

Sept. 22, 1955

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Dear Pat:

I have had in mind expressing a few thoughts to you ever since Emmett's sudden death.

Although his and my own dry dates were only a month apart, he was in squad 14 a long time (as our squad was so large) before I was even aware of his membership. He used to say later that he and I were "bankrupt" when AA got hold of us. I knew that I was economically and financially bankrupt, and I guess Emmett felt that he was morally and spiritually bankrupt.

My first conscious contact with Emmett (after I had succeeded in becoming re-employed here) was a letter or a telephone call from him one morning. One of you boys was in a certain difficulty with the local gendarmes and Emmett wanted it kept out of the newspapers.

I recall doing what I could about it, and whatever small effort it took must have been successful, because a few days later Emmett sent a check for \$20, covered by a notation "For Services Rendered".

Broke as I was, I recall sending the check back to him with a sharply-worded note, in effect asking him who he thought he was throwing his weight around with \$20 bills, impugning my imagined journalistic integrity, etc. He admitted later that my reply rocked him back on his heels, that he hadn't been accustomed to have people talk that way, but from then on we became good friends.

I recall the many, many talks we had in those early years about AA and the 12 steps, and the one that bothered him the most I guess was step five.

Out of these talks developed an arrangement whereby we met in his office nearly every Monday night for more than a year while Emmett poured out the story of his life. He used to say that he had told me more about himself than any man alive, and the better I came to know him the higher went my respect and admiration for him. Looking back now, I can appreciate that he was trying to rid himself of some of the bitterness which plagued him, and which he thought was preventing him from deriving the full fruition of the AA program.

The intimacy of these talks—between he and I with personalities, experiences, backgrounds and ages as far apart as the poles— bore two principle results as I look back on them now.

The major one, by any standard with which I am familiar, was his later willingness to join me for a weekend at Lake Demontreville where, he confided later, he participated in the sacraments for the first time in 50 years. I can still hear him on that Monday morning when I drove him back to St. Paul and he said:

"Larry, I think I am the happiest man in the world".

The second result of our talks, and the one to which this note is essentially directed, has to do with ~~more~~ material aspects of the conversations.

As the story of his life unfolded, there were some things which were not "off the record", so to speak, and this data we ~~compiled~~ compiled in note form and when we were through I had about 100,000 words of notes.

During the following year, I re-worked this material and put it in the form of An Autobiography of Emmett Butler.

When Emmett first read it, he said he was immensely pleased. Later—I believe it was the 1952-53 winter at Tucson, he said he re-read it more leisurely and had some ideas for embellishing it. We had intended getting together to do that ever since, and I had ~~just~~ planned take a month's leave this winter to join him at Tucson for that purpose.

Now that can never be.

However, I have the biography in its original form. It may take some minor editing, but it is Emmett's story as he lived it and remembered it. If pulled together and put in some bound form, I like to think it is a document that his children, grandchildren and possibly a few friends will enjoy reading and possess copies of.

For me it represents my best efforts in treating a word story of a man who was, above all others, my best friend. You may want to talk to me about this matter.

Sincerely,

Sory Tizman