

Local Articles for the Grapevine

We can appreciate the enthusiasm, sincerity and humor of early Richmond AAs when we read the following articles published in the 'Grapevine' monthly magazine. Let's start with a rather humorous one by aforementioned Richmond member Roy H.

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### **My Last Slip Was Off a Horse BROTHER- That Was It!**

Volume 9 Issue 6 November 1952

Most of us wish to remember our last binge. Me too. I was a slipper. My last slip was off a horse. I had pitched for three days and then I got pitched--straight off a horse's back. I came in, as usual, at the crack of dawn. I stalled into the stall to hiccup a drunken good morning to my daughter's new Palomino. This mare was not only new but she was as wild as a March hare. My fifteen year-old daughter had "broken" the filly but the horse evidently sensed a difference between the feel of my lovely sober daughter and her inebriated dad.

The mare did not like the contrast. There was no bridle and no saddle on this steed when I eased a looped leg over her spine. I mounted her from the manger. She flew out of that barn door like a shot out of a cannon. All I had to hold on to was that tiny tuft of blond mane at the base of her neck. She jumped, and she kicked, and she balked, and she bucked! Horses must have some sort of secret springs in their flanks, because she got me out of rhythm with, her romping so that when she was going up, I was coming down. With that last lunge I was pitched into the air like a flying squirrel. When I came down on that hard barn lot I was out of breath and out, period.

At the hospital the x-rays revealed three broken ribs, internal injuries and public intoxication. I was on the tick for 19 days. But that was my last binge. Resentment has thrown me, boredom has thrown me, but when that mare threw me, that was IT.

All joking aside, I found out just how many fine AA friends I had while I was in that hospital, and with God's help and a 24 hour AA program I am dry and feel that I can remain dry.

Roy

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An untitled article by Roy H.

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THE man with measles gets a break. That break is marked by a million little red irritations. The irritations of the alcoholic are just as obvious. We medicate the measles and they disappear and seldom if ever do they return. We medicate the alcoholic also but we do not completely banish his breaking out. We may break up our binges but so many times the symptoms do not cease.