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VANCOUVER AREA INTERGROUP Primary Purpose

FOURTH EDITION OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

PAGES 171–179

DOCTOR BOB'S NIGHTMARE

A co-founder of Alcoholics Anonymous. The birth of our Society dates from his first day of permanent sobriety, June 10, 1935.

To 1950, the year of his death, he carried the A.A. message to more than 5,000 alcoholic men and women, and to all these he gave his medical services without thought of charge.

In this prodigy of service, he was well assisted by Sister Ignatia at St. Thomas Hospital in Akron, Ohio, one of the greatest friends our Fellowship will ever know.

I was born in a small New England village of about seven thousand souls. The general moral standard was, as I recall it, far above the average. No beer or liquor was sold in the neighborhood, except at the State liquor agency where perhaps one might procure a pint if he could convince the agent that he really needed it. Without this proof the expectant purchaser would be forced to depart empty handed with none of what I later came to believe was the great panacea for all human ills. Men who had liquor shipped in from Boston or New York by express were looked upon with great distrust and disfavor by most of the good townspeople. The town was well supplied with churches and schools in which I pursued my early educational activities.



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Monthly Business Mtgs

- ◆ Steering Comm. Mtg. –
01/09/2023 @ 6:00 PM
- ◆ Archives Committee Mtg.-
01/11/2023 @ 5:30 PM
- ◆ Intergroup Rep Mtg. –
01/16/2023 @ 6:30 PM
- ◆ District 27 Committee Mtg.
01/21/2023 @ 10 AM&12PM
- ◆ District 37 GSR Mtg. -
01/24/2023 @ 7:00 PM
- ◆ District 7 GSR Mtg. –
01/27/2023@7:00 PM

My father was a professional man of recognized ability and both my father and mother were most active in church affairs. Both father and mother were considerably above the average in intelligence. Unfortunately for me, I was the only child, which perhaps engendered the selfishness which played such an important part in bringing on my alcoholism.

From childhood through high school I was more or less forced to go to church, Sunday School, and evening service, Monday night Christian Endeavor and sometimes to Wednesday evening prayer meeting. This had the effect of making me resolve that when I was free from parental domination, I would never again darken the doors of a church. This resolution I kept steadfastly for the next forty years, except when circumstances made it seem unwise to absent myself.

After high school came four years in one of the best colleges in the country where drinking seemed to be a major extra-curricular activity. Almost everyone seemed to do it. I did it more and more, and had lots of fun without much grief, either physical or financial. I seemed to be able to snap back the next morning better than most of my fellow drinkers, who were cursed (or perhaps blessed) with a great deal of morning-after nausea. Never once in my life have I had a headache, which fact leads me to believe that I was an alcoholic almost from the start. My whole life seemed to be centered around doing what I wanted to do, without regard for the rights, wishes, or privileges of anyone else; a state of mind which became more and more predominant as the years passed. I was graduated "summa cum laude" in the eyes of the drinking fraternity but not in the eyes of the Dean.

The next three years I spent in Boston, Chicago, and Montreal in the employ of a large manufacturing concern, selling railway supplies, gas engines of all sorts, and many other items of heavy hardware. During these years, I drank as much as my purse permitted, still without paying too great a penalty, although I was beginning to have morning jitters at times. I lost only a half day's work during these three years. My next move was to take up the study of medicine, entering one of the largest universities in the country. There I took up the business of drinking with much greater earnestness than I had previously shown. On account of my enormous capacity for beer, I was elected to membership in one of the drinking societies, and soon became one of the leading spirits. Many mornings I have gone to classes, and even though fully prepared, would turn and walk back to the fraternity house because of my jitters, not daring to enter the classroom for fear of making a scene should I be called on for recitation. This went from bad to worse until Sophomore spring when, after a prolonged period of drinking, I made up my mind that I could not complete my course, so I packed my grip and went South to spend a month on a large farm owned by a friend of mine. When I got the fog out of my brain, I decided that quitting school was very foolish and that I had better return and continue my work. When I reached school, I discovered the faculty had other ideas on the subject. After much argument they allowed me to return and take my exams, all of which I passed creditably. But they were much disgusted and told me they would attempt to struggle along without my presence. After many painful discussions, they finally gave me my credits and I migrated to another of the leading universities of the country and entered as a Junior that fall.

There my drinking became so much worse that the boys in the fraternity house where I lived felt forced to send for my father, who made a long journey in the vain endeavor to get me straightened around. This had little effect however for I kept on drinking and used a great deal more hard liquor than in former years.

Coming up to final exams I went on a particularly strenuous spree. When I went in to write the examinations, my hand trembled so I could not hold a pencil. I passed in at least three absolutely blank books. I was, of course, soon on the carpet and the upshot was that I had to go back for two more quarters and remain absolutely dry, if I wished to graduate. This I did, and proved myself satisfactory to the faculty, both in deportment and scholastically. I conducted myself so creditably that I was able to secure a much coveted internship in a western city, where I spent two years. During these two years I was kept so busy that I hardly left the hospital at all. Consequently, I could not get into any trouble.

When those two years were up, I opened an office downtown. I had some money, all the time in the world, and considerable stomach trouble. I soon discovered that a couple of drinks would alleviate my gastric distress, at least for a few hours at a time, so it was not at all difficult for me to return to my former excessive indulgence.

By this time I was beginning to pay very dearly physically and, in hope of relief, voluntarily incarcerated myself at least a dozen times in one of the local sanitariums. I was between Scylla and Charybdis now, because if I did not drink my stomach tortured me, and if I did my nerves did the same thing. After three years of this, I wound up in the local hospital where they attempted to help me, but I would get my friends to smuggle me a quart, or I would steal the alcohol about the building, so that I got rapidly worse.

Finally, my father had to send a doctor out from my home town who managed to get me back there in some way, and I was in bed about two months before I could venture out of the house. I stayed about town a couple of months more and then returned to resume my practice. I think I must have been thoroughly scared by what had happened, or by the doctor, or probably both, so that I did not touch a drink again until the country went dry.

With the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment I felt quite safe. I knew everyone would buy a few bottles, or cases, of liquor as their exchequers permitted, and that it would soon be gone. Therefore it would make no great difference, even if I should do some drinking. At that time I was not aware of the almost unlimited supply the government made it possible for us doctors to obtain, neither had I any knowledge of the bootlegger who soon appeared on the horizon. I drank with moderation at first, but it took me only a relatively short time to drift back into the old habits, which had wound up so disastrously before.

During the next few years, I developed two distinct phobias. One was the fear of not sleeping, and the other was the fear of running out of liquor. Not being a man of means, I knew that if I did not stay sober enough to earn money, I would run out of liquor. Most of the time, therefore, I did not take the morning drink which I craved so badly, but instead would fill up on large doses of sedatives to quiet the jitters, which distressed me terribly. Occasionally, I would yield to the morning craving, but if I did, it would be only a few hours before I would be quite unfit for work. This would lessen my chances of smuggling some home that evening, which in turn would mean a night of futile tossing around in bed followed by a morning of unbearable jitters. During the subsequent fifteen years I had sense enough never to go to the hospital if I had been drinking, and very seldom did I receive patients. I would sometimes hide out in one of the clubs of which I was a member, and had the habit at times of registering at a hotel under a fictitious name. But my friends usually found me and I would go home if they promised that I should not be scolded. in the cellar, and in cracks in the cellar tile. I also made use of old trunks and chests, the old can container, and even the ash container. The water tank on the toilet I never used, because that looked too easy. I found out later that my wife inspected it frequently. I used to put eight or twelve ounce bottles of alcohol in a fur lined glove and toss it onto the back airing porch when winter days got dark enough. My bootlegger had hidden alcohol at the back steps where I could get it at my convenience. Sometimes I would bring it in my pockets, but they were inspected, and that became too risky. I used also to put it up in four ounce bottles and stick several in my stocking tops. This worked nicely until my wife and I went to see Wallace Beery in "Tugboat Annie," after which the pant-leg and stocking racket were out!

I will not take space to relate all my hospital or sanitarium experiences.

During all this time we became more or less ostracized by our friends. We could not be invited out because I would surely get tight, and my wife dared not invite people in for the same reason. My phobia for sleeplessness demanded that I get drunk every night, but in order to get more liquor for the next night, I had to stay sober during the day, at least up to four o'clock. This routine went on with few interruptions for seventeen years. It was really a horrible nightmare, this earning money, getting liquor, smuggling it home, getting drunk, morning jitters, taking large doses of sedatives to make it possible for me to earn more money, and so on ad nauseam. I used to promise my wife, my friends, and my children that I would drink no more—promises which seldom kept me sober even through the day, though I was very sincere when I made them. For the benefit of those experimentally inclined, I should mention the so-called beer experiment. When beer first came back, I thought that I was safe. I could drink all I wanted of that. It was harmless; nobody ever got drunk on beer. So I filled the cellar full, with the permission of my good wife. It was not long before I was drinking at least a case and a half a day. I put on thirty pounds of weight in about two months, looked like a pig, and was uncomfortable from shortness of breath. It then occurred to me that after one was all smelled up with beer nobody could tell what had been drunk, so I began to fortify my beer with straight alcohol. Of course, the result was very bad, and that ended the beer experiment.

About the time of the beer experiment I was thrown in with a crowd of people who attracted me because of their seeming poise, health, and happiness. They spoke with great freedom from embarrassment, which I could never do, and they seemed very much at ease on all occasions and appeared very healthy. More than these attributes, they seemed to be happy. I was self conscious and ill at ease most of the time, my health was at the breaking point, and I was thoroughly miserable. I sensed they had something I did not have, from which I might readily profit. I learned that it was something of a spiritual nature, which did not appeal to me very much, but I thought it could do no harm. I gave the matter much time and study for the next two and a half years, but I still got tight every night nevertheless. I read everything I could find, and talked to everyone who I thought knew anything about it.

My wife became deeply interested, and it was her interest that sustained mine, though I at no time sensed that it might be an answer to my liquor problem. How my wife kept her faith and courage during all those years, I'll never know, but she did. If she had not, I know I would have been dead a long time ago. For some reason, we alcoholics seem to have the gift of picking out the world's finest women. Why they should be subjected to the tortures we inflict upon them, I cannot explain. About this time a lady called up my wife one Saturday afternoon saying she wanted me to come over that evening to meet a friend of hers who might help me. It was the day before Mother's Day and I had come home plastered, carrying a big potted plant which I set down on the table and forthwith went upstairs and passed out. The next day she called again. Wishing to be polite, though I felt very badly, I said, "Let's make the call," and extracted from my wife a promise that we would not stay over fifteen minutes. We entered her house at exactly five o'clock and it was eleven fifteen when we left. I had a couple of shorter talks with this man afterward, and stopped drinking abruptly. This dry spell lasted for about three weeks; then I went to Atlantic City to attend several days' meeting of a national society of which I was a member. I drank all the scotch they had on the train and bought several quarts on my way to the hotel. This was on Sunday. I got tight that night, stayed sober Monday till after the dinner, and then proceeded to get tight again. I drank all I dared in the bar, and then went to my room to finish the job. Tuesday I started in the morning, getting well organized by noon. I did not want to disgrace myself so I then checked out. I bought some more liquor on the way to the depot. I had to wait some time for the train. I remember nothing from then on until I woke up at a friend's house, in a town near home.

These good people notified my wife, who sent my newly made friend over to get me. He came and got me home and to bed, gave me a few drinks that night, and one bottle of beer the next morning.

That was June 10, 1935, and that was my last drink. As I write, nearly four years have passed.

The question which might naturally come into your mind would be: "What did the man do or say that was different from what others had done or said?" It must be remembered that I had read a great deal and talked to everyone who knew, or thought they knew anything about the subject of alcoholism. But this was a man who had experienced many years of frightful drinking, who had had most all the drunkard's experiences known to man, but who had been cured by the very means I had been trying to employ, that is to say the spiritual approach. He gave me information about the subject of alcoholism which was undoubtedly helpful.

Of far more importance was the fact that he was the first living human with whom I had ever talked, who knew what he was talking about in regard to alcoholism from actual experience. In other words, he talked my language.

He knew all the answers, and certainly not because he had picked them up in his reading.

It is a most wonderful blessing to be relieved of the terrible curse with which I was afflicted. My health is good and I have regained my self-respect and the respect of my colleagues. My home life is ideal and my business is as good as can be expected in these uncertain times. I spend a great deal of time passing on what I learned to others who want and need it badly.

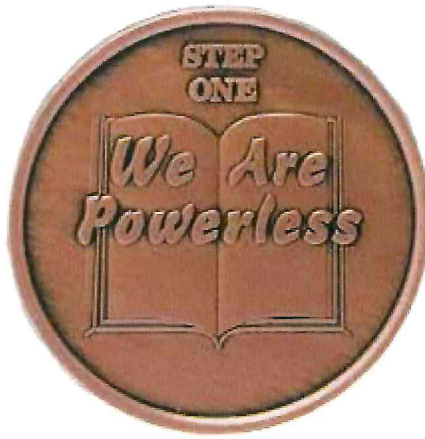
I do it for four reasons:

1. Sense of duty.
2. It is a pleasure.
3. Because in so doing I am paying my debt to the man who took time to pass it on to me.
4. Because every time I do it I take out a little more insurance for myself against a possible slip.

Unlike most of our crowd, I did not get over my craving for liquor much during the first two and one-half years of abstinence. It was almost always with me. But at no time have I been anywhere near yielding. I used to get terribly upset when I saw my friends drink and knew I could not, but I schooled myself to believe that though I once had the same privilege, I had abused it so frightfully that it was withdrawn. So it doesn't behoove me to squawk about it for, after all, nobody ever had to throw me down and pour liquor down my throat.

If you think you are an atheist, an agnostic, a skeptic, or have any other form of intellectual pride which keeps you from accepting what is in this book, I feel sorry for you. If you still think you are strong enough to beat the game alone, that is your affair. But if you really and truly want to quit drinking liquor for good and all, and sincerely feel that you must have some help, we know that we have an answer for you. It never fails, if you go about it with one half the zeal you have been in the habit of showing when you were getting another drink.

Your Heavenly Father will never let you down!



AA GRAPEVINE TRADITIONS CHECKLIST

TRADITION ONE: OUR COMMON WELFARE SHOULD COME FIRST;; PERSONAL RECOVERY DEPENDS UPON AA UNITY.

1. Am I in my group a healing, mending, integrating person? Am I sometimes divisive? Do I ever gossip or take another member's inventory?
2. Am I a peacemaker? Or do I foster arguments with statements such as "just for the sake of discussion"?
3. Am I gentle with those who rub me the wrong way, or am I sometimes abrasive?
4. Do I make competitive AA remarks, such as comparing one group with another or contrasting AA in one place with AA in another?
5. Do I ever put down some AA activities for not participating in this or that aspect of AA?
6. 6. Am I informed about AA as a whole? Do I support AA as a whole in every way I can, or just the parts that I understand and approve of?
7. 7. Am I as considerate of AA members as I want them to be of me?

CONCEPT ONE:

Final responsibility and ultimate authority for A.A. world services should always reside in the collective conscience of our whole Fellowship.”

1955 at the St. Louis International Convention. Up until that time Bill Wilson, Dr. Bob and some trusted friends were the self-appointed trustees for Alcoholics Anonymous. They alone held direct responsibility for running the General Service Office. Determined that the Fellowship was ready to take responsibility, Bill proposed to form “The General Service Conference of Alcoholics Anonymous” The AA delegates would meet yearly and would assume direct responsibility for the guidance of the AA general service headquarters in NYC. This Conference would insure that the headquarters would not be isolated from the Fellowship and direct support from the Fellowship would be available. The headquarters and the trustees would be able to draw upon a reliable cross section of AA experience and speak with confidence that they had the support of the Fellowship in their decisions. “The entire structure of AA depends upon the participation and conscience of the individual groups and how each of these groups conducts its affairs has a ripple effect on AA everywhere.” (AA Group p. 8) Working through district and area committees, the GSR is the group’s link with the General Service Conference, through which US and Canadian groups share their experience and voice AA’s collective conscience. The GSR keeps the group informed about general service activities in their local areas. GSRs are the point of contact for mail from the GSO, which uses them as the primary link for communicating with the Fellowship. And, GSRs are the majority voice in the election of delegates for the General Service Conference. It is at the group level that the collective conscience of AA begins; it is then supported at the district level and then further developed at the area level. It is then carried by the elected delegates to be combined into what becomes the collective conscience of the Fellowship. Concept 1 is deeply rooted in Tradition Two, which states “For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority, a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.” However, it takes the participation of the AA groups to develop an informed collective conscience of our whole Fellowship. We, the members of AA, through our groups’ participation, should support the service structure at all levels so that God can express Himself in our group conscience.

Upcoming Events

JANUARY 2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8 Concept Study 3:00 pm	9 Steering Committee 6:00 pm	10	11 ARCHIVES 5:30 PM	12	13 Grapevine Study 4pm	14
15 Concept Study 3:00 pm	16 Intergroup Rep Meeting 6:30 pm	17	18	19	20	21 #27 District Meeting
22 Concept Study 3:00 pm	23	24 #37 District Meeting 7:00 pm	25	26 #7 District Meeting 7:00 pm	27	28
29 Concept Study 3:00 pm	30	31				

ARCHIVES CORNER



Welcome to Vancouver Archives, which currently serving Districts 7 and 37. Our January 2023 meeting will be held on Wednesday, January 11, 2023 from 5:30 p.m. to 6:30p.m. at the Intergroup Office. All are welcome!

As of January 1, 2023, our new Archives Committee Chair will be Paul J., who has been on the Archives Committee for the last two years and has served Alcoholics Anonymous in many capacities for many years. Thank you for your continued service, Paul!

PLEASE donate your group documents to Archives. Don't throw anything out! We will digitize your records and physically store and preserve your signs, relics, etc.

Feel free to e-mail with any questions or comments:

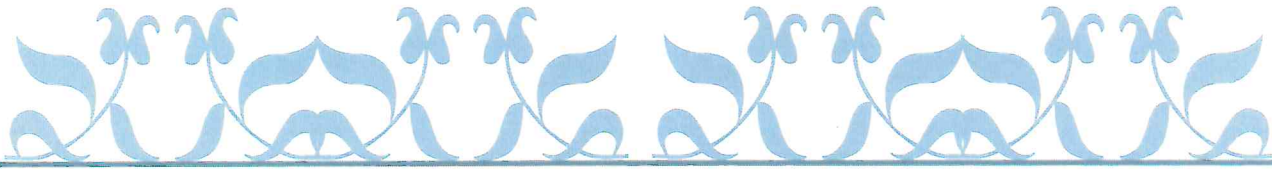
dist7archives@area72aa.org In Service,

Vancouver AA Archives Committee

GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS DECEMBER 2022

December 2022	Group Name	Contribution
12/01/2022	Men's Fireside	100.00
12/02/2022	Rock Bottom Recovery	25.00
12/05/2022	East County Women's Group	100.00
12/05/2022	Ready & Willing	50.00
12/05/2022	As Bill Sees It	165.00
12/07/2022	Lighthouse	50.00
12/09/2022	Cornerstone Group	75.00
12/09/2022	First Shot	243.27
12/09/2022	Miracles At Noon	348.50
12/09/2022	Hockinson AA	67.00
12/12/2022	Eastside Brownbaggers	450.00
12/13/2022	A New Morning	257.75
12/13/2022	Wayfarers	87.34
12/20/2022	Spiritual Breakfast	80.00
12/27/2022	Noontimers	500.00
12/30/2022	Early Birds	100.00
Individual Contributions		80.00

SHARED BY MEMBERS



Full Circle

For years; forever? I have wandered. A little lost really.

Never knowing what I really like,

until I like it.

Or love,

until I love it.

Never knowing what I can do,

until I do it.

Surprised at what I can do,

after I do it.

Is this normal? Others; some others, make life look effortless. They are naturals.

Yet others..., oh... Life eludes them.

Life – The quality that distinguishes a vital and functional being from a dead body.

All I want to do is be comfortable.

A lady once told me, that a man told her to, "Get comfortable with being uncomfortable".

One man likes to say, "Blessed are the flexible".

I believe in thanking God for things, in life, that I don't like. Things that make me inflexible, or uncomfortable.

Hmm.... It turns out, this was not difficult.

Writing this.

I did not know where it would go. It went, where I always seem to go.

A place of gratitude.

Thank you God, that I don't know what I like,

until I like it.

And I don't know what I love,

until I love it.

And I don't know what I can do,

until I do it.

Joanne R., 12-23-22



Vancouver Area Intergroup 2023 Newsletter will be distributed in the first week of each month instead of the middle of the month.

If you would like to share your :

- AA Birthday on the Calendar
- Experience Strength & Hope
- AA related content or topics
- AA Flyers

In the Upcoming Newsletters please feel free to email :

vanintgrp@gmail.com

You Are Wanted Needed & Loved!

****** The Primary Purpose will no longer include the Financial Reports or the Meeting Minutes from either the Steering Committee Meeting or the Intergroups Rep Meeting. Reports and Minutes can now be found on the website under the documents tab.******

[Documents | Vancouver Intergroup Alcoholics Anonymous \(vancouveraa.org\)](http://vancouveraa.org)

