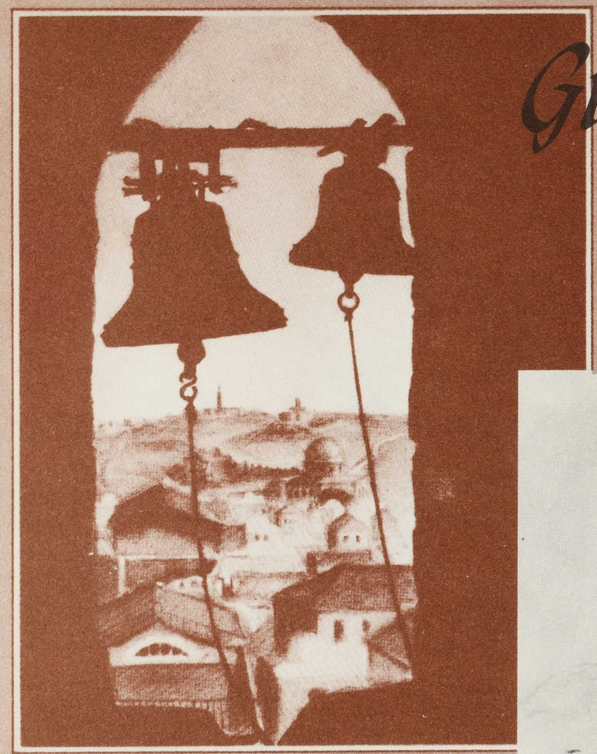


View of Nazareth

Greetings from Israel

for your Christmas messages,
a selection of cards
printed in Nazareth.

Rebekah

From the Holy Land itself comes this selection of Christmas greeting cards. Your Christmas messages this year can be tokens of remembrance from Nazareth, city of Jesus' childhood. In the modern Nazareth Publishing Company, Jew and Arab work side by side to produce these cards honoring a great Christian holiday. Let your Christmas messages be symbolic, not only of a great Biblical past, but of brotherhood today!

These lovely full-color cards are priced at $2.15, postage prepaid, for a box of twenty. The cards are 5¼"x4".

Selection includes:

- Fishing-boat on the Sea of Galilee
- View of Nazareth
- Sunset over the Sea of Galilee
- Capernaum
- Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee
- Rachel
- Rebekah

WRITE TO:

Distributor, Nazareth Publishing Co.
336 Broadway, New York City

THANK YOU

for your generous response to our clothing appeal for Jewish and Arab refugees.

THIS FALL

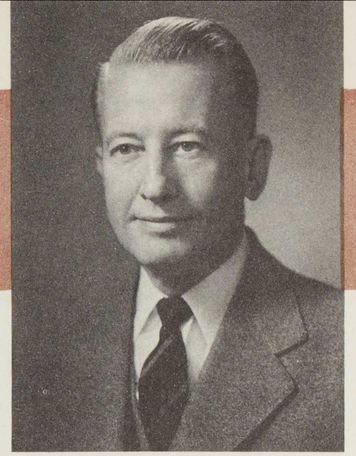
we hope to send another shipment of serviceable used clothing to the Near East for displaced and destitute peoples, both Jewish and Arab.

May we count on your contribution?

AMERICAN CHRISTIAN PALESTINE COMMITTEE 342 Madison Avenue • New York 17, N. Y.

THE DAY IS COMING

by ERIC JOHNSTON president of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, Inc.



Mr. Johnston

A FEW weeks ago, I walked through the streets of Jerusalem—the narrow cobbled byways of the Old City and the broad paved avenues of the New. My companions and I had come down across the valley of the Jordan from Amman, up through the ancient hills to the pale loveliness of the Holy City with its domes and spires and minarets bathed in brilliant morning sun.

I lunched with a group of Arab Palestinians, and listened to the story of their exodus from a land they loved. Then I passed through the rubble and the ruin at Mandelbaum Gate—that grim reminder of the terror that wracked and severed the Holy City so short a time ago—and beyond the shattered homes, the concrete road-blocks, the sentry posts, I came into the Israeli sector of the city.

That same afternoon, I talked with that rugged, spirited man, Ben-Gurion. And that night I dined with members of the Cabinet of Israel.

Jerusalem is a place to make one remember and reflect, many thoughts crossed my mind as I moved through its streets. Perhaps more than any other place in the world, Jerusalem symbolizes man's faith, man's hope—and, ironically, man's folly. For this very well-spring of the concept of brotherhood, beloved by you and me as by Achmed, the Moslem lad who led me through the city, has been blighted and destroyed—perversely, senselessly, cruelly—by the very people who look to it with reverence. Through the ages, the hills on which our Holy City stands have been drenched with blood and seared with hate.

Even today, it is a city divided within itself by barricades of barbed wire, antagonism and mistrust. Not yet, not even in this sacred spot in the Judean hills, have we learned to practice tolerance and patience and the love of fellowman.

The day is coming—perhaps it will come soon—when Jerusalem will know peace. When that day arrives, physical signs of conflict—the barbed wire and the sentry boxes—will disappear. Then the people of Jerusalem will face the test of tolerance. If they will set aside passions and hatreds bred of war; if they will extend the hand of friendship, one to the other, they may make Jerusalem in our time a symbol not only of man's faith and hope, but of man's charity as well.

I found Ben-Gurion an embodiment of the vigor everywhere in the country. No one need tell you that life is hard there now. The ration is small, the diet monotonous; living accommodations are cramped; prices are high. The Government is grappling with gigantic problems. Yet not a single person of the many I talked with uttered a word of complaint or discouragement. The only talk I heard about problems was talk about how they were going to be solved. Yet one must be hard-headed about it. Israel's economy is precarious. Her balance of trade is dangerously disproportionate—140 million dollars of imports last year against 16 million dollars of exports. She is not yet feeding herself. The products of her industry must seek expensive markets overseas; food must be brought from afar. Even the most cheerful Israeli leaders, in government as well as in private industry, are deeply and frankly concerned.

The bald fact is that Israel cannot exist forever as an economic island in the Middle East. She must have trade and commerce with her neighbors. More than anything else, Israel needs peace with the Arab states—and not merely peace but friendship and a free exchange of goods. This will not be easy to achieve. It will call for compromise, perhaps until it hurts—not peace at any price, not appeasement certainly, but willingness to relinquish even hard-won gains for this larger interest.

No one, of course, can possibly predict the course of events in the Middle East. Yet as I traveled through five Arab states and Israel, I thought I detected on both sides a new realism and strong inclination toward settlement of issues that have plagued the region for five years. As in any situation of the kind, the die-hards just will not die, the extremists get the headlines, the politicians talk riddles. But beneath all this, in the ranks of solid and responsible leadership, are strong compulsions toward rapprochement.