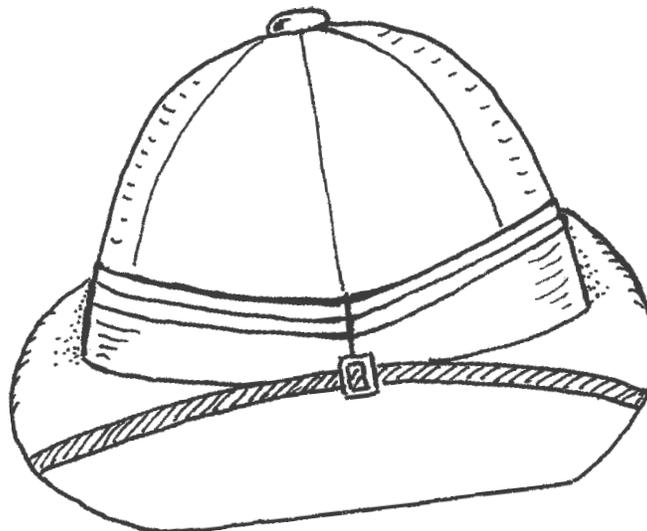

“How to Make a Pith Helmet” Instructions

You will need:

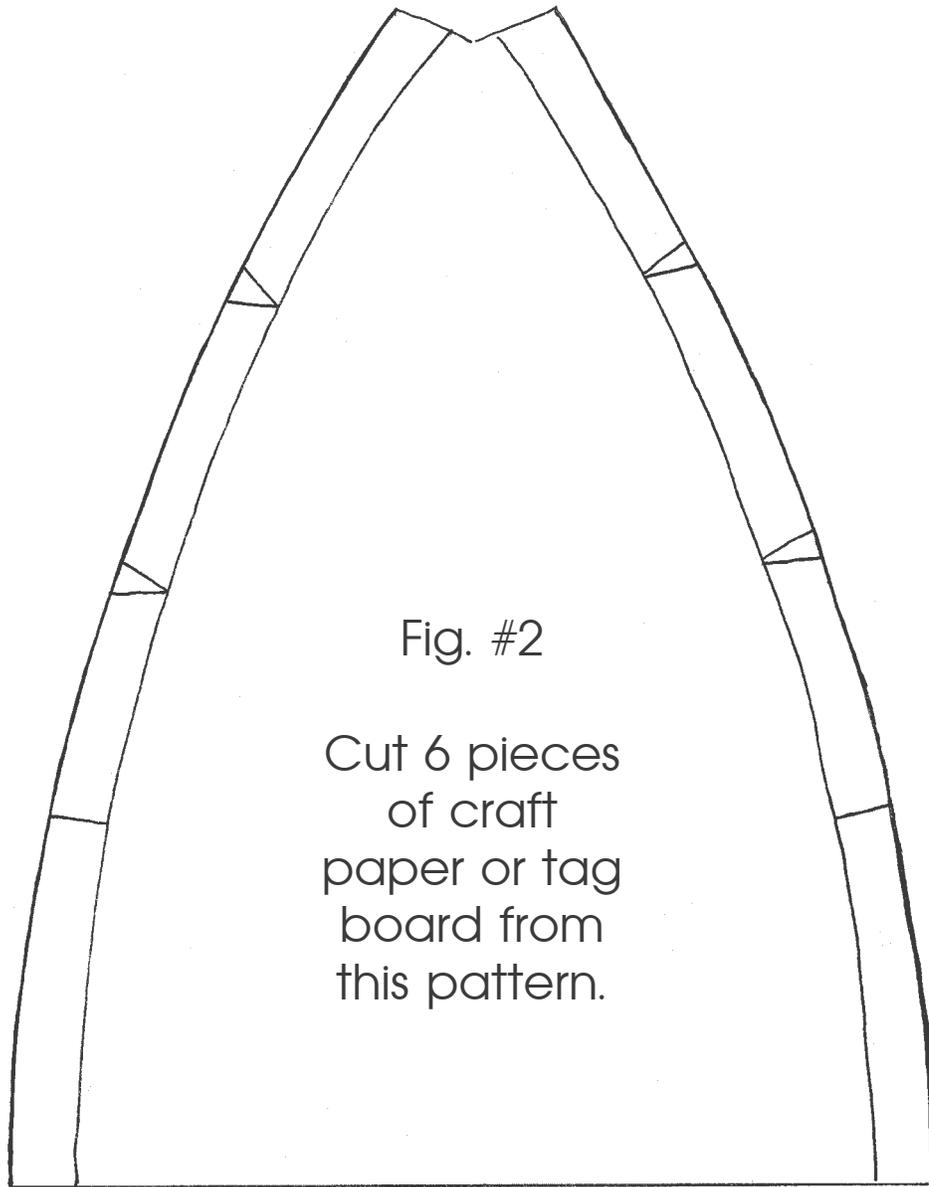
- 1 oval paper plate (12-3/4 x 10) (For the brim)
- 1-1/2” wide Brown Paper Tape or Brown Packing Tape (To cover the brim)
- Brown Kraft paper. Approximately 15 x 15 (For the crown)
- Stapler, Exacto knife, or scissors
- Scotch tape (To attach the crown to the brim)
- One large button (For the top of the Helmet)
- Black or brown Marker (To put the finishing touches to the Helmet)



- 1) Cut an oval from the center of the paper plate, as in Fig. #1, with Exacto knife or scissors.
- 2) Cover the remaining “brim” with overlapping strips of Brown Paper Tape or Brown Packing Tape.
- 3) Cut six pieces for the crown from Brown Kraft paper, using Fig. #2 as a pattern. Clip the notches into the seam allowance, as shown, and crease along “stitching” line on both long sides.
- 4) Assemble the crown: Matching right sides, staple the long edges together every 1 inch to 1-1/2 inches until all six pieces are matched, stapled and form the crown. Turn inside out, carefully.
- 5) Set the brim down over the crown until the lower edge of the crown meets the inside edge of the brim. Scotch tape crown to brim securely in place.
- 6) Glue construction paper to the button and then glue the covered button in place in the center of the crown.
- 7) Draw in the leather strap that extends from side to side along the front of the brim with the Marker. Draw in the “band” that goes around the crown and the two airholes on either side of the crown.



"How to Make a Pith Helmet"
Pattern



"How to Make a Pith Helmet"
Pattern

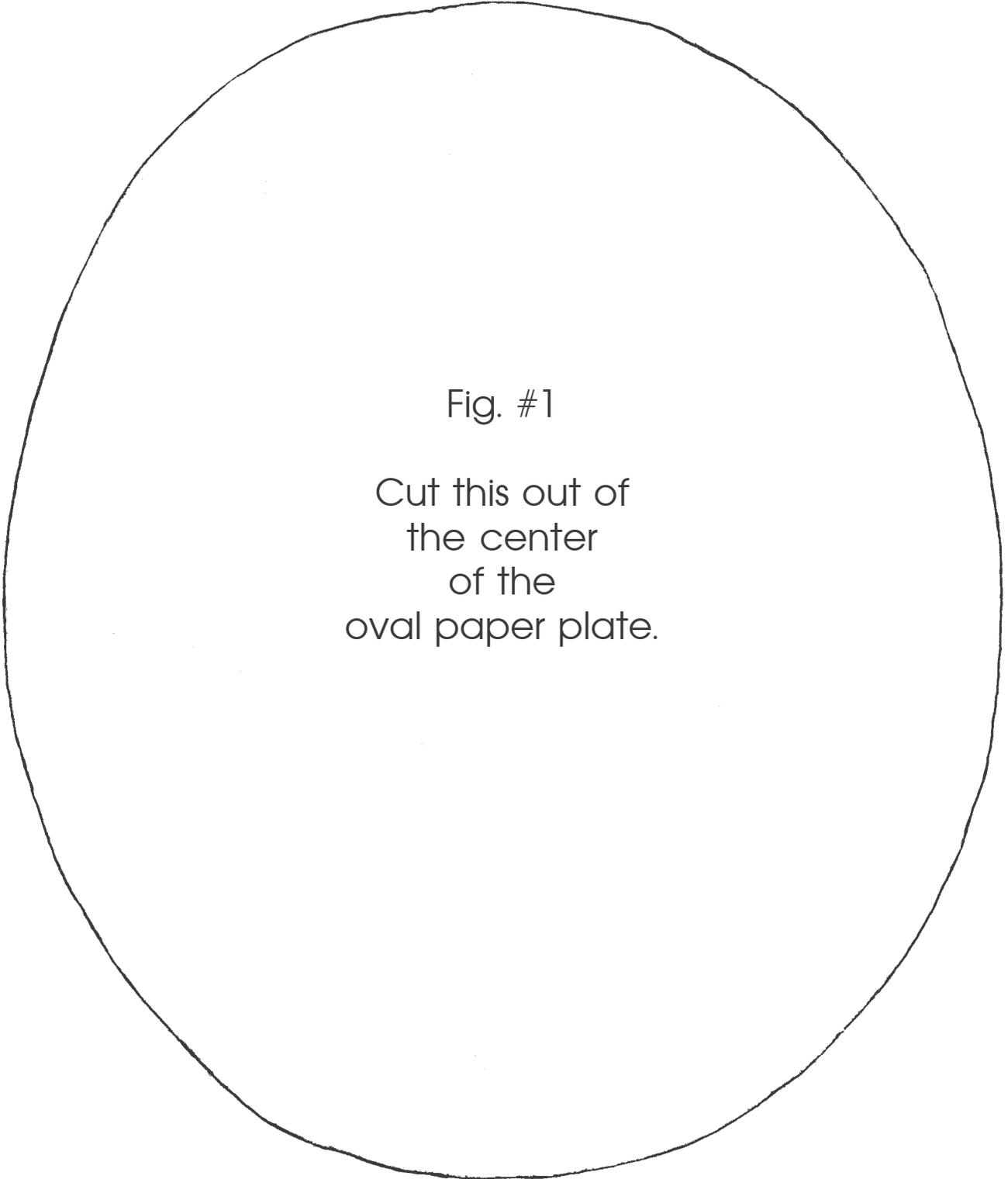


Fig. #1

Cut this out of
the center
of the
oval paper plate.



oophonía and Zeke were walking down an old rutted road near a small village in Africa when they came upon a child sitting on a rock, tears streaming down his dusty face.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" Zoophonía asked as she stooped to wipe the tears from his eyes.

"I can't read and I can't spell. I'm stupid. All the kids say so," said the little boy. A book had dropped from his hands and lay in the dirt.

"Oh, sweetie. You're not stupid. You just need to learn to read and spell. Someday you will."

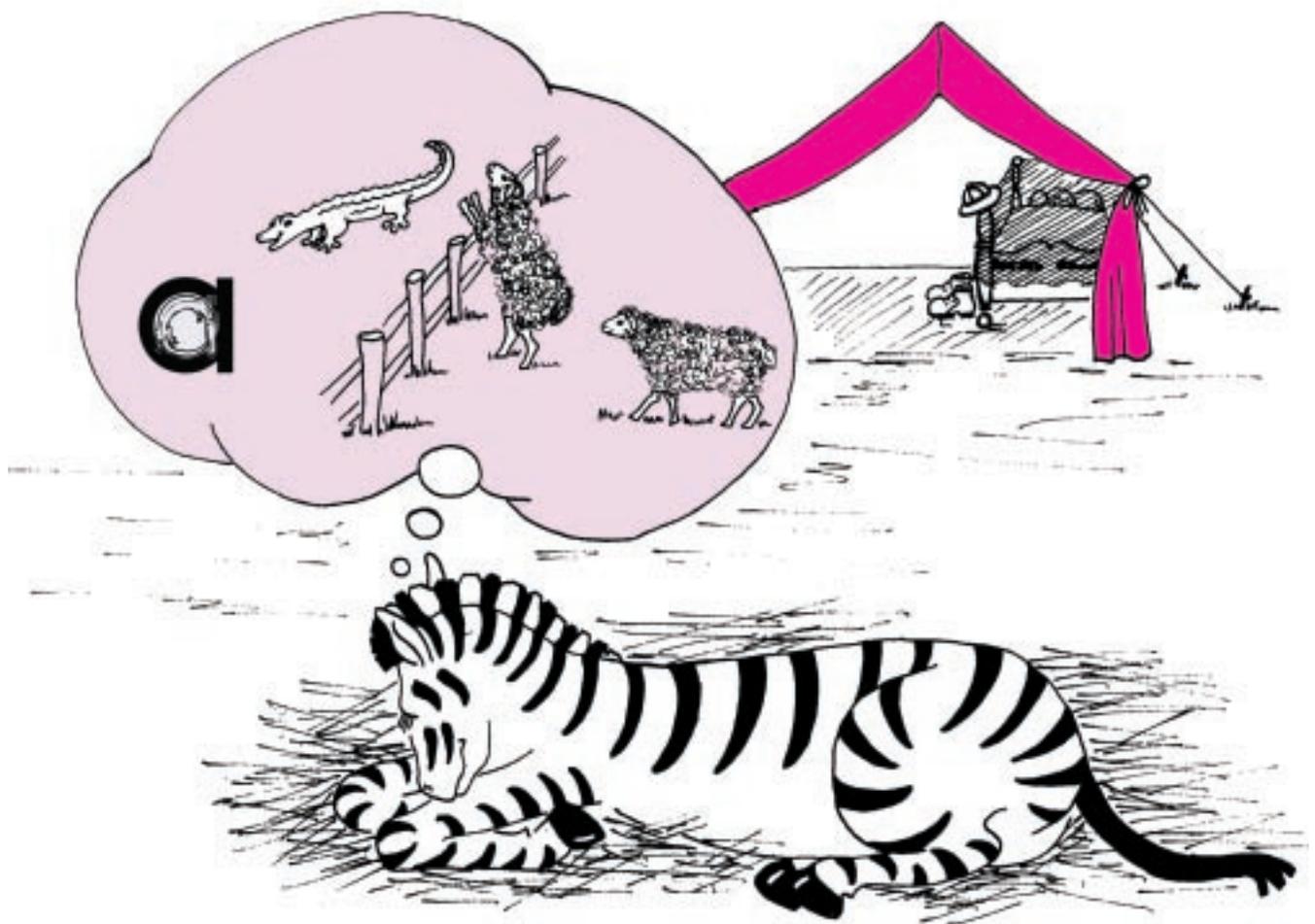
The little boy stood up, looked deep into Zoophonía's eyes, and slowly turned and walked away, leaving the book where it had fallen. He kicked the dirt as he walked, dust clouds following him.

"Zeke, what can we do? His heart is broken. No child should feel that way. It isn't right," cried Zoophonía.

Zeke looked towards the boy and shook his mane sorrowfully. No words were spoken as the two headed back towards the village.

That night, Zoophonia in her high-posted bed protected by mosquito netting, and Zeke in a lovely pile of sweet smelling straw, each tried to sleep with little success. First Zeke tried to get comfortable on his tummy. That didn't work. He tried to roll onto his back, rolling one way, then the other. Nothing felt comfortable. He kept picturing that little boy with the tears in his eyes.

"I know. I'll try counting sheep," said Zeke. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to picture fluffy sheep jumping over a fence. Zeke pulled the straw over his head, and somewhere between the hours of two and three, he began to dream. He dreamed that as each sheep began to make the jump, it turned into an animal, and that animal turned into a letter. "Curious," he thought in his dream.



The next morning, as Zeke and Zoophonia sipped their breakfast tea, Zeke told her of his dream.

“Zoophonia, every time a sheep would jump the fence, it became a different animal, and as it landed on the other side, it became an animal together with a letter. There was an alligator, and a bear and a cat, and a deer, and lots of other animals. What do you think?”

“I don’t know. I think you were worried about that little boy not being able to read or spell. That’s why you dreamed about letters. I can’t figure out the animals however. Can you remember what other animals were jumping?” Zoophonia asked thoughtfully.

“Well, I remember a gorilla. I remember him because he reminded me of my friend, Gordo. There was a mouse and a snake, and I think there was a bat. A vampire bat. But, I can’t remember any more.” The two friends parted to do their morning chores.



It wasn't until the last breakfast dish had been dried that Zoophonia shouted, "I've got it!"

Zeke came galloping up. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong. Everything is right! You are a genius, Zeke. You solved the problem!" shouted Zoophonia, gleefully. The two friends sat under a huge baobab tree as Zoophonia explained.

"Zeke, last night you dreamed about animals turning into letters. In your dream there was an alligator, a bear, a cat and a deer. Then you said there was a mouse and a snake and a vampire bat. I started thinking, alligator, "a"; bear, "b"; cat, "c"; deer, "d"; ... mouse, "m"; snake, "s"; vampire bat, "v." You were dreaming about the alphabet and the sounds they make. Don't you see, Zeke? The alphabet is made up of letters and each letter has a sound. The names of the animals begin with the sounds of the letters. You have just come up with a perfect idea of how to teach children to read and spell."



Zeke's eyes were wide, but he looked very confused. He was pleased that Zoophonia thought he was a genius, but he didn't see how his dream could teach anyone anything, and he told her so.

"Zeke, if I want a child to learn the letter sound "a," using an alligator would help the child to hear that sound. Say "alligator." Zeke repeated it. "Do you hear the "a" sound in alligator? Zeke nodded his head excitedly.

"Now, if all children could see a picture of an alligator, drawn in the shape of the lowercase letter, and if they could say the "a" sound in alligator, and pretend they were alligators, wouldn't the the letter sounds and shapes be remembered more easily?" Zeke began to see.

Zoophonia went on. "If we did this with the whole alphabet, the children could easily learn it. And, Zeke, aren't words made with the letters in the alphabet?" Zeke nodded even more excitedly.

"Then, children could put these letters together to form words. Anyone could learn how to read and spell! Now all we have to do is figure out how we are going to put this all together. Zeke, fire up the hot air balloon, we're going on a trip."

Zeke, without asking why, immediately began to fill the colorful and gigantic hot air balloon. Zoophonia packed enough food, water and clothing for several days and put it into the basket.

Zeke waited until they were high over the Savannah before he asked where they were going, and why.

"Zeke, we are going to find all the animals so they can teach children how to read and spell. I brought my drum with which to call them."



She pulled out a weathered drum that was given to her by an old priest in the Himalayas. With this, she would call the animals together for a meeting.

Zoophonia and Zeke sailed away in their hot air balloon. From the mountains of India, to the deserts of the Sahara, to the rain forests of South and Central America, to the glaciers of Antarctica, she called the animals together. On and on they sailed, beating the drum.

On June 4th, Zoophonia and Zeke had their first meeting with the animals. All the animals had gathered, not fully knowing



what the meeting was about, but knowing they wanted to be a part of this great commission.

"Friends," Zoophonia began, "there are children all over the world who do not know how to read and spell. They feel hurt and stupid. We can solve this problem, but I need your help." She pointed to the penguin sitting on a little knoll. "You, over there." The penguin looked around, not believing that Zoophonia meant him. "Yes," said Zoophonia, "You. Come here, please."



Peewee Penguin waddled proudly, but somewhat timidly, up to the front of the crowd, not knowing what to expect.

"What's your name, dear?" asked Zoophonia. "My name, is ah, Peewee, Peewee Penguin," he said in a hushed voice.

"Well, Peewee, may I use you to be an example to the group?" Peewee nodded.

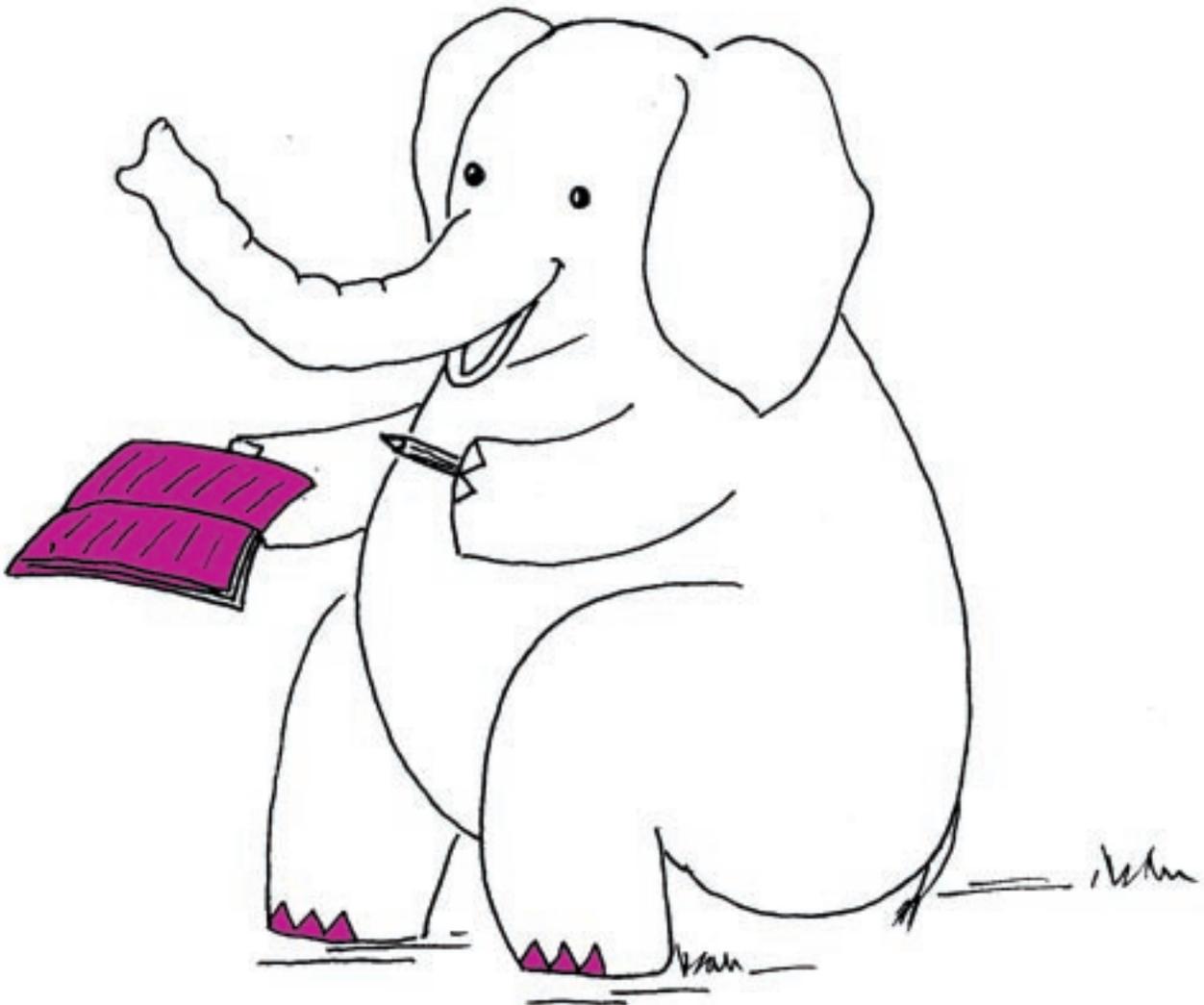
"This is Peewee Penguin. Tell me, what is the first sound you hear in his first and last name?" Zoophonia asked. You could hear the group making a "p" sound.

"That's right. Now, what if we walk like a penguin, making a "p" sound? Do you think

children will remember the “p” sound?” Everyone tried walking like a penguin, saying the “p” sound. It worked. Everyone nodded in excitement.

“Well, each of you here today represents a letter of the alphabet. You will be part of a plan to teach children all over the world to read and spell. How many of you are willing to do this?”

There wasn’t one animal that hesitated. Paws, tentacles, hooves, wings and fins all waved in the air, indicating their commitment.





"All right," said Zoophonia enthusiastically. We have lots of work to do. First we must build an Ark to hold all of us. We must get help from the adults of the world to build this big boat. It will be a kind of "Sailing Zoo." Zoophonia reached into her pocket and said, "Zeke, here is a notebook and pencil to write down everyone's ideas. Find out what each one can contribute. Maybe Ellie Elephant will help you. She's a great organizer."

With that, Zoophonia got on her bicycle, with a little mouse in her basket to keep her company, and rode off to town. Upon arriving, she found a small box on which to stand, placed it in the center of the main square, and began to speak. People gathered, curious to hear what this unusual lady in the safari outfit was saying.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "It is our responsibility to see that children can read and spell. If we will not do it, who will?" She told the story of the little boy with the tears in his eyes. It wasn't long before the town folks had tears in *their* eyes too. They all pledged to help. They gave money, materials, food and, best of all, they **gave of their time.**



esponding to Zoophonia's call, people went to other

towns to collect donations from those who promised

that they, too, would help children read and spell.

From this humble beginning, a dream came true.

Zoophonia, with her Animal friends, sailed around the world, stopping at cities, towns

and villages to reach the children. Beating her drum, and giving the call, the children

came to learn to read.

And did you know, to this very day the children are still learning to read with

Zoophonia's Animal friends.

