



"Learn Wisely, Live Proudly"

Regentville Public School

Schoolhouse Road Regentville, NSW 2745

Phone (02) 4733 1615

Fax (02) 4733 4022

Email: regentvill-p.school@det.nsw.edu.au

Web: www.regentvill-p.schools.nsw.edu.au



From the Principal - Mrs Maraga

2 September 2015

Regentville rocked on Monday!

The boys and girls of Regentville PS really rocked on Monday at our annual Open Day and Concert. It was such a wonderful sight to see over 730 students come together to entertain our visitors with fabulous singing and dancing. The colourful costumes and terrific choreography contributed to a wonderful extravaganza. The concert followed a terrific performance from our students in the Regentville band. Prior to this we welcomed visitors into our classrooms to view the children's work. On a beautiful day the students and staff at Regentville PS highlighted some of the strengths of our wonderful school!

A huge thank you is extended to our parents and friends who volunteered throughout the day to sell sausage sandwiches, cakes, drinks, and tickets in the guessing competition. The combined efforts of all raised over \$2700! A fabulous effort!

Parent / Teacher interviews provide an opportunity for discussion on student's progress.

Next week parents will have the opportunity to meet with their child's class teacher to discuss the progress of their child. At our school we really value the ongoing communication and commitment of parents in working with our teachers to provide the very best for each child. I would encourage you to make an appointment to talk to your child's class teacher about your child's progress in their learning.

Thanks to our fabulous SAS Staff

Our school community is made up of many different people, all of whom play a part in the running of our school and providing quality education to students.

School Administration and Support Staff, whether they work in the office, the library, on the school grounds or in a classroom setting, are important contributors to the success of the school and children's education.

We thank all our SAS Staff for the wonderful contribution they make here at Regentville PS.

Kindergarten enrolments are being finalised prior to orientation.

We are in the process of finalising our Kindergarten enrolments for students who will commence school in 2016. Invitations will be sent home soon to invite parents to make an online booking to attend an interview with members of the school executive prior to their child commencing next year. Students and their parents will also receive an invitation to our two orientation sessions on 4 and 19 November.

If you have a child who will be starting Kindergarten in 2016 and who is not currently enrolled now is the time to finalise this. Enrolment forms may be collected at the school office.

Reggie rewarding students who are being safe, respectful learners!

I know there is much excitement as children receive a card for being caught following our school's expectations. Students can receive cards at any time for being 'safe', 'respectful' or 'a learner'. You may wish to ask your child if they have received a Reggie Card lately.

Social Media; what you need to know Instagram, Vine, KiK messenger - find out what they are and if they're dangerous with our A - Z of Technology. www.SchoolAtoZ.com.au has lots of information to help parents understand social media sites.

Dates for the Calendar	
4 Sep	Closing date for Book Club
4 Sep	Bookings close for Parent Teacher Interviews
7 Sep	State Basketball KO Finals
9 Sep	Sydney West Athletics
10 Sep	Crazy Hair Day SRC
10 Sep	Stage 2 Basketball Championships
11 Sep	Gold and Silver Assembly
14 Sep	Year 6 Photo
17 Sep	Infants Sports Carnival
17 Sep	Disco
18 Sep	End Term 3
6 Oct	Students return Term 4

Payments Due	
3 Sep	Penrith St. 2 Basketball Championships \$15
4 Sep	State Basketball Knockout Finals \$6
10 Sep	Canberra Camp 3rd Instalment Year 6 \$100
10 Sep	YMCA Camp Yarramundi Year 4 2 nd Instalment \$50
11 Sep	Sydney Olympic Park Year 3 \$25
15 Oct	YMCA Camp Yarramundi Year 4 3rd Instalment \$50
	General School Contribution can be paid at anytime \$40/\$80

Lost at Regentville Rocks
 Dark Blue Coleman Camping Chair.
 Please contact the school if you know
 where it is.

Star Performers

- Congratulations to the Writers who attended the Glenmore Park Writers Festival last week.
- Well done and good luck to the Boys and Girls Basketball teams who have both qualified for the finals at Bathurst next week.
- A great effort by the students who participated in the District Athletics Carnival two weeks ago. Our school once again performed strongly sending a large number of students off to the Sydney West Carnival next week.
- Well done to the rugby league teams involved in the Royce Simmons Shield yesterday. The A team was narrowly defeated in the final but have been given a wildcard entry to the next level.

Glenmore Park Writer's Festival

'We write to taste life twice, in the moment and in retrospect.' Anais Nin

Last Wednesday night, six talented writers from Regentville attended the Glenmore Park Writer's Festival. Caitlin, Rhiannon, Lachlan, Katie, Isabella and Zahlie all composed short pieces of writing based on the theme of war. To enjoy and celebrate the wonderful writing they produced, they read their stories to many students, teachers and parents on the night.

They also had their pieces published.

Fantastic effort on all aspects of the writing process!!



Zahlie

Year 6

Regentville Public School

WILL HE COME HOME?

"When will Alex be home?" asked Kirsti as she stroked the picture of her brother in his army uniform.

"I don't know" replied Kirsti's mum. "Probably not for a long time."

Kirsti sighed, then slid the picture back into its frame and placed it on top of the china cabinet.

"But he might miss my fifth birthday and my first day at school."

"Don't worry, I am sure he'll be fine. Now off to bed"

Kirsti gave her mum a hug, ran into her room and got into her bed before falling asleep quickly and dreaming of life after the war. As she dreamed little did she know what was happening over in France.

9,414 miles away from home, Alex was trying to sleep on the cold hard floor of the trenches with a small rag as a blanket. A gun lay next to him. He was prepared for the enemy to invade. After a few hours, or what seemed like a year, he heard the voice of a French man screaming 'ATTAQUE' and as Kirsti's alarm clock rang, Alex and his fellow fighters were sprinting through the mud that carpeted the western front and the sound of the gun shots awoke the nearby towns and animals.

Kirsti skipped into the kitchen, still heedless of what was happening. She opened the icebox and had the luxury of eating fresh fruit and yogurt with a glass of orange juice. She changed into a skirt and blouse and played in the field of sun flowers near her cottage-like house as her mum sat on a picnic blanket eating jam sandwiches and drinking coffee.

Meanwhile, Alex was hiding in a cave eating rock hard biscuits and bully beef, which were extremely unappetising, and licking the wall of the moist cave to try and keep him hydrated. His uniform was soaked with rain, mud, blood, sweat and who knows what else. He rummaged through his backpack and found a picture and torch. He shone the torch onto the picture and looked at his little sister, praying that she'd be okay. Alex heard a gunshot echo through the cave before shoving his empty can, torch and picture into his backpack and running as fast as he could.

Kirsti had been playing outside with her kitten in the garden but as she walked inside she found her mum crying, with a yellow envelope in her lap.

My Wet-Nosed Best Friend

I awaken in the dead of night to sirens louder than a cannon. Police bash on our door and yell something that comes out as a mumble. My mum, dad and 19-year-old sister come out of their rooms and we meet at the door to investigate the problem. The police rudely haul the door open and pull us out of our house and into a helicopter, leaving my 1-year-old dog, Bolt, behind. While we are going to who-knows-where the police explain to us that Australia is under attack from North Korea. They say our house is in the middle of the battle zone and we need protection. Since army numbers are low they need everybody aged 15-18 to go to war tomorrow. My heart shatters into a million pieces instantly.

I am shocked that I, Courtney Campbell, age 15, have to go to war. I can't stop crying. I am going to miss everything and everyone. My family, my friends, and even Mum's cooking. But most of all I am going to miss Bolt. The bond I have with Bolt is like no other, a reflection of the saying "a dog is man's best friend." The police officers give us 20 hours to say goodbye. I cling onto my family desperately, hoping it is a dream.

Transport is by boat. It takes 'seasick' to a whole new level. I find a group of people I could call my mates during this horrific trip. We stick together the whole time. When we depart the boat, we run as fast as possible to the nearest trenches to hide. We live with bully beef, unclean water, Anzac biscuits and terrible conditions for the following months until troops from the US, and the UK come in to fight with Australia. Then unexpectedly, we get a government message saying all people can leave.

12th December, 2015 is when I touch Australian soil again for the first time in eight months. Relieved to be home, I race off the boat, and venture into the crowd hoping to see my family, when suddenly I cop a knock-down by a happy smile and a wet nose. I look up to find my best friend, Bolt. Meeting my best mate and the most loyal dog ever is the happiest moment of my life.

Should I Have Said Goodbye?

Should I have said goodbye? Regret, sorrow, sadness and miserableness fill up my dark, caved-in heart. I can tell my comrades are petrified of being murdered, tortured or kidnapped. Why did I lie about my age? Why did I think this would be fun? I should've listened to Mum. I should've stayed in my barrack.

My long, dark, suave hair slipped through my green, camouflage helmet. It reminds me of Dads rough but gentle hands touching my soft, smooth and silky skin. But that was years ago - he's gone now. Suddenly my nerves make me question myself "Should I pretend to die? What would I do then! They'll shoot me if they see I'm still alive. What if I betray my side? Then I'll surely stay alive." But I have no idea. As I run I try not to fall over the ramparting ruins and decayed statues. The mud has miraculously gone from under my heavy duty boots to my holey, wet and second-hand socks.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, some sturdy armoured reinforcements come in holding behemoth guns. The other sides numbers are dropping drastically, and we will surely win! I can now live to fight another day and maybe, just maybe, I can live to the end of this tragic world war.

The First Night

The apocalyptic bombings and invasions are ongoing and tedious. The moans and screams haunt me. My fingers are raw and bloody from the gun I grip for twenty hours a day.

Thick saffron yellow gas hisses its way into the trench. Men scream at their impending doom. I instantly know what it is – mustard gas. I crawl away. It is stinging my ankles. I gain enough power to pull myself up. I sprint, waking people as I go.

I remember feeling like I was melting into despair when I heard the news I had to go to war. I blacked out, that is really the only thing I remember. Maybe there is a reason for that... just maybe.

My innocent sisters at home will mourn for a lifetime if I die. That's why I'm fighting! For them, for my family, for freedom. Nothing could ever change my mind. Nothing, ever.

I open my brown leather canteen and gulp down a mouthful of water. I open a large can of bully beef and a cracker, a feast when you think about it. I try and chew it all. The stale cracker is a bit hard to chomp and the bully beef is sweet and tangy. I go through half a can of bully beef and three crackers. In the trench I rest on an old sand bag and a frayed tartan cloak from a Scottish friend.

"So that was my first night in the trenches" I whisper to my great-grandchildren.

"More... more!" they cry.

"No more for now" I whisper back to them...

The Meaning Of War.

02/09/1945

Dear Journal,

Thank Goodness the war is over! Germany finally surrendered! May God bless those great Aussie diggers who gave their lives to save our country! Mother, Susan and I were dancing around Grandmother's kitchen laughing and singing with absolute joy. Even Grandmother felt like dancing even if her old, tired bones wouldn't allow it. I believe I should write what happened to us during this horrific time.

My family and I originally lived in Darwin before we had to move to Sydney where it was safer.

When Mother told me war had broken out between the Axis and the Allies, I never really understood what war was. I believe I have now found out the hard way.

Father decided to join up to the army straight away. He wanted to serve his country and to show those so-and-so British people that we are a country in our own right. My brother Henry wanted to join too, but he was underage and Mother wouldn't let him. He threatened Mother that he would sign under another name but Mother was stubborn; she would not allow it. That was the biggest mistake she ever made. He snuck out the next day and joined under another name. We never found out what happened to him. Later, we received a letter declaring that Dad had died. Grief filled the house that day like no day before.

On the 19th of February 1942 Darwin was bombed. I was terrified. During the first bombing we had to run to the trench that we had dug in our backyard. I grabbed Leo (my cat) and hid with Susan (my sister) and Mother. After the bombing, we evacuated to Sydney where Grandmother took us in. I also managed to smuggle Leo with us; I couldn't bear to lose him too. Later we found that our house was destroyed.

We stayed at Grandmother's house for the rest of the war. I had never experienced such a miserable time. Even now I still hear the bombs and smell the smoke when I sleep. I believe those memories will never leave me.

War. That one simple word cannot fully justify the treachery of it. War is indescribable. War is full of grief. One cannot fully understand the meaning of war unless one experiences the treachery of it themselves. War.

Love Alice.

Isabella Year 5 Regentville Public School
War Zone

What is the meaning of life? I don't know any more. I think an old friend told me it was choice, and my choice is to keep fighting. As I run through trenches and weave through rotting carcasses I think to myself, I've left so much behind: my family, friends and a wealthy life. What more sacrifice does the world want me to make?

My arms, legs and head are lacerated; death is imminent and constantly surrounds me. As I run to the closest trench, I slip and skin my forehead. It stings with gunpowder and dirt. I pull out my canteen of water, pour some on my hand and clean the wound. When I finish cleaning the wound, I pull out my bully beef and eat furiously.

Over the past year I've been thinking, why would a 25 year old woman like me be over here fighting with hardcore guns, bombs and grenades? My husband is at home taking care of the kids and making sure they don't get anxiety from me not coming home. I have taken my husband's place as a soldier at war. It took a while to agree on but I finally convinced the Government to let me. As I remember this thought, I start screaming in agony.

As night draws in, I find my spot in the trench and try to sleep, but in this state it's impossible. As bombs constantly go off I swear like mad but I know it's no use. The other soldiers said it would be over by Christmas but it's over a year since then. I fall asleep in a dream too terrifying to explain.

I wake up choking and the first thing that comes into my head is that the Germans have bombed us with mustard gas. I need to get out of my trench as fast as I can. I sprint with all my energy. I hear guns and bombs speedily exploding behind me as well as my own hoarse coughing. I'm shooting wildly into the invisible land beyond. I suddenly stop coughing when one of my fellow soldiers grabs me by the wrists and shoves my canteen of water in my mouth. As I stop drinking I find myself alone again. All is dead silent.

What is happening...?

Big, exciting Drama news!!!

Recently KC performed as the Regentville Drama Group at the LightsUP drama festival held at the Q Theatre in Penrith. They did a great job, and as a result our piece, "Day One" has been selected for the NSW Public Schools State Drama Festival! The State Drama Festival is a showcase of the best drama items across New South Wales public schools, and it is a huge honour to have been selected. In fact from the LightsUP festival we were one of the only primary schools selected. Congratulations KC.

We have been asked to perform at the matinee and evening performances on Thursday 22 October 2015 at the Seymour Centre in Sydney. Watch this space for information about booking tickets to support our performers.

Cath Simpson



Gardening Club News

The children have shown wonderful commitment and enthusiasm this term and should be commended for their behaviour and fantastic participation.

The children continued the tradition of harvesting and selling their produce at Regentville Rocks with all money made going back into more gardening stock for the following year.

The Gardening Club will finish Week 8 Term 3 (Tuesday 1 September) and resume Term 4 Week 1 (Tuesday 6 October).

The last Gardening Club day for the year will be Week 8 Term 4 (Tuesday 24 November).

Many thanks for your continued support.

Mrs Everingham Mrs Bell Mr Scott

Junior Dance Group

The Junior Dance Group has worked very hard this year.

They practiced every Thursday during lunch time.

Throughout the year, the students performed at the Penrith Valley Performing Arts Festival, Blue Mountains Nepean Dance Festival and Regentville Rocks.

We are very proud of their achievements. Well done Junior Dance Group!



REGENTVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Dear Parents/Carers

Our school has just completed the **2015 NSW Premier's Primary School Sport Challenge**.

The purpose of the Challenge is to encourage students to participate in sport, games and physical activity -and to have *more students, more active, more often!*

Over a ten week period, our students have been monitoring their physical activity during class time, at recess and lunch as well as during sport. What they do outside school hours also counts towards the Challenge award.

We would like to invite all our families to continue encouraging our students' to lead a healthy lifestyle and to experience the joy of being active together.

Students completing the Challenge will receive a personalised certificate from the Premier of New South Wales.

Physical activity is valued for its physical, social and emotional benefits. It also helps young people to develop communication skills, confidence and resilience while having fun with family and friends.

If you would like more information on the *NSW Premier's Sporting Challenge* please visit <https://online.det.nsw.edu.au/psc>

Yours sincerely

Sandra Riches
PSC Coordinator

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING HELPERS AT REGENTVILLE ROCKS:

CANTEEN:

Sally Simmons, Jacqueline d'Argent, Ben Wilkes, Danielle Bowden, Sue Hopton, Rhiannon Demenzes, Troy Rombola, Bec Felice, Rachel Wilson

BBQ:

Craig Palmer, Tony and Rhonda Palmer, Mark and Kylie Hamersma, Cherie and Anthony Boros.

GUESSING COMPETITION: Ebony Hamersma

CAKE STALL:

Taya Tenberge, Lisa Trovato, Lee Colson, Julie Baltazar

CAKE SUPPLIERS TO THE CANTEEN:

Kerrie Catt, Willow Hampton, Cherie Boros, Melissa Micallef, Holly Parker, Renee Wenban, Lee Colson, Mischa Crandell, Tanya Cameron, Leah Lownds, Colette Cole, Michelle Tattersall, Megan Daley, Kylie Newman, Sandy Crandell, Kathryn Rodriguez, Jane Mawson, Kate Mawson, Evelyn Whiting, Cherilyn Spence, Simone Crowe and Clare Blake.

The P & C Association would like to thank the following people for their generous support of the BBQ at Regentville Rocks:



JACQUELINE d'ARGENT AND BEN WILKES



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REAL ESTATE

Glenmore Park



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