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# Lainett News

LAINETT GROUP STEERING COMMITTEE

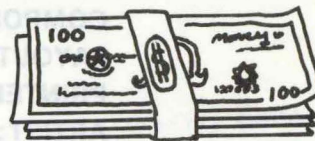
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Ed  
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IOWA CITIZENS AIDE OFFICE



**"TRICK .... OR .... TREAT"**



Group #3



**Oct. "1975"**

W.L. Swenson

LAINETT GROUP LEADERS

Group #2

Group #4

Group #1

Delmar Wilson ("Dirty Willy")

Roger Peterson

Associate Secretary  
Treasurer

Inside Sponsor

Outside Sponsor

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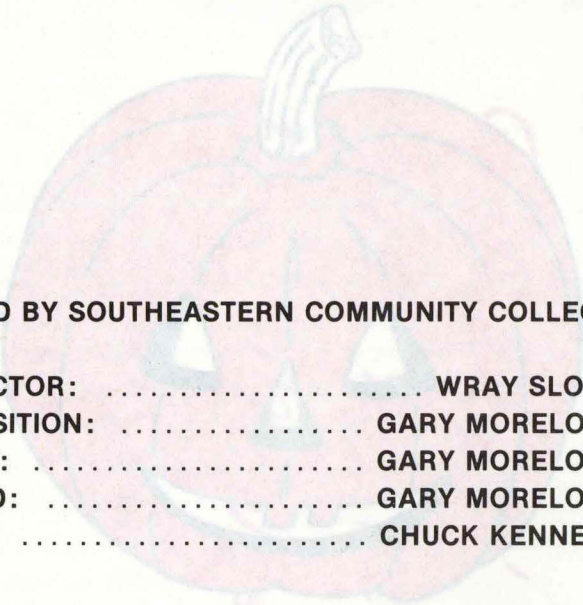


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## ADMINISTRATION

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Paul Hedgepath ..... Deputy Warden  
Jim Menke ..... Director of Security  
Rowland Lutz ..... Director of Treatment  
Roby Hilpert ..... Academic School  
Tom Grimm ..... Vocational Director

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Bill Rawls ..... Correspondence Secretary  
Jerry McKune ..... Treasurer  
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Bob Clement ..... Outside Sponsor  
Hank Mitchel ..... Outside Sponsor

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Fred Dursch ..... Editor  
W.L. Swenson ..... Associate Editor

## LAINETT GROUP LEADERS

Group #1  
Frankie Layne ... Room Chairman  
Gary Gnade ... Room Coordinator

Group #2  
Bob Fry ..... Room Chairman  
Jim Campbell ..... Room Coordinator

Group #3  
Mike Smith ..... Room Chairman  
Larry Toomey ..... Room Coordinator

Group #4  
Delmar Wilson ("Dirty Willy") ..... Room Chairman  
Roger Peterson ("Pete") ..... Room Coordinator

David Dee ..... Librarian



## SELF-EXPRESSION

The A.A. magazine is made possible by the efforts of different inmates who take the time to express their thoughts and beliefs. The Des Moines Register and Tribune newspaper (Oct. 8, 1975) had an article that might be "Food" for some who would like to write, draw or add articles to our next issue.

Article: FROM BOREDOM TO VIOLENCE  
(Sidney Harris)

Napoleon wanted to be a writer, but the essays he submitted were laughed at. Hitler wanted to be a painter, but his work was rebuffed. Frustrated in their creative endeavors, both men turned to destructiveness.

Such examples could be multiplied. One of the basic human needs is for self-expression; if this need is dammed up, or diverted, it often reveals itself in its opposite.

One of the main reasons, I am convinced, for so much "senseless" violence in the slum society is not merely the poverty and the bleakness of the environment. It is that the opportunities for creative endeavor are so limited.

This is a growing problem even in middle-class environments. Perhaps the chief demerit of television is not the poor content of the programs or the fatuity of the commercials, but that it encourages passivity in children.

If they no longer have to learn how to amuse themselves, by doing and making, by imagining and inventing, by developing personal skills, then the immense kinetic forces of childhood will most likely erupt in some irrational act of violence against society. Boredom is mankind's most explosive element.

But the middle class can at least provide some countervailing tendencies, with their better schools, their camps, their dancing lessons.

It is often the brightest and most potentially talented slum youngsters who become the leaders in gang violence; they are the little Napoleons who do not know what to do with their gifts except devising ways to retaliate against the social order.

*Editorial Staff*

The editor of a small weekly newspaper, in a rage over several government bills, ran an editorial under the heading "HALF OF OUR LEGISLATORS ARE CROOKS"...prominent politicians were outraged and demanded he retract the statement...so he ran an apology under the headline "HALF OF OUR LEGISLATORS ARE NOT CROOKS."



Bob Clement

Hank Mitchel

### I.S.P. Inmate's A.A. Lainett Group Welcomes a New Outside Sponsor—**HANK MITCHEL**

Hank Mitchel from the Quincy area, has joined forces with Bobby Clement, also from Quincy, to make up the inmate's outside sponsors for the A.A. program at Fort Madison State Prison.

Both men have already been to Des Moines trying to find out what is needed to make the A.A. program work at I.S.P. Bob and Hank are putting a lot of time and effort in A.A. for themselves and the inmates.

Thank you Bob Clement, and Hank Mitchel, from the entire A.A. Lainett Group for taking an interest in your state and neighbors.

### **A.A. OPEN MEETING** SEPT. 27th, 1975

#### MINUTES OF THE MEETING:

Ed Walters opened the meeting with fifty members present and six outside guests. The thought for the day was read by Tony Brady who did a good job getting the point across.

Called to the speakers stand, Fred Dursch was the first inmate speaker to share his experience with alcohol. His speech added a touch that left you up in the air. Jim Campbell gave a fulfilling talk on the Serenity Prayer.

An Award was presented to the Quincy A.A. Group from the Inmate A.A. Group, by Dan Edwards.

The meeting was blessed by one female outside guest who offered a speech of wisdom to the A.A. inmates, and other visitors at the meeting. This young lady's dad, better known to the inmates as



"Skyrocket" followed her talk with added enthusiasm.

The meeting was rounded off by handing out awards for the members of the month who were respectively; Larry Toomey, Paul Morrison, James Campbell and Russell Johnson.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

# INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOLISM COSTS

by Rev. Wilson W. Shabaz

"BREAKFAST SPECIAL" Bloody Mary, Toast and coffee, \$1.50, contents of a sign seen in mid Manhattan. It is like a magnet that draws the top flight executive of any large company into the alcohol scene. Once fortified, he is now ready to face the tasks and responsibilities of another day.

This great misnomer has become a "crutch" for some three million working alcoholics in America's industries. According to Dun's Review, the bar bill alone for such inbibing totals a staggering 7.5 billion dollars annually. This is in addition to the fifteen plus billions costing industry for work inefficiency and time and production lost.

From every point of view, alcoholism in American industry is a very serious and costly problem. Approximately 300 U.S. companies are inaugurating extensive programs to deal with the problem. Some dating back as far as 1947. However, industry's interest in the alcohol program is expanding because of the high recovery rate. While the average rate is 30%, some companies experience as much as 80% recovery.

In most areas, industry is working very close with the local chapter of the National Council on Alcoholism. The procedure is, first, education. Making the alcoholic aware that he is not looked on as an "animal" and that treatment is very possible. Secondly, early detection of the alcoholism is of great importance. In order to make this less conspicuous, all employees whose job performance drops and who fail to respond to regular corrective measures are referred to counseling and diagnostic centers. This procedure places the responsibility of treatment upon the professionally qualified and thirdly referral is then made to recognized treatment centers for rehabilitation. However, there is one major loop-hole in this well devised plan; the alcoholic executive. He is not supervised in the usual sense; he has a secretary that can cover for him; he can keep his alcohol covered much easier. Only the "boss" is completely immune to the program.

Surveillance is very important in quickly identifying alcoholism. If industry will increase its effective-

ness in this role, the alcoholic can be brought to the rehabilitation center at a very early stage. This makes possible a quicker recovery! Industry is also in a position to offer medical coverage, fringe benefits, and job security to the employee who makes serious effort to receive help.

At this point, Hope Rescue Mission enters the scene and offers its facilities and makes its services available. Hope is one of only two agencies having a detoxification center that can care for the person in the alcoholic stage; South Bend Memorial Hospital being the other one. Up to six men and four women can be handled simultaneously by Hope. The Staff of Hope Mission together with its capable director is daily accepting the challenge of the alcoholic. The program at Hope has been proven effective through the years and with periodic improvements and upgrading, it stands truly as a "light of hope" to the person or family seeking to solve the alcohol problem.

Admission to Hope is as simple as a phone call where there is someone always ready to hear and share in your problem. For yourself or a friend, call (219) 288-4842; someone will ask "May I help you?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

## *Let Me Live a Sober Life*

Each and every day, dear God, let me live each 24 hours, day by day. I know that alcohol has been my problem out in society. Why? Because, I am now doing life behind these "ole" grey looking walls.

I know that some people blame their car, their wife, their kids and the cops, for being in here. I have to say the bottle is my reason. You know? If I hadn't taken that very first drink, if I would only listen, and reason with myself, if I had only called an A.A. member and gotten help for myself. No, I didn't do that. I had too much pride, too much self-respect. My God, look what it cost me; a home full of love, beauty, a wife and mother of three darling children. It's taken my manhood and my privledge of living out there in society. I've lost my job, my self respect, my pride. God, take all of that from me and you may as well take away my life. Hope! What is hope after all these things are gone? Do you go on? If you don't there sure isn't a soul out there who is going to help you. Wife, children, loved ones, and social friends, who are no longer your friends. Yes, I have lost them all. Yes, they were when I had money, when I had my bottle, and was drunk every night. You see I always had all my friends around. Look at me now, a cell and a whole lot of time to do with people that are in the same situation that I'm in. Why? Because of a drink, all I wanted to do was to have fun—believe you me, this isn't fun.

David Womack



# A Letter From a Mother Who Drinks



Dear Son:

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm still alive. I am writing this letter slowly as I know that you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home — we've moved.

It was a lot of trouble moving. The most difficult thing was the bed, you see, the man wouldn't let us take it in the taxi. I wouldn't have been so bad if your father hadn't been in it at the time. About your father, he has a lovely new job, he has 500 people under him. He's cutting grass at the cemetery.

Your sister got herself engaged to that fellow she's been going with. He gave her a beautiful ring with three stones missing.

Our neighbors starting raising pigs, we got wind of this, this morning. I got my appendix out and a dishwasher put in. There was a washing machine in the house when we moved in, but it isn't working to well. Last week I put in four shirts, pulled the chain and I haven't seen them since.

Your brother came home from school yesterday crying, all the boys at his school got new suits. We can't afford to buy him a new suit, but we're going to buy him a new hat and let him stand at the window.

Your sister Mary had a baby this morning. I haven't heard yet if it was a boy or girl — so I don't know if you're an aunt or uncle.

Uncle Dick was drowned last week in a vat of whiskey in Dublin Brewery. Four of his workmates dove in to save him but he fought them off bravely, we creamated his body and it took three days to put the fire out.

Kate is now working in a factory in Birmingham. She's been there for 6 months. I'm sending her some clean underwear as she says she's been in the same shift since she got there.

Your father didn't have too much to drink at Christmas. I put a bottle of castor oil in his pint of scotch and it kept him going until New Years. I went to the doctor on Thursday, your father came with me. The doctor put a glass tube in my mouth and told me to keep it shut for ten minutes, your father offered to buy it from him.

It only rained twice last week. First for 4 days and then for 3. On Monday it was so windy that one of the chickens laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter from the undertaker. He said if the last installment wasn't paid on your grandmothers funeral within 7 days — up she comes.

I must close now, the plumber is coming to fix the pipes and there is a shocking smell.

Your Loving Mother

P.S. I was going to send you \$10.00, but I had already sealed the envelope.



## MY CO-PILOT

For those of us who find it difficult to accept or believe in a higher power, take time to recall some of your escapades while drinking. There are many times when all of us could have been just another statistic, but by the grace of God we were spared. I believe that God as I know him was my co-pilot in some of my wild weekend parties and I know that in my condition I could never drive my car home without his help.

Surely if our higher power can see us through our past, we can certainly depend on a higher power to guide us in our fellowship with A.A.

One more thing; most of us refuse to be labled. Remember, being referred to as an alcoholic, is much better than being called a dirty old wino!

G. Gnade

## "Round One"

Making a wild guess, I would give odds just about every man in this "Joint" at one time or another has been in a good fight, but the fight with "J." Barley Corn will be the roughest you ever will have. He is ruthless, mean, and lies, but mostly he makes you lie to yourself. He takes pride in wrecking homes, ravishing your wife and loved ones. Like on the street when the odds are against you, some form of weapon is needed.

Well, through A.A. and the help of God you have a weapon at your disposal. The weapons of honesty, sincerity and of course the big one, a helping hand.

These three things Old Barley Corn is vulnerable to, they will get him down and kick him in the groin. Honesty with yourself, respect and that helping hand from others in A.A. With sincerity in your will to quit drinking, you will have won this round, but remember he will try to come up on your back side. He is always there. Good luck Champs, keeping slugging.

Bob Cole



“ONE WHO CARES FOR A.A. AND GAVE UP  
THAT OLD FRIEND, ALCOHOL”

Dearest Ethel (Alcohol)

From the first time I heard other guys talk about you, and how you made them happy and feel good, I knew I wanted to meet you.

The first time I met you was in a tavern. I picked you up and held you in my hands and then drew your lips to mine. We spent the entire evening together, having one hell of a good time—which I thought then! I left late that night and told you, “I’ll see you tomorrow”.

At first we were together two or three nights a week, then my desire and craving for you became so strong, it was every night, and then in the daytime.

Sometimes in the morning I would wake up feeling bad and knew I must have you, and when I got you, we would spend the entire day together and not even go to work. Then you moved into my life and home altogether and I worked, stole, begged and cheated to give you the money you wanted so that I might have you.

I sold all of my belongings—even the clothes off my back. In return when I had no money, you threw me out on the streets, I was beaten up, physically and mentally, and thrown into jails and hospitals to suffer, and you laughed at the misery you had created.

You wouldn’t let me have friends, a job, a home to live in or have a son of my own which I wanted.

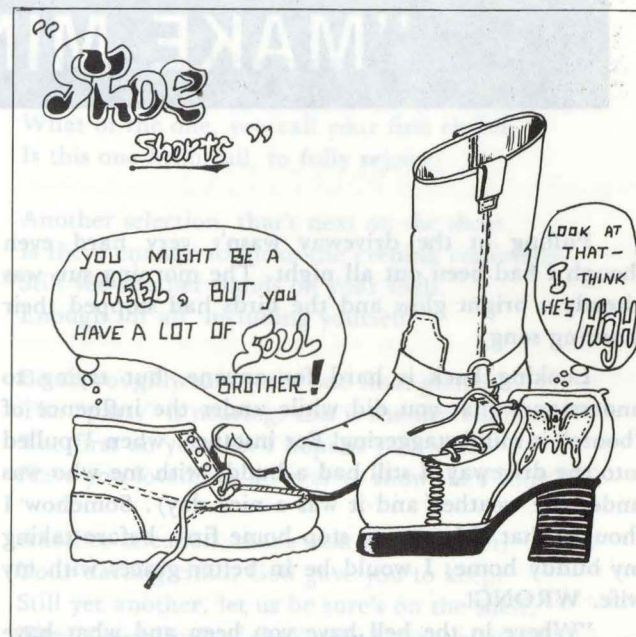
I have been in the hospital two weeks now without you. I am feeling real good, both physically and mentally. I have been talking with a lot of people from an organization called A.A. They know all about you, and how much of a lying, cheating phony you really are.

Baby, I am leaving you for good! Yes, you will find others who will fall for your lies and tricks. I just hope they find you out a lot sooner than it took me, so baby, hit the road. You might look good and feel good, but you ain’t shit!

Yours Never More,  
Bob Clemens

**THIRST AID FIGURES**

Records show that annually Americans consume some 170 million gallons of wine and champagne and 275 million gallons of hard liquor.



Nothing makes you feel older than to discover that today’s school kids are studying in history class the same things you studied in current events.

## The Old Country Church

Jim Moxley

Woodbine climb wind-pitted walls,  
That now entombs forgotten halls.  
It’s fruitful vines savor romantically,  
As nature paints in iridescency.  
Still strong and straight, not bent to age,  
Her tower portrays like in fabled page.  
High atop, it’s weathered face,  
The lonely clock, lost to time’s pace.  
Alouered arch topped tower door,  
Secludes the bells that chime no more.  
Her castled crown reigning magnificently,  
Peeping over the mightiest tree.  
Asleeping giant in swayback pose,  
Old slate shingles now in tattered rows.  
Her frail spire leaning evermore,  
Clutching God’s cross with reverent rapport.  
Feathered friends in eavestroughs mate,  
Life’s all but abandoned this one-time great.  
With windows shuttered over closed, quiet eyes,  
In the depth of green meadows, she silently lies.  
To all with prayer, she held close to her breast,  
Now may THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH, in peace,  
Ever rest.....



# "MAKE MINE COFFEE"

W.L. Swenson  
Group #3 Lainett A.A.

Pulling in the driveway wasn't very hard even though I had been out all night. The morning sun was already a bright glow and the birds had stopped their morning song.

Looking back is hard for anyone, but trying to understand what you did while under the influence of "booze" is mind staggering! For instance, when I pulled into the driveway, I still had a buddy with me who was under the weather (and it was a nice day). Somehow I thought that if I were to stop home first, before taking my buddy home, I would be in better graces with my wife. WRONG!

"Where in the hell have you been and what have you been doing?" my wife yelled. Before I had a chance to answer, and it's probably just as well that she gave me no chance to reply, since I didn't have an answer anyhow, she fired on me again with, "I can smell you a block away and you are probably broke to boot, huh?" The only thing I could think to say was "Oh hon".

With a snarl in her voice she demanded that I go to bed and try to get some rest before I had to be on my afternoon shift that started at three. She would drive my friend home. I really couldn't understand why she had to be so bossy especially in front of my friend. Well, I thought, "go ahead and take him home, I'll show you who's really the boss." Telling me when to go to bed and all of that stuff, well we will see about that.

The car had no more than cleared the driveway, and I had all my clothes off and taking a bath. Sure my buddy was still hanging halfway out the passenger's window counting cracks in the pavement or something.

Meantime I'm getting even with everyone. After the quick bath I jumped into my best suit and grabbed my revolver from the night stand drawer. It's an odd feeling being all dressed up without any money so I quickly took all the money from both kids banks, being careful not to disturb them from their morning winks.

Off I went stumbling and laughing down the street with the liquor rushing through my blood stream. I just knew I would show everyone who the boss really was. The first important thing for me to do at that time was to get refueled. I had no idea what I was fueling, but looking back and thanking God I can look back, I was fueling a Kamikaze Pilot!

The bar I picked was no different than any other at that time of the day. I never noticed the smell nor how broken down the customers looked with their sacking eyes. All I noticed was the large array of bottles

behind the bar and I quickly ordered me up a double, what ever, and threw it down. How odd it seems how the time goes by when a fellow is having so much fun, so I ordered another and another. Sooner than possible my pockets of my suit became closer to my legs, which were tightly hooked in the rungs of the bar stool. Now I felt the extreme emergency to acquire more money so I aimed for the door and exited.

I didn't know what time it was, but the sun was burning in my face and the streets of the city were busy. Money, where in the world am I going to find any money, there isn't anyone I know in this particular part of the slum. I adjusted my gun a little better in my waist ban and started looking for a tooth fairy or anyone else that might have some dough.

Strolling by a loan company, I thought "why not" and went in. Hello Sir, may I help you, said the man behind the counter. That was the first nice words I had heard all day so I answered by saying, I would like to borrow some money. It was to my surprize after giving the man my name that I could borrow up to five-hundred dollars. The one thing I would have to do was get my wifes signature on the note. While my mind was totaling up five-hundred big ones it jumped to no sale. Then like a muscle reflex my brain power kicked in with, "my wife is at work, could I take the papers to her to sign and then bring them back?" Sure the man replied, "swell" I answered.

Stepping outside the loan office with the loan papers in my hand I really thought I had cut a fat rat. It was no problem getting a girl to sign my wife's name to the loan papers. I waited about an hour or so and returned to the nice man at the loan office. How do you want the five-hundred, the loan officer asked? "Five, tens and twenties ought to get it," I said.

Wow! "that was really easy and did I ever feel good," I thought. The thing to do now was go to a bar and celebrate without a doubt.

It isn't very hard playing the part of a big time spender when your pockets are lined with care free money. Everyone who was drinking at the bar became what seemed to me at the time as new friends all sharing my beliefs and really thinking I was a great guy, well why not, I was buying wasn't I?

As the booze was flowing, my thoughts reverted back to the first part of the morning and how I was showing everyone who the boss really is. Reaching in my pockets to buy another round of drinks for my so called new friends, it dawned on me, with this kind of



money, why not take a trip.

The next thing I knew I was riding in a cab and pulling up in front of the airport. Jumping out of the cab the best I could, I tipped the driver like he carried me to the airport instead of driving me, but why not, I was a big time spender and the boss, right? Wrong!

Walking up to the ticket window I never really knew where it was I really wanted to go. A quick glance at the departure board showed a flight to Chicago leaving in about forty minutes. That would be just about enough time to have a few drinks before my trip. As the plane lifted off the runway and leveled, making a slow turn, I could see my house and I laughed.

Wow! Here I am in Chicago, now what do I do, pockets full of money and not a care in the world. It wasn't hard to find a bar to spend my idle time nor all the new friends to help me spend my money. As I was changing locations I noticed how dark it was. Being completely lost and a little sick I got a room at a small hotel where I passed out.

The morning sun came through the window and layed on my face where the flies kept lighting to catch its warmth. The only thing to do it seemed was to roll over but noticing I was on the floor I tried to get up and felt the morning pain of the day and night before. The only part of the bed that was messed up was when I tried to get to it and only caught the spread before crashing to the floor. Throwing some water in my face and re-arranging my wrinkled look, I headed for a phone booth.

I was sick, but was I ever sick when the wife's voice answered the other end of the phone. Where are you? What have you done? My head was reeling with all the questions. When I told her I was in Chicago I could tell by the silence of the phone she knew how crazy I really got behind liquor.

Well she started, I called your probation officer as soon as I noticed the gun missing and he has a warrant out for you. The best thing for you to do is get back here and turn yourself into the police. Your employer called and said there was no need for you to come in because it was your last chance. OKAY! I'll call you when I get back to town, I replied to her. How in the world did I forget about being on probation?

Coming back on the plane, the stewardess asked if I'd like a refreshment? Not even lifting my eyes I said, "Make Mine Coffee!"

Not quite the end

.....

**KEEPING IN SHAPE:** The only exercise some people get is pushing their luck, running down their friends, sidestepping responsibility and jumping to conclusions.

.....

## The Christmas Party

Have you enough cheer, now that Christmas is near,  
Or will you run short at this time of year?  
What of the one, you call your first choice,  
Is this one brim full, to fully rejoice?

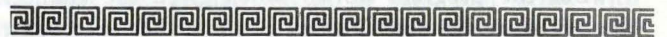
Another selection, that's next on the sheet,  
Is there enough to make the evening complete?  
Still yet another stands on your shelf,  
Enough for all, including yourself?

Be thoroughly sure, take one final glance,  
The "party" is nearing, this is the last chance!  
The first on your list I hope is your wife,  
Have you loved her all year to show she's your life?

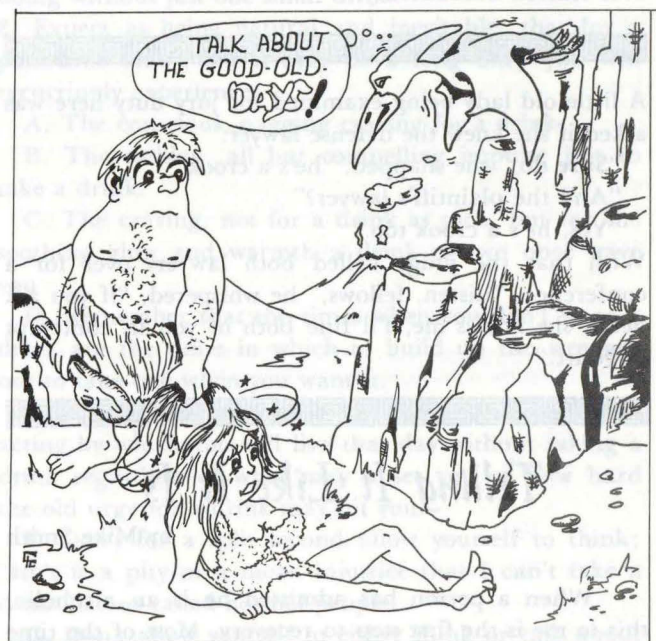
Another selection, that's next on the sheet,  
Your darling child, God gave you to keep!  
Still yet another, let us be sure's on the shelf,  
The "Good Book of God", the light for ourself.

Of the family I write, the drink is not first,  
We love Christmas Day and worship Christ's birth;  
But we'll drink with you and when you mix our drink,  
Please pour the booze, not Christ down the sink!

Jim Moxley  
Group #1



Father, to small boy dragging the top half of a bikini bathing suit behind him along the beach, "Now show Daddy exactly where you found it."





# Alcoholics Anonymous Defended

Des Moines Tribune

Oct. 13th, 1975

By Dr. William J. Welch

The many failures of conventional medical and psychiatric treatment of alcoholism stand in sharp contrast to the stunning effectiveness of such "amateur" programs as Alcoholics Anonymous.

If any conventional medical or psychiatric program comparable to alcoholism could claim the 75 per cent cure rate that is fairly standard with Alcoholics Anonymous, there would almost certainly be serious nominations for a Nobel Prize for its promulgators.

Frequently, physicians do not even treat alcoholism per se. They treat its more "respectable" effects—gastritis, cirrhosis of the liver, peripheral neuritis—while leaving the causal agent unremarked.

This is in sharp contrast to the approach of the A.A., whose members openly acknowledge that alcoholism is the root of their need for help.

The A.A.'s methods have been criticized as simplistic and naive.

But the program works—when given the chance, which is more than can be said of those that take place in most doctor's offices and most public clinics.

Acknowledgement of the effectiveness of Alcoholics Anonymous is long overdue. And it should not be overlooked that the organization seeks no federal funding and gets on without the costly trappings of an over-stuffed bureaucracy.



A little old lady being examined for jury duty here was asked if she knew the defense lawyer.

"Sure do," she snapped, "he's a crook."

"And the plaintiff's lawyer?"

"Yes, he's a crook too."

With that the judge called both lawyers over for a conference. "Listen, fellows," he whispered, "if you ask her if she knows me, I'll fine both of you in contempt of court."



## Telling It Like It Is

by Mike Smith

When a person has admitted he is an alcoholic, this to me is the first step to recovery. Most of the time

a person will not admit this until he has finally hit bottom. In my case this was so. I can remember my mother telling me, "Mike, quit your drinking or someday it is going to lead you to bad trouble." Like most of us we knew better, "we could handle it!" The truth is, the booze was handling me. In some cases, as I went along, I guess I really didn't care. Sometimes it was for fun, mad about things, and hurt. Booze, looking at it with realism, was an escape from reality.

With working the second step, I think a person must turn his life completely over to God. My reason for this is; I wasn't doing a very good job of taking care of my life myself. It is true A.A. isn't a religious thing. To me, I think that in order for a person to know and understand the values of life, he has got to work them together. It is true in some cases this may be an exception. I can only speak for myself, but not two people work the A.A. Program in the same way. For me, religion plays a very important part in changing my ways, and to maintain sobriety in the future. To just quit drinking isn't the only answer to your problem and mine. There is our attitudes on life and our personality that also must be changed. Working A.A. and our faith together, I feel is a must to change our way of life.

With the third step, I think a person should make a list of the wrongs and goods he or she has done in the past. Probably 90% of the time the good will outweigh the bad. This doesn't mean you have been right 90% of the time. Think; just once, how many of your "goods" you destroy with just one wrong! To me this is looking at the reality of life, and myself as a person. It takes a man to admit he is wrong. I also believe it takes more of a man to change his ways of life by doing something about it. You have got to want to do this, as no one else can do it for you.

Again, while working the fourth step, a person should go to A.A. meetings. Where else is there a better place to find out about yourself than with people of your own kind. You should get involved in your A.A. Group in order to help yourself. In turn, while doing so, you are helping people like yourself. We cannot forget where we are, or what we are. This is a penitentiary, and we have angle shooters, as we all well know. To be honest, who gains, the "angle shooter" or the person who is there to change his way of life. A.A. will not stop you from drinking! A.A. is a guide to help you change your old way of life. You do it all yourself, and you have to want to do it in order for it to work. One thing to remember is, you don't change everything in a week or two. It takes time. For some of us, it didn't take much time to hit our bottom. Myself, it did. Whatever the time, it's a longer way back up the ladder. With the help of God and A.A., it's the only way I feel there is for me to change my way of life, and to maintain sobriety in the future. So, hang in there, it's ruff, but you will make it, ONE DAY AT A TIME.



# Reaching Out...

by Fred Dursch

## What Do You Want...

What do you really want? Do you want to continue on the road to the gutter or do you want to be a good, responsible person that everyone respects and loves?

Do you want to continue in life with dirty clothes and a corrupt mind, or do you want a well groomed life and clothes with a thinking, do good mind that society will accept?

Do you want to continue to have to do everything that everyone thinks you should, or do you really want to change and want to do these things?

Do you want to be broke and always asking someone for money, or do you want to be busy and thrifty?

Do you want to get up every morning and sneak to the window and look out to see day light or do you get up every morning, open the drapes, pull the curtains all open and walk out on the porch and say "Good Morning World?"

Do you want to go to the basement and drink by yourself till oblivion comes along or do you want to go outside, work on the car, mow the grass, paint the house, and be admired by neighbors?

Do you want to have your so-called drinking friends that stay with you while you have money and desert you when your money is gone, or true friends that stick by you when you are sick or in trouble with your thinking?

Do you want to walk on the other side of the street, or in alleys to stay away from the law, or do you want to be able to walk down any street with your head held high and say hello to each and every person, the law included?

## Drinking Phases of Alcoholism Earliest Danger Symptoms

1. Feeling that parties or other festive occasions aren't complete without a few drinks.
2. More frequent use of drinking to "relieve" tension and fatigue, to "get over" disappointment, frustration, home and business quarrels.
3. Ability to handle more alcohol with others and a need to have a "few extras" when drinking with others.
4. Beginning of blackouts when parts of the previous evening cannot be remembered although the individual did not pass out.

## Middle Stages

1. Heavier drinking is more noticeable to other. Individual resents being told about it and develops explanations to himself and others for his drinking behavior.

2. When starting to drink, he now gets the first few down quickly, sometimes prefers drinking to eating.

3. He wants to have alcohol available at all times and feels uncomfortable when it is not, drinks to calm unexplainable fears and "nerves."

4. He makes unsuccessful attempts to cut down on drinking, has increasing difficulty with a job, family and friends.

## Late Stages

1. The individual now gets drunk on less alcohol and length of drinking bouts increase.

2. He feels depressed, guilty and/or sick most of the time, he relieves these feelings with more alcohol.

3. Neglect of eating, obsession with fear, anxieties and resentments, inability to get going during the day without a drink or drinks.

4. Constant tremors, relieved only by drinking, severe deterioration of health, family, work and relationships.

Are you ready to accept facts in your life style as they are? Or, are you going to "Cop Out" on excuses and bend the facts to suit your negative thinking so you will have the phoney excuse to take that drink with little thought to the end result of the problems created for yourself and your loved ones. Here are some suggested guidelines you can follow to help you.

1. Cultivate continued acceptance of the fact that your choice is between unhappy, drunken drinking and doing without just one small drink.

2. Expect as being natural and inevitable, that for a period of time (and it may be a long one) you will recurrently experience:

- A. The conscious, nagging craving for a drink.

- B. The sudden, all but compelling impulse just to take a drink.

- C. The craving, not for a drink as such, but for the soothing glow and warmth a drink or two once gave you

- D. Remember that the times when you don't want a drink are the times in which to build up the strength not to take one when you want it.

- E. Develop and rehearse a daily plan of thinking and acting by which you will live that day without taking a drink regardless of what may upset you or how hard the old urge for a drink may hit you.

- F. Don't for a split second allow yourself to think; "Isn't it a pity or a mean injustice that I can't take a drink like so-called normal people.

- G. Don't allow yourself to either think or talk about



any real or imagined pleasure you once got from drinking.

H. Don't permit yourself to think a drink or two would make some bad situation better, or at least easier to live with. Substitute the thought; "One drink will make it worse, one drink will mean a drunk."

I. Minimize your situation, think as you see here, as if you are a blind or other sorely handicapped person, how joyful such a person would be if his problem could be solved by just not taking one little drink today. Think gratefully of how lucky you are to have so simple and small a problem.

### The Positive Side

Many times as we pick up the daily papers or listen to the news on radio or T.V. the world around us appears extremely bleak. Let's stop for a minute, however, and look at the other—the positive side! The vast majority of our people, regardless of race, creed, color, or economic status, are respectable, reasonable, responsible citizens.

Last year for example:

More than 196,000,000 of our people were not arrested. More than 89,000,000 married persons did not file for divorce. More than 115,000,000 individuals maintained formal affiliation with some religious group. More than 75,000,000 citizens and corporations paid more than \$160 billion in income taxes. More than 49,000,000 students did not riot or petition to destroy our system. More than 9,000,000 of our young men did not burn their draft cards. More than 4,000,000 teachers, preachers, professors, did not strike or participate in riotous demonstrations.

Don't let anyone sell you the idea that ours is a sick society. It is far from perfect, but it is also the most compassionate in the worlds history. Let those apostles of despair that preach hate and disorder and discord ask themselves what they have done and what they are doing for the good of their loved ones, their nations and the world. If we as an individual with a drinking problem or alcoholism, will just "lay down our jug" or keep the cork in it, we can progressively reintegrate back to a normal and fulfilling life style and become one of the positives in society.

So long-see you and hang in A.A.

D.M. Has a eye out for A.A.



Men who die with their boots on today frequently have one of them on the accelerator.

## GOD MADE TEARS FOR EVERYONE....

Have you ever tried to sit and write about feelings good or bad?

To say that you are happy, or maybe even sad.

It isn't always easy and I guess that is why,

**GOD MADE TEARS FOR EVERYONE...**

...just to sit and cry.

A little girl, her broken doll, a precious tear falls by,

A little tyke, a brand new bike,

A tear will dim his sight.

Or, maybe it's for grandpa, when life did leave his eye,

**Oh, GOD MADE TEARS FOR EVERYONE...**

...just to sit and cry.

The hungry baby, a father proud,

They both will cry aloud.

On a battlefield, a soldier falls,

Or a preacher to a crowd.

Love is lost and hate abounds, the silent tears do lie,

**But, GOD MADE TEARS FOR EVERYONE.....**

...just to sit and cry.

Happiness is not the way that life has been for me,

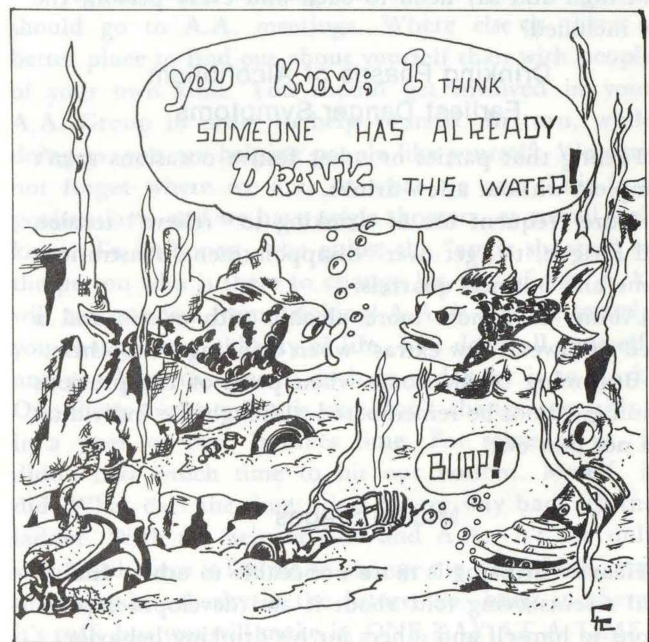
And, as I write, above the light, that shows me

through the night,

**Yes, GOD MADE TEARS FOR EVERYONE...**

...just to sit and cry.....

Jim Moxley  
Group #1





## THE LOVERS OF THE MEN WITHIN

by Elvin Gilroy

Each and every day they walk a lonely, lonely street. The lovers of men in prison, who dwell in sad retreat. They know the good in these poor men, who somehow slipped and fell, for they were close to them, whose goodness they knew well. A few words from their loved ones, to set their hearts aglow. Yes these are men forgotten in years that lie ahead, but when they are remembered, it's more beautiful than said. So in humble dedication to the ones who wait for them, they close each long day with a thank you Lord. Amen.

### "NOT ONE TODAY"

No! I won't take that drink today,  
Just one would start me on my way,  
That one would only lead to two,  
Which would add up to quit a few.

It wouldn't be for long I know,  
That I would be out of control,  
When I drink I can not win,  
And I'd be right back where I am.

Twenty-four hours is all I pray,  
To God without a drink today,  
No, this is not the life for me,  
And if I drink I won't be free.

Ronald Akins  
Member A.A.



### THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK:



Statistics show that single men die quicker, so if you want a slow death, get married.

Wives are not like fishermen. Wives brag about the ones that got away and complain about the one they caught.

## "Can I Stay Sober?"

by David Womack

Oh Dear God, please help me. I want to live 24 hours without a drink. I heard that I could do this, oh God, if I only live by these twelve steps. Yes God, I mean it. I have to try my own before I let that damn drink start me all over again. Dear God, please let me be your member in A.A. for I hear that; if I live each day at a time, I'll make it by that stuff, they call alcohol. I know Dear God, I can make it this time when I leave here, because I've really taken an active part in A.A. I study the A.A. 12 steps and I am sober today so that I can be sober tomorrow.

## INSIDE SPONSOR "FALLS OFF WAGON"

WEST POINT — Neal W. Boeding, 29, of 44 Alta Drive, was reported in satisfactory condition at Sacred Heart hospital here today with injuries received in an accident on a hayrack ride at approximately 12:50 a.m. Sunday on a county road about 1 3/4 miles southwest of West Point, authorities said.

Boeding was stepping from one of two hayracks to the back of a pick-up truck which was pulling the hayracks when he fell and was run over by both hayracks, West Point Marshal Steve Fedler said.

The West Point Rescue Unit and Lee County Ambulance Service responded, as did State Trooper Stuart Longseth and West Point Marshals Fedler and Robert Booten.



### "A.A." MEMBER

To a prisoner in these gray old walls I live,  
Today's the same as yesterday and that is why,  
I joined A.A.

I get up and try to exist another day,  
For I know if I take that day with A.A.  
And it's steps high,  
I'll have another day gone by.  
I've seen a man take his own life into his hands,  
Because of many demands.

It made me think without A.A.  
I would have been that man that very day.  
I thank the Lord up in heaven each day,  
I've joined A.A. to keep me in line.  
And it really is working fine.  
For you see I walk amongst you fella's each and every day

I hide not my face in shame,  
And all of the thoughts of A.A. day by day.  
I never turned away a helping hand on a hungry man  
cause, I might have been that fella too, who's not to  
say, if I hadn't joined that club called A.A.

For you see their fella's, I have a wife and family out  
there I truly love.

You too can have this hope and joy,  
By joining a club called A.A.  
With your head high you may think,  
I'm crazy to help myself,  
By putting those in need on the shelf,  
For really I'm not you see,

Things look brighter, hearts are lighter, if I may say,  
If it wasn't for you fella's and me,  
There wouldn't be new smiling faces in A.A.  
My spot in life is A.A. now you can see,  
So come on along and join a club called A.A.

D.L. Womack  
Member A.A.





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