

Visitors at the Annetta Klinger home Christmas were her son Victor, from Portland, Butch Sawyer from Pasco and Grace Leathers of Lexington. Lori and Jan Edwards of Pendleton visited with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards over the holidays.

Dorothy Burcham was called to Idaho by the death of her mother on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomm Bradd and their daughter, Josie, of Ontario, visited her mother, Gladys Van Winkle, over the Christmas holidays.

Visitors at the C.C. Jonesranch were their daughter, Charlene Whitney, and daughter, Kim, and Frank Wilcox of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Smith and Katie and Jim Bowen, III, and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Smith of Hermiston, Mr. and Mrs. Victor L. Groshens of Heppner and her grandmother. Flossie Breeding, who was visiting there from the Good Samaritan Center in Hermiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Breeding and children of Gresham were callers in Heppner and Lexington on the weekend.

Mrs. Dale Jones and girls, and Marie Yocom of Pendleton were visitors with their parents, Mr and Mrs. Joe Yocom, over the holidays.

Visitors at the Gene Majeske home Christmas were their daughter and family. Mr and Mrs. Burke O'Brien of Echo, a sister and husband, Mr and Mrs. Jack Mounts of Portland, Mrs. Pat Wright and Sandi and Freda Majeske of Henponer

Mr and Mrs. Glover Peck, Mr and Mrs. Raymond Peck, Mr and Mrs. Richard Peck, Mr and Mrs. Lyle Peck and their families were guests of Mabel Ring at her home in lone on Friday Dinner was enjoyed, and the home was cleverly decorated in the Christmas motif, with many decorations handmade articles, made by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Peck and children spent the hole days in Portland visiting relatives.



January is named for Janus, a Roman god who in mythology was the diety of doors and gates. Because a person symbolically passes through a door when he enters something new. Janus became the god of beginnings. People prayed to him when they were about to start something new. Janus is usually represented with two faces, one looking forward and the other backward. He is often shown carrying keys and a staff.

The Norsemen named this winter month for Thor, their god of thunder and storms. The Anglo-Saxons called it Wolfmonth because wolves came into the villages in winter in search of food.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, wrote these famous lines about the changing of years:

Ring out the old, ring in the new.

Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

The year is going, let him go:

Ring out the false, ring in the true

In Morrow County the New Year's bells will ring "across the snow" only at its highest elevations. The warmth and sunshine here this holiday time has been phenomenal—and thank goodness no flooding came along with it (except in my kitchen).

Since this has been the first year since 1976 that the children have traveled to Heppner for Christmas, I and they were delighted to have such good travel weather. Every second generation member and seven grandchildren. excepting the four William Washington Weatherford III's of Southern California, surely made my home a lively, busy place. The fifteen of us waited in line before the door of the single bathroom- which is only adequate when I am here alone. Ten of us found places to eat in the dining room and five older grandchildren were seated at the kitchen table. We shared lots of special excitements, some delightful and some not so pleasing. Karla and husband, Rick Weaver, and baby, Abiah, arrived first from Port Orchard, Wash., on Wednesday afternoon. Rick was weary and distressed because he had developed a stubborn case of hiccups, and various schemes and medications didn't seem to discourage his diaphragmic difficulty. Karla and I attended the lovely candlelight Christmas Eve service that night at the Methodist Church. Finally, after two sleepless nights and difficult days, Dr. Gifford was telephoned and Rick and Karla went up to the Pioneer Memorial Hospital on Christmas night

Rick is director of Penninsula Lodge, a rehabilitation center at Bremerton where Karla is an occupational therapist. They both work constantly with hospitals and doctors. Rick was so favorably impressed with the hospital here, with the treatment he received which relaxed him and relieved him of the hiccups, and with Dr. Gifford's instructions so carefully carried out by RN Molly Pierce Rhea and her assistants. Christmas night he really slept and on the 26th he was fit again and able to pitch in at solving another family emergency.

My son, Judge W.P. Haberlach, and his family arrived last, just after noon on the 26th, as they had traveled from Medford to Yakima on Dec. 24 to be with Bette's parents, the Barton Stevensons, for two nights before coming to Heppner. Soon after they joined the 11 waiting here, a jolly visitor came to the front door dressed in red velvet, white fur, black boots and flowing white whiskers. He said that my fireplace was too hot for him to use, and that he was very tired as he had been all around the world.

Grandchildren Pearl, 1, Thomas, 315, Anna, 415, and

enjoyed grandchildren and praised the Lord for such multi-talented, helpful, grown children and such delightful, beautiful grandchildren.

As promised. I can personally report that the smoked turkey was dandy. The grocer managed to give me lots of extra giblets which I turned into dressing and gravy that went well, too. On Saturday when the four young family groups made ready to start homeward, each took along smoked turkey sandwiches and other goodies for travel snacks.

Now, as the new year arrives. I am rejoicing that life still seems so worthwhile. I have just re-read a favorite set of resolutions that I have kept with other special clippings. They were written in 1927 by Max Ehrmann.

"Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant: they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit.

If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter: for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

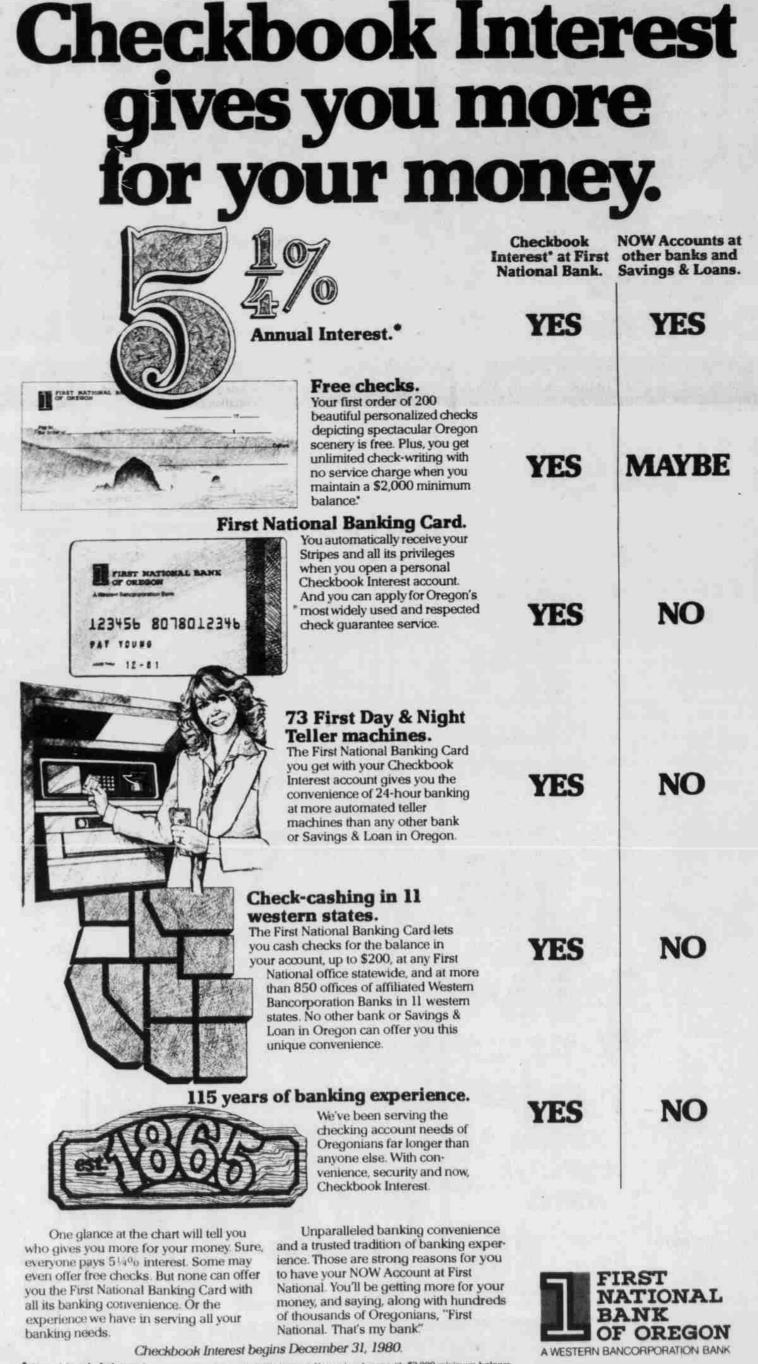
Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love: for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."





Dinner guests on Christmas day at the Glover Peck home were Mr and Mrs. Lyle Peck and Mike and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Peck.

Majo Hughes has had as her guest this past week Roma Belscher, a missionary from Africa Mrs. Hughes and Miss Belscher were classmates at Eastern Oregon State College in La Grande.

A birthday party honoring Eileen Padberg and a cookie exchange were enjoyed at the Dean Hunt home on Dec. 22 with Mrs. Hunt as hostess. Those present were Eddi Skow, Sharon Harrison, Annetta Klinger, Phyllis Piper, Roberta Jones, Suzanne Jepsen, the honoree, Mrs. Padberg, and the hostess.

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Adam, just 6, were overwhelmed Anna kept saying, "He is really Santa Claus--he really is." Oldest son Ross's own kids, Scott, 12 and Anita, 10, aided his act and agreed with Anna that their dad was indeed Santa. As Santa called each youngster to his lap and talked personally about his or her behavior and passed out gifts to each, there was a tremendous round of picture taking by three sets of parents. Then all fifteen of us, including tiny Abiah, assembled outdoors to pose for family pictures in front of my stocking-hung window facing south Court Street.

Next, the kitchen became the location for major activity, and just as dinner preparations were getting into full swing, the trap under my sink gave way. This caused flooding and meant much mopping and wiping up and hurried trips to local stores to buy new plumbing parts. I felt so fortunate that this emergency took place on Friday. Dec. 26. instead of on the 25th when all the stores were closed or on the 27th after my expert helpers departed from Heppner.

Great and talented sons-in-law, clinic director, Rick, and Spokane architect. Ray Chenhall, proved to be wonderful plumbers, restoring the sink to functioning in short time-bless them. Never before and maybe never again will I have such amazing, professional help standing by So, after the plumbers had performed their magic, young

mothers. Karla, Ann and Bette, were quick to aid brothers, Ross and Bill, in getting dinner ready while I set the tables,



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