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May we remind those who see, read and possess a copy of this paper but who are not members of A.A. of the meaning of those two initials - - and ask them to respect our anonymity? Please do not quote or reprint without our permission.

CHARMING IS THE WORD FOR ALCOHOLICS

Down at the very bottom of the social scale of A.A. society are the pariahs, the untouchables and the outcasts, all under-privileged and all known by one excoriating epithet—relatives.

I am a relative. I know my place. I am not complaining. But I hope no one will mind if I venture the plaintive confession that there are times, oh, many times when I wish I had been an alcoholic. By that I mean that I wish I were an A.A. The reason is that I consider the A.A. people the most charming in the world.

Such is my considered opinion. As a journalist it has been my fortune to meet many of the people who are considered charming. I number among my friends stars and lesser lights of stage and cinema; writers are my daily diet; I know the ladies and gentlemen of both political parties; I have been entertained in the White House; I have broken bread with kings and ministers and ambassadors; and I say, after that catalog, which could be extended, that I would prefer an evening with my A.A. friends to any person or group of persons I have indicated.

I asked myself why I consider so charming these alcoholic caterpillars who have found their butterfly wings in Alcoholics Anonymous. There are more reasons than one, but I can name a few.

The A.A. people are what they are, and they were what they were, because they are sensitive, imaginative, possessed, of a sense of humor and an awareness of universal truth. They are sensitive, which means that they are hurt easily, and that helped them become alcoholics. But when they have found their restoration, they are still as sensitive as ever; responsive to beauty and to truth and eager

about the intangible glories of this life. That makes them charming companions.

They are imaginative, and that helped to make them alcoholics. Some of them drank to flog their imagination on to greater efforts. Others guzzled only to black out unendurable visions that rose in their imagination. But when they have found their restoration, their imagination is responsive to new incantations, and their talk abounds with color and light and that makes them charming companions, too.

They are possessed of a sense of humor. Even in their cups they have been known to say damnably funny things. Often it was being forced to take seriously the little and mean things of life that made them seek escape in a bottle. But when they have found their restoration, their sense of humor finds a blessed freedom and they are able to reach a god-like state where they can laugh at themselves, the very height of self conquest. Go to the meetings and listen to the laughter. At what are they laughing? At ghoulish memories over which, weaker souls would cringe in useless remorse. And that makes them wonderful people to be with by candlelight.

And they are possessed of a sense of universal truth. That is often a new thing in their hearts. The fact that this at-one-ment with God's universe had never been awakened in them is sometimes the reason why they drank. The fact that it was at last awakened is almost always the reason why they were restored to the good and simple ways of life. Stand with them when the meeting is over, and listen as they say the "Our Father"!

They have found a Power greater than themselves which they diligently serve. And that gives a charm that never was elsewhere on land and sea; it makes you know that God Himself is really charming, because the A.A. people reflect His mercy and His forgiveness.

Fulton Oursler

RESEARCH COUNCIL

The Research Council on Problems of Alcohol held an Evening Institute on "The Treatment and Prevention of Alcoholism" on June 20th. Many A.A.s were present, some attending Bill's talk "The A.A. Approach to the Problem of Alcoholism" at 5 P.M., and a good number listening to Dr. Harry Tiebout's "Psychotherapy of the Non-Psychotic Alcoholic" at 6 P.M. Dr. Tiebout, as most Metropolitan A.A.s know, uses much that he says he learned from A.A. in his treatment, and he spoke along lines familiar to us.

Reporters covering the 11 other lectures tell us that A.A. was favorably mentioned in all cases, notably by Dr. Jellinek, speaking on "The Yale Clinic Plan." He said that about one-third of the Clinic's active patients had been referred to A.A. and were now affiliated with us. Speaking of referrals to A.A., we have it on the authority of Mr. Carleton Healy, Vice-President of Hiram Walker, Inc., in "A Program of Legal and Industrial Controls for the Prevention of Alcoholism," that 'more tavern keepers should refer alcoholics to A.A.!' No doubt they'd like to get rid of them, too. Dr. Hinenburg's paper, "A Practical Hospital Program for the Local Community," told of the difficulty in getting general hospitals to accept alcoholics, although his study showed that it would be a perfectly practical and financially feasible scheme to allot at least 2% of their space for this, and even that amount would do much good. "Inertia and resistance prevents anything being done, although the problem cries out for solution and we can no longer ignore it with safety."

It seemed generally agreed that the lack of scientific effort and interest in alcoholism is due to the 'general assumption that alcohol-

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EDITORIAL:

On Cultivating Tolerance

During nine years in A.A. I have observed that those who follow the Alcoholics Anonymous program with the greatest earnestness and zeal, not only maintain sobriety, but often acquire finer characteristics and attitudes as well. One of these is tolerance. Tolerance expresses itself in a variety of ways: in kindness and consideration toward the man or woman who is just beginning the march along the spiritual path; in the understanding of those who perhaps have been less fortunate in educational advantages, and in sympathy toward those whose religious ideas may seem to be at great variance with our own. I am reminded in this connection of the picture of a hub with its radiating spokes. We all start at the outer circumference and approach our destination by one of many routes.

To say that one spoke is much better than all the other spokes is true only in the sense of its being best suited to you as an individual. Human nature is such that without some degree of tolerance, each one of us might be inclined to believe that we have found the best or perhaps the shortest spoke. Without some tolerance we might tend to become a bit smug or superior—which of course is not helpful to the person we are trying to help, and may be quite painful or obnoxious to others. No one of us wishes to do anything which might act as a deterrent to the advancement of another—and a patronizing attitude can readily slow up this process.

Tolerance furnishes, as a by-product, a greater freedom from the tendency to cling to preconceived ideas and stubbornly adhered-to opinions. In other words it often promotes an open-mindedness which is vastly important—in fact a prerequisite to the successful termination of any line of search, whether it be scientific or spiritual.

These, then, are a few of the reasons why an attempt to acquire tolerance should be made by each one of us.

Dr. Bob of Akron

Points of View

Editor's Note: Probably the most exciting moment in the early life of "*The Grapevine*" after its actual birth, came with the first batch of mail. We couldn't believe it! This puny infant had apparently given such a lusty yell on emerging that it had been heeded right across the country. There were fat letters, and thin is what they held: 34 subscriptions from Philadelphia; 19 from San Diego, Cal.; 11 from Madison, Wis.; 9 from Kansas City, Mo.; 7 from Alexandria, Va.; 6 from Kent, Ohio; 6 from Los Angeles, Cal.; 4 from Ash-

tabula, Ohio; 4 from Fulton, N. Y.; 3 from Chicago; and many individual ones from Washington, D. C., Akron, Ohio; Bridgeport, Conn., Cleveland, Harrisburg, Pa. and other points where A.A. has taken root. And some of the letters moved us deeply: the one for instance from the four wives of A.A.s in Fulton, N. Y. who were giving the subscriptions to their husbands for Father's Day, and the one from the man who had "scooped his group" because it was his day to pick up the mail and he found *The Grapevine*—he said

that since he hit A.A. "something good was always happening to him!" Anyway, it looks as if there had really been a need, or at least a wish, in many places for such a publication, and we the Editors are deeply gratified at such a heart-warming response. It makes all those hideously late nights worthwhile!

Dear Grapevine: You're on! We (*the Cleveland Central Bulletin*) will be glad to swap, and a stencil is being cut tonight so you will be receiving our issue next week Your start was a splendid one and all who read your articles were impressed with the air of sincerity and true A.A. humility and strength-building essence of them We have about 950 subscribers to our paper and we just about cover our costs with the help of a few outside donations. We mail about 70 free copies to our service men. Heartily yours,
The Editors of The Central Bulletin.

Dear Grapevine: Those who think a wife's troubles are over when her husband joins A.A., just don't know! As an alcoholic's wife, I'd like to tell you. My husband, for instance, still stays out until all hours. True, he's holding another alcoholic's head instead of a bottle—but he still neglects his family even though the bills are paid on the first of the month. He still has his ups and downs and fits of depression, even though they don't last as long and he now recognizes them for what they are worth. In short, our life together didn't automatically smooth out into a placid lily pond just because he sobered up. Not all at once. Where once our troubles made the breach between us an ever-widening chasm, now each difficulty draws us closer together. Of course that didn't happen over night. When my husband first joined A.A., it seemed as if he were being taken further away from me than ever. And by perfect strangers, too. Even though both of us had been badly hurt by the disease of alcoholism, he was the only one who was "improving." *He* was getting something out of his new associations—I was left out in the cold. I couldn't even be a member. The words "sympathetic understanding" were beginning to make me seethe. Why shouldn't I, who had borne the brunt in the past, rate a little of that commodity? Was I always to be left out, first through his drinking, then paradoxically enough, through his drying up? Suddenly, one day, I had a revelation. Take the alcohol out of the picture and I had pretty much the same problems, of character and of living, that he had. So, if alcoholics could have their twelve steps, why couldn't I? I flew to the book, took pencil and paper, and
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Fighting a Pint Pot

Drawn by George Cruikshank, the great caricaturist, in the early 1840s. Cruikshank knew a lot about alcoholics; among other things, he said that a man cannot be taught 'how much strong drink is too much, for in some excitable systems the very first drop of strong drink takes away the power of self control'.

THE BROOKLYN GROUP WORKS CLOSELY WITH HOSPITAL PATIENTS

The Brooklyn Group has succeeded in establishing close relations with Brooklyn State Hospital. They held their first A.A. meeting within the institution late in May, and they went about it in a very sound manner.

A leader and four speakers went over to conduct the meeting. All members of the Brooklyn Group, they had all at one time or other been patients in Brooklyn State, so they were able to speak to the men from a thorough knowledge and understanding of how it felt to be 'guests' of a state institution.

These meetings will be regular weekly occurrences, and they plan always to draw the speakers from ex-patients of the Hospital, thereby giving the men still within the walls a tangible picture of hope for themselves. "If we can do it, you can do it" is the basis on which this important experiment is being tried.

The 1944 session of Yale University's School of Alcohol Studies will open on July 7th and continue through August 4th. The object of these summer sessions is to make the findings of scientific research on all phases of alcohol available for actual use by communities all over the country. Civic activities for the care and rehabilitation of alcoholics have been almost non-existent in the past, and this is largely due to lack of knowledge.

The aim of the school is to furnish such knowledge to a selected group of students (social workers, ministers and church workers, teachers and school administrators, doctors and medical students, etc.) who can qualify as leaders in their communities. Last year there were six members of Alcoholics Anonymous from various parts of the country who attended the school. This year there will be ten or fifteen A.A.s. Bill will again be a lecturer on "The Fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous," speaking at 7:30 p.m., Thursday, August 3rd.

BILL'S TRIP SOUTH

Bill and Lois have returned from a two weeks' trip through the South, as guests of eight A.A. groups: Jacksonville, Miami, Daytona and Tampa, Florida; Atlanta, Georgia; Birmingham, Alabama; and Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tennessee. The *Miami Herald*, Bill tells us, divided its front page nearly equally between the war and A.A. on the day of the meeting; result, over four hundred people attended.

Two days were spent in Atlanta, where elaborate plans had been made (*naturally—they're alcoholics, too!*) including a luncheon at which Bill spoke before one hundred selected doctors, ministers, and leading business-men, another luncheon of a combination of civic groups sponsored by the Kiwanis Club and an open meeting which was attended by the Mayor, members of the Governor's staff, and many other local notables.

In Birmingham, besides the usual open A.A. meeting, Bill was asked to address the monthly guest-luncheon of the town's swankest luncheon-club, which had already contracted to hear the Governor of Alabama on that date. The Governor, believe it or not, was put off until the next month so that the gathering could hear about Alcoholics Anonymous straight from the mouth of its First Member.

Among those listening were the Mayor of Birmingham, the ex-Governor of Alabama, and several members of Congress. They'd come to hear Bill talk, not the other way 'round!

A. A. AT CAMP PEARY

Operation of the plan (Alcoholics Anonymous), at Camp Peary, an officer from the base declared, at a big open meeting in Richmond, already has resulted in much good in its aid to officers in solving the problem of Navy men getting drunk on leave and overstaying their liberty. The A.A. group at the base, he said, occupy the same barracks and live with their problem, in close contact, seeking the solution among themselves.

This is part of a write-up of a semi-public meeting held in Richmond, Va. on May 16th—the first meeting of its kind to be held there. Several ministers and physicians attended as special guests. Tom B. of New York and While Plains was the invited guest speaker. The article appeared in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Wednesday, May 17, 1944.

CENTRAL OFFICE NOTES: The Honolulu Story . . .

Continued from the June Issue

Jan. 7, 1944.

Shop — *Pearl Harbor*

Dear Central Office:

Received your letter of Dec. 27 and the list of groups yesterday, and your letter of Dec. 29 with the clippings, today. You have no idea how much your letters mean. . . . I was feeling very low yesterday. All has not been clear sailing in Honolulu. On Thursday, Dec. 30, we had a meeting—5 people present out of 9 expected. Two phoned in good reasons, but 2 more were unaccounted for. However, we all felt pretty confident; then things began to happen the very next day.

One of the 5 started drinking again. We'll call him B—and I really like the fellow a great deal. He has a university education, and has traveled all over the world. He stopped off in Honolulu 14 years ago, after a trip to the Far East, for a 2-week vacation, and started on a binge that didn't end until he was broke and stranded here. He became a typical tropical tramp: 14 years of drinking, jails, hospitals, and getting fired from one job after another. For a year before the war he slept on a lauhala mat on a platform built in a banyan tree. The war, with blackout and curfew, chased him out of his aerial roost, and with jobs plentiful he began to make sincere efforts to beat the jinx. So far he's lost every bout, but some of us who have been successful so far in A.A. have won his confidence, and he has the two main requisites for sobriety: he freely admits he's alcoholic (has read and studied all he could find on his problem), and he sincerely wants to quit. As he's asking for help, we'll naturally continue to do everything we can for him.

Next I heard another member, whom I'll call D, was off. This really hurt. It was he who instituted our dinners together, and we all had high hopes for him. When we contacted him first he was fresh off a binge . . . didn't have money for room rent or even the next meal. We helped him, out and he went to work. He repaid us, not only the money we had loaned him, but he was the making of the organization here; his enthusiasm seemed contagious to the rest of us. You can imagine my disappointment when I heard he was drinking. He'd been a professional man with a fine educational background, including post-graduate work in Europe . . . once a leader in his field in a Western city. There he became alcoholic. He had himself committed to a state mental hospital, and after his release managed to get an appointment with a C.C.C. outfit—but started drinking their medical alcohol and was discharged. More hospitals and sanitoriums—more jobs lost—then the war started and he volunteered for work in the Islands. Men in his profession were so badly needed his record was overlooked, but a month or so passed and he started drinking again. Of course the day soon came when he couldn't trust himself on the job. Flown to Honolulu, to the Territorial Mental Health Clinic, he sobered up temporarily—but for the last 15 months he's been around here pulling one drunk after another. He's worked as a painter, a cab driver (till he smashed the cab on a bender), a common laborer, or anything else he could pick up in his sober intervals.

Well, that left 3 from the meeting of 5: Pete, Dick, and me. Meanwhile I'd checked on one

of the unaccounted ones, a boy called H. After being dry 6 weeks, he'd talked himself into the idea that it would be O.K. to put a little whiskey in some hot lemonade he was drinking for a cold. With that start he landed in the hospital in bad shape. I went to see him. He told me he knew A.A. had the right answers for him and had been analyzing himself with the help of the doctor and nurses (they're all cooperating with us in that hospital) to see where he'd failed to apply the program correctly. I left my copy of the book with him, and went back to see him yesterday—found him with 2 other alxies deeply absorbed in a discussion of the book. One of them said he'd be out and at our next meeting—the other was a woman.

I am especially pleased about the woman. She'd read the book through, and told me her story. It seems she started drinking heavily while still in her teens, and—became an alcoholic in her twenties. She became a connoisseur of sanitoriums all over the U.S. Came here, hoping to quit by changing localities. Has sobered up in almost every hospital in Honolulu, some of them several times. Recently quit for a couple of months and thought she had it licked . . . but soon was feeling too good, took that fatal first drink and then went ahead and drank herself back in the hospital. She says she'll be at the meeting next week, so maybe we've made a start among the lady alcoholics in Honolulu.

However, even after that visit, I wasn't feeling too well. I was too discouraged. I even had some vague idea of calling up the others and telling them our next meeting was off. So I

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Do You Know: THAT A. A. LUNCHEONS BUILD MORALE

Although it seems alcoholics shouldn't drink together—or at all, for that matter—they are deriving considerable benefit and pleasure from eating together. Virtually every section of Manhattan is the scene of one or more A.A. luncheon groups which meet regularly at convenient times and places throughout the week. The ritual of breaking bread at a common board never fails to produce that good fellowship sometimes attributed solely to the glass and the bottle.

New members will find at the luncheons an unsurpassed opportunity to make lasting friendships with more experienced members and to absorb invaluable pointers on the workings of the Program. We think that there is no better way to learn what makes A.A. tick than by taking part in these very relaxed sessions. A striking and attractive feature of the gatherings is their air of friendliness. On the other hand you'll find the conversation free from sentimentality and affectation,

as the members explore and settle an infinite variety of topics with the gusto, assurance and fluency characteristic of their kind. Quite indispensable to many of us in the A.A. school of reorientation have been these midday associations with kindred spirits whose visible growth in the art of living is a friendly challenge to emulation. Any alcoholic will be quietly and warmly welcomed into the companionship of these small units. The group secretaries tell when and where.

Mail Call for All A. A.s in the Armed Forces

In our first issue we told of the near reunion on a South Pacific island of two veteran A.A. members, one a Navy, the other an Army, lieutenant. Our Navy friend now writes—"Have been having a few A.A. reunions out here on my own. Finally ran into John N., who has returned to this isle after an absence of several months. We see each other frequently and reminisce about the real old days. In addition to Johnny, I had a reunion with the master of a Liberty ship which came in here a short while ago—he was a member of the Frisco group and out on the ship we just left the South Pacific and were right back in the old atmosphere. Both of us agreed that without the Group, neither would be here. Such reunions as these do wonders for people who have been more or less completely cut off, and living in a world apart. Give my best to all the old gang, and tell them to start those letters coming!" (That closing sentence should give us pause for thought. Ed.)

The South Pacific lads are, it seems, our most prolific correspondents, and the following recent letter from Navy Lieutenant Bob W. to a fellow-member of a New Jersey Group contains so much sound A.A. philosophy that we are quoting it, in as far as space permits, verbatim—

"Dear Tom: Life has been very full and interesting for the past few months. I am still living the way you expect me to and if I was ever tempted I am sure the memory of those who mean so much to me would intervene and put a halt to such ideas. There are plenty of boys who aren't doing themselves any good out here but it is quite easy to get a "don't give a damn" altitude when you're so far from any civilization. There will be more than ever for us to do when this is over, Tom.

"News about the new groups is very interesting. Personally I think it is a healthy sign. Every great philosophy of living, Christianity, Mohammedanism, or what have you, has grown because the original leader has multiplied himself by creating other strong leaders who in turn did the same thing. Whether you conceive of A.A. in the category of a religion or not, it certainly is a plan of life for those of us who need it and it will spread only as fast as capable leaders develop to organize in such a way that it will be accessible to as many as possible. Some are more effective with certain types than others but there are all types

who need the program. You say you prefer the "bottle drunks" and the Salvation Army bums. Someone else wants to deal with "dignified drunks," whatever they are. The need for this thing is far beyond the question of personalities but we still have to remember that we and our prospects are human beings, so it behooves us to present our merchandise as attractively as possible. If you work more effectively with one kind, which is quite likely, and someone else does better with another, I say full steam ahead on that basis. The underlying need and the answer to it will remain the same and we will all be happier because we will be doing our best work. Some of the groups will probably die off if the leadership isn't there, but they will merge with stronger groups.

"I didn't mean to get going on that subject but I am enthusiastic about the development. It seemed to me at times that the South Orange meetings were getting so large as to be somewhat awesome to new members who were naturally a little shy. One of the most important holds on the new man is making him feel that he has a real part in the scheme. "When you get a chance, please give me the late news. You can do a lot of good for your SOUTH SEAS BRANCH, you know. One of the *extra dividends* of A.A. is that you get to know such damned fine people. Sincerely, Bob." (We, too, wonder who the "dignified drunks" are and think it would be restful 12th Step work to contact a few. Ed.)

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ONCE AGAIN, EASY DOES IT

"Dear Bud: I feel like a rat not having answered your letter long ago; I'm afraid I'm not a very good correspondent. At least I can now tell you where I am—Maui is the spot, the Hawaiian Islands the locale. This must be almost anti-climactic for you to hear, as I'm sure by this time you have pictured me anywhere but here—probably down under, in a jungle surrounded by Japs. However, I'm in no hurry; I'll probably get there soon enough.

Meanwhile this is a grand spot, and I feel very lucky indeed to be here. This climate just suits me, the scenery, flowers, etc., are lovely, the swimming superb, and recreational facilities are excellent. As far as I'm concerned, these Islands are all they're cracked up to be and more. I've seen Pearl Harbor, done Honolulu, swum at Waikiki, and lolled around the Royal Hawaiian. Even so, I'll take Maui.

"I've had several letters from Bob D., and these, together with yours, have kept me pretty well posted on doings in New York. Was sorry to learn that the new Club House fell thru; but no doubt this will be only a question of time. I was interested, too, to learn of the proposed—shall I say "Trade" publication. Sounds intriguing, if it can be worked out. Give my best to Ed C., Bob D., Chase, Bill C., John, and all the rest, including the gals. Best regards, Bob H."

(On receipt of Bob's letter, we immediately got in touch with the Central Office which will send him by Air Mail the address of the Honolulu group (see story in this and previous issue). As a veteran A.A., "dry" for two years, we believe he can be of invaluable assistance to that fledgling group which is trying so hard to consolidate its beachhead, and that he, in turn, will be pleasantly surprised to find A.A. has now reached the Hawaiian Islands. Ed.)

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First reactions to *The Grapevine* received from A.A.s in Service are favorable. Accordingly, we urge all members to send in interesting data, especially from members overseas, expressing ideas dealing with the Program, methods of handling their special problems, or amusing incidents of Service life.

The Pleasures of Reading

Advice direct from hell. Human-relation pointers given by Screwtape, a senior devil, to a favored nephew operating on earth are amusingly set forth by C. S. Lewis in *"Screwtape Letters."* (Macmillan Co. 1.50). Readers will laugh at the shrewd portrayal of soft spots, alibis and rationalizations suggested by Screwtape in the battle between His Father, Satan, and The Enemy, God. They will appreciate the clever inverse presentation of time-proved Christian philosophy and counsel. Mr. Lewis, a Fellow of Magdalene College, is one of England's popular contemporary writers and radio speakers. *"The Case for Christianity"* (1.00) and *"Christian Behavior"* (1.00) offer straight treatment of the very real, every — day value of right living. All three volumes are well worth-while and easy to read. *Mel C.*

Don't let the name 'Lindbergh' scare you off. *"The Steep Ascent,"* by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace & Co. 2.00), has no political content. None whatsoever. It is the story of an adventure into the realm of the spirit, as experienced by a young American woman while making a dangerous flight over the Alps with her English husband. Honest and searching, *"The Steep Ascent"* is written in words of almost biblical simplicity and with a rare and moving sincerity. *Maeve S.*

When interest in Alcohol becomes objective and is no longer the pressing issue of our drinking days many of us A.A.s are interested to discover the *"Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol."* (4 Hillhouse Ave., New Haven, Conn. 3.00 annually). Here appear articles relating to all the various phases of research as they pertain to alcohol. Research in medicine, physiology, biochemistry, sociology, psychology, pathology, and statistics when concerned with problems and knowledge of alcohol are published in the "Journal." In addition, legal problems are dealt with by the Law Editor and current books and current literature of all languages are reviewed. Also, outstanding works of the past on alcohol, still of interest in modern times but generally unavailable, are republished. Yale University, through the Laboratory of Applied Physiology, is responsible for providing this valuable clearing-house of the latest scientific work on that subject of vital interest to us.

Martha H.

"Alcoholics Anonymous," (Works Publishing Co., Box 459, Grand Central Annex, N. Y. 17, N. Y. 3.50).

HEARD AT MEETINGS

Inter Group: "An alcoholic is a man with two feet firmly planted in mid-air."

Greenwich: "A.A. is like an umbrella. It won't work unless you put it up."

While Plains: "An alcoholic is a person who finds he has nothing in common with him-

self."

Manhattan: "Time heals all cuts; time also cuts all heels."

Inter Group: "The twelve steps are a matter of long, slow work. One can't go from a heel to a halo in twelve easy lessons!"

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

The heated term is among us and the "ole swimmin' hole" sends forth its appeal, so gather your trunks or midriff model and hie yourself to one of the many Jersey or Long Island beaches for a dose of vitamin-giving sunshine, or take a train to Rye and PLAYLAND. This beach is particularly recommended, especially on week days. If you can snatch only an hour or two or want some lessons, try the ST. GEORGE POOL, or the DALTON SWIMMING SCHOOL, 19 West 44th Street. . . . Would you rather sit at home with your feet on a cake of ice and a fan blowing cool zephyrs over your fevered brow? Pick a cool day, go to the USO headquarters in the Empire State Building and get a scrapbook complete with instructions for making. It's fascinating work with plenty of opportunity for individual inspiration. . . . Now that sobriety has set in, you may want a picture of the shiny new smiles wreathing the faces of the several members of your family. Two schools are recommended by the Eastman Kodak Company: the SCHOOL OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY, 136 East 57th Street and the NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 10 West 33rd Street. . . . Are your ambitions bucolic? Send to the U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Washington, D. C., for a catalog of booklets available on farming or write to the MEDLOCK FARM, Centre Square, Pennsylvania, for an outline of their 12 lesson course in Home Farming. . . . THE PAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 130 West 42nd Street, offers lessons in Spanish for 2.00, 1.50 or 1.20 an hour in a series of ten, depending on whether one, two or three persons attend, or 1.00 an hour per person for a class of six (Portuguese slightly higher), and of course, there is always the good old BERLITZ, SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, 630 Fifth Avenue. . . . Last and very important, too, if you are suffering from the heat, remember that the poor devil just off a binge with the screaming meemies is suffering more, so—don't wallow in self-pity, go to the CLUB HOUSE, 334½ West 24th Street. Ask the secretary in charge what you can do to help. The best way to cure your own troubles is to listen to the other fellow's.

Manhattan: "When I look at a new prospect I say to myself, 'If you don't take a drink, feller, you'll be where I am, and if I do take a drink, I'll be where you are—in no time flat!'"

Nassau: "The surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking to other people's."

ALONG THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUIT

BROOKLYN.The Brooklyn Group took over the meeting on Sunday, June 11th, at Monclair, New Jersey, and about twenty loyal Brooklyn rooters went along in support of their speakers. The open meetings of the Brooklyn Group continue to be held, at 8:30 p.m., on Friday evenings, at the Hotel St. George and the attendance is rapidly increasing. Members from other groups are cordially invited.

NEW GROUP IN EAST ORANGE. We started a couple of months ago with a membership of ten, meeting on Sundays and Wednesdays at 507 Main Street, East Orange. The spot is the Executive Chambers of the Orange Realtors Association—quite swank quarters, carpeting and over-stuffed furniture with perfect acoustics. It has been remarked that even the most dismal talk has provoked the proper interest because of the surroundings. All manner of transportation is available to within 25 feet of our location. The membership has now more than doubled and recruits are turning up regularly.

ELIZABETH HIGHLIGHTS. A meeting was led and run by our lady A.A.ers—nothing but the best. Watch us grow. T. J.'s guest, the Miami Fire Ball, was a rare treat. Plainfield has a new meeting place on the top floor of the Babcock Bldg. Meetings are held every Friday night, with coffee and cake served. The Rahway Kiwanis Club, with a fine attendance, was told by two of our ambassadors why we click. Next on the list to be told is the Elizabeth Kiwanis.

FLUSHING FLASHES. The first issue of *The Grapevine* was a sell-out here and many members have articles to contribute. Thursday night meetings continue to be interesting, enlightening and well attended; a goodly number are newcomers. Closed meetings are usually held on the second Friday of the month at the home of one of the members. A closed meeting for the ladies was held in the home of Violet S. in Jackson Heights, Wednesday, May 31st. Several nights a week one of our talented members visits Veterans Hospitals and sketches wounded boys and presents them with their portraits. This has a

salutary effect on their morale. Happily, our Secretary has located a new apartment, a difficult feat in these days. Mrs. L. would like to hear from anyone having knitting wool of any color or weight or in any quantity, with which to make squares, which in turn are made into afghans and donated to the wounded boys at St. Albans Hospital. At a recent meeting the Group was delightfully regaled by the story of "Sandy Hook," greatest of all A.A. cats. What did he do? For complete details, get in touch with Fred S., care of this station.

MANHATTAN. The newly-formed Manhattan Group got under way with a bang at the 24th Street Club House, Thursday, June 8th, at 8:30 p.m. (Same place, same time every week.) It was a closed meeting with a difference, and the reaction was extremely favorable. More stimulating, was the consensus. Instead of devoting the entire time to open discussion, there were two speakers—Bob W. and Clay F. Then the chairman, Tom B., gave over the evening to questions and answers. "What does a drunk do to overcome his terrific response to those terrific liquor ads?" This from a shaky male in the last row, attending his first A.A. get-together. Up front a man turned quietly around in his seat. "I write those ads!" he said. "They no longer bother me." That man has been coming regularly to meetings, talking about alcohol and alcoholism, hearing about it. As the subject became more intellectualized for him, his emotional response gradually diminished, dissolved completely in time. At least, he said, where his work was concerned!

MOUNT VERNON GROUP NEWS. A special open meeting to which the clergy, medical profession, court and probation officers, and social workers were invited, was held on May 22nd. It was very successful and the interest aroused has brought us a deluge of inquiries for further information. Invitations have been received for guest speakers to the Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Club luncheons. The cooperation we have received from the Courts has been most gratifying. Our A.A. Night Club staged a gala performance on May 27th. Every table was taken and we enjoyed refreshments served by an efficient staff of waiters, and dancing to

music by a celebrated swing orchestra. A dazzling floor show was staged by our local talent. The bevy of graceful dancing beauties were the hit of the evening. A third generation of A.A. was born in Westchester County on June 4th. We, an offspring of White Plains, regret the loss of some of our most active members who have formed the new **NEW ROCHELLE GROUP**. We do, however, wish them success. Their departure will leave a few vacant seats at our meetings, so we invite all you Inter Groupers to pay us a visit.

NASSAU-SUFFOLK GROUP. The June issue of *The Grapevine* reported that open meetings were held at Hempstead, every Monday night. Open meetings are now held every Friday night and closed meetings on Monday nights, at 177 Jackson St., Hempstead, L. I., 8:30 p.m. Every meeting shows the steady, healthy growth of the group. Our secretary added three more names at last Friday's meeting. A number of birthdays have been celebrated during the past few months. Volume #1 of *The Grapevine* was a sell-out; our Treasurer, Walter A., exhausted our (quota of copies "pronto." Walter offered to autograph the first edition at fifty cents per copy, but found no buyers.

NEW JERSEY GROUPS. All the Jersey groups held a general open meeting on Monday, June 5th, at the Elks Club, Newark, similar to the New York Metropolitan Inter Group meetings. About three hundred and fifty persons were present and it is expected that further meetings of this type will be held, although no decision has been reached as to regular dates for such meetings. The New Jersey groups have also adopted the policy of having an interchange of speakers at their various meetings.

INTER GROUP MEETING IN MANHATTAN; Capitol Hotel, 51st Street and 8th Avenue, Walnut Room; every Tuesday evening at 8:30. Room open from 5:30. For all other meeting information watch group news on our Metropolitan Circuit page, and check each issue for changes of time and location.

(Continued from page 4)

went back and talked with Pete. He works with me now, and there's one alkie who's really going to town in A.A. He was afraid that I'd start drinking over the disappointments ... he reminded me of the little white card you sent me and told me I should pray for the serenity to accept things I couldn't change. He said we were playing for too high stakes personally to let the failure of others throw us too. . . .

I am now living in the Central Y.M.C.A, and our meetings are held in the same building. I went there and waited in the lobby. D came in first, a little the worse for wear, but still sure A.A. had his answer and still determined to find it. Then the second unaccounted-for absentee from our last meeting came in, sober but shaky. Pete and Dick came in. They felt that, although it was too bad about the others, the program was working swell for them, and they thought the rest would soon be finding their way around too. And the new man who had met H in the hospital came too. In all we were 6, and we really had an inspiring meeting.

All the A.A.s in Honolulu say,

Aloha

E.G.

Jan. 12, 1944.

Shop — Pearl Harbor

Dear Central Office:

A big part of the troubles I told you of have been ironed out. We're back on the beam and overloaded with inquiries and calls for help. In fact we're overworked and delighted. I can count up 15 people who are definitely under the influence of A.A., and I'm so thrilled at the progress we're making that if I don't shut myself off, this letter will turn into another one of those manuscripts. And I must get my sleep. *I can sleep now*, thanks to A.A.

Yours,

E.G.

(To be continued next month)

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(Continued from page 2)

set about, devising a set of tools for the A.A.A.s (Auxiliary A.A.s). Next, instead of my usual morning wallow in self-pity, I began to put my plan into action. I started, like any A.A., honestly looking for my own faults, instead of concentrating on my husband's.

Almost immediately, the miracle began to happen! The sympathetic understanding, which I thought lacking, was there. It had been there all the time, while I turned my back and sought it in another direction. For the first time in years, Harmony entered our front door, not as a polite caller, but as a permanent resident. All this happened, not because my husband had stopped drinking and had gone through a personality change, but because I went through a personality change too. And, although our problems were not always the same, we were now attacking them with the same set of tools. They worked! That's why I'm passing on my personal twelve steps, hoping they may help another through the trying period of readjustment. They are:

1. I admitted that I was powerless to help my husband with his alcoholic problem. (Very bruising to the pride, but humility is easier to live with.)
2. I came to believe that a Power greater than myself could help both of us with our several problems.
3. I made a decision to turn my will and my life over to God, as I understood Him.
4. I made a searching and fearless moral inventory of myself.
5. I admitted to God, to myself, and to another human being the exact nature of the faults I found and the wrongs these caused.
6. I was entirely ready to have God remove all of these defects of character.
7. I humbly asked Him to remove my shortcomings.
8. I made a list of all the harm I had done, however unwittingly, and of all the mean and spiteful things I had deliberately done when I had tried to help and found I couldn't, or when I was feeling sorry for myself.
9. I made amends wherever possible.
10. I continued to take personal inventory and when I was wrong, *promptly admitted it*.
11. I sought through prayer and meditation to improve my conscious contact with God, as I understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for me and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual experience as the result of these steps (*and one does*), I tried to carry this message to other A.A.A.s, and to practice these principles in all my affairs.

An anonymous wife

(Continued from page 1)

ism is *not* a disease, but a crime and a sin.' Dr. Anton Carlson, President of the Research Council, also President of the American Association for the advancement of Science, made this statement in his closing address, adding that this was a large assumption, for if it were a crime or a sin (and current legislation means just this) it would mean that the individual is in control of his sobriety or inebriety, whereas medicine knows well that this is not true of the alcoholic.

Some high-lights that emerged: "City hospitals offer only temporary First Aid." "The difference between a normal drinker and an alcoholic: the first has satiety before intoxication, the second intoxication before satiety." "The alcoholic is like the man from Ghent who jumped on a horse and rode off in all directions." "The alcoholic has a velvety personality."

GRAPEVINE FINANCES

The Editors of *The Grapevine* feel that its readers and contributors are entitled to know the costs of putting the paper out. Our first issue cost \$187.10 of which \$86.00 went for the printing of 1200 copies; \$79.38 paid for the masthead and the Alcoholics Anonymous cut, and \$21.72 included postage, the Post Office box rent, mailing wrappers, etc. Since some of these costs are non-recurring (the masthead and the lettering for instance), and other costs will rise (postage and stationery, etc.) we estimate that future issues will probably run around \$150.00 per issue.

If the *entire* run of any issue sells out: 1. on a copy basis (15c)—revenue will be \$180.00; 2. on a subscription basis (12½c)—revenue will be \$150.00. However about 600 copies of the first, issue were distributed free, and free copies will continue to be sent to all service men and women whose addresses we can get.

To break even on future issues it is estimated we would need: 1000 copy sales—\$150.00, OR 1200 subscriptions—\$150.00, or a combination of the two producing that amount. We do not expect to achieve that immediately, but as the first three issues have been underwritten by the Editors, and we have already received some donations from interested friends of *The Grapevine*, we guess we'll get along. Just thought you all would like to know! Ed.