He CAN'T get away with this!

I promised him I'd fight for justice

Glyn Scott, 71, Adelaide Hills, SA.

I nervously approached my mum, Jeannie.

"I don't want to go to Sunday school," I blurted. "The choirmaster touches me. I don't like it."

"How dare you tell lies about a man of God!" she raged and slapped my face.

I was nine.

Sometimes I wondered why my parents had adopted me from an orphanage as a baby. Although he loved me, Dad never jumped to my defence.

The choirmaster's abuse continued and I was sexually abused by another man, too.

Then, at 14, a group of boys tried to pull me into their car as I rode my bike.

A tall, slim man pulled up in his ute.

"Get off with yer," he yelled, and the boys fled.

His name was George Pycroft.

He took me home and started dropping by regularly, even though at 29, he was almost double my age.

"You and George should get engaged," Mum said on my 15th birthday.

It was the early '60s in Port Adelaide and getting married and having babies was what girls did back then.

Not long after we got engaged, George came round to my house while my parents were out.

He grabbed me by my hair and dragged me to the ground. I tried to fight him off but I was much smaller than him.

"You've got my ring on your finger. You better get used to it," he sneered.

He raped me repeatedly after that.

There was no point telling Mum and if I'd gone to the police, it would've been my word against George's.

When I fell pregnant at 17, Mum insisted we become husband and wife.

Married life was hell. I was George's possession.

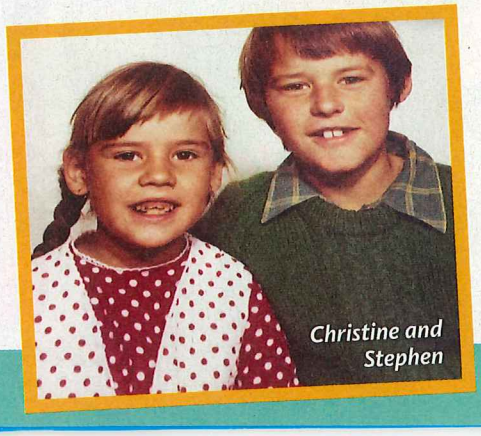
He had an unusually high sex drive, needing it up to four times a day. Sometimes he came home from work during the day so he could rape me.

If I refused or fought back, he beat me.

He even raped me when I went into labour.

It was a difficult birth. I had 48 internal stitches, 19 external stitches and was in hospital for three weeks.

The night I got home with our baby Stephen, George raped me as I screamed in agony.



Christine and Stephen

He tore out my stitches, leaving me with a gaping wound.

"Did you get hit by a bus?" my insensitive doctor asked.

"I ran into a door," I replied.

He must've known what had happened, but he turned a blind eye.

A week later I discovered I was pregnant again.

When Stephen was nine months old, he got his hands on George's cigarettes and broke a few in half.

George held the glowing tip of a cigarette to Stephen's fingers to "teach him a lesson".

"Stop!" I screamed, throwing myself at him as Stephen screeched in pain.

George bashed me so badly I couldn't move.

A month later, just before I was due, George came home drunk and wanting sex.

"No," I said.

He kicked me in the stomach and bashed me.

Four days later, I went into

labour but our son, Mark, didn't survive the birth.

I fell pregnant again and the rapes and bashings continued.

Once, George dragged me naked, screaming and bloody, out onto our driveway.

The people in a shop opposite us called the police.

"If he killed you, we could do something about it," said an officer, wrapping a towel around me. "But it's a domestic argument so we can't get involved."

Soon, our little girl, Christine, was born.

I tried to get away many times while George, a tyre fitter, was at work, but he always tracked me down.

At one point, he promised to see a psychiatrist.

Our GP wrote a referral, mentioning George's excessive sexual demands and violence.

The psychiatrist diagnosed George as a psychopath and put him on medication, but he refused to take it and carried on bashing me and the kids.

"You've made legal history"

Just before a kindy photo shoot, he beat Stephen so badly there was blood running from his scalp.

The photographer didn't say anything, just did his best to disguise Stephen's bruises with make-up.

Looking at the photo afterwards, all I could see was the terror in my child's eyes.

My only friend was Lance Scott, a gentle man from the feed store where I bought grain for our chickens.

As I walked past the store after a particularly vicious beating, he trotted over to say hello.

"My God! What happened to you?" he asked, inspecting my battered face.

"My husband beats me," I said, feeling ashamed.

"I'm going to help you get away from him," he said.

He found a house for me and the kids, then six and three.

While George was out one day, we fled.

Lance sent us food parcels and I filed for divorce.

George stalked us and we moved 17 times, trying to give him the slip.

Two years later, with my divorce finalised, I married Lance. He adopted my kids and we had two boys of our own, Phillip and Wes.

George remarried and had more children, but I never heard from him again.

I had a happy life with Lance but when I was 57, he was diagnosed with terminal cancer.

On his deathbed he pulled me close.

"Promise me that if you get a chance to tell people what happened to you, you will," he pleaded.

I promised him I would, and when he died I started writing my story.

Then, three years later, I saw a TV news report about a parliamentary inquiry into children who'd been abused.

It was a chance to fulfil my promise.

Appearing before the inquiry, I told the story of my childhood abuse and what George had done to me.

I was urged to make an official police report.

Even though 40 years had passed, I decided he needed to be held accountable, so I did.

Three years later, detectives found a witness who'd seen George drag me naked and bloody onto the driveway.

Astonishingly, they also found George's psychiatrist, still alive and living in Scotland, and he had his original notes.

They even discovered the hospital records for my torn birth stitches.

George, 79, was charged with two counts of rape and two counts each of assault and carnal knowledge.

At his age, I knew he'd probably never do jail time but I wanted the truth heard.

There was an obstacle, though. It wasn't certain that back in the '60s rape in marriage was actually a crime!

The Supreme Court ruled it was but George's legal team appealed that decision to the High Court.

It took a further three years before, finally, they ruled in my favour, deciding the offence of marital rape did exist when George abused me.

"You've made legal history," my barrister said.

Then, a few days before the trial was due to start, George, 82, died. It was a crushing blow but I realised I'd already made my point – rape is wrong, even in marriage, and it always has been wrong.

I've now started the Love, Hope and Gratitude Foundation – a support group to help victims of domestic violence. Nobody was there for me at the time, but with all I've learned, I can at least be there for others.

* ***Glyn's book* Hope Was All I Had *is available at www.lovehopeandgratitude.org.au***



Me and Lance on our wedding day



My family have been so supportive



I want to be there for others

WE PAY MORE!
up to $2000
for YOUR story
See page 73 for details.

AS TOLD TO JOHN PARRISH PICTURES: RANDY LARCOMBE