

Doctor and Blonde Darling PUBLICAN'S FIND IN HOTEL RAID

LOCKED snugly in the arms of Morpheus, the man slumbered on. Whether he snored or not, none has said, but he was so safe in dreamland that he didn't know one thing, didn't even know that around and about him were five men who had crept in to see what they could. And they had what the cognoscenti call an eyeful. Nearby were such articles of feminine adornment as a pair of pink scanties and a pink slip. They saw much more—for instance, the impression on the pillow beside him of where another head had rested.

And then he woke up. You see, they were there to see what they could—and they missed nothing. At the head of the party was Percy Edwin Deaton, one of Sydney's best-known hotelkeepers, and Mine Host of the Hotel Manly, where folk drop in as they drop out of the boat. Aide de camp, so to speak, was Cecil Cooke, private inquiry agent, and the others were there to make doubly sure. And the man in the bed? None other than Dr. Horace Layton Spearman, of Maroubra and Macquarie Street.



PERCY DEATON, Mine Host of the Hotel Manly, who surprised his wife with the Macquarie Street Doctor.

Plenty Of Evidence

THE one who wasn't there at the moment?—Natural blonde, Mrs. Dulcie Hope Deaton—wife, of course, of the publican.

The place—a bedroom in the Mansions Private Hotel, Elizabeth Street, City, and the time about seven on the morning of October 6.

There you have it. And you must sense the reason for the visit. Evidence! They got it—by the ream, all to be presented, as it was the other day to Mr. Justice Edwards in the Divorce Court, in support of Deaton's plea for a divorce on the ground of his wayward wife's adultery with the doctor.

Neither of the boudoir occupants appeared in court, but were represented by Mr. George Osborne, who pleaded that they be given a chance to marry as soon as possible.

Request Is Refused

Next day Mrs. Deaton and the doctor duly arrived in court, but they weren't even called into the witness box. The judge refused to grant their request.

A businesslike looking man is Deaton. He was 25 years the lady's senior when he made her his bride on October 2, 1934. He was 47 then, and she, the daughter of a Manly district contractor, Emil Frederick Muller, was sweet 22.

The wife of a man who runs one of the most prosperous hotel businesses in the Metropolis, Dulcie could have had everything she wanted, but

she preferred the company of the medico. And that's that.

At any rate, the Deaton marriage was one of the many destined not to last. In April this year the association came more or less to an end, when the wife, after a trip to the South Coast, instead of returning to the Shrine of Barleycorn went to live with her mother in Dee Why.

Maybe there was nothing unusual in that because she had been in the

habit of paying visits to Ma, but this time she was never to go back.

Detective Engaged

For a start, there were Children's Court proceedings with suspicions at the back of the husband's mind that all wasn't well. And because he sensed that something had gone wrong, he engaged Cecil Cooke to look over the land.

What Cooke saw was enough—it showed that she had entered into an association with a man, who turned out to be Dr. Spearman.

Actually Cooke was engaged by Deaton's solicitors, Messrs. Dawson, Waldron, Edwards and Nicholls, and he did a lot of travelling to see what he could—the trail leading him as far south as Melbourne, and to Goulburn, where he saw the couple passing through by car to Sydney.

Constant Visitor

In fact, the medico was quite a constant visitor on the young woman—Cooke counted 17 visits all told to the home at Dee Why, and even saw the doctor give the Deaton youngster sweets.

The climax came in October. On the evening of October 4 the pair went to Romano's Roadhouse at Liverpool, and in the wee sma' hours drove a friend home to King's Cross and then went to the Mansions Private Hotel, where they had a room.

Outside were Deaton (for whom Mr. S. V. Toose appeared), Cooke—who had engaged a room on the same floor—an assistant of Cooke, another



LEFT: Mrs. Deaton, who left her publican-husband. CENTRE: Mr. S. V. Toose, who appeared for Deaton. RIGHT: Mr. Geo. Osborne, who asked for the decree to be shortened.



Deaton, and a couple of Deaton's employees.

They watched through the hours till just on daylight, and then again when dawn had come and gone. The time was ripe for the denouement. That day, the pair went for a drive to Figtree, where they had lunch, returned—still under the eagle eyes of the watchers.

By the next morning, with their plans made, the husband's party watched. They sighted Mrs. Deaton come out and go to the bathroom. At

come out and go to the bathroom. At once they slipped into the room she had just left.

In the double bed was the doctor. He was sleeping soundly, and as they looked around the room, they saw her evening dress, her pink slip, and her pink scanties, not to forget several pairs of shoes, while around and about were some bags.

Something must have told the doctor that he wasn't alone. His eyes opened. "Good morning doctor," quoth Cooke.

"Good morning," he gasped in his astonishment; "but I don't understand."

He looked from



Justice Edwards.

one of them to the other—around the circle.

"Just wait till she comes back and we will have a talk," Cooke told him.

Soon, the little lady returned. "Oh!" she said.

"Come right in," Cooke invited. He

she said.

"Come right in," Cooke invited. He shut the door. She walked to the dressing-table.

"Will you tell the doctor who this man is," said Cooke, pointing to her husband.

She said nothing. "You don't know me, of course," said Deaton.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Cooke to the doctor. "This is her husband."

Like the woman, he said nothing either.



Then it all came out — they had known each other for six months, but the doctor wouldn't say who introduced them.

Said the wife after some more talk, "You have all you want. We don't mind."

But she didn't finish there—admitted, so the judge was told, that she had stayed at an hotel in Melbourne under the name of Miller.

Said Cooke to the medico, "Your name is Doctor Horace Layton Spearman?"

"Yes," said he.

Promises of adultery charges were made. "We have done everything quite openly," said the young woman.

"But you have gone under the name of Layton," said the sleuth to the doctor.

Must Foot The Costs

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"Yes," he admitted, "but you can't go about with a woman under your own name?"

There was a discussion in court whether the doctor knew that she was a married woman—this on the question of costs; but when he found the adultery proved, the judge ordered the medico. to foot the bill.

Mr. Osborne then asked that the time for making the decree nisi absolute be shortened. "They are anxious to marry at the earliest opportunity," he said.

"He has discovered that she is a married woman since?" the judge observed.

"He learned it as soon as he was served with the petition," replied Mr. Osborne.

"Exercise Control"

Mr. Osborne went on with his pleading, argued that it would be in the interests of morality that they marry to lead normal, married lives.

But although the judge remarked "He might exercise control for six months, although he didn't before the petition was served," he adjourned the hearing for the pair to come to court to give evidence on the point.

The plea to shorten the time for the making of the decree absolute so they could wed the sooner was put, among others, on the ground of public morality.

But, said the judge: "In spite of the argument, I do not think there are any special circumstances to shorten the time. To do so, I think, would be against public policy."

There it stands—but is six months a long time in a lifetime?