Let's Go Camping
IN A NATIONAL PARK

A Scratch & Smell Book
Lisa and Joey chant as soon as they see the national park campground sign. They've been singing for three weeks waiting for this very special Sunday in July.

"Can you believe it, Joey?" says eight year old Lisa. "We're really going to sleep in the woods tonight."

"Is a tent like a house?" Like many four year olds, Joey does not wait for an answer. He grins and sings.
"Come hold the tent pole, Lisa, while I hammer in the tent pegs." Lisa crawls inside the tent and forgets about the pole.

BLUMP!
The whole tent falls down. Lisa is a big bump moving under the canvas like a dog under a rug. Is she scared? No. She's laughing.

"Everything I see is yellow," calls a muffled voice.

"Which way is OUT?"
Mom and Dad untangle her and finally get the tent up like the picture on the box.

Into the tent go the sleeping bags and mattresses.

"It won't be like last night in the motel," says Lisa.

"Or like being at home in the city," says Dad.

"I smell a Christmas tree!" says Joey.

"Let's learn our campsite number—55. Even grown-ups get mixed up in campgrounds."

"What about Joey?" asks Lisa.

"We can pin a note on him like we did at the zoo," Mom says.
"Guess what we're having for dessert tonight," says Mom, "GINGER CAMPCAKES."

"What's that?" asks Joey.

"They look like pancakes, but taste like gingerbread."

"How do you make them?" asks Dad who likes to cook.

"Take a box of gingerbread mix. Use less water for a stiffer batter. Then fry them like pancakes."

"May I make ginger campcakes?"

"You sure can, Joey. Come stir the batter."

"They smell yum yum yummy for the tum tum tummy."

"It's time for the campfire program. Let's go."

"What's that, Daddy?"

"We listen to a ranger. He tells us what to see and do in a national park."

"I'd better bring my new flashlight," says Lisa.

I LIKE CAMPING
Down the trail they go, Dad with Lisa, Mom with Joey.

"Let's sing the camp song we learned last week," says Mom.

A-camping we will go,
A-camping we will go,
Hi ho the derry-o,
A-camping we will go.
“Has anybody seen a bear in the park?” asks the ranger.
“We saw a bear but we stayed in our car to watch it.”
“Good for you. Bears are wild animals. Keep away from them.”
“Do people shoot bears here?” asks a little girl.
“No. In national parks we protect the wild animals. Deer and raccoons live here. Sometimes snakes and skunks appear. Wild animals are fun to see at a distance but never feed them. People food is bad for animals.”
“What about fishing?”
“Yes, you can fish here, but not in all national parks.
“Now I’ll show some pictures of animals and flowers in the park,” says the ranger.
>Please let wildflowers live here. Their seeds will make new flowers for next year.
“We hope you enjoy this national park. It belongs to all of us.
“Goodnight, folks.”

Scrape the grey
And you can tell
This campfire has
A smoky smell.
“Shine the light at your feet, Lisa, not up in the trees. Then you can see where you’re going.”

“Who can remember our campsite number?” asks Mom.

“It’s five,” says Joey.

“No, it’s 55. Look at Joey’s note,” says Lisa.

“There’s our tent!”

“And it’s time for bed.”

“Not really, Mom.”

“Why not, Lisa?”

“Because it’s time for BAG. We don’t have any BEDS.”

“Mommy, sing our very own song like you do at home. PLEASE,” Joey begs.

Lisa’s a lady who wears a gold ring.

And Joey’s the drummer who drums for the king.
“Goodnight.”
“Dad . . .”
“Yes, Lisa.”
“The zipper on my sleeping bag is caught.”
“Here, I’ll fix it for you.”
“I’m thirsty,” says Lisa.
“Me too,” says Joey.
“Last drinks for tonight.”
I LIKE CAMPING
I LIKE CAMPING
Two voices chant in the tent.
“No fair tickling.”
“Settle down, you two.”
“Goodnight.”

“WHAT’S THAT?” Lisa shouts.
“What do I hear walking through the bushes?” Mom asks.
“I’ll find out,” says Dad.
“Where’s a flashlight?”
“What if it’s a BEAR, Daddy?”
asks Joey.
“It doesn’t sound that big.”
“Maybe it’s a little bear.”

“Oh, NO! PEEEEEEEYUUUUUUU!”
Dad yells.
“It’s a SKUNK!” shouts Mom.
“It stinks!” says Lisa.
“Better not frighten it. It might spray you,” warns Mom.
Oh, what a beautiful morning.
Mom sings as she greets a bright blue summer day.
I LIKE CAMPING
I LIKE CAMPING
Joey and Lisa chant.
“What shall we do today?” asks Dad.
“Let’s go hiking,” says Mom.
“I want a picnic,” says Joey.
“Can we go fishing?” asks Lisa.
“Let’s do all three,” says Dad.
“Joey,” calls Dad. “Come help me make sandwiches. We’ll carry them in our backpacks. Lisa, can you get the water?”

“Oh, Mommy, look at those beuuutiful flowers. These are daisies, aren’t they?”
“Good boy, Joey. The yellow ones are sunflowers, and the little bells are bluebells.”
“I like bluebells best.”
“These pink flowers with lots of stickers are wild roses. Come smell them, Joey.”
“Mmmmmmmmm.”

This wild rose is A flower sweet. Scratch and whiff, It’s really neat.
“Listen to the birds. How many can you hear?” asks Mom.
“Five,” answers Joey.
Lisa laughs. She knows Joey just learned to count to five. He answers every question, “Five.” Lisa thinks little brothers are fun, sometimes.

“Mom, do all birds lay eggs?” asks Lisa.
“Yes, dear.”
“Not ALL birds, Mommy,” says Joey. “Grandpa told me that Daddy-birds don’t lay eggs.”

“Can we get across the stream, Dad? There’s a prettier picnic spot on the other side.”
“Let me help you across.”
“Look by the waterfall. A raccoon has caught a fish!”

A-fishing we will go,
A-fishing we will go,
Hi ho the derry-o,
A-fishing we will go.
"I caught a FLYING FISH!" Lisa shouts. "Dad, help me! My fish is caught in a tree."

"It looks as if you pulled too hard."

"When I jerked my line out of the water the fish flew right up in the air."

"Maybe you can climb up and get it," Dad suggests.

"Give me a boost," says Lisa.

"Careful, Lisa. Be sure the branches are strong enough."

"We can have a FLYING FISH supper," says Lisa.

They return to the tent with Joey humming to himself.

I LIKE CAMPING

I LIKE CAMPING

"I wish Daddy or you were a ranger."

"Why, Joey?"

"Then we could camp here forever."

Learn More About Our National Parks

Write to the National Park Service, Washington, DC 20240.

Request a list of all NPS areas. Better yet, ask for the pamphlet giving areas less-frequently visited. They are as interesting and beautiful as the more famous ones, but far less crowded.

Plan your trip so you spend much more time in a park than going there.