

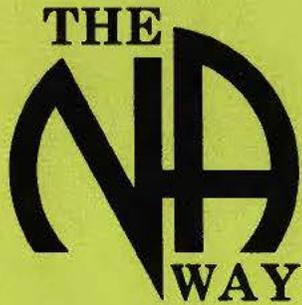
**SEPTEMBER
1984**

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 13

**My Gratitude Speaks
When I Care
And When I Share
With Others
The N.A. Way.**





THE INTERNATIONAL
JOURNAL OF THE FELLOWSHIP
OF NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

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**Please mail all articles, subscriptions
input, questions and letters to:**

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N.A.

N.A. is a non-profit fellowship or society of men and women for whom drugs had become a major problem. We are recovering addicts who meet regularly to help each other to stay clean. This is a program of complete abstinence from all drugs. There is only *one* requirement for membership, the honest desire to stop using. There are no musts in N.A., but we suggest that you keep an open mind and give yourself a break. Our program is a set of principles, written so simply, that we can follow them in our daily lives. The most important thing about them is that *they work*.

From the Editor

Dear Readers:

After the very positive response to last year's September issue, which was an anthology of articles from NA newsletters around the world, we have decided to make the September issue an annual celebration of Fellowship newsletters. Many newsletters did not reach us in time to have material included this year, but as you can see, the copies we did receive were filled with quality material. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we did preparing it.

Thank you for continuing to spread the word about the NA Way. New subscriptions are coming in. We still need lots of input from you to keep producing the magazine on schedule. The October issue will follow this one shortly, and we'll be caught up. Send us essays, encourage others to do the same, and we'll do our part to produce a quality magazine of NA recovery. Never have we on the editorial staff of the magazine been so keenly aware of NA's often quoted truism, "I can't—We can!"

We hope to hear from you soon.

R.H., Editor

The French Connection



We would like to share with you our recent experience that is directly linked to your newsletter. We have held meetings since February 26, 1983 in the basement of an American restaurant here. The space was given rent-free for as long as we needed it. For months we said, "We have no dues or fees because we have no expenses." We could buy our own coffee from the restaurant. Visitors would send us literature, and we photocopied. Many times it looked like the meeting would fold, as will sometimes happen in the Fellowship, but just when things looked hopeless, someone would pass through Paris and encourage us to hold on. Our average attendance was probably two to six.

After we held our group's first birthday, we began to take the responsibility of passing the basket. This allowed us to place an ad in an English language newspaper that is distributed in various U.S. cities. This paper had given us a "free ride" for the first few months. Well it took a year before we placed and paid for our ad.

We were then left with about \$80.00. It looked like we could pay rent. The restaurant refused. The treasurer was getting nervous; keeping a cash box in the corner of a drawer was a lot of responsibility for an addict. We had to get rid of this money, and that spelled, "pay-your-rent, find-a-place."

Then your newsletter arrived. We read aloud the article about "working the seventh tradition," "Nashville Clubhouse." If you can coast, why work for it? What addict doesn't enjoy a free ride? Well that hit home

just when it was needed. Your sharing of that experience gave us the strength to move, and we did! Rent is paid now for one month, our ad for six months, and it looks like we can order some literature, and maybe even some keytags.

Last Monday our first meeting in the new location was attended by nineteen addicts. We had a speaker from L.A., we had a very shakey newcomer, and we had lots of love in that room. The speaker and the newcomer shared together after the meeting—to love, to comfort, to understand.

Next week we have a volunteer for the chairperson and another newcomer volunteer to make the coffee and set up the meeting. The group is now responsible as a group for its own meeting. It feels good!

Thank you, Volunteer Spirit. Yes, we do have to "work" the traditions. Our new address and meeting time is: NA, St. George's Anglican Church, 7 Rue Auguste-Vacquerie, Paris 75008 France. We meet at 8:30 p.m. Mondays.

Yours in Recovery,

L.M., Secretary, Lost and Found Group
Paris

Volunteer Spirit
Volunteer Region Newsletter



Experiences

On The 5th Step

One thing that I hadn't realized when I finished my fourth step was that there was not one but three parts to the fifth step. My sponsor pointed out to me that I was to admit it to God first, then to myself in a mirror. Admitting it to myself in a mirror sounded rather strange, but when I finished, I realized why it was important. I got a real feeling of knowing myself from doing this. It was hard to look myself in the eye and admit to myself the exact nature of my wrongs.

After admitting it to God and to myself, I was ready to admit it to another human being. Doing the first two parts made doing this last part much easier. I did this part with my sponsor, since I felt it was important to take these Twelve Steps with one person. It gave me a feeling of wholeness, of completion.

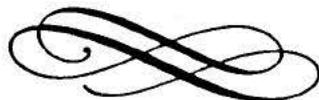
After doing my fourth and fifth steps, I had a real feeling of knowing myself, unlike any feeling I had ever had before. I knew which things about myself I wanted to keep and nurture through spiritual growth, and which things I wanted to be rid of by taking the rest of the steps. I felt for the first time that I would be able to answer that classic question, "Who are you?"

Admitting our wrongs to God first gives us a sense of humility. We can share our faults with our God without embarrassment or shame. This first part of step five gives us a clearer understanding of ourselves, as well as an awareness of the things we want to change. Personal communication with God and the surrender of our will creates the foundation for our unquestioning acceptance of His guidance.

We may gain self-awareness of our major faults by observing our own actions, or by wondering why things turned out the way they did. Behind every action lies an attitude which may require meditative reflection now to avoid an unwelcomed result next time. Admitting our shortcomings to ourselves begins the process of improvement. Sharing our shortcomings with a helpful experienced member of NA lightens our burden and gives us an opportunity to grow from another person's experience and point of view.

I was open and honest in describing the exact nature of my faults. I was also ready to listen with an open mind. Step five begins the continuing process of being able to confide in another member of NA and to share our intimate problems and innermost feelings.

J. C.
Clean Sheet
Philladelphia Area Newsletter



FELLOWSHIP NEWSLETTERS

These are a few of our Fellowship Newsletters. In addition to subscribing to this Magazine, you might enjoy subscribing to one or more of these Newsletters.

Carolina Express
Route #2, Box 205
Green Pond, SC 29446

Clean Sheet
2133 E. Huntington St.
Philadelphia, PA 19125

The View Newsletter
P.O. Box 6520
Wellesley St Auckland 1
New Zealand

Miracles Happen
P.O. Box 9063
Pittsburgh, PA 15224

Memphis Miracle
P.O. Box 41323
Memphis, TN 38104

Rainbow Connection
890 B. Atlanta Road
Marietta, GA 30060

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



Being of Service

Hi, brothers and sisters. I'm a recovering addict whose attitudes seem to be changing as time (clean time) goes by.

I remember three years ago coming to this program and always wondering why someone would tell me, "Keep coming back," "Easy does it," "It will get better," "We care" and so on and so on.

My head used to say, "I wonder what they want; they don't know me."

I really found it hard to believe that a room full of addicts gave a damn one way or another how my life was going. I would see people after meetings shaking hands, folding up chairs, cleaning ash trays, when all I wanted to do was leave and do something selfish or maybe get lucky and pick up on one of the pretty girls.

I always thought those people were "chumps" or "wimps." I was too cool to be helping clean up, and had much more important things to do. Besides, what would I get for helping out? Well, I think you get the picture if you're trying to live a program of recovery.

After the frustration of some relapses, I finally became willing to go to any lengths to stay clean. I worked the steps. In that humbling, self-searching process I began to know myself. A lot of it I didn't like, and I knew for once that the willingness to try, faith in God, and daily action in recovery (mine and others) would eventually bring about change.

Today I see some of that change in my life. I finally realize the importance of service. To me

service is many things. Sure, there are spots like GSR, secretary, treasurer and different committees, but also, and more important, are the service minded members who clean up after meetings, make coffee, go out of their way to greet newcomers, give people rides to meetings, and most of all, participate in their recovery and the recovery of others (sharing and caring the NA way).

The funny thing I found out about service is it makes me feel more a part of NA, helps my self esteem and gives me feelings of worth.

You hear around NA "You have to give it away to keep it" and it's true. It doesn't matter if you have one week or ten years, you can be of service.

I guess the most important thing you all give me is hope when you show up at meetings and participate in your recovery and in my recovery.

I think I understand now why those people told me, "Keep coming back." It saved my life.

Yours in service
A recovering addict
No Name Newsletter
San Diego



FELLOWSHIP NEWSLETTERS ... CONTINUED

Straight Times
1744 W. Devon, Box 56
Chicago, IL 60660

Volunteer Spirit
P.O. Box 4443
Chatanooga, TN
37405-0443

The D.C. Link
P.O. Box 29198
Washington, D.C. 20017

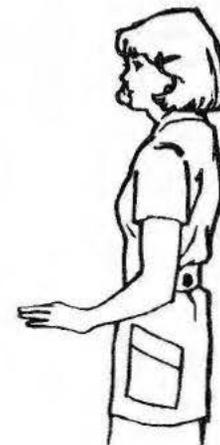
No Name
P.O. Box 16811
San Diego, CA 92116

Southwest Washington
Area Newsletter
P.O. Box 5158
Vancouver, WA 98668

Our Gratitude Speaks
P.O. Box 4730
Baltimore, MD 21211

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Making a Beginning



I was born in 1958. As a kid I had a lot of pretty destructive feelings. One was that I never felt loved or wanted by my parents. They did their best, and I'm not blaming them, but that's the way I felt. I also felt pretty useless at everything. My father always put me down ("you can't do anything right"), but never bothered to explain things to me. I have carried these feelings right up until one month ago. Before that, I was pretty much a write-off. I couldn't get close to anyone, because I didn't feel I was worth knowing. I felt the only thing I knew about was drugs. In fact, I knew a lot, but I couldn't accept that.

Now I am able to feel things again, even though I don't like all the things I feel. I have never tried to face feelings before. I was always running away, trying to hide from myself, but I always found myself when I got where I was going. So I thought drugs were for me. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for drugs—prostitute myself, lie, steal, cheat, manipulate. No wonder I wasn't loved or wanted. I set it all up, knowing that eventually all this would end up in self-destruction, because I couldn't handle the guilt (or anything else, for that matter).

To try and handle all this, I had to take more and more dope, but that didn't work. I thought drugs were the problem—give them up, and I won't have any more problems. How wrong I was! I was my problem; my own worst enemy was my addiction.

A month ago, I decided to try and make amends to myself. Not that I haven't before—I have been in

and out of institutions for the past three years, but because I didn't trust anyone or accept my fear, I wouldn't let them work. I was in there for my family, not for myself. I didn't think I needed to recover. It's strange how you can fool yourself.

This time I'm doing it for myself. Drugs have ruled me for long enough. I have been an addict for the past nine years, and used drugs for the past thirteen years. In the beginning, I thought it was fun. No one could tell me it was wrong. I had to learn the hard way.

I have had a lot of support from people, but wouldn't accept it. That's where NA helps. I know they all have been there, and have done something about themselves. We all learn through other people—maybe they can learn something from me. I have had to make a lot of changes, and I find it hard to cope at times with my feelings, so normally I just reach for the phone and call a friend from NA to put me back on the path to recovery again.

New View

New Zealand Newsletter



FELLOWSHIP NEWSLETTERS ... CONTINUED

Clean Times
P.O. Box 33351
Indianapolis, IN 46203

NA Today
P.O. Box 759
Fremantle, W.A. 6160
Australia

The Rolling Paper
P.O. Box 34323
Phoenix, AZ 85067

The Recoverer
P.O. Box 3826
Federal Way, WA 98003

Straight Talk
P.O. Box 720, Sta. A
Vancouver, B.C.
V6C 2N5

No Growth Without Pain



I enjoy being with me today. That's a monumental step compared to my feelings on the matter when I entered the Fellowship. Someone said to me in a meeting, "There is no growth without pain." My initial thought was, "To hell with hurting anymore for any reason, growth or otherwise." I have hurt enough in my lifetime. I deserve some happiness out of life—happiness that I was not willing to work for.

Well, it wasn't long before the pain and agony of being unwilling motivated me into surrender. I didn't believe in anything when I came out of my drug induced confusion. Not God, not people, and certainly not myself. It soon became apparent to me that my way wasn't working. I became willing to try someone else's way. The NA way.

I'm becoming aware of myself now. I'm achieving this awareness by being willing to accept the support and direction of people in the Fellowship, then actually applying that direction to my everyday situations.

I have big problems with one area of my life: my feeling of being alone. Lately I've been experiencing some growth in that area. I've felt deserted by the people who were near and dear to me. The procession line of people leaving me grew longer. Mama, Daddy, grandmother, sisters, brothers, men and friends. It seemed to me like my mission in life was to stand with the doorway of my heart open, watching and hurting as people I cared for walked out on me.



Whenever people left me, I always ended up alone and lonely.

My family always told me that I was not going to amount to anything. I came to believe them, so I spent a great deal of time as an adult driving myself to succeed, just to prove them wrong. Whenever I failed to be perfect I punished myself by beating up my character. There goes the self-esteem. Then people came into my life—children, husband, friends and family.

I was elated at not being alone anymore. I was so happy allowing people to comfort me in my loneliness that I began to clutch at them, holding on to them, draining their love like a leech. If they dared to seek a life of their own apart from the life work of making me feel less alone, I resented the hell out of it. Each time they would try to be a part of my life out of love for me, but still live their own life, I hurt so bad. The mere thought of losing them caused me unbearable fear. That fear prompted me to alienate them before they had a chance to leave me. I ended up back where I started—alone.

Well, I took my inventory. I got tired of that vicious, painful, lonely cycle. My inventory revealed to me that self doubt fostered all of my possessiveness. I accepted the fact that people have the option to go or stay in my life. But I can never leave me. Wherever I go I take me with me.



I found a God who never leaves me, even through those times that I thought I was all alone. He was as near as my thoughts. All I had to do was to call on Him and ask Him to put his arms around me spiritually to comfort me in my loneliness. I found out that if I would just stop running away from myself, trying to substitute other people for self love, I would feel good inside. I would get in touch with my own ability to comfort myself. I would be filled with a loving consuming warmth. I could acknowledge God's presence inside of me. Guess what—I feel great for the first time in my whole life, even when I'm alone with just me and my God. The peace I feel inside is so wonderful. To think how I put myself through all of that pain and agony!

I love the NA Program of living. I'm starting to be happy for the first time in thirty three years. There are rewards in recovery. If we diligently work the steps in every phase of our life, we will be amazed before we are half way through. We will no longer have to live our lives trapped inside ourselves. We will find peace of mind that enables us to grow. There are rewards for my suffering today. I find them in my recovery. **NOT IN A COOKER.**

Anonymous
D.C. Link
Washington, D.C.

The Day After



I hadn't much experience with cocaine in my using days, so when I saw what must have been over a pound of the powder, I was a little taken back. It was at someone's house the other night that I was offered some of this expensive substance; instead of being a fine powder, I noticed it contained great rocks the size of ping-pong balls. I considered the clean-time I had accumulated and the people who would be let down by my relapse, and then I commenced to take handfuls and put them in my mouth. My host beamed as I crunched away and dryly swallowed the chalk-like drug.

No sooner had I finished this when I was struck with remorse and guilt. What would I say to all my NA friends? Should I say anything at all? Had all my previous years been stained with an incident like this that I somehow managed to block from my memory? These questions and more were flooding my now tainted brain when my friend John appeared.

Thinking now that surely he would be able to 12-Step me and lead me back to the program of recovery that has sustained me thus far, I was shocked to see that he was smoking a joint.

This, I thought, can't be! Why, he was just talking about the Steps the other day and what a gift he had found in working them. But here he was, just as dirty as I, smoking one of the most enormous joints I had ever seen. This doobie had buds in it as long as your arm and had to be three feet around at the middle.

Where would I go? Who could I talk to? Would NA take me back? Should I commit suicide? I felt depressed, lost, confused.... At this point, my alarm

radio started playing "Brown Eyed Girl," and.... I felt myself swimming away from another drug dream toward consciousness.

Fully awake now, I took some time to review my dream. My drug dreams are seldom pleasant and are always followed by a feeling of remorse. Having some experience at slipping, I have a catalog of emotions to draw upon when I dream-relapse. Unfortunately, if I don't recognize that I've just had a drug dream, it can be hours before I remember it, and during that time, I almost always feel like my skin doesn't fit.

When I was first clean, I had drug dreams constantly. They seemed to follow a pattern of relapse-remorse-return. Today, fortunately, the dreams come few and far between, and I can usually brush them off as just a dream. Perhaps it's good for me to remember in technicolor what it feels like to have a relapse. It only reinforces my awareness that I have a lot to lose today thanks to NA.

Anonymous
No Name Newsletter
San Diego



The Written Message



When I first came to meetings, I desperately wanted to find out what recovery was all about, but I was scared to death of people. I had lost the ability to trust another human being in the course of my active addiction, and my walls were impenetrable. I could not listen to someone talk without my mind getting in the way. The only thing I felt I could really trust was the written word—if something was down in black and white, I could possibly consider it. At least I could have time to read it, think about it, and then read it over again. It was something I could hold on to. My first feelings of hope came from reading about another addict's recovery. I identified, and realized I was just like him and maybe I could recover, too. I'm grateful that somebody took the time to sit down and write about their experience getting clean. If they hadn't, I might never have stuck around, and would probably be dead or institutionalized today. Instead, I'm alive and free!

Since this is the way the message was carried to me, this is one of the ways I try to carry the message—writing down my experiences in recovery. I suspect there are some newcomers out there just like I was—confused, wanting what everyone else has, but not knowing how to reach out for it. It's simple, but it sure isn't easy! I know how it feels. Just about everybody here knows what you're going through, 'cause we've all been right where you're at. I can tell you that after trying everything else, when I got a sponsor and started taking the steps, things got better immediately. The desire to use left, and I felt calm and at peace with myself and others for the first time in my life.

Those of you who have been around for a while, who have been through the steps, you have a lot to

offer to the newcomer. He may not hear your spoken message, but he might get it by reading it. It only takes about fifteen minutes to sit down and write an experience you've had in recovery. This newsletter is the vehicle which will deliver your written message out to where it might be received, and carried on. Don't hang onto it...give it away!

Anonymous
Clean Sheet
Philadelphia Newsletter



Click, Click

As a newcomer, I want to share some first impressions...

Although I know that in any group, "clicks" or "in-crowds" are unavoidable, I still don't like them.

"The Newcomer is most important." I feel this is lip service. As I have sat in several meetings sharing, I have been interrupted by the old timer's constant background chatter. After the meeting, I've been hoping someone would come up and say "Hi." Instead I hear, "Joe, John, Mary, let's go for coffee."

This is not a "poor me" letter. I have gone up to people and spoken (I'm pretty aggressive). I just want people to remember, and reach out a little more...

Anonymous
No Name Newsletter
San Diego

NA & The Media



The virtues of the use of modern media are well known throughout Narcotics Anonymous worldwide. The enormous success of NA in Australia can be tied to the consistency with which its members have applied the traditions in the running of the groups and the Fellowship as a whole. There can be no tradition more important to our success and unity than the Eleventh Tradition, "Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion. We need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio and films." This tradition tells us how to conduct ourselves as NA members at the media level. Our public image consists of what we have to offer, which is a successful proven way of maintaining a drug free lifestyle.

While it is important to reach as many people as possible, it is imperative for our protection that we are careful about ads, circulars and any literature that may reach the public hands. The tradition goes on to tell us that we need to maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio and films. This is to protect the membership and reputation of Narcotics Anonymous. We do not give our last names nor appear in the media as NA members. No individual inside or outside the Fellowship represents NA. If NA members choose to speak as drug counselors, welfare officers or anyone in

the field, and don't break their anonymity (i.e. say they are NA members), that is their personal business. If you do speak to the media as an NA member, please remember that we have no opinion on any outside issues. This includes any rehabilitation program, any drug program or any alternative therapy being offered.

Remember, the media thrives on sensationalism, so anything you say may be misinterpreted. Also, if you speak as an NA member, you may be interpreted as a spokesperson. Use of the media is very valuable in carrying our message, so if you have the opportunity, please contact the Public Information Committee, which is answerable to the GSR's, who are in turn answerable to the individual group they represent. So cover yourself and speak to the right committee; avoid controversy and protect NA as a whole.

This article was prompted by recent misinterpretations by the media. So remember that our attraction is that we are a success in our own right. We have found that the success of our program speaks for itself, and the primary purpose of NA is to carry the message, keeping within the Twelve Traditions and the guidance of our Higher Power.

Public Information Committee
Just For Today...
Australia Newsletter



Unity

When addicts work together toward a common goal, miracles happen. New groups form, new areas and regions form, literature gets written, and most importantly, an atmosphere of recovery becomes established into which an addict can come and surrender his or her active addiction. It's easy to talk about unity; putting it into practice, however, is not always easy. It requires practicing the principles of the Twelve Steps at all levels of service. This includes taking our own inventory instead of everyone else's, remembering that we're trying to carry this message to the addict who still suffers, not trying to prove that our way is the right way, and asking for God's guidance through prayer and meditation when things get chaotic in a committee meeting.

Our area, just as our city, is very diverse. We truly have members from all walks of life here. As a result, our meetings tend to differ in style, depending upon in which section of the city the meeting is located. Provided the Traditions are being adhered to, they are all NA meetings. It's easy to fall into the habit of pointing at the way other meetings are being run and bad-mouthing them, believing that our own home-group is the best and strongest NA around. It's easy, but deadly! Who suffers? The newcomer suffers. NA itself suffers, as unity goes out the window.

If instead we would each take our own inventory, and express an attitude of love and support towards all fellow members and groups, NA unity would once again grow strong here in Philly, and we would grow. Who would benefit? We all would, but most importantly, that new member who walks through the doors to his first meeting, and a new way of life. Let's not criticize each other.... Let's reach out and help one another—TODAY.

A concerned addict
Cleansheet
Philadelphia Area Newsletter

Letter from New Zealand Institution

I am a recovering addict in an institution, with a better insight for my future. I am so grateful to everybody for helping me to quit escaping from my insane existence of using drugs.

Living just for today, I can go without using. It's such a good feeling to wake up in the morning and not have used the day before. Narcotics Anonymous is a Fellowship I feel privileged to belong to. It gives me a chance to express myself without being ashamed or frightened.

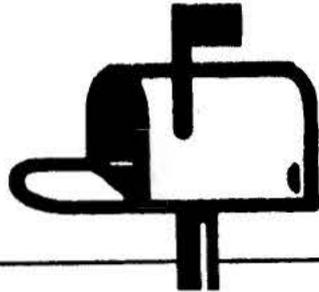
My days are running more smoothly now because I don't have to undertake the task of finding something to use. I didn't realize what damage drugs did to your body. I was given a medical exam, and now I'll never need to use another drug again, just as long as I keep going to the Fellowship and follow the Twelve Steps of NA.

I can cope with problems more easily as they arise, but when I was using I didn't think there were any problems. When I stopped using they all came down on me, but things are slowly getting better. It's been really hard for me to stop using drugs, because I had some good times taking them in the beginning. As time went by, all that fun was slowly fading. In the long run, it turned into an obsession, and it didn't seem to be fun anymore. I lost some good friends through using, and made more so-called friends whom I only really liked if they had something, or vice versa. The only time I was content with them was when I was stoned. Some of my friends that shied away from me because of drugs have come back to me and are giving support.

I like NA and what it does for me. Some people think that my participation in the Fellowship is "giving in," but it is better to give in to life than death.

Anonymous
New View
New Zealand Newsletter

Letters from Our Readers . . .



TO THE EDITOR

While reading the July issue of the NA way I felt compelled to write. Thank you so much for the article on the second step. I am an agnostic, and I really appreciated a piece written entirely without the use of the word god. To me that word is another name I use for my higher power when I'm reading program literature. As time goes on I become more comfortable with that. I also use the acronym G.O.D. to mean good orderly direction. It would please me more to read, "higher power as we understood it," as opposed to "God as we understood Him." But far be it from me to object to something that has worked for so many. I loved reading the line that said, "...sanity comes from believing that some Power Greater Than Ourselves exists and can produce this change in us." I am living proof of it.

Thanks also for demonstrating openmindedness by printing, "To the Gay Addict" I am personally very pleased to see a magazine for NA. My home group subscribed immediately. Thank you for a dynamite issue, and continued success to all.

M.W., PA

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W.S.O., Inc.
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Van Nuys, CA 91406**
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AGREEMENT made this _____ day of _____, 19____, by and between WORLD SERVICE OFFICE, Inc., also dba N.A. WAY MAGAZINE, referred to as "Assignee", and

hereinafter referred to as "Assignor".

Assignor is the owner of the attached material, story, poem, saying, art work, or other matter which is described as the following (Title of Work) _____

The Assignee heretofore first referenced is the Publishing arm of the Fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous. The Assignor hereby grants and transfers to Assignee as a Gift without exception and without limitation any and all of Assignors interests and copyrights and rights to copyrights and rights to publish together with all rights to secure renewals and extensions of such copyright of said material.

Assignor hereby covenants, warrants and represents to Assignee and this agreement is made in reliance thereof that Assignor is the sole owner and has the exclusive right to use of said material and the material is free and clear of any liens, encumbrances and claims which is conflict with this agreement.

This agreement is binding on Assignor heirs, assigns, administrators, trustees, executors, and successors in interest and such are directed to make and execute any instrument Assignee may require to protect copyright for Assignee.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties have executed this agreement at _____, State of _____, on the day and year first above written.

ASSIGNOR: (SIGNATURE); SPOUSE: (SIGNATURE)

ASSIGNEE (TO BE COMPLETED LATER BY WSO)

COMIN' UP

SEPT. 28 - OCT. 1, 1984
First Australasian
Regional Convention
Sydney, Australia
P.O. Box 440, Leichardt,
2040 Australia

OCTOBER 5 - 7th 1984
2nd Tri-State Region
Convention, T.S.R.C.N.A.
Holiday Inn Pittsburgh
412/361-4005 or
412/921-4865

OCTOBER 5 - 7th 1984
Nebraska Regional
Convention, NEBNA1
Holiday Inn Nebraska
402/364-0613 or
402/342-4476

OCTOBER 5 - 7th 1984
7th Annual Pacific
Northwest Regional
Convention
Thunderbird Inn at the
Quay, Vancouver, USA for
INFO call 206/254-0179

OCTOBER 19 - 21st 1984
6th Southern California
Convention, Miramar Hotel
Santa Barbra
P.O. Box 1944
Redondo Beach, CA 90278

NOVEMBER 9 - 11th 1984
1st Annual State Wide
Convention, Milwaukee
Wisconsin at the Park
East Hotel
INFO call 414/374-5886

NOVEMBER 21 - 26th 1984
Volunteer Region Convention
Sheraton West, Knoxville
INFO P.O. Box 4443,
Chattanooga, TN 37405-0443

JANUARY 4 - 6th 1985
3rd Annual Virginia
Convention AVCNA
Richmond Virginia
The Marriot Hotel
804/264-3910

JUNE 21 - 23rd 1985
6th East Coast
Convention for NA
Towson State University
P.O. Box 26513
Baltimore, MD 21207

AUGUST 30 - SEPT 1st 1985
15th Annual World
Convention - WCNA 15
P.O. Box 2232
Washington D.C.