

Magi's Arrival Upsets Jerusalem

By GEORGE CORNELL
Associated Press Religion Writer



Health Group Issues Memo

LAKEVIEW — A reminder to the public is being made by the Lake County Health Association that a loan of sick room supplies is being maintained by the organization for loan to ill persons on request. The items have been donated for use of Lake County residents by the Lake County Tuberculosis and Health Association, American Legion Auxiliary, Health Department and individuals. They can be borrowed without charge for as long as needed for illness.

The items maintained include one pair of bed rails to fit on adjustable beds; four hospital beds with mattresses; three beds are adjustable and one has blocks to use for raising it; 24 hospital bed size sheets; 24 pillow cases; three rubber sheets; one mattress pad; four bath blankets; 15 towels; six wash cloths; one pair crutches; one wheelchair, folding; one commode chair, can be used for wheelchair also; seven reading and writing stands; one bedside table; six small pillows; six large pillows; three hospital gowns; one white enamel pitcher, two white enamel pans; one old-fashioned vaporizer; three bed pans and two urinals, and three rubber syringes.

Calls can be made to WH 7-2271 or WH 7-4700 if any of these items are needed. Dressings for cancer patients and other help can be obtained by calling Mrs. Eva Arthur, Lake County commander, or the health department.

Donations to the Crusade for Cancer and the buying of Christmas Seals from the TB and Health Association, The Cancer Society supplies dressings for any patient requesting them.

Lakeview Lions Offering Prizes

LAKEVIEW — The Lakeview Lions Club is again offering cash prizes for the best Christmas decorations in Lakeview and the immediate vicinity.

Five separate contest awards will be made. Three cash prizes of \$25, \$20 and \$15 are available for the most artistic scenes, and a \$10 cash award will be made for the best decorated window.

Another \$10 award will go for the best decorated Christmas tree visible from outside the house. For the best decorated individual tree on the outside, not a part of a scenery entry, there will be a \$10 prize. All awards are donated by the California Oregon Power Company.

Judges will be chosen by the Lions Club and their decision will be final.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? MOBILE, Ala. (UPI) — Police jailed George A. Million Tuesday on a charge of passing bad checks.

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

Old men frowned and young men wagged their heads. Clothsmongers paused in their prattle and women clasped hands to their mouths. Some men scoffed; some snarled; some dreamed. Some chewed their lips, wondering.

In the middle hour of the morning, the three strangers, potentates from a distant land, had ridden into the city and halted at the "broad place" just inside the Fountain gate, asking their disturbing question:

"Where is he that is born King . . . ? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

To the three windburned travelers, the learned Magi of Persia, it must have been keenly dispiriting to find that here in the Holy City, the very cradle of redemptive prophecy, none knew of its culmination.

They proceeded on up the narrow streets, their footmen bearing the gifts. A growing throng of onlookers trailed behind them and on either side, Lictors, with bronzed staves, cleared the way.

The venerable, old Melchior swayed tiredly in the saddle, and voices babbled around them.

"What manner of excellencies are these? . . . They speak boldly of a new king. . . . Will not Herod seize them? . . . Are they mad? . . . Surely they are Asian princes. . . . They wear the emblems of wizards of the Far East. . . ."

All Jerusalem was troubled. Matthew's gospel reports, for the question revived an age-old cry echoing out of the mists of the past in this enchanted city.

On the evening before, the impressive visitors had pitched camp in the Kidron Valley outside the walls. Their dark tents with fringed awnings drew swarms of beggars and waifs, whom the Magians ordered fed and given coins.

Now, after a restive night, they had entered the city, convinced they had reached the end of their long pilgrimage—the birthplace of the God-King. For this was the capital of the people predestined to be his lineage.

Yet the only response had been guarded looks, surprise and perplexity. Roman sergeants appeared brusquely to ask the delegation its purpose, and other functionaries scrutinized them.

Beside a pool, Melchior raised his hand and the party halted. An attendant hurried up and the old High Magus eased himself to the ground, roared sore and stiff. Balshazar and young Gaspar also dismounted.

The three left their camels with servants and trudged silently up the paved ramp toward the Temple. It dominated the city, high on the eastern hill, its marble walls and towers gleaming in the sun.

Melchior squinted, his face drawn and dark. His own ancient religion, with its one great God of goodness, reared no earthly temples. Yet the bygone pontiff Persian kings had proclaimed Israel's God the same.

He plodded along slowly, blinking at the shimmering stones ahead.

Long ago, the powerful Darius had decreed that the "God of Daniel" is the "living God," synonymous with Ahura-Mazda. And Cyrus the Great said likewise, even providing means to restore the Jewish Temple in all its grandeur.

Why, then, was the Divine Epiphany unknown here? Melchior ran a wrinkled hand over his face. Had he misread the accumulated perception of the age? Had he mistranslated a star?

All the world at that day had felt vague presentiments of a coming matchless leader, a champion of a golden age. Even in idol-filled Rome, the historians, Tacitus and Suetonius, and the Poet Virgil spoke of it.

It had pulsed immemorably in the blood of Israel, and did so even now beneath the boot of the Roman pawn, Herod. Yet there was no inkling of its fulfillment. A wave of depression ran over Melchior.

Surely it was here, as revealed in the sacred tomes, in the musty, inspired wisdom that surpasses wisdom, that the Anointed would rise. All Melchior's days, he had absorbed these tortuous secrets, both of Jew and Aryan like himself, harnessing his mind and spirit to receive it.

How painstakingly his royal priestly academy had pored over obscure formulas, examined the elements and analyzed the time intervals given by Daniel to comprehend the supernatural moment.

And then the planetary heralds had come, followed by the mystic flame—the "star of Jacob," as foreseen in a trance by the gentle diviner, Balshazar. Yet, here where it had beckoned, its meaning remained unrealized.

Had the search been in vain, a puerile illusion? Practical-minded men had called it so. Could they be right? Was the search for a Savior sheer folly?

Melchior sighed and suddenly he was deeply weary, drained of all energy. He hesitated unsteadily there on the sloping pavement, and again pressed a hand to his eyes. Balshazar gripped his shoulder. "Art thou faint, Itah-Magus?"

Melchior set his jaw, waved Balshazar away and pushed on up the hill.

He would not lose heart! Failure was impossible, in reality. God did not change. His covenant remained undiminished. Only man's understanding of it veered and wavered, for he judged truth in a moment's narrow scope, not the sweep of the eternity.

They could not be wrong. The steady beat of the centuries could not be wrong, nor the great, long tide of vision, nor the holy books. Daniel could not be wrong, nor he whose genius defied logic, whose endowments excelled the earthly manifestations of fire and beast, who read the inscrutable on the walls of the courts of Belshazzar. Not all the prophets could be wrong. Nor humanity's highest hope. Nor the star!

All at once, Melchior knew. In the infinite symmetries of God, while it was to Israel that the King was born, it was left to voyagers from afar to seek Him out, in token of the range of His call, the universal extent of His kingship.

On a portico outside the Temple wall, the Magi approached a rabbi who sat awaiting his students, and explained briefly the causes and object of their search.

A light, an old hunger, darted in the Jewish teacher's eyes, and then he frowned, glancing about uneasily.

"Thou dost stir up the wells of hope," he said in a low voice. "Withal, be heedful lest the Herodians take thy words amiss. The King is a jealous king."

Melchior smiled wanly, and his hand traced a circle, sign of blessing. The search went on. They inquired of chief priests, in the shops, among the lowly and high.

Soon, to their tents, came a bowing courier, garbed in ornament of robes and pendants, who addressed them unctuously: "Honored sirs, I bring thee greetings from his majesty, Herod the King, who requests audience with thee that he may attend thee in thy desires."

Melchior nodded thoughtfully. A squad of Roman troops led them across the city to the west wall. As the gates swung open to the lavish castle, with its sweeping esplanade, fountains and arbors, trumpet blasts sounded from a tower.

Compared to the troubled buzzing of the city without, a troubled quiet descended within the palace grounds.

Tomorrow: The interview.



THIS WOODCUT of the appearance before Herod is taken from a story on the life of Jesus published in 1478 at Ulm, Germany. Note how the anonymous medieval artist, unfamiliar with the East, clothed the figures in the court dress of Europe.

(Photo courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art)

White House Keeping Mum On Gift Of Vicuna To Ike

WASHINGTON (AP)—An Italian tailor is in town with expensive gifts for President Eisenhower—a vicuna overcoat and a cashmere golfing jacket.

But, after learning how the word vicuna still causes government officials to wince, he hasn't tried to go near the White House to present them personally to the President.

Instead, Angelo Litrico of Rome said he would turn over his two hand-made creations to the Italian Embassy. Ambassador Manlio Brosio, he said, has assured him they will be delivered to the White House.

When asked, the Italian Embassy said Litrico must be mistaken. Brosio has offered to send along the cashmere golfing jacket to the White House, the embassy said, but the ambassador said nothing about the vicuna coat.

The White House kept a strict silence about Eisenhower's attitude toward the intended gifts. Associate press secretary Anne Wheaton said Litrico has "no appointment—none whatsoever."

The 30-year-old Litrico, operator of a fashionable shop in Rome, said he knows nothing about the furor created last summer by the disclosure that a vicuna overcoat was given to former presidential aide Sherman Adams by Boston industrialist Bernard Goldfine.

"I'm not a politician," he said. "I'm a tailor. It's not my fault that vicuna has suddenly become a bad word. It's a beautiful material—the very best."

He displayed the coat—a hand-sewn navy blue model—to a reporter in his hotel room.

Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and Brazilian President Juscelino Kubitschek have shown no reluctance in accepting his gifts when he visited their countries, Litrico said.

"I would never visit a foreign country without giving a present to the boss. I give it out of my heart," he said.

The matter apparently settled, Mrs. Galvan left to do some shopping.

The girl ran weeping to the roof, followed by three persons she passed on the stairway.

On the roof of the lower East Side tenement, Carmen broke away from the neighbors and leaped over a rear parapet. She plunged five stories to her death.

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Red Leaders Facing Delicate Task

TOKYO (AP)—The leaders of Communist China now face the big and delicate job of telling the people that Mao Tze-tung is stepping down from the nation's presidency in January.

Foreign diplomats in Peiping were told Tuesday. No successor has been announced. Red officials emphasized that Mao will continue to head the Chinese Communist party. Few foreigners expected any change in Red China's basic policies.

In telling Red China's more than 600 million persons, the leaders have to avoid creating even the slightest implication that Mao was forced out because of any errors.

The 65-year-old leader of the Chinese Communist revolution has been pictured as the all-knowing guide and counselor who makes no mistakes. Much of the tightly regimented structure of Red China has been built around this picture.

Any clouding of the picture could cause cracks in the Communist control system. This would be especially true if there were any hint the change involved controversy over the new commune system, which is smashing revered family traditions to force people into work camps.

Foreign Minister Chen Yi, in telling the diplomats of the change, admitted the Chinese people would be disturbed by the news. Chen reportedly said the decision would be announced in a way "to banish all fear and apprehension."

Indications are that this will be done by playing up the traditional Chinese reverence for the scholar. The people apparently will be told that Mao is relinquishing one post to devote more time to study and writing.

This "back to the books" line

O, My Achin' Bach, Flung At Glee Club

CHAPEL HILL, N.C. (AP)—It was Beethoven's birthday, but it was also the Christmas season. And that's where the trouble started.

The University of North Carolina's Choral Club scheduled Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" Tuesday night. Some music department students took offense, hoisted placards and began picketing the performance.

Said the signs, "UNC Music Dept. is Unfair to Beethoven." "Go Home, Bach, Go Home." "Three Cheers for Beethoven."

INSPECTION LAWS BROOKINGS (AP)—The next state Legislature will be asked to change the state nursery inspection laws, Kenneth B. Lee, president of the Pacific Bulb Growers Assn., said Tuesday.

He said the Legislature would be asked to allow inspectors in the field to destroy undesirable plants in all areas of nursery stock.

the Bon Bazaar

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