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# Senate Inquiry

## COMMONWEALTH CONTRIBUTION TO FORMER FORCED ADOPTION POLICIES and PRACTICES

My name is:- PATRICIA JOY LARGE, WRITTEN 24<sup>th</sup> Feb 2011.  
my son was stolen at BIRTH on Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> October 1968 at 1:15pm from The Labour ward and placed in a locked NURSERY (ward M14) at The Royal Brisbane Womens Hospital.

- ① I will DIE never knowing what my own son looked like I never heard him cry. I was Denied all contact.
- ② I was not an AUSTRALIAN CITIZEN, I emigrated to AUSTRALIA arriving 8:30am Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> April 1967, my immigration records prove that. I was Threatened with DEPORTATION Oct 1968.
- ③ I have hospital RECORDS that state I was given MORPHIA, PENTOPARB PHENERGAN and gas at <sup>11:05 pm</sup> 3:40am - 11:20am, ALSO I was put on the STILBOESTROL REGime 19-10-1968, a drug banned by World health organisation in 1957, it was linked to Cancer, I was not told anything about these drugs. My rights Violated.
- ④ Legal Documents I signed 25-10-1968 at 9:05am, the Social worker told me "they were Hospital Releasement papers," baby and I were medically fit to leave The hospital only at 5pm did a nurse tell me they were ADOPTION CONSENT FORMS.
- ⑤ Childrens Department stated they had no records on my self in October 1968. IN 1991 June 5 I recieved my information from Qld Adoption Family Services.

## ADOPTION DESTROYED MY LIFE AT 19

my adoption life story begins, I fell pregnant early February 1968. I didn't realize I was pregnant for 12 weeks. I phoned the Royal Brisbane Womens hospital, where I was to report the next Tuesday at 6pm, to enter via the back door, on arrival there was a queue of other women, we entered the room and gave our name, we were weighed, height measured, urine sample tested and a blood test taken. A woman sitting at a desk called my name, as I approached her and sat down she said "From now on you will be called Mrs Large, you are to wear a plain ring on your wedding finger." "you are not to talk to the other women." She said "you're giving this BABY up for ADOPTION, I said "No"! I want to keep him, she said its ADOPTION, I said "No" nothing else was said.

I saw DR (...) I didn't like his attitude towards me he was not willing to answer questions about pregnancy or my well being. I felt ignored. I continued to see him til Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> 1968, when he told me to report the next day at 10am to be admitted to wait for my baby whose due any day. I was surprised, I was not prepared emotionally, I had always thought I would go into hospital in some stage of labour, I had no signs of immediate labour or baby distress. I was placed in a temporary ward.

Wednes 16<sup>th</sup> Oct 1968

I was moved into a ward with other women experiencing all sorts of complications, most were expecting their babies not to survive birth. (to die)

My waters broke around 8:30pm, As I got up to go to the bathroom, my bed was wet, I went up to the nurses station, the nurse was due to go on a lunch break, her reply was you F... useless so and so bitch, that walked on the

earth, now she "wouldn't be able ~~take~~ her tea-break."  
She came to my bed carrying a dish of water and a RAZOR,  
The water was Icy cold The RAZOR Blunt, I was so nicked  
and cut, I was bleeding, from where The hairs had been  
ripped out, About 1/2 hour later she returned with an enema  
and bedpan, "Sit on That you bitch." She said to me.  
I was taken up to The Labour ward, The window glass had  
been painted over white, There was a clock, gas mask and bottle  
side table beside The bed.

I was given tablets Morphia, Phenergan  
and Pentobarb at 11-15pm, My obs were done regularly til  
about 3:40am when I was again given medication  
Morphia, Pentobarb, Phenergan, I was very upset The pain was  
excessive, no-one answered my buzzer, The room was in total  
darkness, AT about 6:30am The doctors and nurses entered The  
room and talked amongst themselves. AT 10:30am the pain  
became so bad, The 3 doctors were arguing, The younger  
doctor said "we need to do a caesarian" The babys head  
and shoulders are too big, Still I was given 2 tablets to speed  
up The delivery, A nurse tried to put The black Gas  
Mask over my face, I panicked, I pushed The nurses away  
yelling and Screaming, struggling not to have anything put  
around my nose-mouth area, as a result my hands were tied  
to the bed by bandage type material.

My feet were strapped  
into stirrups, A green sheet covered my body from The  
bust area up over The stirrups.

I could only see The doctors faces and heads.  
The nice young doctor kept saying "we need to do a  
Caesarian" The eldest doctor said "The pain is The PRICE  
she has to pay for bringing a BASTARD into This world."

after a short while the doctors decided to try and help my baby out.

when my son was born I was held down by the nurses, my feet were still in the STRAPPs my hands tied to the bed, what hope did I have? my son was RUSHED out of the ward, I was crying hysterically, saying "I want to see my BABY" I want to hold my baby, bring my baby back!

The young doctor came up to me and said I will bring him back, the nurses will need to weigh and measure him he left the room and started arguing with the sister.

"the baby's here", "she is the LEGAL mother bring the baby back to her!" The arguing was loud, the young doctor kept saying "bring this baby back to the mother!" "let her hold him!" "you are distressing this mother! the baby here!"

The sister told him "to do his job, stop interfering!" get on and stitch the bitch up!

when the doctor returned, he said its the 17<sup>th</sup> october, your son weighs 7<sup>lb</sup> 11ozs, born at 1:15pm, I will try and bring him in here, so you can see and hold him, please stop crying your heart rate is racing, you need to calm down, he then released my hands, when he had finished stitching me up, he again went out and try to get the sister to bring my baby back, he did everything he could but he was no match for that sister!

THE DOORS FLEW OPEN in marched this angry, aggressive sister, her index finger pointing and making said to me at the top of her yelling voice

you are unmarried  
under 21

unemployed

Therefore you are unfit

you do not have the legal right to ever

SEE - HEAR - or HOLD your CHILD. You will NEVER see him

she left the room full of Anger.

I was transferred into the married women's ward (by accident) I kept quiet hoping, I would be given my baby, unfortunately the mistake was discovered, I was then placed in the unmarried mothers ward behind the DOUBLE GREEN DOORS.

At 4:30pm the meal trolley was pushed into the doorway, we were left at the MERCY of each other, luckily the woman opposite brought a meal tray over to me. she told me where the toilet was, when I tried to stand up my legs wouldn't move, I fell to the floor.

3 nurses came into see me about 7:30pm, they bound my body from under the ARMS to waist, one nurse put her leg in the middle of my back and pulled the bandage tight the other 2 nurses held my arms to stop me struggling. Early next morning I found a pair of nail scissors & cut the bandages off, my body looked like I had been shipped and extremely sore, blood could be seen under my skin.

Friday 18<sup>th</sup> October,

about 9:30 am a woman came over to my bed and said "hello my name is (...) I am from the children's services department, here's my phone number, I am here for you to sign ADOPTION CONSENT FORMS, I said NO!"

she asked who the father was, I refused to answer, I told her I wanted to see my baby & feed him, that I was not ADOPTING him out, he's mine, with that she said "okay we don't need your BASTARD, we've already got enough," she left me.

Whenever a nurse came into the ward, I would ask to see my baby or could they call DR (...) to come and take me to see my baby.

Saturday 19-10-1968

2 nurses came into me, I was given 2 white STILBOESTROL tablets, no-one told me why I needed to take them, or what they were, I only found out in 1995 (my records prove that!)

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> October 1968

Margaret (Senny Whalley was her real name my records prove that) told me there were 3 lots of parents, looking at my son, they all wanted him, "would I now name the father," which I didn't. I told her again I am not ADOPTING my BABY out, when she had left I begged the nurses to contact DR (...) and tell him I wanted to see my baby, he never turned up to see me.

22<sup>nd</sup> Oct Tuesday

Margaret (S Whalley) came over to my bed and said that she'd found out who the father was.

I was to be CHARGED with SEDUCTION and DEPORTED back to England, because I was a £10 immigrant who had committed a crime within 2 years of entering AUSTRALIA.

Said that I would never see my FAMILY again as re-entry into AUSTRALIA, would be impossible. I would have a criminal record, the baby would be ADOPTED as ~~he~~ would assumed he'd be an Australian citizen.

OR

I could sign the Adoption Consent Form, I

said "NO". I am keeping (...) , I haven't seen him or held him or fed him. Her reply was. He has a mop of dark hair and olive skin, with a lovely smile. My reply was if you have seen him and he is not your baby, then why can't I see him?! He is my son, she got up and stormed out of the ward.

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> October about 10am at Lona last DR (...) entered the ward with (...) (alias (...)) beside him, he stopped in the doorway and leaned against the wall, with his arms crossed and his legs crossed staring at me with a grin on his face (...). He came to my bedside sat down and said sign these adoption forms and DR (...) will take you to see and hold your baby, you can claim him back within 30 days, when you have got a job and a place to live, I said no he's coming home with me "NOT FOR ADOPTION"! I said I have clothes, money equivalent to 12 weeks (male rate of pay in bank) I will be sharing a house, I have a cot, pram, highchair, baby bath & bassinet, a friend was teamed up to babysit 3 days a week while I returned to work. I WAS NOT DESTITUTE or living on the streets.

She said sign this form I said no, (...) to DR (...) That I would not sign, she signalled (...) walked over to him, he turned put his arm around her waist and leaned forward and whispered something in her ear, then he turned and grinning (and smirkingly) walked away with her. I will never forget that day. and DR (...) disgusting behaviour I was his patient! A young nurse came into the ward and said "go to toilet door", there she said "That baby they were going to show you isn't yours, it was born weeks ago and it's



a deformed freak that they show to mothers, to scare them into signing that form. If I get chance later when I'm on night shift, I'll come and take you up the fire stairs and I'll show you your lovely little boy. Sadly we were caught going up the stairs, so I never did get to see (...)

FRIDAY 25<sup>th</sup> October 1968 9.05 am

(...)  
comes, "I have good news for you!"  
"you and the baby are medically fit and ready to go home to-gether."  
"all you have to do is sign these Hospital RELEASEMENT FORMS and you can both go home. which I did!"

I thought I would see, hold, dress, bath, feed my Alan  
I kept asking the nurses when could I go to the Nursery, no-one answered, but I was given 50 NAPPIES TO FOLD, so I'd know how to fold them properly, when I was at home with my baby. (I was also in the hallway) when a nurse said she had to show me how to bath a baby using a doll, and dress this baby doll, I returned to my bed, waiting excitedly, for it to get to 5-30 my dad was to pick me up.

at 5pm REALITY STRUCK! Nurses came into the ward. a woman was wheeled into the ward all my belongings thrown on the floor, sheets ripped off the bed, new sheets on for the new woman, I said why?! she said "leave the hospital" when I asked about picking up my baby. as my father was due to pick us up she said "you STUPID BITCH you signed the ADOPTION  
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Consent Forms this morning and your baby left with his new parents hours ago.

I was shocked, stunned and devastated, I said "No" I didn't sign Adoption Forms, I only signed Hospital Release forms, The nurse said to me

"Take it up with The childrens Department they are closed til Monday", or "go to The Police, 'Just Beggar off I don't care' get out of here.

I struggled to walk, lugging my suitcase of Baby Gear and my own clothes downstairs to the bench outside, I was crying hysterically, by the time my father arrived.

He just said its for the best, I said "No" I want to keep my son, we argued all the way home, I told him I'd never speak to him again, he said get on with your life find a husband, have more children of my own.

Monday 28<sup>th</sup> I phoned the childrens department on the number (...) had given me, I was told that there was "no (...) working in The adoption Section", my reply was "she's stolen my baby I want him back." She replied There is no PATRICIA LARGE listed as a mother whose baby is in The Adoption process.

I rang The Royal womens Hospital They said they had no hospital records for me or my son (...)

Thuesday 29<sup>th</sup> October 1968, I got a friend to drive me into the childrens department, where I asked to see (...) (whose real name was (...)) I was again told no-one named (...) worked in the Adoption section, I showed the receptionist the piece of paper with (...) name and contact phone number, she replied we don't a file or record of anyone

named PATRICIA LARGE having a baby available for Adoption. We do not have a signed Consent form.

My friend said come on we will go to the Police which we did, I told the policeman at the front counter, what had happened, that I had a baby at The Royal Womens hospital Brisbane on 17<sup>th</sup> October at 1:15pm and the baby boy I had named (...) was taken out of the Labour ward and I had not seen, held or had any contact with my son (...) That Doctor (...) had been my doctor.

A woman named (...) I showed him my piece of paper with her name and contact phone number, that she had got me to sign Hospital RELEASEMENT FORMS, so (...) & I could leave hospital together. At about 5pm on Friday 25<sup>th</sup> October a nurse at the hospital said I'd signed Adoption Consent Forms and my baby was gone, with his Adoptive Parents.

His reply was go THE Royal Brisbane Womens hospital and get my records, paperwork, proof that I had been a patient there. So off we went to the W B Hospital, where I asked the receptionists for my file-word, proof I had been a patient there, and that I had a baby boy, 17<sup>th</sup> October 1968, weighing 7.11<sup>lbs</sup> at 1:15pm, and DR (...) was my doctor, she went to a filing cabinet looked through, then turned to me and said you aren't a patient here, you have never been in this hospital, there are no records for a PATRICIA LARGE ever in this hospital, she said "go to the mental ward or mad".

I turned to my friend, I started crying, he took me aside I lit a cigarette, sat down on the bench. WHAT do I do now, I can't prove I had my Baby, I have stretch marks, paperwork, I have nothing, my friend took

me home.

I returned to the child welfare department twice later that week and 3 times the next week, I was told I would be arrested and charged with being a nuisance if I did not go home and NEVER RETURN TO THE DEPARTMENT AGAIN.

My friend said you need to get a job, which I did the next day.

My life became a constant search, every pram I came to "I would ask how old is your lovely baby", if the reply was October I'd ask "what date?" "which hospital?" I became friendly with every customer who came into the shop. I had hoped someone - somewhere would lead me to where my son was, as the years progressed, I would become a silent, suicidal, take unnecessary risks almost wishing my life would end, from 17<sup>th</sup> October til 25<sup>th</sup> October, my grief was so profound, I hated 17<sup>th</sup> October from 1968 til 1991. when I was finally reunited with my son (...)  
The glass wall syndrome has plagued both of our lives, separation issues also have caused us traumatic stress syndrome, heartache-pain and long term suffering.

I lost my son because I was naive, I did not know The Australian Law or legal system!

I paid the highest price for being an unmarried mother.

To Have my Son STOLEN AT BIRTH!

ILLEGAL - UNJUST - EXCESSIVE BARBARISM, WAS inflicted upon me.

In 1985 The Queensland governments Family Services, Adoption Section, acknowledged 'yes' it had handled my son (...) 's adoption in October 1968. They had my Records.

In 1987 The Adoption Section placed my name on the Contact register awaiting my son to apply for any information about me, I MADE IT QUITE CLEAR TO THEM ALL IN THAT DEPARTMENT I WANTED CONTACT.

When my son asked for information in 1989, He was sent a reply, but to this day he still has not received that letter, why THEY SENT IT TO THE WRONG ADDRESS.

In 1990 we Successfully got Wayne Goss and The Labour Party into power, where they quickly amended the Adoption Information act, where we who wanted OUR INFORMATION HAD TO PAY A

\$50 fee for that information

The files were to be opened on 1<sup>st</sup> March 1991. but! Adoption Privacy Protection group lobbied to have the Veto-OBJECTION to CONTACT REGISTER set up.

We all had to wait until after 1<sup>st</sup> June 1991 before we got the Identifying Information about OURSELVES.

PLEASE EXPLAIN

HOW CAN A GOVERNMENT DEPART STEAL OUR BABY.

THEN CHARGE \$50 to tell us who got OUR STOLEN BABY.

on June 25<sup>th</sup> 1991 Tuesday 1-30pm

(...) adoptive mother phoned and apologised for her initial reaction, Her next sentence was devastating.

"you must have had a hard Labour and birth the babys head was deformed he resembled a baby GORILLA." There are no baby photos I was ashamed to show him off. "His foot had responded to physiotherapy" I had never been told that my son had these birth problems.

The Adoptive parents were told, I had bathed, fed and nursed my son everyday til I had left hospital.

The Adoptive mother was deeply shocked and upset when I told her I had never seen him, she said I would never have agreed to Adopt him, If I had known that she didn't know I wanted to keep my son.

The Social worker LIED TO HER.

I wrote to The Royal womens Hospital for my Records, I was horrified to see, The drugs I'd been given and the dosage, Also that my baby DID NOT LEAVE THE

HOSPITAL TIL 8-11-1968

He was there all The time, I was begging for him to be given back to me. LOCKED in THE BABIES NURSERY.

THE HOSPITAL STAFF in BABY NURSERY M14  
Along with DR (...) AND (...)

are responsible for the Stealing-concealing an offense of BABY STEALING. my son on Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> October 1968.

IF you TIE a persons Hands and Feet and physically restrain them, Thats unreasonable, unacceptable excessive. undue FORCE!

(13)

I ask for my STATEMENT TO BE RECORDED IN HISTORY

Let there never be another HUMAN BEING to suffer what I have SURVIVED.

the ongoing grief-trauma-emotional stress-heartbreak of not knowing what my baby looked like needs to be

OFFICIALLY - PUBLICALLY - ACKNOWLEDGE.

I request an Apology from our Prime minister and Opposition Leader of the FEDERAL and STATE GOVERNMENTS with full publicity, and world wide media, so The whole world can see that we were treated horrendously and the lies that were told by the guilty parties to hide their crimes against us.

Thank you for your time in reading my personal Submission - statement.