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Statement by Douglas Chapman collected by Erika Bjorum on August 9, 2023

Douglas Chapman

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General Information

Private or Public Statement? - Private

Statement Provider: Douglas Chapman

Date: August 9, 2023

Location: St. George, Maine

Previous Statement? - N/A

Statement Gatherer(s): Erika Bjorum

Support Person: N/A

Additional Individuals Present: N/A

Format: Video

Length of recording: 53:16

Recording

EB: My name is Erika Bjorum. The date is August 9, 2023. We are here at the Jackson Memorial Library in St. George, Maine, and I'm here with—

DC: Douglas Chapman.

EB: Douglas Chapman. The file number is 20230080001. And Douglas, I need to ask you if you've read, understood and signed the informed consent document?

DC: Yes I have.

EB: OK. And I need to make sure you know that I am a mandated reporter, which means that if a child or elder is in need of protection, or if there is imminent risk of serious bodily harm or death to you and others that this information may not be protected as confidential.

DC: I understand completely.

EB: OK. So you are— can certainly start wherever you would like, or if you would like me to ask you the questions we have for everybody that are kind of suggested questions, I can. Otherwise, you're sort of free to start where it's important to start for you.

DC: OK. Well, I was raised in Alford, Maine. And a pretty good home, have some good memories of gardens and— actually I used to steal my neighbor's green peppers, that's how I— one of my memories that led me through this mess to find and ask my mom about.

But during this time, at a young age, which I later found out was three and a half, I was taken from my home and sexually exploited by religious people, Catholic priests. Then I was shipped out of the state of Maine to a bike club house in Hartford, Connecticut. The NSKK clubhouse, I was bought down there by Cheryl Stone and Z-boat was this biker's name, that was her boyfriend at the time. And left there and I was sexually exploited again for the winter.

Upon that I was brought back to the state of Maine and given to my new family where I learned my new name, my new birth date and brought into school where— which I had a terrible time with.

After being raised in this family for much of my childhood, into my teens and full of neglect, full of really dysfunctional action, I got away when I was 17. And I went fishing on a fishing boat, commercial fishing boat. And finally I wasn't being neglected, I was being treated as a human being because I was a great worker. I was respected for the first time in my life, so I stayed with the fishing and plus there was safety, I was away from land where all this bad stuff had happened.

Into my fishing career later on I found out from a gentleman that was a fellow biker, I guess, with my handlers, with Cheryl Stone. And he informed me that I wasn't really her kid. That she had killed her child and they had taken me from another family. Which I had no idea which family, neither did he, because they had taken so many kids during the seventies, is what it was.

So I took matters into my own hands. And I, first when I got home I called, I asked the woman that raised me to do a DNA test with me and she wouldn't. She said she had rights too. She sold the family property and moved out of the state. I then went to the Maine State Troopers Association. They told me that they didn't help out in situations like this. Even though I was reporting that I was a stolen child, they said that I was on my own and I had to investigate this myself.

At that point in time I was an alcoholic and a drug addict. And I had no inclination of how big this was. And what I had been suppressing and yeah and in the act of just trying to keep my sanity, the denial, you know?

After I got clean, about eleven years ago now, twelve years ago. Clean off of heroin, and crystal methamphetamine, and cocaine, I started to research and ask questions. And then I could see that



things weren't jiving. I can remember a lot of my memories that came back, a lot of things that they said to me. And what happened in my life, I was starting to figure out that these weren't my parents. I could tell by the way they treated me compared to the other kids that were in the family. [5:04] And on top of that I'd never ever seen a baby picture of me ever in my life.

So I kept researching and as it turned out, there was a lead on one of the children that were taken. His name was Curt Newton. And that was a— the only lead that I had. The biker guy said that I kind of looked like this kid I might want to check this out. So I actually went to Augusta and looked for this— the family of this missing child that was Curt Newton. So even the way through that how I found these people, you know? On the way hitchhiking up to Augusta to research what happened to me, the gentleman asked me why I was going up there when I explained I was researching a missing child from the seventies, he said, "Oh, Curt Newton? I looked for that child." The guy that picked me up hitchhiking to go— you know what I mean? I'm like, "What?" And he goes, "Oh yeah—" He goes— ten thousand people looked for the kid, he was in Chain of Ponds.

So anyway when I did get up there, I wound up going to the low income housing place and getting them to give me a room so that I could hang out for a week or two, go to some AA meetings and maybe walk down into this— because I knew that Jill Newton had an antique store and I just wanted to lay eyes because I didn't even I was like, "Man, if she's my mother I'll know, right?"

EB: Right.

DC: So, I didn't even need to go that far. I went to one AA meeting and then the— a kid that I met in the meeting asked why I was there. When I told him that I was researching that and he looked at me and his eyes got big and he goes, "Oh my god, you look like both of them, that's my mom's best friend." So, she called and I met Jill. And I went and did the DNA test with Jill in Augusta. I actually went to her house and she met my kids and she was a wonderful lady. I really feel for her that she had her child stolen as well. By the same person that stole me too, apparently. Because the 1964 station wagon that was seen leaving the— Natanis Campground in Chain of Ponds was the same paddock what took me to Connecticut, a white '64 station wagon.

So I kind of went home and got depressed for a while. I was still researching of course, I go on a lot of the sleuth sites, missing kids, where they're looking, where they found— any clues and stuff. Well there had been a clue to the Curt Newton case and I asked the lady about it and she goes, "Why are you asking so many questions on this—" I might need a— two seconds for water.

EB: Sure.

DC: In a second. So I told her that I was interested because I thought I was— might have been her son because I don't believe I belong to the family that was with me anyway. She goes, "Well, why don't you send me a baby picture of you?" And I had never seen a baby picture of me in my life, so I sent her the five-year old picture of me. And she gave me a text back and said, "Look you need to call me right now, this is my number." And I called her and she goes, "Do you have a mole on your right shoulder?" Which I do, it's right here. She goes, "Your name is not Eric Waite. Your name is Douglas Charles Chapman." And she said, "You were stolen here, this is your mom, this is your dad, he's a retired state trooper, you need to call her immediately."

I called her on the phone. I said, "Ma'am I'm not sure how to open this conversation, but I think I might be your son." And she goes, "Oh that's weird, I had a feeling you were going to call. I was just outside putting flowers on your plaque." Didn't skip a beat. That's fishy. That's very fishy. "Not like, ahhh, where are you? I want to come see you!"

EB: Right.

DC: Nothing like that, it was like, oh no. Like they were prepared for this or something. So anyway she gave me my dad's telephone number as well. Gary Chapman. And I called him up. And I talked to him for as much as a half an hour, forty-five minutes, and I could feel his— didn't want to be involved, didn't want to look, didn't wanna— just wanted to— I don't know, it was strange.

In any event, he told me to contact his— one of his old working buddies, who also turns out, now that I've done the investigation, they're both Hell's Angels. My father, retired Hell's Angel, Gary Chapman, and this Heracles, his name is, is also participating in both State Troopers Association and the Hell's Angels.

EB: Doug, would you like— this is a clean water bottle, I haven't drank out of it.

DC: Totally fine. I wouldn't mind anyway. God made dirt, dirt don't hurt.

EB: Have as much of that as you want.

DC: Just need to wet my whistle. So Heracles shows up, tells me to meet him in the back parking lot of Target. And I'm like, "Cool." We must be gonna go down to the State Troopers Association since they're right there, they have a little laboratory there and stuff. Or we're gonna go to the hospital where I did my other DNA test with this other lady. And I already know the protocol.

So I get my pastor to give me a ride up, right from here, from Port Clyde, gave me ride all the way up to Augusta. I told him the whole story, they've been very supportive. [10:12] And the same guy pulls in that told me to go away, but was 17 years previous when I found out about



it. He was the guy that met me in Thomaston, Heracles was. And told me, “Too bad, we don’t help out on this, you gotta hire a private investigator.”

So yeah, here you have a missing child reporting to the police, “Hey, I’m missing” and they’re telling the missing child to go away. Fishy. The fact that she wouldn’t do a DNA test, and moved to Florida, sold the family property. Fishy.

So I go back to my camper down here, in the woods, and I’m waiting for the DNA results. Fourteen days goes by. And I’m like “What is going on? It doesn’t take this long, I just want to go home.” And this has been a long trek. I called up my mom, and I was like, “Hey, Carol, have you heard?” And she goes, “No I haven’t, but I want to let you know something, that I don’t trust the State Troopers Association. Because they told me to— they wanted me to admit that I killed you. Three years ago. So they could close the case. And they weren’t going to give me any jail time or anything.” So she didn’t trust him as well. And I said, “Well, I don’t trust him because the guy that did the DNA test with no gloves on and a backpack on at Target, wasn’t even protocol.” Really, you can’t even use that in a court of law, you’re supposed to have witnesses, doctors, all kinds of stuff. I already know the protocol, I’ve done it.

So I’m like, I already know that this is— the whole thing is bogus. And she— I was like you know, “I’ll call you back tomorrow I guess, see if it comes out.” Well that night I got drunk and that was like the first of July. Prayed about it for a little while, got up that morning and there was a Slightly Stoopid concert. It’s reggae music. That’s, for me, is a— that’s my getaway, that’s where I can relax, I can meditate a little with some reggae music, or some good music. So anyway what caught— the whole reason I went was because, I try to follow my gut, my gut feeling felt right. Not only was it good music, it was on July 2nd, which is my alternate birthday.

I hitchhiked all the way down there, on the first. I mean, on the second, that morning. Went to the show. The very first guy came out from Rebelation, I think it was called, and he was like, he’s looking at me and he goes, “I just want to let everybody know that we’re donating two-thirds of the proceeds to fight child trafficking.” And I’m like, “Oh my goodness.” I just— little things like that it’s like, I just— it was really overwhelming. After sitting there at the show, and I didn’t even have a place to stay after that night because I’m from fifty miles south. I just kind of walked around all night because that’s where I’d found out about the whole thing and stuff. I went down and sat on the porch where I got in trouble before I found out about that I wasn’t really me. And then I was like, crying, for hours. So, I couldn’t breathe, I’ve got my inhaler and I was like, “Man, I’d better go to the hospital and do an eb, and calm down.” Went up the hospital and, sure enough, after it was all said and done, the nurse lady was like, “Come on down here and you can, why don’t you just— you can have this room right here, there’s a coffee pot

over there, there's a TV, you don't have to rush, I mean it looks like you've been through a lot." (Because I was bawling.) "And I'll check back on you in a little bit."

So I called my mom up immediately, I'm like, "Hey, did you hear anything yet?" And she goes, "No, not yet." And I said, "Well, you know what? Did I used to steal my neighbor's green peppers? And did I have horses? And did I have a green big wheel that I used to ride down under a big weeping willow tree with my sisters?" And she goes, "Douglas, you were the craziest little boy. Nobody eats green peppers at that age."

So at this point in time, I'm like, "I really don't need any DNA test, I just want to come see you. I want to come see this house. I want to come see where I was taken from." And she goes, "I would love to see you." And I said, "How far away from Portland are you?" And she goes, "Oh, about twenty-five minutes or thirty minutes." And she goes, "But I can't come see you today because I told my sister that they found you and she had a heart attack." She was three stories above me, forty-five minutes later, I was surrounded by my family. And they took me home and I stayed there for three weeks before they finally came through with my DNA test results. The Maine State Troopers Association, who we all know is run by Aryan Brotherhood. This was how I got my results, "It's not your fucking family, go away." So this whole time, I'm thinking, I'm gonna go home, my girls, my daughters are going to meet their family, it's gonna to be the greatest day of my life. [15:11] And it was totally foiled and thrown out the door by a corrupt state troopers agency.

I stayed there for another couple of weeks, at my cousin's house, at Aunt Da— David's house. And David, he was like, "You don't have to leave. We know who you are." And I was like, "No, I'm causing—" my sisters were up, because they all live on the same piece of property. My sisters were fighting with my mother, and everybody was fighting, and it was like after I been through what I been through, it's like, I was being the cause of this. Once again I'm the strife-maker, and causing hate and discontent to my family. So I left.

And I went fishing for a trip and I had to gather myself, then I came home with five gallon buckets full of lobster and fish and all kinds of stuff and I brought it to my family, and I was like, "This is what I've learned how to do with my life." And we stayed there and hung out and ate, and it was great for a while.

And then, then the state threw me in jail again. I left that house that night in my— my cousin gave me a car. And I got pulled over and they had lied to me about my probation. Because I'd been on probation throughout this time. They said that I could go fishing, that's why I went fishing. I said, "I'm not going lobstering. I'm not going to be able to call you on the telephone. I'll call you in ten days when we get in." "Yep, no problem, go right ahead." So when I got in, he goes, "Oh, no, too bad, I didn't give you permission." So they completely lied and threw me in jail now because I'm raising awareness.



So, after I got out of there, I— I’ve been milling around now for the last five years. I’ve even gone to the extent of going into the courtroom, and on the record, telling the judge that I’m Douglas Chapman, not Eric Waite, stop calling me that. Why is everybody asking me to sign a name that’s not mine? Why are they asking me to get disability on some dead baby’s name? After we finish this interview, I’m calling the Social Security office and the State of Maine, and I don’t want nothing to do with anybody anymore. Because I’m not that person. They’ve kept me in this prison, with an identification from a dead child from the seventies. And I can’t eat without it, I can’t go to the bank without it, I can’t— what is this? Why is it, you know?

So this is what’s happened to me. And I just really want my name back. And I want my kids to know that I love them, and that I’ve been fighting for their name this whole time.

EB: Mmhmm. Yeah. Yeah.

DC: I mean it. I’m alive still.

EB: Yeah. Mmhmm.

DC: Battled with a— the worst part about this too and, I was gonna share this. So apparently, the child that I replaced was a uncircumcised male. I’m circumcised. That was one of the things that I found out when they tried to send me into Riverview. I’d like to read you a short. Well, It’s not really short but...

EB: Go ahead.

DC: This is our Department of Health and Human Services, did not want me to have this paperwork. They told me I could not have it, that it would take me six years in court to get it, and then Grandfather put somebody in front of me that I knew and they gave it to me. Unfortunately, Kristi Poole got fired for this. This woman needs to be patted on the back and congratulated for this, not fired. Here is my summary, that I requested from Kristi Poole.

And shortly thereafter, I went into court and on the record told them who I was. They put me in Riverview, in the insane asylum, because they said that I was crazy that I thought I was somebody else. After I got out of Riverview, this particular piece of paper was the first thing that I got out of the mail. **[19:44]** And it was from Kristi, it says (*reading from the letter*):

“Dear Eric, I hope this letter finds you doing well—” Eric, now this is the “AKA” that I’ve had to be, it’s terrible. “Hope this letter finds you doing well. Please find enclosed the summary of your case file with the Department of Health and Human Services. I hope this is helpful for you

as you continue to explore your childhood with your psychologist. Thank you for reaching out, I wish you all the best. Sincerely, Kristi Poole, Program Administrator.”

It says here, keep in mind that in 1971, I was kidnapped. And then there was no record of me until this one. And this is when they found me at a Hell’s Angels clubhouse with no adults there. They just found me there with another child.

(Reading from case file summary.)

“Eric was taken into the Department’s custody on September 12, 1973, after several years of chaotic living and periodic neglect by his mother, Cheryl Waite, and his father, Austin Jack Waite. The record indicates the incident precipitating serious consideration of state custody was when Cheryl Waite brought Eric and his older brother to a babysitter for the day, only to leave them for five days while she traveled to Connecticut. The record also indicates Cheryl’s involvement with drug trafficking and a motorcycle gang served to create an unstable home life in which there was little guidance and supervision. Efforts by Child Protective Service were met with little compliance by Mrs. Waite.

Eric was initially placed in his paternal grandparents, Leonard and Evelyn Waite on September 12, 1973. Eric’s father, Austin Jack Waite, lived in the same residence, off and on, throughout Eric’s placement with them.

Eric returned to the care of his mother, Cheryl Waite, in December of 1974 for a probationary period—”

Keep in mind, while they’re writing this, I’m not Eric. These people have thrown me back and forth, telling me who I am, putting me in school with people, telling all kinds of other kids to call me this. And I’m like, very confused, I’m like, at this time, what, five? Four, five?

“Eric returned to the care of his mother, Cheryl Waite, in December of 1974 for a probationary period. In June of 1976, Eric returned to the care of Evelyn Waite, following an assumed deterioration of home life with Cheryl—”

Because she’s trying to tell me that she’s my mother and she’s not my mother. “I’m sorry, I’ve got one, you’re not her, she’s way nicer than you.” You know what I mean? *(Laughs.)*

At the time of Eric’s return to placement with Evelyn, Eric’s paternal grandfather Leonard was serving a sentence at Maine State Prison for shooting his father.”

The reason that he shot his *(looks down at the paper, corrects himself)* for shooting Eric’s father – the reason that they were shooting was because this new father that I had knew that I wasn’t his son. Because his son was uncircumcised, I’m circumcised. And I’m actually a year and a half older. So when this man came home and found an older child there, he asked his dad where his



child was, and then, he knew his dad killed him. So they were gonna have a gun fight. That's why this guy is in prison now.

“While Leonard did not return to live with Evelyn, he routinely wrote the Department during his prison sentence and following his release to check on Eric to ensure that he was being cared for. Eric remained in the placement in Evelyn's home until June of 1981.” [23:31]

This is a man that killed his grandson and now he's trying to pretend like he cares about him. I mean, but his grandson was Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. And I'm sure that the baby was colicky and stuff and he didn't want his wife to go through all that, I suppose, I don't know but...

“Eric remained in placement in Evelyn's home until June of 1981. During Eric's placement with Evelyn June 1976 to '81, Eric presented with behavioral difficulties at school—”

They're all calling me some other name.

“However, he was able to remain at Boothbay Elementary School with supportive services provided through their activity-oriented program. Eric was noted as an extremely active and frequently aggressive boy. The major contributing factor to Eric's behaviors was a common one among children in Department custody. The emotions, feelings, confusion and hurt from the physical and emotional absence of one's parents and the effects of the many factors that led to the child being taken into Department custody, Eric attempted to run away to his mother's in January 1980 but became frightened and called the Department for assistance.”

I used to hitchhike back and forth from Boothbay to Port Clyde at like ten years old, to run from these people because they hurt me.

“Boothbay Elementary School recommended that counseling was indicated for Eric. The counseling was provided for several weeks through Bath Brunswick Mental Health Center, but was terminated when it was determined that Eric, his father and Evelyn were not benefitted by the counseling. Specific details were not provided by Bath Brunswick Mental Health Care while—”

They just didn't want to go in there and talk in front of a counselor with me because I was going to rat 'em out. (*Laughs.*) That's why.

“During the evaluation in 1978, it was noted that, socially, Eric perceives himself as somewhat—”

I want to cross all those “Eric's” out and put “Douglas.”

“Eric perceives himself as somewhat of an outcast—” Imagine that, right? “It was recommended that Eric’s involvement in small groups of children where he is expected by others to interact as group members might carry greater chance of success if they are preplanned and structured carefully by a staff member. Eric should be encouraged to take on and perform a normal role in such groups.”

How can I possibly do that when they all had parents and their names? This was an impossible task for me.

“Living up to the same expectations which is hoped for other members—” Yeah, ok. “Such small group activities if well-directed, could provide a forum for Eric to develop and test out more desirable ways of interacting with others, promote acceptance by peers—” Yeah, when they start calling me my name, would be helpful, then I’ll accept them. Because I put them in the same category, unfortunately, at that point in time, it was everybody’s fault, because everybody was calling me— at that age, didn’t know how to digest this you know?

“And encourage him to abandon less helpful coping mechanisms such as aggressive reactions and withdrawing from the group. Which he now resorts to.”

I didn’t know, I still do, that’s why I live on my boat. Because I don’t fit in.

“This consultant went on to recommend, since Eric doesn’t respond quite well to praise, as important to staff members and his family to be aware of the appropriate use of this reinforcement in order to maintain desirable behaviors and build Eric’s self-esteem.

In 1979, the school nurse reported that Eric had come to school saying that his father had hit him. The Department investigated this report, however, no disclosures were made nor signs of abuse such as bruising were observed.”

They conveniently came down three weeks later every time I would call, so that they could write this. They’re not lying, there wasn’t nothing to be observed because they never came down to observe it in time to observe it. Bruises go away.

“Eric made another report in late 1979, stating his father was becoming abusive, especially on days that his father was experiencing significant hangovers. Eric’s reports included allegations of both emotional and physical abuse being inflicted on him by his father. Throughout these reports, Eric was also letting the adults in his life know that he wanted to return to the care of his mother.”

Because even though the bikers were mean and got me drunk and high all the time, they weren’t raping me. I was getting raped down at Evelyn’s house by the neighbor. Rob Roy Shaw. [28:28]



I've tried to report these people too, and nobody will, you know, even write down a report. It's like, they just the statute of limitations. For everybody in the world except for me.

“Eric also was letting the adults in his life know that he wanted to return to the care of his mother. It was challenging for us in the Department to learn what was occurring due to the varying responses of the adults and Eric during the investigations.”

Because there was no investigations. They would bring me in front of my handlers, my abusers, and ask me questions, and as soon as they left, I was going to get the shit beat out of me. So I had to do what they said.

“The Department investigated this report (*reading quickly, finding his place, re-reading a section*). Eric's reports included both emotional and physical abuse being inflicted upon him by his father. Throughout these reports, Eric was also letting the adults in his life know that he wanted to return to the care of his mother. It was challenging for us in the Department to learn what was occurring due to the varying responses of the adults and Eric during the investigations.”

Ok sorry, reading that over again.

“The Department consulted with multiple professionals who also showed difficulty in determining what may have been occurring in regards to Eric's reports of alleged abuse by his father. Ultimately, this led to Eric stating that he made false reports regarding his father's abuse.”

Textbook. Beat 'em up enough they're just gonna say “OK, he didn't do it. OK, he didn't do it.”

“Ultimately, this led Eric to stating that he made false reports regarding his father's abuse. However, the Department remained concerned about the allegations—”

They're such liars. They're not concerned. “And continued to carefully monitor the relationship between Eric and his father because at the very least it was clear that Eric's life was chaotic and his needs were not being fully met. This must have been a very challenging and confusing time for Eric—”

Yeah, you think? Because it was for Douglas.

“In early 1981, Eric and his grandmother reported—” His own mother. “--reported that Austin had moved out of the house. Both expressed how Austin was much nicer to them when they visited and life was easier without him in the home. In late 1981, it was reported that Austin had

returned to the home, and Austin had contacted the Department requesting considering custody of Eric.”

This is because he was getting a child support bill. And that’s the only reason.

“The Department began to investigate the potential for Austin to obtain custody with great care and attention, due to the concerns regarding previously alleged abuse of Eric.”

So, they should have been just “Hell no, you can’t.” But anyway.

“During the summer of 1982, Austin moved from the home again. It was reported that he had moved from the home after a verbal and physical altercation.”

He not only beat me up, he beat his mother up bad.

“Eric and his grandmother reported that Austin had both verbally and physically abused Eric during this altercation.”

Yeah, and her too. She had two black eyes.

“Eric stated that he was unharmed and his grandmother stated that Eric would be safe from harm moving forward and that she would not allow Austin back in the home. Eric expressed he would not be able to live with his father and the Department stopped considering his father for potential custody of Eric.

Eric visited his mother’s home regularly on the weekends and summer vacations from June 1976 to June 1981. [31:47] The Department increased these visits beginning spring of 1981 to support reunification efforts due to Cheryl’s stated desire for Eric to return to determine her ability to demonstrate that she could provide stable and nurturing home life.

These visits went well other than difficulty with transportation coordinated between Cheryl and Evelyn. Eric stated his own desire to return to his mother. Eric was placed with his mother Cheryl Waite mid-1981 on a trial basis. The summer trial was overall successful so Eric remained with Cheryl and began school year at Bremen school. Eric began to exhibit behaviors at his new school, a very common experience for children in the Department custody especially when new residence changes, insecurity remains. The school sought to engage Cheryl in addressing Eric’s behaviors but at this time, Cheryl was unable to provide engagement and support to meet Eric’s needs.”

So in other words, this whole time, these adults are all mandated to go in and get counseling with me and they’re not doing it. Although I got taken away from my children now, because I wouldn’t go do this. It just makes no sense for me.



“On November 16, 1981, Evelyn Waite reported that Cheryl had brought Eric back to live with her. She reported that Cheryl was separating from her partner and that she was planning to travel throughout the United States.”

Cheryl had left the biker at this time, now she was together with Frank Prior. The Prior family down here, they smuggled in 150,000 pounds of marijuana? And now she— they got busted for the marijuana, she’s not breaking up with him, he’s in Alaska running from the law, she’s gonna go meet him in Boston.

“She reported that Cheryl was separating from—” Ok. “While we do not know what exactly was going on for Eric at this time, it is thought that Cheryl may have begun to feel as though that she could not successfully provide for him. The Department assessed the situation and found Eric to be appropriately sad.”

That angers me. (*Lets out a deep breath.*)

“Eric also showed resiliency and understanding for his mother’s decision. We also see these reactions and emotions in children who move often and face insecurity in their home environment. This must have been a very difficult time for Eric as he was moved again from his mother’s care to his grandma.”

They should have just named me ping-pong.

“After returning to the home of his paternal grandmother, Evelyn Waite, on November 14, 1981, Eric began attending Southport School. It is not surprising to see in the record that Eric continued to struggle behaviorally and academically at school after moving back into his grandmother’s home. It should be noted that these types of behaviors and academic struggles are often seen in children who have lived experience of insecurity, trauma and removal from biological parental custody, and further failed reunification attempts.

Eric underwent psychoeducational evaluation in March of 1982. He was referred due to behavioral difficulties in the classroom. The doctor noted that Eric was quite friendly and cooperative. He appeared to enjoy the individual attention. Eric appeared to be motivated to do well. It is noteworthy that when Eric would encounter a problem which was difficult for him, he would persist until it was completed. He seemed quite interested in prolonging the evaluation sessions.”

Because this guy, well he was on my side. You know what I mean?

“This appeared to be an effort to continue the individual attention which he was receiving. Eric was cooperative throughout the evaluation and the behavioral difficulties reported in the classroom were not evident during the individual testing. The evaluation indicated that Eric was at least high-average intellectual potential, emotional-functional evaluations indicated that Eric is generally an impulsive youngster who experiences a relatively high degree of underlying tension. Much of his misbehavior appears to stem from behaviors designed to discharge and reduce these feelings of tension and anxiety. Linked to Eric’s underlying tension and impulsivity is relatively poor judgment. In other words, Eric often leaps before he looks. Eric also appears to have some difficulty in sustaining behavioral controls. In general, Eric is a young man who tends to experience strong feelings of vulnerability. For Eric, the world is rather a threatening place...” (*Pauses, overcome with emotion.*) [36:39]

EB: Take your time. Take your time. Yep. Take your time.

DC: “Because he tends to be generally vigilant, suspicious, overly reactive to the things going on around him. While Eric superficially appears to display bravado and opposition towards authority, these features appear to be an effort to compensate for fairly deep-seated feelings of insecurity and concerns of self-worth.

EB: Take your time. Take your time, Doug.

DC: “Eric is thought clinically depressed at the present time, if therapy is to be a significant probability, that if this behavior becomes stabilized, depressive elements would become more prominent and part of his behavior (*wiping his eyes*) part of the reason for this is that Eric currently tends to deal with his feelings through the use of denial. This is true for both feelings of anger and sadness as well as feelings of tenderness and affection. When that mechanism is insufficient and strong feelings begin to emerge, Eric tends to become uncomfortable and reduces those feelings of discomfort through overt behavior.

The report further stated that there are some indications in the current testing that Eric would be open to and would profit from a stable relationship with a significant adult figure. While there appears to be an inclination on Eric’s part towards such a relationship, his underlying insecurity also tends to make that a somewhat risky venture for him. The doctor completing this assessment further predicted that serious, depressive elements in Eric’s personality would emerge if psycho-therapeutic intervention did not occur soon. “

DC: (*Releases a breath.*)

EB: Take your time. It’s a lot.

DC: They knew what they were doing and they never did anything about it. They knew I was going to be like tortured if I didn’t get help.



“The report recommended Eric should be involved in individual counseling and psychotherapy, preferably with a male counselor—” Which is, I didn’t want a male counselor. They were— that’s who, that’s no, I want women only to talk to. “The goal of this intervention would be to provide Eric with a stable relationship to reduce his feelings of insecurity and increase his ability to recognize and manage his feelings. The second recommendation he was giving the resolution of Eric’s custody and living circumstances would also be helpful in minimizing his feelings of vulnerability and insecurity.

Eric began attending eighth grade at Boothbay Regional Elementary School in September 1982. His difficulties with independent work and aggression with peers continued. Even with new behavioral management built into the program, Eric sought out children who he could easily dominate for his friends.”

I think that was just— I’m human, I don’t want someone to hang— I don’t want to make friends with nobody real big because they can overpower me like I have been overpowered so many times. You know? And then sought interaction with adults before peers. Eric began seeing a psychologist on a weekly basis for therapy and was assigned a teacher’s aide in support and enforcement of his behavioral management program. *[40:23]*

During this time, Eric continued to visit his mother about once a week, per— one weekend per month and saw his father on almost a daily basis.”

Now, why was I seeing my father on almost a daily basis when he beat his own mother up and me too? Every time I read this I get more out of it.

“Eric usually presents himself to non-threatening adults as a jovial, socially aware child who is anxious to please.”

Like a good prostitute, that’s what they taught me. Please them.

“He shows unusual sensitivity towards young children and handicapped individuals.”

And I do, I love them, my sister’s in a wheelchair, she’s autistic— that I just met. She looks like my oldest daughter. Oh no, my oldest daughter in this relationship, Jewel.

“Eric showed increased competency and enjoyment with fishing, boating and cooking during his Department custody.”

They left me alone at the end of an island with a fishing pole. And then she would come home drunk. So I'd have to fish and I'd have to feed her and take care of her and take care of her kids and cook and clean. So, yeah, all these things that they're doing, yeah, I was a good slave.

"Eric had the opportunity to lobster—" That's a lie. They bought me a lobster boat and traps and then made me sit there and watch them and they would never help me get my license to let me use them. While all the other kids got to. That's torturing people. "Look, everybody's got a donut, you want a donut? Here I'm gonna set it right here. Don't touch it." You know what I mean? And I look back at this now, it's like, this is creepy. They really did this to me? And they wrote down stuff about it? Like I'm a, like I was a test? (*Releases a breath.*) Ok.

"He was involved with 4-H, Boy Scouts, and helped a neighbor care for their rabbits". I worked 40 hours a week cleaning rabbit poop. I didn't work— it wasn't a hobby, it was a job. "Eric had the opportunity to lobster—" OK. "mow lawns, and to teach an adult male how to drive a boat. He took great pride in these activities." Mind you, I was fifteen, there's the rest of my life with them. Half of a page. "Following Eric's continual behavioral difficulties at DHHS and his educational team began exploring residential treatment centers. The Department was hoping that a residential setting would provide sufficient structure and feedback to permit Eric to discover his personality strengths and incorporate them into self-image. Into his self-image. Eric expressed a wish to start over in a new peer program, a peer group, and acknowledged his need for a more structured school program. Eric eagerly participated in meetings leading up to his residential placement and visited potential campuses. He moved to Hinckley's residential program January 4, 1983. DHHS recommended dismissal of Department custody to Evelyn Waite—" Which was, that was her son doesn't have to pay child support no more, so, she took care of her son. [43:43] "--, Eric's grandmother, in December of 1982. Dismissal to Evelyn was granted on April 11th, 1983. When dismissal was discussed with Eric he understood his grandma to be legally responsible for him. Both Eric's parents supported the dismissal to Evelyn because they were able to recognize their inabilities to provide stable and secure and supportive environment for Eric. It was important for Eric's mental health to have custody issues resolved and historically his grandmother had been the most stable person, and provided the most stable environment for Eric—"

This is the same woman that would take me and kick me off the end of the dock in January and not let me out of the ocean until I said my name was Eric. And they wouldn't let me go to school if I ever told anybody again.

"The Department closed their case for Eric following the April 11, 1983 dismissal of custody and at the time of dismissal he was still attending Hinckley's residential program—"

So really that's the first time that I got a chance to go to school and learn and I was taken pre-Trigonometry, I was getting awards in public speaking as well.



“Eric’s case was re-opened March of 1984 following an anonymous referral alleging that Eric had two black eyes from his father striking him. At this point, the Department learned that Eric left Hinckley and was attending Boothbay Harbor High School on an irregular basis. The investigation was closed on the 30th of August 1984 as ‘unsubstantiated’ because Eric had returned to live with his mother in early June no problems had been reported, and it appeared that Eric’s needs were being met. No information between fifteen and eighteen exists.” (*Puts the case summary down.*) [45:30]

That’s because Cheryl took me around the country and tried to leave me with strange families. In California, Oregon, in Florida, in Alabama. I went to high school in Washington, Oregon, California, Alabama, down in the Keys, Marathon, Lincoln Academy, Rockland, and Hinckley. I attended all those in two years.

EB: Wow.

DC: So I’m pretty pissed off at the State of Maine and DHS. This right here piece of paper that I’ve taken copies of and I’ve sent out to so that we won’t lose them, shows that DHHS is trafficking children. Not only trafficking children. Brainwashing them into being other people. Physically and mentally. Stealing their education. And then sticking them out onto the streets, mentally handicapped. I’ve lived my whole life with this. And it’s destroyed me. I haven’t been able to keep a job for longer than six months. Because I get mad. And it’s like, I never gave up. You can see by those– by what they put in there, that I tried and tried and tried and tried and tried. And now that I’ve gone back to the local authorities, the state troopers, who are (*doing air quotes*) my father Gary Chapman– yeah, this is some really creepy stuff here. And the book that I’m getting to write about it, “Never a Turn Unstoned” is going to tell the rest of the nitty gritty details of– this is just a summary of what happened to me, it’s way worse.

EB: Doug, can I ask you some of these questions–

DC: Please, please do.

EB: –which are, again, sort of the standard questions that we ask everybody, and if it doesn’t apply to you, you don’t have to answer them.

DC: Oh, I will. Gladly.

EB: You know, you had talked about your experiences with state child welfare. What is it that you would most want non-Native people, Native people, the state, tribes or others to understand about Wabanaki children’s experience with state child welfare? Is there something you would most want people to understand?

DC: Wow. Stomach.

EB: Take your time.

DC: I think that if you look back into like, Chitty-Chitty Bang Bang and you look at the propaganda that was put forth by Disney let's say, and all rest of the stuff about— I mean, Chitty-Chitty Bang Bang is an island where they took all the bad kids and turn them into slaves. This has been going on for a long time. What I'd like to bring attention to is my story. I want my story to get out there, not just this video, I'm gonna get nitty gritty details, this has gotta go out— I have a daughter in Alaska, she's Native Alaskan, I saw the oppression up there as well. You know, I've been around this country, I've been to every state in this country except for North Dakota and Hawaii.

And what I want the people to know the most is everything that's happened. And then I want to be able to somehow work with everybody so we can create safety for our children. And that's gonna— the only thing that's gonna make this happen is transparency. And accountability. You know? You can't have closure. With what's happened to me in my lifetime, I think they were trying to... train a serial killer or something. You know? It's like, everything they've done to me, they took me from my family.

And then they came in to my life later on, the local authorities, the (*using air quotes*) justice system, this was down in Addison, Maine— I mentioned to you earlier the mother of my children, and she was— she had some issues from her childhood as well, really, really bad stuff happened to her. And I was trying to get help— DHHS more or less told me that I should leave my family. They said, "We'll help your family and they'll get a lot more money if you're not around." And they— but I didn't, I stayed and I tried, and I actually was physically abused by the mother of my children with a fan no less. She hit me over the head with it, it cut my chest, the police came and stuff and wanted to arrest her and I just am not having that. They asked me why I was bleeding and I said, I just got back from clamming, it must have been the thickets. So they're mad at me now because I wouldn't tell them and rat on— so they wound up arresting me. They talked— coerced her, which I won in a jury trial down in Washington County because they coerced her into what to say so they could arrest me. *[50:30]*

And then they systematically did the same thing to my children that they did to me. They took them away from me, the person that would protect them the most. They gave the custody to the mother. They kept me in a jail and prevented me from going to the custody hearing. And now they— so they took my kids away without giving me the chance to say anything. Say, "Wait, whoa," this woman has some serious drug issues and alcohol issues which I've been trying to help her with, we've been trying to get counseling through DHHS, which they wouldn't— they just prolonged it and prolonged it. And would just say, "You know, it's just easier if you go do this on your own." It's like, no, I want to make my family together and to have us heal each other. That's what's going to help us, our kids and us.



So anyway, they never did any of that and then, slowly but surely, now they've– she's got custody, literally she's stolen thousands of dollars from her children. She was making me pay her a thousand dollars a fishing trip in order to see my child, I was having to provide her drugs, and I brought this to the attention of DHHS too, and they're like, "No, it's ok." Because that's what they're doing, they're making these hurting children. Because if they make the hurting children, they go out and make a hurting family, which comes right back to DHHS for more help and more money. I see that their system, it's really bad, we need to really be paying attention to that, it's not a system that's fixable. It's a fixed– it's a system that needs to be completely dismantled and rebuilt.

EB: So that leads to my next question, which is probably– you kind of just answered it, maybe, but if you could change one thing which maybe there's not just one thing, but if you change one thing to improve Wabanaki children's experience with state child welfare today, what would it be?

DC: I would secede from the United States of America and I would call this state Norumbega and we would start to govern ourselves once again and set examples for the rest of the country so they could do the same.

EB: Got it. And if you're familiar with the work of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, what responses do you have to the findings or recommendations, the work that was done there?

DC: I love you guys, thank you so much. I was beginning to give up. And when I saw that movie I was like– what was her name again?

EB: Georgina.

DC: Georgina. I love you. That's all I have to say is I love you, and we can get through this together. I know we can.

EB: Is there anything else for today?

DC: No.

EB: Ok. I'm gonna stop the recording.

DC: Thank you.

END OF RECORDING