

ST. PETER CLAVER'S CHURCH  
Ormond Place & Jefferson Ave.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

October 20th, 1923.

Kind friend—o'—mine:

For two years I have been saving up my pennies to buy a Ford, and last week when I counted them all up I had \$175.00. So I went and bought the car, a Sedan, for \$654.00. After two days I went down town to obey the law by getting a driver's license. It took about five minutes to sign the application, and when I came out my Ford was gone. I went to the policeman, and all the consolation he could give me was to say: "That's too bad, Father, they stole my car from the same spot a week ago."

Now, I don't want a car for any personal pleasure, but I cover every hospital in Brooklyn in the interest of the sick colored folks, and my other calls take me all over the Colored Belt. I've prayed to St. Anthony but he seems not to have any interest in Fords, save to send me the inspiration to write this letter. I am sending it to 650 friends in the hope that with a small donation from each I will be able to procure another one, which I assure you I will have insured before it leaves the dealer's. I was on my way to the Insurance man when the other one was stolen.

If you can help me I will be very, very grateful, and I'm sure that you will have a great big share in the work which it will do, namely, the salvation of souls.

With my blessing, I am,

Gratefully yours in Christ,

Rev. BERNARD J. QUINN.