

A LIFE TIME OF SHAME

Discrimination against People from Clan ©

Criminal's are not Born they are created by A State or Federal System

My name is George Stanley Foran recently I became a member of this Organisation called "**Care Leavers of Australia Network**" (CLAN) I have been asked to tell you my story well here it is warts and all if I happen to use some awful language please forgive me. Now where do I begin I could be here for 20 years talking about all of this, but I'll just take it down to the briefest story that I can tell.

My very own personal story and the way I got some information, the "**Department of Community Service (D.O.C.S)**" it would appear that this Department has no scruples what so ever. When I first contacted them they told me I had to fill out an FIO which they sent me and to get permission for my sister Esther Gladys Foran. All of this was done and then I received a letter from the department (D.O.C.S) it was addressed to me, so I opened the letter then I to read the contents. After awhile I realised it was my sister's file then I looked for mine and there were none.

Then I contacted (D.O.C.S) and I ask them where were my files their answer was we have no files on you or your brother, which I also sought. Then I typed up on my computer all of the details of when we were taken and some other detail, but what I should have done was scan my sister's files. Which I did not do so I drove over to her place of residence and gave her the files that belonged to her I said I would get them back off her because there were some details about our mother, our brother, and my self.

But unfortunately she gave them to her daughter who would not return them because it was to stressful for her because it was about her mother, it gets more interesting below. So then I contacted the "**Department of Community Service**" again and I got some bloke on the phone then I said to him after I identified my self where are my files? His answer was they were lost in a flood or a fire. Then I said to him well mate there has not been a flood in the Metropolitan area of Sydney that I know of for the last 100 years. Now tell me which Governments buildings were burnt down, the only one I know of is the "Bankstown Town Hall" and I did not think they would have any paper files from D.O.C.S in there.

His answer was well your not my case! I then listen 'Fuck wit get me the person who is in charge of my files. Now that is when I got to speak to a **Ms. Rena Malatestas** who then tried to tell me a load of "**Bullshit**". She said they had no files on my self or my brother what so ever. My answer to her was have you ever heard of the "**Australian Constitution**" and so we argued back and forth? Until I had her crying after she started crying I said have a Fucking nice day and I then hung up.

Then I sent another form in with \$15.00 and guess what! I got 3 cards from them and one had my name on it. Then I sent another \$50.00 and the reply again was we have no files, then I sent another letter with the following information. Now about my self and my two sister who were "**Kidnapped by the State Government**" with permission of the "**Federal Government of Australia**. I just really love a "**Sun Burnt Country**"

Having said that I will now tell you about how we were taken on the information supplied by the (*Department of Child Welfare known today as the Department of Community Service (DOCS)*). You can change the name of an organization but you can't change the true history except by lying.

This is the date we were taken on 4th day of September 1948 and charged on the 6th day of September 1948 with being neglected children. We were discharged from the homes on the 3rd day of June 1949.

My two younger sisters were again admitted at a later date and again released at a later date. We were born in our home at 79 Jacob Street Bankstown NSW in the following order of the years of birth **George Stanley 1935; Elsie Martha 1937, Estha Gladys 1939**, but I can still remember how my two young sisters and myself were taken. I was playing in my street when what was known as **"A Police Paddy Wagon"** pulled up and one of the police officers ask me was my name George Foran I replied yes.

Then I was placed in the back of the **"Police Paddy Wagon"** where one of my second younger sisters called Elsie Martha Foran already was; we then proceeded up Jacob Street. To where my other baby younger sister Esther Gladys Foran was on the corner of Jacob Street and the Hume Highway.

Where she was with our mother our mother who then told her to run to Grandfather Joseph John Johnson's home, of course he is now deceased. But she was caught near the big tower near **"North Bankstown School"** before she could escape into the bush that was there in those days. In those days our mother had already had a mental breakdown and this was well known within the community. Our mother none the less kept working to earn enough money to keep feeding us she worked most of her life she passed away later on at the age of 48 years old.

What I believe now is the fact that our mother had what is called a brain tumor, which of course in those days of long ago the medical profession did not have the ability of detecting these problems. So that any one that was deemed medically ill was treated with what was then called the electric shock treatment. Now we get down to what happened next in our treatment when we were taken from our mother.

We were then taken to the **"Bankstown Police Station"** in those days the police service has we know it today was called the **"Police Force"** does that name sound familiar the word **"Force"**. Where we were given dinner supplied by the **"Australian Red Cross"**, after dinner my two sisters were taken to **"Bidura's Girls Home"** in **"Glebe Point Road Glebe"** this happened on A Saturday afternoon and it took quite awhile before we were processed.

On the following Monday morning my two sisters and myself were taken to the **"Albion Street Shelter"** and placed in a type of cage just like animals on display and then charged with being neglected children. On the other side of what I call the Cage I saw my mother with tears streaming down her face and crying out in anguish please don't take my children. But not one person had shown any **compassion** with-in the boundary of that **"Court House"**.

My two sisters were placed **"Kings Edward Hall home for girls at Newcastle"**. Then my sister Elsie was transferred to **"Linnwood Hall Girls Home"** at a later date, which was situated at **"Guildford or Merrylands"**. *Linnwood Hall is now called "Linnwood Museum"*. But **"Elsie"** kept running away and she was punished, by being sent in **"Parramatta Girls Home"**.

Parramatta girl's home was notorious for its punishment of young women and in some case's **"Rapes"** were reported right from the start of settlement in Australia, right up until about the 1960's. It should also be mentioned that it was known in previous years in the early settlement days as the women's wash house. It was run by the very **"Reverend Samuel Marsden"** who had **two whipping men**, one was right-handed and one was left-handed. Then when the women had done something wrong they were stripped of their clothing and whipped from both sides until they lost conscious.

All of this information on the 'Government run wash house which can be found on any "Government Internet Department" I'm sorry but I can't remember which book I got all of the information on the wash house. It was while I was studying the **"Advanced Diploma in Community Management"** which I passed and that is where I found this piece of information.

Both Bidura Girls Home & Royston Boys Home

Were holding homes for children waiting to be transferred to another home

Has for my-self well I was sent to **"Royston Boy's Home"**, which was also in **"Glebe Point Road, Glebe Point"** not very far from Bidura Girls Home and eventually was sent to a place called number **"7 Home Mittagong"** it was given the fancy name of **"Suttor Cottage"**. We used to march into school which was given another fancy name of **"Turner Cottage"** its proper name was number **Two (2) Home Mittagong**. In all I counted approximately 14 such homes there may have been more or less. One of the homes was number one (1) home which was next door to number seven it was also called the homes Hospital.

There were many Aboriginal children in these homes, some darker than my-self and some had fairer skin then others, there were also white boys at these homes. Well I do remember one case of two young white boys who in my humble opinion were treated very badly. One of these boys had the unfortunate habit of wetting his bed.

The "Master of the Home" punished him for this by rubbing the boy's nose into the wet bed and then making him & his brother scrub the bathroom floor with a bar of soap and toothbrush the bathroom was down stair's and it was made of concrete. One other of the many things we had to do was to march into school, which was 7 miles in and 7 miles back out, and this then became a very interesting ruling number in my life.

*Most of the information that has just been given in reference to the homes above this sentence was supplied by the **"Department of child welfare"(DOCS)**. Which is the Information I had applied for. After applying for this information with permission of my younger sister nee **Esther Gladys Foran** who married **Ronald Outlaw**, she now calls her self **Nancy Davis** her daughter took the documents and will not return them her 'Married name is **Karen Howarth nee Outlaw**. Her reason she said was because it was too distressing for her. Well I have some very bad news for her it has been very distressing for me for over 50 years. According to the department of child welfare my documentation was lost in a fire or a flood this is nothing but a load of bullshit.*

There was some other bullshit written on these documents which stated my mother was a drunk and associated with people with bad reputations this could be so except my mother never drank to my knowledge. However about the people she associated with were her family which includes both black and white people. Some others she associated with were other undesirables such as "Police, "Public Servants", Military Police Catholic Nuns, Doctors, and other people from the Parramatta Phyatricate Center these were the very nice people who treated her with what was known as the Electric shock treatment.

Those people who worked for the Department of Child Welfare as it was known then as, which is now called (***D.O.C.S.**) wrote how they looked through the windows and saw dirty rooms now to my way of thinking any one who looks through some ones window is a pervert. They are usually called peeping toms but they then stated they could see from the front verandah into the rooms, I wonder how they could see around corners and through bedroom doors that were usually locked and also black out windows.

There were only two front rooms with windows facing the front verandah in the back room there was one window facing south you needed a very long step-ladder to see through that window. Now that window was about 20 feet to the ground so you needed a long ladder or you had to have Fucking long legs to see through the window, smart cunts aren't they. When you looked through the front doorway you looked down a long hallway into the kitchen but again the doorway through to the kitchen was always closed there appears to be an error in their evidence.

Now the story about my late brother "Joseph John Foran" who passed away on the 27th day of November 2000. Joe had a pretty hard life he spent some time in Boys Town Engadene near Sutherland NSW he was one of the original boys from this era. They first set up the town in tents at Loftus, but later on were given 6 Acres of land at Engadene and there they the boys built this town with some help from volunteers.

This town ship was setup and run by Father Thomas (Tom) Dunlea with the help of a bloke by the name of George Nathen who just happened to be a bookmaker. When Father Tom needed money he just asked George and he 'George would go to the races where what was called a boat race was held, afterwards he would come home with heaps of money.

Now boy's town was run just like the movie which starred Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in it, and so my brother Joe was "Elected the Mayor of Boys Town" just like in the movie. He was also the sheriff, the policeman and judge at different when he was there. That was about the only happiest time in his life, I took him out there for the 50th Anniversary of the town but he became up set when he saw how changed it was.

Then later I said Joe all things change in life we cannot change the past but we just might change the future. He was happy with that statement that I made for him. But the hardest part of my life was that I had to make a judgement on Joe when I had to sign him into a home because he had Alzheimer's Disease. He could not stand up because he had lost his balance and his partner of 20 years could not sign him into a home because they were not married. She was his caretaker till I took over and signed the papers.

Because I was his only relative that would sign the papers I had to make that decision which meant I had to take his freedom from him. Then I had opposition to which home I had to place him in this was because all of those who said they loved him wanted him to be placed at a home in Campsie. This home was the worst home that I could place him in because some of the nurse's aids had no knowledge of how to look after these patients at all. At one time that I went to visit him one of the nurse's sat him on a chair and walked away and I had to catch him before he hit the floor.

One nurse who did her training there told me to get him out of there. This Hospital or Nursing home is called "Canterbury District Nursing Home" 20Albert Street Campsie one of the "Moran's Nursing Group Homes". To try and move him from this home I could not do that because I had too much opposition to my requests, by family members, the only thing that I'm sorry about was that he was cremated. Because his body could have been exhumed then it could have been established that his life style was destroyed by this hospital.

On the very day that he passed away I went to see him and I walked straight passed him, because I did not recognise him. After I walked past I realised it was him in the bed that I just went passed. So I went back and looked down at him then he opened his eyes and raised his hand for me to take. As I took his hand in mine I knew that he recognised me and I said to him Joe you will be with our mother to night, I then felt his stomach and I could feel his back bone he was starving to death. He also suffered from "Pageants Disease" this means a very slow death by starvation.

Then I said Joe I'm leaving I cannot stay any longer, so with tears streaming down my cheeks I left and cried all the way from Campsie back to Doonside. At 6.50 P.M. that evening I received a phone call informing me of his death. Joe is now buried in the Rose Garden at Leppington Cemetery. What it says on his plaque was the date of his birth his death date and these words Joe finally had the last laugh he fooled them all now he rests here for *Eternity*.

It is a pity that none of you knew him the way I did he was a brilliant singer but was never taught the art of putting songs together in the right manner. But when I finish the book I am writing you may well all get the drift of his sense of humor, and all the other great things about him including a poem I wrote. About him that would be just about all men and women when they walk along life's highway.

Yours truly,

George Stanley Foran:.....*G. Foran*.....A.D.C.M.