. You see, I can only live outside of a body for a few moments, and should Spock die, I will take the body of the man in the craft.

KIRK:If you cannot live long out of a body, how did you get into Spock without traveling through a great distance of space?

ALIEN:Captain, I cannot believe your human curiosity, but if you must know, I was sent by my people to study your species in the last star system you charted. I immediately switched from my body to spock's and blocked my presence in his mind until the pro-

per time. ow Captain, send out the shuttlecraft immediately and do not try to deceive me, as I will know if there is a life form aboard.
The communication ends.
KIRK:McCoy, are there any animals in the lab that are dispensable?
McCoy:Yes, I see what you're getting at. I'll have it sent to the hangar deck.
KIRK:Let's just hope he can't tell that it isn't human.
Soon afterwards the Galileo is sent out.
ALIEN:Captain, the battle begins.
KIRK:Uhura, inform Starfleet of the situation and then take over sensors. Mr. Sulu, are phasers still at the ready?
SULU:Armed and ready, sir.
KIRK:Captain's Log Stardate 2131.6. Spock's body has been taken over by some alien being and is being pitted against myself and the Enterprise in a Klingon vessel. Though I have had several years of command experience, I am uncertain of a battle with Spock.
UHURA:Captain, the Klingon vessel is bearing down on us rapidly.
KIRK:Full reverse thrust. I don't want to fire unless absolutely necessary.
Aboard the Klingon vessel Spock is desperately trying to regain control of his mind.
UHURA:They've open fire on us, sir.
KIRK:Evasive maneuvers, Mr. Sulu.
SULU:Aye aye, sir.
The ship is rocked with a powerful energy blast.
UHURA:Number one shield on port side out, sir. They're gaining on us.
KIRK:Fire on their warp drive units with phasers at half-strength. I don't want Spock killed.
The phaser bolt misses the engines but knocks out part of the Klingon vessel's shields.
A light flashes furiously at Uhura's communication panel.
UHURA:Someone is trying to contact us, Captain.
KIRK:Put it on visual.
Spock's straining face appears on the screen.
SPOCK:Captain, I have temporarily regained control of my functions. If you can stall for a while I may be able to force him out completely.
Spock suddenly loses control.
ALIEN:Captain, your vulcan friend has a very strong mind, but he will not be able to overcome me.
KIRK:Cut communications, Lieutenant.
UHURA:(at sensors)Captain, long range sensors have picked up a comet.
KIRK:Mr. Sulu, set course for that comet. That's our chance to lose the Klingon vessel. Their sensors will be useless in its tail.
The Enterprise soon enters the comet's tail. After remaining inside for some time, the Alien decides on a method of action.
ALIEN:Fire all weapons in a pattern accross the comet's tail.
The Enterprise is hit several times.
SCOTT:We've got to get here outta here, sir. She's takin' a bad beatin'.
KIRK:All right, Scotty. Mr. Sulu, take her out at warp 8.
When the Enterprise exits the comet's tail, the communicator panel again lights up.

CONS
April 16-18, 1976:Equicon #6, PO Box 7317, Los Angeles, CA 90073
April 16-19, 1976:The Boston Star Trek Convention, 1335 Christy Dr., PO Box 4086, Sunnyside, NY 11104
July 16-18, 1976:Phoenix Comic & Star Trek Convention, 1335 Christy Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85020
September 2-6:Star Trek Bicentennial - 10, 88 New Dorp Plaza, Staten Island, NY 10306
June 17-20, 1976:HoustonCon '76/Star Trek '76, 7317 Bissonnet, Houston, TX 77005

SHIP'S STATUS

UHURA:Captain, someone is trying to contact us again.
KIRK:Alien or Spock? Put it on visual, Lieutenant.
Once again Spock appears, with the same pained look on his face.
SPOCK:I realize now that I cannot totally overpower the alien. I suggest you destroy this ship before anything more happens.
KIRK:Uhura, cut communications. I haven't given up yet. Scotty, get down to the transporter. I want you to get Spock in the transporter beam, but hold him there instead of materializing him. The alien may not be able to remain inside him then.
Scotty proceeds to the transporter room and locks onto Spock's coordinates.
SCOTT:Ready to transport, sir.
KIRK:All right, Scotty. Energize.
Scotty begins and holds Spock in limbo.
SCOTT:I've got 'im now sir. Should I proceed with transportation?
KIRK:Bring him aboard Scotty. Sensors show the alien has left Spock's body. Since the alien has transferred itself to the Klingon ship, there is no need to hold back anymore. Fire all phasers at the Klingon ship, full power.
The Klingon ship is bombarded with phaser fire and is completely destroyed.
UHURA:Captain, sensors show that the alien is rapidly approaching the Enterprise.
KIRK:Full reverse thrust. We can't let that thing catch us.
UHURA:He is gaining on us but getting very weak. He is heading for the Galilee.
The alien soon enters the Galilee.
UHURA:The sensors show that the alien has been destroyed.
KIRK:Mr. Sulu, please return the shuttlecraft.
Spock and McCoy return to the bridge.
McCOY:I've run a quick check on him, and he seems fine, but I'd like to run further tests.
KIRK:It's nice to have you back aboard, Spock.
SPOCK:It is quite comforting to be back, sir.
McCOY:I'd still like to know how the alien got on board without being detected.
SPOCK:He probably entered at one of the brief moments I left my scanner.
McCOY:You mean you actually left your sensors?
SPOCK:Yes Doctor, not even I can remain at my station forever.
McCOY:Well I'm glad to hear that. I thought you were in love with the thing.
SPOCK:I should have thought you would have learned by now that Vulcans have no emotions. Still, if I did I am sure that I would prefer the sensors to you any day.
KIRK:Enough, gentlemen, enough.
SULU:Captain, we have the Galilee back aboard.
UHURA:Captain, we have just received word that the Federation was able to evacuate Arcus 4 with the assistance of the USS Lexington.
KIRK:I'm glad to hear that. Mr. Sulu, set course for the nearest starbase for shore leave rights.
SULU:Yes sir!

THE END

For those of you hopefully keeping up with Star Trek Welcommittee and all of the stuff we are doing for Star Trek fandom, The managership and publisher has changed hands. Our newsletter, "A Piece of the Action", is now managed by Josi Williams, PO Box 345, Littleton, CO 80120. Subscription rates are: $5.50 per year, $4.40 per 9 months, $3.30 per 7 months. Because I am a volunteer worker for STW, feel free to write to me for any questions you may have. Don't write to the national. They're SWAMPED!!!!

NEXT ISSUE:
MAY (HOPEFULLY)

Star Trek Association for Revival/Winston-Salem

Fellow Fan:

I am going to begin a Star Trek Newsletter for our club. This will, of course, not be a professionally printed newsletter. It will have to be mimeographed, but I am hopeful that it will contain good material provided not only by me, but by you. If you have any artwork that you would like to contribute, please send it to me and I will try to put it in. Also if you have written or heard of a Star Trek story, send it to me and I will try to print it. Now, about the format of the newsletter itself It will consist of my own artwork, any interesting information from the national newsletter on conventions, new publications, recent information on the stars, and any contributions from you. I am going to title it "Ship's Status" and hope to publish it at least bi-monthly. The cost for a one year subscription to this newsletter will be $2.00. This will cover the costs of paper, printing, and postage. This also covers the cost of a yearly membership which I must charge in order to cover any extra postage needed in order to answer any questions to me or about the newsletter.

I hope that this will be a successful venture that will not die out as so many fan clubs and newletters have done in the past. I will continue to do technical drawings and other art for the publication. Please send me any requests for drawings you would like to see and I will try to do them and put them in the newsletter.

I need a definite count of the number of truly dedicated members are in the club. Even if you do not want to subscribe to the newsletter please fill in the blank below and check only membership. If you pay the full yearly price you do not have to include a 10¢ stamp in answer to your letters, but non-subscribers will have to. Sorry.

In the newsletter there will probably be an editor's letter which will tell of the progress of the club and some future plans I might have which you can send opinions on to me. I hope you can join and contribute something to the newsletter. You can join at any time and the newsletter will be sent to you for one year per membership. Live long and prosper.

David Wooten
David Wooten
Chairman, STAR/W-S

(please print neatly)

Membership Application
Star Trek Association for Revival

Name _____ Amount Enclosed $ _____

Address _____ Age _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

☐ Membership only ☐ Subscription and membership

STAR TREK LIVES

Please make all checks payable to David Wooten
No stamps, please

STAR/Winston-Salem

Fellow Member:

First, let me answer a few of the most asked questions that have come to me in many of the letters. 1)I am only fifteen years old; 2)The club of which you are a member is not an independant one, but rather a branch of the nationwide organization called STAR; 3)Nothing is definite about the time or place of a meeting.

I must say I got quite an unexpected response from the advertising I did. STAR/Winston-Salem, from the writing of this letter, has over 65 members. But I am sure that there are many more people who like Star Trek but don't know about this club. Spread the word! One thing I regretfully must do is to insist you send a stamped-self-addressed-envelope for response to any letters. I really hate to do this but I am going broke just trying to get any publications out to the present members. Please, at least enclose a 10¢ stamp for any further letters.

I must apologize for the introductory letter that I sent out. I realize that it was very generalized. I had no idea that so many people knew about STAR in this area. I hope I can make up for it. If you have any questions, feel free to write me and I will try to answer them as soon as possible. Again, I must insist on the stamp for response.

I have some great news! As you may or may not know, AMT now puts out the Enterprise model with decals of the entire fleet. I hope all of you will buy these models. Now, AMT is putting out two new Star Trek models. They are the shuttlecraft Galileo and the exploration set which includes a hand phaser, a tricorder, and a communicator. These will be released in June.

Please write me and give me your opinion on this idea..A fellow member and I were thinking of getting together and starting a newsletter for the club. The rates per year would probably be only $1.50 and it would contain a generalization of the nationwide newsletter and local information on the club's efforts if you cannot attend the meetings. If you have written any Star Trek or science fiction stories or are an artist, send us some of your work, and we might be able to put it in the newsletter.

For anyone who is interested, there is going to be a science fiction/Star Trek convention in Atlanta on July 5,6, and7. It is called Benecia I and I definitely plan on going. For more information write me or directly to Benecia I, 2470 Sandtown Rd. SW, Marietta, GA, 30060.

Please write soon. I will try to get a definite time and place for a meeting as soon as possible. I really need to know how many of you would be willing to subscribe to the newsletter.

Peace, live long and prosper,

David Wooten, Chairman-STAR/W-S
808 Arbor Road, Winston-Salem,
North Carolina 27104

P.S. Extra copies of the Enterprise and Klingon ships are available upon request.

P.P.S. I would greatly appreciate any contributions to the club you would care to make. I am the sole supporter of this operation and I am not rich. Please make any checks payable to David Wooten. Thank you very much!

For a 25 question Star Trek Trivia Test, send me twenty-five cents.

S. T. A. R. of Winston-Salem

Fellow Fan:

Let me start off by saying that I hope you enjoy Star Trek as much as I do. The club I am trying to organize is not a one-of-a-kind association. There are over 130 chapters of S.T.A.R. (Star Trek Association for Revival) throughout the world. S.T.A.R. has been set up to try to bring Star Trek back on the air. It has already been syndicated on over 150 TV stations across the country. S.T.A.R. is a non-profit organization whose sole purpose is to organize the thousands upon thousands of fans in the world and to stir up interest among other science fiction fans.

Star Trek was and still is the most popular show on TV. No other show has ever gotten the unbelievable response from viewers. If you want to help aid the cause of bringing back Star Trek, write NBC, Paramount (ask them to make a Star Trek movie), and to your local TV station. Also, if you know any businessmen that have an interest in Star Trek, ask them to write to your local station and recommend that the show be put back on the air.

There are many things you can buy pertaining to Star Trek. I suggest that you buy all the books published by Bantam and Ballantine Books. You can write to STE (Star Trek Enterprises) and ask them for a free catalog which contains such items as scripts, film clips, tribbles, jewelry, etc. I also suggest you buy the following AMT models: "The Enterprise", "Klingon Ship" and "Spock in Action". These are all excellent models and can be built with relative ease.

The club I am going to start has several goals to achieve: 1) we are going to try to raise money to send at least one representative to one of the many Star Trek conventions that take place all over the country; 2) during our meetings we will try to discuss all ways possible to bring the show back to as many local stations as possible; 3) we will try to rent some films of the show from local stations that carry it and show them along with as many film clips as we can get during the meeting.

We hope to hold meetings 4 to 6 times a year and elect officers to preside over the meetings. Please give me any suggestions you have or any goals you want to set. Or, if you just want answers to any questions about Star Trek, I will try to answer them. In any case, WRITE! I hope to hear from you soon.

Peace, live long and prosper,

David Wooten, Chairman
808 Arbor Road, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27104

(Please, if possible, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for answers or response to any letters.)

NBC-TV
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y.
10020

Paramount Pictures
Frank Yablans
5451 Marathon St.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90038

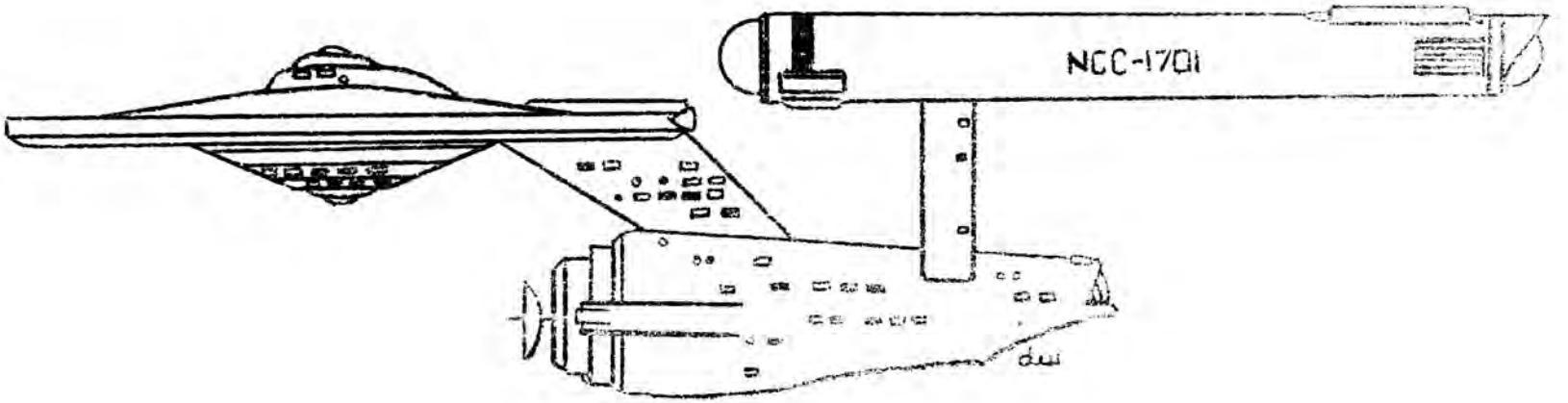
STE
P. O. Box 69470
Los Angeles, Cal.
90069

Star Trek Trivia Questionnaire™

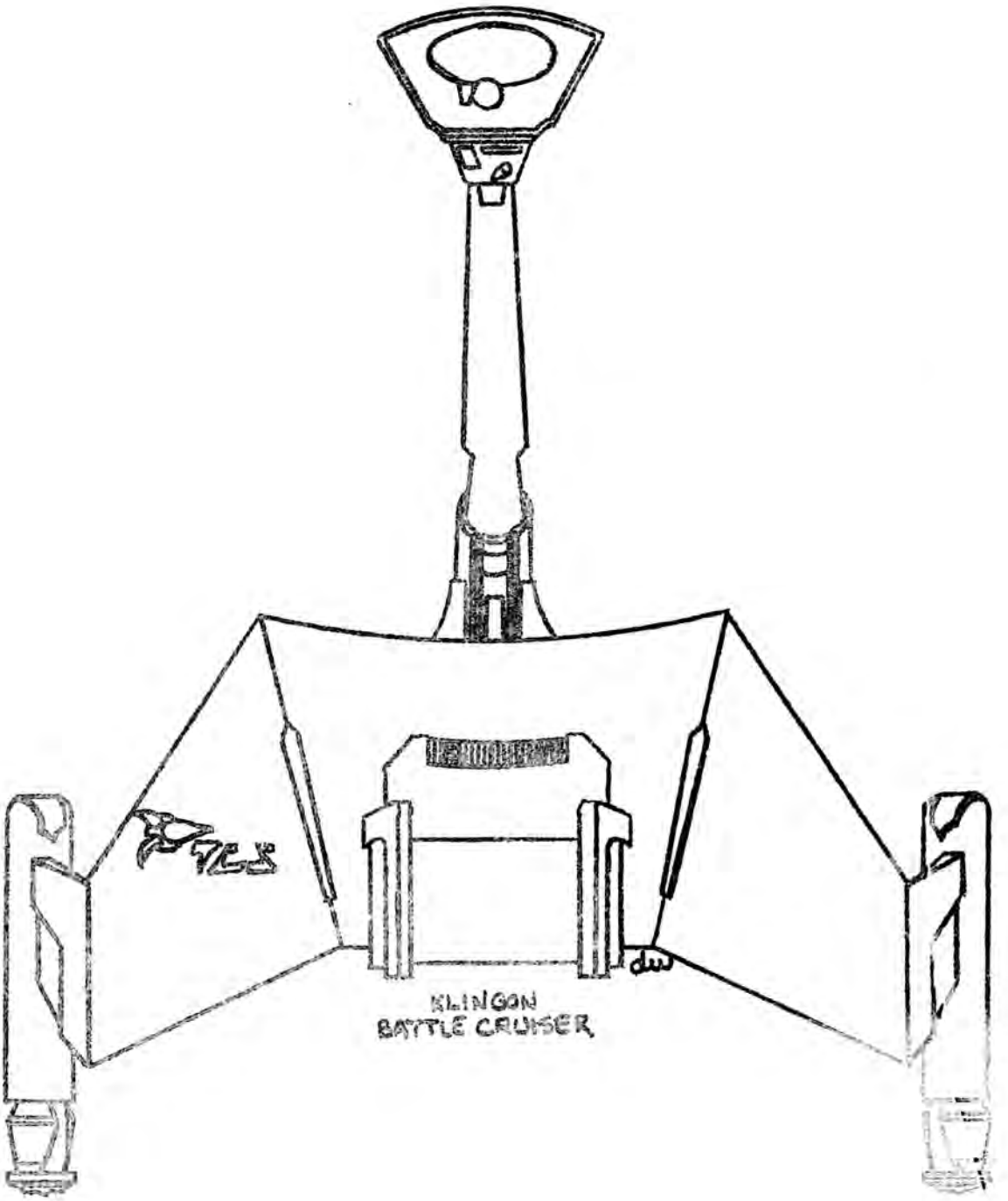
Please fill this out and return to me with a 10¢ stamp so it can be returned with the results. Good luck! (Circle only the letter of the correct answer)

1) Mudd's Love Potion came from
   a.Sirius 9 b.Venus Rigel 12 c.
2) Code Factor One is
   a.Invasion Status b.Diplomatic Emergency c.Destruct Sequence
3) What time did the red hour begin?
   a.6 PM b.6 AM c.Noon
4) A tribble predator is called a
   a.Gloma b.Kzin c.Quadro-pod
5) The Horta is a life-form based on
   a.Carbon b.Silicon c.Fluorine
6) How many drops of cordrazine can save a man's life?
   a.2 b.4 c.5
7) Blue-skinned aliens with antennae are known as
   a.Tellarites b.Andorians c.Orions
8) What does the Medi-Scanner M-3 indicator measure?
   a.Pain level b.Blood pressure c.Respiration
9) What was Sam Kirk's occupation?
   a.Lab technician b.Research biologist c.Physicist
10) Dr. McCoy used _____ to bandage the Horta.
   a.plaster b.thermal concrete c.plaster
11) Landru was a
   a.computer b.President of the Archons c.robot
12) Theragin is
   a.a Federation planet b.a Klingon nerve gas c.a pain killer
13) The name of the other probe in the "Changeling" is _____.
   a.Tongo Rad b.Exeter c.Nomad
14) Who is the inventor of the M5?
   a.Daystrom b.Cochrane c.Flint
15) Who was the Dolman of Klaas?
   a.Klaan b.Losira c.Natira
16) Which of the following is not a Klingon?
   a.Kodos b.Kor c.Kolof
17) Who was Flavius Maximus?
   a.a dictator b.a senator c.a gladiator
18) What reversed the aging process in "The Deadly Years"?
   a.Adrenalin b.Boronulin c.the transporter
19) What was invented by a little old lady in Leningrad"?
   a.Scotch b.Vodka c.Gin
20) Who has no Brother?
   a.Kirk b.Hyde c.Chekov
21) Who didn't know about quadrotritcalis?
   a.Kirk b.Chekov c.Scott
22) How many planets are there in the Federation?
   a.3 b.6 c.8
23) Saloh offered Kirk _____ to drink.
   a.Tranya b.Fruva c.Saurian brandy
24) Which starfleet order means "do not [illegible]"?
   a.Code 317 b.Code 701 c.Code 710
25) What is the antidote to Andalian fever?
   a.Ibalin b.Kanaxalin c.Theragin [illegible]

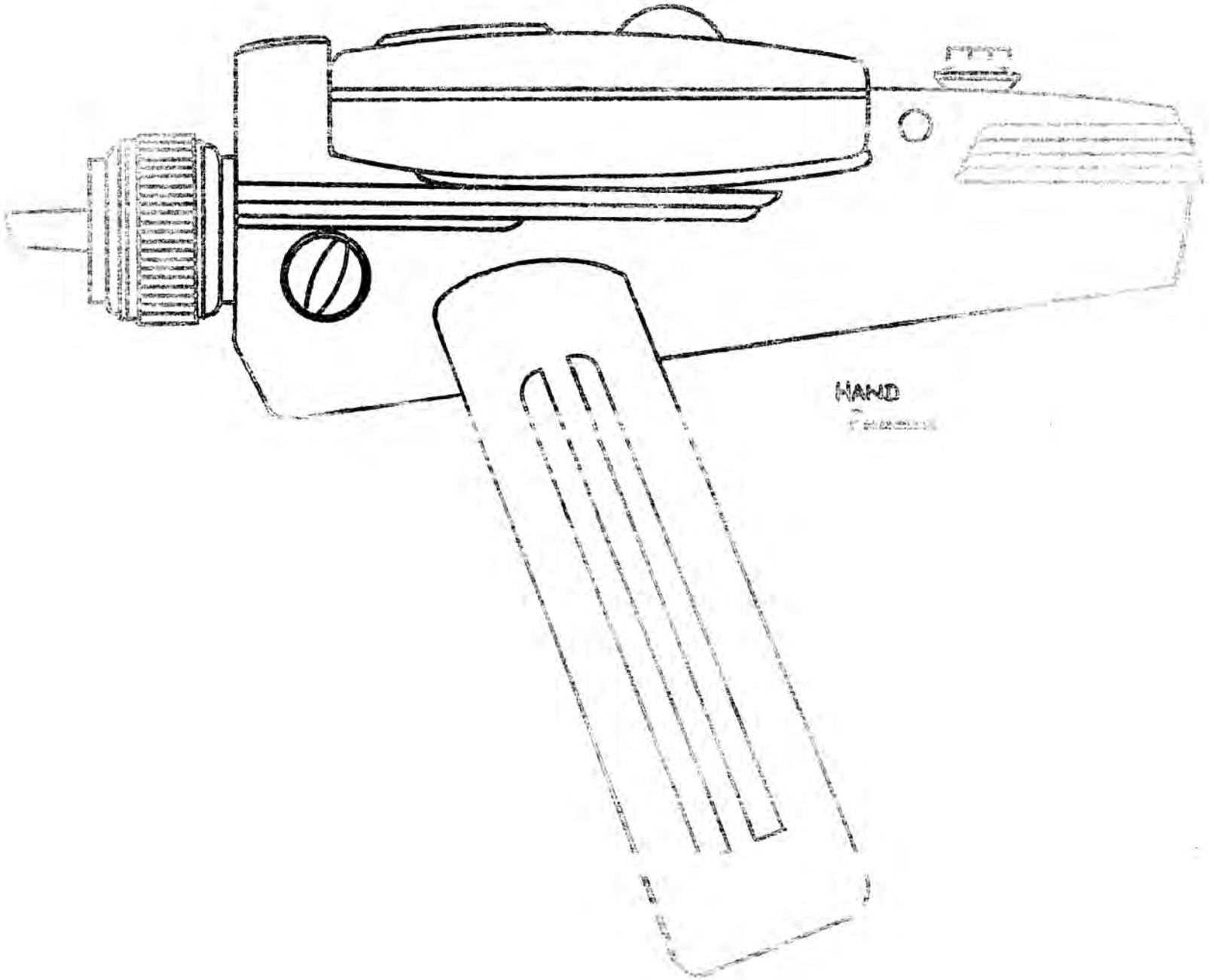
Excerpts from the questionnaire from Star Trek [illegible]
Each question gets a credit if you can [illegible]



USS ENTERPRISE
SPACE CRUISER
STARSHIP CLASS



STAR TREK


HAND

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In case you are interested, Western Publishing Company puts out a Star Trek comic book. It is fascinating. The stories are original and the artwork is very good. It is very difficult to find them in this area, so ask your local dealer about them and see if he can order one for you.

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GAF Viewmaster Company now is putting out a new viewmaster reel. It is titled "Mr. Spock's Time Travel" and is the animated version called "Yesteryear". GAF also puts out the reel of the show "The Omega Glory". Both of these reels are available from your local viewmaster dealer.

****

Ballantine Books is putting out a new Star Trek book. It is called Star Trek Log One. This is a compiled edition of some of the animated episodes shown on Saturday mornings. It will be available in June.

****

In case you want to know the names and writers of all the animated Star Trek episodes that have been aired on Saturday mornings, here is alist:

"Beyond the Farthest Star" Samuel Peeples
"Yesteryear" D.C. Fontana
"One of our Planets is Missing" Marc Daniels
"The Lorelei Signal" Margaret Armen
"More Tribbles, More Troubles" David Gerrold
"The Survivor" James Schmerer
"The Infinite Vulcan" Walter Koenig
"The Magicks of Megas-Tu" Larry Brody
"Once Upon a Planet" Len Janson and Chuck Menville
"Mudd's Passion" Stephen Kandel
"The Terratin Incident" Paul Schneider
"Time Trap" Joyce Perry
"The Ambergris Element" Margaret Armen
"The Slaver Weapon" Larry Niven
"The Eye of the Beholder" David Harmon
"The Jihad" Stephen Kandel

****

For all of you Genesis II fans:sorry, NBC wouldn't buy it. But, fortunately, Gene Roddenberry didn't give up. The new version of the show is called Planet Earth. It has the same basic format as Genesis II with the same main character, Dylan Hunt. Hunt is a 20th century scientist projected some 180 years into the future by means of suspended animation. Only in this day and age the female is the dominant of the species. Men are treated as pets or slaves. Those of you that saw the preview on April 23 and liked it write to Gene