



**THE BOTTLE
BOOK:**
**ALCOHOLICS
ANONYMOUS**
comes to the
**BC/YUKON
AREA**

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS COMES TO THE BC/YUKON AREA

THE BOTTLE BOOK:

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS COMES TO THE BC/YUKON AREA

Published by the BC/Yukon Area 79 Archives Committee

Second Edition

Revised 2007

Second Printing 2008

Third Printing 2018

Pdf version to Area 79 Website 2021 by Panel 71 Literature Committee

Contact Information

BC/Yukon Area 79

P.O. Box 42114

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V5S 4R5

Phone/Fax (604) 435-2181

www.bcyukonaa.org

Table Of Contents

PREFACE	3
The First Letter	4
The Candyman	8
The Long Twelfth-Stepper	11
The Classified Ad	14
The Early Four	18
Growing Pains*	21
The Yukon Story	27
The Loner	33
Where The Bottle Originated	37

PREFACE

It was a strange combination of events and people that brought Alcoholics Anonymous to British Columbia.

First there was the expert in films and slides in Victoria who wrote the AA office in New York in 1941, got a Big Book and stayed sober.

Then there was the compassionate candymaker, a teetotaller, whose wife had died of alcoholism in the late 1930s, and whose simple faith inspired him to persuade his brother-in-law in Sacramento to make a Twelfth Step call in Vancouver 1,000 miles away. Working with the candymaker was a group of prayer-oriented Vancouver businessmen and a clergyman, who met weekly in an exclusive club for dinner, after which they discussed spiritual matters.

Finally, coming to the scene in 1944 were four men — two salesmen, an optometrist and a soldier — filled with the fire of gratitude for sobriety, who visualized the AA fellowship throughout British Columbia and the Canadian west. It was their energy, dedication and enthusiasm that spread the AA message throughout western Canada.

There were others, of course, hundreds of them, but it was these four who, by their example, gave the dynamic leadership needed to steamroll the drive.

The First Letter

He was at home, shaking, sweating, his nerves taut. The previous night had been a nightmare: sleep almost impossible; the darkness endless but compatible with the black depression which encompassed him.

In his hand was a clipping from a Reader's Digest of unknown date. It told of a band of people who had found a means of staying sober. They called themselves Alcoholics Anonymous and their address was P.O. Box 459, New York, New York. He studied the clipping, and the horrors of escapades and recoveries over the past twenty years wracked him: each drunk a little worse; each recovery more depressing. A terrible loneliness filled him. The future was bleak; how much longer could he go on? How many more recoveries could he endure? A determination crept over him - to try something, anything?

He studied the clipping, and the horrors of escapades and recoveries over the past twenty years wracked him: each drunk a little worse; each recovery more depressing. A terrible loneliness filled him. The future was bleak; how much longer could he go on? How many more recoveries could he endure?

A determination crept over him — to try something, anything!

The time was February 1941. The man was a Victorian, expert in films and slides, whose vocation took him throughout British Columbia and the Yukon. He was Charles William M., variously known as Charlie or Bill. He was 40 years old.

His hand trembled as he grabbed the pen and wrote a few words of inquiry to Alcoholics Anonymous at the New York post office address, and the next day he posted the letter.

As a subscriber to Saturday Evening Post he was elated when the March edition carried the Jack Alexander piece on Alcoholics Anonymous. It filled him with hope. Maybe the answer lay here, he thought. In mid-April, a letter and a package arrived by mail from New York.

The letter was from Ruth Hock, AA's first national secretary, who, with co-founder Bill W., his wife Lois and a handful of volunteers, was attempting to cope with the flood of inquiries the Alexander piece had produced. AA records that six thousand alcoholics came to the fellowship that year!

The package contained a red-covered book inscribed "Alcoholics Anonymous".

There was no bill for the book, but Charlie later sent a donation to New York for it.

Charlie was the first Victorian, the first British Columbian and the first alcoholic in western Canada to write New York for help. He believes he might have been the first Canadian to get help by mail from New York.

In midsummer, another letter arrived from Ruth, explaining the delay in replying to his earlier inquiry, telling him that a minister in Toronto was endeavouring to get an AA group going there, and suggesting that if he was in Toronto on a weekend, he might look up the group. But the distance was too great and it would take too long to get there by rail.

One day he received a telephone call from the head of a trust company in Victoria, asking him about his experience in leaving alcohol alone and advising him that one of his employees desperately needed help.

Charlie met and talked to the employee. Today he is sober and heads a branch of the trust company in eastern Manitoba. Others came Charlie's way. He talked to all. Some stayed sober; others slipped away. All came from the Greater Victoria area.

Not a religious man, Charlie nevertheless associated himself with an Anglican minister, the Rev. George Biddle, who made available to him one of two small buildings in his churchyard. It was here that Charlie talked to his recruits.

The message that AA worked was passed by word of mouth and Charlie received periodic requests for help from alcoholics, their spouses, their friends or their employers.

Charlie responded to all pleas. Some alcoholics met with him and sobered up; others came and drifted away.

In June of 1945, at a meeting of the small group that met in the building in the churchyard, the members decided to seek guidance from the Vancouver members and to invite a few to attend their meeting. The expense was borne by John G., one of those Charlie was working with, who had great empathy with newcomers and who could get enough of the AA message through to the hearts of the neophytes that they became sober, but who himself could not last in sobriety longer than 18 months.

Two members came from Vancouver, and as a result the Victoria Chapter No. 1 was organized; an advertisement was placed in The Victoria Times, Victoria's afternoon newspaper; a post office box was obtained; and a news story about Alcoholics Anonymous and the Victoria chapter was published. Membership in the fledgling group grew.

When the group outgrew the facilities at the church, the chapter moved to The Jokers, a hall on Langley Street.

By the fall of 1947, the group's growth had made it necessary to split. The numbers were too great and the attendant problems too severe. Two groups were born: Beacon Hill and Metropolitan. The Victoria chapter disappeared. All subsequent groups grew out of these.

The early Victoria members were avid Twelfth-Steppers, and John G. and others frequently travelled up-island to help bring the message in response to a plea for help. Others were helped by mail and invited to attend meetings in Victoria from up-island points.

The AA telephone number was obtained, with the phone located in the home of Alex A., an early secretary, and when the Alano Club was opened at 1402 Broad Street on New Year's Day, 1949, the first intergroup office was opened in the club and a secretary hired at \$25 a month. By that time, the growth had become such that nine groups were functioning in Victoria. Later, for an eleven-month period, the phone was located in the home of Kay G., one of the early AA members. Finally, a telephone answering service was used. Today, a paid secretary is employed, and volunteers and a telephone answering service are also used.

The first venture into public information was not too successful. The groups decided to concentrate on the medical doctors in the area to let them know of the AA success. Pamphlets outlining the Alcoholics Anonymous program were mailed to 155 doctors, with volunteers addressing the envelopes.

Not one doctor responded!

Later, Kay G. and Dan P., an enthusiastic, energetic AA member, spoke to young people's groups, church groups and others.

Both The Times and The Daily Columnist carried periodic news stories about AA. The Victoria members were fortunate to enjoy the friendship and help of Dr. Douglas Earl Alcorn, a psychiatrist, who had spent a year studying alcoholism after completing his medical and psychiatric training and who was in charge of the Bay Pavilion, now the Eric Martin Institute of Psychiatry, located adjacent to historic Royal Jubilee Hospital.

Early in 1945, a bed was made available to male alcoholics in the pavilion. Women were admitted for a brief time, but after one unfortunate incident, the practice was stopped. Several early members used their homes to care for alcoholics until they got well enough to look after themselves.

The Candyman

The Candyman was Charles Welch, long-time Vancouver resident and successful advertising man, and president and managing director of the company that bore his name.

His life had been marked by tragedy. His wife was an alcoholic whose fight against the illness had ended only with her death in the late 1930s. From his agonizing over her plight, he had learned compassion and gained a conviction that somewhere, someplace, somehow, there was an answer to alcoholism. He knew the pain, suffering and frustration of one who helplessly watched the one he loved make promises that were not kept, being driven by an invisible force again and again into the flight from reality that marks the illness.

Charlie's wife had been a topnotch candymaker and it had been her skill and talent that they relied on to establish their business. However, each time the door of opportunity opened, she became involved with her friend Mrs. Wilhelmina B., a drunk followed, and the door was closed. But in their business there was some progress. He had little difficulty in disposing of his candies. Mrs. B. became an AA member after it was established in Vancouver.

His wife's brother, Roland McK. of Sacramento, had had a bad record with booze, and in 1938 he made contact with the fledgling Alcoholics Anonymous movement. He didn't succeed and his drinking continued to worsen, but for three years he persevered and finally, in 1941, sobriety came. With it came the insatiable urge to spread the word of hope that is AA, and to give away the program.

Charlie had kept in touch with members of his family in Los Angeles and Sacramento, learning first of Roland's struggles with the program and then, after 1941, his freedom from booze.

He had been in touch with New York while his wife was alive and had discovered the spiritual foundations on which the AA program is built. He kept in touch with the old Alcoholic Foundation (now the General Service Office) in New York for details and literature on the program, and he also sought literature and other material from Roland.

The conviction grew within him that spiritual healing could be the answer to alcoholism.

Sometime prior to 1944, Charlie met in the exclusive Terminal City Club with a small group of Vancouver businessmen and a clergyman, the Rev. J.W. Smith of Collingwood United Church. Others in the group included Frank P., Bill J., Bill R., Arthur C. and Fred T. Later they were joined by Dr. Iser Steinman following his discharge from the RCAF after the war.

The Rev. Mr. Smith became a staunch supporter of AA and many of the members today remember him for his wise counsel, his compassion and his humanity. He saw in the movement first-century Christianity at work.

For ten years Dr. Steinman attended to the needs of the alcoholics as they came to the fellowship, and many of them were so impressed with his interest and his skills that they remained his patients the rest of their lives.

Charlie Welch told the small group, after dinner one night, of his conviction that the grace of God could bring alcoholics to recovery.

He outlined to the group what he had learned about AA and discussed with them its spiritual concepts.

He told them there was a great need to get AA established in Vancouver. "We need a guinea pig," he told the group, and they knelt in prayer for guidance.

"The only way this thing can work is through prayer," he told the group each time they discussed his "project".

Weeks passed and finally, at one of the meetings, someone remembered a drunk who had come to the Oxford Group in the early 1930s and who had become sober and stayed sober for a number of years.

A search was started for the man, and finally he was located — on a bender, living on skid road, his home broken, his job gone, and deeply in debt.

The time was the early summer of 1944.

The Long Twelfth-Stepper

Charlie B., 45, a jobless Vancouver salesman, wakened painfully and slowly. The first sight was the cracked plaster on the ceiling of his skid-road room. In the corner, a piece of plaster still clung to the wall. One morning, he knew, it would be on the floor. The lonely light dangled from the ceiling and the sink in the corner was filthy. Empty bottles littered the floor.

He desperately needed a drink. His hands trembled; his stomach quavered; glistening sweat, first hot, then cold, covered him. He looked at the empties on the floor and thirstily sucked at each one for the dregs. Hopefully it would stay down. If not, the sink was not far away.

His mind raced in a myriad of confusing and conflicting thoughts. His wife, Mary, was at home... how he missed her... he longed to be with her... she wouldn't have him as long as he drank. His daughter, Mary Jean... she was three... how he loved her, wanted to caress and comfort her... how he needed a drink.

If only Mary would understand. He couldn't help himself. He just had to drink. He couldn't face the days without it. Once he started, nothing mattered except another drink.

If only he could go home... he needed another job... his job was gone again... that \$18,000 judgement against him for that car accident... the other debts.

His mind wandered into the past. He recalled the years he had been sober before he married. Even before that, he knew something was wrong. Every time he got drunk, things went all to pieces.

The Oxford Group had helped. He seemed all right as long as he stuck with them, but the war had stopped that.

There was the doctor he had called when he had that cold, who gave him the prescription with brandy in it. That was really the day his sobriety had ended.

He recalled his Biblical learnings, and they were extensive, and he knew from his own earlier life that Christian love could be expressed in anyone's life.

But he just had to have another drink. To hell with washing, to hell with shaving. He slithered into his clothes and left the sparsely furnished room in search of a bottle.

Later, he returned to the room with a bottle of fortified wine and started to consume it.

A knock came on the door.

When he answered, a man he had never seen before was framed in the doorway.

"I'm Roland from Sacramento," the stranger said. "I'm from Alcoholics Anonymous and I want to talk to you about AA. Do you want to stop drinking?"

"Yes," Charlie replied. "God knows how I want to stop. What can I do?" Tears welled in his eyes.

"More than anything else in the world?" Roland asked. "Yes. I'll do anything, anything," replied Charlie.

Roland handed him some literature and told him about the 12 steps.

To steady his hand, Charlie took a suck at the bottle, then he started to read. He took another pull at the bottle, then a fervour for what he was reading seized him and he figuratively devoured the contents of the literature that had been handed him. He grasped the 12 steps and Just for Today as a drowning man might grasp at a straw, and he stopped drinking.

The time was the summer of 1944.

Charlie yearned to be reunited with his family and, finally, on a holiday weekend, Mary agreed to meet with him. He pleaded with her to allow him to come home, but she was adamant. He gave her his copy of the Big Book and asked her to read it. A few days later, Charlie B. returned home.

His search for sobriety through AA began. He entered into it with a feverish zeal. As the days of his sobriety grew into weeks, he became filled with enthusiastic gratitude. Mary was as enthralled with AA as Charlie was enthusiastic and, over the years, their home became the centre of great AA activity.

He wrote the New York office and was advised that William M. (Charlie William M.) was an AA member in Victoria. Some AA literature was obtained and a few copies of the Big Book were secured.

Charlie Welch bankrolled the early expenses.

Charlie B. was introduced to the meetings of the small group in the Terminal City Club and, together, this one alcoholic, the teetotaler, the businessman and the clergyman discussed what was happening. Their meetings were marked with prayer.

The Classified Ad

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

This is a positive and permanent release without cost, inconvenience, or obligation. It is a free service, rendered in secret by other alcoholics who have found freedom through 'Alcoholics Anonymous'.

Write Post Office Box 464, Vancouver, B.C.

This classified advertisement first appeared in the Vancouver Province, the leading newspaper of the time, in the editions published Friday, November 16, 1944. It was paid for by Charlie Welch. It ran daily.

The first letter in response to the ad was from Victoria, dated November 17, 1944.

Charlie B. met with Charlie Welch and his small group to discuss how they should deal with the letter. All went to their knees and prayed for guidance. The letter was referred to the Victoria member, Charlie M.

Other letters arrived, and each was prayed over and then acted on.

On November 21, one arrived from H.M. (Hal) S., who was working at Rounds, a small logging settlement in the woods near Lake Cowichan. It was dated November 18, 1944. It read:

Dear Sir:

Your advertisement in the Daily Province interested me as I have become an alcoholic and suffered all the miseries attending excessive drinking. I have taken refuge in a logging camp where I hope to build up a resistance to overcome this weakness.

I am living in dread of Christmas as I know from years past the temptation to drink on this occasion. I hope I shall have the opportunity of meeting some of the Alcoholics Anonymous. I hope you will excuse the writing as I am nervous from a spell I have been on recently.

*Sincerely,
H.M.S*

Charlie wrote him and sent him a pamphlet ("Just For Today"). He told the group about the letter and they agreed Charlie should phone him and see him, the decision being taken after they had prayed for guidance.

Charlie then telephoned Hal long distance and arranged to meet him at 2 p.m. November 27, at the Riverside Hotel in Lake Cowichan.

On November 23, Hal replied this way:

Dear Charlie B.:

Thank you for your letter and the booklet enclosed. I read it and feel encouraged. I had hopes to remain in camp for the Christmas season but I hear now that they close down for a week. In that event I would come to Vancouver.

I should very much like to meet you. Your advice to look forward I am starting to practise. My past is a gloomy nightmare. I find certain salvation in work and in trying to plan a brighter future. I will let you know when I will be in Vancouver so we can arrange a meeting.

*Sincerely,
Harold S.
Rounds, B.C.*

After his meeting with Hal, Charlie noted in his record book: "November 27, 1944, met Mr. S. at Riverside Hotel, Cowichan Lake. I spent between one and two hours with him and left him in exceptionally fine spirits. He was very grateful for the opportunity of personal contact and he made a firm resolve to carry through the entire program. I feel that Mr. S. is absolutely sincere and have great hopes for him.

"I left him a copy of the AA book."

A later, undated, notation says the AA book was returned and on January 13, 1945, Mr. S. was listed as one of "our members".

Hal was most grateful for Charlie's venture and on December 10 wrote him:

Dear Charlie:

I wish to thank you for the trip you made over here to see me. I feel at the time I was rather feeble in my appreciation. It was a very generous and kind act which I feel did me a lot of good. It made me think, if a man will do that much for me, I should show that I am going to do my share. I read the book and it will arrive under separate cover as I mailed it today.

Thanks a lot. I wrote my mother a long letter telling of my experiences with AA. I feel she will be pleased. I have made arrangements to stay in camp for Christmas. I prefer this as I have several debts to discharge to get my house in order. I have been laid up with a form of stomach flu which has been prevalent here, and am feeling quite recovered.

*Best of luck.
Your friend,
Hal M.S.*

Charlie's first Twelfth-Step call succeeded. Hal stayed sober, joining the Vancouver chapter on his first visit to Vancouver in February 1945.

Notes of the meeting, held in Charlie Welch's home with 13 members present, state:

"Harold was asked to say a few words by the chairman. He stated that one thing which had given him confidence was the fact that an AA member had taken the time and trouble and expense to undertake a long motor trip to see him and for that reason it would be extremely difficult for him to disappoint such a member of the Fellowship for what he had done. Harold extended his thanks to Charlie for his aid and said that he was determined to carry out the program of AA to the best of his ability."

Harold continued his membership in several different groups in the interior of the province.

Charlie B. wasn't a man to waste opportunity. His call on Hal took him through Victoria, where he contacted Charlie M. and came home armed with the names of three potential members, two men and a woman. One was Charlie J.S., a lumberman, who played an important role in AA from the time he became sober until his death in Coos Bay, Oregon. His membership in Vancouver dated from April 1945, according to the records. This activity was typical of the fervour that marked Charlie B.'s life in AA. It was so efflorescent that it penetrated the hearts of those whose lives he touched and his recruits were activated to do as he did. A dynamic person, he spoke with apostolic zeal that was almost evangelical. He was a top salesman, good organizer and promoter.

He talked frequently about the day two letters arrived in early December. One was from Gordon J. Undated, it said:

Dear Sirs:

Anything you can do for me on this subject, I will thank you from the bottom of my heart. My wife has left me because of my drinking. My family is losing any respect they have for me on account of liquor. Please phone me any evening or write the above address. My age is 34.

Yours truly,

The other was from Everett G. Dated December 4, 1944, it stated:

In reference to your advertisement in the Daily Province concerning Alcoholics Anonymous; I would appreciate very much receiving particulars as I am in immediate need of help.

Yours very truly,

And on December 13, this from Fred H.:

I have recently spent three weeks at the Hollywood Sanatorium taking the cure and am interested in any further help which you may be able to give.

Your bureau interests me greatly and I am going to do my best not only to get help but also to give help to others.

I will anxiously await your reply so that we can get things under way as soon as possible.

The characters for the opening scene of a vibrant AA had now been brought into play.

The Early Four

Gordon, a salesman, struggled with the program for nearly two years and finally became sober. He was one of the few early members with an auto who had the means of getting coupons for gasoline, a requirement under wartime regulation, and he and his car were used on most of the early Twelfth-Step calls. Gordon, throughout his life in AA, remained an enthusiastic Twelfth-Stepper and his contribution to and influence on AA were great.

Everett, a soldier on wartime active duty in Vancouver, who became the first local secretary, also had a tremendous impact on the early members. His quiet sincerity touched many and his interest and enthusiasm for AA remained to the end of his life.

Fred, an optometrist, was another whose zeal for the fellowship was insatiable. Besides personal contacts, he gave many talks about AA in the area and was the first AA member in Vancouver to go on radio in a bid to carry the message. He died in the 1950s, but his enthusiasm and gratitude were with him as long as he lived.

Letters arrived almost daily from alcoholics, their wives, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and friends. They came from addresses in Vancouver, Victoria, Abbotsford, Steveston, Port Alberni, Duncan, New Westminster, Ocean Falls and Houston. In the first month, 32 such inquiries were received.

All were answered; AA booklets were sent and, where an alcoholic asked for help in the Lower Mainland area, personal contact was made.

The first four, and others who had responded to the ad and found hope for themselves from those they had talked to, stayed close together. They were afraid and knew their sobriety would stay only if they were with each other as much as possible.

They were in daily contact by telephone and many times during each week they met for coffee in cafes, restaurants and their homes.

Then the time seemed right that they should all be brought together, and arrangements were made to use the study of the Welch waterfront home on Point

Grey Road on Friday, December 15, 1944.

The weather worked against them. A heavy fog swirled in from the sea and travel to and from the city was restricted and difficult.

Charlie, Fred, Gordon and Everett made it to the Welch home and together with their host, Charlie Welch, they prayed and discussed their plight and decided that to survive they were going to need a group — a chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. A meeting to organize the chapter was set for Friday, January 12, 1945, in the Welch home.

Christmas and the festive season were approaching, always a hazardous time for each of them in the past. They leaned heavily on each other for support.

Charlie Welch came to their rescue. He invited each to his home on a memorable night between Christmas and new Year's. Each was asked to bring his wife or his girlfriend. The finest food was provided, served on the finest linens with the best sterling.

This marked the first of the wives' nights which were a monthly feature of AA in Vancouver for the next decade.

The wives remembered the evening the rest of their days.

The day of the meeting dawned with cloudy skies, a change from the rain that had swept Vancouver for the past several days.

The few neophytes concerned themselves with who would turn up. The street transportation was strikebound, with no streetcars or buses running. Few of those who might attend had cars and many lived a distance from the Welch home.

Eight alcoholics were at the meeting, although 32 inquiries had been received from the time the ad had been placed in the paper and the meeting held in the Welch study, when the decision was made to hold the January 12 meeting. Each day had brought other inquiries.

With Charlie Welch, they got on their knees and prayed for help in setting up a chapter.

Attending were Charlie B., Dennis M., Fred H., Everett G., Larry S., Gordon J., Pete M. and Jimmie. With Charlie B. elected as president, each was given a place on the executive committee or on the sick or entertainment committee, and the decision was made to appoint a new chairman to conduct each subsequent meeting. Selection would be on a rotating basis. Meetings would be on Fridays and a ladies' night meeting would be held each month.

Alcoholics Anonymous was on its way in Vancouver and, though they did not know it, the small group gave the impetus to the development of AA throughout British Columbia and the other western provinces.

Growing Pains*

Growth was slow and painful in AA in Vancouver, members employing only trial and error to find the right course.

Fear was their constant companion and serious mistakes in judgement were made, but the enthusiasm and gratitude of the first members kept them together.

The second meeting attracted nine members; the third, 12; the fourth, 11; the fifth, 13; and by June 1, 21 were attending the meeting.

The ad in the paper kept producing inquiries, and members had friends, acquaintances and relatives they knew should belong. Hollywood Sanatorium was also a constant source.

The sanatorium had a reputation throughout western Canada as a drying-out spot and a place for treatment for alcoholism. Drunks coming to the hospital were given a tumbler full of whiskey and a couple of sleeping pills or a needle to knock them out. For the next three days, they were given two ounces of whiskey each four hours of the waking day, as well as sedatives; and, to whet their appetites, insulin was given intramuscularly.

The sanatorium staff welcomed the early AA members. Several alcoholics met some of the early members while drying out, became sober through the meetings they attended, both while patients and after they dried out, then went home, determined to carry the AA message with them. Their efforts led to the establishment of groups in Edmonton, Calgary, Regina and other centres in the west.

As soon as possible after he returned home, the newly dried-out member received a visit from one or two of the Vancouver members and AA was given the shot in the arm needed in the area where the new member lived. Groups soon followed.

The early members in Vancouver carried two ounces of liquor with them whenever they went on a call, and later many of them bought mickeys to take with them. They also fed their recruits sleeping pills to ease them over the rough periods of withdrawal.

The liquor had some advantage. It helped establish in the neophyte's mind that here was a man or woman who really understood his suffering, and it helped to create the empathy needed to get him to a meeting.

One of the early members still recalls a slip he had. He was at home and a knock came on the door. Here was a fellow member calling on him to help. The fellow member poured two ounces of liquor, talked to him and left.

A short time later, another member arrived and poured him another two ounces; then another came and went through the same routine. Finally Charlie Welch arrived and he too carried a two-ounce bottle of his finest brandy. By the time the early member's wife returned home, he was staggering. It took him many months to convince her that he had never left the house that day.

Less successful alcoholics took advantage of the AA members' generosity, and ultimately the practice was abandoned.

After Dr. Steinman arrived in 1947, the practice of free dispensation of barbiturates was brought to an end.

Early recruits who slipped received letters from the secretary of the chapter advising them that their names had been dropped from the chapter's roster.

The letter said:

In view of your recent conduct the Executive committee felt it incumbent upon itself to give your case serious consideration and came to the conclusion that as you are not apparently adhering to the 12 Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, you cannot very well be considered a member of the Vancouver Chapter and it is, therefore, my painful duty to advise you that your name has now been stricken from the roster. Needless to say, I find this extremely difficult and it is only with sincere regrets that I advise you of such fact.

You are, however, at liberty at any time to make further written application for membership to the Group provided, of course, that you can in all sincerity accept and adhere to the 12 Steps and principles of Alcoholics Anonymous and, if such a time should arrive when you come to this decision and wish to submit further application, you may be assured that it will receive our deepest consideration and a most cordial reception will be extended by each and every member of the local group.

Yours very truly,

The story is recalled of one early member who received the letter and appeared at the door of the Welch home on the next meeting night. Tears streaming down his face, he pleaded to be admitted and permitted to attend the meeting. He never drank again.

This practice, too, was subsequently abandoned by the chapter.

The group had a constitution providing for an elected president, secretary-treasurer and advisory committee of three active members, and for three categories of membership: novice for three consecutive meetings; qualified for the next four meetings; and finally, active. If he had a slip, a member became a novice again.

Provision was made for a roll call. Each member in attendance was asked to reply "here" or "present" when his name was called and also answer "yes" or "no" as though replying to the question, "Have you indulged in any alcoholic beverage from the date of your last attendance?"

The meetings themselves were simple. First, one or two members shared their experiences in drinking and in their brief sobriety, and then all were given the opportunity of participating in discussions on what had been said. Then they took to selecting one or two speakers from among their members, and finally they started discussing the steps, one per meeting and in sequence, with two or three persons named to lead the discussions.

Early efforts were made to organize a women's group. The first move was made on March 16, 1945, when the meeting gave the president (Charlie B.) the mandate to establish a ladies' subsidiary chapter. Although periodic reference was made to the move, there is no indication that any was established. Later, women's discussion groups, part of a group but meeting separately, had good success.

All active members wore name buttons, which they obtained when they entered the meeting place and surrendered when they left the meeting.

On April 27, 1945, just a little over three months after the Vancouver chapter was organized, a Victoria insurance salesman, McGregor Mc., was introduced to members of the Vancouver chapter as a new member.

He stayed sober, and in the middle of June he invited some of the Vancouver members to go to Victoria to help the alcoholics with whom Charlie M. had worked.

Charlie B. and Everett G. made the trip to Victoria where six alcoholics — five men and a woman — all sober, talked about the course they should follow.

As a result, the Victoria chapter was set up.

An ad was placed in The Victoria Times, Victoria's afternoon newspaper. The paper carried a news story about AA and the Victoria chapter, and the group grew.

On November 16, 1945, with 66 members present, the Vancouver chapter decided that business meetings should be held on the last Monday of each month separately from the chapter meetings.

The move of the chapter from the Welch home to Killarney, the spacious and palatial home of Mrs. J.Z.H., took place at the end of November 1945, with the last meeting in the Welch study taking place on November 23, with 70 members present. It was at this meeting that the first year's sobriety of Fred H. was noted, the first such reference to a birthday.

The chapter met at Killarney each Friday night until February 28, 1946, when 106 members attended; the first meeting in the Meraloma Hall on Cornwall took place on Thursday, March 7, with 104 members present. Vancouver's West End Group still meets in the hall.

As the membership of the chapter grew, with members coming from all parts of the province and from Alberta and Saskatchewan, small cells started meetings in individual homes.

To provide some measure of unity of purpose to these cells, Vancouver was divided into five regions: West End, East End, Upper Bayview, Lower Bayview and Fraser. There were cells meeting in New Westminster and North Vancouver.

The Vancouver chapter lasted until June of 1946. A business meeting of the chapter in Meraloma Hall on May 27, 1946, passed this resolution:

"That whereas in a rapidly growing body the present system of organization of this chapter tends overmuch to centralization of authority in a way which is not in accord with basic AA ideals of informality and freedom of small groups;

"And whereas it is deemed desirable to ensure continuing of freedom of this sort with a minimum of executive authority in any central body;

"It is hereby resolved that the present constitution be rescinded as of this date, and the present officers cease to hold office with the election of a new central steering committee, which committee shall consist of one representative from each regional group in the present chapter.

“And further that after this date, each regional group, presided over by several group captains, shall have authority to manage its own affairs, enact by-laws and arrange its finances as it deems best, as well as defining its membership; and that all members of the sectional groups will meet together once a month either in closed meeting or a social meeting.

“It being understood that the Central Steering Committee shall have only advisory authority and no legislative powers except where such powers are specifically delegated to it by vote of the regions concerned. Such powers may include that of appointing a paid secretary to act for the whole chapter; and chairmanship of the Central Steering Committee shall rotate from meeting to meeting among members of the committee. It is hereby ordered that all books, money and other property of the chapter shall henceforth be transferred to the control of the Central Steering Committee upon its formation.”

Sometime later, Everett wrote at the end of the minutes of the meeting:

“With the adoption of the resolution, Group No. 1 is hereby disbanded and reassembled into nine groups. Thus Group 1, started by five original members on December 15, 1944, terminates with a membership of 230 members, besides having been instrumental to some extent in promoting six other groups with a membership of approximately 125.”

*In the first printing of "Alcoholics Anonymous Comes to the B.C., Yukon Area" the title of this chapter was "Instant Growth".

The Yukon Story

by Dal D. (April 1979)

I contacted AA by letter in response to an advertisement in the personal columns of The Vancouver Sun newspaper on January 2, 1948. A member of the Kingsway Group, one of the early groups in Vancouver, called on me three days later, after which I became a member of that group.

I do not remember the name of the member who called on me. However, when I attended my first meeting I met Granger, who had sent him to see me, and I relied on his friendly counsel and encouragement thereafter.

I was a major in the army at that time. on March 1, 1949, I was notified that I would be transferred to Whitehorse to become senior mechanical superintendent of the highway system.

By coincidence, the night that I informed Granger of my pending move, there was a woman from Whitehorse at the meeting. She was not a member of AA, but was visiting her brother-in-law, Bill, who was a member of the Kingsway Group, and had accompanied Bill and his wife to the meeting. I spent some time with her and established a contact to refer to. She was very interested in AA as her father, Boyd, had become a hopeless drinker.

I arrived in Whitehorse on March 10 for a three-day orientation visit with the man I was replacing, Jim B. He was in hospital, having broken his leg the day before my arrival while on an extended binge. I knew him well from overseas and had been on many drinking escapades with him.

I went to the hospital that evening to spend some time with him. He gave me a warm, friendly greeting and immediately produced a mickey. When I told him I had not touched the stuff for 14 months, he was most interested. The three hours I was with him were not spent discussing work. Jim never opened that mickey.

The following evening I returned to the hospital, taking the pamphlets Who Me? and This is AA, which at that time was fairly large and was a convincing piece of literature, with which any alcoholic could identify. That night I spent another three hours with him.

The next day I returned to Vancouver and a week later Jim left for Calgary, where he joined a group and became an active member until his demise from cancer.

I arrived back in Whitehorse permanently on March 24. The duties I had were demanding and a challenge. I was most grateful to have the self-confidence and stability that my AA sobriety had restored to me.

I was there about five days when I contacted May Stickney, the non-AA member I had met at the Kingsway Group. She introduced me to her father and mother, Boyd and Ann J. During the evening, AA was introduced into the conversation and I made it known that I would attempt to start a group. Boyd drove me to my quarters and I knew that I had captured his interest.

Before we parted he said he would help me all he could, but he said he felt it may be too late in life for him to consider joining AA. He was about 52. My reply to him was to the effect that he was alive and that it would be his decision whether he carried on as he was or changed to a sober way of life.

The next evening I returned to Boyd and Ann's home, this time with a few pamphlets and a copy of the Big Book. It was an encouraging evening for me. Ann J. was a tremendous help and she said her home always would be available at any time for meetings.

The next day I visited the local newspaper and presented The Vancouver Sun newspaper to the editor with a request that he print the ad in the personal column that had brought me to AA. The old gentleman read the ad and handed it back to me and stated that he did not think anyone in town wanted to stop drinking and if they did, he was sure they would.

I thanked him for his time and departed.

Somewhat discouraged, my thoughts ran to "where now?". As I left the newspaper office, I noticed the Anglican Church in the distance, a spectacular log building, and I headed for the manse that adjoined it.

The rector, Canon Chappel, greeted me at the door and invited me to enter. I was in uniform. I introduced myself by name and said I was a member of AA with an interest in establishing a group in town, but had run into a roadblock with the newspaper.

A strange expression came over his face and he said quietly that this was the most incredible experience of his life.

Last night, he said, a very respectable citizen of Whitehorse had sat in the chair I was occupying and wept in drunken despair. He was a chronic alcoholic, he said.

The rector had comforted him and said that the only possible hope for him was to contact AA. And today I knocked at his door.

He asked me when I could see this man. I replied that I would be available at any time and gave him my telephone number. Within an hour I received a call from Canon Chappel which led to my introduction to Marvin W. who, at that time, was principal of the high school at Whitehorse.

I arranged for him and his wife to accompany me to Boyd and Ann's that evening. This was the first AA meeting in Whitehorse, April 1, 1949. By coincidence, I started this narration today, April 1, 1979.

For the following two weeks I spent every evening at either Marvin's or Boyd's home, and I was very much aware of how very little I knew about the AA program. I had depended so much on the fellowship of the Kingsway Group and my frequent contact with Granger.

I wrote to Granger frequently and he was a tremendous help to me. I would read his letters at our meetings. They were always so loaded with the down-to-earth wisdom that Granger imparted so skillfully.

Approximately three weeks after my first contact with Canon Chappel, I met him on the street. He informed me that he thought I should approach the local paper again, and that if I did, I would find them more receptive.

All of my personal mail arrived through the army, so I went to the post office and rented a box, which turned out to be Nov. 365. I then returned to the news- paper office, where the editor agreed to print the ad for \$1.75 per week.

Within 24 hours after the first notice appeared in the paper, I had lost my anonymity. But that was no concern to me. I accepted this as a challenge which still continues. If the worst that anyone can ever criticize me for would be that I was a member of AA, I will be very satisfied with life.

It was not long before I received my first reply to the ad. I was flying out of town for a period of time and called at the post office en route to the airport. There was a letter requesting information about AA. I answered the letter on the plane and posted it at Edmonton.

It was from Jack P. and I referred him to Boyd J. and confirmed it with Boyd. I would meet him on my return. (See Jack P.'s story.)

Things were happening fast. If these three stayed sober, it would create a very desirable example in a small town where everyone knew everyone's business. The moccasin trail, as we called it, carried news faster than TV.

Marvin became a new man, with hope in life and self-confidence restored. He announced at a meeting of the group in early June that he had resigned his job as school principal. He would sell everything, he said, pay off his debts and move to Vancouver. When the time for his departure came, I wrote to Granger and referred Marvin to him.

Marvin and his family left at the end of the school term. He located in Abbotsford to become principal, in due course, of a high school. To my knowledge he never had a slip.

I received tremendous help and encouragement from many non-alcoholics. The senior medical officer in the army hospital, Major Howard Croskerry, would accompany me to a shack in skid-road atmosphere to visit a sick drunk. He would provide medication when needed. His uncle in Ontario was a member of AA, and he was forever grateful for the transformation in his uncle's life.

Herb Spanton, the commanding officer of the RCMP in Whitehorse, often requested me to visit some person under sentence and would release a prisoner into my custody so he could attend meetings.

Father Monnett, the Roman Catholic priest, was a wonderful, understanding human being, and a great help with his knowledge and Christian spirit. We had many serious discussions. I am not an RC, but my respect for this man is great.

I was in Whitehorse two and a half years, and during that time the group at one time grew to 13. Slips were frequent, but most people came back to resume a second or third approach to finding a new life. I met some wonderful people and had many experiences to remember.

One thing that always interested me, and that is, in the rough frontier environment that existed at that time, I was never at any time subjected to snide remarks or any form of ridicule. Many of those living in Whitehorse were uncouth characters, fugitives from some experience in life, some just out of jail and escaping the social stigma, and a great many running away from the bottle. It was amazing how often I found that those characters knew about AA and held great respect for it. Many did not come to us, but there were occasions when they would advise others to come to see us. I have come to believe that these unfortunates who did not make good with the program became our advertising agency in the fellowship.

I left Whitehorse on December 14, 1951, at which time I was promoted to lieutenant-colonel (another AA gratuity) and transferred to Winnipeg, where I affiliated myself with the Winnipeg Group on Lilac Street.

I have lost contact with the Whitehorse Group, with the exception of Jack P. Jack went to work on the United States pipeline and for many years was in charge of a pumping station near the Alaska border. Jack was registered in the world directory as a loner. I corresponded with him and our paths crossed on a few occasions. For the past ten years he has resided in Victoria. It was a highlight in my life three years ago to present Jack with his 25-year cake.

The Loner

Jack P., An AA Loner in the Yukon

Jack became a member of Alcoholics Anonymous in 1950 while living in Whitehorse. One day while reading the local newspaper, Jack noticed a small advertisement offering help to people with drinking problems. The ad had been placed there by Dal D., who founded AA in the Yukon on April 1, 1949.

Since Dal received Jack's letter just prior to boarding a flight for Edmonton, Dal penned a reply while aboard the plane, posting the letter while in Edmonton.

Dal advised Jack that he would meet him on his return. In the meantime, he suggested Jack contact Boyd J., in whose home the first AA meeting in the Yukon had been held.

In a strange quirk of fate, Dal had advised Jack to seek help for his drinking problem from an old enemy. Because of some old animosity, Jack and Boyd had long had bitter feelings toward one another.

Jack, however, was desperate. So one day he knocked on Boyd's door, not knowing what to expect. Boyd simply greeted him with a handshake and the words, "Come in, Jack, and have some coffee."

Jack was emotionally overwhelmed. "I thought that if AA could turn an enemy into a friend, then it could accomplish anything. This to me was an outstanding example of a spiritual experience and the bonds of our AA friendship."

After only two years in AA, Jack faced his first real crisis. His job required that he be sent to a lonely outpost on the Alaska Highway, about 180 miles from the nearest AA group.

Naturally, Jack had fears about being able to sustain his sobriety while apart from AA members. Thus he voiced his fears at an AA meeting.

He immediately received a stinging rebuke from a visiting AA member from Edmonton. "I will tell you now if you think you won't make it, you are not going to," the Edmonton man said.

After the meeting, the Edmonton man, whose identity is not known, went up to Jack and said, "Going out on the highway and being away from your group will melt all the iron in your backbone to the temper of steel."

Jack was rather taken aback, thinking this chap was a pretty hard man. "But I think I needed someone to talk to me like that."

Shortly thereafter, Jack moved to his new post. But he still had a lifeline tying him to AA — letters from fellow AA members throughout the world. His name was sent to AA's mailing list in New York and it wasn't long before he began receiving letters from AA colleagues throughout North and South America and Great Britain.

"People just sat down with a pen, a piece of paper and just poured their hearts out," Jack later recalled. "I don't imagine they were talking to me direct, but they were using me as a sounding board. But I felt so good that somebody cared that much to share something."

Naturally there were times when Jack felt desperate.

"But you know the way the higher power works," said Jack, who admitted he had a long struggle before he came to believe in a higher power. "It just so happened every time when I would get right down to rock bottom, a letter would come. And that seemed to fix everything, because it was usually the kind of letter I would need. But I never saw an AA letter that didn't help me." Jack's AA "meetings" were rather unique.

“I would answer one of those letters and I would walk down 300 feet to the Alaska Highway where we had a big mail box. As soon as I put a stamp on that letter and put it in the box, I had been to a meeting.”

For nearly 16 years Jack continued his lonely AA life, broken only by summer vacations in southern Canada and the United States.

In this time, he wrote to five persons fairly regularly and eventually came to meet three of them personally. One of them was a lady called Marg, from Dubuque, Iowa, who later moved to Independence, Missouri.

One year while in a US Service hospital about 28 miles from Independence, Jack decided to visit Marg. So he took a taxi from downtown Independence to her address. He was shocked when he discovered she was staying in a mental institution.

“She would be working there and then she would get drunk and invariably she would end up as a patient in the same institution,” Jack recalled.

Marg noticed Jack’s disappointment when they met, but she told him, “I’m not the message, Jack, I just carried the message.”

After he left, Jack began to feel better. “I learned a lot from her,” he said, adding that he continued to correspond with her until her death some years later.

Jack retired from his job — and his life as an AA loner — in 1968. He and his wife first settled in Penticton. Ironically, Jack found resuming activities in an AA group a little unsettling at first.

When he was an AA loner, Jack recalled, he was usually treated a little differently whenever he attended an AA meeting on the outside because he had a rather unique story to tell.

“I was just a little out of place and I wasn’t quite as honoured,” he said. “I wasn’t quite at home and I always felt like a fifth wheel.”

However, it wasn’t long before his AA group drafted him as secretary on the grounds that he was retired and had time for the job.

“I was going to give it up two or three times, but I thought somebody has got to do it,” Jack recalled. “So I did and I stayed with it.”

Jack and his wife later moved to Victoria, where he has remained active in AA.

At one Victoria meeting, a newcomer to AA asked Jack on his 21st birthday why he still came to AA meetings.

“I have to come,” he told her. “It’s to my advantage to come here.”

Jack said he made up his mind a long time ago that there are only two things of which he must be certain. “One is that I am not going to get out of this life alive. The other is that if I am smart I am not going to get out of the program. I will stay with that, come hell or high water.”

Where The Bottle Originated

At the time of this interview, Pat H. was 71 years old, lived in White Rock, BC, and had 33 years of sobriety.

Transcribed from a taped interview with Pat H, February 26, 2002 by Mona H.

The American yacht, Maria Dolores, was headquartered in Seattle, but she sailed out of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club. The owner and captain was president of Standard Oil California and would take clients and good friends to Alaska. He was an interesting fellow and befriended Pat, a local 15-year-old, who became a deck-hand for a couple of summers.

In the early 1940s, Pat's home was a typical disjointed alcoholic home in Richmond, BC. Pat was 14 years old, an only child and alone at home with his mom — his dad had left due to drinking, although they were still married. It would be a few years before they were divorced.

Pat's dad was Fred H., an optometrist and one of the first AA members in Vancouver in the 1940s. Fred spent time at the Hollywood Sanatorium, a hospital for alcoholics in New Westminster (long since closed down), and sobered up after November 1944. Pat remembers well the day he went to the sanatorium: "My uncle came over. I guess they had a talk. Dad knew he needed treatment. He took me aside and said he had to go away for a while. It was very difficult and emotional for him, and I showed him no support or emotion."

After coming out of Hollywood, Fred lived AA for all he was worth. He went to 5-6-7 meetings a week and spent a lot of time around the old Alano Club at 653 Granville Street. He also went to Chicago with four other fellows from Vancouver because they wanted to know more about this AA thing.

As it turned out, Fred became probably Hollywood Sanatorium's best client. Not for his repeated trips, but because he helped others who couldn't afford alcoholic treatment. "Lots of times he'd have one or two fellows there on his nickel. There was no out-medical treatment in those days, only what one could afford. He paid for many people to go to Hollywood Sanatorium — one time he had five men in at once."

Fred and his wife couldn't seem to make the adjustment to his being sober, and they eventually separated in the mid-40s. Pat spent a considerable amount of time with his mom, which meant less time with his dad; however, within a year he began to be more supportive of his father. Pat would eventually regularly visit the Alano Club to meet his dad — he hadn't seen him sober for many years.

Many wonderful things unfolded for Fred as he journeyed along the road of sobriety. He remarried, to a registered nurse, Jeannie, who was very supportive of the AA way of life. She was able to adjust and pattern her life around Fred's sobriety.

Fred belonged to West End Men's Group, Bay Group and Kerrisdale Group. "He had some pretty definite ideas and would not attend certain groups. The trend at the time seemed to be that when individuals would sober up, they would migrate to the more influential people in the hope of getting a job. Some groups became closed and Dad didn't agree with closed groups, so left for that reason."

Group parties and a big picnic in Bell Carra Park were the AA social functions of the day. Fred and Jeannie attended with regularity and great pleasure. He was also busy with the beginnings of the service structure in Vancouver, along with Everett G.

In the summer of 1945, when Fred was six or seven months sober and Pat was a teen working on the Maria Dolores, Pat talked the friendly captain into buying a bottle of brandy for his dad. A good bottle. The captain knew why Pat wanted the bottle. In those days, you were weaned off alcohol — six or eight ounces a day, cutting back to none — not cold turkey like today. The yacht and crew were in Seattle when the captain returned with a bottle of Porto Portugal Brandy. It cost Pat about a day's pay — \$5.00 or so. "I may be wrong for a dollar, but I don't think so. He was very careful buying a bottle and giving it to a minor. He could have got in trouble, being after the war when liquor was rationed, but he knew I was sincere. Then there was getting it across the border..."

Pat's intent was to give this bottle to his dad to help the other Hollywood patients wean off alcohol. But more so, it was a symbol — a symbol of a new peace, new trust between father and son: approval and support for a father's sober life from his son who had endured the torment of alcoholism. This was a pivoting point in Pat's life, and Fred was deeply touched. "Trust, I didn't realize what a big thing — the big change in my attitude toward my father. I seemed to recognize alcoholism was an illness and stopped being angry with him. I supported him in what he was doing." Giving him that bottle symbolized what words could not say.

The following year, in 1946, Dad gave Carl, a doctor and good friend who had helped him get sober, this bottle for his first AA birthday. A tradition started that, when a member could hold the bottle a year without taking a nip, he had the honour of passing it onto another member who was active and felt that he could carry it for a year without opening it.

It circulated from 1946 to 1954 in Vancouver's West End Group, and in 1954 it went to the Kamloops Roundup (although it's unknown why). It became the symbol and property of the Kamloops Roundup until 1982, when it found a permanent home in the BC/Yukon Archives.

"I remember it sat on a mahogany base with a plate where the names were listed of who it had been passed to. Although I lost track of the bottle, I would hear the odd mention of 'This young fellow that gave Fred The Bottle', as it was now affectionately referred to." This was because hardly a member didn't know of its existence — it travelled around and was often on display at meetings and in Alano clubs, not to mention that it was considered an honour and a privilege to have The Bottle passed to you.

Fred stayed very active in Alcoholics Anonymous until his death in 1956, at age 56, of cancer. He was 12 years sober. Jeannie, his second wife, a registered nurse, was of great aid to Fred in his illness. "I don't know how much he suffered before, but I do know he will not have to suffer now," she said. With that, she generously cared for him.

Pat married in 1956, just six weeks before his dad passed away. His wife, also Pat, came up in her wedding dress to visit. Fred was 79 pounds and very frail — the ravages of cancer — but he was just tickled that the bride came in her dress. One of his greatest joys was that he lived to see his son married. In a quiet moment, Pat realized he received the same approval and support from his father that he himself had given to his father years earlier with The Bottle.

May the miracles of what it symbolized continue to carry on through the families who held it, as well as through the legend it leaves behind.

The Bottle is now the property of the BC/Yukon Archives and is housed at the repository in Vancouver. Almost 50 years later, there are about three ounces left in a bottle that has never been opened.

*More information or clarification would be appreciated.
Contact your DCM or Area Archives Chairperson.*

“THE BOTTLE”

The bottle was bought by Fred’s son back in 1946. Fred was an AA member. The son gave it to his dad so he could continue to help the drinking alcoholic.

Also at that time, Fred decided to pass it from one to another on an honour system. Each one who held the bottle had the honour of passing it on to another who was active in AA and felt that he could carry it for a year without opening it. From 1946 to 1954, it went from one to another in Vancouver’s West End Group. In 1954 it came to the Kamloops Roundup. It is now a symbol and property of the Kamloops Roundup of Alcoholics Anonymous.

This is a list of the members who have had the bottle.

1946	Fred H. <i>to</i> Carl D.	1962	Al <i>to</i> Jack McN.
------	---------------------------	------	------------------------

1946	Carl <i>to</i> Phil H.	1963	Jack <i>to</i> Geo. H.
------	------------------------	------	------------------------

1947	Phil <i>to</i> Jerry	1964	Geo. <i>to</i> Pat R.
------	----------------------	------	-----------------------

1948	John <i>to</i> Horace K & wife	1965	Pat <i>to</i> Bernie H.
------	--------------------------------	------	-------------------------

1949	Horace & Irma <i>to</i> Ken G.	1966	Bernie <i>to</i> Ross O.
------	--------------------------------	------	--------------------------

1950	Ken <i>to</i> Jim S.	1967	Ross <i>to</i> John B.
------	----------------------	------	------------------------

1951	Jim <i>to</i> Sy L.	1968	John <i>to</i> Wes McC.
------	---------------------	------	-------------------------

1952	Sy <i>to</i> Bert D.	1969	Wes <i>to</i> Mal B.
------	----------------------	------	----------------------

1953	Bert <i>to</i> Sandy B.	1970	Mal <i>to</i> Wally J.
------	-------------------------	------	------------------------

1954	Sandy <i>to</i> Doug R.	1971	Wally <i>to</i> Boots R.
------	-------------------------	------	--------------------------

1954	Doug <i>to</i> Don C.	1972	Boots <i>to</i> Ward M.
------	-----------------------	------	-------------------------

1955	All <i>to</i> Art B.	1973	Ward <i>to</i> Rocky B.
------	----------------------	------	-------------------------

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS COMES TO BC/YUKON AREA

1956	Art <i>to</i> Scotty F.	1974	Rocky <i>to</i> Tom S.
1957	Scotty <i>to</i> Jim M.	1975	Tom <i>to</i> Aime D.
1958	Jim <i>to</i> Jack F.	1976	Aime <i>to</i> Jean G.
1959	Jack <i>to</i> Rod McL.	1977	Jean <i>to</i> Ralph A.
1960	Rod <i>to</i> Andy A.	1978	Ralph <i>to</i> Holger M.
1961	Andy <i>to</i> Al H.	1979	Holger <i>to</i> Helen N.

Presented by the Kamloops Roundup of Alcoholics Anonymous to the BC/Yukon Area 79 Archives in 1982.