

In BLACK and WHITE

A COLLEAGUE reports that he saw a flying saucer as his tram pulled up at St. Kilda junction this morning. At least he saw a glowing red circle in the sky over the St. Kilda football ground.

But it turned to green as the tram started and spun toward the beach at "a most fantastic speed" (as all the best saucers do). And our friend realised that what he'd seen was the reflection of the junction tram lights on an unusual cloud formation. The same way as car lights picking up clouds over a hill commonly cause "saucers" moving at fantastic speeds. It's a clue.

GOOD news for German refugees who fled from Hitler to Australia before the war. Adenauer's West German Government has decided to recompense — in terms of £s.d. — all West Germans who were driven out of their homeland because of religious or political be-

religious or political beliefs.

Those who went to Israel will benefit most but we gather that several hundreds who have settled here have been asked to estimate what they lost monetarily by leaving Germany. Apparently some are likely to get quite a nice little nest-egg out of it.

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WE mightn't have got much out of the Sydney Petrov session, but at least we're now in a position to report at first hand on these movies in hotel bars which seem to be the harbor city's most discussed contribution to civilisation since the boddies took over King's Cross.

And Melbourne's not missing a thing. When we drop into a pub bar we do so for a chat and a drink—not to look at films, and not to hear the Nar-Nar-Goon races blaring at you from a radio. If we let these things pass without protest we're liable to come to strip-tease dancers on the bar-counter before we know where we are.

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ALTHOUGH, of course, the prospect of a girl "peeing" on the bar in the Oriental or Menties, as they do in certain American bars, does come up quite a picture.

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INCIDENTALLY, this race broadcast hazard seems to have extend-

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seems to have extended even to the trams.

A friend reports that the conductor on his tram whipped smartly through, snapping up the fares on Saturday afternoon, and then retired to the rear control compartment.

Sure enough, out drifted the voice of the racing commentator—via a portable radio.



OTHER Sydney side-lights.—

Over a North Shore garage we noticed the sign, heaven help us, announcing a "syrobian".

Outside the NSW lottery office we bumped into a Chinese basket-man selling "lucky peanuts."

And, at the request of residents, the Rockdale Council has just changed the name of Dick Street to Richard Crescent.

—*E. W. Tipping*