

A.A. IS OUR

STAY WITH US

June 1, 1955.

P. O. Box 398, Palmerston North.

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In the Cause of A.A. Unity.

Since the arrival of A.A. in this country some ten years ago, through the human agency of our Ian, the Fellowship has extended so as to embrace a quite considerable crowd of people spread over the whole length of our islands. Some centres have quite surprizing numbers (and characters) attending regular meetings, while in numerous places, loners are keeping in contact with the groups by correspondence. Though in Palmerston North we have a group (be it ever so humble), we have oftentimes felt the isolation of the loner, interspersed with festivals of A.A. when we have gone visiting or have received visitors. We rather like this sharing of the A.A. Fellowship, and hope the idea be extended by way of this small news-sheet. If all groups will keep us posted on their activities, and send reports of meetings and discussions, we can all better share our gatherings and ideas. The loner can get the benefit of the group discussions and perhaps even contribute to some. We want material of all sorts, so come on, you lucky people, if you can't get a word in edgewise at the meetings, air your opinions here.

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The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

I went 12th. stepping in response to a letter from a lady whose son was afflicted with our common illness. After talking with the prospect and giving him my story and adding that I had lost all compulsion to drink since I had found A.A. he showed such enthusiasm for his prospects of a new way of life he would insist that I stay for dinner and meet his parents and other members of the family. I enjoyed a sumptuous meal, and Dad and Mum were as pleased as all parents when they see hope for their son's survival. Alcoholics Anonymous had an honoured place in their home that day. After saying our goodbyes, the boy's mother called me aside and said she would like to ask me a question "Why are you doing this wonderful work?" "Well," I replied, "the more work I can

do in helping others towards sobriety, the more are the chances of my remaining sober." "But," said the Mother, "you are not a drinker and I don't believe you have ever been. No," she went on, "you have never been like those horrible men my son associates with in the hotels." I told her part of my story and she said "I still don't believe it. You are too fine a chap." Be that as it may, and remembering that honesty is the keynote of success in A.A., I could not help but wonder whether or not it would be more convincing if one made his first 12th. Step visit in ragged clothing and in need of a shave, and then on the next visit go in full A.A. neatness and say to the unbeliever "Well, you saw how I was, now look at me." All dishonest thoughts aside, it does give one a great lift to be able to present A.A. to the sufferer and his family accompanied by a clean, sober and well cared-for appearance.

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#### A Rose by any Other Name-?

Leslie M. of the Wellington Group had paid a visit with other members to Palmerston North to visit a new member of A.A. The new member's son had taken good stock of Mr. M's car apparently, for some time later, he reported to the old man that he had seen Mr. M's car in town. The new A.A. was hopeful of a visit and when it didn't eventuate, he asked the hot cross bun was he sure it was Mr. M's car he saw, receiving the reply "Oh! Yes, I'm sure he was the man from Alcoholics Anonymous alright, because the car had A.A. on it." The now old member is still not sure whether the lad was joking or just exercising a sense of humour.

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#### N. Z. Activities.

Some time ago there was a social gathering in Palmerston North which by the attendance was well on the way to being something of a North Island Convention of A.A.'s, and this coming weekend there are plans for an even bigger and better function in Hamilton. We anticipate printing a report of this Hamilton meeting if someone more fortunate than us by being there, will supply same. Which brings us on to the thought of why shouldn't we organize an annual convention, if not for the whole of N.Z., then at least say, Northern and Southern Conferences. Incidentally too, any big gatherings like this in the future, might benefit from some advance publicity in "Mainstay".

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#### One for the Road.

A couple of old-timers had been calling at the same bar on the same day at the same time for many years. One day only one made an appearance. "Where's your mate?" asked the barman, surprised. "He got burned", replied the old fellow with a sad shake of his head. "Buck up," said the barman, "he'll be up and around again soon." "Don't know about that," answered the old man glumly, "they don't mess about down at that there crematorium."

(Australasian Post.)

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WATCH THAT FIRST DRINK. IT CONTAINS FROTH, BUBBLE & TROUBLE.

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