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NOTES ON UHURA
by Ruth Berman

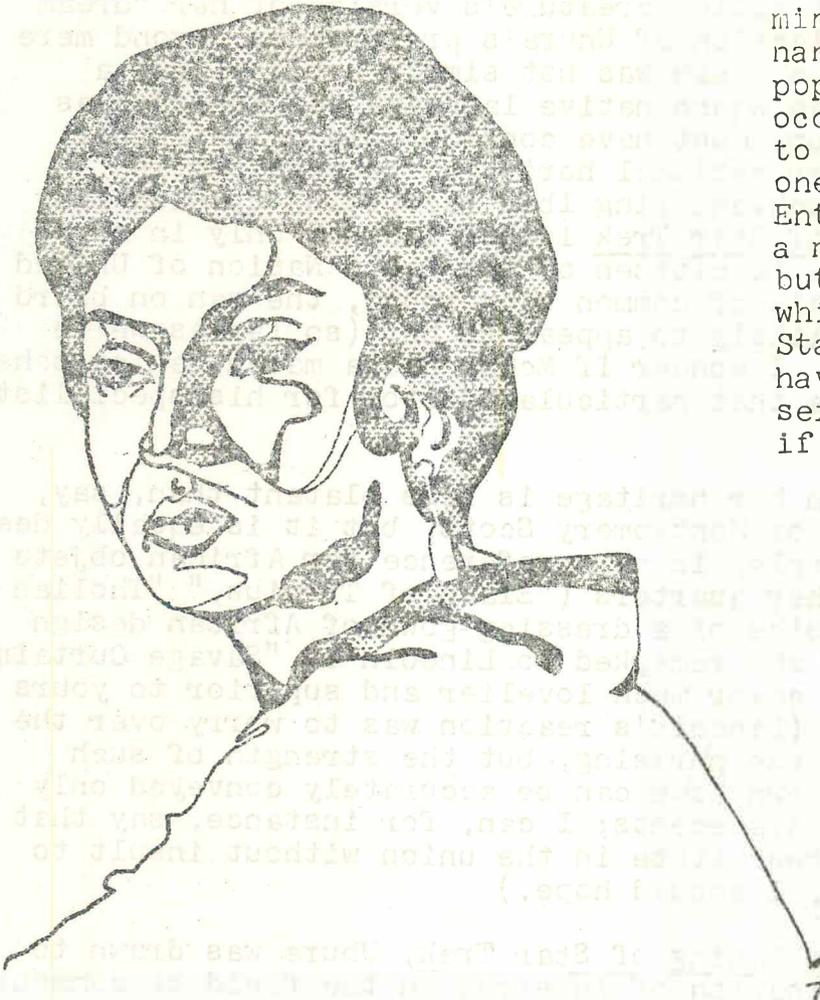
Uhura seems to be a most unusual woman among Star Fleet female personnel -- she isn't in love with the captain. Yeoman Janice Rand was in love with Kirk (intruding in his room to bring him coffee in "Balance of Terror," looking daggers when she found him with an attractive woman in "Conscience of the King," etc.) Yeoman J.M. Colt and Number One were both in love with Captain Pike ("The Cage"), although they didn't like to admit it. Drs. Helen Noel and Janet Wallace fell in love with Kirk briefly ("Dagger of the Mind" and "The Deadly Years") -- albeit under unusual circumstances. Lt. Marlena Moreau in the mirror universe was in love with the mirror Kirk. It is not absolutely necessary to fall for the captain -- there are other high-ranking officers. Lt. Com. Gary Mitchell, a more thorough-going wolf than his friend Kirk, captured the affections of both Yeoman Smith and Dr. Elizabeth Dehner ("Where No Man Has Gone Before"). Christine Chapel has long nursed (sorry about that) a passion for Commander Spock, and Lt. Mira Romaine (in "Lights of Zetar") found Lt. Com. Scott attractive. But the captain has an advantage. He combines the appeal of the boyish young adventurer with that of the authoritarian father figure. Besides, with a ratio of 1 to 2 (according to the "Writers Guide" one third of the crew is female), the women can afford to hold out for the more outstandingly eligible (i.e., high-ranking) men on board. (Or as W.S. Gilbert's Duchess of Plaza-toro put it: "That man is a Duke, and I will love him.")

And yet Uhura goes serenely on, showing no evidence of any interest in any one of the senior officers. (It is tempting to suppose that Spock is interested in her. He is generally the first to rush to pick her up whenever the ship starts lurching around -- but, then, he's also the closest on the bridge.)

It is not that Uhura is uninterested in men per se. When the crazed Sulu addressed her in "Naked Time" with the words, "Aha, fair maiden!" she answered wryly, "Sorry, neither." And according to The Making of Star Trek, her desire for husband and family is strong enough to compete seriously with her desire to stay in Star Fleet -- although so far Star Fleet is obviously winning.

The main reason for her lack of interest in any of the senior officers on the Enterprise is probably explained by the looks of her dream-man, as interpreted by the salt-eating creature in "Man Trap": a tall, husky black. Uhura evidently wants a guy just like the guy who married dear old mom.

If world population patterns continue more or less the same into the time of the Federation, both whites and blacks are



minorities in a predominantly brown and yellow population. No doubt an occasional ship happens to be made up largely of one race or another (the Enterprise seems to have a majority of whites), but, on the average, a white or black member of Star Fleet is likely to have a limited choice of sexual partners available if he or she follows the common human pattern of desiring a resemblance to the parent of opposite sex.

Moreover, Uhura has an independent spirit; she is one of the few people on the Enterprise who can yell back at Kirk when he gets unreasonable (e.g., regarding her

inability to contact Aurelan Kirk in "Operation: Annihilate"), and she is one of the few who can tease Spock (e.g., singing a comic song about him in "Charlie X"). Probably she would resist the lure of rank no matter what the senior officers looked like, in favor of deeper characteristics, such as common interests and backgrounds.

Indeed, on the basis of their common interest in music and their obvious rapport in performing music together ("Charlie X"), it is easier to imagine Uhura and Spock happily married than to imagine Christine Chapel and Spock. Chapel has evidently made a study of Vulcan culture, or at least of Vulcan gastronomy (cf. plomik soup in "Amok Time") but the study seems to be the result of a wish to understand Spock rather than an indication of a common interest causing real understanding.

Even in the salt-eating creature's version of her "dream man" there is an indication of Uhura's preferences beyond mere appearance. The man she saw was not simply a black, but a Swahili-speaker, a man whose native language was the same as her own. Indeed, Uhura must have considerable pride in her tribal, as well as her national heritage, because she is descended from the much-enduring Ibos (according to Nichelle Nichols; The Making of Star Trek identified her only in more general groupings, as "a citizen of the Bantu Nation of United Africa"). On the basis of common background, the man on board the Enterprise most likely to appeal to her (so far as we've seen) is Dr. Mbenga. I wonder if McCoy had a match-making scheme in mind when he chose that particular doctor for his specialist in Vulcan medicine.

Uhura's pride in her heritage is less blatant than, say, that of Pavel Chekov or Montgomery Scott, but it is equally deep. It is shown, for example, in her preference for African objets d'art in decorating her quarters ("Elaan of Troyius," "Tholian Web"), and by her choice of a dressing-gown of African design ("Tholian Web"). As she remarked to Lincoln in "Savage Curtain": "Actually, I feel my color much lovelier and superior to yours and the captain's." (Lincoln's reaction was to worry over the prejudice implied by the phrasing, but the strength of such attachments to one's own home can be accurately conveyed only by such preferential statements; I can, for instance, say that I think Minnesota the best state in the union without insult to out-of-state readers, I should hope.)

According to The Making of Star Trek, Uhura was drawn to Star Fleet by a combination of interest in the field of communications and a love of adventure. Both traits have stood up well under the pressures of Enterprise life. Occasionally, it is true, an unusually grim situation will force out of her an admission of fear and childish dependence on the captain/father figure (e.g., "City on the Edge of Forever," "Plato's Step-children"), but more often she is a paragon of cool strength who can safely be sent out to face a ravening Sulu ("Naked Time," "Mirror Mirror"), a lecherous gladiator (Lars, "Gamesters of Triskelion"), a suspicious robot ("I, Mudd"), or any other menace likely to happen by.

So far as the show ever revealed it, the field of communications is nothing more than radio-operating (although doubtless sub-space radio is more complicated than a 20th century ham operator's kit). But it seems safe to guess that the job demands a knowledge of several languages (the automatic translator probably botches up nuances), much study of linguistics, and much study of alien psychologies, as well as mere mechanical dexterity -- not that the mechanical dexterity involved is to be sneered at, either. Uhura is able to sabotage the communications equipment so thoroughly that Kirk can't fix it ("This Side of

Paradise"). Contrariwise, she can get it to work under conditions that defeat Science Officer Spock ("Who Mourns for Adonais?"), drawing one of his rare compliments: "I can think of no one better equipped to solve it, Lieutenant."

Her choice of a career is oddly at variance with what The Making of Star Trek claims to be typical of the citizens of United Africa in general and Uhura in particular: a non-aggressive, agrarian philosophy, and a sense of one-ness with nature. Uhura is non-aggressive enough, but an agrarian philosophy and a sense of one-ness with nature never showed themselves directly in her -- unless her fondness for cuddly animals ("Trouble with Tribbles") is a sign of them. I'm inclined to doubt the depth of the characteristics of the national psyche as given. They are probably the national ideal rather than the actual self-image. Uhura's deepest sympathies are obviously with people, not with growing things. Kirk thinks the ship's herbarium may be his favorite room ("Is There in Truth No Beauty?"), and McCoy is lonesome for honeysuckle ("Paradise Syndrome"), but Uhura's nostalgia is rather for the Moon with its connotations of romance ("Man Trap"): "I'm lonely; I was trying to start a conversation.... Tell me I'm a very attractive young lady. Ask me if I was ever in love. Tell me how Vulcan looks in the lazy evening when the moon is full." (To which Spock unhelpfully replied, "Vulcan has no moon.")

Uhura's sense of one-ness with other people is often seen. She jumped up to give Chapel a sympathetic hug and kiss of parting as the nurse left for her re-union with her fiance, Roger Korby ("What Are Little Girls Made Of?"). She gave up her room for Elaan to use ("Elaan of Troyius"). She was Riley's first choice for the role of comforter ("Conscience of the King"). It would seem that she even managed to teach Spock something about the art of small-talk in "Man Trap" (quoted above) -- judging by his remarks to Droxine in "Cloud Minder" ("Exceptional feminine beauty is always disturbing" -- Spockian for "tell [her she's] an attractive young lady"). If Uhura's sense of one-ness with "nature" is anywhere near that of her sympathy for people, it's odd that it never shows -- and even odder that she chose a career which takes her into a mechanistic environment, where she thrives.

One minor mystery concerning Uhura is -- her other name, if any. It's possible that Uhura is her first and only name, United Africa making use of tribal names (or ID numbers, or both), instead of familial names. Or it's possible that Uhura is her first name and that, like Spock, she has a last name which most others find difficult to pronounce, and so she dropped it when she entered Star Fleet. Or it's possible that Uhura is her family-name, not her personal name. However, this last seems unlikely to me, because "Uhura" is a feminine variation of the Swahili word "uhuru" (freedom). I'd expect either "uhuru"

itself as a familial name, or a variant of it with a Swahili case-ending. (I don't know anything about the declension of Swahili words, but I'd assume that the -a ending typical of feminine nouns in many Indo-European languages does not have the same meaning in Swahili grammar.) So "Uhura" is probably a personal name -- but we have no way to guess at the rest of it.

Still, an Uhura by any other name would smell as sweet -- and be as strong. The strength is more important than the sweetness in explaining the appeal of her character. There were many "sweet" women on the ship -- Nurse Chapel, the assorted yeomen, a number of the lieutenants (e.g., Marla McGivers, Helen Noel, etc.), but all except Uhura were dependent women, acting directly under male supervision and giving a general impression of helplessness. (Occasionally an individual scene -- e.g., Chapel's manipulation of young Garrovick's sulky guilt-feelings in "Obsession" -- showed an attractive competence and self-confidence in the character, but these scenes were rare.)

A few strong women occurred in individual episodes, but most were of the "frigid bitch" type, denying their own emotions in order to be accepted as equals by men (e.g., Number One, Elizabeth Dehner, Janice Lester, Commissioner Nancy Hedford). Uhura was one of only a few women on the show, and the only one appearing as a regular, who was both "womanly" and "human."

The fact that Uhura was such a character is probably due mostly to Nichelle Nichols. The producers tended to hang back in developing and using the character, even as late as the opening of the second season -- D.C. Fontana once told me that as script supervisor she had tried to put Uhura in command of the ship while all the other regulars (except Ensign Chekov) were away, in Robert Bloch's "Catspaw," but wasn't allowed to do so; the producers promoted semi-regular Lt. De Salle to Assistant Chief Engineer for the purpose of having him outrank Uhura. Roddenberry did not include a communications officer among the proposed regular characters in the "Format," and Uhura did not appear in either of the pilot episodes. The role that Roddenberry and the rest of the production staff had in creating most of the characters is indicated by the mention of details of their past histories in the "Writers Guide," but there are no such details in the account of Uhura. The mention of Uhura's singing in the account makes it clear that it is a description of Nichelle Nichols' portrayal of the role, not a summary of Roddenberry's ideas about the character. The only detail which does not derive directly from performance onscreen is a mention of her ability to "do an impersonation at the drop of a communicator."

The conversation with Spock in "Man Trap" quoted above was Nichelle Nichols' addition to the script, according to the article on her in TV Guide ("Let Me Off at the Next Planet," July 15,

1967): "The canny Miss Nichols has already finagled an increase in her dialog quotient as communications officer. Her lines have run to such emotionless phrases as 'All hailing frequencies open, sir' or 'This frequency is open, Captain.' Once in exasperation she blurted out: 'Mr. Spock, if I have to say "Hailing frequency open" one more time, I'll blow my top! Why don't you tell me I'm a lovely young woman?' Her ad-lib improvisation was instantly incorporated in the script."

The use of Uhura as a character strong enough to stand up to assorted menaces was also due to Nichelle Nichols, according to the same article. She had complained that "'TV doesn't know how to use women. We're a fill-in'....Producer Gene Coon demurs: 'I thought it would be ungentlemanly to imperil a beautiful girl with 20-foot snaggle-toothed monsters from outer space.' But executive producer Gene Roddenberry is coming around: 'We're thinking about taking her down on the planets next season. Maybe we'll have wardrobe make her an appropriate costume for planet wear'." Uhura never got the "appropriate costume" for it, but the rest of the idea was carried out. In the second season she went on three landing parties and made significant contributions to them ("Mirror, Mirror," "I, Mudd," and "Gamesters of Triskelion"), as opposed to the first season, when she had played an insignificant role in two landing parties ("Squire of Gothos" and "City on the Edge of Forever").

However, even if Uhura was largely the creation of Nichelle Nichols, the role of the production staff was important. In the third season there was a radical turn-over in production staff, and most of the characterizations, including that of Uhura, were dimmed by various kinds of inconsistencies. Uhura visited only one world, Platonius, and did not contribute significantly there. Even her musical expertise was almost taken from her: in "Elaan of Troyius" there was a scene which had Spock playing his harp (to sooth Elaan's savage breast) while Uhura stood by wishing she could play it. Mercifully, the scene was cut from the film. Still, in those scripts which followed the character Nichelle Nichols had established (e.g., "Tholian Web," and "Savage Curtain"), Uhura was attractive as always. Or, as the combination of Ambassador Kollos and Spock aptly put it ("Is There in Truth No Beauty?"): "Uhura, whose name means freedom. She walks in beauty like the night.... Does it surprise you that I've read Byron, Doctor?"

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

-- Byron, Hebrew Melodies, 1815.

NOT THIS TIME

by Melisa Michaels

Sulu drove the shuttle back toward the starship Enterprise with all the hazy discontent of one who was well started on the first evening of a long shore leave when he was called back to the ship. He'd had too much to drink this evening; it was his first leave Earthside in some time, and while he'd had as much shore leave as anybody on a number of other planets, none were quite like Earth. He'd been settling in for a comfortable stay while the Enterprise underwent repairs.

And now it was cut short, because Captain Kirk had managed to sprain an ankle. How anybody could sprain an ankle on the Enterprise was beyond Sulu's understanding, though of course he'd been told how it happened. It was absurd. Nobody could fall down a ladder he must have climbed and descended a hundred times before without mishap.

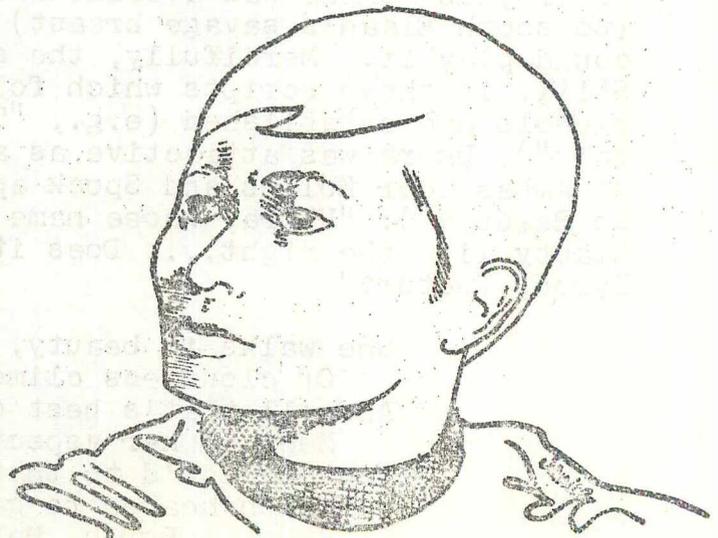
But Captain Kirk had. Everyone else was busy with much-needed repairs, and even when the ship was in orbit around the home planet, and as crippled as the Enterprise was just now, with half her dilithium crystals needing replacement and her computer under repair, she was still a Space Service vessel, not a derelict, and there had to be someone in command.

"But not me, dammit!" Sulu exploded aloud, and then grinned foolishly at the echo of his voice in the empty shuttle. Maybe he'd had a bit more to drink than he'd thought; he didn't usually talk to himself.

He was watching the viewing screen, still smiling sheepishly, when the Enterprise disappeared.

Automatically, before he had even time to think about it, he punched a button on the console before him. "Enterprise," he said. "Sulu here. Enterprise. Uhura?"

There was no answer. It couldn't be because of Uhura's equipment; even in the midst of repairs, she'd keep at least one band open for emergencies.



Maybe it was something wrong with the shuttle itself. But he was able to contact Earth easily enough, and they confirmed loss of communication with the Enterprise. Sulu should have been almost close enough to touch the Enterprise by then, but his screen was still blank, except for the stars. Instinctively, he slowed the shuttle to a crawl when he reached the Enterprise's co-ordinates, but there was no resistance. He went right through her position and out on the other side with no way to tell that piece of space from any other but by the logic which told him that because the Enterprise had been there a moment ago she should be there now.

Reluctantly, he turned back toward Earth.

On the bridge of the Enterprise, Commander Spock punched a button on his console without looking up from his instruments. "Sick bay," he said, "Spock here. Captain Kirk?"

"Kirk here," groaned the intercom.

"Captain, I'm registering some unusual radiation from Earth."

"Captain," interrupted Uhura, "I can't reach Sulu."

"A guy gets no peace around here," muttered Kirk as Dr. McCoy finished wrapping his ankle. "Can't even enjoy a broken ankle in peace. Let me out of here, Bones. I've got to get to the bridge."

"It's not broken, Jim," said McCoy. "If it were, I could do a lot better for you. Modern medicine has come a long way, but only with major injuries and sicknesses. We still can't cure the common cold, or a sprained ankle."

"It's broken," lamented Kirk, wincing as he put his weight gingerly on the injured foot. "I can feel the bones grating. I'll probably be dead in a few hours, and all the sympathy I get is a lecture on the state of modern medicine. Fine doctor you are. Ouch!"

"You can't feel the bones grating," grinned McCoy. "That's your teeth." He pulled a pair of old-fashioned metal hand-crutches out of a cabinet and handed them to Kirk. "Here, these'll help. Try not to walk on it any more than you have to -- and the minute Sulu gets up here, I want you back in bed. That's a bad sprain. You'll have to take care of it."

"Captain," said Chekov's voice on the intercom, "according to my sensor readings, Sulu's shuttle has just disappeared!"

Kirk stopped beside the intercom, his playful hypochondria forgotten. "Spock, verify!" he demanded.

"Confirmed," said Spock's voice.

"Impossible," said Kirk. "He can't have just disappeared. I want him found immediately!"

"Captain," said Spock calmly, "I suspect it is the Enterprise which is 'lost,' not Sulu. I will explain as soon as you reach the bridge."

In spite of his ankle, Kirk reached the bridge in record time, limped awkwardly off the elevator, and approached Spock's console. "Explain," he said, staring not at the instruments but at the expressionless face of the Vulcan. It was instinctive, trying to read some emotion there; in all the years he'd worked with Spock, Kirk hadn't yet learned not to search the Vulcan face as he would a human one, looking for some sign whereby he might judge the man's reaction to a situation. As usual, he found nothing in Spock's eyes that wasn't very likely a projection of Kirk's own puzzled concern.

"Observe these readings, Captain," said Spock calmly, waving one hand toward his instruments. "This is not the Earth we know."

"You mean we're somewhere else?" asked Kirk, still not looking at the instruments.

"No, Captain, this is Earth," said Spock. "Merely not the Earth we're familiar with. Or rather, not the Earth of our time."

Spock was right, as usual, Uhura's instruments confirmed it. The Enterprise had, somehow, been drawn backward in time. Uhura found a telecast news report and put it on the main screen, and they all stared at it for a moment.

"The nineteen-seventies, Captain," said Spock.

"All right," said Kirk abruptly. "We know when we are. Now how did we get here? Spock?"

"I believe this unidentified radiation is the explanation, Captain," said Spock, directing Kirk's attention once more toward his console.

"Then identify it," said Kirk.

"Wait a minute," said Uhura. She'd turned off the telecast and had the earphone back in her ear. "Captain, I think I've got something. Point of origin is the same as Spock's radiation. But I can't quite get it -- There!" She switched to the main speaker again.

"...can't go back," a voice was saying, the words strangely stilted in an accent none of them recognized. "Help me...." There was a silence, static, and the message began again. First a string of noises; an alien language. Then English: "Whoever you are, please help. I am ill. This is the wrong time. I can't go back. Help me..."

"This is Captain James T. Kirk of the Star Ship Enterprise," said Kirk. "What are your co-ordinates? Please acknowledge..."

Uhura relayed the message, but there was no reply. "It's no use, Captain," she said at last. "He's just repeating himself. It must be a recording."

"The computer has no record of that language," said Spock. "I have the co-ordinates, however. We could reach the location in a shuttlecraft, but it would be risky. Your people were quite paranoid during this stage in their development; each nation was convinced another would destroy it at any moment, and as a result each set up a complex warning and defense system. It would be difficult to get through in a shuttlecraft without alerting someone."

"I don't like it," said Kirk. On impulse, he jabbed a button on the arm of his chair. "Scotty?" he said.

"Here, Captain," came the reply.

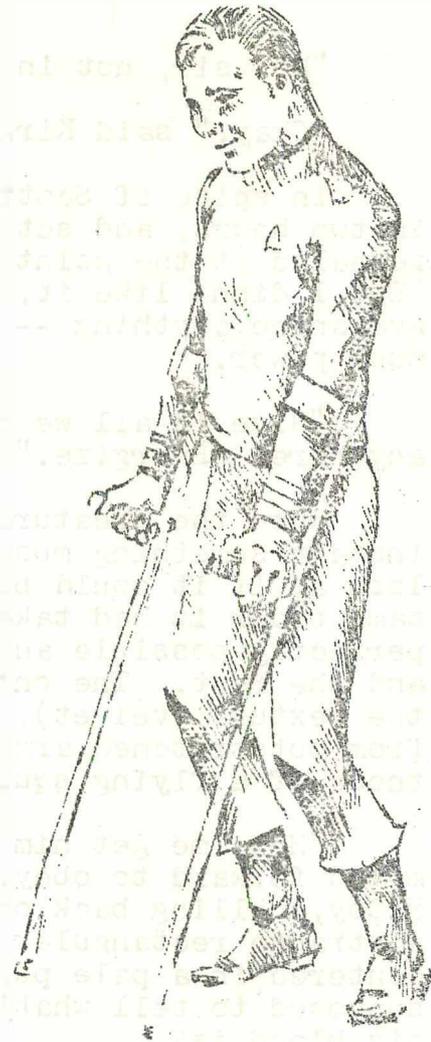
"Is the transporter completely torn down?"

"Not completely," said Scotty doubtfully.

"Can you get it together in, say, one hour?"

"In working order, sir? I dinna think so, Captain. Not in a dozen hours; we havena got the power."

"I want a single one-way transmission from Earth. Can you give me that much?" asked Kirk.



"No, sir, not in an hour, not likely."

"Okay," said Kirk with half a grin. "You have two hours."

In spite of Scotty's objections, the transporter was ready in two hours, and set to pick up a humanoid form the sensors revealed at the point of origin of the unidentified radiation. "But I dinna like it, Captain," insisted Scotty. "I canna guarantee anything -- I dinna trust it. We havena got that much power."

"Give it all we have," said Kirk. "We're not going anywhere. Energize."

When the creature began to materialize, Kirk thought for an instant something must be wrong with the transporter; it didn't look as if it could be putting the creature back together in the same order it had taken it apart. But it resolved into a perfectly possible and even ordinary shape; two arms, two legs, and the rest. The only unusual things were the color (purple), the texture (velvet), and the velvet-covered membrane stretching from outstretched arms all the way to the ankles; "wings," like those of a flying squirrel.

"Help me get him on the stretcher," said McCoy, and Kirk moved forward to obey. "This is worse than a Vulcan," muttered McCoy, pulling back one of the alien's eyelids and staring into a strange rectangular pupil (much like that of a goat's eye) centered in a pale purple iris. "This is impossible. How am I supposed to tell what's wrong with him? What color d'you suppose his blood is?"

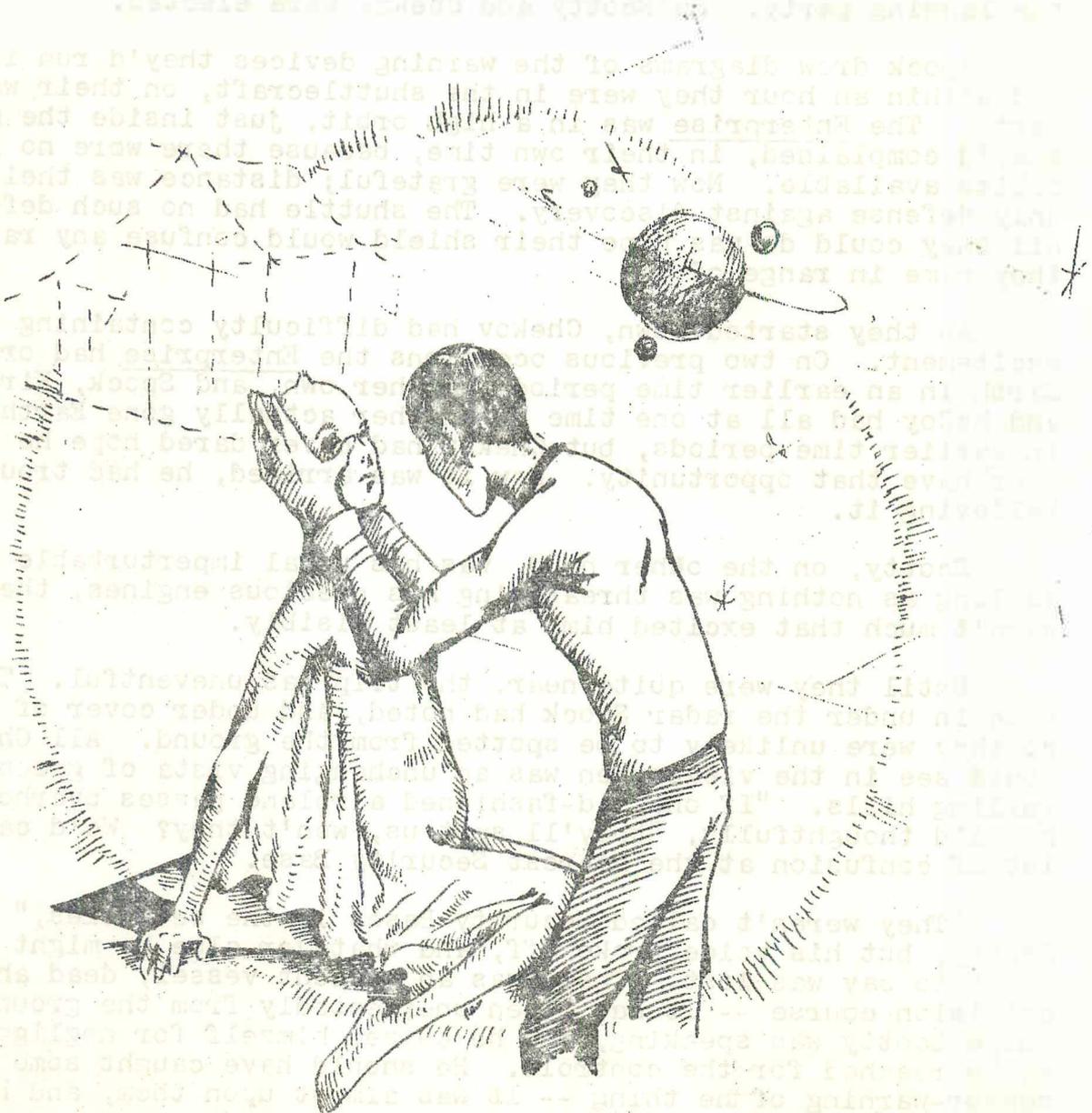
"It's not a 'he,' Bones," Kirk said. "Whatever else it is, it's a mammal, and I'd say it's a safe bet it's female."

McCoy glanced up at the captain. "Can't be bothered with details," he muttered, and wheeled the stretcher out of the transporter room.

She was very tall and thin except for a slightly bulging stomach, so tall, in fact, that her feet hung over the end of the examination table. Her eyes were too large for her face, by human standards, and her ears grew out of the top of her head, like a cat. Beneath the fur her skin was a pale violet, freckled with a rash of darker violet spots. To McCoy's untrained vision, there was nothing obviously wrong with her, but for all he knew nearly every physical characteristic he'd noted was abnormal. When she failed to respond to any treatment he judged safe to give her (and that was little enough), he gave up in despair and called for Spock. "You'll have to try mind-meld," he said. "The diagnostic panel doesn't react to her at all, and I'm afraid to do anything drastic. But without help she may die. Maybe you can find out what's wrong."

Spock complied silently. Had the situation been reversed, and Spock been forced to ask McCoy's help, McCoy wouldn't have missed the opportunity to needle him about it. But Spock merely stared long and hard at the doctor, then set to work.

What he learned was not how to help the alien, but what it was that had trapped the Enterprise in this time; that was the thing uppermost in her mind. It was a machine (or electronic device; he couldn't be sure which), something her people had been experimenting with. But something had gone wrong, leaving her stranded on Earth in the 1970's with no one to help her and no way to return to her own time/place. When she had fallen ill



with the repairs still unfinished, she had, in desperation, sent out one last tight beam, randomly directed -- and with it she had caught the Enterprise.

Spock thought it was something Scotty could repair, so Kirk decided to send a landing party to find it. He would have gone himself, but McCoy wouldn't let him, because of his ankle. The only others on board were Scotty, Spock, McCoy, Uhura, and Chekov; everyone else had been on Earth either working or on leave when the time-shift occurred. Spock and McCoy couldn't go, because they were both needed to care for the alien, and, with the communications equipment in its present condition, Uhura was the only one who could be certain they wouldn't lose contact with the landing party. So Scotty and Chekov were elected.

Spock drew diagrams of the warning devices they'd run into, and within an hour they were in the shuttlecraft, on their way to Earth. The Enterprise was in a high orbit, just inside the moon; they'd complained, in their own time, because there were no nearer orbits available. Now they were grateful; distance was their only defense against discovery. The shuttle had no such defense. All they could do was hope their shield would confuse any radar they came in range of.

As they started down, Chekov had difficulty containing his excitement. On two previous occasions the Enterprise had orbited Earth in an earlier time period than her own, and Spock, Kirk, and McCoy had all at one time or another actually gone Earthside in earlier time periods, but Chekov had never dared hope he might ever have that opportunity. Now it was arrived, he had trouble believing it.

Scotty, on the other hand, was his usual imperturbable self. As long as nothing was threatening his precious engines, there wasn't much that excited him, at least visibly.

Until they were quite near, the trip was uneventful. They came in under the radar Spock had noted, and under cover of dark so they were unlikely to be spotted from the ground. All Chekov could see in the viewscreen was an unchanging vista of green, rolling hills. "If one old-fashioned airplane passes overhead," he said thoughtfully, "they'll spot us, won't they? We'd cause a lot of confusion at the nearest Security Base."

"They weren't called Security Bases in the seventies," began Scotty, but his voice broke off, and whatever else he might have meant to say was lost. There was an ancient vessel, dead ahead, collision course -- It had risen unexpectedly from the ground while Scotty was speaking, and he cursed himself for negligence as he reached for the controls. He should have caught some sensor-warning of the thing -- It was almost upon them, and he

could see the bewildered pilot staring through glass walls at the apparition converging with his vehicle. An early helicopter, he thought with detached fascination, and shouted aloud, "We'll have to dive! Hang on!"

The pilot of the helicopter was too startled to react; it was up to Scotty to avoid collision. There wasn't time to try to pull into a turn. They were too close to the vessel, and closing fast. His only hope was a power dive. Once they'd gone under the other vessel, maybe he could pull the shuttle back up. If not -- Well, it had been a nice life, while it lasted.

He sent the shuttle diving toward the ground. They missed the helicopter with inches to spare, and Scotty caught one fleeting glimpse of the pilot still sitting frozen at his controls, mouth open, watching the shuttle. Then he was out of sight, above and behind them, and Scotty was fighting for control, trying to bring the shuttle back up.

Chekov grasped the edge of his seat with one hand and stared at the viewscreen. Scenery raced past, too blurred to recognize -- Maybe water, then something green, tumbling and green, and he had one short instant in which to realize they'd never make it; one instant to know this was the last he'd see, and to realize the irony -- To die on his home planet before he was born --

There was a bump, a jarring thunder of contact, and Chekov's world dissolved in crashing agony, and he knew he must be dead.

There was a period of darkness, he never knew how long. It must have been only seconds, because when he opened his eyes again, Scotty hadn't even had time to turn around.

"Chekov," he was saying. "You all right?"

Chekov stared at the screen, saw they were still in motion, and realized Scotty must have saved them at the last moment. There must not even have been much damage to the shuttle; she rode as smoothly as ever, the only sign of her near crash being the beads of sweat on Scotty's forehead --

And the tearing pain in Chekov's ribs. He put one arm across them and looked at Scotty. He had about ten seconds to realize what his answer must be, before Scotty asked again.

"Chekov, are you all right?"

"Yes," he said, forcing his voice steady. "Just shaken. How's the shuttle?" That should prompt a long enough answer from Scotty to give him a moment to recover.

It did. Scotty cursed the helicopter pilot for risking both the shuttle and his own vessel, either of which was more important than the lives of its passengers, if one were to believe the way Scotty talked. But Chekov wasn't listening. He was breathing, very shallowly and carefully, because anything more strenuous brought terrible pain, and he was thinking, hard and fast.



Not that there was any real choice. If Scotty took time to take the shuttle back up to the Enterprise, to get Chekov to McCoy's attention, it meant that much more time during which someone on Earth might notice the Enterprise. Worse, it meant two extra trips through the Earth's atmosphere, through all the warning devices, the radar, and the threat of bombs. Not to mention the chance of further accidents such as had just occurred. The odds had been against them in the first place. They didn't have a chance if they went back now.

He wasn't choosing to be brave. He had often thought he was as brave as the next guy, and had daydreamed situations in which he could prove it. But he was young, and he had never really realized that bravery was more often sordid and painful than glamorous, and that it was seldom planned for in advance. Now that the time had come for him to prove his courage, he was unaware of it. He only knew that the lives of his friends and the safety of the Enterprise depended upon his silence, and that, hurt and frightened as he was, he must conceal it.

"We'll bring her down here," Scotty was saying. "These trees should hide us, and it looks like an isolated place. Hang on, Chekov; this'll be rough. I'm going to bring her right down between a couple of big trees, then try to work her in under some cover before we settle down. Happen we'll hit some underbrush on the way."

Chekov braced himself, wondering dully what had ever prompted him to want to come along on this trip.

On the Enterprise, Captain Kirk was hobbling awkwardly back and forth across the bridge, worrying. He stopped beside Uhura's console when McCoy called him on the intercom.

"Jim," said McCoy, "I've got an emergency down here. Can you spare Uhura for half an hour or so?"

"If I have to," said Kirk doubtfully. "What is it, Bones? Where's Spock?"

"He's on his way to the bridge," said McCoy. "Right now Uhura could be a lot more help to me. Our alien friend is about to have a baby. Or babies, if my suspicions are correct."

"Babies!" sputtered Kirk. He nodded to Uhura, who had stopped in front of the elevator doors and was looking back at him for approval. "She's on her way, Bones," said Kirk, switching off the intercom. A moment later the elevator doors opened again, and Spock stepped out.

"Captain," he said, "I believe I've learned something about the problem we're dealing with."

"Tell Scotty," said Kirk, gesturing toward Uhura's console.

Spock stopped in front of the console and stood still for a moment with his eyes closed. "Odd," he said, and shook his head, then looked at the console and punched the proper buttons to contact the shuttle. "Mr. Scott," he said, and went on without waiting for acknowledgement. "The device you are looking for should be about six feet square, situated in an outbuilding on a farm near your present location. You should find the device not entirely unfamiliar." He stopped, closed his eyes again, swayed, and put one hand on the edge of Uhura's console for support.

"Spock, what is it?" asked Kirk.

"Very odd," said Spock, opening his eyes. "I'm not entirely certain, Captain. Mr. Scott, the device should be composed of ordinary electronic components. The schematic will be unfamiliar, but I believe you will find it is only a matter of viewpoint...." His voice trailed off and he closed his eyes again, swaying dangerously.

"Spock!" Kirk dropped his crutches to grab Spock's shoulders, staring into the expressionless Vulcan face. "Spock, what is it, man? Are you sick?"

"I believe I am," Spock said weakly.

"Sit down," Kirk ordered, turning Uhura's chair toward Spock, who promptly fell more than sat in it.

"Mr. Scott," persisted Spock, his voice very weak, almost a whisper. "A faulty -- part -- " He struggled desperately,

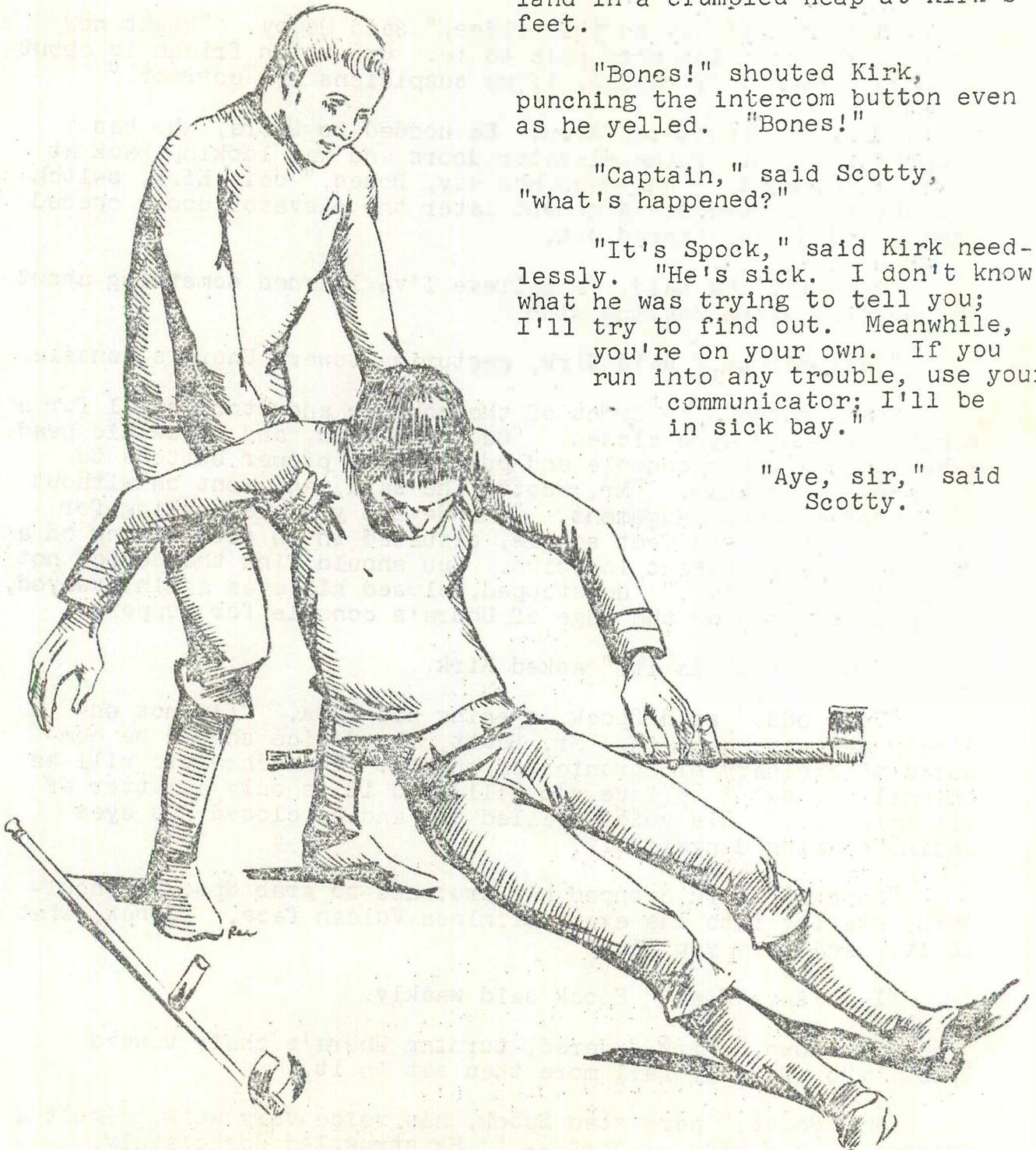
knowing the meagre information he had could be vital, but weakness overcame him. He collapsed, toppling off Uhura's chair to land in a crumpled heap at Kirk's feet.

"Bones!" shouted Kirk, punching the intercom button even as he yelled. "Bones!"

"Captain," said Scotty, "what's happened?"

"It's Spock," said Kirk needlessly. "He's sick. I don't know what he was trying to tell you; I'll try to find out. Meanwhile, you're on your own. If you run into any trouble, use your communicator; I'll be in sick bay."

"Aye, sir," said Scotty.



Kirk quickly made the necessary adjustments on Uhura's console to assure that Scotty and Chekov could reach him, then hobbled toward the elevator, dragging Spock.

"What is it, Jim?" asked McCoy on the intercom.

"Spock," said Kirk shortly, raising his voice to carry to the intercom. "I'm bringing him down."

Scotty and Chekov found their objective with little trouble. It was in a small, shed-like building on the edge of a clearing, and there was a farmhouse less than a hundred yards away in the same clearing. But the night was dark, and there was no one in sight, so they made for the outbuilding with no hesitation. On the way, Scotty pulled out his communicator and signalled the ship.

"Kirk here," said the captain tiredly.

"Sir, how's Mr. Spock?" asked Scotty.

"Not good," said Kirk. "Bones is with him now. How are you coming?"

"We've located the building," said Scotty. "Be inside in a minute."

"I wish we knew what Spock was trying to tell you," said Kirk.

"We'll manage, Captain," said Scotty confidently. "If it's a machine, I can fix it, and I dinna care who built it."

"I imagine you can, Scotty," said Kirk. "Okay, carry on. I'm going to bed now -- Doctor's orders --" He grimaced, and though Scotty couldn't see him, his tone was enough to make the engineer smile. "And, barring unforeseen incidents, I won't be talking to you again for several hours. Lt. Uhura's here if you need anyone. I guess there's nothing more to say, except -- Good luck, both of you."

There was one small window in the outbuilding; Scotty found an old tarpaulin to cover it, and went back to the door to try the light switch he'd noticed. He didn't really expect anything to happen when he tried it, but they were in luck. A single dim yellow bulb sprang to life overhead, giving them a clear view of the dusty room and, in its center, a black plastic box about six feet square.

"That'll be it," said Scotty. He unfastened the toolbelt he wore while Chekov approached the box. It had seemed to Scotty a time or two on their way here from the shuttle that Chekov was acting a little odd, but he hadn't been able to pinpoint quite why he thought so, and now the ensign seemed perfectly normal as he walked to the far side of the box and looked at it, then at Scotty.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "There's a panel off back here, and it looks just like Uhura's equipment inside. It doesn't look like something built by aliens."

"Spock said it wouldn't," said Scotty, coming around the side of the thing to look in. To his more experienced eye, the inside of it didn't look quite so familiar. "Aye, and will ye look at that," he whispered, all their other problems forgotten for the moment. "Alien or no, that's as pretty a piece of equipment as I've set eyes on." He settled promptly down to work.

There wasn't much for Chekov to do. For the manyeth time he wondered why he had wanted to come along, and further, why he'd been sent, since he was so useless now he was here. It appeared the only thing he could do for Scotty was to keep his injury a secret long enough for the engineer to get his work done. That in itself was becoming increasingly difficult. He settled miserably down against a packing crate, trying to make himself small so Scotty would continue to forget him, and closed his eyes.

When the door slid cautiously open hours later, Chekov was sound asleep against his packing crate, and Scotty was deeply immersed in his work. He had his communicator in one hand and a screwdriver in the other, and was peering intently into the box. "All right, Lieutenant," he said, "but if you're right about that one, then what about this connection? the one just to the right that I mentioned before."

He didn't hear her answer, however; he slammed the communicator shut and put it down, reaching for his phaser: his eyes had caught a hint of motion at the door. "Chekov," he whispered harshly.

Chekov scabbled to his feet, phaser in hand, staring first at Scotty and then at the door. It slid further open -- another six inches. Chekov could see the moon-white of a bare hand on the knob -- Just as he realized, with knee-shaking relief, what he was seeing, the watcher spoke.

"I'm sorry," she said, stepping carefully into the room through the narrow crack and shutting the door behind her. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I only wanted to see who was here now." She was a little girl, at most seven years old, maybe



four and a half feet tall, with braids hanging lank across her shoulders and wide, innocent brown eyes sparkling with laughter. "Are you friends of the Velvet Lady?" she asked. "She said somebody would come. She's going to have babies, did you know that? But she got sick, and she wouldn't let me tell Daddy. Are you going to fix her gritch? Is she all right now? Where are you from?"

"Hold on, lass," said Scotty, sheepishly pushing his phaser back in its place under his belt. "You're going too fast."

"What's your name?" asked the little girl, staring seriously up at him. "Mine's Jane."

"Mine's Scotty," grinned the engineer.

"What's yours?" asked Jane, turning to Chekov.

"Ensign Chekov," he said.

"No, I mean your name," she said. "Not the official part. Are you in the Navy? Daddy was, once."

"No," he said.

"But what's your name?" she insisted.

"Oh," he said, carefully sitting on the packing crate he'd been leaning against. "It's Pavel."

"Pavel?" she asked, staring at him. "That's an unusual name, isn't it?" Her tone was very serious, and he smiled at her.

"Not in Russia," he said.

She took two steps backward and examined him, then looked at Scotty, then back at Chekov. "Are you a Russian?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Sure," he said, puzzled.

"Oh," she said, and watched him for a moment. "I thought they were, you know, different." She was clearly awed that he

was Russian, but more than a little disappointed that he was so ordinary in appearance. "Are you a commie?"

"A what?" he asked, frowning.

"Communist," said Scotty, settling back to work. "This is the 1970's."

"Oh, yeah," said Chekov. "No, I'm not exactly a communist," he told her.

"Oh," she said. That was even more disappointing. She turned back to Scotty. "Oh, well," she said. "Are you going to fix the Velvet Lady's gritch?"

"If you mean this thing, I hope so," Scotty said fervently, glancing up from his work. He had the communicator open again, and had explained the interruption to Uhura. "Did you know the Velvet Lady?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Jane. "She was my friend. She came right after I had the measles -- Susie's got them now, you know -- and I used to talk to her a lot, sometimes. Where are you from?"

"Well," said Scotty slowly, "I don't think we can tell you that."

"Oh," said Jane. "Secret, huh? That's what the Velvet Lady said at first, but then she decided it didn't matter 'cause even if I told, nobody would believe me. Don't you want me to promise, then?"

"Promise what?" asked Scotty.

"Not to tell my mommy, or my daddy, or Susie, or even Snicker -- That's what the Velvet Lady said, but Snicker's only a dog. I promise, if you want."

Scotty sorted the sentence for a moment, then agreed the promise was a good idea, and turned back to his work.

"But what does Pavel mean?" Jane asked Chekov.

"You mean in English?" he asked. "It means Paul."

"Well," she said, "I'm going to call you Paul." And she proceeded to do so, through a long conversation that involved mostly a lot of questions he couldn't or didn't dare answer, and a long string of hopelessly jumbled information about Jane, her family, her dog, and the Velvet Lady.

"Won't your parents be worried about you staying out alone at night?" he asked at last.

"It's morning," said Jane in surprise.

Chekov stared at her, then stood up to walk to the window. When he straightened he felt suddenly dizzy, and flashing darkness swirled before his eyes, but he forced himself to cross the room steadily, then stood for a long time clutching the window-sill before he could see clearly enough to pull back the tarp and look outside.

Jane watched him for a moment, then silently approached Scotty and tapped him on the shoulder. "Is Paul sick?" she whispered.

Scotty looked up, startled, and it took him a moment to figure out what she was talking about. "Chekov?" he asked, and she nodded. "Oh, um, why do you ask?" He looked past her at Chekov, who was standing by the window looking out. In the cold, clear light of morning streaming past the dirty tarp, Chekov's face looked pasty white, and there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

"You see?" demanded Jane, still whispering. "'Cause he looks sick, that's why. Is he?"

"What was that?" said Kirk's voice from the communicator.

Chekov, who had heard Jane and knew the captain must have heard her too, turned anxiously toward Scotty. "Don't tell him," he begged. "Please, Scotty -- Please -- " He was still clinging to the windowsill, his knees beginning to bend and tremble. In a moment, he was going to collapse, if Scotty didn't catch him.

"Be back with you in a moment, Captain," he told his communicator, then dropped it, and started across the room.

"Scotty," said Chekov. "We can't go back now -- I'll be all right. If you tell the captain, we'll have to go back, and we can't -- Please -- don't -- " With an involuntary moan he gave up and closed his eyes. He had one last instant in which to realize he was falling before the darkness overwhelmed him.

It took Scotty only a moment to find the trouble; Chekov's ribcage was a swollen, angry red, and it was Scotty's guess that more than one of the ribs were broken. "Oh, lad," he muttered tenderly, "why didn't you say somethin'?" Then he remembered the promise Chekov had begged for, and settled back on his heels in surprise. "Well," he said softly, almost wonderingly. "I'm ashamed to say, I wouldna hae guessed it of ye, lad."

"What's the matter with him, Scotty?" asked Jane.

Scotty looked up at her, and stood up slowly. "He's broken some ribs," he said absently. Chekov had surprised him, trying to hide his injury so they wouldn't have to go back, and he almost wanted to do as the ensign suggested, and refuse to tell Captain Kirk. But broken ribs were nothing to play games with. No, he'd have to tell the captain, and they'd have to go back. Otherwise, Chekov might die. Maybe there'd be some way to get back to Earth once Chekov was safely aboard the Enterprise. Maybe. Dully, he picked up his communicator and reported to the captain.

"All right," said Kirk. "That does it. Get him back here."

"Aye, sir," said Scotty. Silently he closed the communicator and stuck it back in his belt.

"Do you have to go now?" asked Jane, tugging at his arm for attention. "Do you have to go away?"

"Aye, lassie, that we do," said Scotty. He was exhausted; he had worked all night, and he'd had nothing to eat since the day before. Now that there was nothing left to do but return to the ship and hope they'd be able to come back, he realized for the first time how tired and hungry he was.

"Won't you be able to fix the gritch, then?" asked Jane. "Will you come back? Will someone else come? You have to fix the gritch; the Velvet Lady told me so. She won't ever be able to go home, if you don't fix it!"

"Aye, lassie, I know that," said Scotty, crossing the room to bend over Chekov. "And neither will we, I'm afraid."

"But won't you come back?"

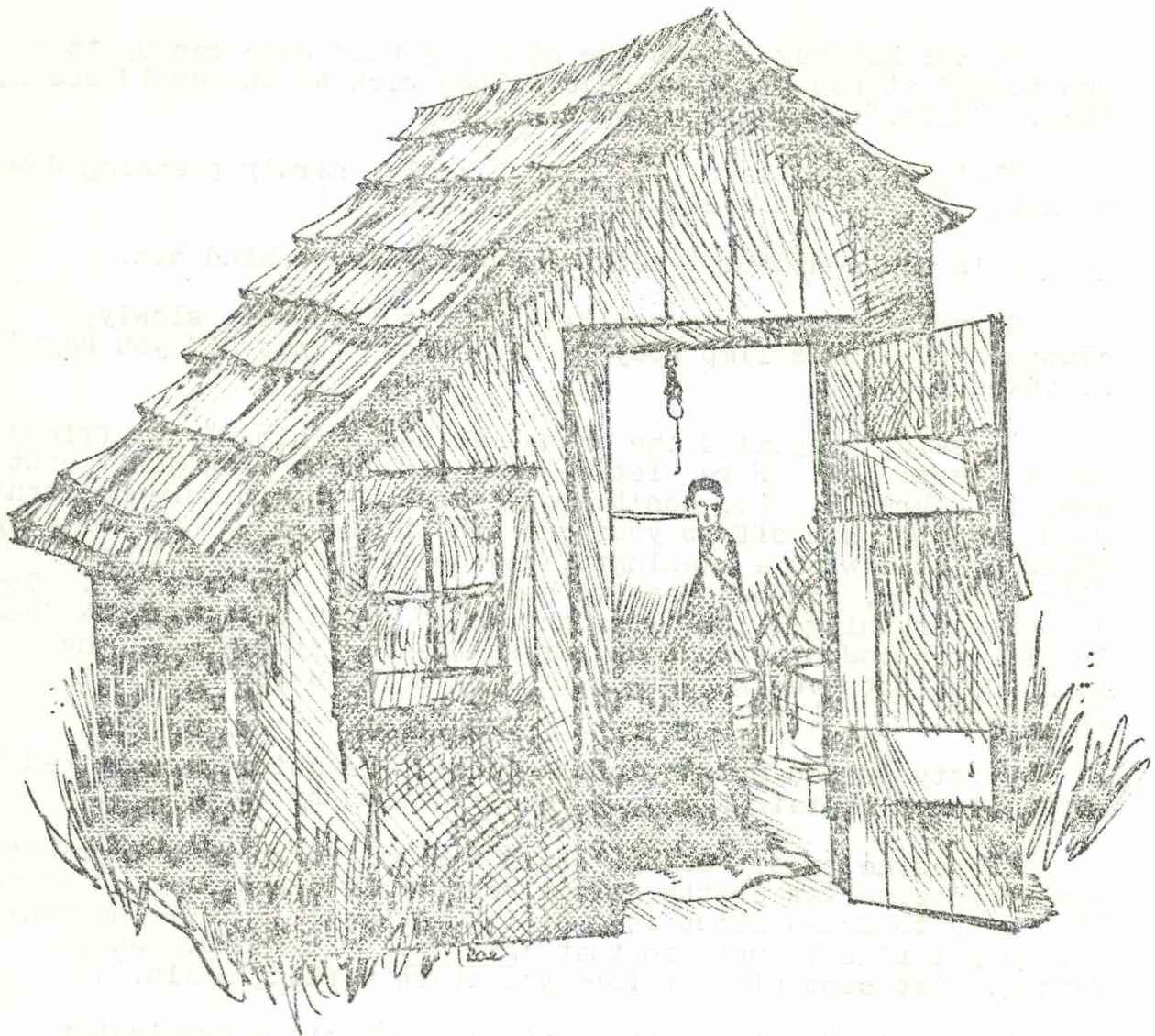
"I dinna know if we can," said Scotty.

"Then don't go," begged Jane. "Please, don't go. The Velvet Lady wants her husband! You can't just leave!"

"We have to," said Scotty. "Likely we should have gone before this, and would've, if I weren't a blind fool. Chekov -- Paul -- needs a doctor, lass. He's bad hurt."

"Is that all you need?" asked Jane, stepping back to stare at him with her hands on her hips. "Just a doctor?"

He glanced at her, then picked up Chekov in his arms. The ensign was a surprisingly light load. Scotty was suddenly over-



whelmed with remorse. He should have paid attention. He should have made sure Chekov was all right after their near crash -- And taken him back to the ship right then. "Aye, lass," he said absently. "Just a doctor. I'm sorry, Jane. Sorrier than you know. But we have to go, all the same."

She stared at him for an instant longer, then whirled and raced out the door. He looked after her for a moment, puzzled, then shrugged and crossed the room with Chekov in his arms, used one foot to shove the door open, and followed her out into the sunlight. He didn't think about who might see him carrying his pitiful load across the clearing, and if he had thought, he wouldn't have cared. The only thing he cared about now was getting Chekov to Dr. McCoy, and hoping he'd done no damage by not having taken him back sooner.

He was halfway across the clearing when Jane ran up to him and tugged at his arm, her head tilted back so she could see his face. "Wait," she said. "Wait, Scotty."

"It's no use, lass," he said tiredly, hardly glancing down at her. "Canna you see? He needs a doctor."

"He's got a doctor," said an adult voice behind him.

Scotty froze in mid-stride, then turned very slowly, clutching Chekov's limp body in his arms. "What did you say?" he asked weakly.

"I said," repeated the young man beside him, "your friend has a doctor now. Here, let me take him. You look just about done in yourself. No, don't argue; you'll do him more harm than good, lugging him off to your own doctor God knows how far away." (This he said with a meaningful glance at Scotty's uniform.) "I'm a doctor, and he needs me now; any fool can see that. Come along; everything'll be all right now." With that he took Chekov in his arms and started back across the clearing toward the farmhouse, not even bothering to look back to see if Scotty followed.

Scotty pulled out his communicator and quickly explained the situation to Captain Kirk, while Jane stood by watchfully.

"Do as he says, Scotty," said Kirk. "He's probably right. Their medicine was pretty primitive, but he's nearer than we are. I'll talk to Bones about it, but I think he'll agree. Meanwhile, you've got time to work on that 'gritch.' Go ahead. And, Scotty. Get some sleep before you start working again."

"Aye, sir," said Scotty, putting away his communicator.

"Are you mad 'cause I broke my promise?" asked Jane.

Scotty looked down at her and smiled, taking her hand. "No, lass," he said, "I'm not angry. I'm glad." They started out after her father. "How much did you tell him?" asked Scotty after a moment, remembering the doctor's meaningful glance at his uniform.

"Oh, just that you were strangers here, and needed a doctor," Jane said innocently. Sometimes she sounded much older than she looked. "I knew he'd help you; he's a very helping person, really. And I knew he'd be all excited when he saw you. He reads science fiction books. So he'll think you're from Outer Space, maybe. Unless you tell him."

"Tell him what?" asked Scotty.

"Where you're from," said Jane.

Scotty decided he didn't want to know where she thought he was from. Instead, he asked, "What's science fiction?"

"Books about Outer Space," said Jane, without looking up at him. "And about the Future," she added a moment later. "Daddy reads a lot of stuff like that. Mommy says it's silly, but Daddy likes it."

Twenty-four hours later Scotty and Uhura, working together with the help of the communicator and tricorder, had found what was wrong with the gritch. Understanding the gritch was, as Spock had said, a matter of one's point of view; if they looked at it as a human invention it was ridiculous, and it defied half the laws they understood to be involved. But when they tried to consider an alien viewpoint and keep open minds about it even when it seemed to contradict something they'd known practically from childhood, they discovered the problem and removed the faulty part: a common, garden-variety resistor.

"That's it," said Scotty. "I'll bet you."

"It's no bet," said Uhura. "I agree with you."

So they sent Jane's father to town to buy a replacement; he insisted it was no trouble. He hadn't asked where Scotty and Chekov came from and hadn't mentioned having come to any conclusions of his own on the matter, but he did say he was certain Scotty would betray himself over some simple matter if he tried to go to town himself, and he watched first with puzzlement, then amusement, both Scotty and Chekov's reactions to ordinary things like cigarette smoking. He didn't say anything even then, but his eyes twinkled with silent laughter, and Scotty saw him more than once eyeing the Space Service insignia on his uniform with an air of speculation.

Once Scotty had got the new resistor soldered into place, however, they were still stymied; they thought they understood the principal of the thing now, but neither of them was willing to say he understood it well enough to try the controls. They decided to wait, either for the alien to get well enough to explain the controls, or for Spock to get well enough to find out if they were right. But neither Spock nor the alien showed any signs of recovering.

On the Enterprise, Dr. McCoy spent hours walking back and forth in sick bay from one bed to the other, looking first at Spock's swollen face and then at the alien and her babies, then turning away helplessly and cursing.

"It's not your fault, Bones," said Captain Kirk, who was able to refrain from the same helpless pacing and cursing only because of the pain of his sprained ankle. "If there's nothing you can do here, maybe you ought to talk to Chekov. Or that doctor of his. Maybe you can do something there."

"Sure," said McCoy. "Long-distance physician, with a primitive witch doctor to use for eyes and hands. Oh, well, you're probably right. There's nothing I can do for these two, anyway."

"They'll be all right," said Kirk.

"Who's the doctor around here now?" snapped McCoy, and forced a tired smile. "Oh, hell, Jim, I'm sorry. You're probably right. Let's go." He sighed and meekly followed Kirk to the bridge.

"I'm all right, Dr. McCoy," Chekov told him, but McCoy growled.

"I don't want your opinion, Ensign," he said. "I want to talk to your witch doctor. Give him your communicator."

"All right," Chekov said doubtfully. "Dr. Corley? Um, my, um, ship's doctor wants to talk to you."

Dr. Corley had never seen one of the communicators in use before, and he accepted it with interest. "Of course," he said, "I'd think he would. I must look like a barbarian to him. How can I help?"

"I want you to describe Ensign Chekov's injuries in detail, Dr. Corley," said McCoy.

Corley jumped when the voice first came from the communicator, then smiled to himself, still watching the little device in his hand. "Of course," he said. "I believe Paul said your name was McCoy, Doctor? I wonder if you'd mind telling me -- What's the effective range of this transceiver? It's fascinating -- I've never seen one this small before. Not with a range over ten yards or so."

"I'm no engineer," grumbled McCoy. "It's about a parsec or two, I suppose." The information was incorrect, but Chekov, watching Dr. Corley's expression, smiled to himself and decided not to bother telling him the truth.

To Captain Kirk's mild surprise, McCoy and Corley made friends quite quickly over Chekov's injured ribs, and soon had a lively conversation going which Kirk didn't bother to follow. It seemed to be something on the order of Diseases I Have Known and Loved. It was about ten minutes later that McCoy suddenly shouted, "Measles!"

"Yes," agreed Dr. Corley, frowning at the communicator. "They both had them. Susie's just getting over them now. It's not an uncommon...." His voice trailed off. "Or is it?" he asked speculatively.

But McCoy wasn't listening. "Oh, no," he was saying. "Oh, no. Captain, I recommend you transfer me to a rest home at the earliest opportunity. I am ready for retirement. You need a good doctor on this ship. I'm getting old. Maybe I'm senile. Measles." The rest of his words were lost as the elevator doors closed behind him.

The diagnosis was correct. Tiny green spots had already begun breaking out on Spock's face and body, but McCoy hadn't realized what they must mean; measles was a nearly forgotten disease, the cure and prevention both having been discovered long ago, and the incubation period should have been much longer. But of course that was because Spock was Vulcan. He would react quite differently than a human, and it was quite conceivable the disease could have progressed to this stage in only a few hours, especially since Spock had lowered his physical resistance when he had performed mind-meld with the alien.

And the disease was curable. All he had to do was give Spock one shot, and within twelve hours the symptoms would be gone. Quite possibly, the cure would be just as simple with the alien, though he'd be taking a bit of a chance there. Still, it wasn't an unreasonable gamble, and there wasn't much else he could do.

The gamble paid off. Twelve hours later the alien was well enough to tell Scotty how to use the controls of the gritch, and Spock was back on the bridge, leaving Uhura free to help McCoy and the alien with the three tiny purple velvet babies in sick bay.

The alien told them someone would have to stay on Earth to operate the gritch, but that the device would take whoever stayed as well as the Enterprise back to their own time. It was decided that since McCoy and Dr. Corley agreed Chekov should move as little as possible, he should be the one to stay behind to operate the gritch and say goodbye to the Corleys while Scotty brought the shuttle back to the Enterprise. The alien couldn't promise they would return to exactly the moment they had left; she couldn't describe the use of the controls that well and could only guarantee accuracy of that sort if she were herself operating them. But she did promise that they would miss their objective by a few hours at the most (a few hours "after" they left, not "before," since "before" would cause complications only an experienced operator would know how to handle).

While they waited for Scotty to arrive, Kirk spent his time talking to the alien, from whom he learned that, although no one in the Federation had ever met anyone of her people before, they shared the same time. The gritch was capable of carrying things through space as well as time, which was how the alien had happened to end up on Earth in the seventies. In spite of his objections she assured him that her people would be very grateful for the assistance he and his crew had rendered, and she more or less promised they'd join the Federation, which meant that Space Service would be quite pleased with the Enterprise's unexpected journey.

When they were safely back in their own time, Kirk called Sulu again. "You were supposed to report for duty, Mister," he grinned. "What happened?"

"That's what we'd like to know," interrupted the official in whose office Kirk had found Sulu.

"The full report is in the log," said Kirk. "When you've read it, I'll try to fill in any empty spaces. Meanwhile, Sulu, I want you to pick up Chekov at

these co-ordinates"

(he gave them)

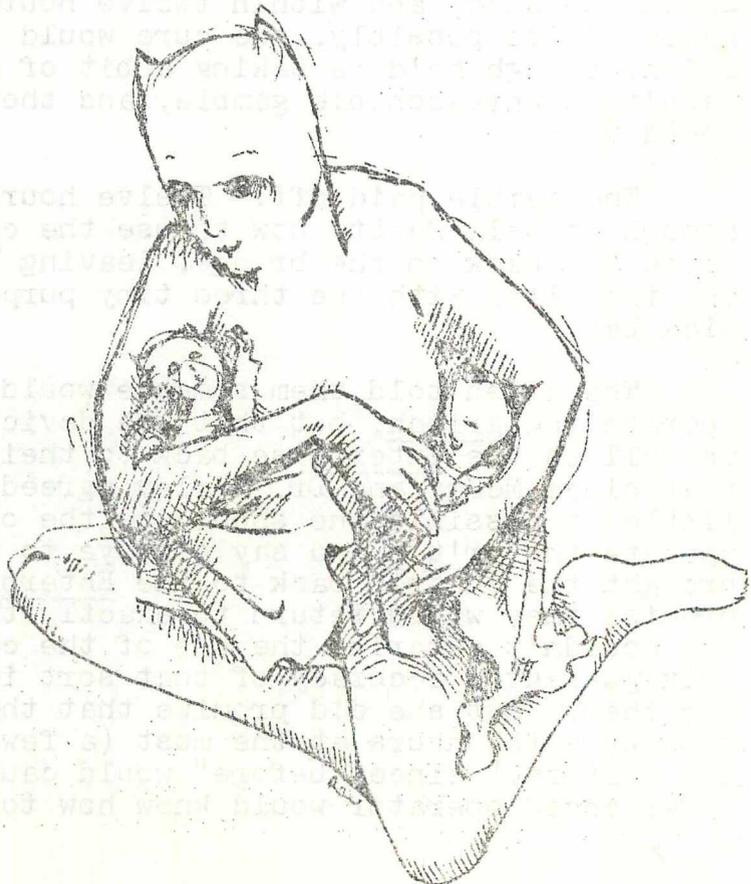
"and Nurse

Chapel at these.

We have some babies here she can help care for till their parents get together again and get everything straightened out."

"Babies!" exclaimed Sulu, but Kirk grinned and went on talking.

"Chekov can fill you in on what happened on the way back up," he said, "and when you get here I'm sure there will be people willing to tell you anything he might have missed. Kirk out."



Scotty was standing behind Kirk on the bridge, looking at Spock. "Measles," he was saying. "But that's a children's disease, isn't it? You mean it was a children's disease you caught, that gave us all that extra work? Why, we had to go through that entire device one step at a time, when you could have told us just what was wrong if you hadna come down with measles!"

Spock was staring stonily at his instruments, and Kirk thought irreverently that if he'd been human he would have been blushing. But for once, it was Dr. McCoy who came to Spock's rescue.

"Better keep quiet, Scotty," grinned McCoy, "or I won't give you this shot, and you'll find out what that 'children's disease' feels like."

"Aye, sir," said Scotty sheepishly, holding still for the shot.

Assorted Plugs

Adrienne LeVine, 3671 Bedford Avenue Brooklyn NY 11229, is reprinting Pat Zotti's Voyages #1 (McCoy-zine). It will cost \$1.55/copy.

Bjo Trimble, 696 South Bronson Avenue, LA CA 90005, is running a Futuristic Design Costume Contest for Equicon, and she and her husband John are running an Art Show for the same. For contest and show rules, send a stamped envelope to her. Deadline for design entries is February 15, 1973, and deadline for art show entries is April 19, 1973. For further information on Equicon (April 20-April 22, 1973), send a stamped envelope to Cheryl Etchison, 5517 $\frac{1}{4}$ Fernwood Avenue LA CA 90028. (Equicon will feature chiefly ST material.) The Trimbles publish the ST Concordance (Of People Places & Things, in seasons one and two); copies are \$5.00 (checks payable to John Griffin Trimble).

Carol Lynn, 11524 Nashville Detroit MI 48205, and Debbie Goldstein, are editing a series of Kraith Collected. #1 is now available and costs \$3.00/copy. It contains Jacqueline Lichtenberg's Kraith stories I, II, and III (reprinted from T-N), as well as articles and stories by her which fit into the series and are reprinted from a variety of sources, also my "The Dis-affirmed" (reprinted from T-N) and stories by Anna Mary Hall, Doris Beetem, and Pat Zotti.

Lawndale Press, West Franklin NH 03235, makes up "2-color stickers" (blue type, red border) to order -- any message of up to 4 lines (approx. 40 spaces/line). \$1.25/1000, 500/75¢, or 250/45¢.

ASSORTED OLD TELEVISION CREDITS
chiefly by Joyce Muskat

((Joyce Muskat had access to a large stock of TV Guides, and went through making a list of the credits of the ST cast. I've added a few entries to her list from information sent in by Regina Gottesman and from re-runs I've seen. Shows are listed by date of first broadcast or of first re-run, if available. If neither date is available, the show is listed under "syndicated" in alphabetical order. N: NBC. A: ABC. C: CBS. r: re-run. Show's name is in caps; episode's name, where available, is in quotes. Abbreviations describing role: L: lead, GL: guest lead, 2: second, SR: supporting role as guest, MR: minor role, C: Cameo.))

Gene Roddenberry wrote "The Lesson," TWO FACES WEST.

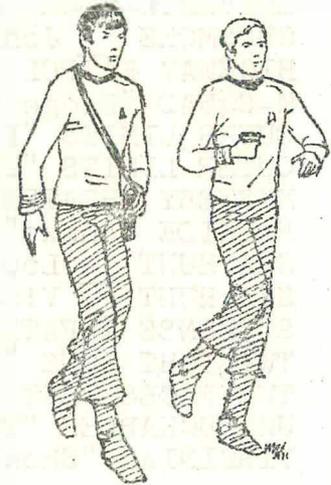
William Shatner

10-21-57 C STUDIO ONE "The Deaf Heart" Dr. Frank, L.
1-3-60 N THRILLER "The Hungry Glass" Gil Trasker, L.
10-28-60 C FAMILY CLASSICS "The Scarlet Pimpernel" Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, 2L.
6-13-61 N THRILLER "Grim Reaper" Paul Graves GL.
8-5-61 Nr PLAY OF THE WEEK "Night of the Auk" Lewis Rohnen, L.
1-3-62 C NURSES "A Difference of Years" Dr. Ken Houck, GL.
4-14-62 C DEFENDERS "Killer Instinct" Jim McCleery GL
8-1-62 Ar NAKED CITY "Portrait of a Painter" Roger Barmen, GL.
8-3-62 Cr TWILIGHT ZONE "Nick of Time" Don Carter, L.
11-22-62 C DEFENDERS "Invisible Badge" Charles Terranova, GL.
3-12-63 N DICK POWELL THEATER "Colossus" Eric Tegman, L.
3-21-63 C NURSES "A Question of Mercy" Dr. Adam Courtland, GL.
4-18-63 A PREMIERE "Million Dollar Hospital" Dr. William Grant, 2L.
10-11-63 C TWILIGHT ZONE "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" Bob Wilson, GL.
10-11-63 A 77 SUNSET STRIP "5" (4-parter) Paul De Vinger, C.
10-23-63 A CHANNING "Dragon in the Den" Tom Ericson, GL.
1-19-64 A ARREST AND TRIAL "Onward and Upward" Larry Tavener, GL.
6-27-64 C DEFENDERS "Uncivil War" Gil Rawson, GL.
11-24-64 N THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. "Project Strigas Affair"
Mike Dornfeld, GL.
12-11-64 N BOB HOPE CHRYSLER THEATER "The Shattered Glass"
David Vincent, L.
3-8-65 Cr LAMP UNTO MY FEET "The Cape" (2-parter) Dan Tallis, GL.
10-23-65 N THRILLER "The Hungry Glass" Gil, L.
11-5-65 12 O' CLOCK HIGH "I Am the Enemy" Major Kurt Brown, GL.
11-21-65 Cr INSIGHT "Locusts Have No Kings" Mike Burnett
12-7-65 A FUGITIVE "Stranger in the Mirror" Tony, GL.
3-2-66 N BOB HOPE CHRYSLER THEATER "Wind Fever" Dr. Ely Harris, L.

2-28-66 N DR. KILDARE "What Happened to All the Sunshine and
Roses?" (3-parter) Dr. Carl Noyes, 2L.
3-7-66 N DR. KILDARE "The Taste of Crow" Dr. Carl Noyes, 2L.
3-8-66 N DR. KILDARE "Out of a Concrete Tower" Dr. Carl
Noyes, 2L.

syndicated

ALFRED HITCHCOCK "Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?" John Crane, L.
BURKE'S LAW Arthur Reynolds, C.
GUNSMOKE "Quaker Girl" ____.
ONE STEP BEYOND "The Promise" Carl, L.
OUTER LIMITS "Cold Hands Warm Heart"
Jeff Barton, GL.
OUTLAWS "Starfall" (2-parter) Wayne
Gorham, GL.
NAKED CITY "Neither Stick Nor Sword" ____, GL.
ROUTE 66 "We Build Our Houses With Their
Backs to the Sea" Menemsha, GL.
STUDIO ONE "The Defenders" (2-parter, pilot
for DEFENDER series) ____, 2GL.
THEATER I "Legman" ____, L.



Leonard Nimoy

7-31-59 Ar MEN OF WEST POINT "His
Brother's Fists"
Tom Kennedy, GL.
4-17-58 N M-SQUAD "The Firemaker"
Ben Blacker, GL.
6-14-59 Nr 26 MEN "Long Trail Home" ____, GL.
4-17-61 N TALES OF THE WELLS FARGO "Something Pretty" Jim
Coleman, MR.
12-30-61 C GUNSMOKE Grice, SR.
1-3-62 C PERRY MASON "The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe"
Peter Chennery, SR.
3-20-62 N LARAMIE "The Hunt" Rex Catlin, SR.
3-21-62 N WAGON TRAIN "Baylor Crofcof Story" Emeterio Vasquez, MR.
6-2-62 Cr SEA HUNT wife-murderer Robert Tyler, GL.
5-25-63 Nr SAM BENEDICT "Twenty Aching Years" Joe Shatley, MR.
7-27-63 Cr SEA HUNT Johnny Brand, SR.
10-5-63 C SEA HUNT Indio, 2GL.
10-22-63 A COMBAT "The Wounded Don't Cry," Private Newmann, SR.
12-25-63 N VIRGINIAN "Man of Violence" (by John D.F. Black)
Wisner, MR.
2-29-64 N THE LIEUTENANT "In the Highest Tradition" Gregg
Saunders, 2GL.
4-22-64 N ELEVENTH HOUR "The Color of Sunset" Bart Pelco, SR.
11-24-64 N THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. "The Project Strigas Affair"
Vladeck, MR.
12-6-64 N PROFILES IN COURAGE "Trial of Richard T. Ely"
Burr Jones, SR.

11-17-65 N VIRGINIAN "Show Me A Hero" Keith Bently, SR
12-28-65 A COMBAT "The Raider" Private Baum, SR.
1-10-66 A SHENANDOAH "Run Killer Run" Del Hillman, 2GL.
1-13-66 N DANIEL BOONE "Seminole Territory" Oontah, SR.
1-22-66 N GET SMART ___ Stryker, 2GL.
3-8-66 REBEL "The Hunted" Jim Colburn, GL.
9-21-70 NET INDUSTRIAL DESIGN "Homes of the Future," narrator.

syndicated

COLT .45 Luke Reid, MR.
ELEVENTH HOUR "La Belle Indifference" Detective Cardell, MR.
GUNSMOKE ___ John Walking Horse, SR.
HIGHWAY PATROL ___ Harry Wells, GL.
M-SQUAD "Badge of Courage" Bob Nash, 2GL.
OUTER LIMITS "I, Robot" Judson Ellis, SR.
OUTER LIMITS "The Production and Decay of Strange Particles" Konig.
MYSTERY THEATER "Kill No More" Cowell, SR.
RAWHIDE "Annko" Annko, GL.
SEA HUNT ___ Louis Hoyo, SR.
SEA HUNT ___ Vince Porter, MR.
SUSPENSE THEATER "The World I Want" lawyer Bordy, MR.
TWILIGHT ZONE "A Quality of Mercy" radio operator.
TWO FACES WEST "Doctor's Orders" Johnny Collins.
UNTOUCHABLES "Takeover" Packy.
VIRGINIAN "Showdown" Benjamin Frome.

DeForest Kelley

2-15-58 N SILENT SERVICE "The Gar Story" ___, GL.
3-28-58 N M-SQUAD "Hideout" detective, MR.
3-24-58 A O'HENRY PLAYHOUSE "The Hiding of Black Bill" ___, 2L.
7-5-58 Cr GUNSMOKE ___ Will Bailey, 2GL.
7-25-59 Cr WANTED -- DEAD OR ALIVE ___ Steve Pax, SR.
8-30-59 C RICHARD DIAMOND ___ Sherriff, SR.
8-31-59 C FRONTIER JUSTICE "Shadow of a Dead Man" Logan
Wheeler, 2GL.
12-7-59 N RICHARD DIAMOND "The Adjustor" Ken Porter, 2GL.
1-2-60 N RIVERBOAT "Listen to the Nightingale" Alex Jeffords,
SR (on a riverboat named Enterprise).
4-19-61 N MIKE HAMMER "Bride and Room" Conroy, 2GL.
4-20-61 N AWARD THEATER "333 Montgomery" Jake Brittin, SR.
6-14-61 N JOHNNY MIDNIGHT "The Inner Eye" David Lawton, GL.
8-7-61 Nr TALES OF THE WELLS FARGO "Captain Scoville" Cole
Scoville, 2GL.
8-14-61 A ROUGH RIDERS ___ Lance, GL.
12-16-61 N SILENT SERVICE "The Archerfish Spits Straight"
Captain Joe Enright, GL.
12-16-61 C PERRY MASON "The Case of the Unwelcome Bride"
Peter Thorpe, SR.
12-29-61 C HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL ___ Deakin, SR.

2-5-62 N SILENT SERVICE "The Spearfish Delivers" ____, GL.
4-19-62 C ZANE GREY THEATER "Village of Fear" Prichard, GL.
6-6-62 C DEATH VALLEY DAYS "Breaking Point" Cullen, L.
12-25-62 N LARAMIE "Gun Duel" Bart Collins, SR.
1-25-63 A DEPUTY "The Means and the End" Farley Styles, GL.
8-24-63 N GALLANT MEN "A Taste of Peace" Col. Davenport, SR.
11-1-63 A 77 SUNSET STRIP "88 Bars" Phil Wingate, GL.
12-3-63 A STAGECOACH WEST "Image of a Man" Clay, SR.
12-25-63 N VIRGINIAN "Man of Violence" (by John D.F. Black),
Dr. Belden, MR.
12-7-64 C SLATTERY'S PEOPLE "Question: Which One Has the
Privilege?" Gregg Wilson, 2GL.
1-23-66 N BONANZA "Ride the Wind" (3-parter) Tully, SR.
6-18-66 Ar DONNA REED Williams, GL.
8-15-66 Ar SHENANDOAH "The Riley Brand" Egan, MR.
9-18-67 N POLICE STORY (unsold pilot by Roddenberry) lab chief
Green, SR.

syndicated

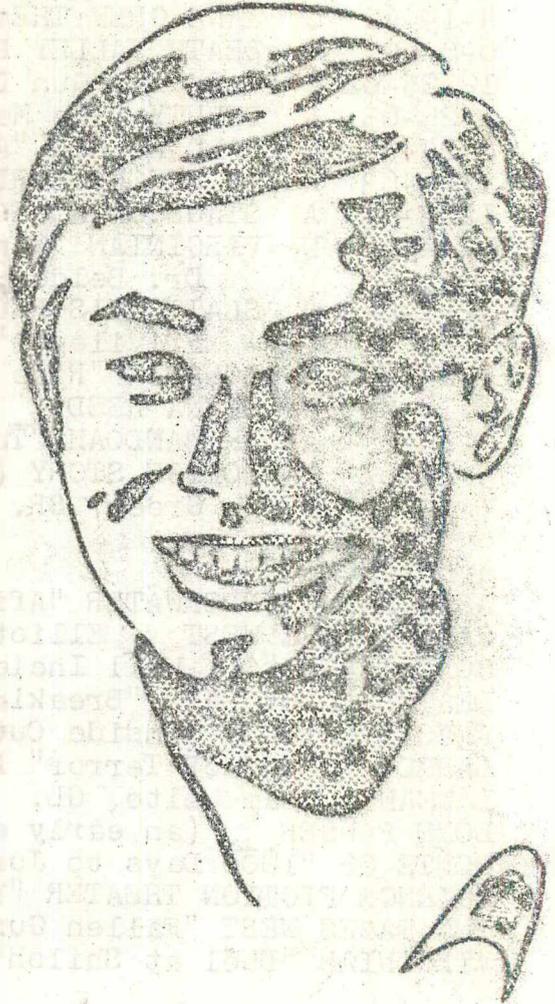
ASSIGNMENT UNDERWATER "Affair in Tokyo" ____, SR.
CALL OF THE WEST Elliott Webster, 2L.
CODE THREE "Oil Well Incident" ____, SR.
DEATH VALLEY DAYS "Breaking Point" Cullen, L.
FAVORITE STORY "Inside Out" John Ainslee, L.
LAREDO "Sound of Terror" Dr. David Ingram, 2GL.
LAWMAN Sam White, GL.
LONE RANGER (an early episode) Bob Kittridge.
ROUTE 66 "1800 Days to Justice" Bob Harcourt, 2GL.
SCIENCE FICTION THEATER "Y.O.R.D." doctor, 2L.
TWO FACES WEST "Fallen Gun" Verne Cleary.
VIRGINIAN "Duel at Shiloh" Ben Tully, SR.

James Doohan

3-20-60 A NEW BREED "The Deadlier Sex" Dr. Lennon, SR.
2-13-62 FIRST NIGHT "Here Lies Mrs. Moriarty" Haggerty, 2L.
9-28-62 C GUNSMOKE Davie, SR.
1-24-63 N HAZEL "Hazel's Highland Fling" Gordon MacHeath, 2GL.
1-30-63 N VIRGINIAN "The Man Who Couldn't Die" George
Mitchell, SR.
2-23-63 A GALLANT MEN Capt. Blagdon, GL.
2-27-63 FIRST NIGHT "Rehearsal for Invasion" ____, 2L.
3-5-63 N EMPIRE "A House in Order" Doctor, MR.
10-10-64 A OUTER LIMITS "Expanding Human" Lt. Branch, SR.
10-13-64 N THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. "The Shark" Capt. Mac-
Inernay, SR.
6-14-65 Ar BEN CASEY "A Disease of the Heart Called Love"
Dr. Watson, SR.
10-15-65 N CONVOY "Lady On the Rock" Lt. Wells, SR.
12-2-65 A BEWITCHED "A Strange Little Visitor" warlock Walter
Brocklen, GL.
5-9-66 A SHENANDOAH "Care of General Delivery" Cousin Howard, SR.
syndicated: VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA "Hail to the Chief"
Tobin.

George Takei

- 7-20-61 C ASSIGNMENT UNDER-
WATER "A Matter of Honor"
Kenji, GL.
- 8-8-62 Ar HAWAIIAN EYE "Thomas
Jefferson Chu" Thomas
Jefferson Chu, GL.
- 9-1-62 C PERRY MASON "The
Case of the Blushing
Pearls" Toma Sakai, MR.
- 10-18-63 A HAWAIIAN EYE "Sword
of the Samurai" Hiroshi, GL.
- 11-27-63 A HAWAIIAN EYE "Jade
Song" Yen Fu, 2GL.
- 5-1-64 C TWILIGHT ZONE "The
Encounter" Taro, 2L.
- 8-5-64 N ESPIONAGE "A Free
Agent" Peter, SR.
- 9-3-64 Ar MY THREE SONS "My
Fair Chinese Lady" Jimmy
Soo, SR.
- 11-21-65 A VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA "Silent Sabo-
teurs" Li Cheng, 2GL.
- 11-26-65 N MR. ROBERTS "Which
Way Did The War Go?" Lt.
Col. Tomo Tanaka, SR.
- 12-3-65 N MR. ROBERTS "Getting
There is Half the Fun"
Lt. Col. Tomo Tanaka, 2GL.
- 12-15-65 DEATH VALLEY DAYS
"The Book" Wong Lee.
- 2-13-66 N WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY Lt. Obako, SR.
- 3-2-66 N BOB HOPE CHRYSLER THEATER "Wind Fever" Fahn, MR.
- 5-22-66 N WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY Lt. Muko, SR.
- 6-23-66 Cr MY THREE SONS Won 'Tsu, SR.
syndicated: I SPY "The Barter" Yuze, SR.



Nichelle Nichols

- 2-9-62 C REPERTOIRE WORKSHOP "Ghost of Mr. Kicks" ____, 2L.
- 2-22-64 N LIEUTENANT "To Set It Right" (by Lee Erwin)
Norma Bartlett, SR.

Walter Koenig

- 7-7-64 Nr MR. NOVAK "Boy Without a Country" Alexsei Dubov, GL.
- 9-29-64 N MR. NOVAK "With a Hammer in His Hand, Lord Lord"
Jim Carsey, SR.
- 12-7-64 N LIEUTENANT "Mother Enemy" Sgr. John Daly, GL.
- 12-15-65 GIDGET ____, Gunnar, SR.

6-22-66 ALFRED HITCHCOCK "Memo from Purgatory" (by Harlan
Ellison) Tiger 2L
12-15-66 C JERICHO _____ Paul SR.

Majel Barrett

2-29-64 N LIEUTENANT "In the Highest Tradition" Ruth Donaldson SR
10-12-64 C MANY HAPPY RETURNS _____ Annabella GL
6-17-65 N DR. KILDARE "Love Is A Sad Song" Miss Watson MR
11-8-67 DIVORCE COURT _____ Virginia Howell SR
11-6-68 A HERE COME THE BRIDES "Lovers and Wanderers" Tessa GL
syndicated
LOVE ON A ROOFTOP "117 Ways to Cook Hamburgers" Girl SR

Grace Lee Whitney

7-21-61 Nr MICHAEL SHAYNE "Four Lethal Ladies" Ginny 2GL
12-18-61 C HENNESSEY _____ Wave Lt. SR
1-4-62 A 77 SUNSET STRIP "Falling Stars" Binnie Clark SR
9-7-62 Ar ROARING 20'S "Another Time Another War" Ginger GL
10-24-62 N DEATH VALLEY DAYS "Last Shot" _____ GL
5-14-63 Ar UNTOUCHABLES "Line of Fire" Fran SR
1-13-64 A OUTER LIMITS "Controlled Experiment" Carol Duveen 2GL
1 7/14-64N WALT DISNEY "Way Down Cellar" (2 parter) Velma MR
7 8-64 DEATH VALLEY DAYS _____ Della 2L
8-21-64 Ar BAT MASTERSON "The Good and the Bad" Mrs. Talbot GL
9-10-64 N TEMPLE HOUSTON "Do Unto Others, Then Gallop"
Tangerine O'Shea GL
10-14-65 N MONA McCLUSKEY _____ Eileen Drake SR
5-10-66 RIFLEMAN "Rose" Rose GL
3-8-67 A BATMAN (3 parter) _____ Nelia MR
7-21-67 Ar RANGO _____ girl MR
9-8-67 N POLICE STORY (unsold pilot by Gene Roddenberry)
Policewoman Libby Monroe MR
1-25-68 C CIMARRON STRIP "Knife in the Darkness" (by Harlan
Ellison) Katie MR
3-11-68 A BIG VALLEY "Run of the Savage" Maggie MR
4-17-68 Nr RUN FOR YOUR LIFE "List of Alice McKenna" Billie SR
11-15-69 N OUTSIDER "Secret of Marino Bay" Claire SR
syndicated
ARREST AND TRIAL _____ Sally 2GL
ELEVENTH HOUR "Make Me a Place" Dawn MR
DEATH VALLEY DAYS "Angel of Tombstone" Nellie Cashman L
DEATH VALLEY DAYS _____ Angela L

what one is he that dare
Be minister to such an Enterprise?

-- Thomas Norton
& Thomas Sackville
Gorboduc II.i.133-134

T-Waves: LETTERS

from Buck Coulson, Route 3 Hartford City Indiana 47348

Yandro is a former Hugo winner that is still being published and open to new subscribers.

((I left out Yandro thinking that you and Juanita still wanted to restrict subscriptions, as you did at one time, but am glad to learn that I was wrong and that it is available. Sample issue 40¢.))

from Rich Van Treuren, c/o Terry Meister 6983 York Road Cleveland Ohio 44130

Sorry to disappoint everyone, but my "Miniature Star Trek" article was not quite right. Gene Roddenberry says there were six Enterprise models of various sizes. There is evidence that any one or all of these models were changed arbitrarily and without record. Perhaps after another five years of collecting scraps of information, studying film clips, and making notes I will be sure; but in the meantime, just how many times the six models were changed will be anybody's guess.

Some details: the role of the three foot model was not changed to publicity as I said on p. 6. The model in the publicity pictures (including the one on the first cover of The Making of Star Trek -- the editor erred in saying it was from "Tomorrow is Yesterday") was constructed by A.M.T. as part of a package deal for model rights. I have been told that the Romulan model was discontinued because it was difficult to use.

((sorry about the error as to "Tomorrow is Yesterday." I hope I haven't caused any errors by including here some details from the page of corrections which you discarded after talking to GR.))

from Sue Kotar, Clifton Pk Apts. Bldg #2 Apt #10-N RD 3
Mechanicville New York 12118

Would you mention that I am now the president of the William Shatner Appreciation Society? We publish 6 newsletters and a journal yearly. Dues are \$2.50 and eight 8¢ stamps for people in the U.S. and Canada and \$4 for overseas. If you happen to know of any people who have taken pictures of Bill Shatner at public appearances or plays, I'm interested in getting prints for the club scrapbook.

from Chris Schulman, 8002 Skyline Houston Texas 77042

I've noticed that many tv shows and movies have been using sound effects from ST. For instance, in The Andromeda Strain, the radio locator truck at the beginning of the film used a beep

which sounded like the one used in conjunction with the large red light on the helm board of the Enterprise. The SF series "Search," when switching from one scene to another, has a pattern of squares move across the screen from right to left, along with a sound effect used on the bridge, mostly when something on the screen was being magnified.

from Mary Oderkirk, 2101 Saxon Drive, New Smyrna Beach FL 32069

Larry Niven's "Pastel Terror" was a riot, especially when Spock tells Kirk to go down to the planet and "probably get killed"! In reality I've liked everything in T-N so far -- except Jacqueline Lichtenberg's treatment of Spock. Somehow he just doesn't seem Spockish -- I can't imagine him saying or doing certain things that are in the "Kraith" series. (No offense to J.L.) I'm also quite jealous of T'Aniyeh!

I'd like to ask a question -- at the end of "City on the Edge of Forever," in the credits, it said that Joan Collins played Sister Edith Keeler. Does that mean she was a nun? If so, how could she go around kissing Kirk? ((No, it means she was an English nurse. In England nurses are still called "sister" -- a custom probably going back to the Middle Ages, when hospitals were a church charity. A "nurse" in England is what we would call a "nurse's aid" (or a nursemaid, depending on context). I suspect that Harlan Ellison was influenced in his depiction of Sister Edith Keeler by the life of Sister Edith Cavell, who stayed in Belgium during World War I, treating the wounded on both sides, and was shot by the Germans.))

from Anna Mary Hall, Derby Indiana 47525

"Miniature Star Trek" -- Interesting, even though I never intend to try following any of the directions. Have a mild complaint. Richard left my favorite ship out of "Other Models." Surely the First Federation ship from "Corbomite Maneuver" deserves a mention.

"The Face on the Bar-room Floor" -- Great fun! Nearly perfect. I especially enjoyed the neo-Samurai outfit and Kirk's reflections before buying it, Chekov studying the history backwards, any conversation including Antonio Perez.... Why didn't you all ever explain Krasni's Folly? ((There are some things man was not meant to know.))

I question one sentence, "but he was a little in awe of Kirk." I can't picture Sulu in awe of anyone, certainly not someone he knows as well as he knows Kirk.

"The Injured Party" -- Well written. A bit gloomy, and hard on security guards, but believable.

Question -- Have you ever figured out how many security guards the ship carries? Some seem to be always Security, and others switch around. Is there possibly a small group of permanent security people (but what would they do to keep busy?) and others are assigned on some rotation system? ((I have a hunch they all rotate. Even Mr. Lemli, who was most consistently a security guard, occasionally put in a stint monitoring the engineering panel on the bridge.))

from Jacqueline
Lichtenberg,
9 Maple Terrace
Monsey NY 10952



Progress report on the STrekfan Roster project. I typed up the roster as it was then in October 1971, with 176 names and addresses. It was supposed to be published by LNSTFCCF, but at that moment LNSTFCCF ceased. During 1972 I have received 46 more Roster registrations. At this point, the Roster is scheduled for publication by Steven Sherwood, 1340 Santa Inez Drive, San Jose California 95125. However, if there is a publisher who would like to publish the current Roster, I would be glad to send the 176 entries, and if I have time the other 46 as an Addenda.

At the beginning of this year, the STrekzine List had 96 entries. Now ((October 1972)) it has 145.

Meanwhile, I ask all Registrants to keep me informed of their address changes. I know it's hopeless to keep track of fans, but we all do try.

from Regina Marvinny, 7 Toucan Court Wayne New Jersey 07470

In T-N 16 I was distressed to see that you recommended the article in National Lampoon as funny. I thought it was very crude. And I think that editors have an obligation to their subscribers. Suppose that younger fans, who are just beginning to contact organized fandom and do not know what it's like saw your recommendation and read the article? They would think other ST zines carry things like that. Also, parents often do not want their children to read such material.

((I don't see how anyone could think that STzines generally are much like a magazine which says in its title that it's a lampoon. In particular, no young readers of T-N should be in doubt as to the kind of humor of "On the Night Before the Last Day They Filmed Star Trek" -- I described it as "obscene" as well as "amusing."))

from Hal Wilson, 14127 Kingsride Lane Houston Texas 77024

Would you mention that the Final Frontier Star Trek Club publishes The Federation Chronicle? #2 is available from me for 80¢/copy. 28 pp. Future issues will not be near as expensive, because we will be using a mimeograph. Price of #3 to be announced later, but copies can be reserved.

from Burt Libe PO Box 1196 Los Altos California 94022

Wanted: Artist who will do cartooning to order. I will supply descriptions and information for submittal of finished drawing to me for purchase. Start out with Star Trek cartoons, requiring recognizable characterizations of all ST crew.

from Sue Clejan, 22431 Collins Street Woodland Hills Calif 91364

I found a funny LA Times article about Leonard Nimoy which appeared over 20 years ago -- February 18, 1952, "It Takes a Pretty Miss to Score with Lensmen": "When Leonard Nimoy, 20, went before Superior Court Judge Frank G. Swain and received approval of his ten picture contract with Jack Brode Productions, the next move was to have been a picture in 'The Times.' However, the photographer was not impressed with a contract in which the minor was only another guy. 'Who wants to look at a picture of a guy' he asked logically for a photographer." (Underlining mine.) "'Go get a cute tomato and pose with her and we'll get your picture in the paper.' Nimoy left and brought back Mona Knox, with whom he is currently making a picture 'Kid Monk Baroni.' 'I'm a fighter in it and she's my feminine interest,' he explained. 'She takes my dough in the picture.' Twenty-two year old Mona, wearing a white sweater and snug skirt, approved his contract that starts at \$200 a week and rises \$25 a week every second picture. The photographer approved of Mona."

from Steve O'Neil, 421-A 20th Street, Costa Mesa Calif 92627

I finally started reading the entire Kraith series yesterday, all the little stories and notes, and have been walking around as if I just finished taking a final in Vulcan philosophy. (I actually did take one on general Terran philosophy three days ago.) It's really something. Jacqueline has turned out a lot of material for one person.

Have you heard of anyone coming up with ideas or stories concerning Gary Seven, of "Assignment: Earth" fame?

Old Time Review

LA Times, "TV Review/Marine Corps Series Flunks in First Try," by Don Page, Part IV p. 16, September 16, 1963.

NBC's hour-long series on life in the U.S. Marine Corps, "The Lieutenant," passed in review Saturday night -- but failed to pass inspection.

A highly improbable drama with a rather timid script, the initial episode did not establish the basis for a strong series. 'The Lieutenant' stars Gary Lockwood as Lt. Bill Rice, co-starring Robert Vaughn as Capt. Ray Rambridge.

Lockwood portrayed Lt. Rice as an incredibly naive young officer whose gullibility made you wonder how he ever got out of boot camp. Vaughn looked embarrassed throughout the hour.

The story concerns an enlisted man (guest star Bill Bixby) who exploits a boyhood friendship with Rice to gain special favors, generally goldbricking his way out of rigorous training exercises.

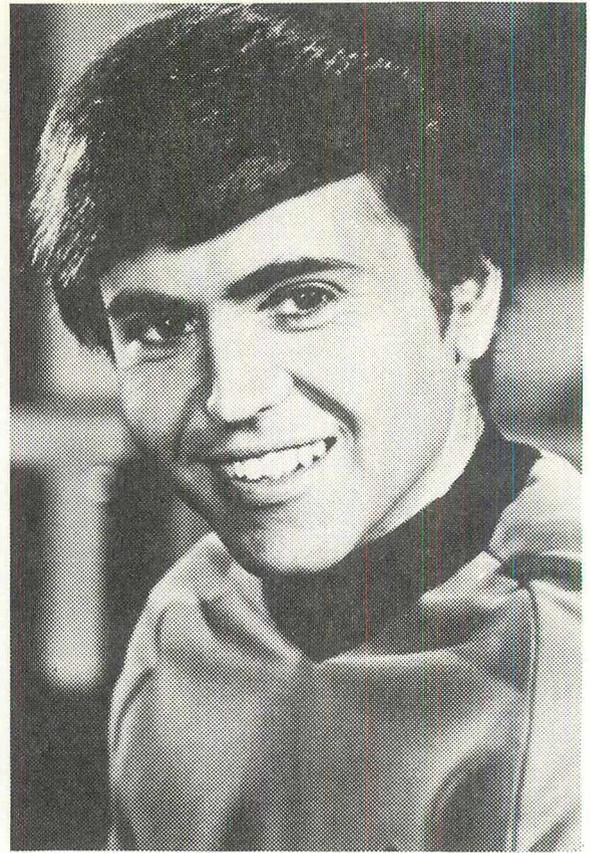
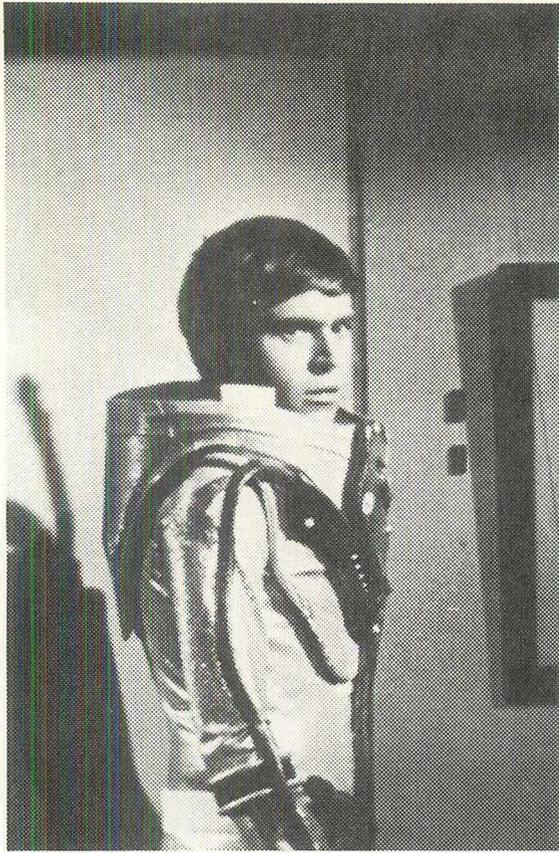
Lt. Rice is persuaded, by the enlistee's father, to accept the little wiseacre into his platoon. The father (Russ Thorsen), knowing his son is a weak-willed failure, hopes that Rice will make a man out of him (an all-too-familiar premise).

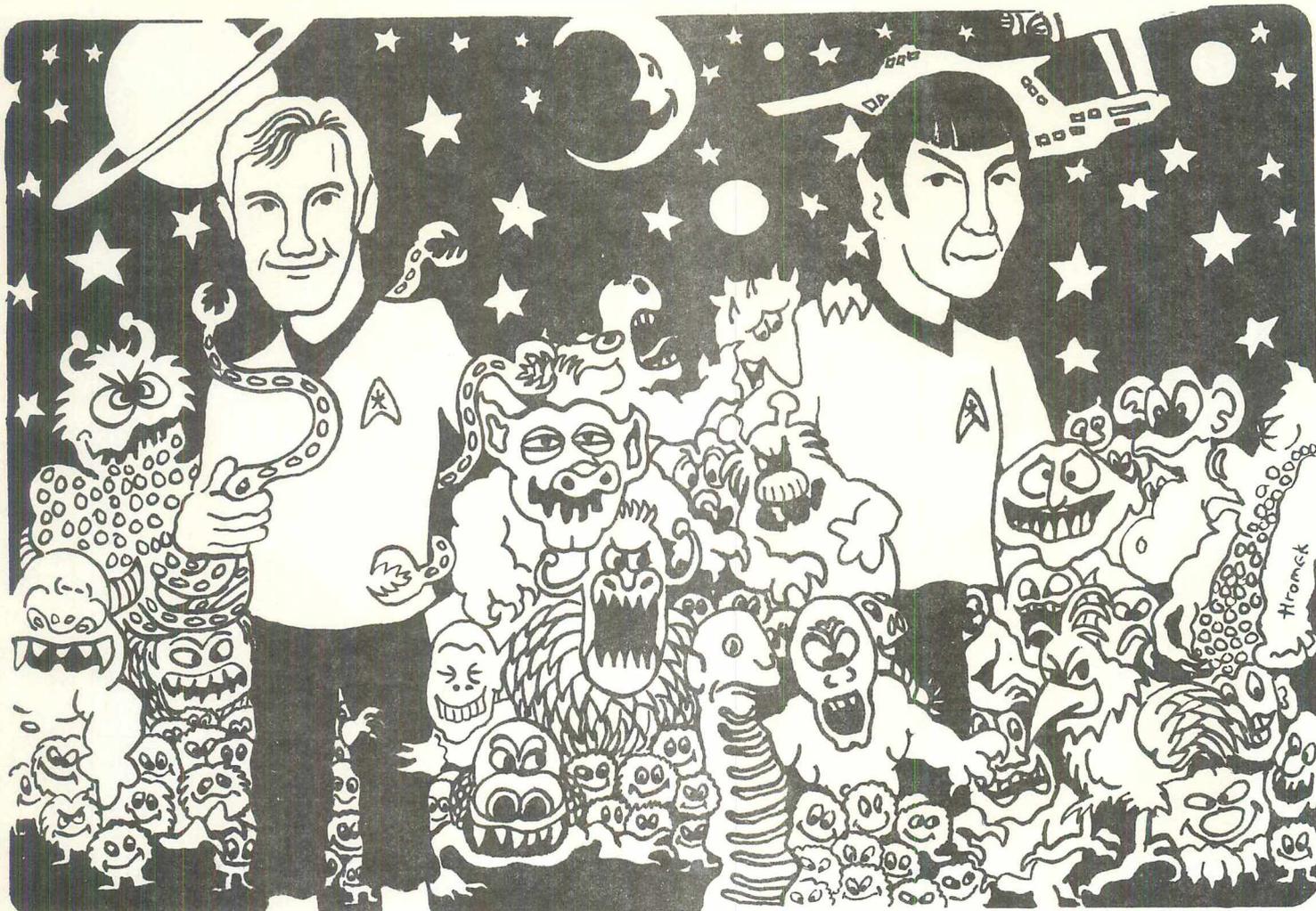
It becomes ludicrous when the platoon and everyone short of the Pentagon realizes that the kid is the biggest goldbrick at Camp Pendleton. But Lt. Rice doesn't catch on until the guy's transformed the Corps into a nursery school.

There are a few detours, such as a couple of bar scenes where some of the Marines occupy their off-duty hours. The saloon, in this instance, is run by a girl (Carmen Phillips), modern San Diego's version of Miss Kitty.

True to the Corps in the end, however, Lt. Rice becomes gung ho and gets the kid to shape up before he ships out. You may not be able to tell it by this review, but 'The Lieutenant' does have possibilities.

Lockwood has a sensitive quality and the production values are good. Stronger scripts and an adult approach could save it, otherwise the Marines are going down to one of their rare defeats.





CALLING ALL STAR TREK FANS to meet in Omaha May 25, 26, 27, 1973 for our Star Trek "Charity" Convention. We hope to have something of interest for everyone, comic, science fiction, something on Burroughs, an art show, masquerade party and maybe a few surprises.

This first flyer won't be covering much, but we will have more next month. Just who is coming, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, well known writer of "The Sime Series" and lately the "Kraith" series will be one of our guests of honor.

We have also sent invitations to Leonard Nimoy and De Forrest Kelly. I hope to say for sure next time if they will be attending. Philip Jose' Farmer could not attend, but he is contributing some original manuscripts and a telegram from Gene Roddenberry thanking him for helping the Star Trek Show.

Our Con will be at the beautiful Holiday Inn, 72nd & Grover. This Inn is located just off interstate 80 for people who will be driving. It is very easy to locate and you don't have to drive downtown through alot of traffic just to find your hotel. There are also night clubs and other types of entertainment for those who may get "bored"

Anyone who wants to get on our mailing list should send me a post card. If you would like any special information, such as renting a huckster table or entering something in our art show, please enclose a self-addressed-stamped envelope.

LIVE LONG AND PROSPER
Mrs. L. F. Kirlin (President BABLE I)
524 North 76th Street
Omaha, Nebraska 68114
1-402-397-0424

HUGO NOMINATION BALLOT

BEST NOVEL _____ / _____ / _____

BEST NOVELLA _____ / _____ / _____

BEST SHORT STORY _____ / _____ / _____

BEST DRAMATIC _____ / _____ / _____

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST _____ / _____ / _____

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR _____ / _____ / _____

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE _____ / _____ / _____

BEST FAN WRITER _____ / _____ / _____

BEST FAN ARTIST _____ / _____ / _____

For definitions of the categories see the TORCON 2 Hugo rules on the reverse side of this ballot.

Only members of the 30th World Science Fiction Convention (IACon) or the 31st World Science Fiction Convention (TORCON 2) may nominate. If you do not feel qualified to nominate in any particular category for any reason, please do nominate in the other categories available.

L.A.Con Membership # _____ or TORCON 2 Membership # _____

When completed mail this ballot to: TORCON 2
Box 4, Station K
Toronto Ontario CANADA
M4P 2G1

DEADLINE FOR RECEIPT OF BALLOTS IS APRIL 1, 1973.

Fanzine editors are encouraged to reprint and distribute this ballot to their readers; but we must insist that both sides text must be reproduced verbatim.

Memberships are \$4.00 supporting and \$7.00 attending, until August 1, 1973. If you wish to join TORCON 2 in order to nominate and vote, but are not sure you can attend, you may pay \$4.00 now and \$3.00 any time, including at the Convention. Membership at the Convention will be \$10.00. Make all cheques payable to TORCON 2.

Please enroll me as a member of TORCON 2. I am enclosing () \$7.00 Attendingfee
() \$4.00 Supportingfee

NAME _____

Address: _____

City & State _____ Zip _____ Country _____

TORCON 2, THE 31st WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION
BOX 4, STATION K, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M4P 2G1

ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS (HUGOS) RULES OF ELIGIBILITY

NOMINATIONS AND VOTING: Nominating is limited to members of either LACon or TORCON 2. Only three items may be nominated in each category. Either LACon or TORCON 2 membership number must appear on each ballot. A person must be a member of TORCON 2 to vote on the final ballot.

BEST NOVEL: A science fiction or fantasy story of 40,000 words or more which has appeared for the first time in 1972. Appearance in a year prior to 1972 disqualifies a story -- a story may be eligible only once. A work originally issued in a language other than English is also eligible if it was first issued in English translation in 1972. Publication date, or cover date in the case of magazines, takes precedence over copyright date. The date of the last installment of a magazine serial determines its year of eligibility. Series under one cover are not eligible for Best Novel award, but individual stories in the series may qualify. The Committee may move a story into a more suitable category if it is deemed necessary, provided the story is within 5,000 words of the category limit.

BEST NOVELLA: Same rules, with length between 17,500 and 40,000 words.

BEST NOVELETTE: Same rules, with length between 7500 and 17,500 words.

BEST SHORT STORY: Same rules, with length less than 7500 words.

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: Any production in any medium of dramatized science fiction or fantasy which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during 1972. In the case of individual programs presented as a series, each program is individually eligible, but the entire series as a whole is not eligible.

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: A professional artist whose work was presented in some form in the science fiction or fantasy field in 1972.

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: The editor of any professional publication devoted primarily to SF or fantasy appearing in 1972.

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: Any generally available non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four or more issues, at least one appearing in 1972.

BEST FAN WRITER: Any fan whose writing has appeared during 1972 in magazines defined as amateur magazines.

BEST FAN ARTIST: An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared, during 1972, in magazines defined as amateur magazines or through other public display. Anyone whose name appears on the final ballot under the PROFESSIONAL ARTIST category will not be eligible for the FAN ARTIST award for 1972. However, nominations of the same artist in either or both categories is permissible.

ALL AWARDS will be the standardized rocket ship, designated Science Fiction Achievement Award or "Hugo" and will be presented at the Awards Banquet.

The 31st World Science Fiction Convention
Box 4, Station K, Toronto Ontario Canada M4P 2G1

The JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD for BEST NEW WRITER in the Science Fiction Field

Sponsored by Conde Nast Publications, Inc. in recognition of John Campbell's contributions in the field of Science Fiction.

NOMINATING AND VOTING: Nominating is limited to members of either L.A.Con (30th World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles, 1972) or TORCON 2 (31st World SF Con Toronto, 1973). Either L.A.Con or TORCON 2 membership numbers must appear on each ballot. A person must be a member of TORCON 2 to vote on the final ballot.

BEST NEW WRITER for the 1973 AWARD must have had their first story published no earlier than 1971.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

L.A.Con Membership # _____ or TORCON 2 Membership # _____

Complete and mail this ballot to: TORCON 2
Box 4 Station K
Toronto Ontario CANADA
M4P 2G1

DEADLINE FOR RECEIPT OF NOMINATION BALLOTS IS APRIL 1, 1973.

Fanzine editors are encouraged to reprint and distribute this ballot to their readers, but we must insist that text be reproduced verbatim. A credit line may be added.

TORCON 2 Membership are \$4.00 supporting and \$7.00 attending, until August 1st, 1973. If you wish to join TORCON 2 in order to nominate and vote on the JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD, but are not sure you can attend, you may pay \$4.00 now and \$3.00 any time, including at the Convention. Membership at the Convention will be \$10.00. Make all cheques payable to TORCON 2. DO NOT SEND CASH THROUGH THE MAILS.

NAME _____ Attending () \$7.00
ADDRESS _____ Supporting () \$4.00
CITY _____
STATE _____ POSTAL CODE _____
COUNTRY _____

