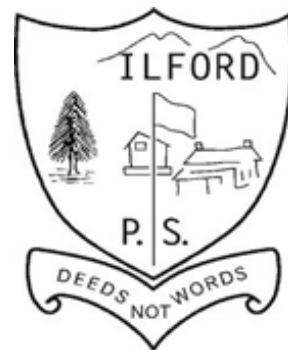


# Ilford Public School

*Deeds Not Words*

6943 Castlereagh Hwy  
Ilford NSW 2795  
(02) 6358 8507



Term 2, Week 6

## Canberra Camp

The Canberra camp was a great success. As usual the student's behaviour was excellent and was commented on by many people we interacted with during our stay.

We had many great learning experiences and came away with a great deal of new knowledge about democracy, government, voting and how the nation's capital came to be.

A big thank you to Audrey and Fiona for their support. They did a great job! Thank you also to the Waddells for the use of their trailer.

Stay tuned as we hope to be sending home newspaper style recounts of our travels from the students soon.

## Congratulations

Congratulations to Jessie-Lee, Bianca, Clare, Gina and Lucy who received Highly Commended or Commended certificates in the Gulgong Henry Lawson Poetry competition. The certificates will be presented on Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> June at 10:00am at the Gulgong Henry Lawson Centre for any families who can attend.

## Happy Birthday

Happy birthday to Ghida who is 8 on Saturday week.



## Book Club

Book club orders need to be at the office by 20<sup>th</sup> June.



Two new members of parliament for a moment



With the member for Parkes electorate Mark Coulton at Parliament House

### Dates to Remember

6 <sup>th</sup> June	RDO
8 <sup>th</sup> June	Public Holiday
16 <sup>th</sup> June	Writing Competition
17 <sup>th</sup> June	Spelling Competition
25 <sup>th</sup> June	CWA International Day
26 <sup>th</sup> June	Last day of term 2
27 <sup>th</sup> June	RDO

### **Term 3**

14 <sup>th</sup> July	Staff development day
15 <sup>th</sup> July	Students return Term 3
18 <sup>th</sup> July	Small Schools Athletics Carnival - Mudgee

### Citizens of the Week:

Ghida – always being helpful

Clare – being helpful in the classroom

Billy James – being a great helper in the sports shed

### Workers of the Week

Jaidyn – exceptional spelling

Charlotte – being on task

Lance – application to his work.



### CANBERRA CAMP PHOTOS



### Expression of Interest

The K-2 class are in the process of arranging an overnight Zoo Snooze to Dubbo Zoo on 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> October. In order to arrange the booking please fill in and return the attached expressions of interest form. It is anticipated that the cost will be approximately \$80 per student after a P & C subsidy.

### K-2 Excursion Expression of Interest

My child \_\_\_\_\_ would like to join the K-2 class for an overnight Zoo Snooze on 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> October.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

### For Sale

The P & C have the following items for sale. Tea Towels for \$12.00, Apron \$20.00 and carry bags for \$15. A three pack of apron, bag and tea towel is \$45.00.

These were screen printed with students names and pictures on them. Please come and grab your pack now!!

There are also boxes of chocolates for sale, please collect a box from the office.

### K-2 News

Could each child in the K-2 class bring in a cushion to have when they are reading in the reading tents.

### 10 Merits

Well done to Lance, Ghida and Tom who all had Mrs Cresswell's famous sponge cake this week for receiving 10 merits.



+++++

### Sofala

Below the tree line so steep,  
Past the winding jagged track  
Round bending corners we creep  
Every year we travel back.

Every Christmas we journey down  
To Big Oakey for a swim  
Sofala is such a special town  
We choose flat stones to skim.

We climb the rock holding a rope  
To leap off the ledge into the deep.  
Then we need to climb back up  
the slope  
This special place is ours to keep.

Below the tree line so steep,  
Past eh winding jagged track.  
At night we crawl to bed to sleep,I  
can't wait till we come back.

By Jessie

### The Sparkling Stream

In the sparkling running stream,  
Through rocks with water dripping  
I swim I a waterhole so clean,  
My feet run on moss, slipping.  
Like silver gems in the lake,  
The golden water flicks,  
With sparking diamonds it takes,  
Life downstream through trees and  
sticks.  
By the sparkling, running stream,  
Through trees with dripping leaves  
I walk across a wooden beam  
I want to go again next New Year's  
Eve.

By Bianca



**Eagle's View**

Along the strong jagged wall,  
Over river stones with growing  
moss  
I walk through the darkened hall,  
  
My feet on powders made of rock.  
Animal tracks wander round the  
track edge  
Black coal lurks underground,  
Caves keep mountain goats safe,  
near the ledges,  
Ancient fossils lie in river beds all  
around.

Along the high scrub covered hill,  
Far away in the rainforest with  
ferns so wet.  
Streams crash down to rivers  
deep, and still,  
In dark burrows, wombats slept.  
Kangaroos spring off uneven  
ground

Bush turkeys kick back old leaves  
and bark,  
Cockatoos screech in the Wollemi  
Park  
Where kookaburras make their  
laughing sound.

By Clare

**Ilford**

Just beneath Cherry Tree Hill,  
Lies the village of Ilford still.  
With ruins of churches now  
smothered in vines,  
And little ghost girls with unknown  
minds.

Crumbling houses where chimneys  
stand,

Ancient dwelling with stone walls  
tanned.  
Once a place of work and play,  
From light dark each hard working  
day.

Through summer, autumn, winter,  
spring,  
Each hut has survived the seasons.  
Grey cloudy skies create winder's  
dim,  
And the sun sets on Summer's  
horizon.

With gum trees that shade and  
shadow,  
Above the dry scrub and bush land.

Tracks that lead along the hollows,  
Where gum and pine trees stand.

The highway once a dusty dir road,  
With stone houses built beside it.

Now only lone chimneys to show,  
And walls crumbling bit by bit.

Just beneath Cherry Tree Hill,  
With ruins of churches now  
smothered in vines,  
Lies the village of Ilford still,  
A small township that still shines.

By Lucy.

**My forest**

Below the trees slim and tall I push,  
Through reeds with dewdrops  
slipping,  
I wander through the brittle bush,  
My feet on rough ground skipping.

Trees like soldiers stand their  
ground,  
Covered in tangled vines.  
Lies a timber shack broken down.  
Beside it in the sun, a rippling  
stream shines.

Noisy birds rule the treetops,  
Their calls slice through their air,  
The forest secrets become  
unlocked,  
This special place is mine to share.

Out from the shadows lurks a fox,  
Up from the undergrowth a mouse  
sneaks.  
A possum scurries up a yellow-box,  
From the safety of its hole it peeks.

Children born on sunny days,  
Grew up in the blink of an eye.  
Their dreams were for chores to  
turn into play,  
An easy life is only a lie.

Where many centuries ago,  
Men and women worked and slaved,  
Up high in trees and in mines so low,  
They worked all night and worked all  
day.

Now no human lives beneath its  
trees.

All the memories are gone.  
Now their ghosts blow away in the  
breeze,  
The people have moved on.

Empty spirits are here to dwell  
Haunting every corner and nook.  
Returned from heaven here to tell,  
Every memory they ever took.

The clouds turn from white to grey,  
As thunder rumbles above.  
The rain comes down to end the day,  
Now the plants are given love.

Below the trees with leaves new and  
green I push,  
Past reeds with raindrops dripping,  
I walk out of the thick wet bush,  
My feet on soft ground skipping.

By Gina