

"TUPPENCE" comes to town

Thrill for Outback Girl

"Tuppence," a shy, smiling little aborigine girl from far-western N.S.W., arrived in Sydney by air one night recently for her first glimpse of the outside world.

"Tuppence," 6-years-old Rene Brown, of Tibooburra, came down to receive her prize for winning a colouring competition sponsored by Commonwealth Oil Refineries Ltd.

Her 12-year-old brother Schneider accompanied her.

Little Rene, who was dressed in a pink frock, green cardigan and pink hair ribbon, was carried sleepily from the A.N.A. airliner by a kindly hostess, Wanda Robinson.

The little girl was too worn out by her long day to do more than give flashing smiles with her beautiful white teeth.

1,350 Miles

Tuppence, who had never left her home town before, travelled more than 1,350 miles by air after leaving home today.

A Flying Doctor plane took Tuppence and Schneider to Broken Hill, where they were put aboard a commercial plane which travelled to Sydney via Melbourne.

Tuppence's artistic talent was discovered when Dr. Walter Wearn, of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, visited Tibooburra and distributed to the local children forty colouring books which included entry forms for the C.O.R. colouring competition.

Dr. Wearn brought the entry forms back to Sydney, where C.O.R. officials decided to include an "outback" section, and chose Tuppence the winner.

Tuppence and Schneider stayed at Dr. Wearn's North Rocks home for their week in Sydney.

Dr. Wearn's daughter Patricia was waiting at the airport to meet the children.



This lovely young woman is Ellen Williams of Warialda.

A Tree

Ye who would pass by and raise
your hand against me—
Harken ere you harm me . . .

I am the heart of your Hearth
on cold winter nights ;
The friendly shade screening
you from the summer sun.

My fruits are refreshing draughts
quenching your thirst as you
journey on.

I am the beam that holds your
house ; the board of your table ;
the bed on which you lie and the
timber which builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe.
The door of your home.
The wood of your cradle and
the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the
flower of beauty.
Ye who pass by . . . listen to
my prayer,
Harm me not,—I am a tree.



Two sturdy young fellows from Woodenbong. They are Arthur Bundock and Ray Booth.