

VANISHED

Vengert Says Wad Went Away

RAW ROMANCE

JACK VENGERT, a swarthy fruiterer, is a "creature of impulse," and the story of where his impulsiveness once landed him was unfolded at the Darlinghurst Sessions last week, when Alma Florence Middleton, nineteen, and of light-cruiser weight, was charged with stealing £150 from him on December 29, 1926.

Alma denied the charge.

Sadly and in broken English, the fruiterer told of a casual meeting with

fruiterer told of a casual meeting with Alma in the street on the night of November 27. They were strangers, but it was not long before they had agreed to take up housekeeping together, Alma saying that she had no home.

They first proceeded to a "residential" in Elizabeth-street and on Alma's remark, "This'll do till we get a place," spent the night there. Such was the fruiterer's statement.

The next day, however—still according to Vengert—they shifted quarters at Alma's suggestion to that well-known locality named King's Cross, and on the twenty-ninth Vengert paid out a week's rent in advance.

That night, when they retired, he continued, he had £50 in one trouser's pocket and £150 in the other; but at the hour before the dawn he awoke to see Alma making a getaway through the bedroom door together with, as he subsequently discovered, the contents of his left-hand pocket—£150!

At the close of Vengert's tale of woe, Alma, unrepresented by counsel, proceeded to ask Vengert a few

sel, proceeded to ask Vengert a few questions—but they were very few!

For instance, when a woman standing in the dock asks a man what shoes she had on on a certain night and he replies, "You had no shoes; nothing; it was a disgrace to you to look at you!" there doesn't seem much more to be said from a feminine standpoint!

"Not guilty," said the jury after several hours' cogitation, and Alma was acquitted and discharged.