

The **Odd** spot

● **DO YOU** really want to see a flying saucer?

If you happen to be sitting out under the stars in the cool tonight, it's easy.

First look for several seconds into a bright light such as an electric light globe on the porch, then focus your eyes steadfastly and without blinking on an area high up in sky.

Soon a bright spot will form in front of your eyes, gradually taking shape until there's a definite outline in orange-red.

This will shimmer round the sky so long as you keep your gaze fixed and don't blink. If you move your head slowly round you'll find the same effect as that much-reported "bright orange saucer-shaped object moving faster than a plane and disappearing near the horizon."

● **IT'S** probably not what the optician ordered for the eyesight if you're thinking of trying it.

thinking of trying it.

So if no luck, please leave off early or you could finish up cross-eyed — or very cross, anyway.

● **HOW** can you win? Punters in a betting shop at Port Pirie listened to the result of the last Melbourne race with a feeling close to horror.

Most Regal, the winner at 16/1, had been crossed off the bookmaker's sheet before the race as a scratching.

Question is: Who did it?

The bookmaker and his staff didn't have a clue — pointed out they always recorded scratchings with a line drawn through the horse's name in red crayon, whereas this was in black.

You'd be surprised how many "would have backed it."

● **WEEK** after week at Wayville trots, hot favorites are beaten because they consistently get away badly from the barrier.

They'll be favorite again next time because punters reckon it's only a matter of a clean getaway to win.

Might be an idea for the stewards to replace the present drivers with those who are noted for their skill with barrier rogues.

SKILL WITH DARTS TOGETHER.

● **THE STORY** of the Harlem Globetrotters is a tall one.

On a quick onceover this morning, I'd say they were all six-footers with one exception, captain Sammy Gee who is 5 ft. 8 in.

Which, if you look at it that way, would make him just about the world's tallest midget.

● **DOWN** at Gleneig Golf Club Messrs. Jim Sanderson and George Sangster annually donate the "No-Hoppers' Trophy" for players, who, like themselves, have never won a competition.

But it won't be quite the same in future.

On Saturday Mr. Sanderson returned a net 69 (off a 22 handicap) to win the B Grade stroke competition—his first win ever.

Had a fright when somebody in the clubhouse mentioned a 68—but that happened to be the winning card in A Grade.

● **PHOTOGRAPHER** taking holiday snapshots at Henley-on-Torrens on Saturday had up-to-the-minute ideas.

He posed his subjects against a ship's rail—with

against a ship's rail—with the name "Gothic" on it.

● **LATEST** issue of *Gibber Gabber*, Woomera's weekly bulletin, says 1953 was a record year in Woomera for babies.

There were 73 baby boys and 49 girls.

All little bombs, too, I'm told.

Doug Eason