

Chapter 1 : The abandoned Forest Haven Asylum | Urbex playground

History []. When it opened in as the General Hospital Society of Connecticut, Yale-New Haven was the first hospital in Connecticut and the fourth voluntary hospital in the nation.

Like this luggage, patient records and sensitive information were all left behind. This place seems like the saddest version of Hotel California because mentally disabled children and adults were checked in, but could only check out by dying. Forest Haven history is dark and demented, full of epic abuses, criminal neglect and atrocities like rape. Training School “ opened its doors in as a state-of-the-art institution where children with mental and developmental disabilities could receive care and training in the 22 buildings scattered over acres. As time wore on, the complex became almost a dumping ground where unwanted children and adults were dropped. Many residents should never have lived here, such as those who were deaf, epileptic, or dyslexic. Aerial of abandoned Forest Haven Asylum, at The administrative building on the left has a half-circle driveway; inside there were doctor offices, dental examination rooms, and x-ray rooms with a chapel that could seat built directly behind it. Electroshock and hydrotherapy happened in other buildings, but some of the 22 buildings included five dormitories with happy-sounding names like Beech, Dogwood, Elm, and Poplar cottages. The complex had a cafeteria and recreation center, a theater, a gym, basketball courts, a baseball field, a playground, and classrooms to learn hands-on skills aimed at gainful employment. Others learned how to help out by milking cows or planting crops on the farm colony. Everybody who dies has stopped breathing or their heart has stopped. And so the real cause of death is often not identified. What we have here are quiet little murders. Funding dwindled in the s and by there were two social workers for 1, residents. During the first abuse case taken to court in , Forest Haven director R. Atkinson, testified that at least 50 school-age kids could have lived at home with their lesser learning disability. One-third of the residents could benefit from training activities rather than the babysitting we give them now. Some of the most vulnerable people in our society were discarded and forgotten before being beaten, raped and tortured by their caregivers and other patients. Others such as the mentally retarded, high-risk infants, children and adults with developmental disabilities are also at risk. Part of the problem is that the parents and relatives of a good number of these people have long since forgotten them. So there is no one to make sure they are not neglected or abused. It was notorious for its poor conditions and abuse of patients. It opened its doors in , and was shut down in by a federal court. There have since been numerous civil and class-action lawsuits involving patients and employees. During the early years, it was considered a state of the art facility. With a good reputation, this hospital set the standard for other states to follow. With declining conditions decades later, many patients filed lawsuits against the hospital for reasons of abuse, neglect, poor living conditions “ even medical testing. A small morgue was all that stood between the patients and a cemetery on site where graves had been repeatedly uncovered by erosion. There was what appeared to be dried blood on his mouth. Photo 8 by Forsaken Fotos A Baltimore Sun article about neglected Forest Haven being a magnet for vandals, arsonists and ghost hunters states: The rumor was that government agents accidentally killed everyone in a town east of Laurel with radiation, buried their bodies in unmarked graves and left without even cleaning up. A cluster of buildings stood in a forest clearing with their doors gaping open and curtains lolling out of shattered windows. A stone slab announced that people were buried in an adjacent field. Forest Haven was the site of one of the top 10 worst cases of institutional abuse in U. Persons are sentenced to Forest Haven without ever committing a crime. And once committed, the only way to get out is to die. Nothing told passers-by that there were bodies beneath the grass from the first burial in until , when families raised a single gray monument as a memorial to the dead. In , 66 years after it opened and 15 years after demented details were disclosed in lawsuits, the federal government finally closed Forest Haven. By then there were hundreds of reported incidents of abuse, rape, molestation, neglect and extortion. About 1, residents were transferred to smaller and better-supervised group homes. It would be a massive understatement to say that I am more than a little curious to know the story behind this movie. By , there were over job vacancies at Forest Haven; it was so understaffed that residents could not have training and medical attention. In a lawsuit, a parent claimed her child was admitted to Forest Haven by court

order in Another year-old plaintiff could bathe himself, but lost that skill at Forest Haven. Case after case detail the abuses and neglect. Residents are forced thereby to regard themselves as prisoners rather than as people in need of special care and treatment. Another mother told how her mentally disabled 8-year-old girl died while strapped to a bed; another female suffered burns, bruises and lacerations before she died in a urine-soaked bed; yet another died due to complications after caretakers left her strapped to a toilet. The atrocities rolled on and on. Google Map directions show this asylum was only 4. The problem dates back at least 20 years, according to city records and interviews, when the population of the facility averaged more than 1, Yet the Justice Department and city only began to monitor deaths there between May, , and March, , while the institution was in the process of closing and roughly residents remained. As funding dried up, children and adults were strapped down or locked in rooms. With no activity, their physical abilities and their bodies withered away; many became bedridden. Photo 22 by StudioTempura Asbestos hell. Its old, deteriorated buildings are filthy, dimly lighted, uncomfortably hot or cold and pose safety and fire hazards. Everything was left as if administrators just ran out of the building, medical files and medical equipment, social security numbers and other sensitive records. Photo 28 by Forsaken Fotos Wisdom on the wall. In a beige house on Tenley Circle, a dentist-entrepreneur lugged this cargo down the stairs into the basement and laid it to rest by the washer. The body in plaid pajamas was that of a year-old retarded ward of the District of Columbia. On her second visit, she found him naked and lined up against the wall like other patients. The latter was determined by patient records found by urban explorers. Urban explorers say it would take many, many visits to see all the buildings and the rooms within this compound. By , the DOJ joined the lawsuit. The horror of Forest Haven survived until the very end: Dozens of residents died of aspiration pneumonia â€” a condition the occurs when food enters the respiratory system â€” after having been fed while laying in their beds. Park Police â€” who had jurisdiction, because Forest Haven is located on federal park land â€” were called in to investigate. Geared more toward policing D. I once witnessed a nurse open the cottage door only to find 80 half-clad screaming women come running to the door; the nurse quickly closed it shut. A chair sitting amidst the chaos of Forest Haven. A lot of workers were required to feed eight or 10 residents in that time. I continue to be horrified at the feeding techniques. The sound of coughing and choking permeates the area at mealtime. Attorney Joe Tulman challenged the judge: It has nothing to do with mental retardation. If you go out and look at these folks, Your Honor, many of them have teeth that are gone. Why do they have teeth that are gone? This court now has the power to do the things that need to be done. You have the power to keep people from choking; you have the power to make sure people get their medical care. He refused to impose sanctions. Shadows casting long illusions of old dental equipment and cracked brick walls gave no comfort to what form of torture must have happened here. So ends this sad tale.

Chapter 2 : San Haven State Hospital - State Agencies - Archives State Historical Society of North Dakota

When Forest Haven Asylum opened in , it was exactly that-a haven and refuge for those in need, surrounded by a lush forest. The asylum was open for mentally impaired individuals of any age, as part of an effort to ease the burden of supporting a disabled person. It was believed that if.

To my amazement, more than comments have since been left by former patients, doctors and nurses, and residents who lived in the area when Rockland Psych was in operation. I wanted to share a selection of these with you, to allow those who knew Rockland Psych firsthand to tell its story. I performed at Rockland Psych with my middle school chorus 17 years ago. I remember being really nervous to go thereâ€œOnce we were inside, it looked almost exactly like your pictures, seriously chipped wallsâ€œI remember one man throwing fake grenades at us, another man removed for masturbating in his chair as we sang, and an old woman who wept loudly the entire time we performed. I have no idea how the school got away with taking us there, but they did. At Christmastime of , my junior high school band played a concert of holiday music for the patients at the hospital. It was a bit scary, but most of all, fascinating. It was overly stimulating for some of the patients there. The whole experience piqued my interest and I went on to have a long career as a psychotherapist and administrator of mental health programs. I grew up down the road from this hospital. We were told a lot of awful stories about it including someone escaping and killing someone in the neighborhood. My father was a police officer in the area and was often called to Rockland Psych. He has commented on the horrible things he saw there but never went into much detail. Growing up, I remember a story of a man escaping and murdering an entire family in the house across the street. I grew up in the development just behind Rockland Stateâ€œThere was a famous murder in from one of the patients who had escaped. I believe the murder happened on Dutch Hollow Road. I grew up one block from the hospital groundsâ€œSoon after we moved in, a patient who escaped from Rockland State murdered a woman who lived three blocks from us. The community came together to form a civic association that talked with hospital administrators about ways to keep the community safe. I grew up down the road from the hospital. Occasionally, the police would drive around and tell all the kids to go inside because someone had escaped. I remember visiting there once as a small child but do not recall any details except the memory of a blue door with a small wired glass that my Grandmother entered through to visit her sister. She went into the facility because she lost her mind at the abusive hand of a cruel husband. We were lined up at shower time and lined up to go to cafeteria. Once they tied me to a bed with wet sheets layered with ice and opened the window in winter. At meals I was forced to eat and finish everything on my plate even till I puked. I was in Rockland State Hospital in the mids. I also remember a young lady dying. That always stuck with me. They did have some strange ways of dealing with us. When we started to misbehave, they would tie us down with icy cold wet sheets. I guess that was their way of cooling us down. The wet sheet thing I found more humiliating than barbaric. The only physical pain I received from it was when the sheets started to dry, I started to itch. Of course, there were the straitjacket and the itchy room but that was it. Do you remember when all of us were left alone during the evening to clean that long hallway in cottage 3? Boy do I remember! We soaped the hallway down, took off our gowns and started sliding down the hallway. We would slide all the way down to the end of the hallway where a hot steaming radiator was awaiting us. We would try to break before we hit the radiator but the soapy floor proved to be too challenging and we ended up hitting it butts first. Boy did that stingâ€œYes, we had some bad times but we had some good times too and we made the best of it. Even though it did have all those weird and creepy people, remember that they were people in need. When I got there I was given a ground pass. I was 15â€œI used to run around the ground and I knew practically all the case care personnel workersâ€œI had some very happy times. Its been 50 years and I would like to see it before is gone. I was there for 6 monthsâ€œAll the workers at Rockland hospital were very good people. I worked at Rockland State Hospitalâ€œIt was both interesting and training for the rest of my life as I worked as medical transcriptionist. Met my husband there, he was an attendant in Bldg. He was captured soon afterwards. There was a metal door locked behind you every where you went. I was in a ward with men who had been institutionalized for many years. He started a fire, killed his family. Most of the men

seemed to wander in circles and had few teeth due to the psych meds which makes your mouth very dry. But it was a safe haven for me and many like me. There were good times as well as bad times. I remember a young lady on our ward that died there. I also remember meeting the love of my life there. But in life there are ups and downs. You have to take the hand that you are dealt and make the best of it. I worked at RPC from as a psychologist, in many of those buildings I rescued a patient who had just hanged herself in one of those windows, and a year later I discovered too late that same patient in the act of strangling to death another patient. During the years I worked there, an employee, working alone at night in a building for more functional patients, was stabbed to death by one of her patients. Too many patients were beyond my capacity to help, but I found gratification in helping those who under more fortunate circumstances would have been dear friends. A friend and I were playing at the nearby reservoir and stopped some kid that lived there from drowning himself. He jumped in because we were swimming.. We threw him a rope that we used to swing on. My mom was a patient at that hospital as well as many other institutes in NY. I remember visiting my mom for weekend visits. One visit she was in a white gown, her hair wild than ever and she was drooling out of her mouth, She looked like a zombie She had also gone under the lobotomy and other sick things: I grew up in N. The building you said looked like a bus stop? It was, buses to the city and surrounding areas. They also had a barber shop in there, where I got my hair cut. When I walked over I used to have to check in to the guard gate, I was always afraid they would keep me in there. The power plant was coal powered and the coal train used to come right by our house along with the dalmatian dog and waves from the engineer. I moved to Blauvelt in Nov and I distinctly remember the sirens going off whenever a patient supposedly escaped. I also remember when they stopped the alarms because the frequency was upsetting the residential neighborhoods. My mother worked there for years, as did some of her friends, and as a teenager I would sometimes stop by The grounds were always well-kept, and yes, as an institution it did have that institutional look, but it was not creepy Lobotomies? And as for the sirens calling patients back to the hospital that is a load of crap, but I guess it does make for good lore. I worked two summers at the school. Remember getting my set of skeleton keys that would open the heavy doors. I lived at Home 26, room 90 which housed female staff. My friend at that time worked there and allowed me to stay. It was quite a small minority-type city. The staff buildings had day rooms on each end used for many card games, drinking and socializing. The hospital had its own drug dealers, loan sharks, police and fire Eventually I was removed and barred from the ground due a drunken brawl. It was a difficult time in the treatment of psychiatric illnesses. Some of the treatments were very harsh and I cringe remembering being a part of them. Thorazine and Stelazine were just introduced. Many patients received insulin shock. There were over 20, patients during that time. The treatment of geriatrics was so difficult and to my mind, there was plenty of abuse I was only 18 at the time and had never seen mentally ill patients. It was there that I learned deep compassion for the human condition and spirit. They were gradually closed off with locked gates and I only ever saw bits of them. The people that worked in the hospital were afraid of them and used to talk about rats but I think what they were afraid of was not rats. We had a whole bunch of legends at school of Rockland Psych. A lot of the sports teams used to send their freshman there as some sort of hazing challenge. And during Halloween time tons of kids would break into some of the buildings. One big legend about the place was that one of abandoned roads lead into the forest that would lead into an alternate dimension. Supposedly the further into the forest you went you would feel colder and colder and as you would look back it would start to blur. No missing students that I know of so I guess they eventually turned back.

Chapter 3 : Abandoned Asylum: Horrors of Forest Haven [44 PICS]

Welcome to Forest Haven, one of the most deadly institutions in the United States. This asylum for the mentally ill was built not far from the nation's capital in , hidden in forested acreage away from the busy city center.

Twenty eight pages are devoted to the rise of the Victorian and Edwardian asylums – from ad-hoc designs through the corridor, radiating pavilion, echelon and colony patterns. Taylor supplies comprehensive lists of asylums, architects and projects. Narratives of Severalls Hospital, This fascinating study presents a unique social history of psychiatry in the twentieth century. It brings together the memories and narratives of over sixty patients and workers who lived, or were employed, in Severalls Psychiatric Hospital, Essex, England. Personal accounts are contextualised both in relation to wider developments and issues in twentieth-century mental health, and in relation to policies and changes in the hospital itself. Organised around the theme of space and place, and drawing upon both quantitative and qualitative material, chapters deal with key areas such as gender divisions, power relations, patterns of admission and discharge, treatments, and the daily lives and routines of patients and nurses of both sexes. An informed, clearly-structured narrative about a complex sequence of institutional development. Has proved an invaluable teaching aid for undergraduates studying the politics and practice of modern medicine. Using the National Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, as a case-study, it investigates the social history of institutionalization, privileging the relationship between the medical institution and the society whence its patients came. These attractive and imposing Victorian buildings, carefully designed with extensive landscaped grounds, are now facing an uncertain future. By the year , 98 out of a total of will have closed. The report calls for tighter planning controls to be brought in to prevent the loss of both buildings and grounds to over-development. The North Wales Hospital, Denbigh – This book, incorporating some 70 photographs, tells the fascinating history of the former North Wales Hospital, Denbigh between and The hospital was built predominately to provide for Welsh Pauper Lunatics, the majority of whom were monoglot Welsh speakers, so that they could be cared for and treated in their own language instead of being sent to English Asylums. Mark Saunders Proper House: History of Ticehurst Private Asylum, Exploring the way private asylum proprietors sought to develop and maintain a share of the market in mental health care, and how the families of patients were themselves deeply involved in the decisions about care, treatment and referral. Psychiatry for the Rich reconstructs middle and upper class attitudes to mental disorder, certification and confinement, as well as their changing evaluation of care. Through a detailed history of the asylum at Ticehurst in Sussex, Charlotte MacKenzie explores the consumer revolution which stimulated the proliferation of madhouses. This book covers the entire history and is filled with photos, account and descriptions from the hospital during the time it was open. There are chapters within the book relating to the lives and treatment of the patients and those who were responsible for them. Patients from all parts of England, particularly Huddersfield, Dewsbury, Halifax and Barnsley were admitted to this hospital. Isolated, hidden in the countryside and surrounded by high walls, most have been closed since the s, their original use largely forgotten. In The Victorian Asylum Sarah Rutherford gives an insight into their history, their often imposing architecture and their later decline and brings to life these haunting buildings, some of which still survive today Sarah Rutherford.

Chapter 4 : New Haven Hospital - Asylum Projects

Comment: Has some light general reading/shelfwear - otherwise this is a clean, tight copy. Quick dispatch from the UK. All items sent by Airmail - estimated delivery time is 5 to 10 working days, even with expedited delivery.

History[edit] The site for the Eastern Indiana Hospital for the Insane, now known as Richmond State Hospital, of approximately acres, was purchased in . Construction started in and was completed in . While the Indiana legislature had authorized the establishment of a "hospital for the insane" as early as , the doors of the Indiana Hospital for the Insane later re-named Central State Hospital did not open until . At Richmond, between and , three of the completed buildings were occupied by "The School for Feeble Minded Youth. The buildings were refurbished and the hospital formally opened on July 29, , with the first patient admitted on August 4, . The hospital buildings were constructed on the cottage plan in order to prevent any "disastrous conflagration," and provide for immediate evacuation of a small number of persons in case of fire. There are many interesting architectural details in the older buildings, including exterior cupolas, interior detailing such as intricate railings and stained glass. Although the general layout followed the cottage plan, the main administration building with adjacent buildings extending like wings is very similar to the Kirkbride plan which was the model for many asylums constructed during this era. Although it was never an official name, it was long referred to as "East Haven. Richmond was selected to be the parent institution for this type of treatment. The five farms acquired were christened "Wayne Farms. Cedar, Maple, Pine, etc. Male patients with a agricultural background were placed in the colonies. Their productive efforts were realized in many ways, but specifically through ribbons and prizes received from the exhibits of cattle and farm products at the Wayne County Fair as well as the Indiana State Fair. Located on the grounds is the Klepfer All Faiths Chapel. Financed entirely by donations from the community, the chapel was named in honor of Dr. To better serve the patients who require continued treatment the hospital has programs geared to the needs of individuals with persistent and severe mental disorders and the older person with mental illness. Many patients come from larger urban settings, but many of the patients continue to be from small rural communities. Both were completed in . After more than years of providing mental health services, Richmond State Hospital continues the commitment to meet the needs of our changing population. The primary goal of the hospital continues to be to plan for and, in cooperation with other care providers, develop and deliver a comprehensive and integrated system of mental health services of superior quality. Images of Richmond State Hospital[edit].

Chapter 5 : Forest Haven Asylum – Fort Meade, Maryland - Atlas Obscura

At that point, it became unclear where I was headed and what I should do with my expanding trove and increasingly granular knowledge of the asylum/hospital and its history. I haven't answered that question yet, so this site has not expanded.

In General Ramblings Hidden only a few acres behind the trees that line the side of Route in Laurel, Maryland, is the Forest Haven Asylum, an abandoned facility as obscure and forgotten as the tenants who once occupied it. It was a slow post-Christmas weekend for my girlfriend and I. Looking for a break to conventional routine, we settled upon the decision to explore an abandoned place in Maryland. Too many teenagers falling through floorboards and too many illegal parties were enough to convince authorities to demolish these run-down parts of our historical heritage. The Forest Haven Asylum complex, however, remains standing. As we quickly came to find, though, the compound sits well-guarded; not only are the ruins located on government property, the same property that houses Fort Meade, they share an access road to a present-day juvenile detention center. Driving up to the unexpected guard post that kept watch on the road, we brainstormed a justification for our visit. Our true intentions, to spend a day exploring ruins while capturing some interesting pictures with her new DSLR camera, were doubtfully good cause for being there. Yet after briefly speaking to the guard we were waved through. Perhaps our excuse sounded reasonable enough: A present-day aerial view of the Forest Haven facility. Bing When the Forest Haven Asylum first opened nearly 90 years ago, it was widely hailed as a forward-thinking institution, one designed around the progressive change in mental health treatment that was sweeping Europe and North America at the time. Situated about 20 miles away from Washington D. It was not long after opening that administrators found the place quickly becoming overcrowded and understaffed. Constrained by under-funding for decades, the staff found itself unable to offer proper treatment or find beneficial opportunities for all of their residents. The streets feel narrow from the overgrowth of grass and trees. Dormitories and support facilities, including a Chapel, surround the central office building. We started our tour in the flanks of the campus, working our way through what seemed to be an administrative office into the dormitories. The buildings of Forest Haven are quite literally falling in on themselves: Dark hallways give way to pockets of light shining down from holes in the roof above, while second and third floors, their foundations having given way, are broken by steep drops to the level below. We wondered why the buildings still stood when other local sites had been torn down because of similar conditions. Walking across some creaky floorboards felt like an accident waiting to happen. Is there worth in keeping these buildings up when they pose such a liability risk? Even off-limits, the grounds are well traveled. At any rate, the buildings remain. Although the institution sits on government property, it has not been taken good care of. Despite the guard posts, the place is a well-known hangout for vandals and the homeless who sneak onto the grounds. Graffiti, while not rampant, marks the walls of most buildings, with the occasional tag recurring in spots all over. The interiors are musky and the air is thick with the smell of dust and smoke; to our surprise, we found a fire still smoldering in a pile of papers sitting in the middle of a hallway of one of the buildings. The basements, meanwhile, are veritable swamps, with inches of accumulated rainwater sustaining an ecosystem of mold and small plants. The silence and stillness about the place is real, broken only by the clatter of our shoes against the cement floors, loose doors creaking in their hinges, and the occasional gust of wind blowing through openings. Under such circumstances, it is hard to imagine these buildings were ever inhabited, much less overcrowded. Yet it need not be imagined; the evidence of people past can be seen almost everywhere: More than anything else, it was in the documents that we found the most insight into the people who called Forest Haven their home. While the buildings still remain as evidence of the place, the stories told in the papers strewn about the floor stand as testament to the people who knew it. Programs aimed at returning residents to normal life became untenable. Coupled with the myriad other problems that befell Forest Haven, this would inevitably lead to cases of chronic abuse that would plague its patients in the decades leading up to its closure. Suits against the District for the mistreatment patients suffered in Forest Glenn were first brought to the D. Superior Court in They brought to light chronic mental, physical,

and sexual abuse at the facility. Throughout the s, the families of abused residents continued to build cases against Forest Haven by tracking patient mistreatment and turning their findings over to the Justice Department. Visiting families spoke of residents being bound to urine-soaked mattresses in locked wards. One particularly egregious story was that of a woman named Bertha Brown, who suffered from a disease which caused her to eat anything in sight. Tied to a toilet and left unattended, she tried to eat her feces and choked to death. Yet the real impetus toward reform came in , with the death of 17 year old Joy Evans. Joy died from aspiration pneumonia, an infection of the lungs caused by food or saliva. Unattended, Joy choked on her own food, as patients were often fed lying or strapped down to their beds. The lack of comprehensive rehabilitation programs to meet individual needs of residents; the unsafe, unsanitary, and unpleasant condition of the Forest Haven facilities; inadequate staffing, lack of training, and abuse of residents by staff; inadequate medical, dental, and mental health care and nutrition; inadequate record-keeping; lack of after-care and rehabilitation programs and vocational training for former residents; and inadequate funding. By the late s, as patents were gradually moved out of the facility, the population of Forest Haven had fallen to around 1, Still, crimes against the mentally ill would continue. Reading them was a quick introduction to the medical diagnoses and evaluations that characterized every resident of the institution. At the time, we were unaware of the history of the place. Some had been listless in life before Forest Haven, unemployed and homeless. Others had faced trouble at home, usually coupled with trouble with the law. These were people who, deemed as going nowhere, were sent to Forest Haven, where they found themselves with nowhere to go. Not everything we stumbled upon was official paperwork. In both the administrative building and the dormitories, we came upon personal journals, notebooks, reading supplies and literature, and handwritten notes. Many of them appeared written by the residents themselves. One note, written in neat cursive and covered in soot, stood out to me in particular. It was a list of goals, short-term and long-term: Stay drug free, give back to the community. Or is their story, all their stories, lost, buried in a pile of loose writings in a crumbling corner of an abandoned hallway? Themes of liberation and freedom ring out of the murals plastered on the dormitory walls. Because of the court order to close Forest Haven, no improvements or repairs would be made to the buildings for over a decade. Continuous use stressed the structures beyond their capabilities. The facility was crumbling, even as people continued to live inside it. With patients being transferred out of the facility and into group homes, staffing and funding at Forest Haven saw even deeper cuts than before. The asylum sat as most of its Medicare and government subsidies evaporated. Qualified volunteers and staff members were few and far between. Ten deaths occurred at the asylum between and , a remarkable rate considering the institution had only residents at the time. The rate of bowel obstructions, aspiration pneumonia, rashes, and muscle atrophy accelerated to obscene levels in the final months of Forest Haven. By , only ninety one patients remained in the facility, yet they fared far worse than those who came before them. We were surprised just how many items “ books, computers, clipboards, machines, equipment ” were left behind. Rooms still sit almost entirely furnished. It was enough to make us start wondering what happened at Forest Haven, and why it was left as it was. Walking among the scenes they set in these forgotten buildings was lonely, apocalyptic. One of us observed that the place felt like something out of Fallout 4. It was an apt assessment. In the dormitories, we came across what may have been the library. Piles of books are poured across the floor. Their bindings are slowly unwinding, sitting in inches of water and muck. I found myself moved by the tragic scene, one which a line of graffiti scribbled along the wall satirized properly. The idyllic buildings had grown imposing on me; the longer we stayed, the stronger I felt that the place belonged in a horror movie. As we entered the administrative building, we thought we heard a sneeze. We found further medical facilities down the hall; a medical ward of sorts. I tried to imagine the sounds of bustle in the place, of doctors going through their files, sick patients coughing down the halls, medical supplies banging around in their containers. I tried, but the gentle whistle of the light wind squeezing through the collapsing ceiling drowned out the phantom bustle I sought to conjure. Was it my mind playing tricks, twisting a dropping tile or a collapsing desk into what they were not, or did we have company? Leaving, we heard, from back in the building, slight murmurs. Who it was, we never found out. As residents were readied to move, the staff packed their belongings into small footlockers and tucked away their suitcases in empty corners of the facility. The last fifteen residents were

moved out in late September , 13 years after the order was given to close the institution. Finally, on October 14th, the Forest Haven asylum officially closed. It had served the District for 66 years. Yet an official declaration of closure is merely a bureaucratic tool, some mid-level government worker placing a signature upon a promptly filed-away piece of paper. Though Forest Haven had closed in its capacity as an asylum, new uses were found for its premises. One of the buildings toward the far end of the grounds became a holding block of sorts for troubled female youths. As it turned out, a lack of communication between the agencies responsible for the site had left some officials unaware that the building was crumbling and packed with asbestos. The remainder of the buildings sat.

Chapter 6 : Memories From An Insane Asylum: Stories From Rockland County Psychiatric Center | Scoutin

The Hospital has had a number of names through the years, including East Indiana Asylum for the Insane, East Indiana Hospital for the Insane and finally Richmond State Hospital. Although it was never an official name, it was long referred to as "East Haven."

Send Email Cancel Imagine walking down the halls of a hospital and all you see are depressed, sick, and hopeless faces staring back at you. This is exactly what the Forest Haven Mental Institution consisted of when it was operational. A website called Sometimes Interesting, which uncovers and investigates abandoned places, claims that the facility was originally named District Training School for the Mentally Retarded when it first opened in . It included 22 beautiful buildings spread over acres in a forested area of Laurel, Maryland. The property also featured a theater, gym, several basketball courts, a baseball field, a cafeteria, and a recreation center. While Forest Haven looked nice and welcoming from the outside, the inside held horrors and nightmares that most people would not believe. The facility contained dental examination rooms, doctors offices, and x-ray rooms, but it also held rooms for electroshock, hydrotherapy, and post-dosage observation. Many of the patients who lived at Forest Haven had some sort of mental illness, according to Atlas Obscura, a website dedicated to bringing Urbex, or urban exploration, into the light. Some of the disorders included anxiety and panic disorders, bipolar disorder, or schizophrenia. But it was the other types of patients who lived there which made Forest Haven so horrible. Some of the worst cases featured those patients who were not mentally retarded at all. The deaf, dyslexic, illiterate, epileptic, and non-native speakers were just some of the those misunderstood by society or just too much for their families to handle. An instance of this happened in , when a nearby orphanage closed, and twenty orphans were relocated to Forest Haven. Sometimes Interesting also found that money was a major reason why Forest Haven had a terrible reputation. This lower budget resulted in a lower quality of care to district patients, hurting them instead of helping them. While many people realized the atrocities that took place at Forest Haven, still nothing was done about them. The DCist writes that when former D. Court orders were filed by the Department of Health demanding that Forest Haven improves its conditions, but they were never enforced. In many incidents, the facility is contributing to the handicap of retardation. This horrifyingly high death rate continued even into the nineties, with ten deaths occurring between and . Funerals at Forest Haven were uncommon, mostly because these people were already forgotten by society. The institution buried its dead, usually without ceremony, in a field next to the main administration building. The graves were unmarked because high cost prevented them from receiving proper headstones. The horrendous Forest Haven survived until the very end. Yet in its last three years, the death toll continued to climb, with dozens of residents dying of aspiration pneumonia and other terrible sicknesses. In late September , the last fifteen residents of Forest Haven were moved out, and the institution officially closed on October 14th. It had served the District for almost 66 years. It is regularly patrolled by a team of security guards, hoping to keep out the homeless and vandals. Sadly, this has not worked to its full potential, as the buildings have rapidly deteriorated since its closure. The District made attempts to clean up the facility, but old medical equipment, medical documents, and harmful asbestos can still be found there, reminding us of its haunting past. While the walls of Forest Haven will someday crumble away, the nightmares and horrors that were experienced there will forever remain.

Chapter 7 : Haunted Haven by Faith Serafin: Bryce Asylum - Tuscaloosa and Northport Alabama

Discover Forest Haven Asylum in Fort Meade, Maryland: This abandoned asylum was once a state of the art facility before devolving into one of the most deadly mental institutions in American history.

Mystery By Audrey Webster 31 Oct A favorite location of modern horror movies and television shows, insane asylums have captured our imaginations for ages. Many of the most famous mental institutions have sordid histories, with famous patients, terrifying ghosts, and scads of abuse. Abandoned asylums have become popular tourist spots, but one thing is for certain: Joan Anderson Located just a few miles from downtown LA, Rancho Los Amigos was originally created in to assist people living in poverty. Here, they could work in exchange for care from the local government. Over time, the grounds were extended and the space evolved into a hospital. Eventually, it grew to include a mental hospital. Though the hospital itself is still in use, it has moved to another location. In the s, it began to shut down its wards, including the mental hospital. Along the way, some gruesome secrets were discovered. In , during a training exercise, Marines uncovered a freezer in the morgue. Inside, they found mummified amputated limbs and brain tissue samples that were left behind from when the hospital was abandoned. There are some places that have been abandoned to rot: This ward gained its reputation from a series of reports documenting brutal treatments of patients. In the s, rumors began to emerge about an abundance of patient abuse including rapes, murders, suicides and beatings. The man, Robert Venegas, was restrained in a straitjacket at the time, and died due to asphyxiation--the aide had crushed his throat. Shortly after, the asylum was closed for good. Intrepid explorers still explore Building 25, which is now covered in pigeon excrement and filled with detritus from its former days--and maybe even a few ghosts. Want more insane asylums? I also want to get the Early Bird Books newsletter featuring great deals on ebooks. Historic Mysteries Built in and originally intended for tending to tuberculosis patients, Athens Lunatic Asylum housed patients far over its capacity for most of its functioning years. This overcrowding caused the care for each patient to decrease, until the hospital began abusing its patients. Dr Jackson was a big fan of the transorbital lobotomy, calling it the cure-all for every mental illness. He performed over lobotomies during his time there. While there were hundreds of deaths when the hospital was open, the most famous is that of Margaret Schilling. She went missing while on the ward, and either no one noticed or cared. Over a month later, her body was found in a locked room in an abandoned part of the tuberculosis ward. Her body left a gruesome stain on the ward floor that can still be seen today. Wikimedia Commons Opened to ease the overpopulation of the other two mental hospitals in Newtown, Fairfield Hills quickly became overcrowded itself and resorted to unconventional methods of treating its patients. Aside from the then-normal lobotomies and Thorazine prescriptions, this hospital became known for its use of hydrotherapy. Used as a calming method, this treatment involved patients being submerged in ice water sometimes for more than a full day. They were not permitted out, even to relieve themselves. Many locals believe the remnants of the Fairfield State Hospital to be haunted--especially the tunnels used to shuttle patients, dead and alive, throughout the sprawling campus. Fairfield Hills shut down in

Chapter 9 : Forest Haven - Wikipedia

San Haven is located just a few miles northeast of Dunseith. It was founded in as a Tuberculosis Sanatorium and later became a hospital for the developmentally disabled. Over the years, San Haven grew into a huge complex of structures complete with underground tunnels to connect the complex.

He also owned foundries, mills, toll roads, and coal mines. In the Alabama State Hospital for the Insane was opened. The first superintendent was Peter Bryce, a year student of psychology. The asylum was equip to house patients. An additional one hundred beds for the inpatient care of elderly men and woman were located at the Mary Starke Harper Geriatric Hospital, which is now located on the campus at the University of Alabama. The purpose of the hospital was originally to house mentally ill and physically handicapped boys. Tortuous and inhumane methods of treatment were common in mental hospitals all over the United States during the early parts of the 19th and 20th centuries. The use of shackles, restraints and straitjackets were common and invasive therapies like Hydro and Shock therapy made life in early asylums a living hell. Those methods were prohibited at the Bryce asylum. In , the Bryce hospital used programs to implement useful skills such as farming, sewing, and machinery maintenance. Crafts like pottery, painting, and drawing were also encouraged. Coffin making was part of the curriculum at Bryce that helped patients through hands-on therapies. The humane and decent treatment of patients was always the intention to maintain at Bryce. In , Lurleen Wallace the wife of Alabama governor George Wallace visited the state hospital and found that people hospitalized at Bryce were living in appalling and indescribably horrid conditions. Budget cuts to the state had caused a severe shortage in hospital staff and many state workers were laid off as a result. Patients slept on the floor, urine soaked and stained the few mattresses and blankets patients had and death seemed to emanate from every pore in the building. The deplorable state of the hospital, and its patients, were more like a Nazi Concentration Camp, according to an article written in the Montgomery Advertiser. In , the S. Allen Intermediate Care Facility was built in Northport, Alabama to accommodate the overflow of geriatric patients from Bryce. The same property was already occupied by a facility that was an expansion of the Bryce Asylum for black patients during the segregation era. Allen nursing home housed patients when it was opened, but when it closed in , it only had The neighboring building, Old Bryce, was already abandoned and dilapidated at that time. Little is known about Old Bryce other than it was a facility much like the state hospital Bryce located on campus. After the emancipation proclamation, many black men and women could not find work and living conditions were harsh. Many blacks, living at the Old Bryce facility, after the Civil War, were not insane at all. They found the conditions at the hospital accommodating and many stayed on as skilled workers and farmers as a result. Even before the S. Allen facility closed, reports of paranormal phenomenon at both hospitals and the nursing home have been circulating. Perhaps the most disturbing report from the Bryce hospital in Tuscaloosa came from a south Alabama Baptist preacher in According to his story, his son worked for a funeral home in Tuscaloosa that picked up the deceased at Bryce for burial. During a routine pick-up, he was informed by the staff at the facility to stay away from one particular room which was located down a hall he needed to walk down in order to reach the corpse. He curiously asked why he needed to avoid the room since he had picked up the dead often at Bryce and was never given a warning like this before. Inside the Bryce Asylum at Tuscaloosa. As he made his way down the hall he could hear the faint sounds of groans and what he described as animalistic sounds. The hollow halls seemed to resonate the sounds and they began to grow louder. His heart began to beat faster, and he quickly made his way down the hallway. Just as he neared the end of the hall, he turned his eyes toward a small room at the corner. He thought about what the patient orderly had just told him but before his better judgment could deter him from approaching the window to satisfy his curiosity, he saw the woman inside. As he stared at her in a moment of disbelief, his mouth dropped open and his lungs began to tighten as he watched her. He observed the young woman running around the room. Just as he began to close his eyes and walk away, she suddenly made eye contact with him and immediately thrust herself to the tiny window in an awkward jerking motion. Her dark, stringy hair partially covered her pale, gaunt, face. She was covered in strange markings and scars. She began to name his family

and relatives and she spit and cursed, letting out a cackling hiss as she spoke. The seconds he stood there listening to her seemed like an eternity. Just then, his associate came around the corner and motioned for his friend. He looked at him and then back at the window at the face of the strange woman. She began to contort and convulse as if something enormous was about to burst out of her. Somehow the funeral director was jarred from the evil grip that had previously immobilized him and he screamed for help. The orderlies rushed in and immediately began to physically restrain the woman who was literally manhandling the 4 grown men like rag dolls. After the ordeal was over, the two men picked up the corpse and went straight to the funeral home. Many years after the event, the son told his father about his experience at Bryce. His father, being a man of God and great faith, told him that there are some forces in this world that are not meant to be here and no man should ever constitute the evils of the universe. Leaving the identity of the possessed woman at the Bryce hospital a mystery. Reports of paranormal phenomenon are not limited to the campus facilities. They are also widely known as part of the Old Bryce location and the former S. Allen nursing home in Northport, Alabama. These neighboring buildings, just a few miles off the main highway are now gated and closed off. Allen nursing home is riddled with debris from the failing structure and it is unstable and dangerous. However, people who come to this location for paranormal adventures have reported numerous experiences over the years. The rusty metallic smell of blood and antiseptic is common in the surgical room. People have been scratched by unseen forces and even though no power connects to the building what-so-ever, the sounds of intercom calls to doctors have been recorded by ghost hunters and shifting energy fields are regularly detected by investigators using EMF detectors. Approaching the location, ancient Oaks line the drive way leading to the hospital. In the cooler months, the bare branches resemble twisted skeletons, and on moonless nights, the light pollution from Northport outlines the old hospital as if it were meant to be in the dark and unseen. The sheer scale of the building is intimidating but what lurks inside is even more ominous. Many stories have been told about the Old Bryce building over the years. Some seem to follow the lines of a common ghost story but a few are a bit more detailed and are as terrifying as the campus stories. His name may be forgotten but his manner of death is still part of this urban legend. According to this story, the boy was a patient at Bryce in the early years and was given hydro-therapy in order to calm his hyperactivity. During a routine treatment, which required the boy to be submerged in freezing water for several minutes, he started to become combative and fight the nurses who were administering the treatment. As the boy struggled, one of them held his head under the water until he drown, killing him. Sightings of his spirit seem to be common on the upper floors. Often, small toys are left for him on those floors. A macabre sort of shrine to what is most likely more legend than truth. The building resembling Bryce in Northport is known today as "old Bryce" and is widely known for the paranormal activity that occurs here. Still, the paranormal activity at old Bryce continues and has become a part of the supernatural fabric that weaves the shroud of urban legend in Northport, Alabama. College students, thrill seekers and paranormal enthusiast venture out to the location today but most often find an arrest for trespassing instead of a ghostly sighting. The years of wild and unusual ghost stories from Bryce still circulate among many Alabamians who have been brave enough to go looking for the spirits.