

## REID KIMBALL

My full name is Reid Lawrence Kimball. I was born in Utah, in a little town called Logan, Utah; but I've been living here in California--as a matter of fact, in Santa Monica--since I was about seven years old, which makes about thirty-seven years. I went to school in Santa Monica, but only to the eighth grade; then I quit.

In reference to drug taking, actually the first drugs of any kind that I ever took was at this junior high school in Santa Monica. It was marijuana. There were a few kids who used to smoke pot, but nothing very serious, as contradictory as that may sound. I mean, you know, they smoked a little, and then didn't for a month, very sporadically. Quite frankly, my life was pretty uneventful until I began using drugs. I just hung around the beach; it was a real depression area. There was nothing. They stood around all day and looked at each other. When I was about nineteen, I started. . . Well, let me begin by saying that where I lived, in Ocean Park, is a sort of an amusement center. It's a sort of carnival atmosphere, with a pier, and games, and "flat stores," which is gyp games. I finally got a job watching out for the

cops in this manner: The games on the pier were licensed and legitimate, but when you had a sucker up against them, they'd all play at them, you know--like they'd get up cash stakes and bonuses. So I would stand at the foot of the pier and if a cop was coming, I'd run up and tell them. They would immediately revert the game, and tell the man, "Well, you hit a certain number, now we go back to playing for prizes." This sort of thing. It was a semi-illegitimate proposition.

Then I began to drink, because it was the thing to do. The guys that I admired or thought were big shots, the guys who carried hundred dollar bills, the carnies and the pimps and this and that, all smoked pot and all drank a little--you know, luses. So I began drinking and smoking a lot of marijuana every day.

About that time, when I was about twenty, I guess, I met a girl at the ballroom there. She was down for one night. She was a specialty dancer at Earl Carroll's in Hollywood, and we started going together and we got married. It's so hard for me to recollect things. It really is; it's very difficult. I mean, the sequence of events. There wasn't much to the marriage. We were married a couple of years, but we actually only lived together six or seven months

or something. We didn't pay a great deal of attention to each other.

Then, when I was about twenty-one, I started running a crap game around the beach, what they call a "floating game"--one night in one place, another night in another place. While I was doing that, I met a girl I'd seen occasionally around the beach and she cut into me one night in a bar. We got to talking and it turned out that she had a whore house in San Francisco, and she asked me if I wanted to ride up to San Francisco with her. Meanwhile, I inquired around the bar and she had money and a Cadillac and everything. So this sounded pretty good, and I took off with her.

She wasn't a user herself, but it led. . . I feel it led indirectly into using in this manner: I went to San Francisco with her and she was running this place and I was just night-clubbing and laying around and drinking and blowing a little pot, but no hard stuff yet, for seven or eight months. We came back to the beach, and that was what I considered a fine way of life--I had lots of money and this and that. So, through her, I met another fellow that owned a bar, and a girl named Virginia. It turns out that they were opium smokers. After I got tight with them one night, they asked me if I wanted to

smoke some opium. So we went to her apartment. There was about five of us, I guess--two girls and three fellows-- and we smoked opium and I dug it. It was great, and I got swept right up in that. In fact, I started smoking opium every day.

I didn't give it any serious thought about getting hooked or anything. They seemed all to be doing fine, had money and were prosperous, and it didn't have the connotation of the needle and the gutter hypes. In fact, I knew nothing of the gutter hypes and people running around boosting or going to jail. It was all very clandestine and thrilling. As a matter of fact, I didn't actually think in terms of being addicted or being a user or anything until I'd been smoking hop for a couple of months. It's almost like a classic case. One day we didn't meet or something. I started getting sicker than Hell; I was sweating and yawning. I wasn't all so naive that I didn't know it was habit forming. I just never gave it a great deal of thought. We had nothing to do except meet and smoke hop a couple of times a day and I never put any importance on not smoking until this one day. I was terribly sick and I went to the bar where Milt was, the fellow that I'd smoked with. I knew what was happening to me.

I says, "Jeez, I'm sicker than Hell because we haven't smoked."



He says, "Well, naturally, you're sick."

So he reached in his pocket, and he gave me a couple of yen pokas as they call them, the pills that they carry around with them and you just swallow them and it takes away the sickness.

So from then on in, I mean, I was really in it. I was either smoking or eating yen pok. I had a real good habit. A matter of fact, it began to frighten me, because it costs. It was costing too much to keep up, you know. Each of us was buying like one can of hop a week. It costs seven hundred and fifty dollars, so already my habit was seven hundred and fifty dollars a week.

By that time I was with Virginia. She and I were going together and we had a place together in Los Angeles; a call house up in the Westlake district, and we'd split up three or four hundred dollars a day between us for our end.

About that time, I wanted to kick and I went to Murietta Hot Springs and took some "Med" they call it--some opium mixed with water. I tried reducing it and this and that. Nothing happened, anyway.

It was Virginia who introduced me to heroin, too. We were sniffing heroin. It was much quicker. You didn't have to lay out all the equipment.

I still had the crap game, occasionally, but I

had half of this place in town. Then I met another girl named Ila, who I later married. Ila was singing at the Swing Club in Hollywood. She was a singer, a beautiful girl. She and Frankie Lane were singing there, as a matter of fact. She was making more than he was at this time; no big money, though. I think she was getting a hundred and a quarter a week and he was getting seventy-five. It was probably about 1944 or '45. So I started running around with Ila, just the playing type of thing--going to night clubs and this and that. Then I let her know what I was doing--after a couple or three weeks. You know, she didn't know. I had given her some terrible story, that I was an author, or an heir, or some damn thing to explain why I had a new car and money and this ' and that. After I told her, she wasn't too upset. She was a young chick, and there was no criticism of it, so this led me to try and talk her into going into it. I explained to her that, at this place I had, if she wanted to turn out, she could probably quadruple what she made at the club very easily.

Well, as a matter of fact, she finally consented to this, and she did make over a thousand dollars the first week for her end. We had different movie stars for tricks. We had quite a book, and we were open just from noon till seven o'clock. It was all

calls, and girls going out on appointments--all hundred dollar dates. She didn't like to give up singing, but she wanted money and clothes and this and that.

So then I turned her on to. . . She had smoked a lot of marijuana. As a matter of fact, she had done six months for possession of marijuana about a year before I met her, but she'd never used any hard stuff. So, so I got her. . . It's still hard for me to say these things. I got her started on her heroin. It sounds awful. It is awful! And I have no defense for it. But none of that mattered at that time to me.

So, before long, that was the situation. Virginia and I had been kind of going together, but there was no great deal of feeling on either side. There was no difficulty in the fact that I was going with Ila. We still had the place together, but now Ila was my girl, and working at it, and everything was amicable.

Then the place got kind of hot, in this way: they instituted what they call a roving vice squad. We'd been paying off before, but now they kept changing the officers on it from week to week and we had to give up the whole thing. It was a very clever idea of the Chief's, or whoever it was. You get one bunch straightened out, and there'd be a new bunch on, so we had to give up the L.A. thing, and Ila and I went

to San Francisco.

She went to work in a call house in San Francisco. At that time, I was dashing out on carnival shows with what they call a "flat" or a "roll down" store. There was much money to be made in those days. For example, you could run out to a certain town or carnival place and jump in the flat store--all the defense workers had their money saved, you know--and work two hours a night. I'd always get like seven or eight hundred, a thousand dollars for my end for the week. Everybody made a couple, three hundred a night. You got half of everything you took in. It was just a skin game.

But we had terrible habits by this time. I mean, oh God! It was costing us three-four-five hundred dollars a day between the two of us. We paid as high as a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five dollars a dram--that's a level teaspoon of H. And I was using about three spoons a day, and Ila was using one or two, so we had a constant sweat there.

Dixon: You were still sniffing?

Kimball: We were still sniffing, then; but it wasn't too long after that, that someone suggested shooting it--it was less expensive; you could get more mileage out of it; and this and that. So then we started.

Everybody was converting over. It was so difficult to get, because of all the port situations, you know. In fact, that's why it was so high. In other words, like a dram was ordinarily fifty dollars in peace time, but there was so much difficulty getting it in the country and everything that they were getting a hundred and a quarter a spoon, because everyone was making more money. So it was equitable.

From then on, strange as it sounds, there isn't much to relate. It's the usual story. It's like a phantasmagoria. We were always loaded, or sick, or scratching after dope.

Then we went to Sacramento for a while. In between times, I pulled some holdups occasionally, and she would always be working in a place. It was just a whole life dedicated to getting dope in as great amounts as we could. Nothing very unique happened, or nothing very revolutionary. In other words, one day it'd be exactly like the other, you know; she'd be working at a call joint, and I'd be laying up in a hotel, or going out and maybe pulling one kind of swindle or another, or selling some dope.

After about three years, Ila and I got married. We thought--we were--in love with each other. In spite of all this bull shit, you know. We flew to Las Vegas and got married. Well, I was in love with

her, and still am; but because of one of these other girls, we had a breaking up after about eight years. We separated for about a year.

I was with this other girl, and we got her hooked, and she was also hustling, and that turned out to be a big mess. Her folks found out and were screaming, and I was hiding from them and oh! a whole big terrible scene. Finally they put her in the UCLA Medical Center for a cure.

So, at this particular point, I had really reached the bottom. From using a lot of dope and having money, I became a real gutter hype. I had no broad, and I loused myself up in a lot of different ways, like any hype will. In other words, every time you're down, you alienate all your friends. You borrow their money and don't give it back and double-cross everyone.

In 1957, I went to Camarillo for a cure for the first time, which did absolutely nothing, of course. I stayed there three months, then got out. I went to Reno, just on the basis that I had a friend there, an old friend, who was a user and who was doing well as a pit boss--stealing four or five hundred a day, and had a good connection.

Well, he got me a job in a gambling place, in the Bingo department. After I was there for oh,

seven or eight months, one night Ila came walking in. I had looked for her and tried to locate her and everything, because I snapped to the fact that I really wanted to be with her. She came in and she was all strung out.

There's a lot of things that I've left out that I doubt if they're very important. During one period we were in Watsonville, too, and she had a place and we. . . Gee, it's hard for me to remember the sequence of events. Anyway, what I'm leading up to is coming to Synanon.

When Ila came in, I guess it was in 1957 or something, we moved in together. She moved in with me, but for some reason I was very cruel to her and cold to her. I was resentful of the fact that she had left me, even though it was my fault, and I never did tell her that I cared anything about her. I kind of put on the base that I'd let her kick her habit there. This upset her terribly, you know, because she couldn't understand it. I was just unable to tell her how much I had missed her and everything else. It got to the point where she was upset and crying, and I was telling her that when this other girl got out of UCLA, I was going back with her. I had no intention of doing it. I was so happy that Ila was back, but I didn't tell her about it.

It was so miserable that one night she said, "I'm going to fly down to Los Angeles and get my clothes where I have them stored. Even though we're not going to be together, I may go to Chicago or somewhere."

I didn't think anything of it. She was going to come back Tuesday night, but instead of coming back. . When Tuesday night came, I was laying in my apartment waiting for her. I'd even gone and bought a wedding ring and everything. I was so hot that I hadn't told her about it, and I was all prepared to tell her and give her the wedding ring and everything. And Tuesday night came and somebody comes in my apartment. It turned out to be a friend of mine, a pit boss named Paul Brady, and his girl.

He says, "I've got some bad news for you." He says, "Ila's dead."

Oh, Christ! Everything went to pieces then. She had come down here and rented a room and killed herself. I really honestly don't remember what happened then for a long time, for several months.

I mean, I know that I started out that night. I quit the job, and I was drunk and I stuck up a couple of people on the street, and was buying dope and drinking whiskey, and I got back down here, some way. I was in a motel.



I got in such bad shape that my sister sent me to Camarillo again. You know, I was really messed up. So I went and did another three months at Camarillo. I didn't care about anything now.

In the meanwhile my friend that I had gone to Reno to see, Bill Burns, was at Tahoe now, working for the same club (Harold's Club). He heard about everything that happened, and he wrote me that if I'd come up to Lake Tahoe, I could stay with him. If I wanted to, I could go to work; if not, just stay with him. So, when I got out of Camarillo I went up there. I just laid around for a couple of months, using dope with him, and him working. Then, finally, I went to work. As a matter of fact, I went to work as a ring boss in the bingo section, partly on the base that I'd known Bill Hara for twenty-five years. He started here in Venice, and I was a ring boss for him for a short while when I was about twenty or something. All I was doing though was messing up. I was a ring boss, but I never showed up during working hours. I was just there at night and changed all the sheets, so that I could steal a couple of hundred dollars a night and buy dope.

Then I started drinking on top of it. In fact, I just wanted to end it all. I got in such a mess that I don't even know how I managed to keep the job

for several months. I would wind up every night just dead drunk, full of heroin, and even taking sleeping pills. I got in such a shape that I never even woke up in bed, ever, in my apartment. I'd always be on the floor; in the bathroom; or my head cut open. I'd fall down. I was a terrible mess. That was up until the early part of '59, like January and February, and finally I blew everything there. Bill even got fired himself for being loaded. He was somewhere else in Nevada.

So I came down here. One night I took all the money that was in the safe (six or seven hundred dollars) and just drove off. I came down here and shot that money up, and sold this car I had for a couple of hundred dollars. It was this old piece of junk that I bought up there because it had snow tires on it. I wound up in a motel here and I was broke. By that time I was drinking wine, and managed to get hold of just a cap or two of heroin a day-- in terrible shape and stumbling around.

I was afraid to kill myself, and I decided that I would just go to Camarillo for the rest of my life. That's all. That's the terms I was thinking of, and I thought, "Why did I ever leave?" As much as I hated it.

I was then forty-one years old and Ila was dead. . .

I couldn't even get another dime from anybody. I was in complete disgrace, and I had no more pride. I had bummed everyone for fifties first, then twenties, tens, even dollars--a terrible mess. People were crossing the street to avoid me. So I asked my younger sister to straighten it out for me to go to Camarillo. She went to the General Hospital and they wouldn't take me any more, except as a mental case. I had been there twice on a voluntary thing where you can ask to be let out. So, she went to all this trouble to get me committed on that. I was there about four days and put in an application to leave. I couldn't stand Camarillo, but I didn't want to do anything else.

When I left Camarillo, I came back to the beach, and somehow I managed to find more people to bum money off of some way, for a few days, a couple of weeks. I'd get a twenty here, a ten there, just really scrounging. And always drunk and using what little H I could get.

About that time, I really came to the end. I mean, there was absolutely no more. I couldn't get in Camarillo. I couldn't even enter any of my relatives' houses. Nobody wanted to see me. So, finally, I determined that I had to knock myself off. I was so tore up about Ila. I could never forget

about what I had done. I went to Santa Monica and I went to see a doctor that I had known years before, Dr. Steel. In fact, I used to buy dope off of him, but once he got busted. He didn't have an opiate license any more. He was an osteopath. I told him I wanted thirty nembutals. He didn't want to give them to me, but I told him that I was going on a trip and that I had been on a drunk and I would use them judiciously and everything. I finally got thirty nembutal. I wasn't using any sleeping pills at that time because I just couldn't get any, so I knew that I had no tolerance for them. Eight or nine was enough to kill me, I figured. I had borrowed ten dollars or something to go there, so I got the sleeping pills and I had really determined to do it. As a matter of fact, I was actually even sick and I didn't go score a few blocks away because I wanted to hurry and end it.

I went here to the Carmel Hotel and rented a room. I told the desk clerk I had driven all night, and not to disturb me until the next day and everything. So I went up to the room, and put the night latch on. I wrote a very dramatic suicide note, but I tore it up, and I sat on the edge of the bed and started throwing these nembutals down, five and six at a time. And that's the last I remember. I don't

know yet whether I got them all down. I don't remember anything.

I woke up a couple of days later in the General Hospital. I had tubes in every orifice in my body, with faucets and taps on them. When I woke up there, oh God! What an awful feeling! I said, "I even failed that!"

I figured that I was arrested, naturally, and that I was in a prison ward. I couldn't even talk from the sleeping pills. You know, they make your tongue so thick. I couldn't make any sense whatever. I couldn't even ask anyone for nearly a whole day. I mean, I really literally couldn't. I would try and talk for ten minutes. Nothing would come out. I was so dizzy and so weak.

I found out later from the police that someone had tried to get in the room the next morning, and they had to break the door down. They called the police, and they figured I was dead. They said I was just coal black and wasn't breathing and they started rushing me to the morgue or somewhere. But then they detected that I was still alive and they stopped at Georgia Street and pumped me and flushed me, and then took me to the General Hospital.

Well, anyway, after about three days in the hospital, oh God! I was so sick. You know, kicking

both these habits--the whiskey and the dope--and I was so dizzy. I was afraid that I would be sent to jail. I couldn't figure why I wasn't in a prison ward, anyway, with all that scene that I figured must have happened.

I asked to see the doctor and he wasn't going to release me. He said, "You're in no condition to go out."

I begged and whined. What I wanted to do was get out and do it again and finish it up, rather than maybe sit in jail somewhere. So then he asked me questions like who's the president, and what year is it. I think I told him Taft or something. He finally let me go out. I could hardly get dressed. I'd even fall over. I would try to get dressed when he wasn't in the room.

I left the General Hospital and I had some change so I took the bus down here. I determined to do it again, but the first thing I wanted to do was get a fix. I was so sick. I was too sick to even kill myself. So I went to this friend of mine, Kenny LaSalle, who had a gym in Santa Monica. He's the guy that I was in the after-hours bar with in San Francisco years before. I had dinged him unmercifully, in fact. He didn't even want to speak to me any more, but I went and I laid one more big

story on him. I guess I had no pride left. I whined about the suicide attempt and I gave him some story, like I wanted the money and wouldn't come back. I wanted to do something.

He finally said, "I'll give you one more twenty dollar bill, but I'll only do it this way. I don't want you coming back here. I'll take you down to Ocean Park and, out of the twenty, I'll rent you a room for a week and give you the change."

So he went down and rented me a room in a real crum hotel down here, the Circle, for eight dollars and he gave me the twelve dollars. So I immediately scurried up on Olympic Boulevard and bought two or three caps of heroin and a couple of bottles of wine and I holed up there.

I fell in with a couple of other winos in the hotel and was falling around that hall for five or six days. I can hardly even remember that week. This is the week before I came here to Synanon. I really don't know what happened, except there was five or six winos who had rooms up there, and I was laying on their floor. I got so drunk and so crazed and so sick that I couldn't even go and score. I really couldn't. I was so sick with dysentery and vomiting and everything. I knew that I had to have a fix but I couldn't even get out of that hotel. I'd

fall down and everything else. I hadn't shaved and I was afraid to go out. One morning, really early, after about the fifth or sixth day, they delegated me to go get the wine or something, and oh God! What a nightmare that morning was! I couldn't even get down the stairs, hardly, except by holding on. I was so weak. I went down the back stairs to the alley. The liquor store was just around the corner, but I actually couldn't get to it. I was leaning in the alley against the wall, like a ninety-year-old wino. I remember I met a guy in the alley who owned a restaurant there, Nate Franklin, who I had known--in fact, I owed him several thousand dollars. When I was in good shape, I borrowed five hundred at a time from him and this and that. Somehow I conned him out of ten dollars--I guess he figured I looked so awful. So now I'm in the alley and I'm so sick that I determined, instead of going to the liquor store, I would try and get some H.

I couldn't go get the bus on the main way--I was in too terrible a shape. I knew I'd get arrested. So I started up the ocean front, so I could go up a few blocks and then go over and sneak on to the bus and get up where the dope is, on Olympic. But as I was walking on the front, I had to stop at every bench. I was throwing up and shaking.



On one bench, I sat in front of this old store front. While I was sitting there for a few minutes, the door opened, and it's still only about ten in the morning. When the door opened, I heard music come out and bongo drums and everything, and a colored guy and a girl walked out. They had their arms around each other's waist, you know, just kind of in a friendly manner like that. It was Jesse Pratt and little Arlene. I didn't know them, though. They walked out and just kind of did a turn around the front and back in. When they went back in, they just kind of swung the doors open.

I heard all this music and everything and I kind of vaguely thought, "There must be something going on in there."

I didn't know what the Hell it was, so I just went over to the door and looked in the room. Here's all these divans and about thirty or forty people sitting around. Some were dancing and music was playing. I thought it was a beer joint, because it had the counter in it. The first person I spotted on the couch nearest the door was a kid named Dave Fagel that used to be a drugstore bandit, and that I used to buy dope off of seven or eight years before.

He saw me standing in the door. "Hey Reid, come on in."

I tottered over there and he says, "God! You look like you're dead."

I says, "I am. What is this place?"

He says, "This is for addicts," and I thought, "Oh wonderful!"

I says, "Jesus, and I was trying to get all the way up to Olympic to score. Who's got the shit?"

And he says, "No. Nobody's got any dope here," and I thought he was dummying up on me, you know.

I says, "What do you mean? You're telling me all these people are sick, for Christ's sake! They're leaping and dancing."

He says, "No, they're all clean."

Well, it made absolutely no sense to me. I was too confused, you know. I didn't even think of it in terms that he meant they were clean for a reason. I thought he meant that they all happened to accidentally meet here. Nobody had a fix and yet they were all hypes. So he was trying to explain it to me, but I didn't want to hear that. He couldn't make me understand. I couldn't persuade him to tell me who had the dope. So he started telling me what it was, and that I could come in there if I wanted to clean up. And I was so God-damn tired and disgusted, anyway. I says, "Oh, yeah!"

I don't know if they took me to see Chuck then

or not. All I know is, I was sent away. I was in too bad a shape. I hadn't had anything yet, but it looked like I was drunk and low. I couldn't walk or anything, or talk or make any sense. So they told me to come back the next day.

So I left, and I did manage to get up on Olympic and bought three caps of heroin for two dollars a cap, and a couple of bottles. I couldn't even fix, so I had some colored guy fix me up there with one of the caps. I saved the other two caps; took one a few hours later and one later.

The next morning I wasn't quite as shaky, and I had a little H in me still, and a few drinks, and I got to thinking about this place. I didn't particularly think about going. I just didn't know what to do. I kept thinking how I wanted to finish the job of killing myself, but I was afraid and I didn't know how to get any sleeping pills; and I was thinking of all ways and each one scared me worse than the other. So I went back up to the place, and saw Dave. And this time I saw old Charlie Hamer, who I'd met the one time I was in jail. I saw that he was there, plus another friend of mine, a guy I started shooting dope with twenty years before, Kenny Dunne.

So that's when they took me up to talk to Chuck.

He was over the alley in a little pad. I don't remember too much about that. In fact, I don't remember too much about anything, except that I was in there, and as soon as they accepted me, I became terribly ill. I caught pneumonia and everything. They had tents over me and steam going in. I nearly died.

That's how I came to Synanon, but I didn't even know where I was for about a month, really. I was in such terrible shape that I couldn't even go in the dorm and go to sleep because I was afraid to go to sleep. I was having such terrible nightmares and everything, that I would scream and yell and everybody beefed that I kept them awake, so I had to spend the first month out in the front room. If I dozed off, I would be yelling blood-curdling screams and then I got afraid to go to sleep. It was so horrible and a terrible mess.

Dixon: How long did it really take you to clean up physically?

Kimball: At that time, in the old club, it was a real mess, you know. Some people were using and everything. I immediately found these people out and I was using, when I could, for about five weeks, until everybody copped out on me. So I would say that in about two months I was clean and feeling pretty decent, physically, but mentally, I was terrible. Mentally, I was in

exactly the same condition. None of it meant anything to me. I was just too tired to leave or go anywhere and too afraid to, frankly. I didn't know where to go. I mean, I wasn't a bit impressed that people were getting clean, or staying clean. I didn't even consider it. I don't know what I was thinking of; I just wanted to stay there because I was afraid to leave.

Dixon: When did the synanons start getting to you? Or can you even remember that?

Kimball: No, I can't remember. I would say they started getting to me after seven or eight or nine months, really. I had made other decisions, like, not to mess the place up or use, and this and that--just a matter of pride, you know. After that night, it was so disgusting. All these revelations that were coming here; people really incapable of even shooting dope. I couldn't come to a place like this and louse it up. It was kind of that thing, not particularly any idea of what could be done for me.

Dixon: You think you'll go to New York or Chicago or anything with Synanon?

Kimball: Well, I don't know. I'd only speculate on that because, you see, I'm in charge of this one now. Chuck doesn't live here and I'm in his spot here. So, I don't really know. I would prefer not to,

because there are other people who could take care of that. I don't see any particular necessity for it.

Dixon: What does your family think now?

Kimball: Oh God! They're actually happy for the first time. They love it! My mother is so happy and so are my sisters.

Dixon: Are your sisters younger?

Kimball: One younger and one older. One sister is four years younger. The other is about four years older.

Dixon: Was there much conflict with them when you were a kid?

Kimball: There was with the young one. Oh, we hated one another with a purple passion. The typical little sister that I had to lug around, and stooled on me and everything else, you know. We fought like cats and dogs. The older sister's more gentle and very passive; I never had any trouble with her. The young one is a redhead and spitfire. Oh, I hated her terribly!

And yet the young sister is the one that went to bat for me all through those years. I mean, almost unbelievably. She had me in her house kicking habits, disrupting her whole family a half a dozen times. She's mortgaged her house about three times either to make bail or send me to a sanitarium. She went through a whole lot.

The other one, I never did have too much to do with.

In fact, she's been living in France. She lived in France for two or three years, till about the end of my addiction. She's back now. I know they're all very happy now.

Dixon: They're both married?

Kimball: Yeah. Both married.

Dixon: You said you were arrested once. Was it for possession?

Kimball: Yeah. Possession of heroin, in 1952. I only did seventy-five days. But at that time I wasn't in too bad a shape financially. You know, I spent thousands of dollars getting it postponed for seven months and this and that, and I got the very minimum. I had Max Solomon, a high-priced attorney. The only time I did, with the exception of these Napoleon factories, was ninety days--seventy-five days, actually.