

After the arrestment of our inebriety over a long period, we begin to feel that everybody in and out of A.A. owes us a continued catering to. Instead of striving for contentment, we are apt to develop and nourish contention. This makes us break out and our irritations are more hectic and annoying than all the measles in the medical books.

We use that hellish hammer so much that, like the measles, our knocking becomes contagious. One kid can catch the measles and spread red welts over a whole class room. So one alcoholic can catch contention and spread mental inflammation over a whole group.

A slipper slips. Some model dry child clutches his claw hammer. The slipper is a "chiseler," he's "hopeless," he's a "handicap." Soon the whole group catches the hammer disease and hell's a poppin'.

If we could only hide that hatchet! Sure, Dave's drunk. He's holed up in a hotel. His wife has pulled out. The dough we gave Don was spent on fire water and he made the prison farm. Our efforts are unappreciated.

But does all this griping in the group help Henry! It not only doesn't help Henry, but it hurts and jeopardizes every Jake in the joint.

If we could only, as the old song goes, "eliminate the negative and latch on to the affirmative," then we wouldn't be constantly messing mentally with Mr. In-between (the slipper). If we can't do the poor old screwed-up absentee any good, there's no use to do the whole bunch harm by hammering hell out of Hiram the hopeless. Sometimes it's just that one extra bit of patience and brotherly love that does bring our forward Frankie back into the fold. And how much more harmony we have among ourselves.

Roy H.

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## A Touching Scene

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A SHORT fellow with an abbreviated mustache walked into my place of business. With him was a boy about 15 or 16 years old. The man, who was 40, more or less, said he had been in AA for about four years, almost two of which he had been totally dry.

He remembered some of his last sprees and spoke of having experienced hallucinations as an aftermath of the drunks. He said he had seen small kittens crawling allover the floor. Hallucinatory kittens, that is.

Then he related his proverbial hard luck story. He said his wife had been hospitalized because of an operation in Salt Lake City. Her extended illness had caused him to scratch the bottom of the financial barrel and now he was broke. He was trying to get to his home in Ann Arbor, Michigan. His small mustache twitched as he poured out his troubles.