

# SCHOOL JOURNAL

MAY 2021



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Choie Sew Hoy: Otago Pioneer	4
The Memory Toolbox	4
The Memory Bank	4
Bawang Putih and Bawang Merah	4
What Do You Remember?	4

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 2. It supports literacy learning by providing opportunities for students to develop the knowledge and skills they need to meet the reading demands of the curriculum at this level. Each text has been carefully levelled in relation to these demands; its reading year level is indicated above.

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LEVEL 2 — MAY 2021

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# Choie Sew Hoy: Otago Pioneer

*by Trevor Agnew and Jenny Sew Hoy Agnew*



These people are celebrating 150 years since their ancestor, Choie Sew Hoy, arrived in New Zealand.

*Choie Sew Hoy arrived in New Zealand in 1869. He came from a poor part of rural China, but he became a very successful **merchant** and community leader in Dunedin. How did he do it?*

## Who was Choie Sew Hoy?

Choie Sew Hoy was born in Guangdong province in China in 1838. Life was hard there. Most people were farmers and poor. When Sew Hoy was thirteen, he went to the United States with some of his extended family to take part in the California **gold rush**. The group did so well that when Sew Hoy returned to China, he was able to marry. He and his wife had four children.



A few years later, when gold was discovered in Australia, Sew Hoy sailed to Melbourne – but he had learnt something from his time in California. He had seen that the people who sold things made more money than most of the miners, so he became a merchant.

## Why did Choie Sew Hoy come to New Zealand?

In 1861, gold was found in Otago. People came from all over the world, hoping to get rich. But as time went by, many of these miners moved away to other goldfields. Shops in the province lost customers. A group of business owners decided Otago needed more people to replace those who had left, so they invited Chinese miners in Australia to come to Otago.

The Chinese – all men – began arriving in December 1865. They were experienced goldminers, and they worked in well-organised groups on the old mining **claims**. Many of them had left families behind in China and planned to return home after they had made enough money.



By 1869, there were more than two thousand Chinese miners in Central Otago. Sew Hoy realised that these men would need food and supplies, so he left Melbourne and opened a store near the wharves in Dunedin. He sold rice, peanut oil, and other goods that Chinese miners wanted.

When new miners arrived on ships, they went to Sew Hoy's store. He sold them tools and other things they'd need on the goldfields.



## **Racism towards Chinese people in New Zealand**

Many of the first Chinese who came to New Zealand experienced racism. Some people set up anti-Chinese groups, and newspapers published anti-Chinese cartoons and stories. Some local councils even voted not to use Chinese workers, and the government passed a law to limit the number of Chinese coming into the country.

Choie Sew Hoy often talked to reporters and wrote letters to newspapers asking for Chinese to be treated fairly. In 1881, when the government made every Chinese person entering New Zealand pay a tax of £10 (about \$1,770 today), Sew Hoy spoke out. He said this tax broke agreements Britain had signed with China to give people free entry to New Zealand. (At that time, New Zealand was part of the British Empire.) He always spoke reasonably, using facts to back up what he said. (In 2002, the New Zealand Government apologised to the Chinese community for the tax.)

## What made Choie Sew Hoy a success?

People said that Sew Hoy was “sharp as a razor” because he was quick to see opportunities to make his business successful.

For example:

- He bought scrap metal and old horseshoes, which he **exported** to China for recycling.
- In China, bone was used for carving ornaments and pieces for games, so Sew Hoy bought beef bones to sell in China.
- Hakeke (wood ear fungus) grows in the New Zealand bush. The same kind of fungus was a popular food in China. Sew Hoy paid people to collect and dry hakeke and then he sold it to Chinese in Australia, the United States, and China.

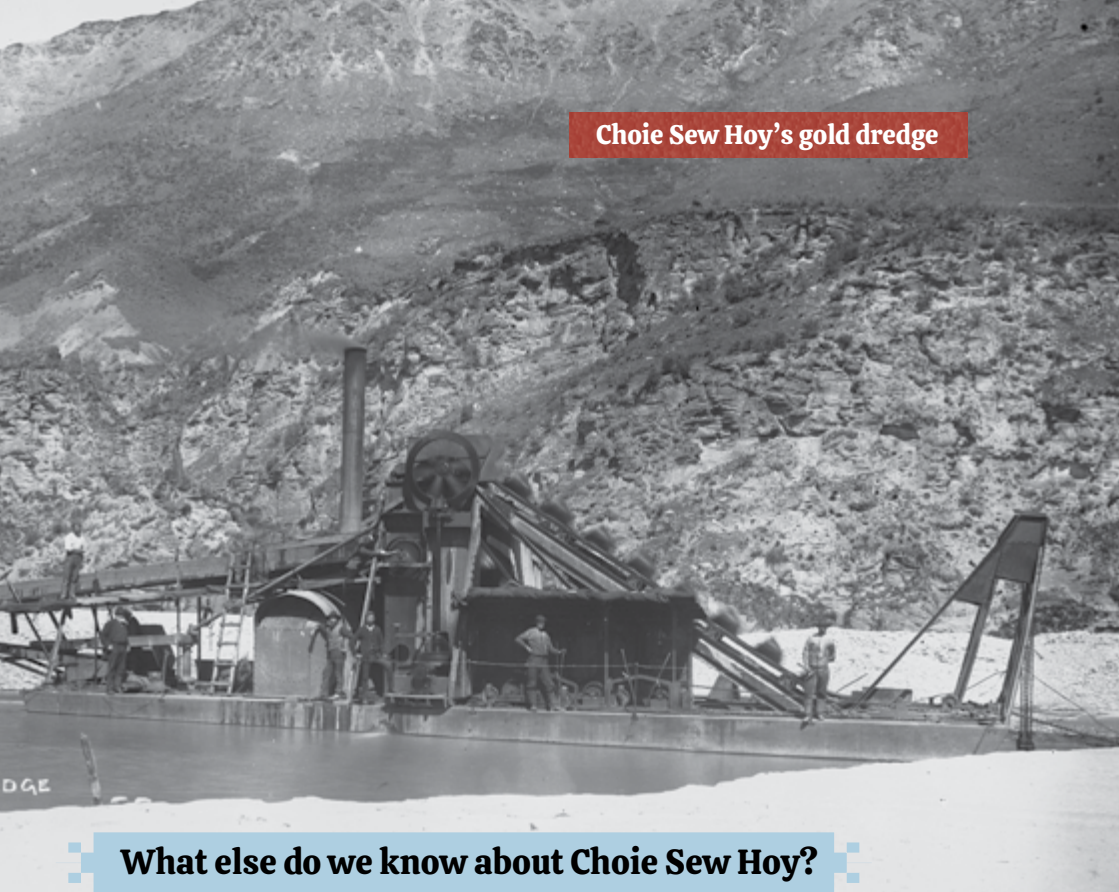
Sew Hoy and some other Chinese merchants hired ships to send their goods to China. When the ships returned, they brought back Chinese goods for the merchants to sell in New Zealand.

Sew Hoy soon became wealthy. He decided to put some of his money into goldmining companies. In many places, miners had taken most of the gold that was easy to find. However, there was still a lot of gold to be found in the gravel underground. Sew Hoy set up companies that used machinery, such as dredges, to **extract** that gold. These companies were very successful.





## Choie Sew Hoy's gold dredge



### What else do we know about Choie Sew Hoy?

Sew Hoy was not just a successful businessman. He mixed well with Chinese and Europeans and made lots of friends. He was involved in many organisations and community groups in Dunedin. Sew Hoy's second wife was Eliza Prescott. They had two children and lived in a wooden villa in Cumberland Street. Sew Hoy called his home Canton Villa. He kept two large Chinese vases on his front verandah.

Sew Hoy gave money to hospitals, libraries, and charities that helped people in need. He also gave advice and help to new arrivals from China. He spoke excellent English, so he often talked to Europeans on behalf of the Chinese community.

## A sign in two languages

This was the sign on Choie Sew Hoy's store. In traditional Chinese, it says Choie Sew Hoy. Choie was his family name or surname, Sew was his generational name (his brothers were named Sew Ding, Sew Hong, and Sew Kung), and Hoy was his personal name.

In English, the sign just says Sew Hoy. He was known among Europeans as Charles Sew Hoy or Mr Sew Hoy. Many of his descendants use Sew Hoy as their family name.



## Why should we remember Choie Sew Hoy?

Sew Hoy arrived in New Zealand as a young **immigrant**. He was full of ideas, and he worked hard to become successful in business. He also became a leader in the community, and he gave a lot back to that community. Sew Hoy always helped other people and cared for his family. Hundreds of his descendants now live in New Zealand and around the world.



**Choi Sew Hoy  
in traditional  
Chinese clothes**

## **Glossary**

**claim:** an area of land that a miner can work on to find gold

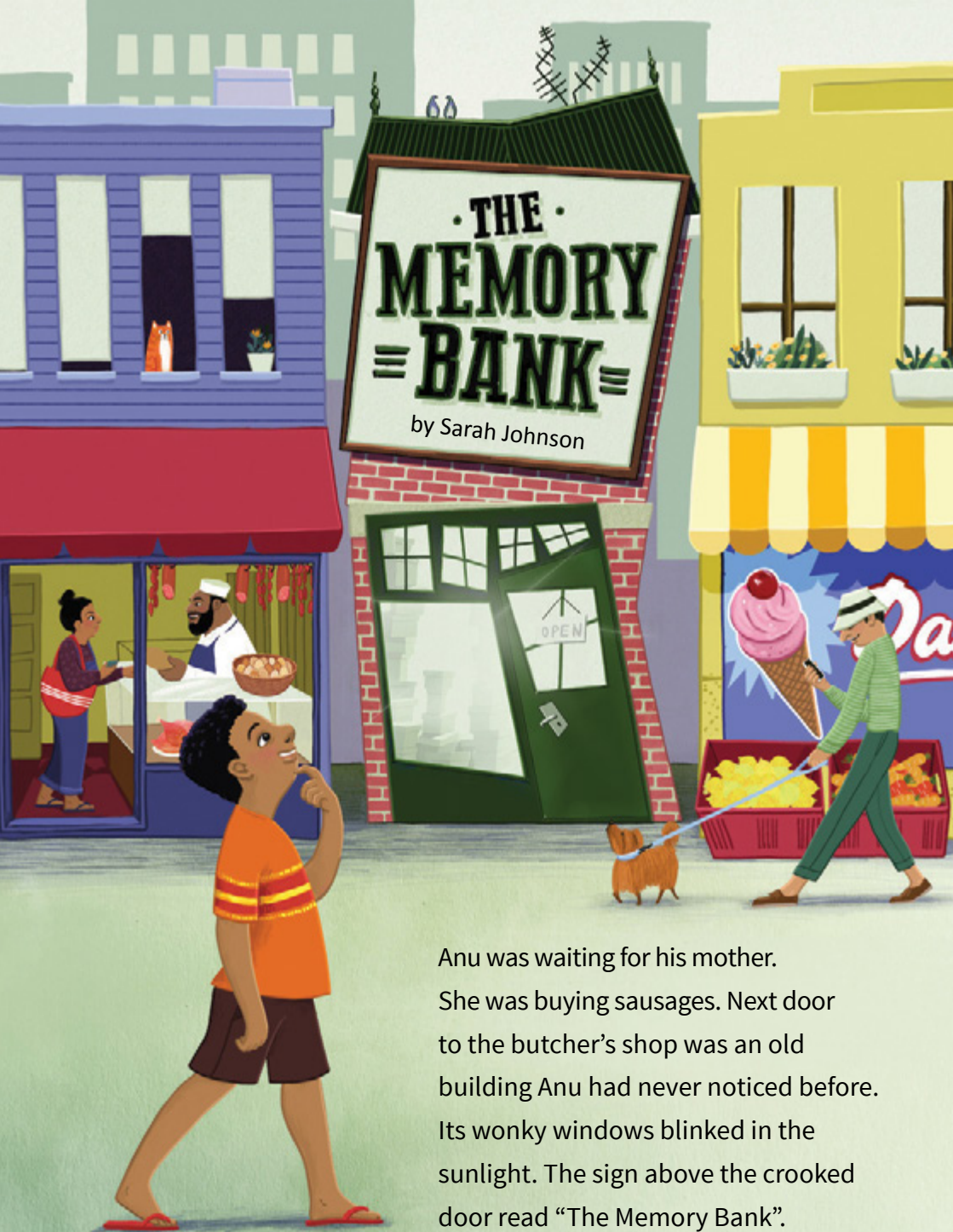
**exported:** sent to other countries

**extract:** to take something out of something else

**gold rush:** when many people move suddenly to a place where gold has just been discovered

**immigrant:** somebody who moves to another country to live there permanently

**merchant:** a person who buys and sells things



Anu was waiting for his mother. She was buying sausages. Next door to the butcher's shop was an old building Anu had never noticed before. Its wonky windows blinked in the sunlight. The sign above the crooked door read "The Memory Bank".

Anu walked up to the door. It flew open with a bang. Inside the shop, bits of paper rose up and swirled about. One piece of paper drifted out and landed at Anu's feet. He picked it up. "Remember" was stamped at the top. Underneath, someone had scrawled *Keep the memory notes safe*.

Anu put the note in his pocket and went into the shop. An old man was picking up the other pieces of paper.

"Close the door," he said. "Quickly – the wind plays havoc with the memory notes."

Anu shut the door and looked around. He could see lots of shelves, all filled with small boxes. Each box was neatly labelled with a person's name.



“Is this really a memory bank?” Anu asked.

“Yes,” said the old man, “and I’m the banker. This is where people store the important things that they want to remember.”

The door banged open again. A woman strode in pulling a big shopping bag on wheels.

“Angela!” said the old man. “Is there something you need to remember?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the woman. She took a piece of paper. Underneath “Remember” she wrote *Eat liver on Thursday*. She handed the note to the banker. He looked at the boxes on the shelves.

“There it is,” said Anu, pointing to a box labelled “Angela” on the top shelf.

“Good spotting,” said the banker. “I thought you looked useful.” He slid the note into the box, where it settled with a tiny sigh.

\*\*\*\*



Anu was fascinated. Every few minutes, the door banged and another customer walked in.

There was a man with a poodle, which growled when Anu tried to pat it. *Take the dog to be groomed*, the man wrote on his piece of paper.

Next came a dreamy lady, who wrote *Beach at sunset, waves turning pink*. “Best days of my life,” she said to the banker as she handed him the note.

Then came a tall man carrying a present. He wrote *Make Cheryl a cake*. “For my daughter,” he explained. “She’s turning seven.”

“That’s important!” said the banker. He turned to Anu. “Only things that are important to remember can be stored in the bank.”

“What about Angela?” said Anu. “Her note was about liver. Liver’s not important. It’s disgusting.”

“I agree,” said the banker. “But liver is her husband’s favourite food. She makes it every Thursday to show how much she loves him. That’s why it’s important.”



“Can I bank something?” asked Anu.

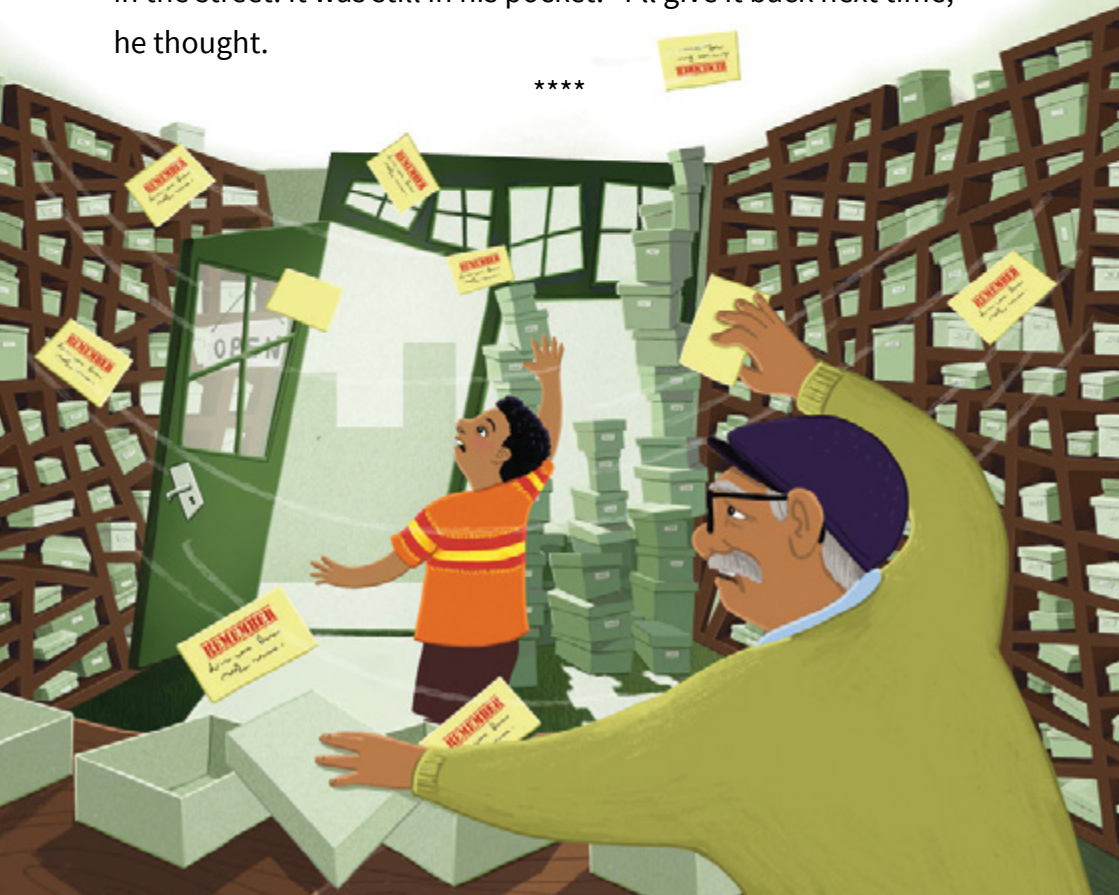
“Is it important?” asked the banker.

“I’m not sure yet,” said Anu. He took a piece of paper and wrote *Return to the Memory Bank*. The banker wrote Anu’s name on a box and placed the note inside. The note also gave a tiny sigh. “Must be important,” said the banker.

Just then, a gust of wind blew the door open. The lids of the boxes flew off, and pieces of paper sailed out through the door. They soared high into the air. The banker scrambled after them. “I must remember to fix that door,” he cried.

Later, at home, Anu found the piece of paper he’d picked up in the street. It was still in his pocket. “I’ll give it back next time,” he thought.

\*\*\*\*





On Friday, Anu had band practice. Saturday was football; Monday a test. It wasn't until Thursday that Anu remembered the Memory Bank. "I've got to go back," he said.

When he got there, the banker was eating a large plate of liver.

"You hate liver," said Anu.

"I know," said the banker, taking another piece. "But it's Thursday. I must eat liver on Thursday."

The door banged and in came Angela, dragging a very grumpy cat. The cat had been shaved all over, except for two large tufts – one on its head and one on its tail.

"What happened?" asked Anu.

"I had to take the dog to be groomed," said Angela. "But I don't have a dog. So I took the cat instead."

The door banged again. In came the dreamy lady. She was carrying an enormous sparkly cake.

"Are you Cheryl?" she asked Anu.

"No," said Anu.

"Drat," said the lady. "I've been carrying this cake for days. My arms are getting sore."



“This stuff is disgusting,” said the banker, helping himself to another piece of liver.

The door banged and in came the man with the poodle. Its hair had been dyed bright pink and styled into waves.

“Is there a beach around here?” the poodle owner asked.

Anu shook his head. The bank was getting quite crowded.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” said the banker. “Liver anyone?”

“Liver?” said Angela. “My husband loves liver.”

“That’s it!” shouted Anu. “I know what’s happened.” He pulled the piece of paper out of his pocket. “I think this might be yours,” he said, handing it to the banker.

“Ah,” said the banker, smiling. “The most important thing of all – keeping all the notes safe.”

\*\*\*\*

Anu spent the afternoon sorting the notes into their right boxes.

“I’m sorry I caused such a muddle,” he said.

“You helped sort it out, too,” said the banker.

Before he left, Anu took a “Remember” note and wrote on it *Fix the bank door*.

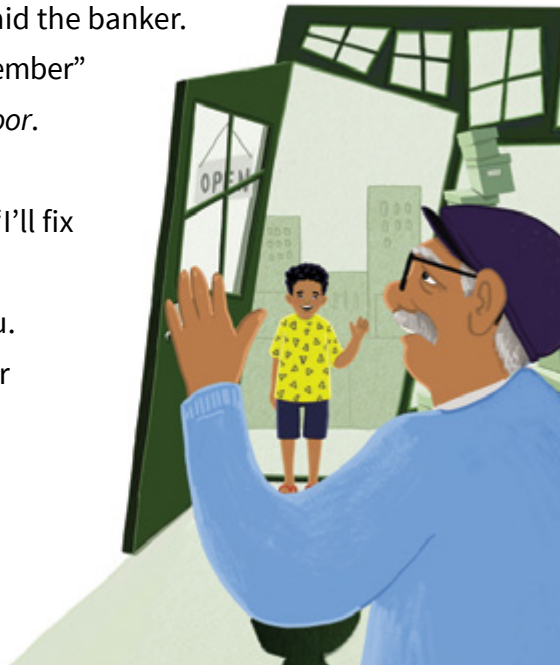
He gave it to the banker.

“Thank you,” said the banker. “I’ll fix it before your next visit.”

“When will that be?” asked Anu.

The banker smiled. “When your memory reminds you.”

illustrations by Minky Stapleton



# THE MEMORY TOOLBOX

by Bronwen Wall



How good is your memory? Let's start with something easy. Close your eyes and think about your teacher. What shoes are they wearing? Now try thinking back a little further. What did you have for dinner last night? What did you do on Saturday morning?

Our brain uses memory to store and then recall information about the things that happen and the things we learn. Memory helps to make us who we are.

## Types of memory

Our **short-term memory** holds the information that we need for only a small amount of time. Most of this information stays in our heads for less than a minute. We can usually hold about seven things at once in our short-term memory. Examples of short-term memories are remembering where you just put your pencil or what your teacher just asked you to do.

But what if your dad gets a new phone and you want to remember the number? If you use your short-term memory, you'll forget it in a few seconds. You need to put the number into your **long-term memory**. You can do this by writing it down, repeating it in your head, and saying it aloud a few times. Doing this moves the number from your short-term memory to your long-term memory. Information in your long-term memory can last for a few days ... or for many years!

Look at these pictures, then close the book and write down all the items you can remember.



## Training your memory

We all use our memory every day, but some people seem to have a better memory than others. Did you know that you can train your memory to hold more information? Here are some ways to do that.

### Write it down.

Write down the things that you need to remember.



### Repeat it.

Repeat the information aloud or in your head. This can help you remember it, too.



### Chunk it.

Break the information into small pieces (chunks). For example, if your dad's new phone number is 0243546889, you might find it easier to remember if you chunk it like this: 024-354-6889.



### Say it aloud.

Scientists have discovered that saying words or numbers aloud helps us to remember them.



### **Sing it.**

Sometimes it's easier to remember something by singing it in a song. For example, there are waiata such as "Ngā Tamariki o Matariki" that help people to remember the names of the stars that make up Matariki. There are also some well-known songs that help young children remember the alphabet.



### **Create a mental picture.**

Link the thing you need to remember to a picture in your head. For example, maybe there's a new teacher at school called Mr Wheeler. If you picture him standing next to a bicycle wheel, it might help you remember his name.



### *Make up a silly sentence.*

Perhaps you want to remember the planets in our solar system – Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. You might find it easier to remember their names (and in the right order) if you think of the sentence: **My Very Excited Mum Just Saw Unicorns Napping.**



### *Use an acronym.*

An acronym is made from the first letter of the words you want to remember. How about the colours of the rainbow? There are seven of them. Some people remember them by using an acronym that spells the name of an imaginary person called Roy G. Biv. The letters of Roy's name match the colours of the rainbow: R = red, O = orange, Y = yellow, G = green, B = blue, I = indigo, and V = violet.



### Make up a story.

Perhaps your dad asks you to get some things from the shop. He wants a jar of jam, some apples, and two loaves of bread. You could make up a short story about the things you need to remember.

For example, lamb rhymes with jam, so imagine a lamb. The lamb is walking along the road carrying a bag of apples, and it comes to a river. The lamb can't swim very well, so it uses two loaves of bread as water wings. It's a silly-looking lamb, but it will help you remember what your dad wanted you to get.





### Build a memory palace.

A memory palace is a building that you picture in your head. You store bits of information you want to remember in different rooms in your memory palace. You might place a piece of information in the kitchen, another piece in the bathroom, and another piece in your bedroom. When you want to remember the information, you imagine yourself walking through the palace and looking in each room.

### Eat well, sleep well, and move around.

Eating healthy food and getting a good night's sleep can make your memory stronger. You can also help strengthen your memory by moving around. Yes, it's true! Scientists have found that exercise can help improve memory.

\*\*\*

*Now, all you have to do is remember all these memory tools and you'll become a memory master!*

### World memory championships

There are competitions to find the person with the best memory in the world. The competitors are given time to memorise things such as names, numbers, dates, and words. Then they have to recall the information. The world memory champion is the person who remembers the most information in the fastest time. Ryu Song I, who was the 2019 champion, recalled 547 numbers in the correct order!





## What Do You Remember?

I remember biking to school,  
my undone shoelace  
tying my foot to my pedal.

I remember standing in line and being  
shoved over. From behind. No reason.  
Some kid I didn't know existed even.  
Maybe that was the reason.

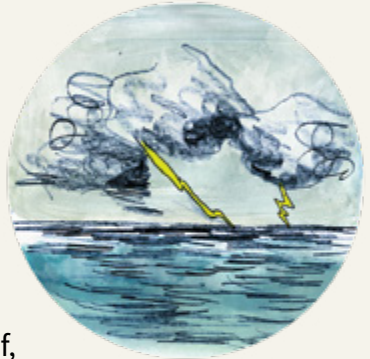
I remember our teacher hurling her loud  
voice at someone and, looking round,  
was startled to see everyone looking  
at me.

I remember the first day of the holidays,  
fresh grass and summer clover,  
running barefoot down the bank, the bee's  
sting biting in.





I remember my friend's orange bike,  
my green skateboard, a clash of colours,  
his mudguard reversing out of my thigh,  
my gashed flesh filling with fright.



I remember "Pass it, pass it," but going deaf,  
the white goal widening, the defender's slide,  
the oncoming keeper, my soft low shot, his despairing dive,  
time slowing ... then the cheers arriving.

I remember rain on the sea, lightning, thunder,  
the breaking wave under my boogie board  
wrapping the moment for future wonder.

*James Brown*



# Bawang Putih and Bawang Merah

*A traditional tale from Indonesia,  
retold by Lavinia Disa Winona Araminta*



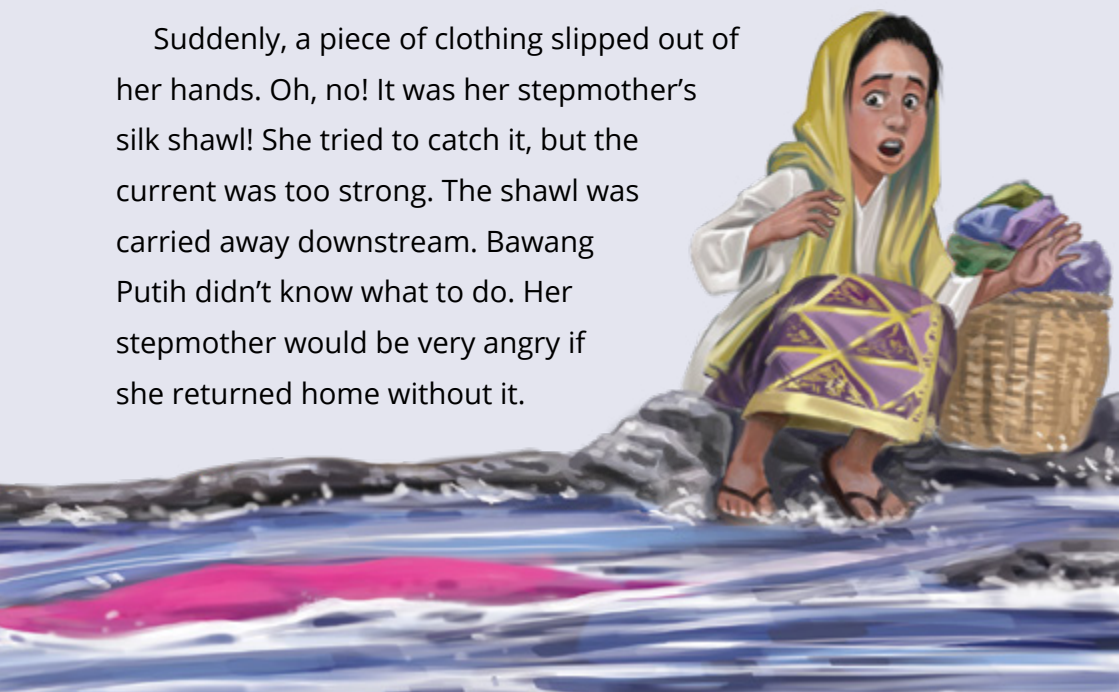
*Bawang Putih and Bawang Merah lived in a small village a long way from the city. The two girls were stepsisters. Bawang Putih's mother had died when she was a young girl, and a few years later, her father had married Bawang Merah's mother.*

Every week, their father went to the city to sell the vegetables he grew. When he was at home, Bawang Merah and her mother pretended to be kind and loving towards Bawang Putih. But once his ox and cart were out of sight, their gentle manner would change. Bawang Putih's stepmother would become angry and cruel, and Bawang Merah would taunt and bully Bawang Putih. They made Bawang Putih do all the housework while they sat around and did nothing.

One day, as usual, Bawang Putih's stepmother ordered her to do the washing. "Be careful with that silk shawl," she growled. "It's a precious gift from your father."

Bawang Putih carried the bag of dirty clothes to the river. She sat on a small rock and rinsed them in the running water. While she worked, her mind wandered. She thought of the happy days when her real mother was alive. Tears trickled down her face.

Suddenly, a piece of clothing slipped out of her hands. Oh, no! It was her stepmother's silk shawl! She tried to catch it, but the current was too strong. The shawl was carried away downstream. Bawang Putih didn't know what to do. Her stepmother would be very angry if she returned home without it.





She ran along the riverbank, searching desperately for the shawl. She looked for hours, but there was no sign of it. Night began to fall. Bawang Putih was far from home. Her muscles ached, and her feet were sore. She felt too tired to go home.

In the distance, she saw a light. It came from a tiny shack. "Perhaps I can stay there for the night," she thought. She mustered all her courage and knocked on the door. It swung open, and an old woman welcomed her warmly.

Bawang Putih told the old woman what had happened and said how tired she was. She also talked about her stepmother and stepsister and the way they treated her.

"You are very tough," the old woman said. "Remember, hardships make us stronger. They are not meant to break us."

In the morning, the old woman told Bawang Putih that she had gone for a walk by the river and had found the missing shawl. She said Bawang Putih could have it back if she stayed for a week and did some work for her. The old woman was kind and friendly, so Bawang Putih agreed. She was worried about what her stepmother would say when she got home, but she knew it would be even worse if she returned without the shawl.

For seven days, Bawang Putih helped the old woman with her household chores, just as she did at home. When the week was over, the old woman gave her the silk shawl.

“You have been such a help to me,” she said. “Take one of these pumpkins as a reward.” She pointed to two pumpkins on the table. One was big, and one was small. “Choose whichever one you like.”

Bawang Putih was not greedy. “I’d prefer a small one,” she said. “Thank you,” she added politely.



When she arrived home, Bawang Putih's stepmother asked her where she had been, and when Bawang Putih told her, she flew into a rage. She told Bawang Putih to go to the kitchen and cook the pumpkin for their lunch.

Bawang Putih took a knife to cut the pumpkin open. When she did, a pile of sparkling jewels poured all over the floor.



Her stepmother grabbed the jewels and gave an evil laugh. "That old woman must be very rich. You said she had a big pumpkin too. Trust you to take the small one, Bawang Putih. You are so stupid. Where does the old woman live?"

Bawang Putih told her. Together, her stepmother and Bawang Merah thought of a plan to get the bigger pumpkin. Bawang Merah washed a shawl and left it on the riverbank near the old woman's shack. Then she went up to the door and knocked.



"I've lost my mother's shawl in the river," she said, pretending to cry. "It's such a long way home. Could I stay the night, please?"

The kind old woman let Bawang Merah stay. The next morning, the old woman went for a walk and found the shawl. Then she asked Bawang Merah if she would stay and help her for a week.

Bawang Merah agreed, but unlike her stepsister, Bawang Merah was lazy. She was not used to doing chores. She stayed for a week but did nothing to help. On her last day, the old woman gave Bawang Merah the missing shawl and pointed to two pumpkins. "Take whichever one you would like," she said.

"I'll have the biggest one, of course," said the greedy Bawang Merah.

As soon as she got home, Bawang Merah and her mother cut open the big pumpkin. But instead of jewels, a mass of snakes, scorpions, and centipedes came crawling out. Bawang Merah and her mother shrieked in fear.



Bawang Putih's father had just arrived home from the city. When he heard the screams, he came running inside. He grabbed a broom and swept all the creatures out through the door.

Bawang Putih's stepmother and Bawang Merah cried and sobbed for a long time. They knew there must be a reason for what had happened, and this made them think about the way they treated Bawang Putih.

"We are sorry, Bawang Putih," said her stepmother. "We have treated you very badly."

"Yes," added Bawang Merah. "We will change. We promise."

Hearing their sincere apologies, Bawang Putih forgave them. From that day on, the family were kind to each other and lived together in harmony.



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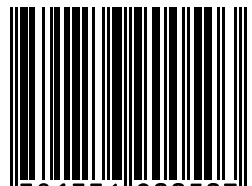
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