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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 Please do not quote or reprint without our permission.

ALCOHOLICS GIVE FAMOUS PRODUCER MOVING EXPERIENCE

There **are** a few unforgettable experiences that take permanent **place** in memory and become a continuing source of enrichment—the first dollar I was given as a child and which I promptly spent on an ugly hassock, as a present for my mother; the day I left home for preparatory school, accompanied by my nondemonstrative and taciturn father, expecting some words of advice, but hearing nothing until my foot was on the car step when he said: "Don't make a damn fool of yourself"; the middle-of-the-night visit when the hospital attendants could not keep him out of my room because he had to see for himself that I was alive; the day when as a cub reporter in Cleveland I established the identity of the mysterious slayer of McKinley; the day just a little later when I was assigned to cover Theodore Roosevelt's hasty inauguration at the Ansley Wilcox home in Buffalo and saw Elihu Root, in tears, administer the oath, nearly everyone in the room crying, but not Teddy; the night my first play opened in New York and was a success: the night I presented John Barrymore in "Hamlet." There are a few more, but in recent years the most unforgettable experience was a meeting at Webster Hall of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Light-hearted people told with such a sense of freedom among friends the degradations experienced in a hopeless and tenacious battle with John Barleycorn, and how out of the dark came a friendly hand, an understanding hand, that once had tremblingly raised many a desperately needed hooker, seeking with the same old poison to be freed from the tortures of the same old poison.

It all had a caged squirrel sound, the prisoner

spinning around and around and never getting out until the friendly hand, no longer trembling, released him.

The similarity of the pattern all the speakers had lived was revealing. Old John is not very original. He seems to have only two or three holds. When these no longer work he is licked. Apparently his strongest hold is to convince the opponent that he is really a harmless old fellow who can be handled the next time—but it is always the next time.

When the opponent finally discovers that Old John's assurance is a sly come-on, he is starting one from the floor that will eventually knock Old John flat.

It is the helping hand that points out the opening in Old John's defense. The helping hand knows because he, too, had been victimized.

Other helping hands. Anonymous hands, take hold.

Someone suggests that maybe God would be glad to help him. Later on, the surprised aspirant not only finds help but at the same time finds God. If this was the road he had to travel to find God, then the whole torturing journey ceases to be a shameful memory. Any trip that ends in God's presence is worth any torture, even any pain inflicted on others.

Then comes the third step. The helping hands have told him that they found the way to fortify themselves was to help others. So the aspirant becomes a helping hand, an Anonymous hand. Now he is in the stream of geometrical progression—one helps one, two help two and so on until now thousands are helping thousands and ultimately it will be hundreds of thousands. Old John has no way of coping with geometrical progression. So far as he is concerned this springing on him of an old law is a dirty trick. The only laws he ever knew could be broken. Where do they get this geometrical progression stuff?

This was the unforgettable experience I

started to tell you about. And now you see why. God was nearer that night than I have ever known Him. He was actually to be seen at work. His ways were not for that evening mysterious. His presence shone in many faces. It isn't often we actually meet God.

Arthur Hopkins

LIVES AND MAN-HOURS SAVED BY COAST A. A.

We all know that A.A. saves lives. But in war-time, and in the country that is "the arsenal of democracy," man-hours saved in war industries also save lives—soldiers' lives. And A.A. is saving man-hours, too—in big chunks. The Central Office has recently heard from an A.A. who is employed by the Maritime Commission in one of the largest Kaiser shipyards, to work with alcoholics. In other words, A.A., through this member, saves man-hours, to save lives, to win the war.

The leading newspaper of Richmond, Cal. ran an editorial about it: "Through the work of a little-known organization, thousands of man-hours and the abilities and self-respect and lives of many men and women employed at the Richmond shipyard are being saved. This organization, known as Alcoholics Anonymous, a non-profit organization composed of alcoholics who have conquered their desire for drink, has worked on 300 cases through and in conjunction with the Welfare Department of the Permanente Hospital. *Alcoholic* Anonymous is credited with saving 600,000 man-hours in one year.* One man, who was addicted to the use of intoxicants, who lost many hours from his job, called on Alcoholics Anonymous. He alone was responsible for the shipyards saving 8000 man-hours per ship in suggesting improved methods of doing work. There are alcoholics working in the Richmond

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EDITORIAL:

On Living the A. A. Way for 7 Years

Funny thing after all these years . . . but it seems I haven't known too much about A.A. and what it *really* meant until just lately. And I suppose I shall go on as long as I live, and remain in A.A., feeling from week to week, month to month, and maybe even year to year, that I am only just beginning to have some-appreciation of what it all means, how big it is.

Sure, for over seven years now I've yapped happily about A.A.—what it is, how to use it, and what it could do for you—when, in reality, I had only a glimmer of its full power. But now I've seen people use it. There was the A.A. couple who lost three children in one week. Another couple whose only son died. Then there was the fellow who sobered up a couple of years ago and was finally able to get his wife the fur coat he had been promising for ten years . . . she was killed wearing it within a week.

All of them stayed sober and I thought that was fine. They even continued to be thankful for their years of sobriety, for the way A.A. had helped them meet their problems. They made me feel ashamed because I didn't know how I would have reacted had these things happened to me. Then came my nephew's fatal accident and I don't think that anyone who knew my brother and me—both A.A.s—gave the possibility of our drinking a thought. I know at least that we didn't. And I also know that both of us had been dry long enough so that we had the boy's respect, and we are thankful for that. My brother says, "J. is where we put him when he went into the Army—in God's hands—and he's still in that care." My brother and his wife are *living* that way, and it is a great and merciful thing that we can feel as we do about it.

I don't mean we just say that, and then go out and play golf—we have that very human selfishness that creeps up often, of wanting him back, of feeling resentful that he was taken; but when that happens we can straighten ourselves out. We live by A.A. D.S.

Points of View

Editors' Piteous Note: Dear Readers, some of you are giving the Central Office, already loaded to the gills with work, extra headaches. You recklessly address your Grapevine letters and subscriptions to them . . . and your official A.A. communiques to us! Other way round please. Also, kindly note with care that our P.O. Box number is 328, Grand Central Annex. N. Y. 17, ;V. Y. Incidentally, if this will make things clearer, the Central Office and the Alcoholic Foundation have no connection with the Grapevine in regard to policy,

publishing or financial matters—they merely read us. Often with pleasure, they tell us, which is music to our ears. So please, Readers dear, don't go bolixing up these happy relations with gaga addresses.

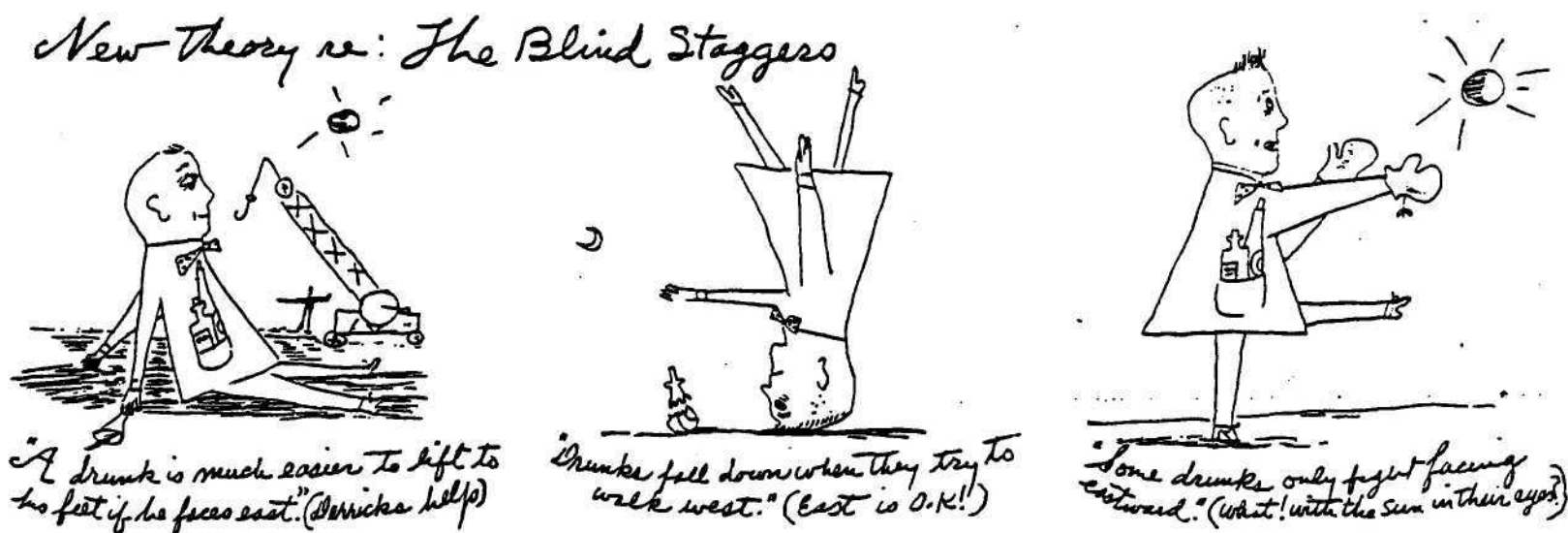
Dear Grapevine: Your second issue at hand inspires me to an idea. I'm sure there are other A.A. who, like myself, are finding in A.A. the highway to freedom from narcotics. Why not give us a "hophead's corner" in *The Grapevine*? After all, we do have a particular

problem. Even if mine is essentially the same problem of all alcoholics, I occasionally could wish that there were just one other narcotic victim in my A.A. group with whom I might share experiences. And though through the help of the Higher Power and my A.A. friends I no longer take morphine, I realize I fear it in a way I've ceased fearing alcohol. If I could just share experiences with some other "hop-head" I know it would be a big help, and among A.A.'s thousands I'm sure I'll find my fellows. Sincerely "Doc" N.

Dear Grapevine: . . . to puff and flatter alcoholics by saying that they laugh "at ghoulish memories over which weaker souls would cringe" is to do them a disservice.... We are not stronger souls than others; we aren't grubs who have blossomed into beautiful personalities soaring on our 'butterfly wings'; we are no more sensitive and imaginative than countless non-alcoholics. We are simply ill people—some of us bores, some of us interesting, some stupid, some intelligent, some nice drunks, some lousy drunks—all in all, a cross-section of the population which has dried up.... Mr. Oursler paints us as we are not. *Violet S. et al.*

Dear Grapevine: Your thought for service men is excellent. Alcoholics are put to their greatest test while under stress. The emotions take over, and we are in great danger. The strain in the Army is terrific. Voices shouting orders, the hurry up and wait, arbitrary decisions which cause great inconvenience; these, and the whole idea of regimentation create stress enough to knock us for several loops as things were in the old days. It was well expressed by the soldier who was asked by the Colonel's wife if he were happy in the Service. "No, ma'am." he answered, "I'm nervous in the Service." Then, too, for those of us who like to be alone at times, it is extremely difficult. The only solitude I have been able to get in the Army has been in the middle of the drill field late at night.

Without the A.A. program I know that long before this I would have gotten into serious trouble. We must accept a situation we cannot change; and we learned in A.A. that the manner in which we accept things is infinitely more important than whatever we might have to accept. I don't recommend it as a cure, but I believe that this is a constructive, beneficial experience. I have been forced to depend upon A.A. to the utmost to remain as well as I have. Two 'slips' in twenty months in the Army is, to me, an indication of what happens when we don't *constantly* practice our program. *John D.*



Clipped by Harold R. from the July 10th issue of Time Magazine: Christian Adolf Volf ... an acoustical physicist . . . declared that he had found from careful observation that helpless drunks always walk east, fall down when they walk west. A drunk . . . will resist entering a car or patrol wagon when it faces west but climb aboard willingly if it faces east. And he is much easier to lift to his feet if he faces east. Another useful tip: some drunks only fight facing eastward. Volf advice: "The fight may be avoided if the opponent will cause the intoxicant to face westward. This impels the intoxicant to fall backward." Seems it all has to do with the earth's rotation. When you had that whirling sensation you were whirling plenty, baby!

FIVE ALCOHOLICS LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT PITCH

More and more musicians and show people are getting into A.A. In our New York group, we have a young orchestra. Rudy is the greatest French horn player in the country. Koussevitzky said that his solo in Tchaikovsky's Fifth has never been surpassed. But Rudy went on benders, dragging his French horn with him to bars, always hanging on to it. Friends dragged Rudy out of a hotel hallway one night whither he had escaped stark naked, to surpass himself in a horn solo.

Rudy got his friend Pee Wee into the group, and together they got Johnnie, when the three of them were playing in the Ripley 'Believe It Or Not' program. All three of them are working in radio now, making good money. But all three backslid in their careers. In A.A. they're learning what to do about it. Then we have two girls, Paula and Peggy. Both play the piano. Peggy's a night club performer; Paula, who is Polish, composes Prokofieff-like music. Peggy was eased out of show business, and night club engagements. Paula's work, brilliant and uneven, has never quite come off.

All our musicians are dry only a short time (except Rudy). Peggy, Paula and Rudy are on their second round, determined to make it. Paula, who's red-headed. Slavically good looking, says "On a bottle of Scotch I marked Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do. I tried to make it last

a week, it never lasted beyond a day. Then I'd get another bottle, mark it the same way. At first, the drinks would give me an inspiration and lift. But when I wrote music, drunk, I had no sense of time, I forgot to put down the measures. The next day, my life was a broken jig saw puzzle, and I'd spend the whole day, trying to decipher what I'd written. Many times I used to get so furious I'd tear up some which was good."

Paula played the piano in a speakeasy when she was fifteen. Here Chaliapin, and other great musical figures, gathered fondly around the child, kept leaving their drinks on the piano. That's how I started to drink," she says. "An analyst told me he'd make me into a respectable lady drinker. But he never succeeded. I wrote two shows for the Jewish theatre, finished one, and got the money. The second one I refused to do. I was too busy drinking. I travelled with Molly Picon as composer-pianist. I played for Mordkin. I was musical casting director for Pins and Needles. Trouble came whenever I made money. On tour once, I was accompanist to a singer. I had a sense of moral obligation. I showed up before the performance to tell her I was too drunk. Then I went back to my hotel room and passed out. The phone kept ringing—" Another singer whom Paula was on tour with, got an even more sudden surprise. "When you're drinking your perfect

pitch is better at the beginning. The singer I was playing for went off just a little bit. I couldn't stand that noise. I got up and left her, hanging in her high Cs."

Paula could never overcome her unreasonable sense of inferiority. She went on drinking. When drunk, she said mean things, followed it up with flying crockery. She had D.T.s She heard music, very loud. Again she 'couldn't stand that noise.' She turned on the gas. Fortunately she was found in time. Her sculptor husband (they met in a bar, and have achieved one of those rare things, a bar marriage) said he'd leave her. Paula tried A.A. Was sober for a while, then had a slip. But during her last period of drinking, Paula changed. Something in A.A. stayed with her. With growing confidence she collected whole sober days, during which she worked arduously. Now, back in A.A. sober, "Twenty-five days old" as she says, she has written a modern symphony of Peter Pan which has been produced. "Because I always saw myself as the little child who didn't want to grow up, who wanted to run—" With this new insight into herself, Paula means to stay in A.A. and work, putting together the jigsaw puzzle of herself and her career.

But Rudy, although he got to the top, had a sense of insecurity, too. He says, "I never really had faith in myself alone. I started

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CENTRAL OFFICE NOTES: The Honolulu Story . . .

Continued from the July Issue

*P.O. Box 459, Honolulu
Jan. 23, 1944*

Dear Central Office:

Received your letter and the 2 books and pamphlets today. Thanks a million ... we can sure use them—8 or 9 people have read the one book we had, and everyone is crying for a copy for themselves. I believe lack of sufficient copies of the book has been one of our greatest handicaps here.

We've been very gratified at the way non-alcoholic people whom we've happened to contact have received us. There are probably not over 25 or 30 non-alcoholics in Honolulu who know we exist, but of these, 4 doctors (2 psychiatrists and 2 medical men having occasion to treat quite a number of alcoholics), 2 psychiatric nurses, one psychiatric social worker, a minister, a priest, a philanthropist, a newspaper editor, and 2 Y.M.C.A. officials have all expressed their approval of the A.A. program and the way we are carrying it out, and have offered to help in any way they can. If we would throw our meetings open to them, I'm afraid we would have more friends there than alcoholics. So far we have excluded them, for we have found such a spirit of mutual confidence, trust, friendliness

and unselfconsciousness at our meetings, we are afraid we might lose these things if non-alcoholics were present. How do other clubs handle this matter best?

Our one woman member, N—, is really a wonderful person, and she's begging for some way to be active. She and her husband T— are both alcoholics and found A.A. through their doctor. He has been to a meeting but she has not. She is a rather prominent professional woman, and although she wants to attend meetings very badly, she just can't do it for some very good reasons. But she's eager and willing to help in any way, and I believe she has a better understanding of the program and principles of A.A. than many of us men. Would you like to hear from her? I'm sure it would help and please her a great deal to correspond with you.

Your grateful friend, *E.G.*

*Honolulu
Jan. 30, 1944*

Dear Central Office:

I know you have other things to do besides read letters from Hawaii, but we do need advice here so badly. There is a philanthropist in Honolulu who has for years been trying out one idea after another in an effort to help

the worst of the local alcoholics. He himself says that he has been almost completely unsuccessful. Last year he read the book *Alcoholics Anonymous* and gave a copy to one of the men he was trying to help. I think he was really surprised when the man quit drinking. Recently he's been trying to help another alkie here, and I happened to contact the same man, who told the philanthropist about me. He wrote and asked to see me and I went to see him. He is a very sincere Christian man and I'm sure all he wants to do is help. Here's his proposition, or offer:

He believes we could be more effective if we had a house of our own. Just an ordinary dwelling house, as centrally located as possible, with one or two A.A.s living there: the house to be the property of A.A. and open at all times to members. It would have a living room fixed up as a clubroom. with table games, books, etc. He thinks we should try to make it a hangout for A.A. members, a place where a lonely member would be sure of meeting kindred souls (so many of our members and prospective members are separated from their families, either through the war or alcohol). Also he would like to see us

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Do You Know: HOW TO USE THE CLOSED MEETINGS

Gabbing as is our wont, the other evening at air-conditioned Stewarts, after a Thursday closed meeting, an A.A. member asked why we didn't have one regular closed meeting for older members only. "That is," he said. "people who've been in A.A. at least a month or more." The complaint was that at present too much time is devoted to questions and answers pertaining to the problems of the spanking newcomer, the lad or the lass who is still in the throes of that virus known as jitters. So much time that the problems of the older members are neglected. "Also," added the complainant, "there are things that shouldn't be discussed in the presence of those who've attended only one or two meetings."

Elbows plopped on the table. Coffee cups rattled. "What, for example?" The question came from all sides. "Well, to begin with—slips," was the reply. "It's bad stuff to discuss slips, slippers and slipping all over the place.

with brand-new members present. They might get the impression that none of us stays sober for any length of time. They might get so discouraged by that kind of talk that they'd never come back. They might ..." He got no further. Elbows came up. coffee went down. And the gabfest was on for sure. Here is the meat off the bone so well picked that evening: Closed meetings are for the purpose of discussing personal problems concerning alcohol, problems that one does not feel free to discuss in the presence of non-alcoholics. Uninhibited by the presence of "outlanders," you can speak your mind freely at a closed meeting, secure in the knowledge that you are among people who know the very worst about you, who have the same malady as your own, and who will listen to you with sympathy and understanding. As for the older members not having a chance to air their problems because of concentration on those of the brand-new

members, that argument wobbles like a drunk nearing his last legs. Now really. As one young woman put it, "If the older member's question is burning enough, he'll barge in and burst out with it. Nobody could stop him. If it's not so very important, a little listening to other people's troubles won't do him any harm." As a general rule, it isn't the older member who is shy about talking at closed meetings, it's the new member. Also, the consensus was that the closed meetings need the stimulation of a *constant flow* of new members and their provocative questions. Very much need them. And as for the slip-slipper-slip-slip talk, that's not going to harm the new ewe lambs. Not seriously anyway. Even if he should go away for a while, as a result of it. he'll be back. He'll be back if he seriously wants to sober up. And we will welcome him with gratitude in our hearts: here is another sick person we are privileged to help.

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

In answer to our D-day letter, that old raconteur, Warrant Officer Norman M., shot one back at us from the South Pacific in near record time. His letter, dated June 15, enclosed as an exchange copy for *The Grapevine* an amusing Picture Supplement to an Air Force paper. Norman writes: "The *Grapevine!* There's a sardonic *double entendre* masthead if I ever saw one. It, like the whole tone of the paper, is perfectly A.A. in spirit. The utter lack of finality in editorializing as well as its sense of humor about its mission is grand! And what a gem it is for an A.A. to get overseas. Alcoholics are such a peculiarly 'much-in-common' group that I sometimes doubt how I'd behave in the Tokyo chapter of the A.A.! Comes that day, I think we'd better start one. Talk of alibis! Whew! The very thought makes me jittery and I can't get to 24th Street soon enough."

(The ideas expressed in the following letter are, according to the author, "the result of much meditation during tropical nights on a South Pacific Island." We hope other members in the Service, wherever stationed, will find time to meditate and pass on to us as helpful an analysis of their conclusions on the effectiveness of the Program.)

"As an officer in the Navy, completely apart from active touch with the Group for 11 months, I have had considerable opportunity to reflect that certain phases of the overall picture have been the most important in the A.A. Program; a program which has proved to be the most powerful influence in shaping my life. At a distance, not clouded by too close a perspective resulting from very active participation in Group matters, one has occasion to get a clearer view of the problem as a whole. Two years ago I attended my first meeting. It impressed me terrifically—so much so, in fact, that for the first year I "worked" the program every possible moment, i.e., meetings, calls, discussions, etc., as well as trying to *practice* the principles. This, combined with the fact that I reached the portals of A.A. fully "ripe," and anxious to do something about my problem, has made it easy for me to remain "dry" since that first meeting. From my reflections on A.A., and what it has meant to me, three salient factors have impressed themselves on my mind:

"1. *The definite and final-realisation that I cannot take a drink and react like a normal person.* This had been pointed out by others before A.A.. but it took the understanding.

and the 'decide for yourself approach of A.A. to convince me. Now I realize the fatality of believing that 'this time will be different,' and know that, no matter how long sober, the same old pattern will start with the first drink, whenever taken. To my mind, no other method has been devised to convince the alcoholic as conclusively of this fact as the plan of A.A., of hearing and watching (on '12th step' work) other alcoholics and their experiences.

"2. *The gradual stirring and awakening of the Spiritual side of my personality.* Before A.A. I had never given consideration to spiritual thought, or the power to be transmitted and released through contact with God. and the resultant influence in shaping one's life. Through the Program, an interest in Spiritual thought evolved, I know not exactly how, and this contact with a 'Higher Power' has resulted in the banishment of fear, a peace of mind which I never expected to enjoy, and a change in my whole method of living. In fact, it has reached into corners of my life far apart from the problem which led me to A.A.

"3. *The friendships which have resulted from, being in the Group.* These are truly real friendships in every sense of the word. While I feel that I have many friends outside of A.A., and also the ties that bind me and my brother officers. I know that in time of crisis of any kind, none would stand by with clearer understanding or a more sincere desire to help than each or all of my many friends in the Group. For from the teaching) of A.A. as a program of living come richer friendships than any others.

"To my mind, any one of the above three

factors would, of itself, make the Program worthwhile. Combined, they have remoulded my life, and provided it with its greatest experience." *Y.G.*

FROM THE ATLANTIC FRONT

On the eve of D-day, another good A.A. member, an Army officer in a responsible post, writing from England, gives his method of working out the problem of lack of A.A. contacts: "We are pretty tense wondering if and when the big show *is* going to start. I think often, with pleasure, of our small meetings. In fact, I believe I have an even deeper appreciation of them and the friendships made there than I did before. Being over here under present circumstances gives you a pretty sharp perception of values. A.A. has been working without a 'slip' for me. By reading and re-reading the book and holding regular thought sessions with myself, I have been able to compensate in part for the lack of association and group therapy. Feel very confident but not cocky."

ADDITIONAL OVERSEAS NOTES

From one of our two — man Group on a South Pacific Island (see the last issue):

"G. and myself have a wonderful time together. To meet one of the boys in a place like this is really out of the world. He has a jolt which is very harassing and he takes it right in his stride. His attitude is a fine example. ... I have met lots of people in my travels but give me the understanding, tolerant group of people I left at 24th Street." *John*

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What locality is your guess on this one?

"Both typewriters and ink are scarce in these parts. So are napkins, matches, good coffee, female legs with proper curves (all the ladies look like they're muscle-bound), streets that know where they're going, sunshine, and good plumbing."

*

From an Island in the South Pacific:

"It's so damned hot here that even a non-alcoholic would 'blow his top' on a drink. "

A London oddity:

"A cabbie from Brooklyn who'd been here since the last war."

The Pleasures of Reading

One of the minor characters in *The Razors Edge*, "W. Somerset Maugham's new book (Doubleday Doran, 2.75), will seem real to A.A.s. The shy, poetically inclined daughter of a well-to-do mid-western family, robbed of her husband and small child in a car crash, first seeks relief, then oblivion, in alcohol and opium. She threads her way through the lives of childhood friends until her final release, a corpse drifting in the Mediterranean. Her moments of exhilaration, frantic grappling for help, are skillfully and sympathetically presented. Parallel in time, the main theme of the story follows the search for faith by a war flier who watched others grow rich in lush times, lose their fortunes in the depressions and, with the material things, most of their values. Gradually he develops a strong though inarticulate philosophy based on helping others. The author-narrator presents a number of very human people in a story that merits its place among the current best sellers. *Mel C.*

Booze and bad eyes seem to go together. *The Art of Seeing*, by Aldous Huxley (Harper Bros., 2.50), may do for the alcoholic's poor eyesight what the A.A. book does for his drinking. And we *don't* mean it will dry up the eyes. Quite the contrary. As in the A.A. book, this one outlines steps to be followed: psycho-physical exercises which lead to improved vision, if faithfully practised. According to Huxley, the orthodox theory of ophthalmological science is that the defective eye cannot be re-educated towards normality by any process of mind-body coordination. Dr. "W. H. Bates, a New York oculist, seeking a substitute for artificial lenses, set himself to discover a way of re-educating defective vision into a condition of normality. It is Dr. Bates' principles that Huxley (practising the 12th step) so generously passes on to other visually handicapped people. Huxley says that because visual re-education demands a certain amount of thought, time and trouble, the majority of people continue along more or less satisfactorily with the help of mechanical seeing — aids—unless motivated by a passionate desire or an imperious need. Familiar language, that, isn't it? *Maeve S.*

Three murders, a dash of sabotage, an elegant gold digger with full complement of love-starved and therefore jealous sisters, stirred up in war-time California sunlight and dark night are the main ingredients in *Escape the Night*, Mignon Eberhart (Random House, 2.00). The story moves briskly if somewhat aimlessly at times. Whodunit fans will find all the necessary, including the clinch at the end. *Kitty R.*

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

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

So many of us, as we emerge from the abyss of alcoholism, are aware of barren, wasted years and missed opportunities. As our minds open little by little and become de-fogged, we are often beset by the grim gremlins of regret when we realize that the bar room and cocktail corner did not give us intellectual and practical food and drink even though, at times, we felt ourselves to be brilliant and sophisticated members of the intelligentsia. It is, therefore, comforting to discover that it is not too late and that New York City and its environs offer the finest adult educational programs to be found anywhere in the country. Our latest find, THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, 66 West 12th Street, is an example. As *The Grapevine* goes to print, it is too late to take advantage of the Summer session, but it is not too early to start making plans for the Fall semester. The tuition is extremely moderate, many of the classes are at night and the list of offerings is varied and extensive. It includes Philosophy and Psychology, Political Science, Sociology, Economics, Art, Drama (acting, writing and stagecraft), Literature, Professional Writing and Languages, all of these in their various phases. The Fall program will be sent on request and is well worth looking over. Credits for B.A. degrees are given when desired. For practical, vocational training, it might be well to apply to your nearest Y.M.C.A. Many of them have an affiliated Trade and Technical School. If your local Y.M.C.A. hasn't this service, go to the one at 5 West 63rd Street and make inquiries about their classes. For those interested in art, the COOPER UNION ART SCHOOL, Cooper Square, Room 20SA, has free day and evening courses. Their catalogue is worth sending for. THE NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF DIETETICS, 660 Madison Avenue, will prepare you for an interesting and practical career. There will be an increasing demand for trained dieticians in the immediate and post-war picture. Start now, plan to make your hours count next fall. In the meantime, go to your nearest RED CROSS or CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE and offer your services. The volunteer shortage is acute—or—if the shakes have gone and you are feeling fit and singing in the shower, give some of that grand new blood that is coursing through your veins to the Red Cross. There's a guy out there somewhere who isn't singing and needs that pint (*of blood*) more than you do. If you have a free moment right now, sit down and write us about your hobby or how and where you learned about the interesting things you know.

ALONG THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUIT

BROOKLYN BRIEFS. For the summer months, we are holding open meetings on Friday at 8:30 P.M., in the air-cooled Grand Salon of the Hotel St. George, Henry and Clark Streets, Brooklyn. An elevator runs from the Clark Street Station of the 7th Avenue, I.R.T. subway into the lobby of the hotel. Any alcoholic who desires information concerning our closed meetings or other information about our activities can contact us at: G.P.O., Box 91, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EAST ORANGE NOTES: A respectable crowd of A.A. in New Jersey took time out recently for further meditation and instruction. They attended a Retreat in Morristown, Friday through Sunday. It was inspiring to find the profound knowledge of A.A. which this "Order" possesses, and to have their support and respect for what A.A. members are accomplishing. East Orange members hope to combine a Sunday meeting and picnic sometime in August. There's nothing quite like having a quarterly round-up of the 400 to 600 members and their families!

ELIZABETH. The Group added two new members to its roster this month and two wandering lambs returned to the fold ... In the past month there have been two weiner roasts, one lake party that was a wow, one A.A. picnic at the Preakness Pool which was attended by 145 A.A. girls and boys who know how to enjoy their sobriety. Even the rain cannot dampen the spirits of an A.A. picnic.

FLUSHING FLASHES: Thursday night meetings are very well attended despite the torrid weather. Scarcely a week goes by that is not somebody's 1st or 2nd anniversary and before long a group of 3 year olds should come into being. The Flushing Group, 21 strong, visited Montclair early in the month. The exchange was completed by the Montclair Group, July 13th, when they visited Flushing. Closed meetings have been discontinued for the summer but will be resumed in the fall.

FOREST HILLS. For the past two and one half years. Father Griffin, pastor of St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church in Jamaica and Chaplain at Queens General Hospital, has been feeding prospective A.A. to the Forest Hills Group, and, since its inception a year or so ago, to the Flushing Group. It is indeed readily understandable that both groups have met the announcement of Father's transfer to Staten Island with a deep sense of personal loss. Incidentally, secretaries of both groups, Mary C. of Forest Hills and Kitty R. of Flushing, both first heard of A.A. through Father Griffin. However, it's an ill wind that blows no good, and we are sure many alcoholics in Staten

Island will be directed to A.A. by this very good friend.

MANHATTAN. Earl O., a member of this group, really went to town in the way of outstandingly fine publicity in his series of three articles which appeared during June in the N. Y. Telegram. Being one of us. Earl knows his booze and he knows his A.A. And so there were no *faux pas*, none of those unfortunate slip-ups that the non-alcoholics sometimes make when writing about alcoholism. Earl's articles had bites aplenty—and the nibbling is still going on. The pictures—so sober, sane and intelligent—accompanying the articles were taken by Bill (Red) F. of the Flushing Group. The Walnut Room of the Capitol Hotel isn't exactly overcrowded these tropical Tuesdays, many of our people having retreated to the mountains or the seashore for the summer. Bless their cool hides. With its wide-open windows, its fans and the well-stocked Coca Cola contraption, the 24th Street Clubhouse continues to pack 'em in—at the closed meetings Thursdays, the open ones Sundays.

MOUNT VERNON. At every meeting there are always some new faces. They are wondering, hopeful, doubtful, curious. What is here to help them that they have not tried before? We want them to feel at ease and to know that they become a part of this great movement as soon as they decide to give the A.A. program a chance. To get the individual and personal contact with new members. Mount Vernon is using "Sponsor Cards." This card is in two parts. One part has the list of inter-group meetings on one side and on the reverse the names, addresses, and phone numbers of three older members. This is given to the new member, he is introduced to his sponsors, and it is suggested that he keep in touch with them when he gets that lonesome feeling or if the butterflies start fluttering. This begins his address list which we all find so helpful. The other part of the card has the new member's name, address, etc. and is given to the first sponsor with the instruction that he keep this person under his wing for a few weeks until he has some understanding of the program. This keeps the older members working on the twelfth step, and is a life saver for the new member who has difficulty at first and might drift away hopeless, helpless, and licked. These cards are bringing excellent results, and if other groups are interested in them and will write P.O. Box 328, Grand Central Annex, we will gladly send them a sample.

NASSAU-SUFFOLKGROUP. Bouquets to the Editorial Staff, for the excellent work on edition #2. Comments

were most complimentary. Noses of two-year dries recently counted in this group, and—Hurrah, we find that six are entering their third. Visits from other groups are always welcome. Trains leave Flatbush Ave. Station, Brooklyn, or L.I.R.R. Station, 33rd Street, New York, at 7:23 P.M., arriving at Hempstead. 8:16 P.M. Add two minutes from nation to 177 Jackson Street. Meetings 8:30 P.M., Monday and Friday.

NEW ROCHELLE. As a result of the rapid and constant growth of A.A. in southern Westchester County, a new group, an outgrowth of Mount Vernon, has been formed in New Rochelle. Truly characteristic of A.A., the Mount Vernon members were magnanimous in their wishes for the success of the New Rochelle Group and as an expression of their continued friendship and good-will, presented the new group with an inscribed gavel. At the first meeting held on Sunday, June 4th, there were about seventy persons on hand, with representatives present from Mount Vernon, Yonkers, Pelham, New Rochelle, White Plains, Larchmont, Mamaroneck, Rye, and Greenwich. Regular meetings are held every Sunday at the New Rochelle Y.M.C.A., 185 Division Street, at 7:30 P.M.

NEW JERSEY NOTES. A comedy-drama written around A.A. was presented on July 25 at the New Jersey State Reformatory for Women at Clinton, by members of the recently established group there. Authored by the inmates, the piece was presented before an audience composed of members of several North Jersey groups in appreciation of their assistance in starting the group at the institution. Following the performance, the players served as hostesses to their visitors at a formal supper. Summer attendance has been excellent at the Jersey meetings, of which there are 22 held each week. Every night except Saturday sees one or more groups holding forth in or near the Newark area. Also the mid-week

THE HONOLULU STORY...*(Continued from page 4)*

get a place large enough to take in someone we were working on, give him somewhere to eat and sleep temporarily, and then let him move on as soon as he was straightened out and working again . . . repaying his expenses later. This philanthropist offers to furnish enough money to get it started, and also to make up our deficit each month.

Now I realize the dangers inherent in this type of aid. So much so that until after a long discussion in our meeting tonight, I was in favor of a flat refusal. I was afraid that the members would be affected the wrong way if they felt that they were being helped by some good rich man. Although he told me that no one need know of his help, I know that word would eventually get around and I can already hear such remarks as "Alcoholics Anonymous? Oh that's the bunch of down-and-outers that Mr. Moneybags is giving a hand." If I believed that through taking this help A.A., would get the name of just another worthy charity which was helping a bunch of poverty-stricken, stupid, drunken neurotics, I assure you I'd have nothing to do with it. Another danger is that such a house might attract hypocrites and dead-beats. So far I have had no trouble whatever of that kind. Every man I've worked with has played the game square whether he was ready or able to quit drinking or not. But it might be a different story if it ever became known that we had accepted aid from a rich man who could afford to lose it. And finally, I don't want to feel that I am getting paid in any way to do the work I'm doing here. With the help of God and the A.A. program I feel that I have accomplished some real good, and can accomplish much more, but I think if I felt that I was getting any monetary return for doing it my effectiveness both with others and myself would cease. Of course I wouldn't receive any

money personally if this goes through, but I have felt that it would be in a sense getting paid if we let someone besides our own members pay part of the organization's expenses. But the rest of the boys don't agree with me. They feel that as long as we recognize the dangers we can circumvent them. Five of us discussed this and the other four think that by accepting this help now we will much more quickly be able to grow into a large enough organization to support such a project. They also suggested pledging so much each week or month to help defray expenses. This is fine spirit and all of our members (about 16 now) are able and willing to give something—but again I am afraid that new members might figure we were running a racket and shy away. Believe me I'm only interested in what's best for A.A. as it's the thing that's made it possible for me to have a life worth living again. But I realize that the others are just as anxious as I am about the survival and growth of A.A., so I've modified my viewpoint somewhat. And then I'm not running A.A. here—I'm proud to report that all the members really feel a responsibility for the organization, and are ready any time to oppose me for what they consider the good of the group. Not that there was any bickering. We simply came to a collective conclusion. Here it is.

We will tell the man we will accept his offer, *but only enough to get a start....* We will try to keep expenses down and if the experiment turns out OK we will repay him.

He, poor man, is so confused he can hardly find his way home. I think it's the first time in his life he ever had to hunt up an organization and then beg them to take his money. Since I am writing this letter I have probably presented my objections in a better light than the reasons the others want to accept. So discount that and remember their reasons were good enough so that I finally agreed with them. But all the same they have asked me to write you for advice. It will take several weeks to find a place, so we'll kinda hang five until we hear from you. Let us know what you think.

Aloha, E.G.

Editors' Note: They didn't take it.

(To be continued next month)

COMING GRAPEVINE FEATURES

An article by Philip Wylie, fascinating, controversial ... with notes by Bill and the Yale physiologists. An issue devoted to thrashing out the hospital problem (if your A.A. group has good working relations with a hospital, write us, please). Also an issue written by the families of alcoholics.

FIVE ALCOHOLICS...*(Continued from page 3)*

drinking when I toured the country, with chamber music groups. When drunk, many times I would surpass myself. But I had to have liquor to play, and liquor for bad hangovers." Trouble began. Rudy was solo horn for the Cleveland Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic. He played with Toscanini in Buenos Aires. He had world acclaim, but, "I was afraid to walk into rehearsals in the morning. I have a lot of fire in me, but this fire had to be recreated by drinks. After a few my ego went up. I had such vanity then, I thought I was better than anybody. I had fights with my conductors." So Rudy, like most alcoholics, reached the scared stage, and used devices. I'd practice in the theatre, and keep practicing till ten minutes before the show. Then I'd run out and have three straight Scotches and get back to the theatre. When I got a little worried, I'd drink beer."

Some of Rudy's contracts weren't renewed. Then he found A.A. two years ago. He was all right, for awhile, but he hadn't prepared himself for emotional blow-ups. In any alcoholic, these are dangerous, in a musician, keyed up, to co-ordinate for a show, the hazard must be double. Rudy says, "I messed up a concert. That can happen to anybody. But I got right out of there, and went to a bar. After the third drink I thought of Bill—after the fourth, I thought, oh hell." A fellow A.A. got Rudy out of a saloon and put him in Towns.

Rudy has been in A.A. thirteen months now. How much he's gotten the program, you can see by what he says, "I wrote a letter to Rodzinski, thanking him for firing me. I told him he'd helped me to find a new way of life. I alone can never do it. But I had to replace my faith in John Barleycorn, with a faith in something else, outside myself."

(To be concluded next month)

LIVES, MAN-HOURS SAVED . . .*(Continued from page 1)*

shipyards today who are worth every minute and every cent—if it has cost anyone anything—that has been spent on them. They are holding down key jobs in a critical and highly essential industry. And through the foresight of the Kaiser Company and the work of Alcoholics Anonymous they are being given the opportunity that they have probably spent many months and years seeking." (*Richmond Independent, June 21, 1944*)