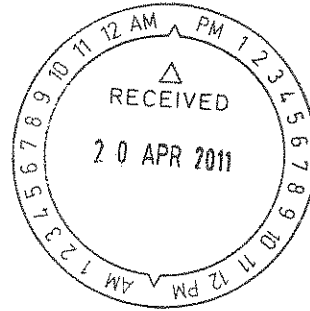


Senate Inquiry into "Commonwealth contribution to former adoption policies and practices"

Mrs Susan Evans,

(...)



I Susan Evans am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia resident in NSW.

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 the 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, borders of Australia.

My maiden name was Susan Thompson.

I was a sixteen year old teenager when I fell pregnant . I had a boyfriend and we had been going together for eighteen months. We cared about each other and wanted to keep our child. My parents sent me to the Salvation Army home called Booth House when I was five months pregnant as they would not support me in any way. The Salvation Army gave me a small amount of money for penance, to spend on personal items while I worked for them. This work included cooking, cleaning and serving the old people in the adjacent nursing home. I shared a room with five other girls. We also had people with mental problems living in the same house. While living there I confided in a Salvation Army officer and told her I wanted to keep my baby. She was of no help to my cause. I told her I was a dressmaker in a factory and I was hoping to keep my baby and start a life with the father of my child, even though my parents would not support me in any way. My boyfriend came to visit me and he was not allowed into the building to see me, only family I was told.

In that time at Booth House I did not see a doctor.

I stayed there until a month before my baby was due. I had swollen feet and could hardly walk by this time. I was sent to Bethesda House, Enmore, Sydney where I had to share a room with about twenty four other pregnant girls. The beds were next to one another in a row with a small dressing table between each one. The doctor was coming to visit one day and we had to line up like cows going to the milking shed while each mother to be was observed. We had to stand, not sit while waiting to see the doctor. The row was that long that it extended through to the kitchen. When it got to my turn to see the

doctor he was very upset to see my in such bad condition and ordered that i be sent straight to hospital for bed rest.

I waited for my child to be born in hospital. The date was the 24<sup>th</sup> June 1968. The birth was long and terrifying and I was cut from ear to ear. I thought the doctor was a butcher. When my son was born they put a sheet in front of my face so that I could not see him. They told me I had anemia and they gave me many big injections. My boyfriend came to visit me at the hospital and they would not let him into the hospital.

I was told I would have to sign adoption papers. I told them that I did not want to. I was given drugs to make me sign. I told them that I would rather foster my child until I could get on my feet but those who held the pen would not have a bar of that! I remember being made to sign and that I could hardly hold my head up off the desk, as I was not myself. Someone held the pen while I signed.

The next day I was allowed to hold my child for a short time. This terrible experience of human kind from the Salvation Army has made a black cloud over me all my life. Loosing two people in my life that I loved and cared about.

I have since been in touch with my son and he won't forgive me for giving him up. He does not understand what I have been through. The only good thing to come out of it all is that I have two beautiful granddaughters and a single x daughter in law who is a great friend.

I also have a beautiful grandson I know of and have not met, all because of contributing factors of my relationship with my son, caused by this forced adoption.

This is a true statement and I hope that this will be of help into the inquiry of forced adoption policies and practices in Australia.

Signed by Mrs Susan Evans