

The New Zealand
Curriculum

LEVEL
2



SCHOOL JOURNAL

JUNE 2014



FIRST WORLD WAR
1914–1918



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
The Ants and the Grasshopper	4
Iron Tamariki	4
First World War Mascots	4
Cats – Who Needs Them?	4
Mascots	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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THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

THE SEQUEL

by Dave Armstrong



It was a cold winter's night. A southerly gale was blowing up from Antarctica. Every creature in the bush was freezing — except the ants. The ants were safe and warm inside their colony, and they had plenty to eat.

It had been different during the summer. While the ants gathered food and insulated their colony, all the other creatures relaxed in the sun and enjoyed themselves. It felt as if the good times would never end.

“Hey, ants. Lighten up and come and eat with us,” said the huhu grubs as they feasted on dead wood.

“Sorry, can’t stop now,” replied the ants.

“Chill out and enjoy the sun,” said the wētā as he lazed on a log. “You won’t get the chance in winter.”

“No time,” said the ants. “There’s work to do.”

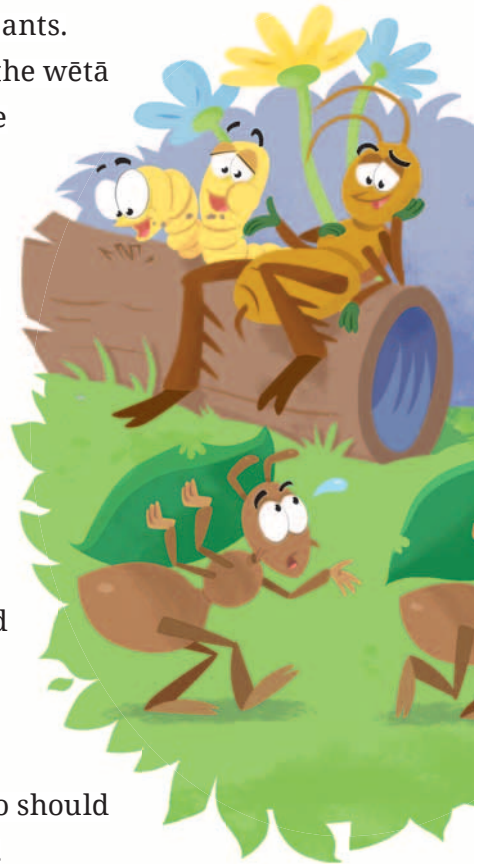
“Check out all the amazing flowers and plants,” said the wasps as they buzzed from place to place.

“Out of the question,” replied the ants. “We know which plants we need to check out – the ones that can be stored for us to eat in winter.”

The grasshopper was not interested in gathering food. He lay in the hot sun and rubbed his legs together to make music.

“We’re preparing for winter, and so should you,” said the ants to the grasshopper.

The grasshopper laughed. “Plenty of time for that,” he said. “Sit down and take it easy. Listen to these beautiful sounds.”





Now, only a few months later, the bedraggled grasshopper pounded at the entrance to the ant colony.

“Let me in! Let me in! It’s freezing out here.”

“Why should we let you in?” replied the ants. “You spent the entire summer doing nothing but making music. When we advised you to prepare for winter, you laughed.”

“But if you don’t let me in, I could die!”

“That is not really our problem,” said the ants. They went back to enjoying a particularly delicious dead bug that had rotted into a pleasant soup.

The wind blew even harder. Snow began to fall.

“I’ll do anything you want,” pleaded the grasshopper. “Just let me in.”

The ants sighed. It was so typical of grasshoppers to behave this way.

“But what can you offer us?” asked the ants. “Are there any services you can provide?”

“I can play music.”

“That’s no good to us. Anything else?”

The grasshopper thought very hard.

“I can hop.”

“That’s even less useful than playing music.”

The grasshopper thought of all the things he could do that might interest the ants.

“I can serve you food. I can fix your roof if it leaks. I can stay awake and keep watch while you all sleep.”

The ants discussed the issue among themselves.

It might be useful having a grasshopper around to provide some extra labour.

“Very well,” said the ants.

“You can spend the winter with us.”

The grateful grasshopper leapt with joy. Then he came in and immediately began munching on a juicy leaf. “It’s so lovely and warm in here, and there’s food!” he exclaimed.

“You can eat later,” said the ants. “Now get to work. No wasting time, no fun, and most of all, no music.”

“No music at all,” replied the grasshopper obediently.



So, all that winter, the grasshopper worked for the ants. He was their waiter while they feasted on the food they had gathered in summer. He kept watch over the ants while they slept. And when the roof of the ant colony leaked, the grasshopper hopped up and fixed it. The grasshopper had never worked so hard in his life. But in return, he kept warm and received enough food to stay alive.



When summer finally came, the grasshopper was exhausted, but he was alive. As the ants started work, preparing for the next winter, the grasshopper lay down and rubbed his legs together to make music.

“Ah, the sound of summer!” cried the huhu grubs. “What great music. Why not come and play at our party next week? We’re celebrating the beginning of summer.”

“I’d love to,” replied the grasshopper.

The ants looked at each other with disapproval. Some creatures were beyond help – always relying on others and never bothering to help themselves.

But then the grasshopper said something unexpected. “So what will you pay me for making music at your party?”

The huhu grubs looked up with surprise. “Pay you? But you love making music.”

“True, but if I make music for free, I’ll have no food or shelter next winter.”

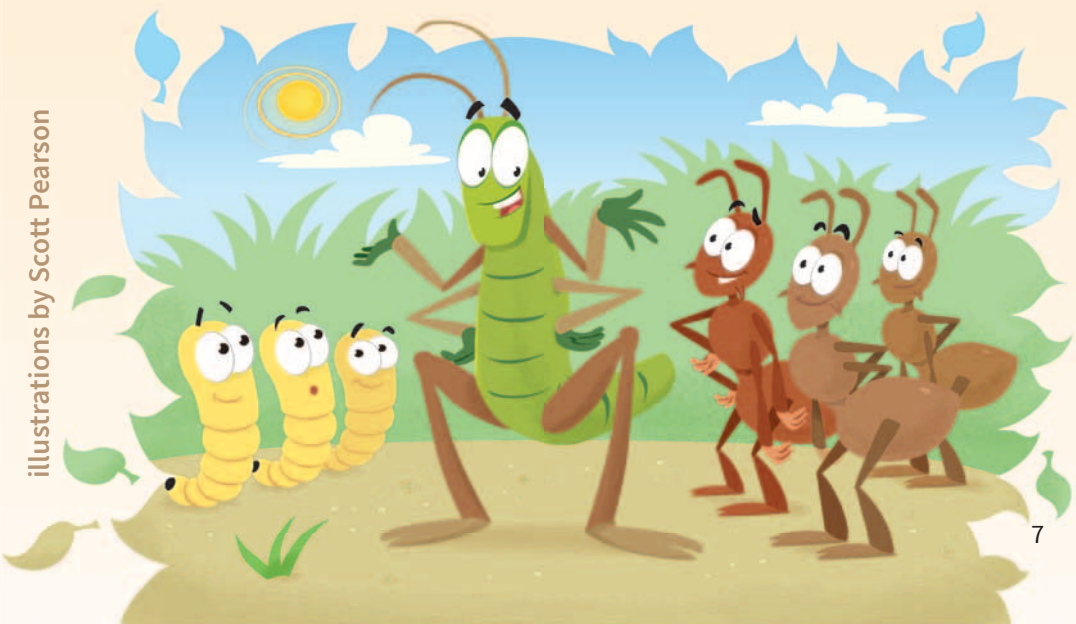
The huhu grubs had a quick conference. “Perhaps we could trade some food that we’ve collected.”

“That would be wonderful,” the grasshopper smiled. “But don’t give all the food to me,” he continued. “Give some of it to the ants.”

The ants couldn’t believe what they were hearing.

“But you did all that work,” they said, confused. “You’ve already paid for your food and shelter.”

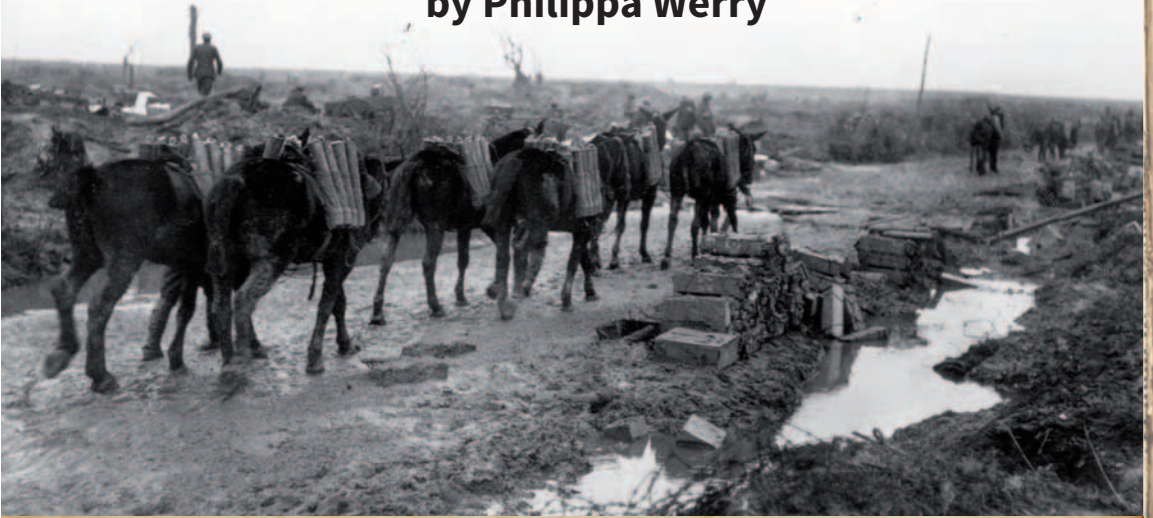
“I know,” said the grasshopper. “But you saved my life and taught me a very good lesson. You can have some of the food that the huhu grubs collect, too. Let’s just call it interest.”



FIRST WORLD WAR MASCOTS

ANIMALS AT WAR

by Philippa Werry



War is no place for an animal – or is it?

You might be surprised to know that many animals took part in the First World War. Horses were used by the **cavalry**. They also pulled guns and supply wagons. Dogs were trained to look for wounded soldiers in “**no-man’s land**”. Cats caught rats in the trenches, homing pigeons delivered messages, and donkeys carried water and supplies.

Other animals went to war, too, but not to work. They went as mascots.

WHAT IS A MASCOT?

A mascot is used to represent a group of people or a team. Often it's an animal or some kind of soft toy, such as a teddy bear. Some people even think that mascots bring good luck and help to achieve success.

WHY DID SOLDIERS HAVE MASCOTS?

Many New Zealand **troops** had mascots. Dogs were always popular, but there were also birds, cats, donkeys, goats, and monkeys. The soldiers kept mascots for many reasons. A mascot was a symbol for the **regiment**. It was also a friend and companion, like a pet. It added humour and fun to everyday life. A mascot was good for **morale** because it cheered up the soldiers.

Thousands of New Zealanders took part in the war. They were a long way from home and living in terrible conditions. A mascot gave them something positive to think about. It was a reminder of home and normal life. Many New Zealanders were killed and injured in the war. Some people probably hoped that their mascot would bring them good luck and keep them safe.



Paddy, the Wellington Regiment mascot, on parade in France in 1918

WHERE DID THE MASCOTS COME FROM?

Some soldiers had mascots while they were in New Zealand, and some had mascots when they were overseas.

IN NEW ZEALAND

Many soldiers spent several months in training camps before going overseas to join the fighting. The camp at Featherston was home to a number of animals. They included a goat that followed the men around and a terrier that liked to listen to the brass band.

In December 1915, a group of soldiers marched over the Rimutaka hill from the Featherston camp. They were on their way to the ships that would take them to Europe. The newspaper said that the men were “as merry as boys out for a picnic”. They sang all the way up the long, steep hill. The soldiers were led by their mascot, a playful puppy that had been practising **drill** with them.

OVERSEAS

When soldiers were overseas, they often found or bought animals that they kept as mascots. Some New Zealand and Australian soldiers bought a small donkey as a mascot while they were on leave in Cairo, Egypt. Then they had to get it back to their camp outside the city. They tried to get on a **tram**, but the conductor did not want to take the donkey. The soldiers didn’t want to leave her, so they paid the donkey’s fare as well as their own.

The Auckland Mounted Rifles had a Great Dane called Rona as a mascot. Some of the men met her at a train station in London. Rona was waiting with her owner on the same platform. She went over and made friends with the soldiers. The men liked her so much, and Rona seemed so happy with them, that her owner handed Rona over to them on the spot.



Above: Moses, an Egyptian donkey, was the mascot of the New Zealand Army Service Corps.

Left: A soldier in the Auckland Mounted Rifles holds a pet desert fox.

Below: Jimmy, the mascot of the Otago Mounted Rifles, has a drink.



≡ PELORUS JACK, ABLE SEA DOG

It wasn't only soldiers in the army who had mascots. Sailors in the navy had them, too. Pelorus Jack was a bulldog that lived on the ship HMS *New Zealand*. The dog was named after a famous dolphin that used to swim beside boats in the Marlborough Sounds.

In fact, there were two dogs called Pelorus Jack. The first one joined the ship as a puppy in 1913, before the war. He used to line up with the sailors every morning for the captain's inspection.

During the war, he would stand on deck when there was fighting and bark at the exploding shells.



The first Pelorus Jack



HMS *New Zealand*, where Pelorus Jack lived

When the first Pelorus Jack died in an accident (he fell down a funnel), a second bulldog with the same name took his place. The second dog joined HMS *New Zealand* in 1916. He was on the ship during the Battle of Jutland, which was the largest naval battle of the war. Many ships were sunk, and nearly ten thousand men died. But Pelorus Jack survived.

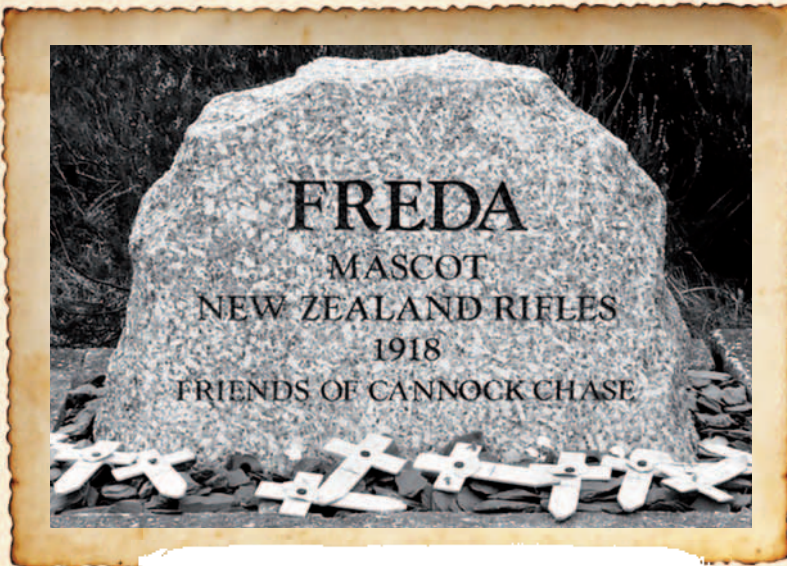
After the war, the captain of HMS *New Zealand* gave Pelorus Jack to the City of Auckland. You can still see two of his silver collars, one at the Auckland Museum and one at the Navy Museum in Devonport.

≡ WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MASCOTS?

Not all the mascots survived the war. Some died during the fighting. A dog called Freda, the mascot of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade, has her own gravestone at Cannock Chase in England.

Many mascots were left behind when the soldiers had to move on. Several animals were given to the Cairo zoo when the troops left the city.

Most of the mascots were not allowed to return to New Zealand after the war because of **quarantine** rules. However, some were probably brought back secretly. There are stories of soldiers hiding mascots under their clothing or in their luggage. Soldiers and animals had been through a lot together, and the soldiers couldn't bear to leave their animal friends behind.



Freda's grave, at Cannock Chase in England



Corporal, the mascot of the Fighting Fifth (Reinforcements)

GLOSSARY

cavalry: soldiers who fight on horses

drill: training and practice for battle

morale: how good a person or group of people is feeling

no-man's land: the area between the two armies facing each other in battle

quarantine: when a person or animal is kept away from others for a period of time to help stop the spread of disease

regiment: a unit of soldiers in the army

tram: a passenger vehicle that is like a bus but runs on rails

troops: soldiers

Mascots

Sports teams, bands, and armies
all liked household pets
to be onsite.

When Masterton's band beat drums
and blew their horns so rousinglly,
they won a medal; their mascot Roy,
a collie, wore one, too.

Another dog he can't have known, because
this one barked in French, was mascot to the Auckland
Regimental Band in World War I. A terrier, he sat upon
the largest drum.

Quite like the dog who stood atop the running
board of Whanganui's fire brigade, though he didn't
fight the fires – he just enjoyed the ride.

Mooloo the cow rang bells to help Waikato's rugby team
succeed. Unlike in the war, the score was
drawn. No players hurt, they all swapped shirts,
then left the field.

Jenny Bornholdt



The Masterton District Brass Band with Roy, their mascot, pictured in 1903. They are wearing the medals they won in a competition.

The Auckland Regimental Band with their mascot in France in 1918. Like mascots, bands were important in keeping up morale.



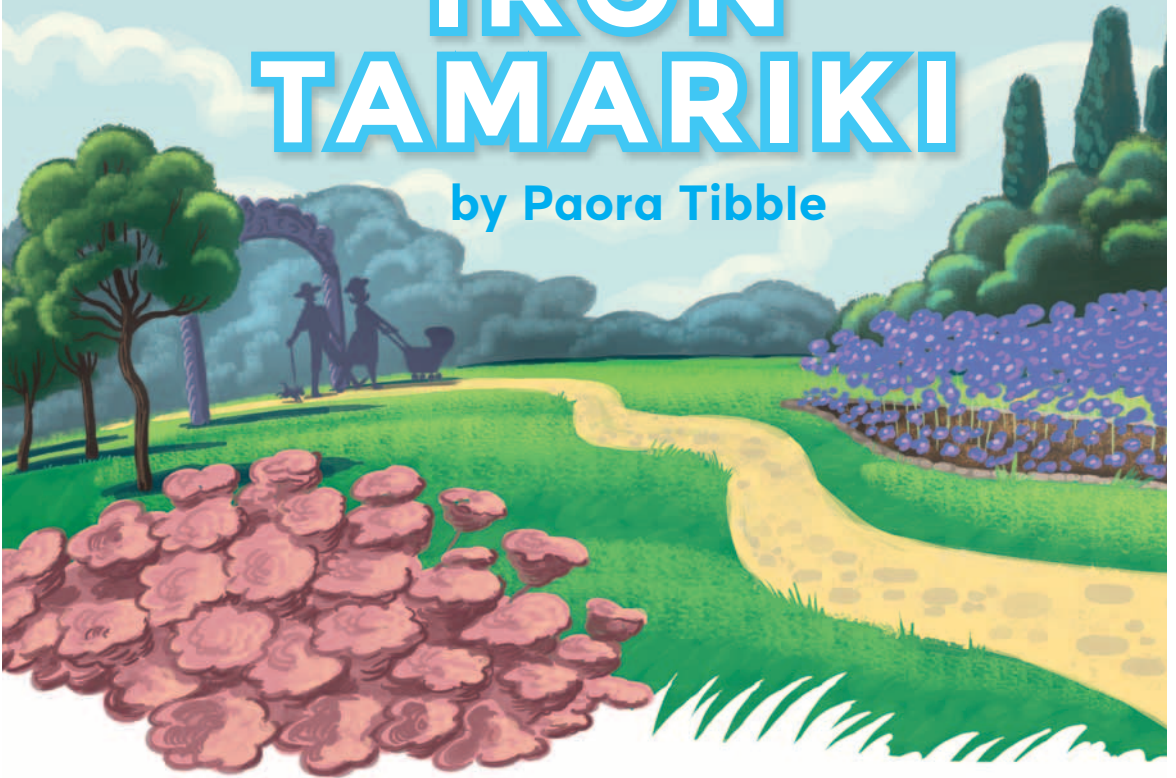
The Whanganui Fire Brigade outside the central fire station in 1926. Their mascot is sitting on the running board.

The Waikato district is well known for its dairy farming, so Mooloo is an appropriate mascot for the rugby team.



IRON TAMARIKI

by Paora Tibble



“I ... hate ... running ...,” I suck in a few deep, long breaths.

“C’mon, cuddie! You can do it!”

That’s Dad. He’s always trying to wind me up.

“Dad, my name isn’t cuddie!”

Dad’s helping me train for IronMāori Tamariki – a 100-metre swim followed by a 1-kilometre run. It’s going to be held in Napier in December.

“OK, Mana. Here’s the deal. If you can complete this IronMāori Tamariki event, I’ll make your favourite dinner every night for the whole year!”



“Cool! But do you really think I’m going to be fit enough?”

“Well, son,” he says, “you know your father wasn’t always this lean, mean machine. I may look twenty and all muscle ...” (he doesn’t) “... but when I was your age ...”

Here he goes again. Dad has this story about how he was once “tubby” like me, but through hard work, he now looks like a Māori version of a superhero! (Once again, he doesn’t.) I tune out and keep running.



“Hey, Dad, how far did we run?” I ask when we get back to his place.

“E toru kiromita,” Dad says. That’s 3 kilometres!

I jump into the shower. Then it’s teatime – bacon and mushroom pasta. Yum! Dad’s partner, Sharon, is a mean cook.

Afterwards, while we’re doing the dishes, Dad tells me about his latest “good read”.

“You know Richie McCaw?”

“Duh! Richie McCaw, All Blacks’ captain!”

“Well, do you know what he was like when he was your age?”

“Yeah, nah. Why?”

“He was like you.”

“What, Māori?”

“No. I’ll show you. Check this out.”

He hands me a book. It’s about Richie McCaw. I look at the photos of Richie McCaw as a kid. He’s like me – kind of chunky!

“Far! Dad, so you think I can do this IronMāori Tamariki?”

“Son, I know you can.”





The next day, Mum picks me up from the swimming pool. (I spend a week with Mum and a week with Dad.) Training for the swim is easy. I'm in the Orca group. I'm not the fastest swimmer, but I can do ten lengths easy. Swimming just feels right. It's not hard work like running.

Luckily nobody hears when Mum says, "Hey, what happened to my cuddly son? You've lost some weight, taku pēpi. Are they feeding you OK over there?"

"It's all good, Mum."

"I hope Dad's not pushing you too much. Are you sure you can do this IronMāori Tamariki?"

I don't answer. Stuff about Dad makes Mum annoyed. "Mum, are you coming to Napier to watch me?" I ask instead.

She changes the subject.



E toru marama i muri iho (Three months later)

It's race day, and we're in Napier. We're staying at Nanny Mere's house. The race is about to start. I've got butterflies in my stomach. I'm wearing my togs, my rashie, my goggles, and my swimming cap, and I'm covered all over with sunblock. A few kids have wetsuits. Some of us have already dipped our feet into the water. It's cold, but not Wellington cold. Just before we go down to the start line, I look out for my whānau. There they are – Dad, Sharon, and Nanny Mere. They all give me the big thumbs up.

I talk in my head. "Deep breaths, Mana. Relax. You're an orca. Salt water is your home." Someone's talking with a loudspeaker. Then BANG! It's on!



There must be thirty of us kids. Some run as fast as they can, but I don't. I jog into the water. Yes, it's still cold as. The first few strokes, and I'm getting used to the shock of the freezing water. But this is where my extra insulation comes in handy. There are a few kids in front of me. We're all swimming to the orange buoy.

Soon, I get into my rhythm – three strokes, then breathe. I look up every now and then to make sure I'm going in the right direction. I'm cruising. In no time at all, I've swum around the buoy. Yeah! Halfway back to shore, I have a look around. I'm in the lead! That's when I turn it up a gear. My legs and my arms all work together. I'm a machine!





I'm the first kid out of the water. Dad, Sharon, and Nanny Mere are hard out cheering me on ... and so is my mum! I stop and stare. She's standing in the crowd with Dad and Sharon. This is just weird. "Mum! What are you doing here?"

"Don't worry about me, speedy! Kia tere!" The crowd around Mum crack up laughing.

I get to the transition area, where we change for the oma. I put my shoes on. I didn't know Mum was coming. It feels great to know she's watching, too.

Now I'm running out, around the corner, and onto the main road. Some of the other kids have caught up. A few boys run past me. I'm not worried. I've got this rhythm going, like when I swim. I'm just running, and it feels good. I've run heaps of kilometres over the last three months. This isn't hard – I can do it. People I don't even know call out to me, "Kia kaha, boy!"

Crossing the line, I get this big cheer. I've done it, but I'm wiped out. It's a mean buzz getting my medal for completing the event. All my whānau give me a big hug. Mum, Dad, and Sharon are all smiling. It's the first time I've seen Mum in a good mood around Dad, and she's yakking up a storm with Sharon.

"So, Dad," I say at last. "You have to cook me macaroni cheese every night for a year!"

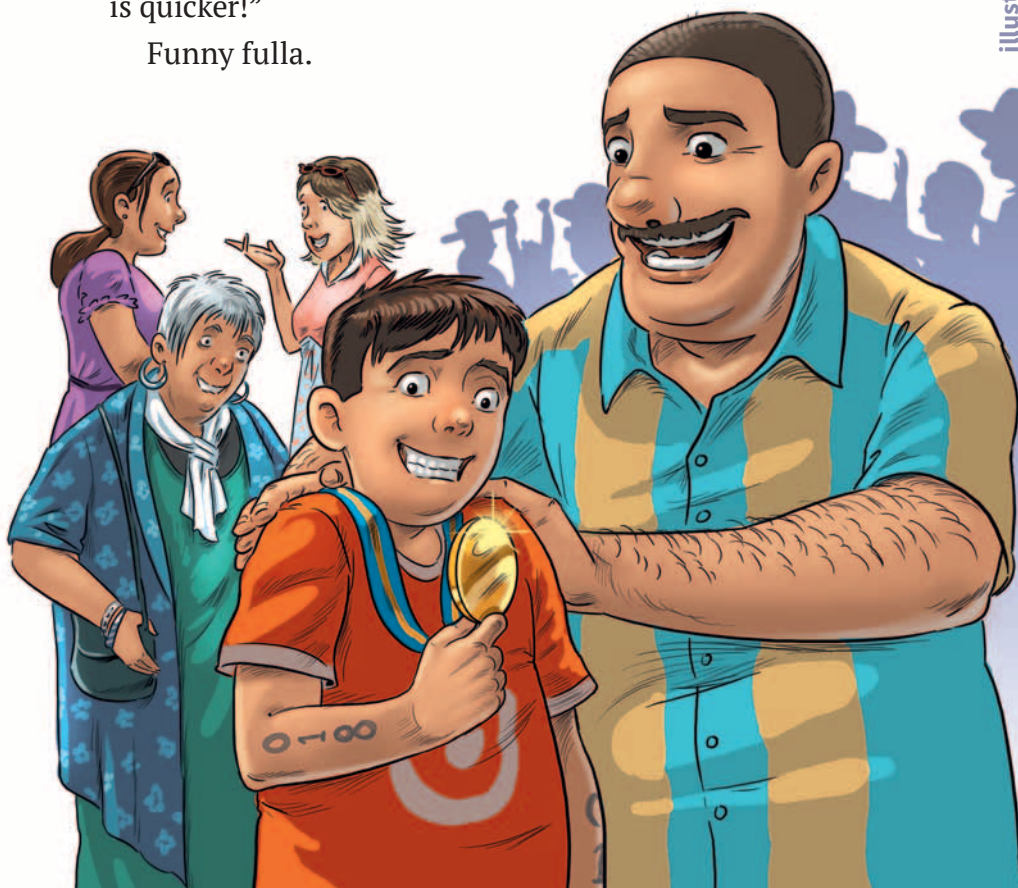
"I said for *the* year," Dad says with a smile. "It's December, so that's dinner for the next two weeks."

"But, Dad ...," I say.

Dad gives a wink. "You're quick, cuddie, but your Dad is quicker!"

Funny fulla.

illustrations by Donovan Bixley





CATS

WHO NEEDS THEM?

by Anne Thomas



The debate is on. Is one of our most popular pets really a cruel killer?

Hello, kitty!

You've just got your new kitten. She's fluffy and very cute, and you fall in love with her right away. Then you discover that she has sharp claws and even sharper teeth. Sometimes she scratches and bites you when you play with her.

One day, she brings her first dead bird into the house. She's really proud, but you're not. You start to see that there might be two sides to your cute new friend.






Two sides to cats

Cats are one of New Zealand's most popular pets. We have nearly 1.5 million of them. In fact, New Zealand has more cats per person than any other country. Almost half of our homes have at least one cat.

Cats provide company and comfort to many people, but cats can also be killers. They catch small animals, insects, and birds. And sadly, they don't care if the bird they kill is a common sparrow or an endangered black robin.



Because there are two sides to cats, people have different views about them. Gareth Morgan, a well-known businessman, believes that cats are “serial killers”. He says that they kill too many of our native birds. Gareth Morgan thinks that we should get rid of these **predators** from New Zealand completely. However, Bob Kerridge of the SPCA says that only about 50 percent of cats actually hunt. “Although they may hunt some native birds,” he says, “they're fussy about what they go after. Rather than birds, their first choice of **prey** is usually an animal that lives on the ground, such as a rat, a lizard, or an insect.”



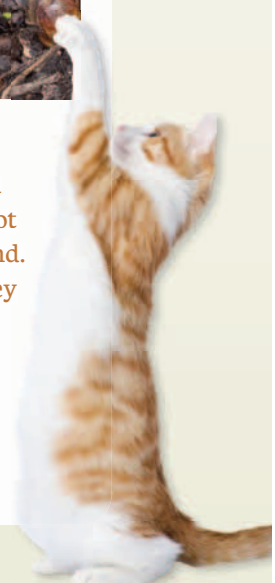
Controlling cats

The law states that there are three kinds of cats – companion cats, stray (or colony) cats, and feral cats. (You can read more about the three kinds of cats on page 29.)

However, not everyone agrees. Some people believe that all cats are the same and want more laws to control them. They say that cats are not native to New Zealand. Our native birds and animals were here first, and they have adapted to an environment with few predators. Some birds can't fly, and others nest on the ground, which makes them easy to catch. They need to be protected from introduced predators.



Native birds and animals like the weka, short-tailed bat, and tuatara spend a lot of their time on the ground. This makes them easy prey for cats.



Kinds of cats

The **Animal Welfare Act** says that there are three kinds of cats.

COMPANION CATS are the cats that live in our homes. They are fed and cared for, taken to the vet when they're sick, and are like a member of the family.



STRAY (OR COLONY) CATS often live in groups in places such as parks and reserves. These cats may have been dumped by their owners or become lost - maybe when their owner moved house.



Stray cats depend on people for their food, so they live close to where people live. They are sometimes called community cats. They are usually shy and frightened, so they might hiss or spit at anyone coming close to them. Bob Kerridge says that stray cats might seem to be “wild”, but they're not really.

The SPCA is studying these cats. They want to find out how many live in colonies and who looks after them. There are at least two hundred cat colonies

in Auckland alone. About 120 **volunteers** take care of these cats.

FERAL CATS are truly “wild” cats. They mostly live deep in the bush or forest where they are never seen. They have to find their own food. Other wild animals, such as possums, also survive in this way.

Because native animals and birds are their main diet, the Department of Conservation (DOC) says that feral cats are pests. DOC workers trap and kill these cats. Each year, DOC spends around \$2 million working out the best way to control cats and other pests.



The SPCA used to **put down** most stray cats that were brought to them. Now they run a TNR (Trap, **Neuter**, and Return) programme. When a stray cat is caught, it is neutered to stop it from having kittens. Then the cat is returned to where it came from. The SPCA says because these cats can no longer have kittens, there will be fewer stray cats over time.

However, some people don't like the TNR programme. They say that when the cats are put back into their old environment, they can keep on killing wildlife.

Protecting our wildlife

People have thought of many other ways to help protect our native birds and animals from cats. One thing that might help is to put a **microchip** in all cats. Microchips contain all the owner's details. It means that if someone finds a lost cat, it can be returned home, and it will not become part of the stray cat population.

Some other ideas are:

- keeping cats indoors when possible
- having cats neutered to stop them having too many kittens
- putting a collar and bell on every cat
- making sure all cats are well-fed and cared for.



Ancient cats

It's thought that people first tamed cats around four thousand years ago. Cats were useful because they got rid of rats and mice. Over time, they became companions and household pets as well.

In ancient Egypt, people worshipped cats. Mummified cats have been found in Egyptian **tombs**. One cat goddess was called Bastet.



This mummified cat is now held in the Louvre museum in Paris, France.





In summary

Cats make wonderful pets, but they are also very good at hunting. They can do a lot of damage to our native wildlife. Some people think we should get rid of every cat. Others think that cats should be free to go where they like. Still others think that we can have cats as well as our native wildlife as long as cats are carefully controlled. What do you think?



Glossary

Animal Welfare Act: the law that protects animals and says how they must be treated

microchip: a tiny piece of hard material (usually silicon) that stores information

neuter: to stop an animal from being able to have young

predator: an animal that hunts other animals

prey: an animal that is hunted by another animal

put down: a painless way of killing an animal, usually done by a vet

tomb: a special building where dead people are buried

volunteer: a person who does a job without being paid for it

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