



**Senate Inquiry into
“Commonwealth contribution to former forced adoption
policies and practices”.**

**I Maureen Melville am a citizen of the Commonwealth of
Australia resident in New South Wales.**

**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 from 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.**

My name is Maureen Melville nee (Pym). I live at (...) (...) . My home phone number is (...) and my mobile number is (...) .

This is my story surrounding the adoption of my first born son, how he was taken from my body at birth and never to be seen by me until 30 years later.

My life was a happy one, growing up with my parents (...) and (...) and my young brother and sister, (...) , who were 3 and 7 years my junior.

We lived in a three bedroom home at Frenchs Forest and both my parents worked.

Because I was the eldest I looked after (...) before and after school and in school holidays.

My parents brought us up to be honest, polite and caring for others.

When I had turned 15 years old in 1966, my mother said if I had a job to go to I could leave school, so I applied for a salesgirl position at the new Big W store in Chatswood.

Our lives changed 10 days later, on Friday 12th August, 1966. My parents went to the local RSL Club, which they did every Thursday night to play indoor bowls and meet up with their friends.

At 3.30 in the morning there was knocking on the front door. I got out of bed, looked through the lounge room window and I saw two policemen officers were standing there with our next door neighbour (...).

The policemen said sit down we need to tell you that my parents had been involved in a car accident. They were in hospital and that they were both alright and would be home later in the day.

I was shaking. I asked them, should I go to work and send the kids to school. They said yes and reminded me that my parents would be home later.

While they were at my house they asked me for addresses and phone numbers of relatives. I gave them the phone number of my Aunt who lived in Mosman.

As they were leaving the neighbour ask me if I wanted her to stay. I told her I was fine as the police said mum and dad would be home later.

Next morning I got my brother and sister out of bed and told them what the police told me.

I put the radio on, which I did every morning. We would listen to Gary O’Callaghan on 2UE; (...) liked Sammy Sparrow.

At 7am the news reporter read the news. He said “a 32 year old woman from French’s Forest was killed over night, as a result of a car accident”.

I knew straight away it was my mother. I just screamed. I looked at my brother and sister; we all started to scream and cry.

I ran out the front door screaming and my neighbour (...) came out and tried to comfort me. I was in shock.

(...) rang the police and we were taken to my aunt’s place in Mosman.

My father had been drinking and driving, my mother was thrown out of the car as it rolled and she was killed instantly. They found my father in the boot.

I went with my aunt and uncle that night to pick up my dad from Royal North Shore Hospital. The nurse wheeled him out to the car; he had head injuries.

The grief we suffered was unbearable and after staying with my aunt for a couple of weeks, going back home and learning to cope

without our mother was a very slow painful process. We have never gotten over the fact that she walked out the front door and never came back.

We missed her so much and I took over the mother roll as far as helping dad with raising my brother and sister.

A few months later I met a young fellow named (...) and we started going out together.

I guess (...) took advantage of me when I thought he was trying to comfort me and things went too far. After a couple of months we broke up, he found a new girlfriend.

Our first Christmas without Mum was terrible and my father and his friends suggested we all go on a camping holiday down on the south coast at Ulladulla.

So about 4 families packed up our camping gear and I must say it did help getting away for a while, it cheered us up having people around us.

While I was away I had noticed that I had missed a period and didn't think much of it as I was grieving badly for my mother.

We had been away for about 3 to 4 weeks. When we arrived home I had started to vomit every morning and my period still hadn't arrived.

I had found a new job as a salesgirl when we returned from holidays, working for a lovely German couple who owned a deli at the local shopping centre.

Every morning I would vomit and I didn't know what this sickness was. I told my neighbour who worked with me at the Deli, who said she would come with me to visit my doctor.

After I walked out of the doctor office I started to cry and I told her that I was pregnant. I dreaded the thought of telling my father. I was very upset, she put her arms around me and told me

“everything will be alright and she would come home with me to tell my father”.

I was so surprised when my father said it’s alright and he would help me. He told me that he and mum had to get married because she was pregnant with me.

My father said he would make arrangements for me to live with my mother’s younger sister who was married and had a little boy and they lived at Blacktown.

He was worried about the gossip that would go on in our neighbourhood and wanted to protect me.

I stayed with my aunt at Blacktown helping her with her young son and doing the chores around her home.

Dad would come and visit me with my brother and sister as I missed them all so badly.

My aunt took me to Blacktown Hospital and booked me into the pre-natal clinic.

After some months I became home sick and asked my father could I come back home. He said yes.

When I returned home I booked myself into Royal North Shore Hospital and started attending the pre-natal clinic.

I was told by a nursing sister on my first visit that after seeing the doctor I had to go and see the social worker.

I remember sitting in the waiting room thinking who and what was a social worker and why did I have to see her.

A woman came out and called my name, she asked me to follow her to her office.

Her name was (...) and I had to visit her each time I came to the pre-natal clinic.

At these visits she always talked about adoption, how it was the best for “the baby”.

She told me my baby was illegitimate and did I think people calling it a bastard would be what I wanted for it.

How my life would be so difficult raising a baby as a single mother, but I desperately wanted to keep my baby and I told her so.

She would say at these visits “how do you think you can feed the baby, you haven’t got a job”, “the baby needs a mother and father” and “there were married couples who couldn’t have children and needed a baby”, “what about the baby’s education, don’t you want the baby to have the best?” “a married mother and father would be able to provide the baby with that”.

After each visit I would become very depressed, because she always made me feel not good enough, not capable of looking after my baby.

She kept putting me down and it started to have an effect on me. I remember crying at home during the day while alone.

I was trying to think how I could get out of the hospital with my baby and not have authorities take my baby.

She also wanted to know the name of father of my baby, what colour eyes he had, the colour of his hair, how tall he was and asked about his family health.

She wanted all the information about my family health and I told her that my dad wasn’t well at the moment and he was seeing our family doctor.

All this time I was getting really upset because “SHE” had decided that adoption was best for the baby.

I told her that my father was suffering from a nervous breakdown and he had seen our doctor who told him he needed to go into hospital for a rest and some counselling.

Because my father was ill I didn't want to add to his illness by telling him I was getting desperately upset with the social worker.

At this time (...) asked me at my next visit could I bring my father. I don't think she was happy that I still wanted to keep my baby.

I did take my father to the next visit and she spoke to him alone, I feel she took advantage of my father while he was very ill.

She told him she already had a mother and father lined up for the baby and adoption was the best thing.

A few days later dad went into North Ryde Psychiatric Hospital as he needed therapy to get over the loss of my mother and him feeling responsible for her death.

I felt so much for him, seeing the torment he was going through. He kept telling me he killed my mother and I kept telling him it was an accident, it was a very sad time.

I could see that he needed to get this help but he was worried about leaving us and I told him it's alright and not to worry, it was more important that he get well.

He had arranged for his older sister and her boyfriend to move in and look after us while he got the help he needed.

They needed somewhere to live at that time and it would work out for us all by helping each other.

They worked during the day so I did their washing, ironing and cooked the evening meal which was ready by the time they came home from work.

After a while things started to go wrong, the food my father had supplied before he went into hospital started to run out and my aunt and her boyfriend were going to the local RSL club after they finished work.

They would be very nasty when they arrived home. They were horrible to my brother and sister and started to call me names.

We were frightened and felt so threatened by them, we just had each other and I protected my brother and sister from them and told them to leave them alone.

Things started to get uncomfortable because they would come home in aggressive moods. They keep telling me I should be ashamed of myself for being pregnant at 15 and I should be in the unmarried mothers home, which they threatened to put me in.

It came to a head one Thursday night while I was doing the ironing, they arrived home from the club after work and said “what’s for dinner”. I told them there wasn’t anything because there was no food in the house.

They yelled at us, especially me. They knew I was right when I told them just how my father would feel that they were taking advantage of our hospitality, that we were being used by them.

Because they had been drinking (alcohol) and didn’t like what I had said, they stormed out of the house saying they were going to see the welfare officer down at the local RSL club and “were putting me into a home for unwed mothers”.

I started to panic at the thought of being separated from my brother and sister and how they needed me more at this time. I went to the phone box and rang my aunt and uncle at Blacktown.

They told me they would come straight away, my aunt (...) stayed with the three of us and while my aunty (...) and uncle (...) (my mother’s sister and brother) went to find them.

When my aunt and uncle got to the club they found them drinking and told them they would have to pack their bags and get out of our house and how dare they do this under the circumstances.

When my aunt and uncle came back they told us to pack our bags we were going to stay with them until dad came home from hospital.

My father found out what had happened and he signed himself out of the hospital. He didn't get the treatment he so very much needed.

Meanwhile, the social worker had made up her own mind of the fate of my baby IT WAS ADOPTION. What I wanted didn't matter, she had taken over my life. I was easy pickings, she had marked my baby about 3 months before he was born with BFA (BABY FOR ADOPTION) and that's all she wanted. I truly feel she didn't give one iota about what would happen to me.

I couldn't believe all this was happening, because I felt God had given me this baby and my baby would bring happiness into our lives. It would have healed some of the grief and turned our lives around.

On Saturday, 12 August 1967 - exactly one year to the day of my mother's death - dad was at work and I was at home looking after
(...) . My contractions started and so I timed them.

During the day they started to get stronger and by dinner time I told
(...) I needed to go ring dad because it's time for me to go to hospital, the baby was coming.

I went down to the phone box. I rang and told him the baby was coming. He came home with friends and they all took me to the hospital. It was around 8pm when they dropped me off.

My father handed the nurse my bag, I said goodbye to him and followed the nurse up to the labour ward and she told me to get undressed and put on this hospital gown.

I was taken to a room where I was told to get on the bed, which I did, then the nurse put these huge booties on my legs that went right to the top and she then strapped my legs into stirrups.

With my legs wide apart up in the air, I couldn't move I was uncomfortable and very scared. Then she placed a sheet over my legs and I couldn't see what was going on from my chest down. I felt like I was split into two.

The nursing staff didn't speak to me much after that. The curtain was drawn around my bed. I could hear another woman screaming and this frightened me more.

I wanted my mother and I cried for her to come help me. I truly needed my mum" "God, why did you take her from me".

I was starting to have really strong contractions and I could feel my baby coming and I urgently needed to bear down.

The sister in charge really started to abuse me, telling me I wasn't ready and she was pushing the baby's head back with her hand.

Things started to get out of control with her yelling at me. I started to cry, I was very distressed, calling for my mother. Oh God, I needed her so badly.

The sister held a mask over my face and that is all I could remember. When I started to come around, I realised that she had anaesthetised me. I was coming to and I felt confused but I could hear my baby crying. I could make out a nurse walking away with my crying baby wrapped in a blanket.

I remember asking is it a boy or girl and saying I want to see my baby?

No-one answered me..... they just ignored me they pulled the curtain around me and left me alone for a while. The nurse came back to take the afterbirth, the doctor came to stitch me up.

I was taken down to a ward where there were other mothers and a nursery was at the end of the room. I could hear all the babies crying and I was still very groggy.

I was laying there listening to the babies crying and I heard a nurse say "oh you poor little thing, nobody wants you".

I am sure it was my baby crying and he needed me, I got out of bed and my legs went from under me. I couldn't walk, I collapsed onto the floor.

The lady in the next bed rang the buzzer a nurse came and said what are you doing and I told her I could hear my baby crying.

I was told I wasn't allowed to get out of bed and she and another nurse helped me back into bed.

Not long after this I was moved to another part of the hospital, which was a little cottage in the hospital grounds. There were mothers there as well and at the time were feeding their babies.

I remember the woman in the bed opposite asking me "where is your baby?". I just burst into tears, said I had lost my baby because I was very confused I covered myself with the blanket and cried.

No one spoke to me after this because they could see I was distressed and I guess they thought they should leave me alone.

I laid there crying most of the time, people came to visit me but I didn't want to speak to anyone I was very depressed. They spoke to each other and I guess they thought it was because I had just had my baby.....no one realised there was something wrong with me. But with depression it is something that doesn't jump out and say "warning: help needed".

A few days later I heard another girl a couple of beds down from me yelling and screaming at the nursing staff and her mother. At the top of her lungs she yelled "I'm not leaving this hospital without my baby".

I truly felt an urgent need to see my baby - she had given me the courage to speak up, the permission to speak up and demand "I want to see my baby!"

That was all I needed, to hear someone just like me and so I rang the buzzer for a nurse and I said to her “please bring me my baby, I want to see my baby” I was crying I with tears of joy.

I was finally going to see, touch and kiss my baby! I was so excited waiting there because she said she would be right back.

She said she would go and get my baby, I was thinking great now I will know if I had a boy or girl and I couldn't wait - it was the happiest I had been in a long time.

While I was waiting the social worker turned up at my bedside and told me “NO it was forbidden, I could not see the baby.”

I started crying and was begging her “please let me see my baby, I don't even know if it was a boy or girl”. She reached for my hand and simply said “NO you cannot see the baby”. By this time I was in such a mess.

She looked at me and said she would go find out what she could about the baby and would come back and let me know.

This happened on the morning of Friday 18 August, 1967. She came back and told me I had a boy, he was 20 inches long and weighed 6 pound 8 ounces, he had blond hair and blue eyes. She told me to get dressed and she would be back to take me to see someone.

I thought to myself “OH! I am going to see my baby”, I couldn't get dressed quick enough as I had never given up the thought I would leave with my baby.....I was that desperate. I had bonded with my baby over the last nine months and loved it so much....it was “my baby”.

She took me to another part of the hospital. We walked up to a door she said knock on the door, which I did, then she turned around and I never saw her again. She just walked away just like that, I was done with.

When I knocked at the door a man's voice said come in so I opened the door and there was a man sitting at a desk with papers in front of him.

He told me to sit down on the chair opposite him, which I did, and he said to me "is your name Maureen Pym", I said "yes", he asked did I have a name for my baby. I said yes I told him his name was (...) he also asked what religion did I want him raised under and I said "Church of England", the same as me. He was writing it all down. I thought now I am going to see my baby.

He said I needed to sign at the bottom of this paper, which was in front of him. I remember I looked at the paper- it had my name and address at the top and he said I needed to sign it. I didn't know what I was signing. It was never explained to me and I did what I was told.....good girls did what they were told.

I said "it has (...) " I said that's wrong, it's "crescent not avenue" and he crossed out the avenue and wrote crescent. He told me to sign at the bottom of the page, which I did. I had NO IDEA what this was all about, I was all alone with this man who told me what to do and so I did.

I was just 16 years old. All I knew was that I had a baby boy and now this man would take me to him. The next thing he said was "you would never see your baby ever again", "Oh you can have more babies", "go home and forget this ever happened", "get on with your life".

I didn't believe this was happening, where was my baby..... I hadn't even seen my baby and this man told me I would never see my baby again.

I remember crying but don't remember anything that happened next. I must have been in shock. I don't remember going home with my father or even getting into the car or the drive home.

What I could remember was the man telling me I would never see my baby again.....I was a mess.....I think I must have shut down.

Looking down at my body, which was telling me I had just had a baby.....a baby boy.....I heard him crying.....he was crying for me, “me his mother”.

I was standing in the shower with milk flowing from my breasts, I couldn't forget my baby, I could still hear him crying in my mind. I had nightmares every night and would wake sobbing for my baby.

No one mentioned a word to me about my baby, I felt like I was going insane. I became so angry - I'd changed, I was so bitter, I hated everyone and my life had become a living hell.

I looked into every pram and asked if it was a boy or girl, I was desperately trying to find where my baby was.

My God I had a baby and God knew it as well as me. I was a very, very, angry person for such a long time. I hated everyone, I was even angry with my dead mother because she wasn't there to help me. I hated God for allowing all this to happen - I didn't believe in him anymore.

I hated myself and I hated life itself.....I was 16 years old and very depressed - I could have quite easily killed myself and felt no one would care. I felt worthless, I was useless and was giving up on trying to do anything positive in my life.....NOBODY EVER SPOKE OF MY BABY....it didn't happen, “REMEMBER”.

A couple of months later I got very sick, the doctor told me I was suffering from pleurisy. I was sick for weeks and had to stay in bed. This was the worse time of my life and I have never fully recovered, it was as if I had to serve a life sentence. I was ashamed of myself, I was a bad person, a second rate citizen.

Eventually I did recover enough to get a job and I took one day at a time. But I still kept looking at babies and if I found out that it was a boy and was adopted, I would ask what day and month was he born.

I grieved for my baby son and at night I would hear him cry, in my dreams. Always that cry, it went on to haunt me until the day he and I came face to face many years later.

I did get married two years later and had two more children, a boy and a girl. I remember when my second son was born at Ryde Eastwood Hospital I stayed in bed and only got up to have a shower. I didn't go to see my baby son in the nursery, I felt I wasn't allowed. Even the thought of breast feeding upset me - I was no good at that too and I told the nurse. I couldn't and didn't breast feed my son or my daughter, I just didn't think I was good enough. I constantly questioned whether I was good enough to be a mother and put so much pressure on myself all the time.

But one thing I can say: I was the most protective mother of my children. I would never leave them with anyone. My two children were so precious and loved by me and there were many times early in their lives that I would cuddle them and think, where is my other son? He should be here with us and I loved him so much. If we were invited to a party and my children couldn't go then I didn't go. My babies meant the world to me.

Every year on 13th August I thought of (...), every Mothers Day and Christmas. It was very hard, there was joy for my two children, but grief for my son (...).

All my babies were born in August and my mother died in August. I lost my first son in August. Everything seemed to happen to me in August. So when August comes around every year I feel a deep sadness which sweeps over me and I spiral down into depression and can take months to pick up again.

I went to see my doctor (...) at my lowest when I felt I wasn't able to cope with life anymore.....I had reached rock bottom. I told him that with all the ups and downs in my life I was very tired of picking myself up and dusting myself off.....I just couldn't do it anymore. I wasn't sleeping, I was having flash backs

and I hid from family and friends when I had my bouts with uncontrollable tears.

Through the help of my wonderful caring doctor and medication he prescribed, I was referred me to see a psychiatrist (...) (...) who diagnosed that I suffer major depression, post-traumatic stress disorder, anxiety, panic attacks and at times can become paranoid when in a stressful situation. I visited (...) for many years; she helped with so many problems from my early childhood that I had buried along with everything else that came my way. I was a mess for a long time trying to deal with everything that surfaced from deep within my brain and still to this day I still suffer with flash backs. Just the smell of something or something someone will say to me that will take me back to a time of much sorrow.

After many years of counselling and therapy I realise this will be with me until the day I die, the grief seems to get worse the older I get but when I cry now I know it is my release at allowing it to pass, just like a panic attack it comes and goes. Believe me it isn't fun and can take its toll sometimes but after some bed rest I can rise up for another day.

I searched for my son (...) after allowing myself 30 years maybe I guess I felt the time was right. This all triggered of the lowest time in my life. It truly did come up and bite me like some monster and drag me down.

I remember the day I first met (...) who was now known as (...) (...). It was at his adopted father's place, (...), who allowed us privacy and went out for the day. I remember looking at (...) as I approached; I said hi and walked straight past him. I started to shake because I realised I had just walked past my baby (who now was a grown man), it was hard to feel at ease and try not to show him I was distressed.

All these years I was still looking for my baby.....my god I wasn't really prepared for a grown man. I got through that day and after

we talked we agreed to meet again the next day at my home. He told me I was just like a stranger to him: gosh it was hard.

Some months later I went to visit him at his home in Kempsey and his partner (...) put a baby photo album in front of me. She left me alone in the kitchen at the table with this book and I opened it up. The shock of the first page rocked me to my core. I slammed it shut. I opened it again and there, in another woman's handwriting on the first page, was written my baby's name, where he was born, the time and weight, hospital: you name it, she had written it down as if she gave birth.

I wanted to scream "this is bull shit", it was me who was there at the time I gave birth to my son....not this stranger.

Adoption is to me one of the cruellest things that anyone could have thought up. My son didn't have the life I prayed for him to have. The adoptive parents divorced when (...) was 8 years old and he seemed to cramp the adoptive parents' lifestyle when they found new partners. By the time he turned 12 years old and was going through puberty he really got in their way and was passed backwards and forwards between them.

He didn't get the education the social worker said they would give him. He wasn't shown love and I have been told he was abused everyday.... not one day went by that he didn't get belted by the adoptive stepfather. (...) told me that when he was young he would get a hiding from this adoptive stepfather because he sat eating his dinner and all he had done to cop this was to look at his adoptive mother, which would send this fellow into a rage.

He and I have become close over the years and have learnt to trust each other, and I know we will never be separated again. He still calls me Maureen but once I did hear him say Mum. He knows that I am here for him and will ring me every now and again.

He is angry just like me at the fact that people (authorities) thought they knew what was best for my baby. But what was best for him was ME, HIS MOTHER who would have given him the best in life,

THE UNCONDITIONAL LOVE HE CRAVES FOR. He would have learnt to read and write and been able to get better employment, just like his brother and sister.

I have been a member of Origins NSW for over 14 years now and I have realised that he and I were denied of our Human Rights as mother and son.

I feel my son was stolen from me at birth by people in authority who felt they could take over my life, in my greatest hour of need.

Didn't they know of all the dire consequences of taking a baby from its mother at birth?

I feel I was abused mentally by a social worker who was employed to help me and my need's. She didn't take any notice of what "I" wanted. She may as well have thrown me into the gutter on that Friday 18 August, 1967.

She just walked away and never gave a thought as to what in the world would happen to me and my baby son.

One thing I can tell you is that these people took their authority and thought they could play "GOD" and get away with crimes that destroyed so many young lives.

I was sent off by these so called people in authority and I was sentenced to a lifetime of pain and suffering, told to shut up get on with my life, that I could have more babies and forget this ever happened to me.

What makes it so hard to except is the fact that we were shamed into silence, which most of us remained until maybe 30years later when we all woke up out of a fog and into reality where we all learnt we were taken advantage of, lied to, swindled of our beautiful babies, abused by our government in this great country of ours. They let this all happen knowing that it was wrong.

I have been deeply affected by the forced adoption of my baby son and I call for action to be taken. We are not to be swept under some government carpet ever again.

We need all our stories to be told and listened to. We expect some sort of comfort that all our stolen children will learn they were very much loved by their mothers and fathers.

Most of all I would like to have the respect given back to me that was taken from me a long time ago.

I have documents to prove that the man I said previously who witnessed my consent on the 18th August, 1967 was fraudulent. Looking at the papers I received from the Supreme Court of NSW it states it was actually a woman that took my consent her name is (...) . So those documents filled out by the Supreme Court representative were falsified.

My son was abused all his life by the people who were to give him this wonderful life and he suffers from it every day.

I feel that an apology is way too late especially after putting in submission after submission.

1) NSW Parliament Inquiry into Past Adoption Practices, which I submitted on 3rd August, 1998.

2) Senate Select Committee on Mental Health, which I submitted on 11th May, 2005.

An apology is just words, I sat in front of my television the day (former) Prime Minister Kevin Rudd read his apology to the aboriginal Stolen Generation and I am sorry, it's just words.

What most of us want is justice, no more sweeping us under some carpet hoping that we will all die and go away. Sadly a lot of mothers I know have already died trying to be heard and this is why I feel the need to speak up for them and not just myself.

I feel mothers who are members of Origins and have been trying for years and years to be heard and taken seriously of what

affects have been placed on not just us mother but our children as well. The damage of forced adoption has be told and listened to, I do not want my granddaughter or great granddaughter to ever have to experience what I have, or for that matter maybe even one of your daughters.

I have sent with my submission copies of The NSW Supreme Court document showing the name of the person who was not there with me when I signed the consent and the Department of Community Services papers. Please look at it as I have always stated it was a man.

Why is it that a 16 year old girl can sign over her child to others, yet she cannot vote, she cannot legally enter a pub, she cannot get a licence to drive a vehicle. I had NO legal representative for me on this day and explain to me how this would affect me for years to come. Can someone please explain to me how this is all legal?

As far as my son's adoption goes, there were so many crimes committed. No one warned me of dire future regret and I wasn't told there was a 30 day revocation period. There should not have been any psychological or physical barriers placed between me and my baby at the birth. I was not given any choice, only adoption, and my papers at the hospital were marked months before my baby was born. I was lied to and these methods constitute influence and duress.

Please note on 18th August, 1967, when I left Royal North Shore Hospital after signing the papers, I walked out of there with no copies of the papers that I signed and had nothing that said I had just given birth to my baby boy.....all I had were empty arms and a broken heart.

Thank you for listening to my life story and I hope you treat it with the utmost respect.

I am willing to speak at the inquiry if required, and can be contacted at the above address and phone number.

What I have written in my submission is the truth and I will swear on the bible.

Yours sincerely

(...)

Maureen Melville (nee Pym)

17th January, 2011

For your information please note this is my signature on the bottom of these papers.

BUT I had NO IDEA at the time what these papers were and nothing was explained to me.

The copy from Supreme Court of New South Wales states the full name of the person who was with me the day I signed these papers which I had no idea what I was signing.

**Nothing was explained to me just sign here and (...)
(...) came up in the Court papers as (...) .**

Yours sincerely
(...)

Maureen Melville.

17-1-11

(...)