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This seventeenth new issue of the CA&SQ (since its revival in October 2004) is Volume IV, no. 3. The Editor apologizes for its over-late appearance. We begin with "News and Notes," with "News" on one 2009 Treatment Improvement Protocol from SAMHSA, and then a brief historical "Note" on two early members of A.A., Bob F. of Springfield MA and Ralph F. of the First Edition and Pittsfield MA). Next issue, in this section, we turn back to one we have looked at some while ago (John Henry Fitzhugh "Fitz" M., in this case at a long interview/conversation between Bill W and Fitz's widow, Ruth or "Arabella"). After "News and Notes" we print the second part of the editor's paper on the History and Historiography of A.A., in preparation for a forthcoming contribution by Glenn Chesnut and Trysh Travis. Then we have a brief comment on Trysh's new book, by Jane S. in part as a conversation with the editor. This is followed in the *Olla Podrida* by a report on research linking early baseball (in the 1857-70 era of the National Association of Base Ball Players – abbreviated NABBP) with problems of alcoholic drinking, concentrating on the great battery combination of "Asa" Brainard (1839-1888) and "Joe" Leggett (1828-1894). We have held off on no. 26 in "Washingtonian Notes and Queries" in the interests of shortening the Newsletter. Next issue (IV, 4) will see the return of the WN&Q, the new material on Fitz M., the final part of the editor's study on the History and Historiography of A.A., and, as usual, contributions on current work, plans for future work, and results of past work, from Brown collections and by those on the KirkWorks listserv. All receiving CASQ are invited to contribute notes, queries, studies, on work in progress. – Jared Lobdell, *June 30, 2009* (rev. *December 2009*)

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Note: Bob F. and Ralph F. (An A.A. Detective Story) pp. 3-7

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Note: Jane S.'s New Book

NEWS AND NOTES

News: SAMHSA TIP 51

The recommended citation is Center for Substance Abuse Treatment. *Substance Abuse Treatment: Addressing the Specific Needs of Women* (Treatment Improvement Protocol [TIP] Series 51 HHS Publication no. [SMA] 09-4426. Rockville MD: Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, 2009). The Senior research Consultant to the project's Editorial Board is Bill White. The seven chapters are "Creating the Context" (pp. 1-16, including "Women's Biopsychosocial Uniqueness" pp. 6-15), "Patterns of Use from Initiation to Treatment" (pp. 17-36), "Psychological Effects of Alcohol, Drugs, and Tobacco on Women" (pp. 37-56), "Screening and Assessment" (pp. 57-82), "Treatment Engagement, Placement, and Planning" (pp. 83-102), "Substance Abuse Among Specific Population Groups and Settings" (pp. 103-136), "Substance Abuse Treatment for Women" (pp. 137-180), "Recovery Management and Administrative Considerations" (pp. 181-196), followed by a full bibliography (pp. 197-272) and nine additional appendices (pp. 273-334), one of which (Appendix B pp. 273-296) is "CSAT's Comprehensive Substance Abuse Treatment Model for Women and Their Children."

From the point of view of alcohol studies, one of the Protocol's values may be in the discussion of male/female biological differences and the more rapid effect of alcohol intake on women (pp. 40-41, 46, 49). The very brief notes on Alcoholics Anonymous include the assertion (p. 275) that it is a self-help program (as against WHO's designation as mutual-help), and a passage (p. 186) that would have been vastly improved (in my opinion) by a look at Trysh Travis's *The Language of the Heart* (though that may not have been published in time): "Originally the Alcoholics Anonymous program was written by men and primarily for men, and the language and content reflected this bias – a bias that was steeped in the culture of the time period in which it was written [Trysh Travis's study would be useful here]. The A.A. literature has since been revised and updated, yet issues regarding sensitivity to language and the limited focus on cultural and social issues pertinent to women's dependence and recovery remain a potential roadblock for some women (Covington 1994). Nevertheless 12-Step recovery groups have been the most steadfast peer-facilitated program, providing women with a viable avenue of support... Most research on the effectiveness of 12-Step groups [has] been conducted with men but some studies have examined gender differences. To date, research results reflect inconsistencies... Moos, Moos, and Timko (2006) found women appeared to gain even greater benefits than men, and women were more likely to attend AA and attend more frequently... Another study showed no gender differences in 12-Step attendance ... For women, availability of support and sponsorship appear to be the main ingredients in perceived social support in 12-Step recovery groups (Rush 2002)."

The 2006 study is H. H. Moos, B. S. Moos, and C. Timko, "Gender, Treatment, and Self-Help in Remission from Alcohol Use Disorders" in *Clinical Medicine & Research* 4(3), 163-174. This was a naturalistic study in which 461 individuals (50% women) were assessed at baseline and 1, 8 and 16 years later. Participants initiated help-seeking with the alcoholism service system and were assessed by mail surveys and telephone interviews. Findings: women were more likely to participate in treatment and in AA and to experience better alcohol-related and life-context outcomes. (It is not clear if the initiation of help-seeking or mail/telephone surveys were related to this outcome, which seems to be at some variance with other findings.)

Notes:
A Brief Note on Bob F. of Massachusetts and Ralph F. of Massachusetts:
An A.A. Detective Story

Recently, my friend Jack B., Archivist for AA in North Jersey, has discovered another presumed but possibly incorrect identity (perhaps a confusion of identities) in early AA. Ginny M., in her copy of the first Big Book sold, now in the Archives of AA's General Service Office in New York, has identified the story "Another Prodigal Story" as by Ralph F-----, who lived, according to the story, some 150 miles from New York (the story is printed as an Appendix to this note, below. At the same time, there are letters in the GSO Archives from Bob F----- in Springfield MA, one of the earliest AA members in Western Massachusetts, who was also apparently in New York in the critical year of 1938. Jack's question was whether the two were the same – they had the same last name, which is not a common one, and "Bob" is one of the generic nicknames that need not be attached to the given name "Robert." Indeed, there seems to have been no Robert F----- attached to A.A. in Western Massachusetts in those years – and in fact Bob F----- was not Robert F----- -- he was Roland Arthur F----- . By the way, Pittsfield, where Ralph lived, is 151 miles from New York, while Springfield, where Roland Arthur lived, is 142 miles. Here's Ralph F's story from the first edition: "Another Prodigal Story" (1st ed., pp. 357-362), which contains the 150-mile reference.

"HELLO, Pal."

"Hello, Buddy!"

"Have a drink?"

"Got one!"

"Come over on the next stool I'm lonesome. Hell of a world."

"You said it, brother,-hell of a world."

"You taking rye? Mine's gin. God, I'm up against it now!"

"How's 'at?"

"Oh, same old hell-hell-hell. She's going to leave me now!"

"Your wife?"

"Yeah. How am I going to live? Can't go home like this; too damn drunk to stay out. Can't land in jail-will if I stay out-ruin my business-business going anyway-break her heart. Where is she you ask? She's at the store, working I guess, probably eating her heart out waiting for me. What time is it? Seven o'clock? Store's been closed an hour. She's gone home by now. Well, what the hell. Have one more-then I'll go."

That is a hazy recollection of my last debauch. Several years ago now. By the time my new "bar fly friend" and I had soaked up several more, I was shedding tears and he, in the tender throes of drunken sympathy, was working out a guaranteed plan whereby my wife would greet me with great joy and out-spread arms as soon as "we" got home. Yes "we" were going to my home. He was the finest fixer in the world. He knew all about how to handle wives. He admitted that! So, two drunks, now lifetime buddies, stumbled out arm in arm headed up the hill towards home. A draft of cool air cleared some of the fog away from my befuddled brain. "Wait a minute, what's this so-and-so-plan of yours? I got to know about it," I said. "I got to know what you're going to say and what I say."

The plan was a honey! All he had to do was to lead me up to the apartment, ring the bell, ask my wife if I was her husband, and then tell her he had found me down at the river about to jump

from the bridge and had saved my life. "That's all there is to it," he kept mumbling over and over, "works every time-never fails." On up the hill we staggered, then my "life saver" got a better idea that would clinch the deal. He'd have to go home first and put on clean linen. Couldn't let the nice lady see a dirty shirt. That sounded all right. Maybe he'd have a bottle at his home. So we stumbled up to his place, a dreary third floor back room, on a third rate street.

I have a hazy recollection of that place, but have never been able to find it since. There was a photograph of a quite pretty girl on his dresser. He told me it was a picture of his wife and that she had kicked him out because he was drunk. "You know how women are," he said. Some fixer! He did put on a clean shirt all right and then reached into a drawer and pulled out a .38 calibre revolver. That gave me quite a sobering shock. I reached for the gun realizing in a hazy way that here was trouble. He began to pull the trigger and every moment I expected to hear an explosion, but the gun was empty. He proved it!

Then he got a new idea. To reconcile my wife and make her happy, he would tell her the gun was mine, that I stood on the bridge, with the gun at my head and that he snatched it away just in time to save my life. God Almighty must have, at that moment, granted me a flash of sanity. I quickly excused myself while he was completing his toilet and, on the pretext of phoning my wife, rushed noisily down the stairs and ran down the street with all my might. Some blocks away I came to a drug store, bought a pint of gin, and drank half it in several large gulps, staggered on up to my apartment, and tumbled into bed, fully dressed and dead drunk.

This wasn't any new terror for my wife. This sort of thing had been going on for several years, only I was getting worse and worse with each drunken spree and more difficult to handle. Only the previous day I had been in an accident. A Good Samaritan saw my condition and got me away quickly, before the police came, and drove me back to my home. I was dreadfully drunk that day and my wife consulted a lawyer as preliminary to entering divorce action. I swore to her that I wouldn't drink again and within 24 hours, here I was in bed dead drunk.

Several months previously I had spent a week in a New York hospital for alcoholics and came out feeling that everything would be all right. Then I began to think that I had the thing licked. I could practice a little controlled drinking. I knew I couldn't take much but just one drink before dinner. That went all right, too. Sure I had it licked now! The next step was to take one quick one at noon and cover it up with a milk shake. To make it doubly sure, I'd have ice cream put into the milk shake, and the n, so help me, I don't know what the next step down was, but I surely landed at the bottom with an awful, heartbreaking thud.

The next morning was June 7th. I recall the date so well because the sixth is my daughter's birthday. And that, by the grace of God, was my last spree. That morning I was afraid to open my eyes, surely my wife would have kept her promise and left me. I loved my wife. It is a paradox I know, but I did and do. When I did stir, there she was sitting at my bedside. "Come on," she said, "get up, bathe, shave and dress. We're going to New York this morning."

"New York!" I said, "To the hospital?"

"Yes."

"I haven't any money to pay a hospital."

"I know you haven't," she said, "but I arranged it all last night over long distance and I'm going to give you that one chance, once again. If you let me down this time, that's all there is."

Well, I went into that hospital again feeling like a whipped cur. My wife pleaded with the doctor to please do something to save her husband, to save her home, to save our business, and our self-respect. The doctor assured us that he really had something for me this time that would work and with that faint hope, we separated; she to hurry back home, 150 miles away, and carry

on the work of two people and I to sit trembling and fearful there in what seemed to me, a shameful place. Four days later a man called on me and seemed interested to know how I was coming along. He told me that he, too, had been there several times but had now found relief. That night another man came. He, too, had suffered the same trouble and told how he and the other fellow and several more had been released from alcohol. Then the next day a fine fellow came, and in a halting but effective way, told how he had placed himself in God's hand and keeping. Almost before I knew it, I was asking God to clean me up.

I suppose there are many who feel a strong resentment against such a spiritual approach. Some of Alcoholics Anonymous whom I have met since that day tell me they had difficulty in accepting a simple, day to day, plan of faith. In my case I was ripe for such an opportunity, perhaps because of early religious training. I have always, it seems, had a keen sense of the fact and presence of God.

That, too, like loving my wife and at the same time hurting her so dreadfully, is paradoxical, but it's a fact. I knew that God, was there with infinite love and yet, somehow, I kept on drifting further and further away. But now I do feel that my heart and mind are "tuned in" and by His grace there will be no more alcoholic "static."

After making this final agreement (not just another resolution) to let God to be first in my life, the whole outlook and horizon brightened up in a manner which I am unable to describe except to say that it was "glorious." The following day was Monday and my non-drinking friend insisted that I check out from the hospital and come over to his home in Jersey. I did that and there I found a lovely wife and children all so "happy about the whole thing."

The next night I was taken to a meeting, at the home of an ex-problem drinker in Brooklyn, where to my surprise, there were more than 30 men like myself, telling of a liberty of living unmatched by anything I had ever seen. Since returning to my home, life has been so different. I have paid off the old debts, have money enough now for decent clothes and some to use in helping others, a thing which I enjoy doing but didn't do when I had to contribute so generously to alcohol.

I am trying to help other alcoholics. At this writing there are four of us working, all of whom have been kicked around dreadfully. There is no "cocky" feeling about this for me. I know I am an alcoholic and while I used to call on God to help me, my conclusion is that I was simply asking God to help me drink alcohol without its hurting me which is a far different thing than asking him to help me not to drink at all. So here I stand, living day to day, in His presence, and it is wonderful – This prodigal came home.

Note the echo of Martin Luther's "Hier stehe Ich. Ich kann nicht anders." Probably it would have been easier to identify this Ralph F----- (and in fact we have identified him) – if it weren't for Roland Arthur (Bob) F-----, same last name, in the same state, having also been in NYC, and living almost the same 150 miles from New York. Here are the relevant passages from the history of A.A. in Western Massachusetts

1941 On February 15, a letter is sent to Bill W. from Bob F. of Empire Stationers located at 305 Bridge St., Springfield, MA. Bob is inquiring about meetings in Waterbury, CT. He hopes to get help for a prospect down there, someone he was told about by the prospect's relatives who live in Springfield. Bob mentions that "it has been a long time since hearing from any of the AA crowd (in New York) which is doubtless my own fault." A reply dated February 27, 1941, apparently from Ruth H., Bill W.'s secretary, was received by Bob stating that there were no meetings yet in Waterbury, CT; however, she would refer the matter to members in Greenwich,

CT to see if they could help. Ruth also mentions the *Saturday Evening Post* article that is to appear in the March 1, 1941 issue. She asks that if she should receive inquiries from Bob's vicinity could they refer them to Bob.

1942 This was a big year for Western Mass. AA. Much correspondence took place in the first half of the year between Springfield and the New York Alcoholic Foundation Offices (now the General Service Office of Alcoholics Anonymous.) A man named Frank S----- began to show an interest in starting a group in Springfield. That interest led to the first meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous in Springfield on June 3, 1942. The meeting was held in Bob F's office at 305 Bridge Street and was attended by Bob F., Frank S., Kelita (Clyde) W. and Jim B.. The group obtained a "Big Book" and received some publicity from articles in the Springfield *Union*. However, as it turned out, this group disbanded before the year was up.

1943 As the year began, there were still some of the 1942 AA members around. These people, Frank S., Bob F., Bob M., and George D. enjoyed lunch with Bill W. and Margaret B. at a Springfield hotel. This visit took place on February 3, 1943... Later in the year, as a result of his wife's reading an article by sportswriter Bill Cunningham of the Boston Herald on Rollie H.'s involvement with a new organization called Alcoholics Anonymous, one H.O. D---- of Monson, MA went into a Boston hospital to dry out. During his hospital stay he was put in contact with Boston AA. Upon returning home he continued to travel to AA meetings in Boston twice a week, returning in the middle of the night via milk (delivery) train. Tiring of traveling such distance to meetings he wrote New York asking about any Springfield area meetings or at least contacts. On November 5th, Margaret B. from New York office responded that none of the 1942 group members were around; the only one who had stayed sober had moved to Canada. She cited the great need for a group in Springfield, and asked if Doc D. (as he was known) could help start one. She enclosed the names of three Springfield people asking for help....

Here's what we have on Roland Arthur (Bob) F----- of Springfield: He was born Aug 17, 1882, in Columbia, South Carolina and died in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1946. He is buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery, St. Louis, Missouri. Roland's first wife was Lucille Marshall, born July 22, 1880, in Charlotte, Virginia and she died in St. Louis, Missouri May 24, 1930. Lucille and Roland were married in 1900 or 1901. They were divorced in St. Louis. They had two girls Alice (b 1902) and Ethel (b 1904). Roland's second wife was Freda Maria Pauline Schroeder. Freda was born Nov 7, 1892 in Hopedale, Illinois and she died June 6, 1958 in Springfield, Mass. (This information was provided in part by a grandnephew of Freda F.) Freda too is buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery in St. Louis. R. A. F-----'s parents were Wm F F----- and Alice B (McE) F-----, b. 1861 and 1863, I believe. Though he was born Aug 17, 1882, they were married 10 February 1886. Was he born of a different father? Was he called "Bob" because that was his original name or because W F F----- preferred it to his original name, or because he preferred it to his mother's "Roland" and "Arthur" (she must have been reading Sidney Lanier)?

By contract, Ralph Edward F----- was born in Maine on July 19, 1891, and died in Pittsfield, Massachusetts in 1966 (though some sources say 1968). He was married three times, to Yvonne or Eva B.(1892-1921), Alice Smith in 1921, and Josephine Pannesco (1911-1985), twenty years his junior, in the 1930s. She was a well-known church singer in Pittsfield from the 1940s at least into the late 1960s. It should be noted that Roland Arthur ("Bob") had two daughters by his first marriage, whereas Ralph had one daughter by his first marriage, Eloise, who was nine in 1920 (making her born in 1911 or late 1910), who married Elwin I Pierce in Maine on August 3, 1929. The reference in "Another Prodigal Story" suggests to me that the

daughter was not part of the household at the time, though that may perhaps be unwarranted extrapolation.

Now that we have the matter more or less straightened out, what does it matter? That the last name is the same is pretty much a distraction – except that it led us to look more at the two people involved. Both were from Western Massachusetts, though Pittsfield is more western than Springfield. Both had been in NYC (at least one at Towns), though Ralph's wife sent him back there and Bob's wife apparently didn't. Both were working with several others in an early A.A. group, presumably the first in their cities. Bob didn't stay sober (though, of course, he may have died sober); whether Ralph did we do not know (though I've written his grandson to see if I can find out anything about his later life). What we can say is that we can apparently trust Ginny M.'s attribution of the story to Ralph F----- (indeed, the only inaccuracy I have found in her notes to her copy of the "Big Book," is a reference to Bill W's brother when the person in question is really his cousin); that we have been warned (as with Henry Z----- and Harry Z----- previously) that great similarity of name does not mean identity of person, and – perhaps most important in our conclusions – that there is often a considerable similarity of process in the expansion of A.A. to one city or another, irrespective of the personnel (and on that question see the previous CASQ [4,2] on "The History and Historiography of A.A." – 4 CASQ 2 pp. 7-19).

History and Historiography of A.A. (Part II)

Twelve Historiographical Questions

Questions 1-8

The first historiographical question is whether there is really a need to know A.A. history or advantage to knowing it, and if so, why? The most commonly heard argument for studying A.A. history is Santayana's "Those who will not study history are doomed to repeat it." Whether there are in fact practical lessons in the history of A.A. might be determined by analyzing the spread of A.A. and the concomitant changes in A.A. more or less in that twenty-three period from the publication of the first of Bill W.'s major works, the "Big Book" (*Alcoholics Anonymous*, 1939), to the publication of the last of his major works, *The Twelve Concepts* (1962). This period encompasses the times for the first eleven of our Twelve Problems of A.A. History, and the very beginning of the Twelfth.

It is my belief that progress on this set of questions may take place in four areas – which progress, by the way, should serve to provide some answers to the historiographical questions. (The second part of the Twelfth Question is asked only to show we are as yet too close to answer it.) First, it may take place in establishing a formal approach for analyzing the historical data we have – technical analysis of change and development (in a social-systems context), periodization, comparative local studies, and so on. Second, it may take place in looking at the generation of the founders, the "Giants in the Earth," the legendary old timers of the Golden Time before (and perhaps right after) the "Big Book," who carried the message of A.A. in the time from the late 1930s till the late 1940s (if they lived that long). This has been called, perhaps sarcastically, perhaps not, The Age of the Apostles. Third (and much neglected), it may take place in considering the next generation, who may or may not have gotten sober before the "Big Book" (some did, some didn't), but who likewise carried the message more than fifty years ago. (Because this area of study is more locally-oriented than those already noted, it will get us into comparative local studies.) This would be the "Post-Apostolic Age." Fourth, it may take place in looking at the "newcomers" (in the 1950s/early 1960s context), who, it may be argued, began

the re-creation of A.A., possibly along lines inherent in Bill W.'s vision, probably not in congruence with the differently-aimed vision of Dr. Bob S. And our twelfth historical question suggests it may not have been along Bill's projected lines either.

A second historiographical question is, to what degree is it valuable or necessary to study the history of – say – the Washingtonian Temperance Society (or – say – the Keeley Cure), as part of or prolegomena to the history of A.A.? A recent issue of a “new and revised” version of A.A.'s own Archives publication, *Markings*, dealt with the forerunners of A.A., including (of course) the Washingtonians, and the Keeley Cure and the Emmanuel Movement as well – particularly the Emmanuel Movement. Studying the Washingtonians as part of study A.A. thus appears to have the *imprimatur* of A.A.'s General Service Office. The reason for including the Washingtonians in a study of Alcoholics Anonymous seems largely to be that Bill W. mentioned them as a forerunner and as an example for Alcoholics Anonymous. But if (as seems to be the case) his account of them is tendentious – and in fact designed to be illustrative of A.A. problems rather than Washingtonian history – there is a question whether it is useful to A.A. to know what the Washingtonians were really like and what their history really was. Is the real history of the Washingtonians at all relevant to the study of A.A.? In fact, there are some interesting similarities (and some interesting differences) recently revealed. We have noted earlier on in this paper that it was apparently considered important in early A.A. in Eastern Pennsylvania to have a “group doctor.” Is it perhaps noteworthy that one of the original (January 1841) incorporators of the Washingtonians was Dr. Thomas L. Murphey?

He, by the way, was later the stepfather of Postmaster-General Criswell, and it should be noted that two of the other incorporators were Alderman John Hoss, one of the six original members, and Mayor-to-be (of Baltimore) Elijah Stansbury – suggesting a certain socio-political level to the Washingtonians, particularly in light of the fact that the son of the youngest of the original six later became President of the prestigious Maryland Society of the War of 1812. The history of the Washingtonians is interesting for comparative purposes, but their direct importance to A.A. was exemplary and exhortative: unlike the Emmanuel Movement they were not a forerunner. (See R.M. Dubiel, *The Road to Fellowship: The Role of the Emmanuel Movement and the Jacoby Club in the Development of Alcoholics Anonymous*, Hindsfoot, iUniverse, Lincoln NE 2004).

The third historiographical question is whether it is in fact possible to write A.A. history? The best answer to that comes from actually writing A.A. history. If we can do it (to create a Yogi-ism), we can do it. Some A.A. history has indeed been written. First and foremost, there is Ernest Kurtz, *Not-God: A History of Alcoholics Anonymous* (1979, new ed. 1991) and there is an institutional account up to 1977 by Barry Leach and John L. Norris, “Factors in the Development of Alcoholics Anonymous” in *The Biology of Alcoholism*, ed. H Begleiter, Vol. 5 (1977), pp. 441-553. There is an unauthorized history of the years 1957-1985 in circulation (in xerographic copy), a number of local histories and documents available on the Internet (some of the documents without permission), perhaps a smaller number of local histories available in print, the books on A.A. in the St. Joseph River Valley mentioned before – *The Factory Owner & the Convict* and *The St. Louis Gambler & the Railroad Man* – and other historical material listed in the magisterial (but now somewhat outdated) bibliography by Charles Bishop and William Pittman (published by Bishop), *To Be Continued: The Alcoholics Anonymous World Bibliography 1935-1994*.

A collection of Ernie Kurtz's essays (many of them historical) – *The Collected Ernie Kurtz* – came out in 1999 from Charlie Bishop (The Bishop of Books). Bishop (The Bishop of Books) also published Wally P., *But, For the Grace of God ... How Intergroups & Central Offices Carried the Message of Alcoholics Anonymous in the 1940s* (1995). Hazelden has published a short biography of Ebby T. who “brought the message” to Bill W., as well as Sally Brown's biography of Marty Mann, the founder of the National Council on Alcoholism, and a biography of Dr. Silkworth (*The Little Doctor Who Loved Drunks*) – among others. The Mann book is based (for the most part) on Marty Mann's papers at Syracuse and Brown, on a diary by one of her A.A. friends, Felicia M., and on papers at A.A.'s General Service Office Archives and at Bill W.'s home at Stepping Stones (Bedford/Katonah New York). The Silkworth book is based partly on Silkworth family papers, partly on papers at G.S.O. Archives and at Stepping Stones. Both are serious historical works – though it might be claimed that neither of them is precisely A.A. history. On the other hand, Mitch K.'s *How It Worked: The Story of Clarence H. Snyder and the Early Days of Alcoholics Anonymous in Cleveland, Ohio*, contains a lot of valuable A.A. history, but it is really more an as-told-to (auto)biography than a history.

Perhaps the question should be, not *Can A.A. history be written?* but *Can scholarly or formal A.A. history be written?* All the studies except the Michiana material, theologically oriented, and Ernie Kurtz's *Not-God* and the Leach-Norris study, psychologically and institutionally oriented, are pretty much anecdotal evidence at best. Descriptive anecdote is a good thing in writing history, but a series of anecdotes is not itself history, any more than listing of names in medieval charters is history. In some ways, writing A.A. history is like writing medieval history or seventeenth-century village history – we do not have the information available to write satisfactorily without having an idea how one particular datum can be related to another and a framework – say, a model – for establishing the relationship, and, in any case, “Full many a flower is born to blush unseen / Or waste its sweetness on the desert air” – especially if the flower is anonymous.

The fourth historiographical question is whether it is possible to write A.A. history without advocacy? We may look here at some of Bill W.'s writing of A.A. history, and we will, but we should note that a good historical model can be used for all available data, rather than selecting those pieces of data useful for advocacy. There are, perhaps, two principal varieties of advocacy history in A.A. One is the Dick B. kind of history – factually accurate (so far as I have ever been able to tell), based on wide research, but entwined with an advocacy position that what made A.A. successful in its early days was its spirituality, and indeed (some might say) its ties to religious observance. This is certainly not a case of finding what is not there. But it is possible that certain circumstances of the Golden Moment and the years immediately following made possible then what is not possible now. One learns, in the use of Applied History, to determine whether the period in which the history took place is enough like the present for lessons drawn from it to be applied (in our somewhat different circumstances) now?

Besides the Dick B. advocacy, there was the earlier use of history as advocacy by Bill W., especially in the Traditions pages of the *Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions* (1953). A comparison of the Traditions pages in the so-called *12&12* with those in the earlier version of the same material published five years later in *Alcoholics Anonymous*

Comes of Age (1958) shows a shortening and pointing of the material perhaps for more useful advocacy. Certainly Bill W.'s version of the history of the Washingtonians – emphasizing the issue of Abolitionism (for accuracy, it should have been, if anything, “the Missouri Compromise”), and overlooking the fact that the Washingtonians were in fact the Washington *Temperance Society* – seems more relevant to the problems of A.A. on the eve of *Brown v. Board* and from the wet/dry controversy after Prohibition, than to anything in the history of the Washingtonians. In other words, advocacy history. And the stories in the “Big Book” appear to have been selected and edited (or even written up, as with several in the first and second editions) to make a particular point – which might be called advocacy history. (A few of those were apparently written up without much involvement of the “authors”).

The fifth historiographical question is, should A.A. history be written as local history, regional history, or national history? The answer, as it stands now, is *yes*. The problem with local history in A.A., particularly if centered on Northeast Ohio, is that it is often seen by its authors as a counterpoint – or better, counterweight – to the New York-centered “official” inside and top-down history (and in some senses “advocacy” history) of A.A., which is the subject of our next two questions (and of the previous question). On the other hand, local history not designed to make a point, and written without reference to any historical models (or even to historical periods and what was going on in the larger worlds in and beyond A.A.) is, like much local history of any kind, more antiquarian than historical. Let us take just one (very minor) example.

One of the strongest A.A. groups in the Harrisburg area of Central Pennsylvania for most of the past fifty years has been the Hershey Group, which a local history tells us was first founded in Ebenezer, in Lebanon (Lebanon County, ten miles east of Hershey along Route 422), in December 1957, then moved to Hershey within a few months. Taken in isolation, that fact may be useful for determining when the Hershey Group Fiftieth Anniversary should properly be held, but it contributes nothing much to the study of the development of A.A. But if we look some miles further east to Wernersville and Wyomissing and Reading, where Dick C. was instilling Hazelden-style values and procedures in A.A., and if we know that among his associates in that endeavor were several A.A.s from Lebanon, including a later Delegate from (Eastern) Pennsylvania, and if we are lucky enough to be able to find alive and available a personal source of information on the founding of the Hershey Group (and to be able to get him to talk anonymously on the topic), we may find out that this seemingly inconsequential ten-mile move in 1958 is an example of a continuing theme in the history of A.A. We need the local record, but in order to understand the local record, we need more. One kind of “more” is provided by our church historian in the “Michiana” area, in *The Factory Owner & the Convict* and *The St. Louis Gambler & the Railroad Man* (revised editions, Hindsfoot/iUniverse Lincoln NE 2005).

The same stricture applies to regional (A.A.) history, which – unless it is simply the administrative history of an A.A. area (such as Area 59, Eastern Pennsylvania, or Area 20, Northern Illinois) – will be the sum of local histories, with some attention paid to the “trusted servants” who serve as members or officers of the Area Committee. Our study of the founding of A.A. in the Lehigh Valley involved one such figure – Aaron Burr B., the second (1953-1954) Delegate from (Eastern) Pennsylvania – but all our research on him was through local or family sources, not through Area 59 (Eastern

Pennsylvania). Since we had his actual last name, the use of the GenForum pages on the Internet led us to his nephew (who lived with him in 1953-54 while at Lehigh University), and local contacts provided someone else who had known him for a dozen years before and thirty years after he became sober.

We should look here at the diffusion of A.A., which is local, regional, and national. A December 1997 draft proposal for a History of Alcoholics Anonymous (rejected in early 1998) suggested several periods and types of diffusion: We could begin with A.A. in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington D.C., and other early hubs, ready for further diffusion. This would be the start of the hub-and-spoke expansion (primary diffusion) of AA. After WW II, the groups in the hub cities began to spin off groups in suburbs and smaller cities within a certain radius of the hubs. From Philadelphia (as one example) groups were formed in Ardmore (PA), Camden (NJ), and eight or ten other suburbs and small cities by 1949. A few suburban groups (or meetings) had existed before and during WW II (West Orange or Montclair NJ, outside New York), but the suburban growth of AA was essentially a post-WW II phenomenon, as the suburbs grew. Then comes secondary diffusion (along the spokes), new primary diffusion (new hubs), and international growth.

Example from Eastern Pennsylvania: diffusion from Philadelphia to its suburbs occurred in the first phase, then from suburbs to suburbs in the second phase, but at the same time this secondary diffusion took place, new primary diffusion was occurring. A new (minor) hub came into being in Lancaster. Also, early in this period, secondary diffusion along the Philadelphia-Harrisburg spoke may be considered to have created the group in Hershey (1957/8). We would like to know whether groups created by secondary diffusion in this period were stronger than new primary-diffusion groups. What about the likelihood of new spinoffs? Then, finally, with tertiary diffusion at home, we may find that local characteristics become stronger as AA spreads out from smaller centers along the spokes, thus at a triple remove from the original centers in Akron and New York. This needs considerable archival work and perhaps both visitation and interviews with A.A.s who have traveled extensively around AA in the United States and Canada. Different areas seem to have grown differently (different style to meetings, different emphases within the program and attitudes toward service). How this happened is important – if indeed it did happen. All this mixes local, regional, and national history.

The sixth historiographical question is, Should the history of A.A. be written from the inside or from the outside? Again, the answer, as it stands now, is *yes* – but here there is a difficulty. Unless we have trained historians who are also members of A.A., we will have inside histories that are essentially antiquarian (but written with some knowledge of full names, even if they aren't in the resulting documents) and outside histories that are essentially incomplete, because the outsiders will not have had access to the local "inside" histories, and generally will not be able to interview members of A.A. for reminiscences (though there are tapes available where the listening is not restricted to A.A. members).

Let us here link this inside/outside with the seventh historiographical question, which is, Should the history of A.A. be written from the top down or from the bottom up? So far, the history from the inside has largely been written from the top down, and history from the outside has mirrored that. As military historians (including David McCullough recently) have pointed out, if what we have are the memoirs of general officers, history is

likely to be written from the point of view of the general officers. What we have in A.A. is largely history written by Bill W. or by those whose narratives he approved – or, occasionally, by those (also “leaders”) who wanted to set Bill’s record straight (the great example here being *How It Worked: The Story of Clarence H. Snyder and the Early Days of Alcoholics Anonymous in Cleveland, Ohio*, by Mitchell K., published in 1999 by the AA Big Book Study Group, Washingtonville NY).

But all of these, even *How It Worked*, have the top-down quality. Let us look at a brief history of A.A. written from the inside and from the top down – a brief official history, so to speak, put out by Alcoholics Anonymous, under the title, “Historical Data: The Birth of A.A. and Its Growth in U.S./Canada.” From this we learn that “A.A. had its beginnings in 1935 at Akron, Ohio, as the outcome of a meeting between Bill W., a New York stockbroker, and Dr. Bob S., an Akron surgeon. Both had been hopeless alcoholics. [Bill elsewhere said it began with “Rowland H.” in Dr. Jung’s office in Zurich, and then with Ebby T. in Brooklyn in 1934]. Prior to that time, Bill and Dr. Bob had each been in contact with the Oxford Group, a mostly nonalcoholic fellowship that emphasized universal spiritual values in daily living. In that period, the Oxford Groups in America were headed by the noted Episcopal clergyman, Dr. Samuel Shoemaker. Under this spiritual influence, and with the help of an old-time friend, Ebby T., Bill had gotten sober and had then maintained his recovery by working with other alcoholics, though none of these had actually recovered.

“Meanwhile, Dr. Bob’s Oxford Group membership at Akron had not helped him enough to achieve sobriety. When Dr. Bob and Bill finally met, the effect on the doctor was immediate. This time, he found himself face to face with a fellow sufferer who had made good. Bill emphasized that alcoholism was a malady of mind, emotions [*sic!*] and body. This all-important fact he had learned from Dr. William D. Silkworth of Towns Hospital in New York, where Bill had often been a patient. Though a physician, Dr. Bob had not known alcoholism to be a disease [nor did Bill call it one!]. Responding to Bill’s convincing ideas, he soon got sober, never to drink again.... Both men immediately set to work with alcoholics at Akron’s City Hospital, where one patient quickly achieved complete sobriety. Though the name Alcoholics Anonymous had not yet been coined, these three men actually made up the nucleus of the first A.A. group. In the fall of 1935, a second group of alcoholics slowly took shape in New York. A third appeared at Cleveland in 1939. It had taken over four years to produce 100 sober alcoholics in the three founding groups. Early in 1939, the Fellowship published its basic textbook, *Alcoholics Anonymous*. The text, [mostly] written by Bill, explained A.A.’s philosophy and methods, the core of which was the now well-known Twelve Steps of recovery. The book was also reinforced by case histories of some thirty recovered members. From this point, A.A.’s development was rapid.

“Also in 1939, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* carried a series of articles about A.A., supported by warm editorials. The Cleveland group of only twenty members was deluged by countless pleas for help. Alcoholics sober only a few weeks were set to work on brand-new cases. This was a new departure, and the results were fantastic. A few months later, Cleveland’s membership had expanded to 500. For the first time, it was shown that sobriety could be mass-produced. Meanwhile, in New York, Dr. Bob and Bill had in 1938 organized an over-all trusteeship for the budding Fellowship. Friends of John D. Rockefeller Jr. became board members alongside a contingent of A.A.s. This board was

named The Alcoholic Foundation. However, all efforts to raise large amounts of money failed, because Mr. Rockefeller had wisely concluded that great sums might spoil the infant society. Nevertheless, the foundation managed to open a tiny office in New York to handle inquiries and to distribute the A.A. book — an enterprise which ... had been mostly financed by the A.A.s themselves [but it could not have been published without money from Rockefeller and a loan from Fitz M.'s sister].

“The book and the new office were quickly put to use. An article about A.A. was carried by *Liberty* magazine in the fall of 1939, resulting in some 800 urgent calls for help. In 1940, Mr. Rockefeller gave a dinner for many of his prominent New York friends to publicize A.A. This brought yet another flood of pleas. Each inquiry received a personal letter and a small pamphlet. Attention was also drawn to the book *Alcoholics Anonymous*, which soon moved into brisk circulation. Aided by mail from New York, and by A.A. travelers from already-established centers, many new groups came alive. At the year's end, the membership stood at 2,000. Then, in March 1941, the *Saturday Evening Post* featured an excellent article about A.A., and the response was enormous. By the close of that year, the membership had jumped to 6,000, and the number of groups multiplied in proportion. Spreading across the U.S. and Canada, the Fellowship mushroomed.

“By 1950, 100,000 recovered alcoholics could be found worldwide. Spectacular though this was, the period 1940-1950 was nonetheless one of great uncertainty. The crucial question was whether all those mercurial alcoholics could live and work together in groups. Could they hold together and function effectively? This was the unsolved problem. Corresponding with thousands of groups about their problems became a chief occupation of the New York headquarters. By 1946, however, it had already become possible to draw sound conclusions about the kinds of attitude, practice and function that would best suit A.A.'s purpose. Those principles, which had emerged from strenuous group experience, were codified by Bill in what are today the Twelve Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous. By 1950, the earlier chaos had largely disappeared.... During this hectic ten-year period, Dr. Bob devoted himself to the question of hospital care for alcoholics, and to their indoctrination with A.A. principles. Large numbers of alcoholics flocked to Akron to receive hospital care at St. Thomas, a Catholic hospital. Dr. Bob became a member of its staff. Subsequently, he and the remarkable Sister M. Ignatia, also of the staff, cared for and brought A.A. to some 5,000 sufferers. After Dr. Bob's death in 1950, Sister Ignatia continued to work at Cleveland's Charity Hospital, where she was assisted by the local groups and where 10,000 more sufferers first found A.A. This set a fine example of hospitalization wherein A.A. could cooperate with both medicine and religion. [Some observers have suggested this really bypasses any useful discussion of the relationship between and among A.A. and religion and medicine.]

“In this same year of 1950, A.A. held its first International Convention at Cleveland. There, Dr. Bob made his last appearance and keyed his final talk to the need of keeping A.A. simple. Together with all present, he saw the Twelve Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous enthusiastically adopted for the permanent use of the A.A. Fellowship throughout the world.... The following year witnessed still another significant event. The New York office had greatly expanded its activities, and these now consisted of public relations, advice to new groups, services to hospitals, prisons, Loners, and Internationalists, and cooperation with other agencies in the alcoholism field. The

headquarters was also publishing "standard" A.A. books and pamphlets, and it supervised their translation into other tongues. Our international magazine, the A.A. *Grapevine*, had achieved a large circulation. These and many other activities had become indispensable for A.A. as a whole. Nevertheless, these vital services were still in the hands of an isolated board of trustees, whose only link to the Fellowship had been Bill and Dr. Bob. As the co-founders had foreseen years earlier, it became absolutely necessary to link A.A.'s world trusteeship (now the General Service Board of Alcoholics Anonymous) with the Fellowship that it served. Delegates from all states and provinces of the U.S. and Canada were forthwith called in. Thus composed, this body for world service first met in 1951.

“Despite earlier misgivings, the gathering was a great success. For the first time, the remote trusteeship became directly accountable to A.A. as a whole. The A.A. General Service Conference had been created, and A.A.'s over-all functioning was thereby assured for the future. A second International Convention was held in St. Louis in 1955 to celebrate the Fellowship's 20th anniversary. The General Service Conference had by then completely proved its worth. Here, on behalf of A.A.'s old-timers, Bill turned the future care and custody of A.A. over to the Conference and its trustees. At this moment, the Fellowship went on its own; A.A. had come of age. Had it not been for A.A.'s early friends, Alcoholics Anonymous might never have come into being. And without its host of well-wishers who have since given of their time and effort — particularly those friends of medicine, religion, and world communications — A.A. could never have grown and prospered. The Fellowship here records its constant gratitude.”

This is official history, obviously inside and top-down, but published for the world at large. Four notes in brackets are meant to call attention to oversimplifications that may or may not be historically significant – the italicized *sic!* (also in brackets) to a major point that is, in our view, historically as well as generally highly significant. This is Bill's original use of “mind, body, and emotions” in place of the Emmanuel Movement's “mind, body, and spirit” – which may testify to the influence of the renegade Emmanuel lay therapist Richard Peabody. We have, not, however, sought to point out any points of disagreement with the main text of this official top-down inside New York-centered history. But we note that it mentions only five persons, Bill, Samuel Shoemaker, Ebby T., Dr. Bob, and Sister Ignatia, that it spends more time with on the creation of the General Service Conference and the General Service Office than on the mechanisms of the period of great growth from (say) 1941 (6,000) to 1950 (100,000). (The mechanism of previous growth from 100 to 6000 is clearly given as being magazine publicity, which, however, might best be seen as a further step from the original period of growth from one man in 1934 to 77 – not 100 – at the time the “Big Book” was published.) Traveling salesmen are mentioned in this text, but studies in local history as well as word-of-mouth information on such as Irv M. and Oscar V. makes it clear that this is an area deserving far more attention than it has had. And here we are getting into recollections of recollections of early-day A.A.s – or even recollections of recollections of recollections. The name of Oscar V. came to our attention through an accidental conversation with a member of A.A. (a Trustee) whose sponsor had been sponsored by Oscar V., thus in fact a kind of recollection (by the Trustee) of a recollection (by his sponsor) of an early-day A.A. It turns out that Oscar V. is mentioned tenth on a list of

early A.A. members in New York in a little book by one of Dick B.'s followers, discussing those who came into A.A. before the "Big Book."

The eighth historiographical question is, can A.A. history be written by A.A.s as A.As? Evidently this is linked to the advocacy, local/regional/national, inside/outside, and top-down/bottom-up questions above. Actually, it breaks down into several parts. Can A.A.s write other than advocacy history if they write as A.A.s? But can non-A.A.s write local or regional or even national history, as distinct from biography? When Bill W. said that the true archives of A.A. are the stories of its members, was he in effect confining future A.A. history to anecdote? If A.A.s are writing as A.A.s, can they go beyond whatever level in the A.A. structure they are familiar with (the implicit answer being *No*)? None of these is the same thing as asking, Can A.A.s write the history of A.A.? They can and do, and they have access to sources of information to which non-A.A.s may not have access. And of course Dick B. is both an A.A. and member of the American Historical Association – and his historical works are written from inside and as by Dick B. Their purpose, as I think he would agree, is to argue for a particular point of view on what made early A.A. successful. Similarly, archivist/historian Wally P. went from writing his book on the history of A.A. intergroups to support of the "Back to Basics" movement founded by an old Oxford Grouper named (in A.A. terms) Jim H., sober since the day after Bill W. got sober.

The point is that A.A.s will write A.A. history from the inside, and unless they are trained historians, they will write it only from the inside. Moreover, if they are experienced only on a local level in A.A., the only A.A. history they can write as A.A.s is local history. In fact, there are no appointed "A.A. historians" although there are A.A. Archivists, on local, regional, and national levels – though it is true not all Archivists (and notably not the past G.S.O. Archivist nor her acting successor) are alcoholics. There are annual National Archives Workshops, which are neither exactly A.A. events nor not-A.A. events, but very few History & Archives Gatherings of the sort recently held in the Harrisburg area (in 2003 and 2004, skip a year for the International Convention, 2006 scheduled). This is an attempt to have historians (or other scholars) who work on the history of A.A. to present findings both historical and historiographical, fundamentally on a regional basis. A few of those who have appeared at these "Gatherings" are historians who are members of A.A., though not perhaps primarily historians of A.A. Others, like Mitch K., who wrote *How It Worked* (a speaker in 2003), are scholars in other fields (not historians) who have written A.A. history. But *How It Worked* is advocacy history, and this reminds us that, for members of A.A., the principal matter at hand is staying sober, not writing history. A current small-scale project is being carried on out at Benedictine College in Kansas, by Professor Maria Swora, to determine what value A.A.s interested in A.A. history place on that history – the results should be interesting, if the study is sufficiently large and rigorous to make them more than anecdotal.

Review/Conversation on Trysh Travis, *The Language of the Heart*

Trysh Travis, *The Language of the Heart: A Cultural History of the Recovery Movement from Alcoholics Anonymous to Oprah Winfrey* (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 2009, xviii + 357 pp., \$29.95).

Review and a Conversation between Jane S. and the Editor

Jane S. – Ms Travis speaks to all of us, patients and doctors, mothers and fathers, lovers and friends, and even (though this may not be her design) to alcoholics, drunk or sober, everywhere. She talks about the Language of the Heart, which we in A.A. know to be Love. And for those of us who haven't learned this before, now would be a good time to learn it. We have known love songs to tell us "Love is the answer" and "Love is eternal." We start from the outside, then to our minds, and then to our hearts and souls.

Editor – It sounds like you're saying that if alcoholics *internalize* Trysh's message, it should aid them in their recovery.

Jane S. – Yes, and I think especially so in A.A. Someone in A.A. (but it holds beyond A.A.) mentioned to me years ago that "Love" is spelled "S-E-R-V-I-C-E" and that's what, in a way, this book spells out for us. It has a number of photographs, illustrations, cartoons – and the very first picture is "The Man on the Bed" – the famous picture from the beginning of Alcoholics Anonymous (actually, from the beginning of A.A. in Philadelphia, where I come from), the terribly sick man on the bed in the Hospital surrounded by three sober alcoholics, there for the sole purpose of helping him, and in that, remaining sober.

Editor – You say this is an academic book, not expressly written for alcoholics, indeed written in large part for students and scholars of the recovery movement, and yet, you say, it should be useful to alcoholics.

Jane S. – Well, I've read it, and I've found it informative and helpful, and I've been a sober alcoholic for nearly forty years. My prayer is that others in the Fellowship will read it, too – and perhaps especially women. There's good material on the origins of the Twelve Steps, to be read with profit by both men and women, but Trysh has done her work so well and read so widely that in places the book is written as though almost from the inside, and it is written by a woman interested in and knowledgeable about women's issues (sorry – I really don't like the word "issues" but it's probably the best word to use here). Today so much of the advice given to alcoholics – especially perhaps to women alcoholics – is not based on real knowledge of the subject. Alcoholics of either sex do not respond well to statements they know instinctively are not true or at least not based on experience from the inside. But Trysh has read the collection of Bill W.'s writings in the *A.A. Grapevine* – indeed, she borrowed their title, *The Language of the Heart* – and she's read the "Big Book" and the *12&12* and other *Grapevine* materials, and other books published by A.A. World Services, and she's made good use of them. And of non-Conference-approved meditation books like Richmond W's *Twenty-Four Hours a Day*, and Ed W's *Little Red Book*, which a lot of us use, particularly the *Twenty-Four Hours* book.

The Editor – Is there any place where you find her insights particularly useful or enlightening?

Jane S. – I can't say about her use of Oprah's *Men and Masculinities*, but where I found her particularly interesting was in her discussion of *Each Day a New Beginning*, Hazelden's book of meditations for women. You know, I'm working on a book on Alcoholic Women, and her discussion of the importance of *Each Day's* (Unity Church / "New Age") concentration on our Higher Power as within us, against the traditional (but not exclusive) A.A. view of the Higher Power outside of us (both are true, of course – I think) really explains some things I've wondered about over the years since that book first came out – the huge concentration on feelings and the fact that the book doesn't seem to be specifically for alcoholics and the whole business of journaling and turning over one's feelings again and again. But if we're supposed to look inside ourselves for our Higher Power – our God, in fact – that's where we're going to be looking generally, and that's directing our attention to ourselves rather than to others – and love and service both look toward others.

The Editor – I see why you're excited about Trysh's book. Is there anything else you think is important about this inner-directedness of women's meditations as exemplified by *Each Day a New Beginning*?

Jane S. -- Yes. It also leads toward treating A.A. meetings as Group Therapy – and group therapy these days often involves response to the therapist's suggestions that the group write down their feelings, that they "prioritize" their needs in relation to other people's thoughts and roles and boundaries and discuss all that in the group. I daresay these treatments may work for those involved in divorce or separation or anxiety or mourning or grief – they may be very helpful to these groups but not to an alcoholic. Alcoholism is an illness, and you generally don't try to talk or journal patients out of illnesses. I think one of the strengths of Trysh's book is that it doesn't confuse group therapy with the talk at an A.A. meeting. I believe A.A. meetings are not designed to be an opportunity for "Can you top this?" – instead, the focus is to be on how to live and not take a drink today. I think you talked about the difference between Group Therapy and A.A. meetings in your book, and gave a little history on it.

The Editor – Yes, group therapy for alcoholics was tried during and immediately after the Second World War, in New Haven, in connection with the Yale School and Yale Center. The transcripts of a number of these sessions appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Alcohol Studies* and they make two things clear. First, it would seem that group therapy (of this kind, at least) could never by itself be a generally effective path to sobriety. Second, this group therapy was designed (even as early as 1943) to be a supplement to, not a substitute for, Alcoholics Anonymous.

In the late 1940s in New York City, Marty M. directed a number of women from the City and suburban New Jersey, Westchester County (New York, where Bill W. lived), and even Fairfield County, Connecticut, to group sessions with a Sullivanite therapist, Dr. Frank Hale. They called themselves *Hale's Hearties*: they went to their own A.A. meetings, but they also went to their weekly sessions with Dr. Hale. They had their own individual sponsors, though I believe Marty M. sponsored several of them at least briefly – and she was the one who insisted on the difference between meetings and group therapy. And remember, Sullivanite group therapy provided consensual validation from the therapist, then from the *guided* group. This was not at all the same thing as the

acting-out of encounter groups, or the “dumping” and “venting” of groups in “rehab” or the same as intensive outpatient therapy in groups meeting with counselors – or, unfortunately, in A.A. groups focusing on the inner alcoholic or inner child. Once there were enough women (in this case) with long enough sobriety to serve as sponsors and to play a significant part in A.A. groups and meetings, the perceived need for this kind of Sullivanite therapy declined. As I said in the book, with the vitamins fully available, so to speak, the vitamin supplement was shelved.

Jane S. – Yes! A.A. meetings replaced even Sullivanite group therapy. Meetings *replaced* group therapy; they *weren't* group therapy. They *aren't* group therapy. They're a spiritual endeavor – but if the only thing you do spiritually is look inside yourself or try to psychoanalyze yourself or others, that's not spiritual. You may have given me a little more answer than I needed. Perhaps I should mention that Trysh's book isn't really complicated and her sentences and paragraphs are shorter than yours just now – mostly short enough for alcoholics, many of whom get bored easily with something that doesn't seem to be immediately practical.

I think her major insight and the major importance of her book for people getting and staying sober (which of course isn't its original purpose), lies in her analysis of the feminization of A.A. from what actually was a far more gender-balanced approach than we had a right to expect from Bill W. in 1935-1939.

Here's one passage (pp. 162-163) I find particularly important – though the entire discussion of *Each Day* (pp. 154-164) is valuable: “[T]he degree to which [the book] emphasized the oneness of divine and human changed the nature of Step 11's ‘conscious contact with God’... ‘prayer and meditation’ now became a conscious turning inward to the deepest ... self.... *Each Day* asserted the need to ‘trust our inner yearnings’ (13 February), ‘let the inner guide direct our behavior’ (18 February), and ‘listen to this special ‘inner voice’” (11 August).

“Step 11's mandate to seek ‘through prayer and meditation ... God's will for us’ and ‘the power to carry it out’ [became] a commitment to ‘slowing down, going within our center, listening to the message therein’ (17 July).” Trysh makes it very clear to me why, already more twelve years sober in through A.A. when the book came out, I didn't and don't care for *Each Day a New Beginning* and the attitude of women's A.A. groups who use it, and the “spirituality” of the women who choose it.

The irony is that *The Little Red Book*, and even Bill W., replaced what Trysh calls (p. 85) the normative masculine self with a self in relation – a point Gregory Bateson noted a long time ago, There wasn't any need to let go of that and spend time looking inside us for a divine spark much more evident in “the self in relation” – in other words, Love and Service. Not self-love and self-service.

You know, I ended my book (*Q&A: Alcoholism and Sobriety*) with a prayer, and I'll end this comment and conversation with a prayer – that all who read this book with this in mind will find answers for themselves and those they love who suffer with the disease of alcoholism – and with love – Jane S.

OLLA PODRIDA

THE SOCIAL STATUS OF "ASA" BRAINARD AND THE PROBLEM OF DRINK IN THE EARLY NABBP

Not long ago I read, on a listserv dedicated to quite another area, a note from a member that he had visited Jim Creighton's grave in Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn. Jim Creighton (1841-1862) was, as baseball historians know, the first superstar of baseball, almost certainly the first professional, star pitcher for the Brooklyn Excelsior, who died (it is said) apparently of the effects of a full slugger's swing of the bat with his hands widely separated after the style of 1862. He was the first fastball pitcher and began, if he did not live to finish, the revolution which converted the Knickerbocker game of (say) 1846 into the National League game of 1876. But he needed, of course, a catcher who could catch his revolutionary (and some said illegal) pitch, and that catcher, not a superstar, but certainly with a claim to be baseball's first star, was Joe Leggett (1828-1894). And when Jim Creighton died, his successor on the mound, and the star pitcher for the first all-professional team, the Cincinnati Red-stockings of 1869-70, was "Asa" Brainard (1839-1888): I put the "Asa" in quotation marks because his name was actually Asahel (in some versions) or Asel (in others). But though he was apparently baseball's greatest (or even only great) pitcher from the death of Jim Creighton to the start of the National Association (of Professional Baseball Players) in 1871, his career not only tailed off but virtually collapsed after his time with the Red-stockings.

That I had known, but my friend's walk through Green-Wood prompted me to try to find out more about Leggett and Brainard. And because I am a genealogist as well as an historian, I began asking questions about their family background, and particularly Brainard's. (Leggett's family history leads didn't go very far, though what I learned turned out to be relevant for this article.) I was greatly aided by the discovery of a little book written by Brainard's niece (Edith Vail Taylor, *Among Those Present*, Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1947). Edith Vail Taylor (1870-1955) was the second daughter of Redelia Brainard Vail (1834-192?) and James Everett Vail (1834-1907), who were married in New York City on February 19, 1858.

In her memoir, Edith Vail Taylor writes of her grandmother (Asa Brainard's mother, Sarah Ann Kenyon Brainard 1811-1896): "When grandmother was a young matron, she was most susceptible to severe and prolonged colds during a long winter and the spring floods. The physicians recommended a milder and more even climate; so the family moved from Albany to the city of New York [this was in 1844]. Grandmother claimed she felt a great benefit after the move.... For a while, she told me, they lived on the Battery, in New York, overlooking our beautiful harbor. There were rows of spacious dwellings ... windows facing the street adorned with fine lace curtains and overhung with heavy satin brocaded draperies.... The shades or blinds were left up in the evenings, after the lamps and candles were lighted, so that passers-by might see these cheery rooms, a custom we in later generations were taught to adopt" (p. 10).

"Grandmother possessed the happy faculty of never seeming old. Her heart was young and no social function was quite complete without her. She was far from Victorian, yet she had a sincere admiration for the Queen of that era and the members of

her family. So freely did she call them by name ... that somehow as a child I always thought of Queen Victoria and grandmother as kinsfolk. Actually, my family was on speaking terms with certain royal families. Grandfather had entertained the Duke of Beaufort at his summer home.... My parents had welcomed Sir James Home, a tall young man who at on a fragile Louis XVI chair in our drawing room, broke the back off it, and landed on the floor with his long legs in the air ...” (p. 11).

“My mother ... delighted me in telling about the time she went with her father to hear Jenny Lind sing at Castle Garden.... She also went to the Crystal Palace situated on Fifth Avenue where the New York Public Library now stands. She attended the Christy Minstrels and visited the Barnum’s Museum, and Niblo’s Garden. My parents were married in 1858 ... and their honeymoon was spent in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. During their stay in the latter city they attended an evening reception in the White House. It was in President James Buchanan’s administration, and his youthful and attractive niece, Harriet Lane, acted as mistress of the Executive Mansion for her bachelor uncle. My mother told of the crowding into the dining room, and her caution in staying in an anteroom during supper, lest she spoil her moiré and satin bridal gown.... Then someone reached over her shoulder to pass a glass of claret punch and spilled it all over the wedding dress. It could never be worn again.... During the Civil War my mother did her bit, after having seen her brother and other members of her family march off in the ranks to answer their country’s call ...” (pp. 13-14).

“Grandmother and I ... being such kindred spirits ... I felt it a privilege to be in her company, and was always delighted when asked to accompany her when she visit old friends and acquaintances ... Mrs. Ulysses Simpson Grant, widow of our Union Army General ... was one of the most perfect hostesses and brilliant conversationalists it has been my good fortune to meet. Grandmother’s favorite nephew had been a member of President Grant’s cabinet, so there was a natural bond of interest between these two highly patriotic Americans – and much to discuss. Owing to grandmother’s handicap of extreme deafness, Mrs. Grant proved her kindly thoutfulness by sitting near her and speaking in a tone she could hear, realizing that the rest of us could follow the conversation should we so desire ...” (pp. 21-22).

My first question on reading this was, “Who was the favorite nephew?” It was Jacob Dolson Cox, Jr. (1828-1900), son of Sarah Kenyon Brainard’s sister Redelia Kenyon Cox (1804-18??) and Jacob Dolson Cox Sr. (1792-1852). Jacob Dolson Cox, Jr., was a graduate of Oberlin, intended for the ministry, married Oberlin President Charles Grandison Finney’s daughter, was an educator in the 1850s and a founder of the Ohio Republican Party, passed the bar, was a Major-General in the Civil War, Governor of Ohio Jan 1 1866 to Dec 31 1867, then moved to Cincinnati to practice law, was Secretary of the Interior under Grant 1869-70, later a one-term Congressman, a well-known author on the Civil War and President of the University of Cincinnati and for a quarter-century Trustee of Oberlin. Presumably he was one of the members of Edith’s mother’s family, besides her brother, who marched off to the War.

Now Edith’s mother had three brothers, Leonard Whitmore Brainard Jr. (1836-1888), “Asa” Brainard (1839-1888), and Harrison Brainard (1842-1881), all three of whom played baseball in the days of the Brooklyn Excelsior and the National Association of Base-Ball Players (NABBP). But we have a Civil War record only for Leonard Jr. and that as a Lieutenant of the 52nd NY National Guard (30-Day regiment) briefly in 1863

(which is scarcely marching off in the ranks). But the suggestion is that only Leonard, the least of the brothers so far as baseball was concerned, was the only one to serve in the Ar, and “Asa” and “Harry” did not. (Note that Catcher Joe Leggett went off as a Lieutenant in the Spring of 1861, with many of the Excelsiors, so many in fact – and he being President of the Club – that the club season was cancelled, and Creighton and the others who didn’t serve went to other clubs for the season. Redelia Kenyon Brainard Vail’s other sister, Sarah Brainard Ayers (or Ayres or Ayer) married a young New York architect (Henry F.) and had one son, Henry B., born in 1862.

“Asa” (or “Ace” or “Acey”) Brainard, and “Harry” (Harrison), and Leonard, played with the Excelsior in 1862 and Asa and Harry also in 1863 and 1864. Eventually Asa was with the Knickerbockers, then the Washington Nationals (who beat the Cincinnati Red-stockings in 1868), and then with Cincinnati in 1869 and 1870. Aaron Champion, the President of the Red-Stockings, has left an account (possibly accurate) of his signing Asa Brainard: “His engagement with the Reds came about in this way. In the spring of 1868, I went east to get Fred Waterman, who was then with the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, to play third base for us...A young man named Brainard...was being talked about as the coming second baseman, and I determined to get him too. I found him clerking in a shirt store. He was a fashionable dresser, a perfect gentleman in manners, and from his appearance not at all a ballplayer. But he was shy, and I dickered with him some days before I got him...and he headed to Cincinnati in May.” (Harrison Brainard was the second-baseman; Asa an established pitcher, for what that is worth.)

When the National Association of Professional Baseball Players came into being in 1871, one might have expected “Asa” Brainard to be the same kind of ornament to the Association that he had been to the Red-stockings, but it was not to be. Leonard Brainard Jr. was in Albany, as a steamboat inspector, following his father’s footsteps. Harry Brainard was clerking in a hotel out on Long Island, and with that Census entry disappears from history until his death in 1881 (and that date is from his gravestone in Green-Wood, not from any newspaper account that I have found). The sisters did well; the cousins did well; but Leonard and Sarah Kenyon Brainard’s sons seem to have been drifting gilded youth, and even at this point in the story, I began to consider alcohol as a factor. And then I read further.

Here is Aaron Champion again: “Asa was the ‘dude’ of that period in the history of professional ball playing, that is he was fond of dress, liked to win the admiration of the ladies, and, in fact, was the [Don Juan] of the Red Stocking nine.” As a later historian noted, his attire and manners had an English flair prompting Cincinnatians to dub him the “Count.” He had a big mustache with a full beard (or sometimes muttonchops) and an ample head of hair parted just to the left of center. The historian further observes that while Brainard was in fact something of a Don Juan, not long after joining the Red-stockings he fell ill from what was said to be small pox. “At the time he was lodging at the Truman residence on Pike Street. William Truman, deceased, was a partner in the printing firm of Truman and Smith, publishers of the successful McGuffey Reader series. The Trumans were big baseball fans; the daughters Margaret and Mary even made baseballs for local Cincinnati clubs. Mary nursed Brainard back to health, and they were soon married, just prior to the 1869 season. They had one child, a son named Truman. The boy died young in January 1879. Upon his death, it became known publicly that

Brainard had abandoned the family after leaving the Red Stockings and never remitted any support. Mary eventually was granted a divorce.”

I quote from the Society for American Baseball Research on-line biography of Brainard (from which this previous material has also been taken): “After the disbanding of the club, certain aspects of Brainard’s behavior came to light as the men reminisced on their fine seasons. Harry Wright had trouble controlling Asa, who was a night owl and heavy drinker. According to researcher David Q. Voight, Brainard was ‘difficult to manage’ and ‘complained of imaginary ailments’ to get out of work. The latter charge probably had much to do with the carousing and subsequent hangovers and weariness. Wright exclaimed that the pitcher was the biggest violator on the club for being absent or late and complaining of illness. He hated practice and begged off at every opportunity. At times, the manager had to threaten, cajole or berate his pitcher to get him in the frame of mind for competition. Occasionally, Wright would just take the mound himself.

“All in all, Brainard was a good teammate, though perhaps a handful for his manager. He’d sing on the trains to entertain his fellow players and passengers, and he always seemed to be able to lure a teammate or two for a night on the town. Some considered him a bit eccentric, though. As George Wright put it, he had ‘odd notions.’ For example, Wright described one incident in the middle of a game Brainard threw the ball at a rabbit that crossed the field. This allowed two men to score as the ball and rabbit both scampered away. The pitcher’s base running style was unique as well. As author James L. Terry exclaimed, it ‘bordered on the vaudevillian.’

To bring the story to its sad conclusion, Brainard had an unsuccessful record in the National Association, with no winning season, from 1871 to 1874. He ran a cigar shop and pool hall on the side (he was a skilled pool player), and, to quote the SABR biography again, “by the late 1870s, Brainard was living in Philadelphia running another pool hall. He returned to New York by the early 1880s and managed an archery club on Staten Island. Around this time, he married the daughter of Henry F. Vail, the president of the National Bank of Commerce of New York City. Henry’s brother James [James Everett Vail 1834-1907] was married to Brainard’s sister Redelia. By 1887, Brainard moved to Denver to manage the billiard hall at the Markham Hotel. He died on December 29, 1888. According to the *Rocky Mountain News*, ‘After an illness of only three days, Asa Brainard, the well-known and popular superintendent of the Markham Hotel billiard room, succumbed to a fierce attack of acute pneumonia.’ He was interred at Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn [where his date of death is wrongly given as 1889 on his gravestone].

From the marble halls and lace and brocade of Antebellum New York Society, to running a pool-hall in a hotel in Denver, there seems to have been a downward path not coincidentally marked by alcohol – and, it would appear, by alcoholic drinking. One wonders what his cousin, ex-Governor Cox (practicing law in Cincinnati), thought of his pitching professionally (for Cincinnati). “Grandmother” Brainard (Asa’s mother) wrote letters to her family all over and surely to her favorite nephew – but of course she may simply have written Asa and Harry off – they may have disappeared beyond her ken. I doubt it. And whatever may have been the connection (if any) between ex-Governor (Secretary) Cox and Aaron Champion, we know that the first Red-stockings President, Alfred Goshorn, Director of Cincinnati Business Expositions from 1869, Director of the Great Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, knighted by Queen Victoria, moved

very much in Grandmother Brainard's and Redelia Barnard Vail's circles. How did Asa wind up in Denver? Did it have anything to do with the fact that the Irish-born manager of the hotel, Bernard Slack (b. 1843) was a neighbor of Jim Creighton's in the Irish community in Brooklyn in 1860 (when Bernard was 17, Creighton 19)?

Two minor genealogical mysteries I have found connected with the Brainard family. First, there is no record of a marriage by Leonard Jr. or Harrison, but in the next generation there is found a Harrison Brainard (a/k/a Harry White, born ca 1873 in Albany NY) who served in the U.S. Army in the first decade of the twentieth century, and was living in an old soldiers' home in Los Angeles in 1934 when a bill was introduced in Congress for his relief (by Representative Duncan of Missouri). Our Harry Brainard's name is recorded as Harrison Whitmore Brainard, and Harry White would be a natural alias from that, so there would seem to be a family connection. The Albany birthplace suggests Leonard Whitmore Brainard Jr. as the father. All three Brainard brothers are buried in the Brainard plot in Green-Wood – no wives. Second, I want to know more about the reported marriage of Asa to James Everett Vail's sister – the only Vail sister whose marriage I have been unable to trace is Mary Vail, a couple of years older than Asa, and since Mary was the name of Asa's first wife and James E. Vail was already Asa's brother-in-law – having married Asa's sister, without any need for Asa to have married his – and since Asa was by this time a ne'er-do-well of significant dimensions, I'm curious about this marriage.

One final point on alcoholism (or at least inebriety) is suggested by the career of Joe Leggett – the Brainard brothers were not alone in their problem, if this was their problem. Joseph Bowne Leggett was born Jan. 14, 1828, in Albany; died at Dickinson, Galveston Co., Texas, July 25, 1894. He was married at Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, Nov. 27, 1867, to Alice E. Marks, born Feb. 13, 1847, in London. They had two sons and one daughter: son Harry A. Leggett, b. Oct. 19, 1868; d. Aug. 8, 1869, daughter Estelle (Stella) Leggett, b. Aug. 10, 1870, who married June 21, 1898, Dr. Hallock R. Maine, b. April 23, 1865; d. June 13, 1902, and had a son Hallock A. Maine, b. July 25, 1899; and son Arthur, b. Aug. 4, 1872; d. June 7, 1891. Almost ten years after his baseball career was over, Joe was appointed Excise Clerk in Brooklyn, some time before the end of 1876, when he apparently fled with \$1000 he had embezzled. His wife and children moved out of their house or apartment on Monroe St. The next we hear of him is in two news stories in the Brooklyn *Eagle* in 1887 and 1889 -- it looks as though he may have been on the run for a while. His death in Texas may, of course, have been death in prison. The January 2, 1887, item ("Reminiscences of Old Base Ball Clubs and Players") includes the line "Joseph Leggett we saw come out of the City Hall a few weeks ago." The December 15, 1889, item ("Base Ball in Its Infancy") includes the line "while Joe Leggett is – well, I will be silent for old time's sake." The explanation may be found in the Brooklyn *Union-Argus*, January 4, 1878: "Joe Leggett, the runaway clerk of the Excise Bureau, is still wanted at Police Headquarters. His whereabouts is a mystery. In consequence of his sudden and improvident departure his wife was obligated a few days before New Year's to give up her residence in Monroe Street, and she and her children are now boarding with friends. She is spoken of as a lady in every sense of the term, and in addition to having the disgrace of dishonesty in her husband thrust upon her, she has been obliged to suffer the misfortune of being compelled to dispose of her household effects. Leggett's best friends are loud in their denunciation of his misconduct,

and loud in their praise of his wife's fortitude under crushing trial." His wife (or by then widow) was in Washington DC drawing his pension in 1899, and in 1905 was teaching at the Brentwood School in the District. In the 'teens (she died in 1917) she was living with her daughter Stella Maine, a teacher in the Washington DC public schools, who apparently outlived her son Hallock A. Maine.

The 13th NY (of which Joe Leggett was Adjutant in 1861 and Quartermaster in 1863) was defending Harrisburg PA (I live in nearby Elizabethtown) during the Gettysburg Campaign – he was elected Major at that time and is so listed in a 1908 Army history, but the 13th was in for only thirty days, so his Majority was brief. Nonetheless, far from having not served, as some have suggested, Joe Leggett was indeed a Major of Volunteers. But by now he was old for baseball, and somehow the world seems to have gotten away from him. He married twenty-year-old Alice Marks in 1867, and in 1870 was living with her and his mother-in-law (one year older than he) in Rockland County, New York, unemployed. By 1876 he was on the run, and by late 1886 had been seen back in court. I have no proof that he was an alcoholic or even an inebriate, but as Thoreau said, certain circumstantial evidence is very persuasive, as when one finds a trout in the milk (someone has been watering the milk).

"Joe" Leggett's social position was not as high as "Asa" Brainard's, but he fell further. Unlike Asa, he was not an open professional (reminding us of the contemporary British distinction between "Gentlemen" and "Players"), though he was almost certainly involved in professionalism with Creighton. His importance here, with the Brainards, is to suggest the desirability of looking for evidences of problem drinking in very early baseball. Asa Brainard was a gilded New York youth who died of pneumonia running a pool room in a Denver hotel; Joe Leggett, ten years (or more) older, was a solid citizen before the War and a Major in the War, who died a convicted felon after he had been given an excise clerk's job through political influence because no one would hire him in any other position; Jim Creighton died at twenty-one after an improbable accident. They made up baseball's first two great batteries (two pitchers, one and the same catcher) – and of the three, one certainly, another probably, and another just possibly, came to untimely and unfortunate ends through drink. It might set one to thinking. It might even set one to further research. – *The Editor*

Note: Jane S.'s New Book Needs Alcoholic Women's Stories

As noted in *CASQ* Vol. IV no. 1, Jane S. who was with us at our meetings in Providence, is preparing a new book on alcoholic women and is looking for women's stories of their struggle with alcoholism – women of all backgrounds, women who got sober through A.A., or by other means. She can be reached by email at janie100570@comcast.net.