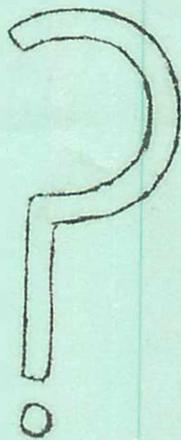


# ESPRIT

VOL. 2. No.1.



.....the magazine for the enquiring mind.



ESPRIT can be obtained for comment, contribution or 1/3 per issue.  
Editor: Daphne Buckmaster, 8, Buchanan St, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, Scotland.

## E S P R I T O R I A L

ESPRIT is an attempt at the sort of fanzine which I have long waited to see but have never come across - a magazine in which observations, experiences and ideas can be exchanged and discussed.

I do not particularly want to be an editor; I would much rather be a reader and occasional contributor as I have been in the past but it seems that if I am to read the type of things I want to read and which I hope there are other people interested in, then I will have to create such a magazine myself.

The word "esprit", among other things, means "liveliness of mind; spirit". I sincerely believe that the essential characteristic of the science-fiction fan or reader is this liveliness of mind and that he turned, in the first place, to science-fiction because, from it, he gets the sort of exercise and satisfaction for his mind that the person with a lively body gets from exploring uncharted lands or climbing mountains. He joins fandom because he wants to meet others of his kind. He publishes, or writes letters to, fanzines because he wants to communicate with these others. He is a compulsive reader and will read almost any subject or join in any discussion. It has been said that, if nothing else is to hand, he will read minutely the label on the sauce bottle. He has a tendency to stand aside and observe life rather than to be an unthinking part of it. All this can be due only to an active mind.

Now, so far as I can see, there have been two main types of fanzine. The type that has been prevalent these last few years has been the 'fannish' type. It contains items about individual fans, convention reports, fanzine reviews and accounts of meetings between fans. It uses as many names as possible and is, in fact, one vast gossip column. The other type is the "s-f fanzine" and contains prozine reviews, criticisms of authors' styles and discussions of plots and of whether s-f is literature, etc. These are the two extremes (there are others in between, of course); the one entertaining but non-sustaining; the other earnest and (except in small doses) somewhat indigestible - to me anyway.

What I have wanted and am now, as a last resort, trying to produce myself, is something where

one can read discussions, not of s-f stories as such but of the ideas behind s-f. To me the delight of s-f has always lain in its presentation of completely new points of view; new ideas about the nature of the human race and of the universe; speculations about the results of present day trends in our way of life; anything, in fact, which lifts the mind out of the dull plane of accepted conventional thought. In the early London Circle days at the White Horse, we used to discuss such ideas and very stimulating it was, too. Today, ideas are still discussed in some fanzines but they usually appear haphazardly among the letter columns and are lost among the general chatter. I have yet to see a magazine which exists purely as a vehicle for the exchange of ideas (I use the word in its widest sense to mean thoughts of any sort) and that is what I would like ESPRIT to be.

Whether this plan will develop into anything and what, if anything, it will develop into depends on the response I get to this first issue. You will find in it an article by Sid Birchby concerning his experiences at a weekend educational course in which he effectively puts a point of view which is very relevant to what I have been trying to say here. Ron Buckmaster has written some thoughts engendered by reading two books, entirely different in type but on the same theme - social class. As for me, I offer a defence of that modern advertising practice which seems to make so many people rise in wrath - motivation research. After that you will come to some strange facts about solitude and its psychological effects and a shock about porpoises.

I am also interested in personal viewpoints of an introspective or philosophical nature; unusual experiences; accounts of those incidents when one gets a sudden unexpected appreciation of, or insight into, some aspect of art, science or life that had before been obscure; mentions of books you have come across that have brought back that 'sense of wonder'; in brief, anything which contributes food for thought.

To contribute you need not write an article - though I would like to receive some and also essays - but just say something interesting in a letter. I know from my own experience that many observations and ideas get tucked away with the vague idea that they will make an article some time and then through lack of relevant material or - let us admit - sheer laziness, they disappear into limbo. Besides, articles take time, a short commodity with most of us, so, if you have anything to say, bung it in a letter and don't make the mistake of thinking that any of your thoughts are too trivial to mention. Most of us make that mistake because in our society we are brought up to brush aside thoughts as of no consequence. "Actions speak louder than words" we are told. Maybe; but who wants to be a loudspeaker? Our ancestors were nearer the truth when they said, "The pen is mightier than the sword".

A little while ago I read "The Status Seekers"- a book by the same man, Vance Packard, who wrote the first popular exposition of motivation research - and this book does some debunking of the American Dream of the classless society. At least, it's not truly a debunking because it seems that it is against their will that the people of the U.S. are being swept along towards a pattern of rigid class structure that is getting more and more set as the years go by.

This tendency to sort themselves out into set levels, the author explains, is due mainly to the fact that companies all over the country are getting so big nowadays that individuals no longer can know all the other employees by sight as they used to twenty or thirty years ago and so there must be symbols of status so that each can recognise just where he stands in the hierarchy. At different executive levels, employees have (say) different types of cars and woe betide the man who buys a better car than his boss, even for his own private family use!

The type of house is important too. In the new housing developments, all the houses in one area (which may stretch for miles) are of one type and built with a certain level of employee in mind so that gradually people move out of the town, where they have been living in a street with a fair mixture of other types of people, and automatically gravitate to their "right" group. The result is that each little community are all of the same class and each looks up to, or down upon, the next group. There is, too, a constant effort to move into, and be accepted by, the group just above them.

The fact that people can now afford to keep moving from one part of the country to another also adds, we are told, to this necessity for a visible class structure. In the old days, each family was known in its own district or town and everybody could be friendly with everybody else regardless of status because they knew which individuals were worthy of respect and which weren't. But now, with all the moving about, everybody is a stranger to everybody else and they must therefore adopt outward symbols of status to identify themselves.

The result of all this is a constant striving to get 'one up' on the neighbours; a striving, unsatisfying because endless, that is giving the American people as many ulcers as the pace of their work ever did and that apparently has no solution.

If any of you in America have read this book, I would like to hear your comments on it. Is it really getting as bad as Mr Packard describes or is the picture he paints a onesided one? England, these days, follows so closely in the footsteps of the U.S. that it is of somewhat more than academic interest to us to watch where it (the U.S.) is going!

\* \* \* \* \*

# A LETTER TO JOE

by Sid Burchby

Dear Joe,

Thanks for the copy of your beautifully produced fanzine. This arrived last week and acted as a suitable dig in the ribs to write to you. You may remember that we were corresponding about the previous issue (and differing fiercely over your editorial policy) and that I promised to write again after the Whitsun holiday, since I was due to go away then.

You may even recall that I said I was going to a weekend school at the County College of Further Education, and that I pulled your leg about needing the antidote to a surfeit of fanzines. I still haven't quite forgiven you the bheer-stained poetsard you sent in reply. 'Fuggheaded', indeed!

If you only knew, the course, which I duly attended with great enjoyment, was a good illustration of exactly the points I was arguing with you. I knew this would be so beforehand, though I didn't say so. When debating, never reveal your strategy too soon!

These County Colleges, I might tell you, are Good Things to know about. They were set up, I believe, as part of the postwar educational policy, and there is generally one per county. The particular one that I went to caters for Lancashire, and is at a country mansion on the edge of the Ribble Valley, not very far from Preston. For a weekend, or for a week in some cases, one can have food and accommodation better than at many hotels, together with lectures and discussions slightly better than the average University standard. On the level of a good seminar, say.

Since I am quite frankly trying to 'sell' this set-up to you, in the hope of broadening the waist-high culture (to borrow a phrase) of your fanzine, I ought to say what it does and what you can get out of it. I've been trying to show you for some time what a dead-end you are in, publishing-wise, compared with the best fan-editors of the past. Take a long look at the average fanzine of today: it doesn't deal with science-fiction, because "fans' interests soon go beyond s-f except in the nec stage". On the other hand, it doesn't deal with anything else very **thoroughly**, because "there's got to be variety in a fanzine and readers soon get bored if the same subject is featured for too long".

In fact, the only respect in which the modern fanzine scores over its ancestors is in layout and production. As far as it

can go slick, it does, but like some of these nicely-packaged breads, there's very little nourishment left in the contents. This isn't altogether your fault, Joe. I'm not calling you a mental lightweight, please believe me! What I do say is that the average fan, when he is about to start producing his first fanzine, has a vision of a standard format and policy which he knows will be popular, because others like it have been. Apart from neat production (which I support, too) he believes in a light, humorous touch, plenty of cartoons and fillers to break up large masses of text, a fair ration of faan fiction, con reports and accounts of meetings with other fans, fanzine reviews and a large letter column (large because everybody likes to have his name in print.)

Well, this formula has certainly produced many a good fanzine and may yet produce more. But, to me, it's time for a change. Just what sort of change is what you and I have been arguing about for months, isn't it?

In my personal view, a fanzine editor is someone who starts off with two pieces of basic equipment: a duplicator and a sense of wonder. He gets the first, together with typewriter and other meccanical gadgets which I'm ignoring for the sake of my argument, at a shop, and the second is something inside himself which he has developed by reading s-f and in no other way. If s-f begins to pall on him, the fault is in the s-f, not in him, and he must find other ways of feeding his sense of wonder until better s-f is written!

If it's the science in s-f that attracted him, then he should browse among textbooks for a while, ct snoop around a laboratory, or attend a lecture, on whatever part of science he likes. If it's speculation on the future, or the past, or psychology, or any others of the myriad strands of speculation that a good s-f author weaves into his glittering web, he must follow it up for himself. And he must also put over this feeling in his fanzine. It may mean that he will lose the interest of 30% of his readers, who would rather have cartoons and faan fiction, but is that any loss?

Perhaps you will say: "But I have to work for a living. I have no time to become a boy scientist, nor the inclination. I am a faneditor for fun."

Sure you are, Joe. And I'm not asking you to stop having fun. I'm asking you to reflect whether you have felt any flash of exhilaration (to mix metaphors) in the last few months, such as you must have done when you read your first s-f and caught your first glimpse of the marvels of the universe. Er....you did, didn't you?

Just to give you an idea of what I mean, I'll mention some of the points that attracted me on this weekend course, which

was on the twin subjects of ecology and painting. The idea behind this marriage of such widely differing subjects was to demonstrate the use of structure and form from the viewpoints both of the biologist and the artist.

If you don't see how this is possible, or even whether such a synthesis is worth doing, I would have to show you the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, as I was shown them on a film.... pages crammed with his sketches of brawny forearms, observations on vortices in water and how to use them to produce hydraulic rams; pictures of armoured tanks and aircraft; the anatomy of animals; the emotions on the face of an old man, and how they contracted his face muscles....the incredible agile mentality of a genius at work even in a thumbnail sketch. And even then I might not convince you.

Or I could show you a cross-section of a sea-shell with its spiralling chambers, and the curl of a convolvulus plant and point out, as it was shown to me, the use of the same spiral composition in the Renaissance painters. I could tell you how the Classical painters believed that proportions of limbs and buildings in their pictures had to conform to the Golden Section, which was a rule based upon observations of the five Solar planets then known; and what they might have done with nine!

Or how Mondrian and Nicholas de Staale, among various modern artists, have modified that rule.

But you might not care; or you might say: so what? And I would be hard put to answer. To be sure it makes me more alert. For example, I went out into the college grounds one evening and took a good look at the Moon through binoculars. To my surprise, I saw something I had never seen before. The Moon was about three parts full, and on the western terminator, near the top, I saw a large hook; the sunlight shining on the rim of a huge crater where all the rest was still darkness. To me, that really brought back all the wonder of my dreams of space flight. For the first time, I watched the dawn rising on the wing wall of a Lunar crater.

Not an uncommon thing to see; but, for the first time, I was alert to form and structure in an object that had been utterly commonplace for years. Isn't it worth trying to breed that sort of reaction in oneself?

Hope I haven't bored you!

Yours,

Sid.

\* \* \* \* \*

# SALARY SLAVES

Point of No Return  
by J. P. Marquand.

and

The Status Seekers  
by Vance Packard.

I have read Marquand's novel of the climb to power of Charles Gray in an old established bank, showing the change in his outlook and mode of life and hinting at the subtle machinations going on in the background and I find the implications behind it as disturbing as the atom bomb. To increase my unease, I find, in The Status Seekers - a synthesis of the recent findings of American sociologists on class structure - confirmation of the truth of Charles Gray's world.

In that world, the whole of a man's life is bound to his position and expectations at his work; his personality must reflect accurately the demands of his job. This appears to me to be a complete inversion of my own conception of the natural state with the work occupying its subordinate position as living time bartered for the things money will buy.

For the fortunate person, work can be an extension of personality and fully enjoyed as a part of life. For these happy people, work can be altered subtly into a new mould, making it fit the personality better, with the daily round a succession of adjustments and compromises as well as decisions.

For the less fortunate 'barter' is the true word but at least their lives are their own when not at work and satisfaction is obtained by absorption in sports and other hobbies where success can be obtained to compensate for the lack of it at work. Such people are often apparently nonentities to their colleagues whilst being surprisingly eminent in their chosen sparetime field.

For the "status seeker", the opposite is true: the mould is set; and the worker's own personality, the wife's personality, the home, the car, the hobbies, the clothes, the food and the drink must all fit into the mould. The ambitious man must be ready to show his superiors that he is able to change his mode of life on promotion whilst, at the same time, indicating that, at present, he is subordinate and would not dream of such an error of taste as social climbing. Such a man must be very cautious about indulging in private enthusiasms: a sports car might indicate a streak of rashness, a shelf of science fiction a tendency to impractical dreaming, whilst carpentry might imply a plebian outlook.

---

## SELLING TO THE SUBCONSCIOUS

---

by Daphne Buckmaster

Much has been said and written against the practice of what Vance Packard has called "hidden persuasion", namely, the use, in advertising, of the results of motivation research. It is claimed that it is unethical, that it makes the public buy things they don't really want and that it is, in fact, one vast piece of trickery.

I do not think that it is really so harmful as most people like to think. Let us consider what the process consists of. By talking to members of the public, interviewers learn the real reasons why people buy what they do. These reasons are rarely the ones which have been assumed to be so. For instance, we do not, so the researchers tell us, use toothpaste because it kills the bacteria which decay our teeth (as we might have supposed) but because it gives our mouths a nice, fresh feeling when we get up in the morning and also, to some extent, because it makes our teeth gleaming white in the approved fashion. The toothpaste manufacturers who learnt this stopped advertising their product by showing diagrams of teeth and bacteria plus a photo, of a kindly middle-aged face and the words "Doctors have proved...etc" and changed over to emphasising the taste of the toothpaste and the fact that it makes you feel, to quote one example, "tingling fresh". Since all brands of toothpaste are much alike in their ability to clean the teeth, it can hardly be said that anyone has really suffered from this change-over.

The important thing to keep in mind, I think, is that the advertisers are not changing the buying habits of people - but merely making use of existing habits to make them change brands. Since it has been shown that people never have bought a particular product because of its economy, practicality or efficiency etc., but because of some emotional attitude, then the public are not being deprived of these more worthwhile characteristics, as some argue; they are just not interested in them when offered.

Take television for instance. How many people are interested in the quality of the picture, the efficiency of the works or how long the set will last? Only a few hobbyists and other specialists. In the average household, the television set is chosen by the housewife who is as likely to choose a brand because she likes the shape of the knobs as for any other reason. A television set, like many other objects which are in the room ostensibly to

perform some function, is regarded by many people more as a piece of furniture than anything else. If they choose a big set rather than a small one, it is more likely because they want to show the neighbours how well off they are than because they can see the picture better. The same principle applies to washing machines, refrigerators and other large pieces of equipment. Appearance comes before efficiency every time.

If people get more pleasure out of the appearance of things than out of efficiency, economy and other less exciting characteristics, then by what right does anyone claim that they should be made to change their criterions?

It is, of course, the educated and thinking minority which objects to this new form of advertising. They themselves look for efficiency and economy when buying things and they feel that they are being insulted by advertisers with the new methods. But the uneducated and unthinking comprise at least sixty five per cent of the population and these are the people who are comparatively poor and to whom an appearance of luxury, however spurious, in their possessions is very important.

In support of this we have only to look at the sales of "Which?", the magazine produced by the Consumers' Association, to give comparative results of tests of efficiency etc., on various brands of products. It has been stated that when "Which?" is advertised in such periodicals as "The New Statesman", "The Economist" "The Observer," "The Times" etc., there are hundreds of enquiries but when it is advertised in the "Daily Mirror" not one answer do they get! Does this not at least indicate, if not prove, that the mass of people are not interested in facts about products? I will add to this an incident that happened to me a few weeks back. A neighbour was telling me she was going to buy an electric fire. Thinking to be helpful, I said I would look in "Which?" and see which ones were recommended. She said indignantly, "Oh, don't bother. I'm going to lock round the shop and choose the one I want."

One objector to motivation advertising, writing an indignant letter in "The Guardian" spoke of "poor, middle-aged women being cruelly deceived" by cosmetics articles which promised them a return of their youthful bloom if they used a bottle of cream or lotion. But this man was not taking account of feminine psychology; if a woman is worried about her complexion and is convinced by an advert, or by other means, that the use of a cream will improve her appearance, then, as soon as she uses it, wishful thinking will do the rest and she will be certain there is an improvement whether there is, in fact, any change or not. If she is not convinced before she buys it then she will not buy it, so no harm is done.

The effects of wishful thinking can be illustrated by

CONT. FROM P 7

A close look at the world of the status-seeker shows it to be, in essence, no different from the Thought Police type of world so common in many stories in the s-f field. As a matter of fact, one might say that if The Status Seekers is "science" then The Point of No Return is "science-fiction" - with the difference that it is not set a comforting two hundred years in the future but disturbingly in the here and now. (How many other mainstream novels are there which could be classified in the same way?)

This tendency to conform to arbitrary standards has, of course, been recognised by thinking people and the so-called 'Beat' movement I see as its direct antithesis; but since, from the figures given in The Status Seekers, eighty seven per cent of the working population of America are employes and the majority of them are employed by the large companies, all of whom are now involved in 'status seeking', the outward form of the 'Beats' protest only does their cause harm.

What is the most effective way to combat status seeking? Since it influences, consciously or subconsciously, the majority, the protest should reach the same people and preferably the leaders. This is the function of the novelist and if the novelist has all the outward trappings of success, so much the better. For the 'status seeker' only reads the 'right' novels and the artist who is clever with words can combine the image of success with his protest - be a Trojan Horse of the mind - and gain an audience where the avant-garde writer will, perhaps, be read but not taken seriously.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOT BEAT

A man who had reached his hundredth birthday was refused the town hall reception usually given to centenarians in a West Berlin town, the other day.

A borough spokesman said it was because "he often beats his wife". The man put up a strong protest and said indignantly "I stopped beating my wife some time ago". The Mayor then agreed to pay a courtesy visit to the man's home.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM THE MOTOR INSURANCE OFFICE

"I knocked over a man . He admitted it was his fault, as he had been run over before."

"I thought the side window was down but it was up as I found out when I put my head through it."

\* \* \* \* \*

(Continued from page 9)

another thing that my neighbour said to me only the other day. Talking about gardening, I mentioned fertilisers and she said, "Oh yes. I put some of that powdered fertiliser on the beans last night and you can see the difference. They look better already."!

All in all, I really cannot see that motivation advertising does much harm, if any; it makes people happy to have their emotional needs satisfied, to be able to buy things which give them status and self-respect and, since the more dangerous of possible advertising excesses are the subject of preventative laws, then can this new type of persuasion really be wrong?

\* \* \* \* \*

### SOLITUDE AND THE HUMAN MIND

The recent Transatlantic Yacht Race brought some fascinating facts about solitude into the papers. "The Observer" reports Francis Chichester as having written in 1932:

"If man ever flies alone out of the earth's atmosphere into space - to the moon - though he return safely, he will not 'live'. The awful emptiness of space will change his soul and isolate it. Never again will he be able to make contact with man, beast, plant or anything....Perhaps the soul, belonging to space, will have recognised its home and languish in utter loneliness for it until, loosening its hold on the body, it floats back again."

In the same paper there is a report about David Lewis, another contestant. "He is particularly interested in a man's reaction to solitude and the motives for doing unusual and dangerous things.....After his single-handed voyage to Norway last year, he wrote a paper on the effects of solitude in a medical journal in which he described the acute depression that one experiences at the beginning of any period alone. With Lewis this lasted for about one-and-a-half-days and consisted of acute irrational fear with a feeling like that of a child lost and alone. Concentrated activity got rid of the depression and it was followed by intense self-confidence, enjoyment and excitement." "When racing wildly through the night amid frothing surf and beneath driving clouds this mood became one of exultation." He is fascinated by the split in one's personality when alone. "There is a distinct feeling of having become divided into two personalities, one of which speaks to the other and sometimes gives advice. At times it appears that another person is at the helm, while the other is observing and commenting on his actions and problems."

The report goes on to mention that Frank Smythe, when he was alone at 28000 feet on Everest took a piece of cake out of his pocket, broke it in two, and handed one half to his

non-existent companion.

On the subject of solitude, MAL ASHWORTH has a few words to say:

I feel sure there is going to be some very interesting research done in this field before anyone is shot off into space etc. I had come across the phenomenon of a mountaineer feeling that he had a companion with him in conditions of great solitude before. There is quite a graphic description of it in Hermann Buhl's Nanga Parbat Pilgrimage which is, in any event, a book well worth reading. Herrligkoffer's Nanga Parbat is too, and has been published as a pocketbook by Panther. You don't have to be interested in climbing to be gripped by these books. Herrligkoffer was the leader of a German expedition which climbed Nanga Parbat in 1953 - and Buhl was the man who actually climbed it, almost without support. He left the last camp alone, climbed to the summit alone and spent a night out there alone - at well over 25,000 feet - without a tent or even adequate clothing; and he got back alone. He paid for it but he did it. And during that time he experienced that phenomenon we were talking about - he was also helped along by five 'Pervitin' tablets. Their effect is rather unlike that of most stimulant drugs since they combine something of a sedative effect with their terrific efficiency as a stimulant. In other words the taker is not only wide awake but calm and confident too. (A friend of mine told me of a case he knew where, after taking two of these tablets, a person who was usually extremely shy and introverted went out for a walk one Sunday morning, saw a man digging his garden, stopped to talk to him, went in the house with him and was still there talking at eleven o'clock at night!)

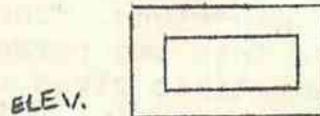
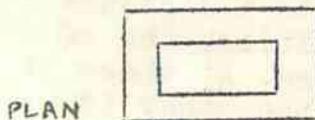
\* \* \* \* \*

ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT VISUALISING OBJECTS?

I'm not, apparently.

It must have been over a year ago that Ron brought home the following little problem and I've been glancing at it, now and then, ever since and still haven't found the answer.

You are given two drawings representing the plan view and elevation of an object respectively and the simple (ha, ha!) problem is to draw the end view. Go on - do it.



END ?

Oh yes, one clue - there are no hidden (i.e. interior) lines.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND YOU

BETTY KUJAWA brings to our attention the following piece of intelligence concerning, if you'll forgive the repetition, intelligence. She says:

In your papers, have they reported the latest research they've been doing with animal communication? About porpoises, I mean? The scientists now think the porpoises just may have an I.Q. higher even than man's! Their brain capacity is larger than ours and the brain cells, et al, themselves are the same as ours. They have taped the sounds these mammals make and found the darn things were imitating the human voices of their keepers and the mechanical sounds they overheard! I'd have called all this sheer hogwash if it weren't for the excellence of the articles I've read and the obvious respectability of the scientists involved. The article went on to say that porpoises much prefer the company of humans and have an intelligence much higher than chimpanzees.

The purpose of this research was to see just how much we can communicate with these intelligent creatures - on the theory that if we could indeed talk together and work together, then it will help us someday in communicating with other forms of life out there on other planets.

(( Any readers know any more about this? I wouldn't have been a bit surprised to hear that cats had a thumping big I.Q. but porpoises come as a shock! I have read that chimpanzees have a higher I.Q. than human infants but, in their case, the humans soon leave them behind. DPB.))

\* \* \* \* \*

## A HARROWING TALE

One of the troubles of trying to help the underdeveloped countries is the objection the natives have to our new-fangled methods of farming. It is reported in my newspaper that one African argued that a plough was uneconomical. Asked why by a puzzled European, he replied that it was cheaper to use a woman as she lasted longer and did not need any spare parts. DPB.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEXT ISSUE there will be some observations by Nan Gerding on an unusual history course and what it did for her general outlook. I shall have some remarks to make about how easily your sense of taste and smell can be fooled. I am particularly interested in facts about perception; if you have any unusual experiences or opinions on the subject, why not send them in for the next issue? Meanwhile, if you have read this issue (or even if you haven't!) what have you to say about the ethics of motivation research, the desirability of social classes or an educational course that you found particularly enlightening?

THIS HAS BEEN A FREE SAMPLE. PLEASE WRITE IF YOU WANT NUMBER TWO.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY IN THE SPACES PROVIDED

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION IS FOR THE POST OFFICE USE ONLY  
NAME OF ADDRESSEE  
STREET ADDRESS  
CITY AND STATE  
COUNTRY

Mr D. Schultz,

19159 Helen St

DETROIT 34

MICHIGAN

U.S.A.

T H I N K

T H I N K

PRINTED RATE

