

I, Charmaine Doone Bailey nee Williamson of  
in the state of Queensland am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia and a  
resident in Queensland.

As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia, I have an inalienable right to  
protection under the Australian Constitution and the Common Law of this Country.

As an Australian citizen, the Commonwealth affords me protection for the unlawful  
and harmful actions that threaten my right to life, liberty and justice from those who  
would deny me these rights, within and without the borders of Australia

I am the biological mother of a baby boy born on \_\_\_\_\_, who I now know was  
taken from me illegally.

At the time of my pregnancy I was engaged to be married to my then fiancé. Once  
the knowledge of my pregnancy was announced to my mother the wheels were put in  
motion for me to be removed from my home and sent to Pittwood until the birth of  
my son.

Five months of my pregnancy was spent at the Pittwood Home for the Aged, in  
Ashfield Sydney, which was used as a home for unmarried mothers, where we  
worked for our keep. During this time we were supervised by Deaconess's and I was  
allocated to the Queen Victoria Hospital for Women and Babies (where my son was  
born), through the social worker at the King George V Hospital in Camperdown  
Sydney, The Agency through which I was processed was run by the Presbyterian  
Church, so my understanding was that the Deaconess who supervised me during this  
period of time was connected to this Church. During my "interview" with the social  
worker at the Queen Victoria Hospital I was advised that I had the right to give my  
child one name and that would remain with my child after the adoption. I asked for  
the name of his father \_\_\_\_\_ to be recorded. On receiving my papers I found no  
evidence that this request was adhered to (another lie).

During my stay at Pittwood, with a number of other unwed mothers, I was required to  
work in the kitchen of the Aged home. My morning commenced at 5:30 a.m. and  
with small breaks in between the three daily meals. We were required to turn up for  
breakfast, lunch and dinner to provide a service to the elderly, of carrying their meals  
to their beds. We were required to take two flights of stairs carrying four trays at a  
time, deliver to the patients, collect the trays after each meal and then clean up after  
the kitchen staff prior to leaving the kitchen for our breaks in between meal times.

This was a 7 day a week job, which supposedly paid for our bed and meals during our  
stay at Club Pittwood.

This was a harrowing experience for me, and it is imprinted on my mind as I watched  
the other unwed mothers going through this same process. I was lost, bewildered  
frightened and made to feel ashamed for my actions, reminded on many occasions by  
my Deaconess that this was the price I paid for five minutes of fun in the backseat of a  
car. The child I carried belonged to the man I loved and was engaged to and was

going to marry. There was no compassion, no understanding, no encouragement from any parties associated with the organisation of the adoption of my son. I now understand this was a “business as usual” attempt at keeping this girl from wanting that baby. It had already been decided that he was spoken for.

My visit to the Queen Victoria Hospital was one I will never forget, with a Social Worker looking down her nose at me judgementally, being terse in her address to me and sympathetic to my mother, it was humiliating. It was as if I was not in the room as they talked about what would be the best for me. The Social Worker was quick to remind me on a few occasions during this interview that the father of my child had committed a crime due to my age and could go to jail for his actions. I never saw my fiancé again after I was admitted to Pittwood believing that he had abandoned me in my hour of need. I was to find out much later on that this was not the case at all.

During my pregnancy I was admitted to hospital because of high blood pressure and after returning some days later to the hostel was ordered back to work that same day.

On the evening of the birth of my son, I can recall my water breaking at around 9 p.m. I was shuffled into a taxi and the taxi driver being ordered to deliver me to the Queen Victoria Hospital for delivery. There was no one with me in the taxi, I was left to my own resources. After half an hour on the labour table I have no recollection of anything except the ordering of medication from a doctor (male). Who I believed to be named . I awoke the next morning in a ward full of mothers feeding their babies. When I asked if I could leave the bed during feeding times, I was advised that was not possible and was made sit at the end of the ward watching all the other mothers feeding their babies. When I enquired about my baby I was given minimum details such as you had a son. When I asked if I could see him I was told no definitely not as he had been moved to another hospital as if this was common practice for unwed mothers. I had not even signed my son over to them at this stage, it was the morning after confinement.

At no time during this experience was I offered any counselling before or after the birth of my son, nor was I afforded any other information about him.

On or around the fourth day after his birth I was escorted to the back office at the Queen Victoria Hospital where I was instructed to sign away my son for adoption. I made another attempt to see him just the once before signing and was told that when I had signed I could see him just the once. When I signed the paperwork that offer was retracted and I was not given any right to see my son. By this stage I was in no state to object as much as I wanted to. I was informed that there would be a 30 day revocation period when I could change my mind about the signing of the adoption papers.

At no time before during or after the adoption, was I informed of alternatives to adoption, which would enable me to make a free and informed decision about the fate of my son, which I have since learned is illegal. There was no mention of financial assistance or temporary foster care for my son until I could establish suitable accommodation and possibly reside with my then fiancé in the hope that I would be given the opportunity to find him and continue our relationship with our son. I was later to find out that my fiancé was run out of town and he was told that our son

wasn't his. I was to find this out later when I tried to make contact with him to go in search of our son. He was very angry with me and he could not be convinced that this was not the case.

When returning home after two weeks I informed my mother that I wished to go back and get my son. I was informed by my mother that a VETO had been placed upon my son so I was not able to contact my son and that I had no legal right to do such a thing. I had no clue what a veto was. I rang the hospital without my mother's knowledge to inform them that I was coming down to get him, I had no idea what my mother would say when I turned to my home with my son but that was the furthestest thing from my mind, my priority at that time was to get my son back. I knew I was well within the 30 day revocation policy.

I was told that my son had already gone to his new parents. When I enquired of his whereabouts I was told he had been placed in the care of parents on the North Coast of NSW.

I was later to find out on receiving my paperwork that my son had been brought up in the next town to where his father had lived all his life within a very large family group. This caused me great distress, I could not believe that such a mishap could occur, if not for me but for the sake of my son and his father. To my mind there had been no consideration made as to the welfare of my son nor his father being put into such close proximity. A thoughtless blunder by the powers to be to consider such a decision.

This chapter of my life has left me with a great deal of abandonment issues, not only for myself but my three beautiful children who I have guarded with my life since their birth for the fear of loosing them. During all my pregnancies I lived in fear of something happening to my three children prior to their birth. I believe this to be from the experience of losing my first son. I have always wondered about my son and his issues from this distressing time for him. There was no thought ever given to the stress caused to the helpless children of this money making scheme by the churches and people in authority buying our babies by slide of hand (or donation) as it was called back then.

I believe I was coerced into adoption and my consent was obtained at a time when I was under great duress with little understanding of the process used to take my son from me. While my mother may have convinced herself she was doing what she thought was right for me at the time she was merely covering up for her own self preservation and her fear of ridicule and judgement to our family. During my time at Pittwood I had no contact from my siblings, they were not allowed to visit me. My youngest sister tells her one story of this and the issues she faced by rebelling against my mother to see me. This has a lasting effect not only on me and my son but affects the lives of many people connected to me.

During my pregnancy I believed I was bullied by nurses and people of the agency and it was instilled in me that I would NOT be a fit mother because of my irresponsible attitude of falling pregnant in the first place. This included married women working the kitchen, the head matron of the nursing home at that time and the hospital staff who treated me with much distaste during my stay in hospital after the

birth of my son, who's job you would think was to guide and nurture us through this difficult time.

This was certainly not the case. I was not offered counselling either before or after the birth of my son, I was discharged from the hospital without another thought or care by the "religious peddlers" of the now named "meat market" of adopting our babies out to the church going do gooders" of our society at this time, which also included doctors, and people of influence within our community who could pay the piper for such a precious commodity.

I am sure if all birth adoption papers were audited you would find a great deal of god fearing, church goers, and influential people the proud parents of many of our adopted children of this era. It would prove an interesting exercise but it would never be considered as it would reveal too many loop holes in our institutionalised system.

On receiving my paperwork, now at the age of 60 years old I can't believe the content of it, holding answers to questions that are not even in my realm of thinking, nor my mother's for that matter. I was shocked to read the lies and assumptive statements made about who I was as a person, all fabricated to suit the buyer of my son.

I was so traumatised by this event in my life I had even forgotten the date of birth of my son, I could not remember his date of birth at the time, when in 1992 I had a nervous breakdown and all of the above came to light with my counsellor who was treating me for depression. At this time I was working at a prison and was dealing with inmates, some who had real problems discussing that their life had begun with adoption from a mother who obviously didn't want them and I discussed at length with these inmates their feelings most of which wreaked of abandonment. It occurred to me that any one of these men could have been my son, it was at this time my real anxiety set in resulting in a nervous breakdown.

On the discovery of this post traumatic event in my life I made search for my son's father who rejected me with much abuse advising me that he had been run out of town and told not to return and also advised that our son did not belong to him. He told me never to ring or contact him again. This attempt to finally find my son set me back once more. It took me another 19 years to find the courage to go looking again for my son.

I believe I was denied all the protection of the child welfare act and other legislation and that the events of this part of my life were in no way in accordance with the provisions of the legislation.

Every human being has the right to compassion, dignity and respect no matter what their situation and to add insult to injury my child was illegally taken from me and given to someone who could "pay the piper"

If life is fair and equitable and the judicial system plays on a level playing field, the injustices and crimes perpetrated upon me and others of my era and the unsuspecting babies of this vulnerable and oppressive time, will apply vilification to the perpetrators and their participation in this “child for money/donation, get rich quick scheme”, under the guise of any one of the churches/agencies that participated in such practices, for which this enquiry is being held, be made accountable for the reckless way in which they misused their authority toward the then vulnerable members of our society, treating human beings and their rights with such distaste and disregard for women and children that vindication be set in place for the sufferers of this all too easy get rich quick scheme. Yet another chapter of the ongoing stolen generation of children in our society

## Summary and Chronology

1. One statement in my records that my parents were prepared to stand by me should I decide to keep my child was not adhered to by the agency on my enquiry to rescind my offer of adoption 14 days after the signing of my paperwork, what happened to the 30 day clause.
2. I was advised by the Social Worker at QVH on my first application for residency to Pittwood and Queen Victoria Hospital for woman that my fiancé could go to gaol because I was under age at the time of my pregnancy.
3. I was constantly reminded by the authorities at Pittwood that I was paying the price for five minutes of fun in the back seat of a car
4. Immense feelings of abandonment from family and my fiancé with no support from Pittworth Deaconess. And no social work support at all.
5. I was ridiculed by kitchen and nursing staff and matron at Pittwood and treated like a second class citizen by them. We were worked hard for our keep
6. I was not conscious at the birth of my son, and believe that I had been heavily medicated during my labour. I did not see my son at the time of his birth and woke up the next morning in a ward full of nursing mothers and made stay in my bed while feed time took place for a whole week. I requested the opportunity to not be present in the ward during feeding time as I found it very traumatic . This request was denied and was not allowed to leave the ward during feeding time. Mothers in the ward whispered about me and I was treated like I had committed some sort of crime by nursing mothers in my ward.
7. Treated with distaste when signing over the rights of my son to the Social Worker at the Queen Victoria Hospital
8. When asked to see my son was told I could see him once, after I had signed the papers and that was retracted after I signed them
9. Made enquiries 14 days after the birth of my son on the 30 day clause of the adoption papers wishing to rescind my offer of adoption of my son and was told that my son had already been placed with his new parents.
10. My name appears on the memorandum of adoption given to the adoptive parents of my son
11. I was supplied with no support such as counselling before or after the birth of my son or at any time during my pregnancy from the agency who had taken control of the adoption of my son.

12. Anxiety and depression has plagued my life for 40 years, not knowing if my son was safe and being well cared for. His thoughts on rejection by me when he was born. The trauma of this event has had an impact on my relationship issues throughout my life and a tendency to smother my own children because of the fear of losing them. They don't understand the repercussions of losing a child and having no control over what can be taken from you with a stroke of a pen. I have a sign nothing approach to life from this experience.
13. Finding out on receiving my paperwork a few months ago, that my son was placed in the care of adoptive parents in the town next to where his father resided caused me great anxiety. Not for the fact that his father was there but for the fact that that issue should have been taken into consideration prior to the placement of our son.
14. The pain suffered by my son's father is something that I carry for him, he has no faith in me and is missing out on his son. His wife has never been able to have children, they are childless, how sad for him.