

Great Gifts Received Every Christmas



The surprisingly extra festively special
UNOFFICIAL Christmas edition of
Gateway, with elves

EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS

By Ross Jackson, ZAP-ed

Welcome to the phenomenally festive yet satisfyingly bulky Christmas stocking of excitement that is the surprisingly unexpected Christmas edition of the GGREC magazine. All right, I may have overdone some of the adjectives, but hey, it is Christmas after all. As you would expect, this edition is so fantastic that they had to add an extra day of Christmas to the carol *Twelve Days Of Christmas* in order to contain it's awesomeness. Puzzles, word searches and jokes that you wouldn't even put in a cheap bon-bon are bulging from the very pages they're

written on. Now I know what you're thinking; it probably goes along the lines of "*Huh, bu-, didn't he-, What???*" and after waiting some time for you to calm down and collect you're thoughts into some form of coherent sense, you'll eventually come to "*I thought he said he wasn't going to do another magazine!*", and you know what, I lied, I fooled you all, just when you thought it was safe to sleep at nights, BAM, there I am, terrifying small children and adults alike with my flippant disregard to proper usage of the word "*Penultimate*". It's only for this one edition though, so there's no need to grab your torches and pitchforks just yet. So sit back, relax, and enjoy this very special Christmas edition.



Party! Party! Party!

As you should be fully aware, the GGREC Christmas break-up party will be hosted by Graeme Brown VK3BXG in Drouin. Now I know you've all being eagerly anticipating his totally awesome barbeque, there will games, a sizzling barbie, (no Ken) shade, heaps of parking, and most importantly, the legendary Christmas hamper will be raffled off. The hamper, however, will lose its legendary status and become merely noteworthy, or as the economists have recently taken to saying, sub-hamper, unless immediate action is taken to significantly beef up its contents. So unless you want this year's Christmas hamper to become a mere fraction of its potential greatness instead of the behemoth of chocolaty goodness

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that it ought to be, you should donate anything and everything to the Christmas hamper. Don't be a scrooge! The Christmas break-up party is a lunch time party, and you'll need to BYO everything, including chairs and tables, as usual. (A hotplate will be provided) For those of you who need instructions to the party please follow the instructions below.

To Graeme's Christmas Break-up:

1. From the Princes Freeway (A1), turn off at the Drouin exit, and follow the signs into Drouin.
2. Turn right at the **second** round about in the main street of Drouin (near the Bendigo Bank).
3. Follow this road past the high school, and not far beyond the school you will have to turn right into Pryor Road.
4. His house number is really easy to remember as his house number is the same as the club chat frequency (225), so follow Pryor Road for 2.25 kilometres until you see his house on the left. (look for the antennas)

Speaking of great parties, don't forget to attend the New Years Eve celebrations at the Jackson QTH. It starts at 8:00pm and caravans are welcome, we do have some spare rooms available, but please contact us soon as possible to ensure you don't miss out. For those of you who need instructions to the New Years Eve party please follow the instructions below.

To the New Years Eve Party (for those that don't already know):

1. Form the Princess Freeway (A1), turn off at the Drouin exit, but instead of turning right into Drouin, turn left towards Neerim South/Mt Baw Baw.
2. Keep following the signs to Neerim South/Mt Baw Baw until you reach the Drouin West Primary School.
3. When you reach the school, turn right, into Old Sale Road and after a few metres, turn into the second driveway on the right. (It's the place with the red tinned roof)

A Christmas Poem

NANNA'S OLD TREE

By Dianne Jackson, VK3JDI

When Christmas comes around again,
I think of family, and I think of friends.
As I unpack my old plastic Christmas tree,
I think of my nanna, who left it to me.
It's getting quite old, and some bits are lost,
Broken bits are still scattered around in the box.
When I was a kid it always seemed so tall,
Now as I assemble it, it seems rather small.
I untangle the tree lights and think that perhaps,
I will need some more tinsel to fill up the gaps.
The decorations are on and I turn on the switch,
My old Christmas tree lights up without a glitch.
This year, I've got a brand new Christmas tree,
A "once in a life time bargain" you see.
It's bigger and thicker and fits in precisely,
Some new decorations will go on it quite nicely.
Now nanna's old tree is left in it's box,
Among blankets and folders and old woollen socks.
Seeing it sitting there, makes me feel a bit sad,
When I think of the wonderful Christmases we had.
I'm a bit sentimental, here and there, I know,
But that old tree was broken, it just had to go.
I know that each year, as I decorate my new tree,
Thoughts of my nanna will always be with me.



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AWESOME

Upcoming Events

15th December, Saturday	Christmas break-up at Graeme BXG's QTH
New Years Eve	At the home of Ian and Di Jackson in Drouin West
4th January, Friday	Informal Prac Night
14th January, Monday	Committee Meeting 8:00 PM (Please note the date change)
18th January, Friday	General Meeting
23rd February, Saturday	Bowling afternoon in Cranbourne Dinner at Kelly's Pub – Bookings essential
26th January, Saturday	Australia Day at the Clubrooms. Activating AX3BJA, 10:00 AM start

There are a lot of fun and interesting events in the upcoming months, so make sure you attend as many as you can!



Christmas Word Search

Find all the words hidden in this festively shaped word-search puzzle. Words can go vertically and horizontally and diagonally.

(Please note, the misspelling of the word VIXEN was entirely intentional, just to keep you all on your toes.)

				X D					
CHRISTMAS				B E				CARDS	
REINDEER				N N Z W				TOYS	
SANTA				E L Q M				WRAPPING	
TREE				M S Z P H Q				RIBBON	
DECORATIONS				E W R M U W				JOY	
TINSEL				U T A E E E A H				COOKIES	
SHORTBREAD				Z N E O G I N A				DASHER	
RUDOLF				G C E N U T P N V E				DANCER	
PUDDING				E C W F J S M O D P				PRANCER	
LOLLIES				R D R O V P A W D P E Y				VIXON	
PRESENTS				O A N M X Y J F D F Y E				COMET	
LIGHTS				H Z Z R K U G T T D Y R O R				CUPID	
MERRY				B E Z H U F R T R E T U Q J				DONNA	
SLEIGH				L A P T J K N G W G C O D B U X				BLITZEN	
				E M U E J P T G S G O Y O X O L					
				G S F O M F R C L E P R S L V P Q S					
				P N D A O E R E Z G G A L F U R Y Y					
				F U I V A C C I R I T N T Y T R E E O U					
				A T T I Q S G L X O V Q I J D Q T R B F					
				B W M Y X P H H D K I D B O D N A L V D F O					
				S T D Q O C N G E C Y I W N X D T N A D N B					
				P T K M H N O O P C R A S L S Y H U E C A C L B					
				D N U U U B D W O R S N A A O F T R P P E L I N					
				W X E R S B Y V O E V F D F Y N L B Y K X D R T G I					
				X V S Z I F S K M T X R J R Z M T L J I I V W Z M T					
				T V I E R F I I X C G N I P P A R W A I P Y S I E G P C					
				P J L R P C E N M G G S A M V O C E Y U E Q V Q N A L E					
				Z D K M P P S M S A M T S I R H C A W C N D S S T H G I L C					
				X W M Y F P M L M X D Q D Z S U O D D E A T F L K N U M O W					



THEREBY HANGS A TALE

"Alligator"

English writers of the sixteenth century correctly called the American creature a lagarto, for that was the Spanish name for this huge saurian---"lizard." But because Spaniards, like Arabs, are accustomed to put the definite article al before a noun---al lagarto, the lizard---careless English writers assumed that this was a single word---allagarto. This became further corrupted in the seventeenth century to allegator, and the present spelling became established in the early eighteenth century.

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Night of the Day of the Dawn of the Son of the Bride of the Return of the Revenge of the Terror of the Attack of the Evil, Mutant, Alien, Flesh Eating, Hellbound, Zombified Christmas Tree Part 2: In Shocking 2-D

Written By Ross Jackson, ZAP-ed

(ZAP-ed notes: Despite its really awesome title, this story isn't really very Christmassy, but I went to all the effort to write this story, and by golly you're going to read it and like it. Might I add, it is also based on a true story, inasmuch that we did buy a Christmas tree.)

1007 AD

In England there was a village, and in this village there was a small cottage, and within it's walls was a table, and on this table was a box, and in this box was another box, with pretty pictures on it. Inside this box was a piece of paper, upon which a word was written. It was written by a man who wrote a long and interesting book, which was dedicated to a woman whose sister once bought a cabbage from a shop-keep, who owned a wooden cart which was rarely used. The person that made the cart bought

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the wood off a merchant, who bought it directly from a timber yard which was only a few miles away from a small forest, and is here where our story begins. For it is in this forest that a young man decided to relieve himself upon a small tree not long after drinking what some might say was too much water from a nearby creek. And as he did so an extremely attractive wood nymph of magnificent beauty appeared before him. She said that by urinating on her tree he is bound by an ancient magic that he must become her husband, and that they will live together in the woods in total bliss and harmony. The young man, who couldn't believe his luck, said he wholeheartedly supported the idea, and that he would love her forever and ever, until the dying days of the earth. And so they got married and had lots of children and they both loved each other with every ounce of their being. And all too quickly the years passed, and the nymph's tree grow into an enormous tower of majestic beauty, and passers by looked in awe upon it's mighty height, and were fascinated by it's immaculate foliage. But too easy is the human mind corrupted, and thoughts turned quickly from wonder and amazement, to profits and greed. And so on one fateful night, a wealthy merchant ordered the tree to be cut down, and turned into furniture for the queen of England. And it was on this day that the tree was cut down, and the Husband's lover, whose life was deeply entwined with the tree, was brutally slain. He was furious, and with a terrible wrath and anger, cursed the woods, cursed every tree, every blade of grass, cursed the creeks, the stones, the insects, the animals, the clouds in the sky and even the gods themselves. That night a horrific storm passed through the woods, a storm so powerful the likes of which have never been seen upon the face of the earth ever again. The next morning, all was bare, the forest had totally vanished, and not a single trace was left, except for one stump, right in the middle of where the forest used to be.

2007 AD

Hal and I piled out of the van and looked upon a large paddock, which had rows and rows of Christmas trees in it. We were buying a pine tree to put in the courtyard for Christmas. We had done so the past few years and it had been a huge success, so we had no hesitation in hooking the trailer onto the van, ready to take a freshly cut tree to our home. A hobbled old lady came up to us from her little shed, she was the kind of old lady you

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would expect to see hand Snow White a poisonous apple, short, crippled and as ugly as her heart was black. "Pick any tree you want, but choose wisely, they may not all be as they seem to appear" she croaked, but we mostly ignored her, and went through the gate. We walked down the rows of trees until the cry of "Oh wow, look at this one" was heard from Hal. We all rushed over to see the tree, and sure enough, it was fairly impressive. "That's perfect, let's get this one" said Ian, and Dianne hastened to agree. "I don't know, it looks a bit, you know, ominous looking" I commented, but my words were dismissed as being totally daft. So we cut it down, hauled it onto the trailer and paid the old crone some money, and just as we drove off, back to our house, she started to laugh manically. Little did we know, but we had just bought a tree that had been cursed by the vengeful husband.

The instant we brought it home, things started taking a turn for the worst. As we were lifting it from the trailer to the garden where it would live, somebody dropped it on the ground, and some of the branches snapped, leaving one side of the tree flat and ruined. What's more, as I was holding it up to put it into its pot, I cut myself on it's spiky needles, it was only a little scratch, but it was a sign of further things to come, because sure enough, minutes later I became aware of a rash that had developed on my arms. Mum said it was because it was a pine tree, and that you can get a rash when you have your arms brushing against its needles. I didn't believe her though, I knew then that there was something more sinister behind it's now decorated exterior.

Later that night I was sitting in the garden, watching the sun set, when out of the corner of my eye I saw movement. I quickly turned, and saw the Christmas tree still as a statue, but not where it was before. It had moved a metre towards me. I shouted out, but it was too late. As the last glimmers of sunlight faded behind the horizon, it transformed into a giant mutant Christmas tree. Its ruined side, now covered with tinsel and baubles, looked like a giant face with a crazy grin. It lunged at me, but I managed to dodge it and run for cover. What later ensured was a bloody and epic melee battle of biblical proportions, it came at me time and time again with its enormous branches, but I managed to heroically fend it off with nothing more than a garden hose, a fold up chair, and a little known fact of agricultural science. The battle raged on all through night, until finally the evil mutant tree was defeated, its trunk battered and broken, and its

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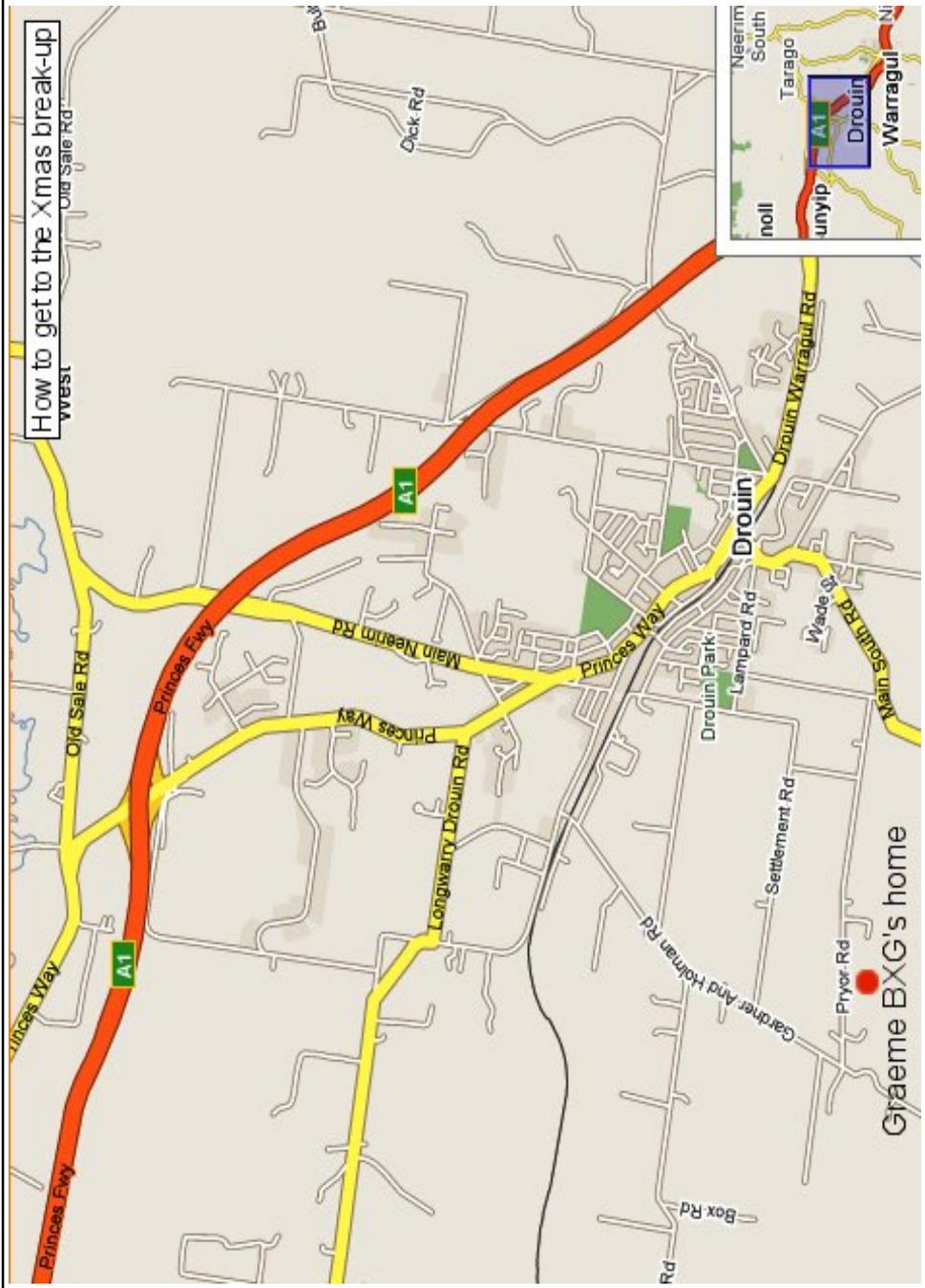
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leaves wilting on the floor. You know how when you're at the beach, and you pick up a handful of sand, and you watch it as it slips through your fingers, blowing into the air. That's what the tree did. It sort of dissolved into the air. Naturally, the next day, we stormed down to the Christmas tree seller and demanded a refund, on account of us being sold an evil mutant Christmas tree and all. But apparently there was a sign on the side of the shed, saying "no refunds", so after many a shaken fist we eventually drove home, Christmas treeless. And so we reach the moral of the story, "Always brush your teeth twice a day!"

Spot The Difference

See if you can spot the 10 differences between these two pictures





How to get to the Xmas break-up

Graeme BXG's home

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PO BOX 1098
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