



**SCHOOL
JOURNAL
MAY
2021**

TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
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This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 4. 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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BREAK-UP DAY

by Kyle Mewburn



On my last day of primary school, two unusual things happened. One would prove life changing, in a roundabout kind of way. The other was more of a non-event, really. Yet if you'd asked at the time which was which, I'd almost certainly have gotten it wrong.

Break-up day was a highlight of the year. Everyone in the class would bring a plate of food to share – sandwiches, cakes, biscuits, more cakes – and we'd eat and play games from lunchtime until the final bell. The end of grade 7 (year 8 here in New Zealand) was an even bigger deal – it was also a day of friendship break-ups. The following year, we'd all be heading in different directions to one of the many high schools in the Brisbane suburban sprawl where I grew up. We'd likely never see most of our classmates again.

If the year had unfolded like the previous six, there would have been an extra level of significance to the day. It would have meant saying goodbye to my best friend, Keith. But the year hadn't unfolded as I expected – and Keith was no longer my friend.

There was no big drama or anything. For the last six years, Keith and I had always been in the same class. I'd never questioned how such decisions were made. I assumed whoever was in charge took friendships into account. So when Keith was assigned to 7A on our first day of grade 7, I got ready to follow. But my name wasn't called. When it finally was, I drifted over to 7B in disbelief. I felt bewildered. Abandoned. Alone.

At lunchtime, Keith sat with his new classmates. There was no spot saved for me. That was just the way things were. Classes seldom mixed apart from lunchtime games of red rover (bull rush). As always, I blamed myself. No wonder he didn't want to be my friend. I was a complete fraud – a fake boy.



Although I'd been called a boy since the day I was born, it was a meaningless label until my sister turned up. I was two years old. At first, it wasn't the physical difference that stirred my confusion. I was too busy noticing how she was treated. She was fussed and fawned over, she cried and wasn't told off, and – most bewilderingly – she was allowed to grow her hair. Why was I forced to have a number one special when I desperately, passionately wanted long hair? I wanted long hair so much that I would bawl my eyes out each time my father's clippers appeared. It was so unfair.

I quickly learnt boys and girls lived under different regimes. There were iron rules that governed every action, every emotion – it didn't matter whether I was truly a boy or not. I'd been put in the boys' team and was expected to play my part. I was a quick learner. Adapting my behaviour and, more importantly, my emotional responses was essential if I wished to avoid punishment, ridicule, or worse.

At some point, I became aware that boys and girls were physically different creatures. So that was the problem. No wonder nobody realised I was a girl – I was in the wrong body. A girl in a boy-shaped box. Somebody had obviously made a terrible mistake. Yet there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

Pretending to be a boy wasn't a big problem until I started school, which was like being tossed into a shark-infested pool. If I didn't want to be eaten, I had to learn to swim – fast. Somehow I latched on to Keith. Unlike me, Keith was confident, outgoing. I can't remember how we became friends, but we were, from the first day, and I was fiercely loyal.

I charged into the task of being just like the other boys. I mirrored and magnified their actions. I learnt to conceal my emotions behind anger, and instead of crying, I fought. There were never any punches thrown. There was no serious intent to injure. They weren't even fights in the true sense, just a lot of sweaty writhing as we grappled for supremacy. Victory was decided by pinning your opponent down.

If a male teacher discovered our angry tangle of limbs, he'd yank us apart and send us to opposite ends of the oval to cool off. If a female teacher intervened, we'd be sent to the deputy principal's office. After a fierce slash of his cane across my fingertips, I'd return to class with a throbbing hand and a face burning with shame.



Shame was my constant companion at school. It was always there, lurking. It took half my life to realise I had nothing to be ashamed of. But I grew up in an era when being gay was illegal and showing signs of non-binary behaviour was likely to end in a beating. So I blamed myself for being different, for feeling different. I was defective. A freak.

In my mind, the only way shame could be avoided was by flying under the radar. So I did everything I could to not stand out. I was a voracious secret reader with a rapidly expanding vocabulary. Yet I was careful not to say anything that might make me sound like a brainiac. All my best words were kept bottled up like a genie.

Fighting was another way of fitting in. I definitely didn't want to fight, let alone hurt anyone. I didn't even want to be there, hanging out with the boys. I yearned to sit in the shade of the old pine trees at the bottom of the playground with all the other girls. Looking back, I suspect it was these regular fights, more than anything else, that were ultimately responsible for landing me in a different class from Keith. Plus his mother likely considered me a bad influence. Keith was such a relaxed, easygoing, obedient boy. I can't recall him ever getting into trouble.

By the time break-up day came along, I wasn't feeling nostalgic about school. If anything, I was keen to move on. High school might at least offer a clean slate. A new start.

My mother wasn't a great cook or baker. But each year for break-up day, she'd bake her chocolate rough cake – more a slice than an actual cake – and it was always a hit with the other kids. I'd proudly return home with an empty Tupperware container. That year, for some reason, she decided to make an experimental sponge cake. After a 5-kilometre walk, banging around in my school bag on another hot summer's day, it arrived at school looking worse for wear. By lunchtime, it was a soggy mess. Understandably, nobody touched it. As I closed the container and put it back in my bag, I felt a wave of embarrassment.

At the time, it seemed like a huge deal. One more thing to feel ashamed of. Forty-five years later, of course, it's just a funny story. A non-event that had no impact on my life at all. Finishing primary school with a Tupperware container of soggy, untouched sponge now seems entirely appropriate. The perfect metaphor for my year.

So what about that other, life-changing event I mentioned? Well, as I went to leave my classroom for the last time, my teacher, Mr Staib, quietly pressed a book into my hands. "This is for you," he said, then promptly turned away. I was still distracted by my soggy sponge. I hardly gave the book a second glance. It was weeks before I remembered it.



The book was called *The Phantom Tollbooth*. When I saw “B. Staib” inscribed inside the front cover in red biro, I was both touched and a little bewildered. It was his personal copy.

I read the book in one sitting. Then reread it straightaway. Then again. It was the first book that truly spoke to my heart. The story was about a boy called Milo, who finds himself in a magical realm of numbers and letters and endless puns. The story offered reassurance that I wasn’t alone with my love of words. It opened up a world of possibilities, and during my many rereadings, a tiny seed was planted. One day, I promised myself, I would be a writer, too.

I can’t be sure why Mr Staib felt compelled to give me, and only me, a book. Or why he chose this book. I like to imagine he recognised the writer inside me and was trying to plant that seed. I also like to think he’d be proud to know his gift meant so much in the end. Although I never had a chance to thank him, I never forgot his kind gesture. When my first book, *The Hoppleplop*, was published, I dedicated it to “Mister Staib and his Phantom Tollbooth”.

Ironically, if I’d been in Keith’s class like I’d so desperately wanted, I’d have gone home bookless that day, with a Tupperware container of soggy sponge my lasting memory of that final break-up day.

PRESS B

BY PAUL MASON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAT TAIT

Tre and Muse follow the path across the plain. Ahead, the maunga wears a dusting of snow. The clouds are like horses' tails, swishing against blue sky.

Epic ...

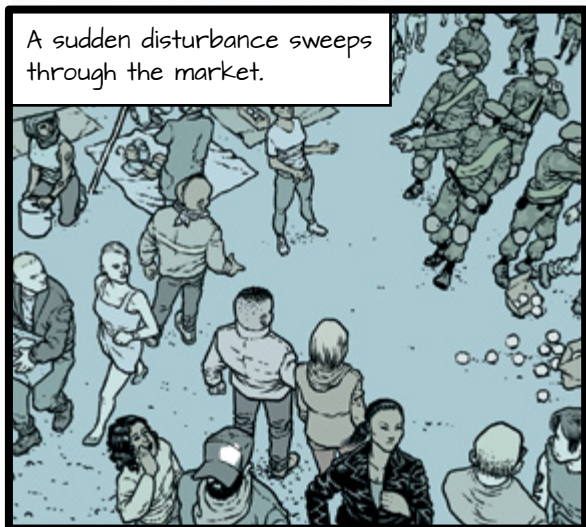
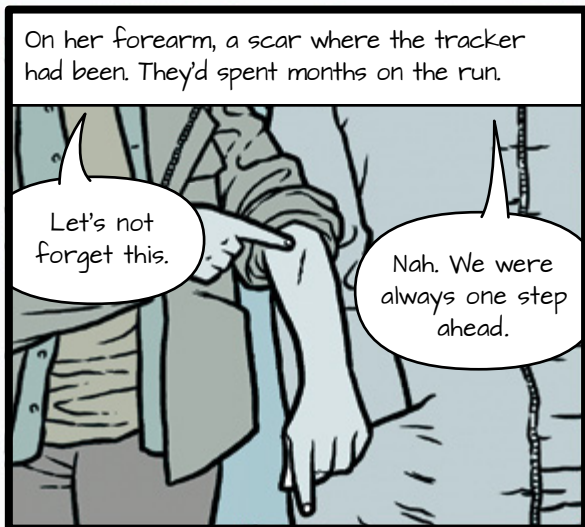
This is pretty much as good as it gets.

Muse!

To continue, press A.
To select a new memory, press B.
To exit, press Menu.

Tre sees a puzzle of ragtag tarpaulins spread on the ground, their sad offerings picked over by the throng: a pile of cans, a jumble of clothes, bruised apples, cracked electronics, stale loaves of bread. All of it wedged into an alley that's in the shadow of towering concrete. Tre closes his eyes for a moment, trying to hold on to the mountains.





When change came, all those years ago, it came quickly.



The call to rebellion seeped through the streets like a tide rising in mangroves.



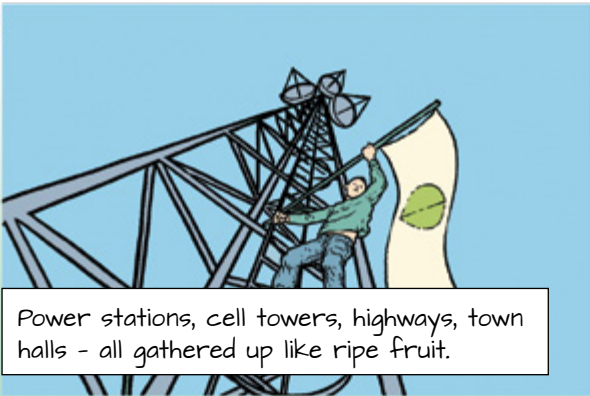
The Voids couldn't keep up.



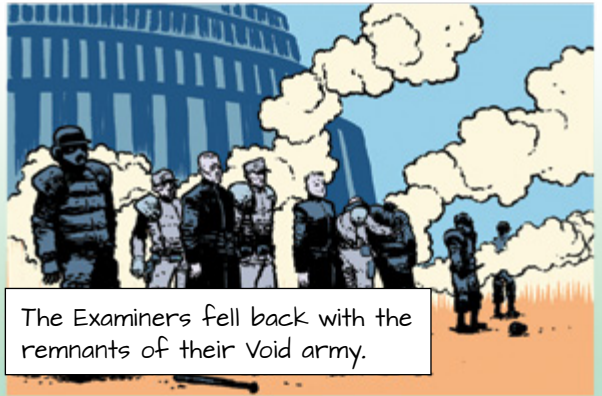
Then in the autumn, the time to harvest, the Radicals struck.



Power stations, cell towers, highways, town halls - all gathered up like ripe fruit.



The Examiners fell back with the remnants of their Void army.



Tre and Muse were there when the white flag rose.



But the Autumn Revolution was a lifetime ago.

Let's go.

We're not doing anything wrong.



All at once, a girl shoves through the crowd.

Stop!

She trips and stumbles.



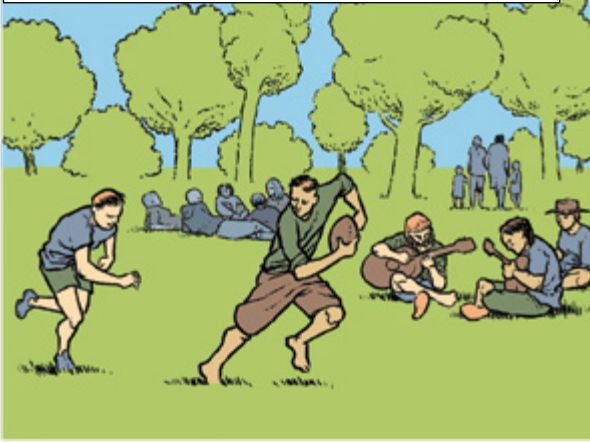
The patrol surrounds her.

There's a wildness to the girl's eyes like a feral cat's. They fill with tears.

Hand her over.

What do you want with her?

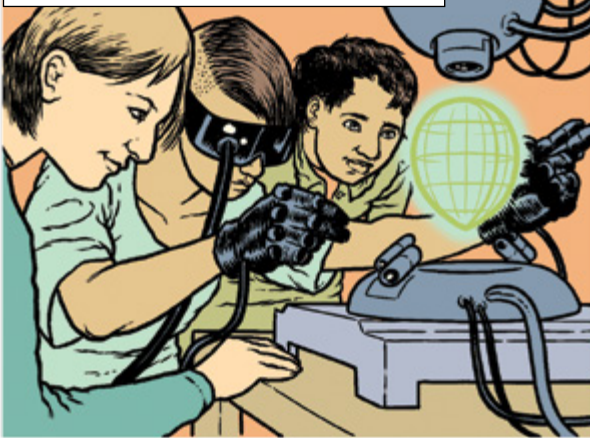
With the battle won, there came a surge of freedom. Imagination spread like pollen.



Knowledge brought strength.



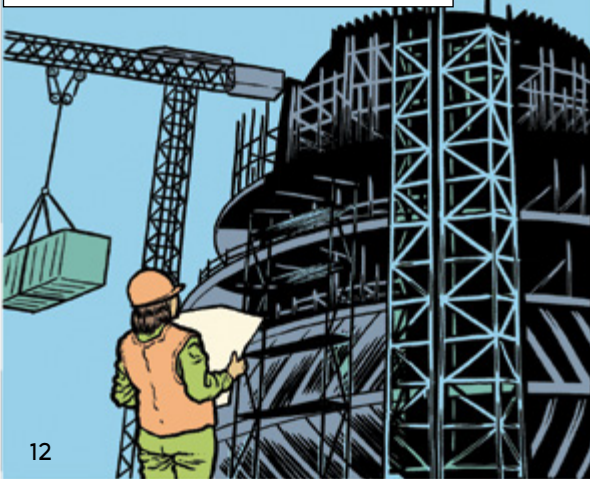
For the first time in many years, the people could see a future.



Tre's parents, wearing the red band of the elders, sat on the Council.



There was much to change and do.



The first council's term ran its course, and they stepped away, happy to pass on the mantle. As it was meant to be ...





Wait.



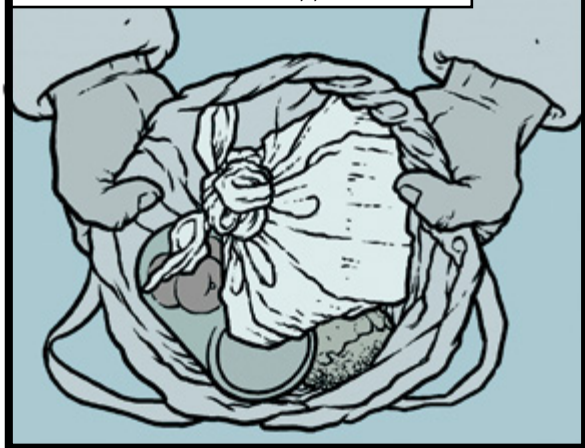
I know you.
You were in the
Autumn Revolution.



How about you
leave her be?

Show me
what's in the bag,
and we'll go.

A crust of bread, a dented can of
tomatoes, a bundle wrapped in cloth.



Tre catches a flash of panic in the girl's
eyes. The patrol leader catches it, too.



That bundle.
Open it.



Contraband. A book.



I'd be worried, too, if I was her.



She's just a kid.



The book's mine. I brought it here to sell.



Do you know what the punishment is for trading books?



Tre gives Muse and the girl a wink that only they can see. He's got this covered.

As time passed, things began to sour. Turned out the seats in the council chamber were too comfortable after all ...



Two terms became three. Three became four. The Council looked after its own.



Some people stood to complain. But many were too distracted to notice.



Fearing the same freedom they'd once fought to win, the Council put up walls, dividing the people.



Fact became fiction, fiction became fact ...



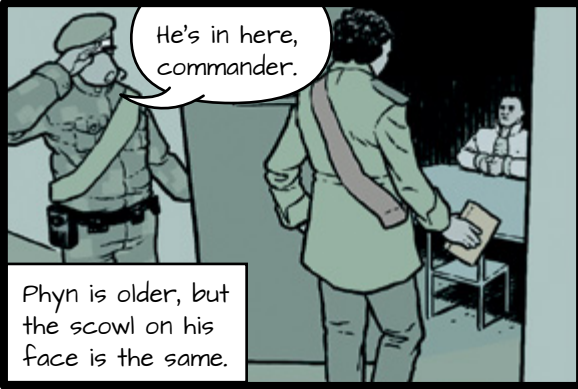
Tre was glad his parents didn't have to see.



The lift climbs. Tre loses count of the floors.



They rip the chain from his neck.



He's in here, commander.

Phyn is older, but the scowl on his face is the same.



I was wondering when I'd run into you.

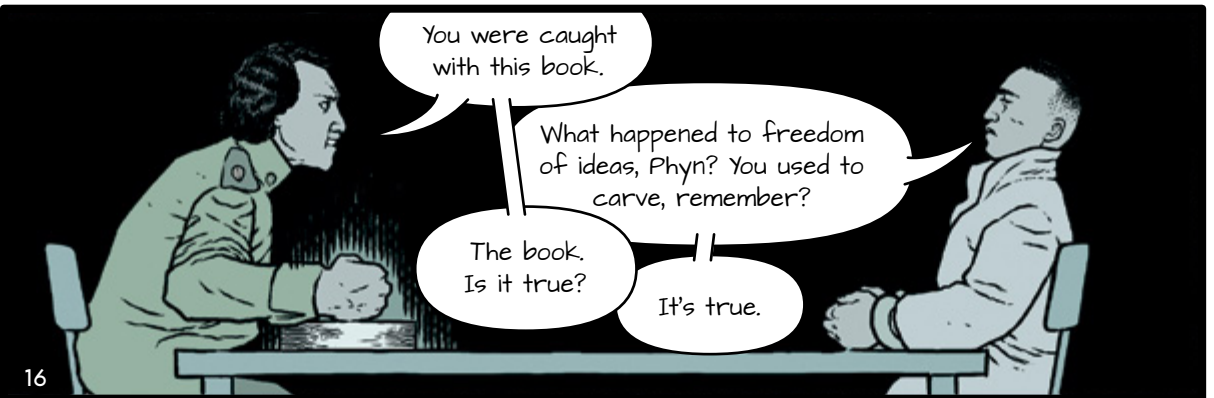


You can have this back.

It's not worth anything any more.



What did my parents ever see in you?



You were caught with this book.

What happened to freedom of ideas, Phyn? You used to carve, remember?

The book. Is it true?

It's true.

The door to the pod hisses open. They shove Tre in.



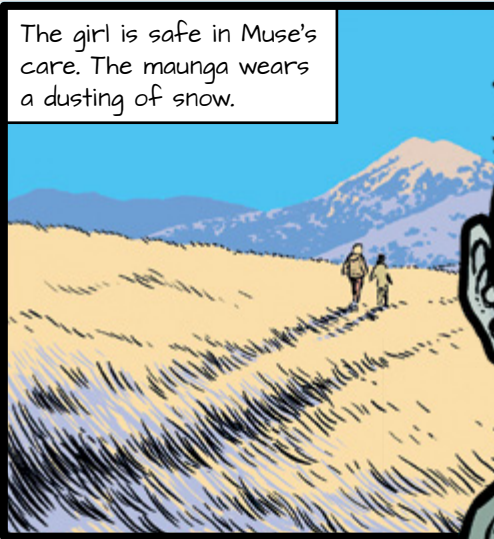
The prisoners are all building towers: tall, square, and white.



But all Tre can see is the girl with the wild-cat eyes. The girl who risked everything for a book.



The girl is safe in Muse's care. The maunga wears a dusting of snow.



Tre closes his eyes. They'll be free out there. Free to think. Their voices won't be hushed.

REDUCING OUR FOOTPRINT

by Sarah Connor



We all know what's happening. Parts of the world face more frequent flooding; others endure constant drought. The ice sheets are melting, the sea level is rising, birds are changing the way they migrate, and more than a few people are freaking out ...

Earth's atmosphere is made up of oxygen, nitrogen, and greenhouse gases. In past centuries, the amount of greenhouse gases stayed more or less the same. But now, the concentration of these gases is rising at an alarming rate. Our planet is warmer, and this affects our climate – and our future.



Globally, the biggest source of greenhouse gas emissions comes from burning fossil fuels for electricity and heat (just over 30 percent). We're lucky in New Zealand. Most of our electricity is generated by using water. But we still have a problem: almost half of our greenhouse gas emissions come from agriculture. This is significant given how much of our country's income relies on farming. And then there's our use of petrol-powered cars. In 2018, they produced just over 10 percent of New Zealand's emissions.

None of this has an easy fix, which means that thinking about climate change can be overwhelming. It's a relief we can do a number of small things to reduce our carbon footprint: switching off lights; buying local; reducing, reusing, recycling. But are these actions enough? Don't we need to take bigger steps to save the planet?

More and more inventive New Zealanders are looking for ways to do just that. And some have already taken those bigger steps. Their mahi is helping more of us make meaningful changes so we can take responsibility for the future ...

Big Street Bikers

GETTING PEOPLE OUT
OF CARS

Once upon a time, Cleve Cameron worked in advertising. He had clients all over the world. One of those clients was a company that made cars in India. Its goal? To sell one car every minute.



Cleve visited Delhi. He has a few stand-out memories, including the day it took two hours to drive 5 kilometres across town! "I had an epiphany," he says. "People getting around cities in cars that use petrol is all wrong." Now Cleve's on a mission. He wants to get us out of cars, not help sell them.

Back home in New Zealand, Cleve was excited to see more and more Kiwis choosing to go electric, especially when it came to bikes. (In 2019, we imported 65,000 electric bikes and scooters – a record number.) But while electric bikes are an easy, smart way to travel shorter distances – they're expensive. A basic e-bike costs about \$2,500. "This means they're still a luxury," Cleve says.

Cleve wanted to make e-bikes more affordable. His solution, along with business partners Andrew Charlesworth and Matt Weavers, was to open Big Street Bikers. For a little more than \$30 a week ("the price of a weekly bus fare," says Cleve), people can commute on a Big Street bike. Even better, they can own that bike after eighteen months through the company's ride-to-own scheme.

People enjoy all kinds of services offered by Big Street Bikers. The company now has a network of Locky Docks. These are free, secure bike parks where any kind of bike can be locked and where e-bikes can be charged – for free – using an app. They've also opened a solar-powered bike service station in Auckland, with plans to build more around the country. Cleve describes the service station as a cross between a bike shop and a clubhouse. People can test-ride an e-bike or get their e-bike serviced or simply charged. "Because we rely on solar power, people who charge their bike at our service station are literally riding on sunshine!" he says.

Compare this clean energy with petrol-fuelled cars. In 2018, they produced around 9 million tonnes of carbon dioxide in New Zealand. A 20-kilometre commute on an e-bike, five days a week, reduces a person's carbon footprint by almost a tonne of carbon dioxide a year. "It's pretty clear what we need to do," Cleve says, "and it's so simple. With more bums on e-bikes, we can change our cities, change our lives – and change the world!"

PEOPLE WHO CHARGE THEIR BIKE
AT OUR SERVICE STATION ARE LITERALLY
RIDING ON SUNSHINE!

Regen

SMART TECHNOLOGY
FOR FARMERS

Talk to any farmer, and they'll tell you there are loads of things they can't influence – like the weather. Luckily, the amount of nitrogen in their soil is different. And thanks to Bridgit Hawkins and her software company, Regen, controlling nitrogen levels on a farm is now a whole lot easier.



←
RAHUL
SAVE
(FARMER)

←
BRIDGIT
HAWKINS

Nitrogen is a natural element that's found in all living things as well as in water, air, and the soil. It's essential on a farm because it helps grass grow, which is why most farmers spend thousands of dollars every year on nitrogen fertiliser.

Of course, farmers also have their own source of nitrogen – cow manure. They collect it from milking sheds and store it in purpose-built effluent* ponds before pumping it over paddocks. It's the perfect system ... with one hitch. The amount of effluent spread needs to be just right. Too little means the grass won't grow. But if there's too much effluent, the excess nitrogen can leach into nearby waterways and even into the underground water supply, causing pollution. Fines for getting this wrong are big. The damage done to our natural resources is even worse.

So how do farmers know how much effluent to spread? And when? And how can they tell which paddocks need it the most? Making these calculations takes time, and there's a lot riding on getting it right. In 2010, Bridgit Hawkins started Regen. She wanted to use her knowledge of science and technology so farmers could better control the nitrogen levels in their soil. The breakthrough came when she hit on the idea of making recommendations based on the data farmers already had.

Bridgit knew that a lot of farmers were using sensors to measure rainfall, the soil's moisture content and temperature, and the level of effluent in their ponds. "The sensor technology is fantastic," she says, "but people just didn't have time to figure out what the data meant." Farmers who use Regen are sent a daily text. This collates the data from each sensor, then recommends the amount of effluent to spread and where. It's a smart and efficient system that allows farmers to look after the environment and help shape the future.

"Natural resources are under pressure," Bridgit says. "The future depends on us all acting sustainably. We want to help farmers hold their heads high, knowing they're doing right by the land."

WE WANT TO HELP FARMERS
HOLD THEIR HEADS HIGH,
KNOWING THEY'RE DOING RIGHT BY THE LAND.

* Another word for liquid waste, including cow manure

Kaibosh

ZERO FOOD WASTE

Nobody likes wasting food, especially when so many people don't have enough. Plus, of course, dumping it in a landfill produces greenhouse gases.

GEORGE
LANGLANDS



ROBYN
LANGLANDS



A few years ago, a Wellington cafe wanted to donate unsold sandwiches and salads to a local charity, but they didn't have anyone who could drop them off. Robyn Langlands worked as a volunteer for that charity, and she and her husband, George, offered to collect the food. They kept it in their fridge overnight, then delivered it the next day.

Robyn and George were aware that many food businesses, including supermarkets and bakeries, often had surplus food. But the couple didn't have enough time in their day (or space in their fridge!) to help everyone. Still, they were determined to make their vision of zero food waste and zero food poverty a reality. "A lot of people hated throwing their food away," says Robyn, "but there were few alternatives."

In 2008, Robyn and George got funding to start Kaibosh, New Zealand's first food rescue organisation. They bought a refrigerated van. They rented space to sort and store donated food, and they found their first employee. A team of volunteers worked in shifts to pick up and deliver food. Robyn heard that some businesses worried they'd be held responsible if someone got sick from eating their leftover food. "We had to guarantee that wouldn't happen," she says, "so we designed a health and safety checklist to ensure all our food was safe to eat." Kaibosh also worked with the government to change the laws so that businesses donating food for a good cause were better protected.

Kaibosh started in central Wellington but now operates in the Hutt Valley, Kapiti Coast, and Horowhenua. A small team of staff and over 270 volunteers collect and sort food from over fifty businesses. The food is distributed to over ninety charities and community groups, including food banks, childcare centres, marae, boarding houses, drop-in centres, mental health support services, and refugee and migrant support services.

The statistics say it all. Over the past twelve years, the people at Kaibosh have rescued more than 1,800,000 kilograms of food, provided the equivalent of more than five million meals, and reduced carbon emissions by over 600 tonnes. "Our organisation has a direct and positive impact on our community – and the environment," says Robyn.

OVER THE PAST TWELVE YEARS, THE PEOPLE
AT KAIBOSH HAVE RESCUED MORE THAN
1,800,000 KILOGRAMS OF FOOD.

Kanapu


*GROWING THE CROP
OF THE FUTURE*

Isaac Beach (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Rangitihi, and Ngāti Kahungunu) grew up in Manutuke, a small rural community inland from Gisborne. His whānau couldn't afford to buy fish, so they caught their own. They grew their own fruit and vegetables, too.

ISAAC
BEACH →

SIMON
WHITE →





Spending a lot of time outside, and relying on the sea and the land for food, taught Isaac the importance of taiao. “If our environment is healthy, we’re healthy,” he says. Isaac studied business at university. Then he became interested in hemp as a building product. That didn’t work out, but Isaac was reluctant to walk away. “I could see that the plant had so many possibilities,” he says. So he and his wife, Kirby Heath, began talking with friends Simon and Lou White. Simon is a fourth-generation crop farmer in Ōtāne, Hawke’s Bay. He and Lou grew wheat, barley, and peas, but they were keen to experiment. Now the two families run Kanapu, a company that sells hemp-seed oil and hemp-seed flakes. Both are considered nutrient-dense superfoods.

Unlike most food crops, hemp can be used to make things other than food. Hemp fibre is turned into textiles, clothing, rope, paper, insulation, bioplastics, and biofuel. “In fact,” Isaac says, “there are many great things about the plant. It’s very efficient at removing carbon dioxide from the atmosphere, and it’s also good for the soil. The plant’s deep roots help to build soil structure, and its leaves and stems are an excellent source of compost.” Once the plants are harvested, any leftover parts are returned to the soil. “This green waste is rich in nutrients and nourishes the soil, which increases the quality of future crops.”

The list of benefits goes on. Hemp can be planted in dense clusters, leaving space for other crops, and it’s quick to grow. The plant is pest resistant, which means farmers don’t need to use pesticides, and it’s drought tolerant. “This is welcome news for farmers in places like Hawke’s Bay,” says Isaac. “The region will become even drier because of climate change, and this is something we’re already beginning to see.”

Isaac especially loves the idea that the people involved with Kanapu grow food and protect the environment at the same time. He points out that almost half of Aotearoa’s greenhouse gas emissions come from agriculture. “Hemp helps to turn this story around. We can grow nutritious food at less cost to the environment and set an example for the rest of the world.”

IF OUR ENVIRONMENT IS
HEALTHY, WE’RE HEALTHY.

Save the Earth Song

our thoughts give in to our ease
and our ease shrugs into the air
and the air flaps into our lungs
and our lungs wheeze into our voice
and our voice tunes in to our songs
and our songs play into our heads
and our heads drift into the clouds
and the clouds cry into the rain
and the rain sighs into the ground
and the ground taps into the Earth
and the Earth turns around

and says nothing
but is telling us everything
so we know what we have to do but

James Brown



illustration by Jo Tronc

Fleet of Foot

by Paula Morris



My older brother left first. Grandma called him Tamihana, but he was Tame to us – and Tom in the city. After he finished school, Uncle Hone got him a job as an apprentice mechanic, working at a garage on Ponsonby Road in Auckland.

“There’s more to life than milking cows,” Uncle Hone told my grandparents. So Tame went to live with him and Auntie Rita on one of those steep streets that ran off Ponsonby Road like so many creeks, the other houses close enough to touch.

I missed Tame. We all did. But Mum said it was a good opportunity. He’d had

two years at high school and was learning a trade. One day, he’d earn good money. Our dad was killed in the Korean War when I was a baby. Uncle Reihana had taken over the farm. Tame’s future was in the city.

Once Tame was settled, Mum and Grandma sent blackberry jam and fresh eggs down on the bus. Tame sent back letters. Auckland was loud and busy, he said. There were lots of cars, and no tractors, and when the trolley buses stopped for passengers, their doors wheezed, just like Grandpa.

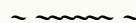


“Wait until that cheeky boy comes home at Easter,” Grandpa said. “He just tinkers about with cars all day and spends his money going to the pictures – he’s forgotten what hard work is.”

But when Tame did come home, they gave him piles to eat, and the hardest work he did was fix Grandma’s radiogram. I loved it when Tame was back, and I especially loved it when he talked about Auckland. “You’d be happy there,” he told me. “You could deliver newspapers every day before school and earn enough for a bike. All the roads in Auckland are sealed. You can go fast and not fall off.”

After that, I badgered Mum until she finally agreed we should move as well. She missed Tame. I was turning twelve, and Auntie Rita said there was a school ten minutes’ walk from their house and I wouldn’t have to wade across a river to get to it. Grandma and Grandpa were sad we were leaving, too – but everyone said it was the right thing to do.

“Best for the boys,” Grandma said, sniffing back tears while she made us ham sandwiches to eat on the bus. Then she marked up the Farmers catalogue with things for Mum to send back once we’d saved enough money.





There were seven of us in the house in Auckland, everyone coming and going and not enough room for us to sit round the table at the same time. Aunty Rita worked as a machinist and brought home fabric offcuts. She and Mum made us fancy shirts. My cousin Cissy sold nighties the colour of candy floss in the George Court department store on K Road. I'd sometimes visit her after school to ride up and down in the big lift with caged doors. At first, the man who worked the doors told me to clear off, but Cissy had a word, and then he looked the other way.

Our other cousin Dee had an even better job as an usherette at the Britannia picture theatre. On Saturday afternoons, she'd let me and Barry in through the back door for the matinée. If we were lucky, she'd get us free ice creams as well.

Barry was my best friend. I met him at my new school, which had lots of kids and water fountains and a jungle gym. The worst thing was we all had to wear shoes, though we chucked them at lunchtime. I liked to walk home in bare feet, too, once I got used to the hot asphalt.

Lots of boys from school lived close by. We climbed fences to take short cuts to each other's places. Some Pākehā didn't like it when we dashed past their vegetable patches and wash houses, but we were quick.

"This isn't back home," Tame warned me. "You have to be fast. Pretend every garden is a bull paddock." I knew I'd never be as fast as Tame. "Fleet of foot," Uncle Hone called him.



Uncle Hone had lots of stories, and I wasn't sure what to believe. He told us there was a river underneath Queen Street. "Before the roads and houses, there was water," he said. "Water and ferns and rocks. The river ran from K Road all the way to the sea. In the old days, a hundred years ago, they had to build the shops around it. People crossed the river on planks. They fell in all the time."

"Don't you listen to his nonsense," Mum said. She had a job now behind the counter at the butcher's, wrapping meat

in greaseproof paper and bashing away at the big cash register. Uncle Hone joked that she couldn't get away from cows.

"At least the shop doesn't smell of them," she said. When I visited after school, Mr Hutchins the butcher would give me a free slice of luncheon sausage to eat on the spot. Every week, Mum got her money in a brown envelope. Seven of us in the house, she said, and six already earning money. Soon we'd be rolling in it, especially once Tame had learnt his trade.





Most nights, I was Mum's errand boy, racing up to the dairy. But sometimes, Tame beat me to it. He was used to darting between cars and buses. "And I've got the longest legs," he said.

"The emptiest legs," Mum would reply because Tame was always hungry, always on the go. He complained that his apprenticeship meant a lot of standing around or lying under the hot bellies of cars. Tame wanted more excitement, more action. He was always after the next thing.

"Is there really a river under Queen Street?" I asked him one Friday night. He was sitting on the steps, polishing his shoes, getting ready to go dancing with our cousins. He couldn't answer because a fire engine was roaring along Ponsonby Road: we could both hear its clanging alarm and loud motor.

Tame raised his head as though he was sniffing the wind to work out if the fire was close by. He had a faraway look. "Right," he said. "Time to get moving."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

That Christmas, we went north to visit my grandparents. It felt hotter up there in the windless paddocks, the flies lolling on the windowsills, the river still and brown. The pine trees didn't seem as tall. Cousins were living in our old house. The kids were noisy. They wanted to move to the city as well.

Mum called the trip "going home", but it didn't feel like home any more. Tame hadn't come with us. He was working shifts and couldn't take time off. He'd given up the apprenticeship and was training to be a fireman. His Christmas Day would be spent polishing the big fire engines, waiting for the bell to ring. Tame was living at the station. We didn't see much of him these days. Grandma and Grandpa said they didn't mind him not coming home for the holidays, but I could tell Mum did. She thought we should all be together. And she worried that Tame's job was too dangerous.

"He'll be all right," I told her. "He can run faster than any fire." That made Mum laugh, though later, I saw her wiping away tears.

When we got to the farm, one of the first things I'd wanted to do was visit the milking shed. Just before Tame moved to Auckland, Grandpa had laid a new concrete floor. Tame wanted to have a look before the concrete dried, and I was hanging off the fence, waiting. He came racing out, bursting with laughter, then wiped his feet in the long grass. Grandpa only noticed the prints once Tame had gone. He measured all our feet to see who was to blame.

Tame's footprints were still there. I stood in them, wriggling my toes until they were coated with pale dust. His feet were still bigger than mine, the way his legs were longer.

"This boy misses the farm," Grandma said when I was back at the house, eating her biscuits. "Soon as he arrives, he can't wait to get into that milking shed!"

Grandpa said nothing. His hand was heavy on my shoulder, and we didn't meet each other's eyes. I never told him that Tame was the one who spoilt the new concrete, but I'm pretty sure he knew.

A soft, monochromatic illustration of two footprints in snow. The footprints are simple, showing the basic shape and toes. The background is a light, hazy blue-grey, suggesting a snowy or misty landscape. The overall mood is quiet and nostalgic.

illustrations by Andrew Burdan

KEI TE TĀONE NUI

MĀORI AND THE CITY (1945–1970)

by Samuel Denny,
Caitlin Moffat-Young,
and Aroha Harris

Many people living in New Zealand enjoyed good times in the decades following the Second World War. The economy grew quickly, and there were plenty of jobs. Māori, especially young Māori, wanted to be part of the action, but the new jobs were in the city and most Māori still lived in rural areas. So thousands left their homes for what poet Hone Tuwhare called the “golden city”. While life there seemed attractive, it would also be challenging.





A worker at the Crown Lynn factory in Auckland in the 1960s

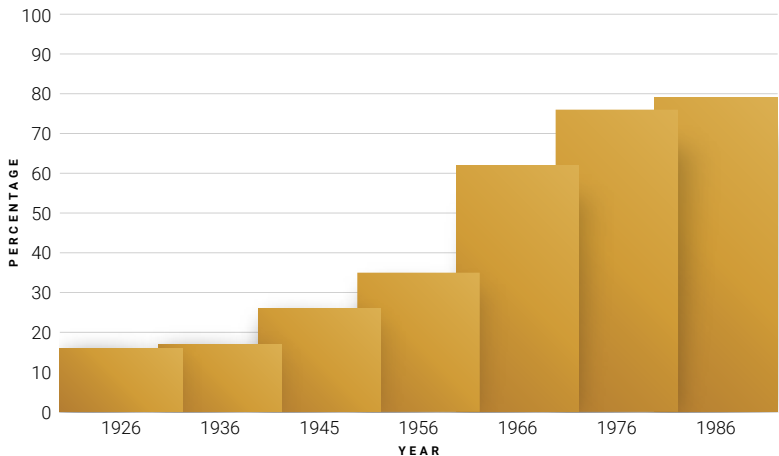
The golden city

During the Second World War (1939–1945), thousands of New Zealanders from all walks of life were sent overseas to fight. Those back home were expected to work to support the war effort. Most of the essential jobs were in the cities, and many Māori men and women moved from their rural homes to help do this work.

This was not the first time Māori had experienced cities. Māori first visited Sydney in 1793 and London in 1806, and in Aotearoa, several iwi knew firsthand what it meant to have a Pākehā town grow in their rohe. What was different about urban migration in the twentieth century was the number of people who moved and how quickly it happened. Between 1939 and 1951, the percentage of Māori living in a town or city doubled. By 1956, more than a third of the Māori population (35 percent) had moved to an urban area. A decade later, that number was almost two-thirds (62 percent). A lot of Māori moved to Auckland, and the Māori populations of Wellington, the Hutt Valley, Hamilton, and Gisborne also grew quickly over these years.



Dancers at the Ngāti Pōneke Young Māori Club in Wellington in the 1950s



Percentage of Māori living in urban areas by decade (1920s to 1980s)



Opportunity

Migration is the movement of people from one place to another, either within a country or between countries. Some people migrate by choice; others are forced to move. In the 1950s and 1960s, Māori moved for all kinds of reasons. Most wanted the opportunities that cities and large towns offered, especially the work. At the time, New Zealand goods were in high demand overseas, and this meant there were lots of jobs. Almost all of these jobs were semi-skilled or unskilled (known as “blue collar” work), which usually meant low pay and long hours. Māori men worked in factories and freezing works and on wharves and building sites. Like the men, many Māori women worked in factories. Others got jobs as cleaners, cooks, and telephone operators.

While most Māori ended up with lower-paid jobs, the government did set up training schemes so that some could qualify for skilled work, such as carpentry and mechanics for men and office work for women. However, young Māori weren’t encouraged to study for academic or professional careers. In 1966, there were still very few Māori professionals in Auckland – two dentists, one architect, one journalist, one accountant, seven university lecturers, and fourteen secondary school teachers.



TOP: Peter Papuni, who moved from Ōpōtiki to Auckland to train to be a carpenter

MIDDLE: A clothing factory in Rotorua, 1949, where three-quarters of the employees were Māori women

BOTTOM: Dancers at the Auckland Māori Community Centre, which opened in Freemans Bay in 1949

RIGHT: Young women in a Māori girls’ hostel, Wellington, 1954





Discrimination

Māori did enjoy some of the benefits of city life. Many had job security and a regular pay packet, and young Māori enjoyed dances, live music, and meeting new people. But they also faced discrimination. Some Pākehā landlords didn't want to rent their houses to Māori, or they overcharged Māori tenants or offered poor-quality houses to families in real need. Some Māori were also turned away from bars or were made to sit in certain parts of the cinema. Others were refused jobs, especially in places such as banks and department stores, where they would be serving customers.

Although the government tried to make it easier for Māori to live in the city, it did little to address the racial discrimination they faced. In this environment, maintaining culture and identity became important goals that Māori shared.



The Hunn report

In 1961, the government released the Hunn report. It explored “the social and economic circumstances of the Māori people”, looking at such things as health, education, housing, employment, and crime. The report’s author, Jack Kent Hunn, argued strongly for **integration** and suggested ways to make it happen as quickly as possible. It was important, he said, that New Zealand’s two peoples became one. Hunn’s ideas about integration affected government policies for years to come.

Hunn had a lot of critics, including academics, church ministers, and Māori leaders. They said he didn’t really want integration; he wanted Māori to adopt Pākehā ways with Pākehā making no changes in return – and this was **assimilation**. In the end, it didn’t really matter what term was used; the critics argued that Māori were expected to put their culture and values aside to blend in with the Pākehā majority. In the meantime, Pākehā weren’t encouraged to understand Māori in any way, and their prejudices weren’t challenged.

In his report, Hunn downplayed the discrimination that Māori faced in their everyday lives. He argued that any evidence came from isolated cases and there would be less racism as Māori became more integrated. Yet the Māori Women’s Welfare League described race relations as “one of the dominant issues” of the times. Many New Zealanders seemed to agree. Thousands protested when Māori rugby players were left out of the All Blacks team that was to tour South Africa in 1960 (“No Maoris – No Tour!” was one campaign slogan). Sporting contact with South Africa wasn’t the only issue that Māori protested about. They also raised long-held and widespread concerns about Māori land rights and Treaty rights.

integration: when people from different cultures join to become one

assimilation: when a group of people and their culture are absorbed by a more dominant people and culture





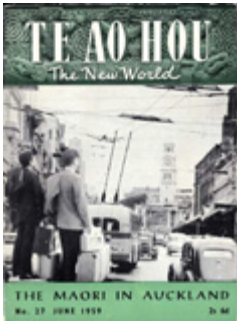
Urban whānau

Despite strong opposition, the government still aimed to integrate Māori. One policy, known as “pepper-potting”, led to small numbers of Māori families living in Pākehā neighbourhoods. The theory was that if Māori lived scattered among Pākehā, they would more quickly adapt to European ways. But policies such as pepper-potting couldn’t stop Māori from seeking each other out and forming their own communities. These centred around the same values and goals as well as a shared sense of identity.

In the 1960s, Letty Brown started the Waipareira playcentre in West Auckland. Brown wanted her children to be surrounded by aunts and uncles in the same way she had been when she grew up on the East Coast. While those who gathered around the group weren’t always related to the children by blood, they did come together as whānau. The playcentre and other community groups begun by urban Māori showed they could hold on to their world view, even when they lived among Pākehā and the government’s policies encouraged integration.

*Hone Tuwhare speaking at the first
Māori Festival of the Arts, 1963*





Te Ao Hou, a magazine started in 1952 and aimed at a Māori audience, with content that reflected both rural and urban lives

The opening of Te Kura Kaupapa Māori o Hoani Waititi, 1985 – New Zealand's first te reo Māori immersion primary school

Māori also connected through “workplace whānau”. Nellie Williams was employed in an Auckland factory where most of the workers were Māori women. She says that they spoke to one another in te reo Māori and shared kai during breaks. The women had their own way of creating a sense of home and expressing their identity, and they formed strong bonds based on their cultural values. They made the factory floor a place where they could support one another to be Māori together.

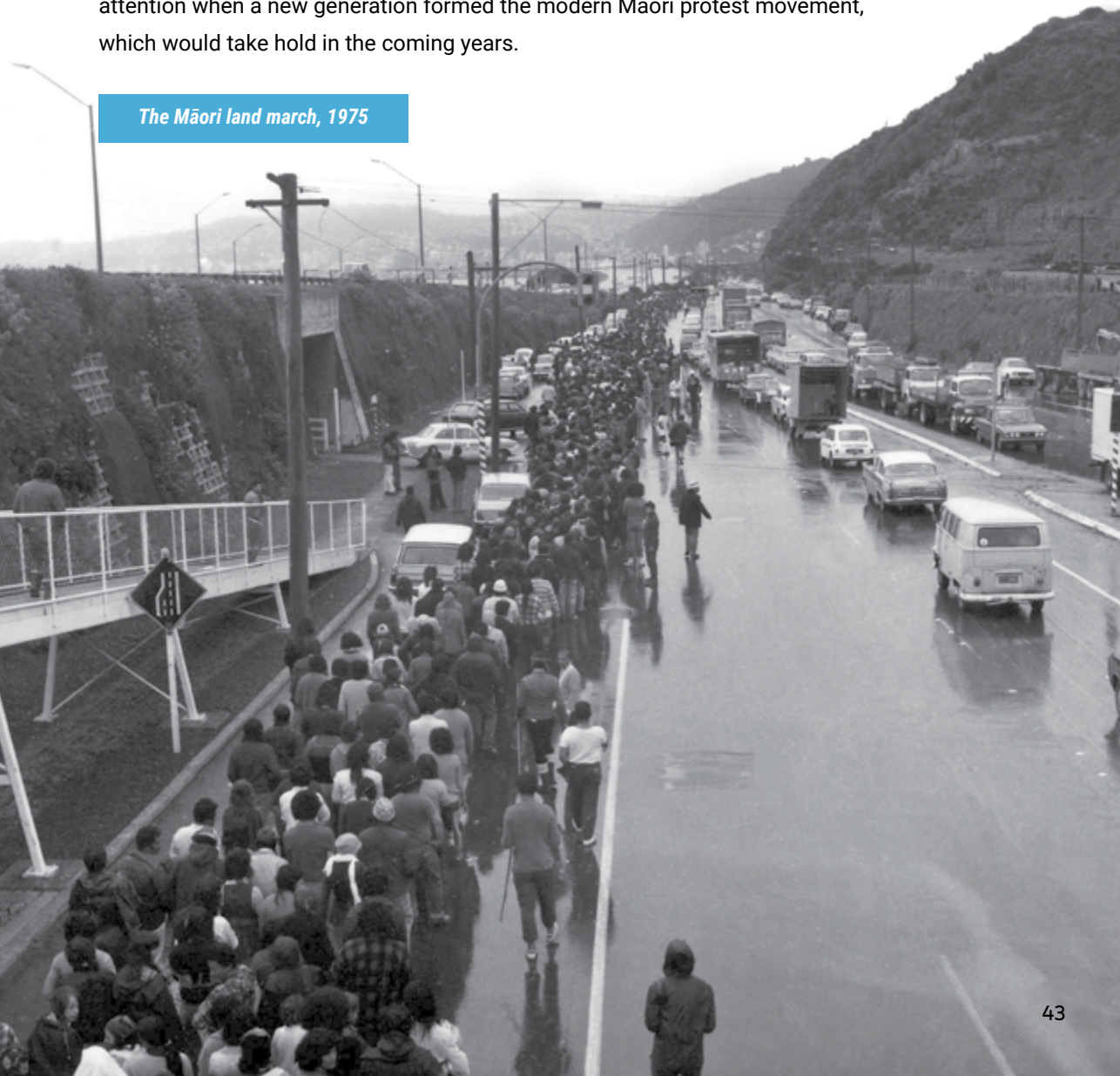
Outside work, urban Māori came together in all kinds of ways, including through sports clubs, church, Māori committee meetings, the Māori Women’s Welfare League, and kapa haka. Often people belonged to more than one of these groups, and sometimes these groups were part of a larger development. The plan to build Hoani Waititi Marae, for example, is linked to some of the first Māori community groups in West Auckland in the 1960s.

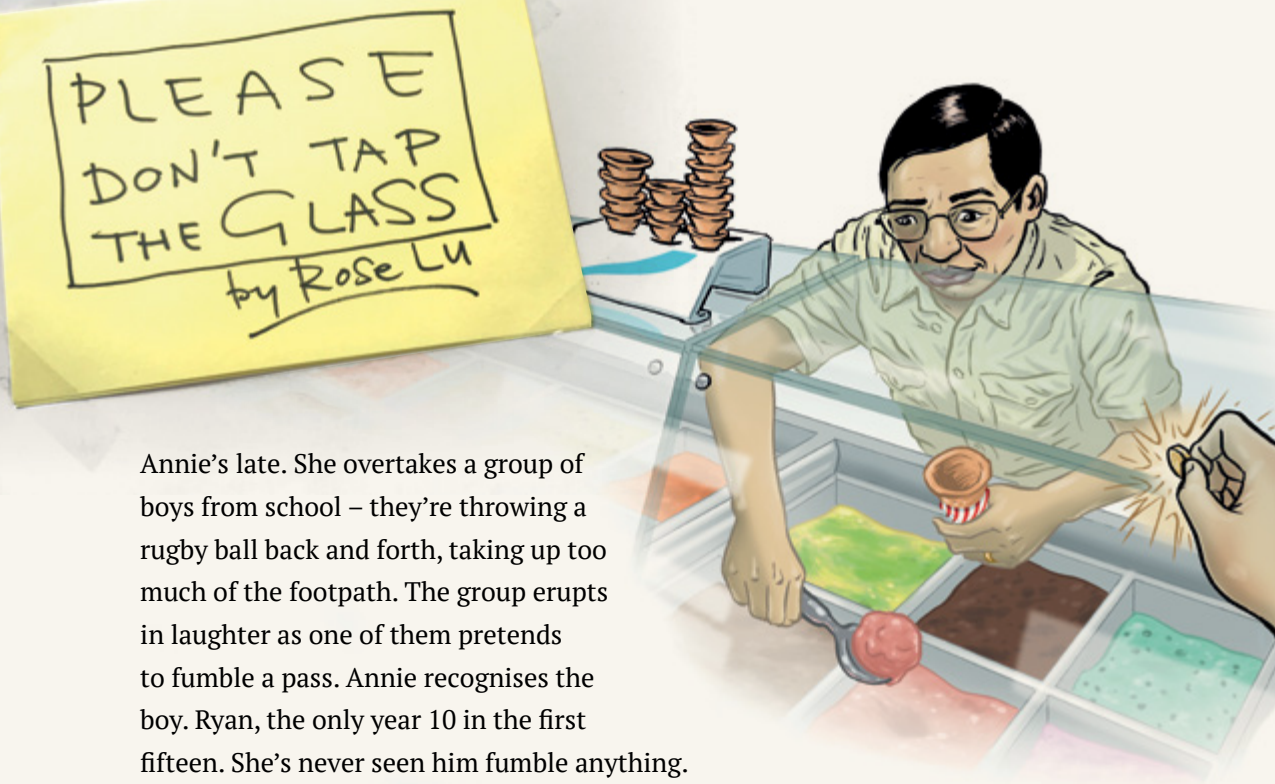


Change

By 1971, almost three-quarters of the Māori population lived in a town or city. The stories of Letty Brown and Nellie Williams show some of the ways that Māori met the challenges of urban living by focusing on their cultural values and practices. Still, the impact of Māori urban migration was deep and long-lasting. By the end of the 1960s, Māori had begun organising themselves so they could debate and take action on key issues, including race, land rights, Treaty rights, and te reo Māori. The issues raised weren't new, but they would receive fresh attention when a new generation formed the modern Māori protest movement, which would take hold in the coming years.

The Māori land march, 1975





Annie's late. She overtakes a group of boys from school – they're throwing a rugby ball back and forth, taking up too much of the footpath. The group erupts in laughter as one of them pretends to fumble a pass. Annie recognises the boy. Ryan, the only year 10 in the first fifteen. She's never seen him fumble anything.

The dairy's humming when she gets there. Her dad's stationed behind the ice-cream cabinet, frowning as he quickly rolls scoops. There's a small crowd waiting. One kid leans on the cabinet and taps his coin on the glass. Last week, she'd overheard her dad talking to Auntie Yan back in China. "They don't think about it," he'd complained in Mandarin. "The noise is deafening."

Annie goes straight to the cash register. She motions to the customers who aren't queuing for ice creams. Three cans are plonked in front of her: two energy drinks and an iced tea. "That comes to \$9.70," she says to the man. She takes his ten-dollar note and hands back his change.

It's busier than usual, but Annie can keep up now. After three months – the time it has been since they left Auckland – she's finally starting to feel comfortable in the dairy, and maybe even in this new city. It's easier now she has the prices memorised; she doesn't have to crane past the customers to check the signs.

Her dad catches her eye and looks over to the main drinks fridge. Annie sees the thinning rows and nods. After two more people, there's a break, and she goes out to the storeroom. She fills a basket with their most popular drinks and carries it into the shop. At the fridge, she brings the chilled cans forward and puts the new ones at the back, but before she's finished, she senses someone behind and quickly moves out of their way. It's Ryan. He takes his time, propping the fridge door open with his leg, yakking to his friends while he decides what to buy.

At last, Ryan closes his hand around a can of cola. He frowns. He looks at the drink, then he looks at Annie. “Hey, shop girl. Can I have a discount cos it’s not cold?”

Annie feels her cheeks heat up. She looks at the floor and shakes her head.

“Is that a no?”

Annie doesn’t move.

“Probably can’t understand me.” Ryan shrugs to his friends, and they laugh and walk away.

Now Annie’s cheeks are burning. She has two classes with Ryan: PE but also English, which is her best subject. She opens her mouth, but he’s already heading for the counter, and besides, it’s not like she knows what to say. She looks round to see if anyone was listening, but people are absorbed by their own conversations, so she puts the last few cans in the fridge and picks up the empty basket.



But now Ryan’s in the middle of the shop, right in her way. Her dad’s back at the cash register, and Annie decides to wait till Ryan leaves so she doesn’t have to walk past him. She surveys the shop, trying to look busy, and spots a guy standing at the other fridge. He has his back to her, and she can’t see his arms, but there’s something odd about his behaviour. Annie moves to get a better look just as the guy takes a can of drink and slides it up his sleeve. He puts his hands in his pockets and walks casually towards the door, head down so that his thick brown hair hides his face.

Annie clenches her fists. Her hands feel clammy. Her eyes dart towards her dad, and she motions towards the thief, who's almost at the door.

"Hey!" her dad shouts. The shop falls quiet. "Stop!" he says, striding out from behind the counter.

The thief starts to run, and the can drops out of his sleeve. It falls with a clatter, bouncing a few times before spraying open. Annie's dad stands in the doorway, watching the thief take off down the road. An excited crowd has gathered behind him, careful to avoid the fizzy puddle.

"Did you see that? He just bolted!"

"Who was it?"

"It's only a can of drink!"

"Oi, I got sprayed!" Ryan announces. He points at his socks. Annie can see a few damp patches. "My dad's a cop," he continues. "He definitely would've caught the guy if he was here."

Annie's dad comes back inside. His anxious face takes in the energised crowd. "No troubles," he says, but no one hears apart from Annie. "No troubles," he repeats, louder this time.

"My dad's a cop, mister," Ryan says. "Want me to call him?"

Annie's dad shakes his head. "No troubles." He picks up the sticky can and walks out the back. Something in the air dissipates once he's gone. The kids turn away from the puddle, and Annie goes to serve more customers.

When her dad returns with a bucket and mop, Ryan starts up again. "You're just gonna let that guy spray his drink and walk away?" he asks loudly. He checks to see if anyone's listening. Annie's dad dunks his mop in the bucket. The water's grey and chalky. When he pushes the mop over the floor, the grey water swirls with the pale yellow drink, making it all look like runny vomit.

"My dad catches bad guys all the time," Ryan says.

Silently, Annie's dad pushes the mop forward and back.

"But you're just happy to let him spray and walk away. You're the spray and walk away guy!" One of Ryan's friends sniggers. A few of the others shuffle and shift their feet. Ryan mimes mopping, and Annie's dad places the mop back in the bucket. The floor is wet and shiny. He looks over at Ryan, who's still pretending to mop, and frowns. The familiar heat burns Annie's cheeks, but it's different this time. The feeling is coming from deep in her belly.

"You're the spray and walk away guy, eh!" Ryan says again, eyes bright.



WARNING

Stop the virus

TV Weekly

Annie's dad picks up the bucket. "Walk away. Yes, walk away," he says slowly. Ryan and his friends burst out laughing.

Annie's throat feels hot and tight. She forces out her words. "Stop it!" A hush falls. None of the kids at school have ever heard her use a voice like this.

"Stop what?" Ryan asks innocently.

"You know what. Leave." Annie places her hands on her hips and stares straight at him. From the corner of her eye, she sees an older boy frown.

Ryan breaks eye contact first. "Whatever, shop girl. We were going anyway. We'll spend our money somewhere else."

"It's Annie."

Ryan ignores this and returns his cola to the fridge. Then he leaves with his friends. The people in the dairy go back to talking, their noise loud enough to mask the sound of blood rushing in Annie's ears. The boy who frowned comes up to the counter with a packet of chips and smiles apologetically. Annie doesn't return his smile. She quickly serves the remaining customers, careful to avoid her father's gaze.

When he comes over and places a hand on her shoulder, Annie sees that his eyes are shiny. He's upset. Annie unclenches her teeth, tries to make her face less hard.

Her dad notices and smiles. He holds up a marker and a small piece of paper. "Can you help me write a sign, Annie?" he says in Mandarin.

"What should it say?" she asks.

"Please don't tap the glass."



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