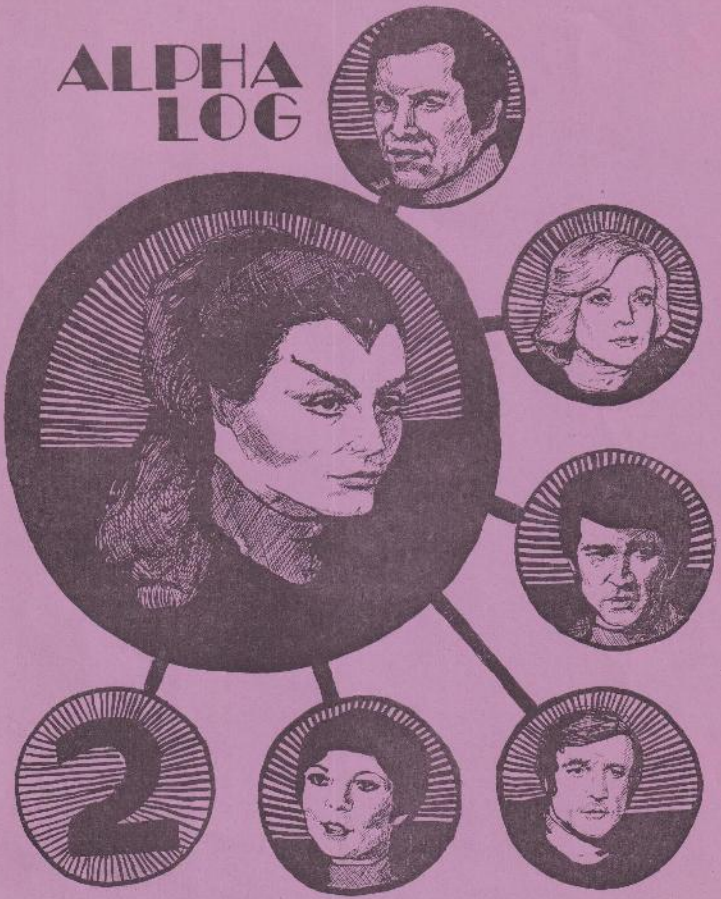
ALPHA LOG



ALPHA LOG #2

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DEDICATION

To all the fans, everywhere; to Nick Tate, for all the inspiration anyone ever needed, and to Hazel Butterfield Tate for taking care of him for us; to Zienia Merton, because she is a terrific person; to all the cast members, for giving us something to love; especially to Catherin Schell, for giving us Maya--both are very special people in their own right.

And to all our friends, who gave us all the support anyone could ever ask for, a special thanks. We couldn't have done it without you, guys.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

And so the time has come at last--another Alpha Log, another editorial. I don't really speak very well in public, so if I do a lot of hemming and hawing, I hope you'll bear with me...

As of this writing, Mary Hartery is in California on an extended visit to that fair state, and as such we cannot include some words of wisdom from her in these pages, so you're all stuck with me, Mary B., who is the first to admit that she's far less used to this sort of thing than Mary H--who, I might also add, was publishing her first zine back when yours truly was a wide-eyed trekkie at her first real ST convention. But that was many moons (sic) ago, and rather than risk a trip down memory lane, we'll move briskly on to attempt to answer a question put to us many times by our club members.

And that question is--what is the history of Main Mission Alpha? How did the club get started, who were the original members? Well, the club has been in existence for nearly three years now, and started, oddly enough, in a hotel room in the midst of the 1976 Star Trek Convention in New York. The atmosphere was admittedly hostile, but that only served to make us more determined in our efforts. It was at the Boston Star Trek convention that the club began to gain impetus and by the time of Nick Tate's appearance at the University of Maryland's annual August Party ST convention, MMA was a full-fledged, thriving fan organization with members from all over the country.

Main Mission Alpha has gone through a great many changes since its inception and many of the details are far too complicated for my ineffective memory to sort out. My move up here to Boston from Maryland recently has provided me the opportunity to be able to deal with the club more effectively than was ever possible for me when I was four hundred miles away, and that pleasure has immeasurably softened the shock of transition from laid-back surburban Washington, DC, to the wild and woolly urban whirl of The Hub.

Didn't answer the question yet, did I? Well, to make a laboriously long story short, MMA was begun because Mary H. and I and others loved the show, and, as fellow Trek fans ourselves, were ashamed and appalled at the intolerance of other Trekfen. It was possible to be great fans of both and we set out to prove it. And with the help of our membership, fantastic people all, we think we did all right! And the results are there. No longer do jeers and insults greet our admissions of liking SPACE:1999--we are nearly two hundred strong and growing every day!

Here in Alpha Log are contained contributions of art, poetry and fiction contributed by our membership. We were not able to use all of the fine material sent to us, but we are holding them over for a future Alpha Log publication. For the record, Alpha Log is published once yearly and is distributed to all members as part of their membership agreement. (Please note: If you have received Alpha Log #1 as part of your previous year's membership, you will not receive #2 until you have renewed for a second year)

Take care! And Enjoy!

CIAO!

PSYCHON ENCOUNTER

****

By Dan Bromley

Commander Koenig watched the vidi-screen as the alien vessal came into orbit around the traveling moon. The ship was hugh and malevolent looking, along with a smooth round body with triangular projections sticking from along the bottom that seemed to be used in landing.

Sandra turned to Koenig, "Commander, I'm receiving a communique from the ship on audio".

"Let's have it then, Sahn", and Sandra quickly flicked the proper switches.

"Starship to base. We are in need of assistance. We are low on supplies and are asking you if we could obtain them from you. Please reply".

Helena turned to John, "John, you know very well that we don't have anything to give them. We have to scrape along just to stay alive".

"That's true. Sandra, get me a frequency for that ship. I'm going to have to refuse them".

"It hurts me too, John, but we only have so much, and if we were to give out any of it that would surely reduce our chances of survival".

Sandra called, "Commander, the ship is ready for your message".

Koenig spoke into the pickup mike,"To all those aboard the ship. I am sorry for your situation but as we will suffer if we succumb to your demands, I must sadly decline. I am very sorry that we cannot help you. I'm sorry. Koenig out". Sandra switched off the channel.

Then in came a new and horrible transmission.

"So you refuse"! Very well. Prepare to be destroyed Alpha. I will give you one hour to consider your action and if by that time you have not released your supplies to us then my wrath will be upon you".

"Pirates", Alan wispered. "Should I prepare some attack Eagles, Commander? That will stop them".

"Very well, But we won't use them until the last minute. Sandra, get Maya. We'll need her for co-ordinating the Eagles."

Maya walked in Command Center and looked at the screen.

"Commander, are you attacking that ship"?

"Yes, Maya. It has decided to conquer us instead of leave us".

"But Commander, that is my brother's ship. Long ago he left Psychon along with 100 other Psychons to search for a new world. You must not destroy my only living people."

"That ship may be your brothers, Maya, but he has declared a battle against us. I don't see how we can stop him".

"I will call the ship, Commander. Remember, he is my brother. Therefore perhaps he will stop this crazy thing before it happens. I just can't believe my brother would stoop so low".

The transmission was relayed to the ship and a reply came sooner than expected in the form of a visual transmission.

"Maya! I never thought I would find you anywhere in the galaxy. I had returned to Psychon and found it destroyed. Now I find you here. How"?

"Simple, Megas. The Alphans provided me with sanctuary."

"So I see. Commander, due to circumstances the attack is called off. I am very sorry to have bothered you. I hope that you will grant me permission to visit with my sister on Alpha."

"The apology is accepted, Megas, and you are allowed to come down to Alpha. Docking procedures will be required for your vessel, I suppose."

"No, Commander. That will not be necessary. Please don't bother."
"But then how will you come down?" Helena was obviously confused.
"You will see."
A few minutes passed. Everyone in Command Centre waited for their visitor. A ball of light appeared in the room and started growing larger and larger. No-one noticed it until it was of considerable size.
Helena noticed it first and the other Alphans pinned themselves to the wall. They were acquainted with uncommon things occuring in space, but they had never seen this before.
The ball encompassed six feet when it suddenly burst and revealed a man. He was dressed in a blue sequined shirt and was wearing a reddish turtleneck underneath. He wore a pair of black pants and boots.
"Hello, Alphans. Hello, Maya!", he walked over to her and hugged her.
Helena walked over to him, "How did you do that?"
"Transport down? It's simple. On the ship we have a materialization chamber. It splits up the molecules of anything we put into it and transports it on a beam of light to wherever we wish it."
Alan liked the idea. "Perhaps you could show us how to build one. Can you imagine, Commander? We would never need to use another Eagle again."
Megas was disturbed by this when all the Alphans looked upon him. "Sir, you forget a basic rule. That you must earn it. You must trade with me in order to get something from me."
"And we have nothing to give you", said Koenig.
"Commander, I must request some free time in order to speak with my sister, Maya. May you permit me this right."
"Of course, Megas. You may go to Maya's quarters."
"Come Megas," and Maya was out the door.

Maya sat in the chair next to Megas. "I am happy to see you here."
"Yes, Maya. It was a lucky thing we ran into each other. You don't know how it feels to think your family dead."
"I know. You mustn't forget. I lost father."
"I understand,Maya. But why do you live with these Alphans?"
"They have given me a home. Besides, there is no other place to go."
"There is now. Why not come and join me on the ship?"
"I don't know, Megas. I seem to enjoy the Alphans. I do want to see my only people, but I enjoy the Alphans, and I love one of them."
"You love an Alphan?"
"Yes, Tony Verdeschi."
Megas became uncomfortable. "Maya, would you like to see the ship?"
"I thought you would never ask. I'll go after I report to Commander Koenig."
"Why do you have to report to him?"
"Just so he'll know where I am."
"You shall not do that Maya!", and with that he brought out a round cylinder, on it a rod that burned brightly as it touched Maya. Maya fell to the floor, unconscious.

Sandra peered over her board; a sudden light caught her eye.
"Commander, there is a beam of energy at a very high intensity directed at Alpha."
"Alan, could you locate the point that beam is reaching to?"
"Yes, Commander," he pressed a few buttons. "It's in Maya's cabin."
The Commander hurried his next order, "Sahn, get Maya's cabin."
Sandra called just in time to see a ball of dissapearing light transport Maya and Megas away to the ship.

Megas had Maya put into a security room for surveillance. Maya tried many times to change forms, but to no avail. Something about that gun Megas had stole her transforming powers. Now she was helpless.

Proteus, the Science Officer, just now entered her cell along with her brother, Megas. Along with them they carried a triangular device. Maya knew what it was.

"Why, Megas, why?" There were tears of sadness in her eyes.

"Because I need supplies, Maya, and if you could understand my position you would join me against the Alphans."

"But they gave me a home! I could never harm them, in any way!"

"The Alphan swines. I didn't think you would take the easy way out. Not you sister. I suppose you have been trying to change your structure. Well, father's gift will not work here. Dr. Proteus has set up an energy barriar so that it is not so easy for you."

"No matter what you say, I will not harm a single Alphan, Megas!"

"I believe not! This device," and he shoved the triangular into her face, "is used for hypnotism by some natives of planet 334. However, it works just as efficiently on Psychons as well."

"No!", Maya shouted. But no one could do anything. I seconds she was willing to do anything her brother told her.

Commander Koenig was helpless. At present he could think of nothing to do. He had requested for an Eagle to attack the ship but quickly changed that order when Tony reminded him of Maya's presence aboard the vessel.

"Commander, you're forgetting one important thing. That if Maya can change her form, then it shouldn't be too hard for her to escape."

"I know that, Tony. But that seems a pretty slim idea to rely upon. There are 100 other Psychons on that ship. She's evenly matched andI don't dare send an Eagle."

Helena was standing with a computer tech and discussing something of recent interest, when she screamed, "John! Someone is coming to Alpha!"

Indeed a high intensity-lighted ball was forming in Command Centre.

The ball of light slowly gained cohesiveness. It was Maya.

Helena and Tony rushed over to Maya. It seemed as if she had fought her way out of the ship. Little did they know that this was a clever ruse.

"Maya, how do you feel? Come down to Medi-center with me."

"No, Dr. Russell. Really, I'm fine." She said this with a strange amount of stillness in her voice.

"Thank heaven for that!" Tony could see, however, that Maya may not be absolutely well.

"Commander, I would like permission to go to my quarters. A little rest would help me."

"Very well, Maya. Considering what you've been through."

"Thank you, Commander", and she made her way out the door.

Tony approaced the Commander. "John, something is wrong. Maya would never refuse me to come with her, even at the hardest of times. I know she enjoys my company and would especially want me with her now."

"Now, Tony, aren't you over fantasizing a bit? Maya's been through much already. She needs to rest, that's all."

Helena, listening to the conversation, decided to give a medical point of view. "She needs her rest, John, but didn't you notice the stillness in her voice? Really, it's something more than fatigue. And I happen to know that Maya has never been this tired after escaping from a menace. I don't think she really escaped, John."

"You mean that she was sent down here by her brother for some other purpose?

Yes, that would explain it. But I know Maya. If her brother is truly as cruel as he is, I don't think Maya could side with him."

"Well, John, I still think it's possible."

"No, not Maya. I know it. If she truly could love me, then there is no way she could possibly be against the Alphans."

"Yes, but something will have to be done," and the Commander called security. "Security, I want complete surveliance on Science Office Maya. If she attempts anything to harm Alpha, stun her. Repeat - only stun her. Koenig out."

"John, Helena and I would like to find her."

"Well, alright," he said reluctantly. "But report back to me once you've captured her."

"Thanks, John", and Helena smiled.

Maya had eluded the security men, however, and was just now reaching the weapons section. She entered into the engineering area and quickly approached the weapon section doors.

Inside, the two weapons Specialists were busy operating the computers that would help the Eagles destroy their target. In this room all of the defenses of Alpha were watched over and kept up in high quality. Alpha would never know, as it traveled through space, when it would be attacked. It wasen't until the earth broke from the Earth's orbit that the weapons section was so busy. In fact, they were so busy that they never saw Maya until the last minute.

The two specialists turned. They had been forwarned of Maya's presence, and they knew that she was intent on disturbing the computers when they saw her begin to tear into one of their computers.

One man hit the alert switch. In a few minutes a security detail would be there. Maya sensed this as the men brought their stun guns to bear. She knew she would have to act quickly.

A hugh hairy ape now stood where Maya had been standing only seconds before. With little effort, Maya threw the men into the wall, making them unconscious . Knowing she had only a few more minutes to go before the security detail appeared, she changed again.

In her place now stood an eight armed, octopusian, space creature. Quickly Maya tore open the casing on the control panel to get to the circuits inside. In seconds the damage was complete.

Tony and Helena, in reponse to the alarm, had just now reached the doors. As they opened, they saw the apparition turning and preparing to leave for God knowes where. Tony fired and the form fell to the floor. In it's place was a prone body. It was Maya.

Helena had alerted him of the damage and Koenig reviewed the situation with sickness. Weapons section wiped out. That would determine a major part of the battle, if there were one. Koenig hoped that it wouldn't. But no one would listen to his prayers.

Sandra called back to the Commander, "Another transmission is coming from the vessel, Commander. Should I receive it?"

"I guess so, Sandra. But please,,please keep it low."

Megas appeared on the vidi-screen.

"How unfortunate, Commander, I find that your weapons section is non-functional. Now that your in a position of servitude, I suppose that you will give me what I wish. Unless you would rather fight it out?"

"No, Megas. I'm sorry but I will not give up. You don't seem to understand that we have nothing to give you. I would rather fight than give up to your demands."

"Very well, Commander. You have doomed Alpha to complete annihalation and, Commander, once all the Alphans are dead, we will have what we want."

The screen faded. Koenig was truly afraid, for Alpha had no defense systems. Koenig knew that they didn't have a chance, unless.....

John entered Medical Center. He saw Helena adjusting some electrodes to Maya's head and asked what was happening.

"She's in a state of hypnosis, John. If I give her electro-shock treatments there is a slim chance that she might come out of it."

"There must be dangers, Helena."

"Yes, but if I don't shock her too much, she'll never come out of it. She'll be a human vegetable for the rest of her life."

"Very well, then, go ahead."

Helena took the electrode and set the generator at 100 volts, but when she placed the electrodes on Maya's brain they had no effects. Each time it didn't work the voltage went up higher. 100, 150, 300, 500. At 500 Helena was frightened. To go any higher there would be a risk of death for Maya. But the risk would have to be taken.

Helena brought the charge up to 600. Maya's body quaked with the shock and then her body fell back onto the bed. Helena and John watched. Hope was slim, and prayers were left unanswered but yet, just maybe, some diety was listening to them.

They watched for several minutes, as the body lay still and then Helena watched the moniter. The pulse rate was back to normal and at that instant Maya awoke.

"Dr. Russell? Commander Koenig? Why am I here?"

Commander Koenig helped her up from the bed. She was still in great condition.

"Are you alright, Maya?"

"Yes, Commander. What happened?"

"Your brother hypnotized you," said Helena as she stored the equipment.

"Yes, I do remember that. I will never forgive him."

"And while you were in the trance, you destroyed the weapons section. We have no way to protect ourselves."

Then the idea he had thought of in Command Center came back to him.

"Maya, how would you like to turn the tables on your brother?"

"Oh, would I, Commander."

"Considering he thinks you still hypnotized, perhaps you could go back to the ship, steal their life support energy source and destroy his weapons section."

"Quite a list of achievements for one day, but I could do it Commander."

"Do you know the schematic of the ship?"

"Yes, Dr. Russell. Don't worry. It should prove to be very easy."

Maya had been transported up to the ship. Megas had let her run about the ship as she pleased. He didn't think she would cause any harm now. But little did he know that presently she was entering the weapons section aboard his ship.

Up in the bridge, Megas sat, making the last minute decisions for battle manuveurs. One of the officers alerted him, "Captain Megas, weapons section is nonfunctional."

While Megas was busy having his men check out the weapons section, Maya was busy hampering another device. The life support energy source was located midship. So it would take her much longer to get there. Upon entering she found no one there. That proved to be very nice. Now she could complete her mission without a bother.

Megas was busy searching the halls for Maya. It was evident she had been the one who had perpertrated the acts, therefore he knew that she was back on the Alphan swines side.

However, Maya was far from Megas. She now entered the transfer room and was preparing the machine there to transfer her to Alpha. She had been very lucky indeed. For just as she entered the booth and disappeared, Megas came stomping in.

"Very well, Megas. You leave us and we will have a robot Eagle send you the energy source. Agreed?"

"Yes, Commander. Too bad we never got a taste of victory. Commander, before I leave, may I speak to Maya?"

"Of course, you may speak to me Megas."

"I am sorry for all the trouble I caused you."

"Megas, I never thought that the Psychon warriors were so cruel, but I know now. Megas, I never want to see you again."

"Very well, Maya. You may stay with your Alphan swine!" Off went the vidi-screen.

The ship departed from the moon and entered deep space, never to return again.

Tony was in a very happy mood so he decided to ask Maya, "How do you like loving an Alpha swine?"

"Oh, it's just fine," and then in seconds, a pig stood where Maya had been, a big, hugh, fat, sow.

"Oink, Oink!" said the pig.

Tony chased it all the way to Maya's cabin.





INTO THE STARS

Deep in the skies are forever present
In a world that has lifted its head upward
To notice...a quiet flash of light
That signals to the heavens around
A realm is to be lost

The cries of the world are heard
As the sun of the night is now gone
That which showed us light of beauty
In the dark...no longer shines
Dreadfully with feelings of love

Instead it wanders through space
With its passengers aboard
Whose memories have impressed
The hope for their survival
Which was in the verge of oblivion

On September 13th.....1999


Curtis Duckworth
from an idea by
John Byrne
with apologies to
Don Martin
Abe
'75

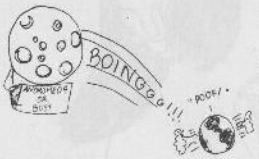
The Undergrad's Garden of Insults
or
ZPOOF! 1999

By Lynn Hiles

This is the Moon.
It is traveling through space.
Huh?

It's really very simple.
ITC was sitting on the biggest bomb
Man has ever made, and someone
pushed the wrong button.
oops, oops, oops.

See the Moon go out of orbit.
See the Earth have enormous tides.
Bye-bye, Cuba.
See Sir Isaac Newton spinning in his grave,
as the world churns.





This is Alan Carter.
He is the chief Eagle pilot.
See him go for the first time to blast aliens.
See the aliens blast back.
It was nice knowing you, Alan.

This is Victor Bergman.
He is a famous scientist.
He can even grow plastic flowers.
Why is he on this runaway Moon?
Maybee it reminds him of The Fugitive.



See Alan Carter in Starfleet uniform.
sigh, *sigh*, *sigh*
He must have done something good in his last life.
Like act.





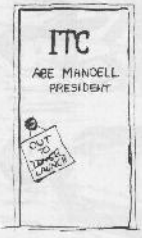
This is an Eagle pilot.
They are called Eagle scouts.
snicker, snicker, snicker.
He is very happy.
Why is he happy?
He's been into the rocket fuel again.



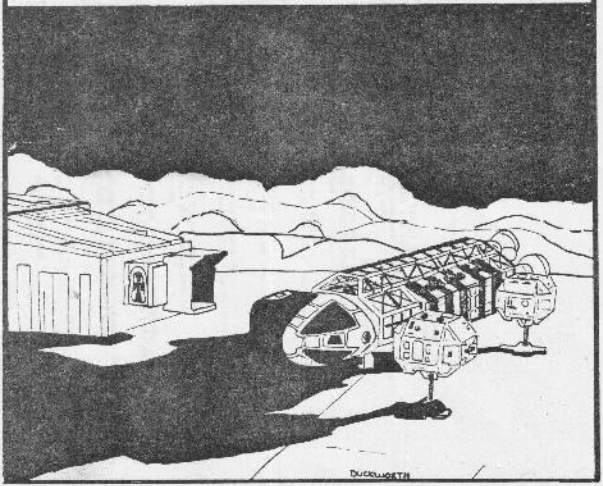
This is David Zemo.
He is in love with the computer.
See him polish the panels.
See him oil its grooves.
See him--never mind.
This is a G-rated parody.

This is Commissioner Simmonds.
He is a VIP.
He is also an ass.
He wants to go to Earth very badly
so he hijacks Chris Lea's spaceship.
Surprise!
Lea knows he's an ass
so he gives him a Mickey Finn.
See the Commissioner bang on his walls
See him try to break out.
Serves him right!
He should have been confined long ago.





And this is Abe Mandell.
He is the President of ITC
See, Abe, rotch.
We promoted SPACE:1999.
He sold SPACE:1999.
He browned About SPACE:1999.
Hanging's too good for him.
What shall we do?
Let's shed him to Moonbase Alpha.





OUR ALPHA LOVE

Who would ever think
That we'd fall in love

When we first met
It was like a thousand sunsets
Exploding tremulously inside.

At the beginning
We would never allow our feeling
To emerge and to be expressed.

Since we saw each other
Every day in here passing
We've grown closer.

Colleagues, friends
No more--until we recognized a truth
Revealed before us.

Incomparable and startling
It's out in the open now
Our eyes reflect the warmth inside.

Our Alpha love
Reveals the love, patience, and beauty
In our hearts.

But now we stand alone
Understanding completely...
What shall we do
What shall we do?

We've been lovers too long
Alpha now has a double meaning
Because for the first time
We can say 'I love you'
And really mean it
And really mean it...

--Sonya Tuck 1977

JOURNEY TO WHERE

By Terry Bowers



Command Center
Beautiful
Ben Vincent
Captured
Medical Center
Escape
William the Bruce
Feast
Kiss
History
Signal
Ransom

WORDS

Scotland
Alan Carter
Forest
Moon
Fire
Fungus
Cave Wall
The Plague
Journey to Where
Viral Pneumonia
Helena Russell
English Lord
Texas City USA
Pollution
New Year's Eve
Morse Code
Fever
Cold
Toxic Atmosphere
Doctor Logan
Maya
Tony
Sandra
English Lady
Gaelic
Malfunction
Recreate
recover
Love
Computer link
Earthquake
Communications Black-out
Galactic Eclipse
Neutrino Transmission
John Koenig
Worried
Toast
Plant Fiber

(answers on page 25)



"Quick--what's a five letter word for "a lake near Reno'?"

IS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SPACESHIPS?

by Sonya Duck
(With apologies to Christopher Marlowe)

Is this the face that launched a thousand spaceships?
And burnt the topless towers of Moonbase Alpha?
Bittersweet Helena, make me lustful with a kiss!
Her lips do give me germs; Come Helena, gimme a little kiss.
Here in Alpha will I dwell, for in Outer Space I cannot
Escape your lips.
And all is recycled that is not Helena.
I am Commander John Koenig and I love you
Instead of Command Center shall your room be masked,
And I all combat all alien creatures,
And wear your colors on my spacesuit.
Yeah, I will destroy planets with my laser gun,
And then return to Helena for a kiss.
O, you are fairer than any Planet's orbit,
Clad in the beauty of a trillion stars.
Brighter you are than a flaming meteor.
When it appears on our sensors;
More lovely than the Eagle spacecrafts of the sky.
And you are in my wanton arms,
And none but you shall be my lunar lover.





RELATIONSHIP

by Dan Bromley

Goodbye, Sandra.
I say goodbye to you,
you've left Earth for the Moon;
You're doomed to an eternity
traveling on a moon that
is speeding through space.
Or you could be dead,
on that piece of drifting rock.
But I wish you luck, Sandra;
You can never return to Earth.
God bless,
Claymore.


DECKWORTH



SURVIVOR?

Centuries of living

A haggard race
Look for people who've used them

The civilized avoid them
Fearing those they have never seen

Each questions the other

One filled with suspicions
The other self-righteousness

Brought together

They face their future
with trepidation and longing

The unanswerable questions:

Who is the survivor?

Who had the right?

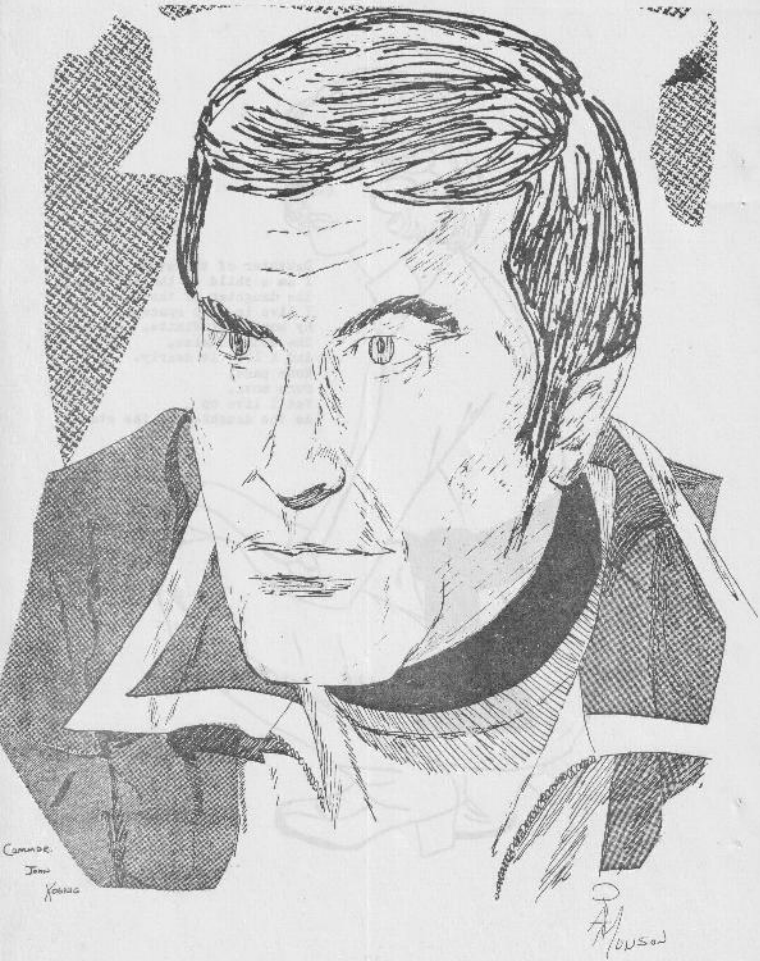
—Darlene Palenik 1977



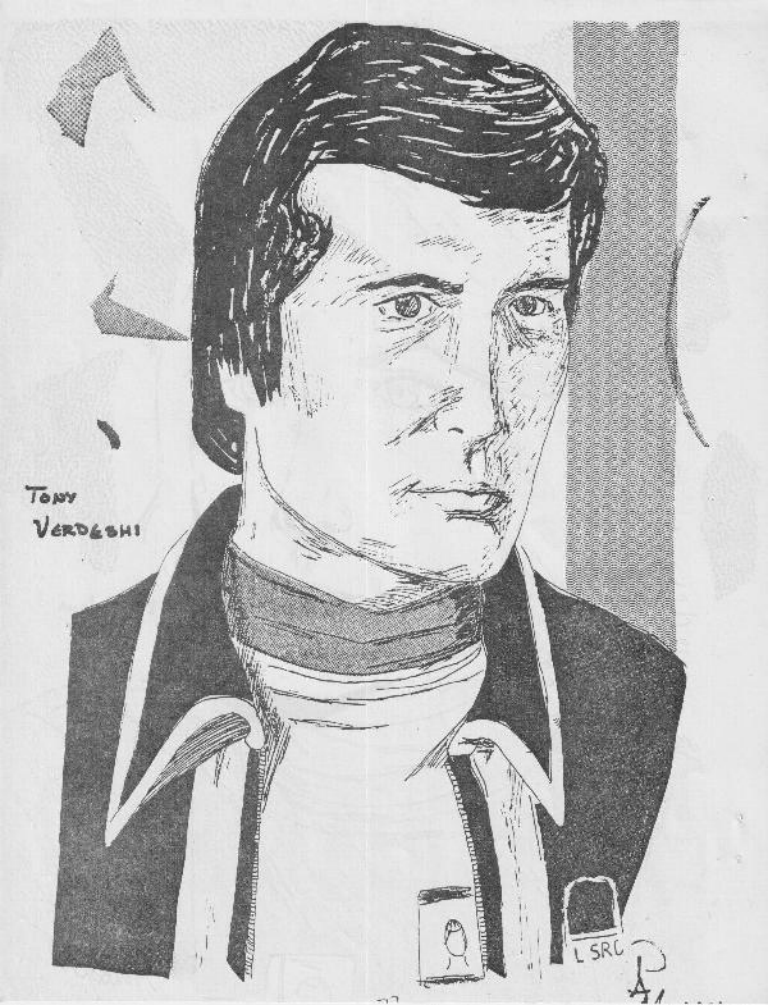


Daughter of the stars
I am a child of the universe,
The daughter of the stars.
I live in deep space,
My home is infinite.
The moon is mine,
And I love it dearly.
Eons pass,
Suns nova,
Yet I live on
As the daughter of the stars.

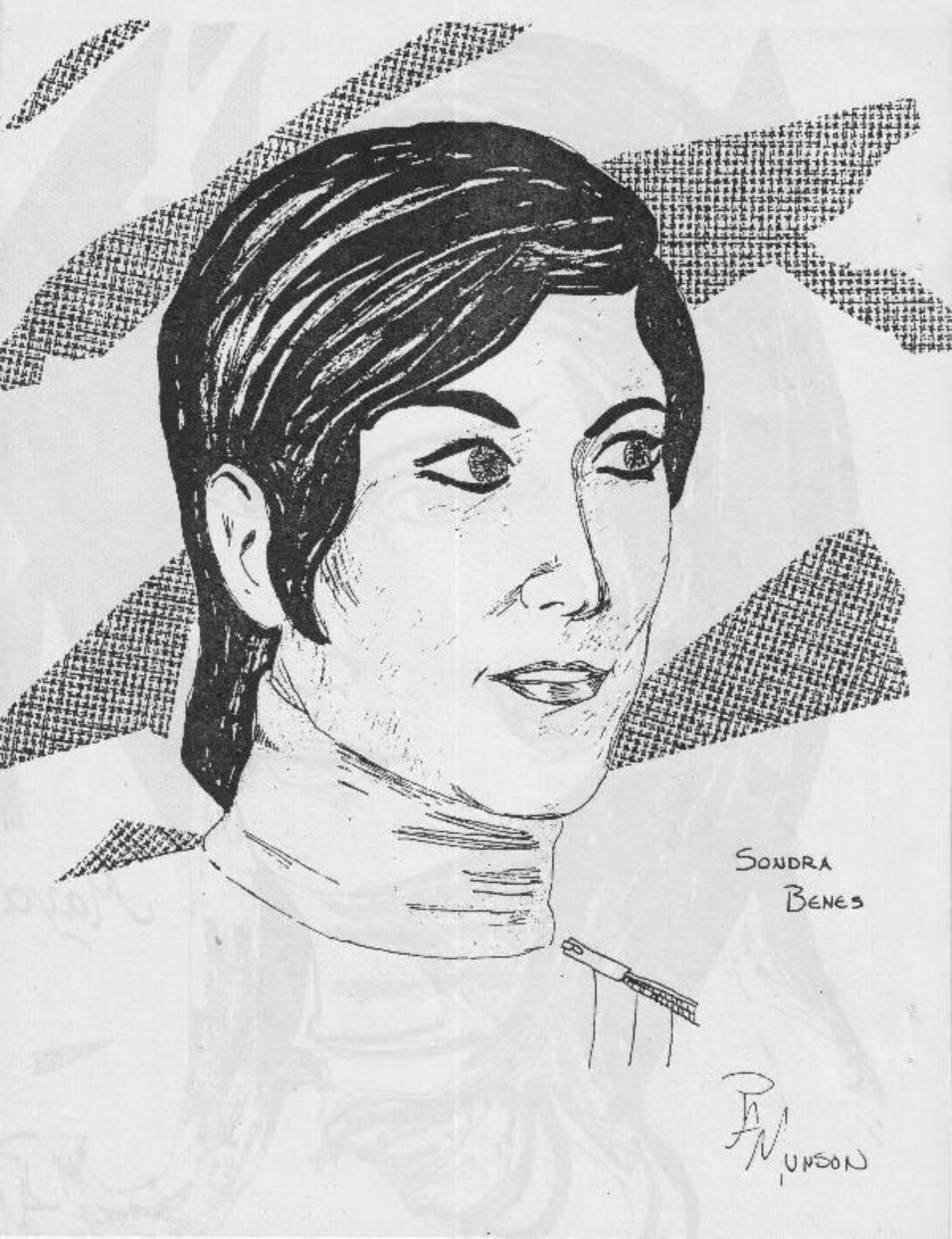
Allison Stein

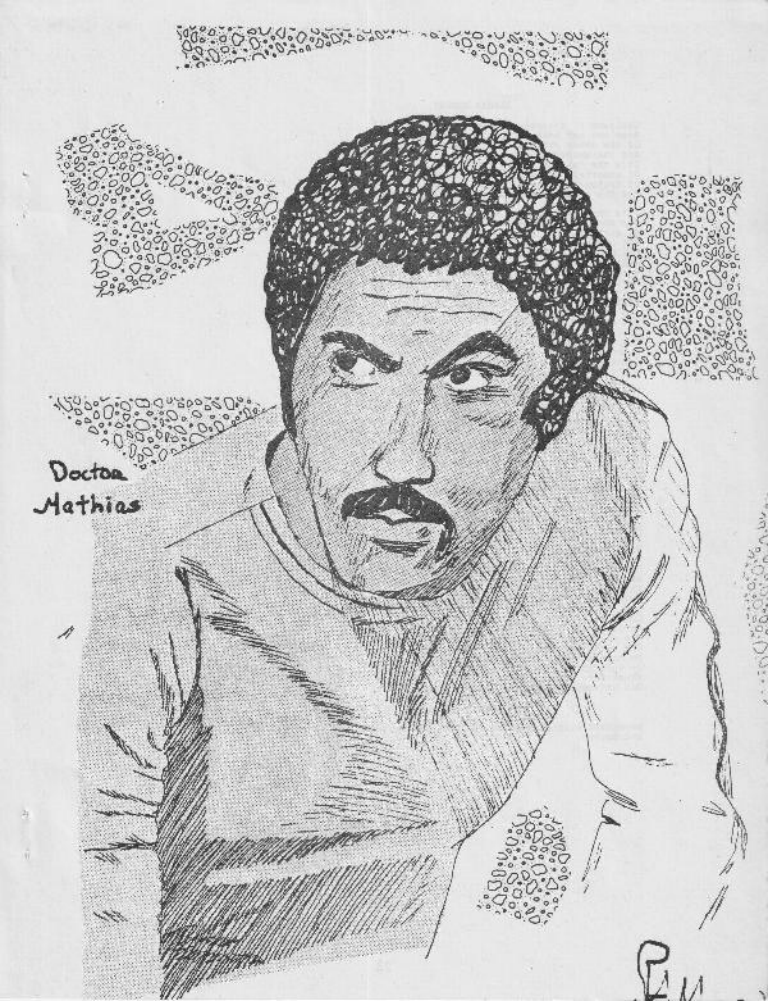

Commdr.
John
Young


Dr. Helena
Russell


TONY
VERDESHI
L SRC


Maya


SONDRA
BENES
PN
UNSON


Doctor
Mathias

ALPHAN MEMORY

Citizens of Preston, listen closely and well,
Hear and say heed to the story we tell;
Of the deeds you endured so many years ago,
And the answer you posed that you see well know.
It's the tale of Balor his life and his times,
Of immortals and those who would help them survive;
Of destruction, terror and torture that reigned,
And the prisoner they sent to his solitary fate.

It's the story of how, one thousand years hence,
Our moon was your asteroid--looming immense;
We attempted to analyze it--to no avail,
Yet unprepared were we for the sight we unveiled.
The Chamber lay open, its occupant dying--
And throughout the chamber strange paintings were lying;
Scenes of your world, its people in strife,
Left there to remind Balor for all of his life.

Though Helena tried, soon Balor was dead,
And we Alphans had hopes that our fear was at end;
But while Victor puzzled over the rock that he had,
Balor, uninjured, set us from his bed.
Thereafter he called Alphans filed from his sight,
Impressive in stature, serene in his might;
He adjusted to Alpha--sensations old and new,
While fervently planning the things he would do.

"I want to communicate" were the first words he said,
And as Balor told his story, we listened with dread;
He told us the story of victory over death,
And of the changes in your people--the path where it lead.
Of his hopes for your people, the plans that he'd made,
Of how his efforts had failed, the price that he'd paid.
He made us believe him, we gave him our trust,
But we did not suspect what his plans were for us.

Mike Barter was the first to feel his wrath,
Then Commander Keenig stumbled into his trap;
But all too soon the meaning was clear--
Alpha's unmerciful tyrant would rule with no fear.
As he ravaged our Moonbase we feared for our lives,
But our Commander knew one way he thought we'd survive;
Alone he'd face Balor in a deserted section--one
To determine our future for all time to come.

Our Main Mission drew snatched, tensely upset,
As Balor fought Koenig lessons he'd never forget.
Then Luck was with us and Balor was gone,
Forced out through an air lock to places unknown.

Immortal Progress, our saga is told,
Remember our payment for your actions so bold;
The universe keeps moving, new worlds unfold,
New civilizations to make, new legends to mold.
We hope no more peoples he will try to remake,
Or through his insanity, their spirit he break;
Where e'er Balor goes we never will see,
But his memory with us forever will be.

--Darlene Palenik 1976



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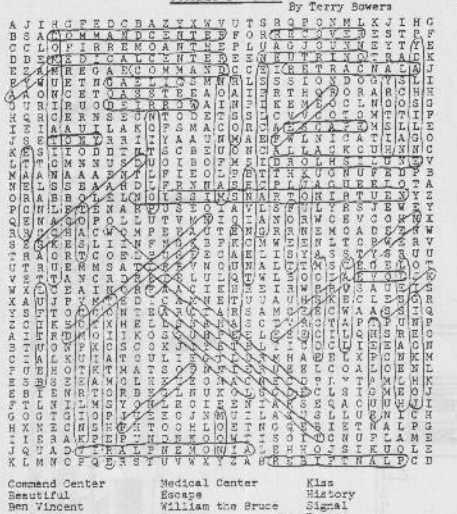
JOURNEY TO WHERE

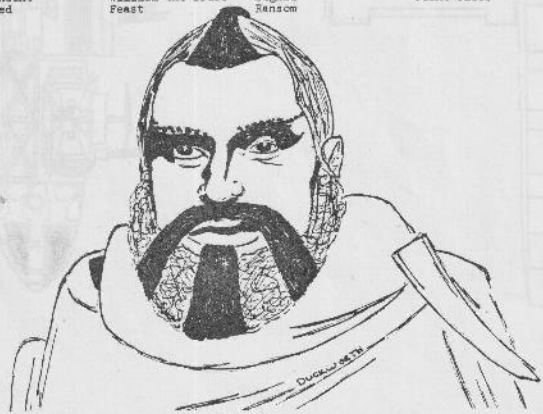
By Terry Bowers



Command Center
Beautiful
Ben Vincent
Captured
Medical Center
Escape
William the Bruce
Feast
Kiss
History
Signal
Ransom

WORDS

Scotland
Alan Carter
Forest
Moon
Fire
Fungus
Cave Wall
The Plague
Journey to
Where
Viral Pnemonia
Helens Russell
English Lord
Texas City USA
Pollution
New Year's Eve
Morse Code
Fever
Cold
Toxic
Atmosphere
Doctor Logan
Maya
Tony
Sandra
English Lady
Gaelic
Malfunction
Recreate
recover
Love
Computer link
Earthquake
Communications
Black-out
Galactic
Eclipse
Neutrino
Transmission
John Koenig
Worried
Toast
Plant Piber



EAGLE