

Walker Winslow correspondence

Section 95, Pages 2821 - 2850

This collection of papers largely consists of handwritten and typed correspondence between Walker Winslow (also under the name Harold Maine) and his third wife, Edna Mansley Winslow, the bulk of which dates from 1948-1951. The letters can be chatty and newsy, providing details about each of their daily lives and activities, what they were reading or music they were listening to, their work (his writing and therapy, her writing and painting), and other related topics. The letters could also be very self-reflective and analytical regarding their relationship to each other, discussing their sexuality and concepts of fidelity, relationships with others, their health and various injuries and illnesses they each had, money, their mutual loneliness, Edna's drinking, and other topics.

Some of the letters were written while Winslow was working at and writing in Topeka. They were also written while the Winslows lived separately in Santa Fe, New Mexico; various parts of California (especially Big Sur or Oakland); various parts of New York (especially Rochester and New York City); and in Kansas. The letters document the rise and fall of their brief and intense relationship.

Also in the materials are a few of Winslow's typed manuscripts and poems, many with copy-editing marks and annotations or corrections, including a copy of *If a Man Be Mad*, as well as two published versions of the book (one in French). There is also correspondence with friends and relatives of Winslow and/or Edna; Winslow family photographs; some sketches Edna drew, with her handwritten notes on the back, perhaps for letters to Winslow; a letter of recommendation from 1889 for Winslow's father; and extensive correspondence between Winslow and Dr. Karl Menninger. Some of this correspondence regards articles and the book Winslow wrote about the Menninger Clinic; there are also interview notes and transcripts from interviews Winslow conducted with Dr. C.F. Menninger. Topics of Winslow's writings include Henry Miller, psychiatry and life in asylums, and the Synanon Foundation.

Creator: Winslow, Walker, 1905-1969

Date: circa 1943 - 1969, undated (bulk 1948-1951)

Callnumber: Menninger Historic Psychiatry Coll., Winslow, Boxes 1-7

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 223249

Item Identifier: 223249

www.kansasmemory.org/item/223249

Walker Winslow correspondence

Walker Winslow
Box 32112
El Sereno Station
Los Angeles 32, Calif.
Sept. 16/62

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

It has been a long time since I have written to you: not since during the period I was helping Synanon Foundation through its travail, in fact, Synanon, I'm happy to report is flourishing and gaining strength every day. Your moral support helped them greatly. Soon they'll have branches in New York, San Diego and Reno and they now have several houses in the beach area. I think we'll see the Synanon idea spread and have a much wider application than to just drug addiction. What little opposition still exist is mainly from a group of John Birchers and this on some vague moral basis that has nothing to do with Communism. They were apparently strong enough to frighten the Reader's digest out of printing the article for which I had an assignment, though there is still a chance that Digest will regain its courage. At any rate, the Synanon experience meant a lot to me and it enabled me to use myself in the way I seem to be most effective.

For the past year I have been in Monterey acting as the director of Beacon House, a community rehabilitation center for alcoholics. This, too, was a work I seemed to do well until my health interfered with my work. A disk in my back went bad, paralyzing one leg from the knee down and causing severe sciatic pain part of the time. At the same time it was discovered that I was diabetic, though only mildly so. Since some of the better members of the medical community were contributing time to Beacon House and knew the very low salary I was getting I get plenty of medical attention in Monterey. Since most were on the visiting staff they were able to get me into the county hospital, although I wasn't eligible. Finally surgery was recommended but since everything but the fine visiting staff of the hospital was in a complete state of turmoil and nursing care was haphazard, I couldn't see going through with it there. Russell Williams, who I'm sure you remember was one of the doctors who suggested that I come to UCLA Medical School clinic and get another opinion and see what they could do for me. Since I had been in the hospital five times last year the lay members of the board of Beacon House decided that I had to take leave until this matter was straightened out.

I came down here in early June and registered at the UCLA out-patient clinic. Since that time I have been going through occasional tests. There was a long delay on getting clinical material down from Monterey County Hospital. At any rate, after three months of waiting a neuro-surgical resident ordered me admitted to the hospital two weeks ago. When I got up to admissions I learned that the charges on that service -- for everything -- were \$60 per day. After some

Walker Winslow correspondence

- 2 -

consultations it was decided that I could be admitted for \$400 for the two weeks, or whatever time it was that was required. By borrowing from everyone I knew I might have raked that up but I would have gotten out of the hospital without any means of supporting myself until I could earn some money at writing, or whatever. I understand that USLA has funds to admit cases for nothing where there is something of clinical interest or other justifying circumstances. Getting into L.A. County means getting rid of my old car and everything else that I own.

I did a lot of soul searching before writing this letter to you even though I knew that it may be impossible for you to help me in any way. At best all I ask is a more thorough examination of the facts in my case at UCLA. Not being a physician, I can't expect medical courtesy, but I have spent a lot of my life on the periphery of medicine trying to straighten out some messes or, as in the case of synanon and alcoholic rehabilitation, further certain aspects of the healing arts as best a layman could. Most of this has been done with little or no reward. This makes me feel that I am entitled to a fair shake -- something more than having my chances of decent medical attention settled in a five minute, semi social phone conversation between a social worker on admitting and a resident, for that is what happened.

The resident doesn't even have the complete clinical picture. My hands as well as my legs are effected, something that I never had a chance to explain to him. It's possible that from a teaching point of view the clinical picture in itself might justify my admission to the hospital.

Understand me on one thing; I'm making no complaint about my treatment at UCLA as far as it has gone. It is a wonderful clinic, one of which you would approve, and that is saying something.

With your associations, far and wide, I'm sure you know someone of influence at UCLA and I'm sure that the word that I was a friend seeking treatment there would bear great weight. As far as I can see, I simply looked as if I have more money than I do to the social worker and she thought it would be easier for me to borrow than it is. The resident decided it was a routine case since the routine symptoms were all he was concerned with. You wouldn't need to be embarassed by calling any medical oversight to anyone's attention. My worthiness, if I have any, is all that I ask you to commend. It seems certain that I'm not going to accomplish much unless there is some help from the outside.

I'm about at the end of my rope or I wouldn't have written this.

Have you seen any of my recent articles in Manas. I plan to complete a book on Synanon when my health straightens out.

With very best wishes,

as always

Walker Winslow correspondence

Walker Winslow
P.O. Box 32112
El Sereno Station
Los Angeles 32, Calif.
Oct 3./62

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

Since I haven't had any reply to my letter to you relative to getting medical attention at UCLA Hospital, where I had been going to the outpatient clinic, I have been wondering if I had asked a favor of you that was so outrageous that I'd finally lost your friendship and regard. I know little of medical protocol and what I asked may have been utterly out of the question. Before making the request of you I had asked Henry Geiger and two or three other of my friends if they thought it proper and they did. I didn't and don't want to impose on you for anything that would cause you a moment's discomfort.

My most optimistic thought has been that you did what you could for me with someone in authority at UCLA Hospital and that the results would in themselves be an answer. But, with one exception, I have heard nothing from UCLA since I wrote to you. Less than an hour after I had mailed my letter to you, and on a Sunday, a very concerned resident from neuro-surgery called me and discussed my case at length. I told him that if they couldn't hospitalize me I would appreciate a referral that would get me into the County Hospital. He assured me that wouldn't be necessary, ordered bed rest, and said I would be hearing from them within two or three days. Not one word since then.

After ten days of waiting I wrote the doctor who wanted me admitted in the first place. A nice note simply asking him to let me know if I was wasting my time at UCLA and should apply to the County. No answer to that. Today I wrote a friendly note to the friendly doctor who called me and sent it special delivery. There's no point to phoning out there; I've tried.

My good sense tells me that a well run institution like UCLA Hospital and Medical Center wouldn't simply set a patient adrift like this, especially when they have told him they want to follow him up and even that they are making arrangements for treatment. It has to be due to an error in communication or the like. Medicine on that level can't be that indifferent. I haven't thrown any weight around or made myself appear to be other than the run of the mill patient, which of course I am. It's a puzzling business -- not anything that I want to write about except, I hope, in the good sense. A thing like this couldn't happen in one of your hospitals while you were conscious, of that I'm sure.

I don't know if you have put in a word for me with anyone or not; I', just recounting the situation as it stands today. Physically, I'm worse than when I wrote you before.

With best wishes,

As ever
Walker

Walker Winslow correspondence

October 5, 1962
(Dictated October 2)

Mr. Walker Winslow
Box 32112
El Sereno Station
Los Angeles 32, California

Dear Harold:

I arrived home from my vacation to encounter a very considerable tragedy in the death of one of my best friends, and a great deal of work involved in the Annual Meeting of The Menninger Foundation which occurs this weekend, but I can't let your letter of September 16 go without an answer.

I am very sorry to learn that you are sick and in need of treatment. By now I am hoping things have been settled. I have written Dr. Norman Brill to see if he can suggest any resources at the hospital.

Sincerely,

KM:s

Karl Menninger, M.D.

Walker Winslow correspondence

October 5, 1962
(Dictated October 2)

Dr. Norman Brill
230 North Cliffwood Avenue
Los Angeles 49, California

Dear Norm:

This letter speaks for itself. You probably know this chap. He is the author of several books and he has had more psychiatric and medical experiences than almost anyone I know. I didn't promise him anything except that I would write you about it.

Sincerely,

KM:s

Karl Menninger, M.D.

Enc.

Walker Winslow correspondence

Mama

October 12, 1962

Dr. Norman Q. Brill
230 North Cliffwood Avenue
Los Angeles 49, California

Dear Norm:

Thank you for your news of
October 10. I appreciate your help in
this problem very much. I will be
interested in what develops.

Sincerely,

KM:b

Karl Menninger, M. D.

The letter (copy below) sent to Walker Winslow today.

"I checked with the Chief Resident on Neurosurgery,
who knew about Mr. Winslow. He told me that he was
planning to admit him later this week or early next
week and that Mr. Winslow can expect to hear from
him very soon."



Walker Winslow correspondence

Walker Winslow ^{Maine}
P.O. Box 32112
El Sereno Station
Los Angeles 32, Calif
Oct 12/62

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

I can't thank you enough for writing to Dr. Brill. Within an hour of receiving your letter I got a phone call telling me that I was to be admitted to the Neuro-Surgical Service of the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute at U.C. L.A. Your word apparently carries as much weight here as it does in Topeka.

I'm sure to have the best of care here & I'm optimistic about the outcome.

I thought you would like to know that your generosity really helped.

Thanks again
/Harold/



Walker Winslow correspondence

Walker Winslow
P.O. Box 32112
El Sereno Station
Los Angeles 32, Calif.
Oct. 30/62

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

I was released from UCLA hospital a couple of days ago feeling much better than when I entered. While they decided that I was a poor surgical risk at this time, due to an intermitent fever and a tendency toward pneumonia, they were able to bring about a significant improvement in my general health and reduce the sciatic pain until it is bearable. I'll continue treatment at the outpatient clinic and there will be no more trouble about getting into the hospital if I have trouble in the future. In fact I could have stayed in longer if I had felt that there was any gain in continued bed rest. I feel that I will now be able to enter into a fairly productive program of writing.

✓
Although I might have eventually gotten into the hospital, there is no doubt in my mind that your letter to Doctor Brill was what broke the ice. I have written him a note thanking him for his efforts in my behalf and lauding his hospital -- something I could do in all sincerity. Mrs. White, who used to be at Topeka State Hospital, is supervisor of nurses and she is doing a magnificent job -- one that reflects having worked under you. I haven't a complaint in the world and that is much more than I can say for my recent experiences in other hospitals. One thing I couldn't help but note in passing is that the neurosurgical residents, as astute and skillful as they are, could do with some psychiatric orientation. Since the service is new, perhaps Doctor Brill will introduce this. I can see that minds trained in a specialty that is as critical as neurosurgery have to be able to eliminate all but clinically significant material. Perhaps that is the way it has to be but I am sure there are cases where where a consideration of emotional factors would help markedly. Don't, however, take this as a criticism of the hospital and its staff. I think that I find myself expecting what I know you would expect. UCLA is a magnificent institution.

Under a seperate cover I am sending you a copy of MANAS with an article of mine in it that you may have missed while you were on your vacation. I've just finished another article on the survival phenomenon that accured during the Cuban Crisis. Reader's Digest has given me an assignment to do an article on Synanon but I'm having an awful time in digesting the material to their length and meeting their taboos.

Thanking you again for the timely help that I can never quite convince myself I deserve.

Sincerely,
W. Winslow



Walker Winslow correspondence

Walker Winslow
% Panamint Russ
Box 51
Shoshone, Calif.
92384
Sept. 3/63

Sheffer
Same old story.
Shall I give
him \$10?
KAM

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

Not having written to you since you first made it possible for me to enter U.C.L.A. Medical Center, a progress report is long overdue.

I recieved the very finest treatment there and Dr. Edlatapour, an Iranian, and the chief neurosurgical resident, took personal charge of my case. Since I have a mild case of diabetes and rather severe emphysema there was a strong question about my ability to undergo the surgery it was agreed that I needed. I was also running a fever about every three weeks for no apparent reason and the cause of it could not be found. Finally, last Christmass, Dr. Edlatapour decided that I had become a better risk and admitted me for surgery. As it happened, he had served long over his residency time and an appointment for which he had been waiting came up suddenly. Dr. Roth who then became senior resident wasn't enthusiastic about the surgery and discharged me, saying he would operate later when he felt better about it. He also made it clear that from then on I would pay the regular rates, which are sixty-one dollars a day on the neurosurgical ward. Of course, that cut off any possibility of further treatment.

The next time my legs and back got out of control I went to the County Hospital. While the medical staff there are superior, the nursing service and the general management of the place are terrible. I saw things that were as bad as any I described in IF A MAN BE MAD and although a good surgeon wanted to operate I couldn't face being helpless and dependent on indifferent and over-worked people.

For quite awhile a prospector and miner by the name of Panamint Russ has been trying to get me to come out to his camp and so I took the chance and came. Although it may seem impossible, this place is 150 miles from the closest physician and drug store. In fact, it is 60 miles from the closest Post office and store. Half that distance is over an unimproved road and the rest across an unpatrolled part of Death Valley. The camp, however, is in the Panamint Mountains at the 4,500 foot level and surprisingly cool for this part of the desert. There is also a fine spring and some trees. I've always felt better in the desert and my hope was that it would help the emphysema and fever. It has, wonderfully. It seems to me that my back and legs are better. At least I've had no episodes of incontinence, etc., and I have longer remissions from the pain. Slowly but surely I am beginning to write effectively again, or so I hope. Since I'm broke, raising money to partially take care of my end of things has been a problem but I hope that the next two months will see me out of that. Russ pays my expenses when he is gone, which he is right now, but when he is here I am expected to keep up my end. That is my only problem.



Walker Winslow correspondence

-2-

I love the wilderness and isolation, especially up in these desert hills with their ever-changing color and timelessness. . My hope is that some of this atmosphere will reflect itself in the book I'm doing -- an autobiography dealing mainly with the friends in my life. In nothing else have I been so fortunate. I count you at the top among the great and good ones.

One miracle about the section of country in which I am living is the springs. They come out of the magna and are not effected by local drouth. Because of the remoteness there are only two other people living in the rather large valley below the camp. My great hope is to get enough ahead from my writing to buy a claim that has a good spring on it and then get a trailer up here so that I'll be independent. This sounds rather far fetched when I don't know how I'll get through the next two months but I have a hunch I'll get what I want in the end. The two years of illness took their toll but I think I am coming through pretty well.

I hope that all is going well with you and yours and I'd like to hear from you if you have the time.

Synanon is still having zoning troubles, etc., as well as getting on the bad books of the John Birch Society. As of now at least, the READER'S DIGEST fear of controversy has killed of the article they assigned me to do. I've worked hard on it in several versions and there has been no complaint about the writing.

With very best wishes,

As always

Harold



Walker Winslow correspondence

Aug '64
Walker Winslow
Synanon House
1351 Ocean Front
Santa Monica, Calif.

file in ans

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Clinic
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

It has been about a year since I last wrote to you and I should have long ago thanked you for your generous and thoughtful answer. However, I was at that time very low both physically and mentally and had failed to regain my health and creative vitality as I had hoped I would in the desert. In November of last year, when I came back to live at Synanon as a member, I was a walking skeleton, weighing a bare 140 pounds. Prior to going to the desert, I'd had considerable quantities of a variety of opiates prescribed for my back and sciatic pain. When I came back to the city, I was afraid I would start relying on them again, for the pain is very real and constant. Synanon, of course, has prevented that from happening. I'm now convinced that my physical condition was largely due to the despair I felt. In the city I had been unable to live without drugs and in the desert when I was without them I wasn't able to function. Now -- nine months later -- my health has returned, I weigh 180, and there again seems to be some purpose to my life. I still have considerable pain at times but I can live with it and it is partially controlled by harmless drugs that decrease the muscle spasm.

You've always been a good and great friend to me and I know that I owed you a report -- good or bad. However, I have cut myself off from most of my old friends, feeling that I wasn't worthy of their attention until what seemed to be my decline and decay had been reversed and I was on fairly sure ground. I'd grown too cynical about myself to report any false dawns. I can merely hope that my present state isn't one of them.

This self-cynicism has also resulted in my refusing to take anything more than a menial role in Synanon up until the last couple of months. I have no title as yet, and indeed I worked as a cook for one of the smaller houses up until a couple of weeks ago. However, I have been doing an increasing amount of writing -- reports, brochures, requested articles, and the like. I've also become a member of the professional and scientific advisory committee. In the main, this is made up of psychiatrists, sociologists, psychologists and physicians. I prepare applications for grants, etc. I am becoming increasingly busy at this.

Where I can, I help a group known as Sponsors of Synanon. This is made up of lay and professional people who help with fund raising, contribute services and advise, or lend their prestige to Synanon. Synanon Foundation has so far restricted its directorships to its membership, none of whom draw a salary.



Walker Winslow correspondence

-2-

The head of Sponsors of Synanon -- S.O.S. -- has asked me to approach you about becoming a director of that group. This wouldn't entail any work on your part, only the use of your name in a worthy and proven cause that has a direct relationship with your interest in criminal rehabilitation. I don't want to trade on your friendship in this matter. You have already given Synanon considerable help and were the first person of real stature to take note of its work.

This letter is personal and more or less off the record. An official request will follow in a day or two. I wanted to bring you up to date on myself. Naturally, I feel strongly about Synanon. It has saved my life and will perhaps give me a role where I can effectively use such talent as I have.

✓ I have read several reviews of your VITAL BALANCE and I am very eager to read the book and would like to review it for MANAS. Would it still be possible to get a review copy? I will contribute it to the Synanon library when I am finished with it.

The letter that follows will bring you up to date on Synanon.

I'd hoped to see either you or Dr. Will at the APA convention on the night I was there but was unable to locate either one of you.

With very best wishes,

Sincerely

Walker
Walker Winslow

*VB sent
2/29/64*

no reply written to letter



Walker Winslow correspondence

To read

Walker Winslow
Synanon House
1351 Ocean Front
Santa Monica, California
September 9, 1964

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

Sponsors of Synanon (S.O.S.), a group of prominent lay and professional people who have banded together toward the end of getting Synanon Foundation badly needed financial, political and professional aid, have asked me to inquire as to whether or not you would be willing to accept a directorship in their organization. This position would not consume much of your time, for they are well aware of the demands that are already made in that direction. Your name could quite appropriately head the list, because of your pioneer work and interest in the field of rehabilitating criminals outside of prison walls. You are also the first man of stature in your field to recognize the value of the work Synanon is doing. Our hope is that you will take pride in Synanon's future accomplishments and have the satisfaction of having given us your continued support.

Since I haven't reported to you of late, I will try to bring you up to date on the status of Synanon at the present. You'll recall that when I first brought Synanon to your attention it had only a few over fifty members and was battling the city of Santa Monica in the courts for the right to provide a decent home for those members. It is worth remarking here that out of that nucleus over thirty have remained free of addiction. A dozen have returned to the larger society and are leading happy and successful lives; the rest have remained in Synanon to take administrative positions and help newcomers. Doubling in size each year, Synanon now has nearly 500 members. Charles E. "Chuck" Dederich served 25 days in jail for an alleged violation of a zoning code and although the case of Santa Monica vs. Synanon remains active on the books of the courts, a posture of peaceful co-existence has been achieved. The little remaining opposition seems to come from the John Birch Society.

The membership of Synanon is now divided between six facilities--Santa Monica, San Diego, San Francisco and Tomales Bay in California. A facility in Westport, Connecticut, serves as a staging center for addicts, and other people with social problems, brought in from New York and other eastern cities. These people are at once shipped out to West Coast facilities, many of them under the sponsorship of the parole boards of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. The majority are gang products from the toughest neighborhoods of the cities. In spite of the fear on the part of the citizens of Santa Monica, and elsewhere, that Synanon Houses would bring about an increase in crime and a problem in law enforcement, no member of Synanon has ever been arrested for a crime committed while he was in residence at one of the houses.



Walker Winslow correspondence

-2-

The sixth Synanon facility is in Reno, Nevada, where Synanon has a contract with the state of Nevada, at a thousand dollars a month, to organize and supervise a Synanon group in Nevada State Penitentiary. This has been markedly successful and even has members from "death row". Because of its ability to turn hostility away from authority, police itself, and reverse the code of conduct that in the past has made criminals loyal only to their sickness and those who shared it, prison morale is at an all time high. At a Synanon honor camp, where prisoners live with less than minimum security, there have been no escapes. Governor Grant Sawyer says that the work Synanon has done is "miraculous". This experiment already suggests that perhaps Synanon has a great future in this field. Few of the prison members are addicts.

The Board of Directors of Synanon Foundation is made up of people who recovered in and still live at Synanon. None of these draw salaries and all are clothed in garments that have been contributed. After the first six months each member draws one dollar a week WAM (walk around money) and directors get five dollars a week. It costs less than three dollars a day in cash to supply the Synanon member with a comfortable home, good food and all incidentals, such as cigarettes and toilet articles. Goods and services worth twice this amount are "hustled" by members. Each penny collected goes directly to buying the "clean man days" that eventually add up to social recovery.

In order that it may become self-supporting in some not too far off future, a Synanon Industries has been established in both Santa Monica and San Diego. In the Santa Monica plant there is a complete machine shop and some specialized machinery supplied for sub-contracting. Two shifts are working. However, never forgetting that its primary responsibility is the mental health of the individual, time is always taken out for seminars and for small "s" synanons--the intensive therapy groups that are Synanon's chief tool. Synanon also operates a service station and may enter into other commercial enterprises. It is C. E. Dederich's thesis that the members are still sick to just the degree that they have to depend on society for their support.

Next week Columbia Pictures starts shooting a full length motion picture, tentatively titled "Synanon Story", on location at the original Synanon House in Santa Monica. It will star Eartha Kitt, Richard Conte, Edmund O'Brien, and others, and it is hoped that a nationwide campaign for funds can be timed to coincide with the release date of the picture.

The latest and perhaps most important event in the history of Synanon has been the purchase of forty acres of land and building that will presently accommodate 75 people at Tomales Bay, California. The reinforced concrete buildings were erected during World War I in hopes of luring Marconi to this country. Later they were used as a wireless station. Synanon plans to build a community on this site and have its national headquarters there.

Although Synanon has no paid professionals, a good many physicians--some of them psychiatrists--contribute time. In Santa Monica there is a scientific advisory committee made up of Dr. Lewis Yablonsky, professor of Sociology at San Fernando Valley State College; Dr. Elliott Markoff of U.C.L.A., and



Walker Winslow correspondence

-3-

Dr. Marshall Cherkas, a psychiatrist in private practice. Drs. Yablonsky and Cherkas are paid by the Los Angeles County Department of Mental Hygiene and Markoff by U.C.L.A. They evaluate Synanon techniques and in discussions with some of the directors help define what is going on. They are also trying to get grants from some of the big foundations for Synanon, and I am helping with this much as I helped get the Rockefeller grant for the Aide School in Topeka. Dr. Markoff has done an excellent paper on Synanon and since he was on the staff of the Federal Narcotic Hospital at Lexington, he has an exceptional understanding of Synanon's unique contribution. I will get you a copy of this paper if you would care for it. Dr. Yablonsky has a book on Synanon coming out early next year, and I will get you a copy of that. Dr. Daniel Casriel, a New York psychiatrist, has already published a book on Synanon--SO FAIR A HOUSE. I can get you a copy of this if you don't already have one in your library.

When you are next out this way, I hope to see you for old times' sake, and I also hope that I get a chance to show you Synanon at work. Any visitor from the Foundation would be very welcome here. C.E. Dederich is a great admirer of your work, and I'm sure you would find it mutually rewarding if you would meet some time.

With very best wishes and hoping to hear from you soon and favorably,

Sincerely,

Walker Winslow
ll

Walker Winslow

Walker Winslow correspondence

Mrs O. B. Hume

*next trip to
Craig*

September 22, 1964

Mr. Walker Winslow
Synanon House
1351 Ocean Front
Santa Monica, California

Dear Harold:

I very much enjoyed reading your letter of September 9, telling me of the extraordinary achievements of Synanon.

Your friend called me on the telephone for a date but I just couldn't see him and I told him so. Of course, I could have seen him; what I mean is that I could not have listened to what he had to say because I am under great pressure. He sounded very nice. I hope to meet him some day.

Harold, I am delighted with all you tell me of the developments at Synanon. I would like to come and see it. I will do so when I can. I don't want to be the director of any organization that I have never visited and I do not know any of the members. So I must wait until I can meet you out there. That might be this winter.

I don't want to bore you by repeatedly saying that I am under great pressure and have many complications to deal with at the moment but it is true. I cannot give this important work the attention it deserves right now. Keep me in touch with developments for I am interested.

Sincerely yours,

Karl Menninger, M. D.

KM:D

Walker Winslow correspondence

Mario

*Let Hayes
see this
Hayes read this 7/2/65*

Walker Winslow
1009 Yale St.
Sacramento, Calif.
Aug. 18/65

*Make a
nice short
reply &
encourage*

Karl A. Menninger, M.D.
Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Doctor Karl:

You must have wondered what happened to me after the series of letters in which I was describing the good works and dilemmas of Synanon. As I recall, I was discussing the possibility of your lending your name to The Sponsors of Synanon as a director and you had written that we would get together when you were next on the Coast so that you could examine Synanon more closely. At that point our correspondence broke off, as it has so frequently during the years. Not too long after that I left Synanon.

My reasons for leaving Synanon don't reflect of the importance of the work they are doing or their future. Perhaps my own personal peculiarities and a sort of an idealist rigidity had more to do with my moving than anything else. For one thing, I felt that the propaganda -- and I was making that -- was getting ahead of the revolution. That is to say, I could explain Synanon fluently and convincingly in terms of its initial ideas and aims but what I was saying had very little to do with the sometimes devious and almost always controversial methods that were being used as a means toward the accomplishment of the ideal. When I could no longer rationalize the means into the overall picture I had of Synanon I was through. In fact I sickened myself by working on after I knew I was through and thus lending myself to things that were foreign to my nature.

There is, however, one fact in Synanon that no one can argue with. By whatever means, it remains an effective deterrent to drug taking and crime to the number who are in it at a given time. In that it does what no one else can do and I still believe that given time its accomplishments will be of great significance. The great difficulty is that they have expanded too fast to develop the leaders they need and when the majority of the members became young school drop outs from the slums of the great eastern cities leadership material was increasingly hard to find. There are some frightening things go on. If I had been younger, I could have battled things out on an administrative level. The experience is something I would like to talk to you about some time. I've felt like writing about my experience but I don't want to damage Synanon.

During the time I was director of Beacon House, and in other instances during the past few years, I have been hearing of Steve George House and the work Steve George was doing with alcoholics. I'd been corresponding with him and at his invitation came directly to his place from Synanon in San Diego. Although I was free of any alcoholic or chemical involvement, I was worn out physically and emotionally. I needed rest and I needed something like supportive counsel.

Walker Winslow correspondence

-2-

Perhaps more than anything I needed to again see someone who had a love and human concern for human beings. The over-stress of the release of hostility at Synanon overshadows everything else. In any case, I was tired of hate and ridicule as a "technique." Maybe there is too much of the old humanist in me to accept that, however effective it may be in the new therapy.

I have found everything I was looking for here, and more. Steve is an incredible man. With barely three months of sobriety behind him, and new in A.A., he had a bankrupt recovery house dumped in his lap. That was over seven years ago and he has kept it going, with a capacity of between 16 and 20, without a cent of outside help or any surplus and left over food stuff and equipment. People go out to work as soon as he thinks they are ready for it and those pay \$25 a week board. As it works out at least half of the population will be at work at any given time and Steve and his wife throw in what they would spend if they were supporting a home for themselves -- about \$400 a month. It is literally Steve's home and the people who come in are his guests. There is thus a total absence of institutional atmosphere; no aura of the handout setup. He buys everything at retail and each time he goes shopping he'll take with him someone he can counsel during the drive and at the same time they get a reality picture of what goes into making a meal and what it costs, a thing most alcoholics have lost sight of. He also does the cooking and the people in the house usually gather in the kitchen as he does. He's shed some of the authoritarian regalia by the work he's doing and he talks casually and skillfully manages to communicate something special to almost every individual in the room. All gatherings of the group take place spontaneously and are of the same general character, the conversation being led into channels that will communicate insights to particular people as they are ready for them. There is very little need for individual counselling. I've been helped markedly since I've been here and learned more than I ever have in anything like this period of time. My big problem has been a block against writing, even letter writing, and I think I am at last breaking it.

The experience has also resulted in giving me a renewed and more enlightened interest in the role of the recovery house. Steve realizes that not everyone is going to dedicate themselves to the extent he has but he has a plan for starting and supporting recovery houses that seems to me inspired. You would take a person who had shown a vocation for this work through serving what could be called an internship, or novitiate, in a recovery house and then get the community that wanted a recovery house to provide the furnished residence and agree to pay the director a salary of, say, \$7,500 a year. From that point on it would be up to him to make it support itself or make up the deficit out of his own pocket. Alcoholics can pay their way if given the chance. In seven years almost 2,000 alcoholics have passed through Steve's house. I'm sure the recovery rate is well above average.

If anyone at the Foundation is currently interested in the role of the recovery house in the public health picture please buck this

Walker Winslow correspondence

-3-

letter on to them. I also have a tape I did with Steve that gives one of the ^{inspiring} opportunities to enter into the mind of the natural therapist who has found and is living out his role. I'll send it to any interested person. I'm thinking of getting some sort of a grant to do a more thorough study of this field, or I may go out again and take over some recovery house if the opportunity arises.

God knows I had no intention of going on at this length. But I feel pretty strongly about my experience here and I thought you would be interested. If the editor of The Menninger Bulletin would like an article on the recovery house movement and its spontaneous development I would be glad to do one.

The riots in Los Angeles were a fearful thing and the worst of all examples of man against himself.

I know I can't expect you to answer in full but I'll appreciate a note from you.

My very best to your family.

As ever

Harold

Walker Winslow correspondence

- File Copy -

Interview with Dr. C. F. - August 29 - first quarter of cylinder inaudible -

. invested some \$5,000 in the buildings when the Clinic was started. They bought them out much later. These people were old bughousers (?) - they had foresight and did quite well until the Clinic overstepped them. In Dr. C. F.'s story of specializing in diabetes, you see ~~see~~ some of the intuitiveness of the family. He was offering the best treatment he could by dietary method - nutritional method controlling this unbalanced metabolism. He had gone to the best places to study. When insulin came in he was the only physician in Topeka who understood the technique for quite awhile since he went back for more study when it came out. I imagine that this supported the office quite well during Karl's initial period with the father.

Father said that he knew Karl was undecided about going to medical school. His impression is that he talked to him quite a bit about this during the summer that Karl said he made his decision in a dentist's office. The father pointed out to him that banking was static. That there wasn't anything to keep a man alive - such as there was in the scientific world. He didn't mention medicine specifically but tried to keep Karl interested in a professional life - something that would keep him alive all his life.

My impression is that the father did more directing of the early practice days than Karl or he either grant is true now. He did the physicals on the patients at that time - while he was studying he was still going on with his own practice. Karl tells me that he only did two or three months of general practice which means that he helped his father very little in that particular department. The father said that he was learning from Karl - learning from books - at the same time I think he was influencing Karl that his manner was slowly seeping~~y~~ in - a sort of leavening.

From what I hear from both Karl and the father I see Will as a rather in-

Walker Winslow correspondence

2

dependent spirit - a person who would not seem to rely much on either but who was watching both - observing what was going on and evaluating it in his own calm and quiet way - preparing himself to enter the family practice in the way in which he could serve best. His background in internal medicine made him ideal as the director of the hospital which he was in the early days. He had a balance in that sense - in the sense that Karl lacked. He could take care of details, get along with employees. He tended to be moderate and did much work with the patients' families leaving Karl free to do those things in writing, public appearances, travelling about the state and United States that brought attention to the Clinic. He was a much a part of this as if he had accompanied Karl. Karl could not have done these things any security had it not been for Will. The Human Mind was written four years after Will got out of medical school. There had been a great sharing of experience - Karl had had an opportunity to teach both Will and his father - this in some way must have prepared him to write that book. He also had to explain to the town what was going on. He had seen his father try to explain. He had seen Will try to explain. He saw how essential it was that some book be written. I wonder if at the inception he expected international reputation that book has now earned. When Karl first went into practice with his father, he did work at the State Hospital. The father did not mention whether this was for free or not but this marks an earlier Menninger association with the hospital I've recorded.

One quite significant thing about the interview with Dr. C. F. was that he pointed out that they had no money - that after thirty some years of practice when Karl came - it was necessary to borrow the money to buy the buildings and the grounds of the present clinic. In spite of the mother's savings and in spite of everything - even in spite of one of the largest practices in Topeka, Dr. C. F. had never been a wealthy man nor Karl or Will. There seems to be none of the mother's frugality in these people. In the history of the mother one sees that she also saved very little. The family is certainly not dominated by a trend toward economic imperialism although in an interview this morning Dr. C. F. said that banking was

Walker Winslow correspondence

3

Dr. Karl's own choice. Dr. Karl told me that it was his mother's choice or choice made for him by the family and that it bored him from the beginning. He couldn't imagine being a banker. I think the family expected a good deal of Dr. Will - more perhaps than they did of Karl or Edwin. I was reading the mother's diary last night and found notes where she was doing kind acts - reading good books - doing all sorts of things and wondering if there weren't something to pre-natal influence. Apparently she had already dispared of Karl and Edwin to a degree. She was constantly reproaching herself for not being a good mother. She was determined to be a good mother to Dr. Will. I feel that there was some rejection of Will when he turned out not to be a girl. The mother said that she would never have another child again. This was the end.

I think this may account for some of Will's independence - that he felt he was the end of the line - that he was the one who had to tie up loose ends - that he's been coming along in the rear - cleaning up after the family ever since that time. He also had to go out in front as the mother would have and raise funds. He seems to claim all the better balanced traits of the family.

Walker Winslow correspondence

First Interview with Dr. C. F. -- December 10, 1951

First cylinder didn't record - must check back - Father's background - family tree etc.

Father ran away from Denmark at 17 to escape conscription in German army - worked his way by boat to Baltimore then migrated westward to Indianapolis - later to Pittsburgh where he served as an apprentice in a machine shop and met and married mother. Father later bought and operated a saw mill and farm. Wanted all his children to go to college where he had only a primary school education and most of the family did go except Gus, C. F.'s older brother who wanted to become a sawyer. Some of the brothers and sisters' names - Annie, Katie, Flora and Emmie (twins), George (?) died in infancy, -Gus (others must check). Flora died of T.B. and her twin, Emmie, resolved to devote her life to helping people with T.B. Became a deaconess nurse - went to Colorado Springs with the other girls - got a house and established a little sanitarium. Used to go down to the station when trains came in and when T.B. sufferers arrived and had no place to go would invite them out to this sanitarium. They gave up this sanitarium in about 1927 after the older of the girls (the leader of the group) died. Visited here about that time and worked here - left because she couldn't bring herself to work for pay - wanted to be a sister of charity. Went back to Colorado Springs.

Father was a "wonderful provided". He spent a great deal of time with the children and when he went on trips to look at logs, etc. for the saw mill, he always brought home something for the children - some natural science object - that's where C. F. first got interested in collecting shells. He taught them to observe nature - told them stories about the Indians. Father was very alert - great reader. Father and mother both very clean and hygienic.

C. F. worked as a clerk during summer vacations at the age of 8 in his father's saw mill counting up number of board ft. of lumber bought and sold. Father was a Catholic - mother a Lutheran - never any religious conflict in the family - children brought up Lutheran and after the boys were older father became a Lutheran. Father never drank except occasional glass of wine - made

Walker Winslow correspondence

-2-

his own wine - Mother had some influence in father's not drinking - Father
didn't smoke - C. F. never heard him use profane language.



Walker Winslow correspondence

cylinder 1

CYLINDERS 1-4

DR. C. F. MENNINGER BIOGRAPHY MATERIAL

My father was a man that while he wasn't ardent as a Catholic - he had a *good* sort of life generally. I never knew my father to use vulgar language, never knew him to smoke and as I said I don't think he drank anything except - when a neighbor would set up the wine - father would drink the wine but I never knew my father to be intoxicated nor anything like that at all. He was a very sober -
---(Was he a strict father? - Lawder) No, - yes he was strict in this - if we didn't do what mother said why he would take us in hand and he always taught us to mind him of course - but I can remember being punished but I can also remember that I was guilty - having done something that I shouldn't have done. Father was philanthropic in this way that father was guardian during his life - I remember very distinctly - guardian for a number of different children who had lost their parents and he became a guardian for them - responsible of course to the court - appointed by the court and I know his having guardianships that he was apt to go to court every so often and make reports on things. He was rather inclined toward that way. (Who was responsible in the household for seeing that you kids behaved - your mother or your father? -Lawder) Father was always the one that was the executive. If there was any punishment to be given - mother never gave any punishment. The thing that she would do would be to cry about it. It wasn't any physical punishment. No distinction at all between boys and the girls. Father was a very busy man until he turned over the saw mill to brother Gus but they soon sold it because then logs were getting scarce and I helped as a boy about the saw mill more in a clerical way - when father would buy logs they would come rafted. There would probably be a raft of 150 long - one log after another laying with ties so as to hold them together and when father would buy them he had a long hooked stick that he would put down under the log and then put his finger on top and according to the length - show the number of board feet that could be sawed out of the log and he'd read that number off. The man who sold the logs to us and I would be the clerks. I kept records of it and afterwards I'd have to add those columns up

Walker Winslow correspondence

page 2

and we wouldn't always agree of course - I'd make mistakes or he'd make mistakes. But according to the number of board feet we'd pay for the raft of logs. Those logs we floated down to a certain place - father would have arranged along side of the river bank and spring after spring of logs - they'd always come you know - most of the time he'd buy his logs in the springtime because the farmers in clearing the ground would do that in the fall and winter and get them down to the creek and then stake them and then in early spring they'd go after them and then they would come down and ask father if he wanted to buy logs - (he very seldom ever went to inspect logs). He'd take them on their reputation and then when they came down he'd examine them and the man would have to tell just what sort of logs they are and father would see what they were and that's the way they made their bargains. And then I often - when lumber was sold - counted the pieces or measured the width of it and the length and I'd make a record of that and then took it over to the office to the bookkeeping --charged to that man or so much paid for it. I must have been 8, 10 or 12 years old. That occurred chiefly during the summers and fall and when I wasn't in school.

I went to school when I was six years old and our language up to that time was chiefly in German and I had to learn English when I first went to school. The conversation at home was always in the German language until the children got older. We had instruction in German in the public school as well as in English. Part of the day German and part of the day English. That continued in that town for quite awhile even after I left the town and the minutes of the town meetings were held in German and recorded in German and in later years they had to be translated and then the translation legalized by an act of Legislature to make them legal in our town. It was a German town. We had two breweries in the town of 1500 to 2000 and I don't know how many barrooms and beer gardens and things like that. There was a German newspaper published there for a long time. It's now English - modernized. (Did your father and mother ever get to speak English? - Lawder) Oh, yes but we children would have lots of sport when mother used to try to talk to John Patrick when he first came and courted my oldest sister, Margaret and mother would try to talk English to him - then

Walker Winslow correspondence

page 3

we children would sit back and when it was all over we'd laugh about it and mother said she would come pound us if we didn't stop making fun of her. Oh, yes, mother got so she talked pretty well - father learned it earlier - very much earlier than mother did. I didn't know much of anything about mother's background except that my grandmother, my mother's mother lived with us for awhile, in fact died at our house. I remember that very well and I learned the Lord's Prayer from my grandmother and my mother in German, of course and I studied the Catechism - the German Catechism which is a short Catechism and I learned it all in German, of course - none of it in English at all.

But as a whole *father* was very much alerted all the time. He would see lots of things that others would not see in the way of nature study. Father was very fond of his garden. He always had a nice garden around the house and he'd have his both vegetable and flower garden and he didn't do the work himself - we had a man that came and spaded up for us and mother would do the sewing mostly - father would do the planting whatever planting there was. We had the garden well laid out and father had the vegetable and mother the flower garden - we had lots of fruits in our yards - Our yard was rather a large yard - around the house we had so many peach trees, apricot trees and grapes and father was quite an apiarist - that is a bee-catcher. He had a special house built for our bees - where the hives were and at certain seasons of the year he would take the honey out and he invented a centrifugal machine by means of which when they take the comb out he would slice off the very top of the comb and then put it in the centrifugal machine and that would leave the comb whole that he could put back into the hive again and the bee wouldn't have to build the comb. (Lawder - Did you say he invented it?) Yes - he made one himself (Was that kind of thing in use before? - Lawder) I don't know - (Did anyone else ever use it? - Lawder) I don't know - it was borrowed by different people of course but it would save the labor of the bees in making a comb again and the honey would come out perfectly clear - beautiful - we had lots of honey - all my life I've had honey. And he would always grow on some of his grounds some sorgum (corn), sugar cane, and late~~x~~ in the fall it was cut off -

Walker Winslow correspondence

4

- put onto a wagon and hauled to a man who had a machine for squeezing out the juice and make molasses out of it and so we had always a pound or two of molasses - pancakes and fried mush were great, With that honey and with the molasses.

Father was a good provider - wonderful. His cellar was a great place. We had lots of apple trees and we had apples - father always had good eating apples for the children and I never went to school but what I had an apple or two in my pocket at recess - didn't always get eaten at recess time - would keep them lots of times for a little reserve _____ (of course that was the philosophy of that time and that region - good providers) they were followers in that school you know of providing for yourself - you learn to be economical and you learn how to stop and look ahead and to provide for yourself and to look ahead to the future and that's how my mother and father were both brought up. Now in regard to clothing - I always had my older brothers' pants (drawers) we wore drawers then (underwear) and of course for a Sunday suit why I would have one which father or mother would buy - they would take me to the store and I would get fitted for a good Sunday School and church suit. But the others were hand-me-downs. (They get pretty thin by the time they get to the bottom of the family). Well, of course, brother Gus and I were so near - there were only three years between us - there wasn't a great deal of difference. And I remember my first real overcoat that I got when I was a boy - one that Gus had had as a new one and boy I thought that was certainly wonderful. But they were economical people. They were people who took care of what they earned and what they got and they lived it. (Did your mother have help around the house? - Lawder) No, only my sisters and mother - no we never had any - oh, we hired help always at such times as when they were butchering and that's the only time we'd ever have any help. Of course, I don't remember anything about when the babies were born when George was born that is my infant brother who died or when Flora died - I don't know anything about that. I was too young. (Your mother must have found it a hard life in a way) Well, yes, but it wasn't a hard life in-a-way) -- Well, for her, I don't believe except that she was always busy - she had plenty to do. Heard the needs for the family and her conscience about that and

Walker Winslow correspondence

5

and father was the same way. He had a busy life - he lived two years after mother died. Father was along in his seventies - the middle seventies. Mother I don't think was 70 when she died. She was I think in her sixties. (That's remarkable for those days) They were healthy, strong - they were always well - I don't remember father being sick except at the close of his life - he evidently had some sort of weak heart because he couldn't work hard any more - he had to stop and sell his saw mill. (He must have had quite a conscience in a way - your father and mother yet I suppose that was typical of most of the German people of that period - about work and so on). Their feelings toward their families - feeling toward doing the right thing - father's word was his bond - you could always depend on if father said anything - it was so. On the whole I have a very pleasant recollection of my father and my mother and the life that we lived as a family. They governed our life at that time. My interest in natural science was started, of course, by my father and then was continued in my story.

cylinder 2 - School Days

I went to the public schools - we had no high school there - we went to the public schools at Tell City until I was in the neighborhood of 13 years old. I had finished all the lower and upper grades that they had there - through 8th or 9th or I don't know what the last grades were. About that time my oldest sister's husband, John Patrick, was elected for the district court clerkship -- called the district court because there were several counties in that circuit and they called it the district court or the circuit court for that county. And he asked my parents if I might come and be in his office and so it was arranged that I became his office boy and my office boy work consisted of going there - opening up the office, sweeping out, they had no janitor - I was the janitor in that respect - sweeping and dusting and starting the fire in the winter time and getting everything ready before he came. In fact, I lived at his house during that time with my sister. That was in the neighborhood of

Walker Winslow correspondence

6

I think about 1875. Maybe a little before or ~~at~~ a little after - the first part of the year. I would be there until he came and then at 9 o'clock he had made arrangements with (already before I came there) Rev. Richard Tuton (sp?), an Episcopal minister in the church-study and went to school to him. I started and went from 9 o'clock until 1 o'clock every morning after I had finished my work at the office. I studied physics, geometry, Latin and Greek and those high school studies at that time. In the afternoon - I'd go to my sister's and get my lunch and then go to the office and work in the office doing copying and recording and anything he set me to. I was just an office boy not thinking of going into law. Of course, I learned a good deal about the legal procedures, etc. in the office and then while court was in session I was there and I learned a wonderful amount about legal procedures and I did my studying at night for my class the next morning. During the afternoon I was at the office and then in the evening I was studying. I learned a wonderful amount and it was a real education to be in the clerk's office and also as the court was in session - my vocabulary increased daily - wonderful things that I had to learn in that way and I always have been very thankful that I had that wonderful opportunity. (Was John Patrick a very stimulating person? - Lawder) He had been a teacher all his life until he was elected that time and he was a very - I looked to him a good deal as a boy would do to his father when he came to the age of appreciation of things. He was really a father to me in that way although when Saturday came I didn't have any school and Saturday afternoon I'd walk home back down to Tell City which was three miles. I just walked along the country road down to my home and I spent Sunday with my parents and then Monday morning I'd get up a little extra early and then I'd walk back to Camelton so Monday morning I was always a little bit late. He, in fact, sometimes would be at the office and be at work when I got there. Then I wouldn't get to Dr. Tuton's till about 10 o'clock usually on Monday mornings. (What kind of a man was Dr. Tuton? - Lawder) Rev. Richard Tuton was a very educated Episcopal minister there. He was minister of the Episcopal Church there at Camelton. That's where the county seat was at Camelton. Camel's coal was mined there at Camelton