

Dr. Bob Knew

There were also those, of course, who had an extremely negative reaction to Dr. Bob on first acquaintance or at one certain moment - and then had occasion to change their minds.

Ed B. was one of these. He had been in A.A., then had gone out to experiment. He woke up to find himself in the basement ward of a little community hospital.

Dr. Bob, he recalled, "came down to see me and asked, 'What happened, Ed?' "'I don't know, Doc. Somehow, I found myself in a bar, and I don't know how I got there.'

"I remember him getting up from the chair and pointing a finger at me. 'Now wait a minute,' he said. 'Before we go any further, one of the requirements - and an important requirement - is honesty. And you haven't got any honesty about you at all. "'Nobody pushed you in that bar. You walked in there, and you ordered that drink, and naturally, you drank it. So don't tell me you don't know how you got there. Now, you're lying here using a bed that could be used by somebody who needs it more than you. And you're taking up my time, and I have better ways to spend it than to talk to you. If I were you, I'd go out and get drunk and stay drunk until I made up my mind what I wanted to do.

As far as I'm concerned, you stink!'

"I was really mad. I thought, 'If they have people like that is A.A., it will never be a success.' That same night, I called Annie (Ed's wife) and asked her to take me out of there. That was August 1944, the night I had my last drink. "Of course, the first meeting I went to after I came out of the hospital, I made it my business to thank Doc for coming to see me," said Ed. "He was very nice about it. 'I'm helping myself by helping you,' he said. 'I want you to do the same thing.'

"You know, we became good friends after my second trip, because I realized after I sobered up that he had actually done me more good by giving me hell than if he had been sympathizing with me. He KNEW. If you needed sympathy, he'd give it to you, and if you needed hell, he'd give it to you."

Dr. Bob and the Good Oldtimers, page 274 & 275

