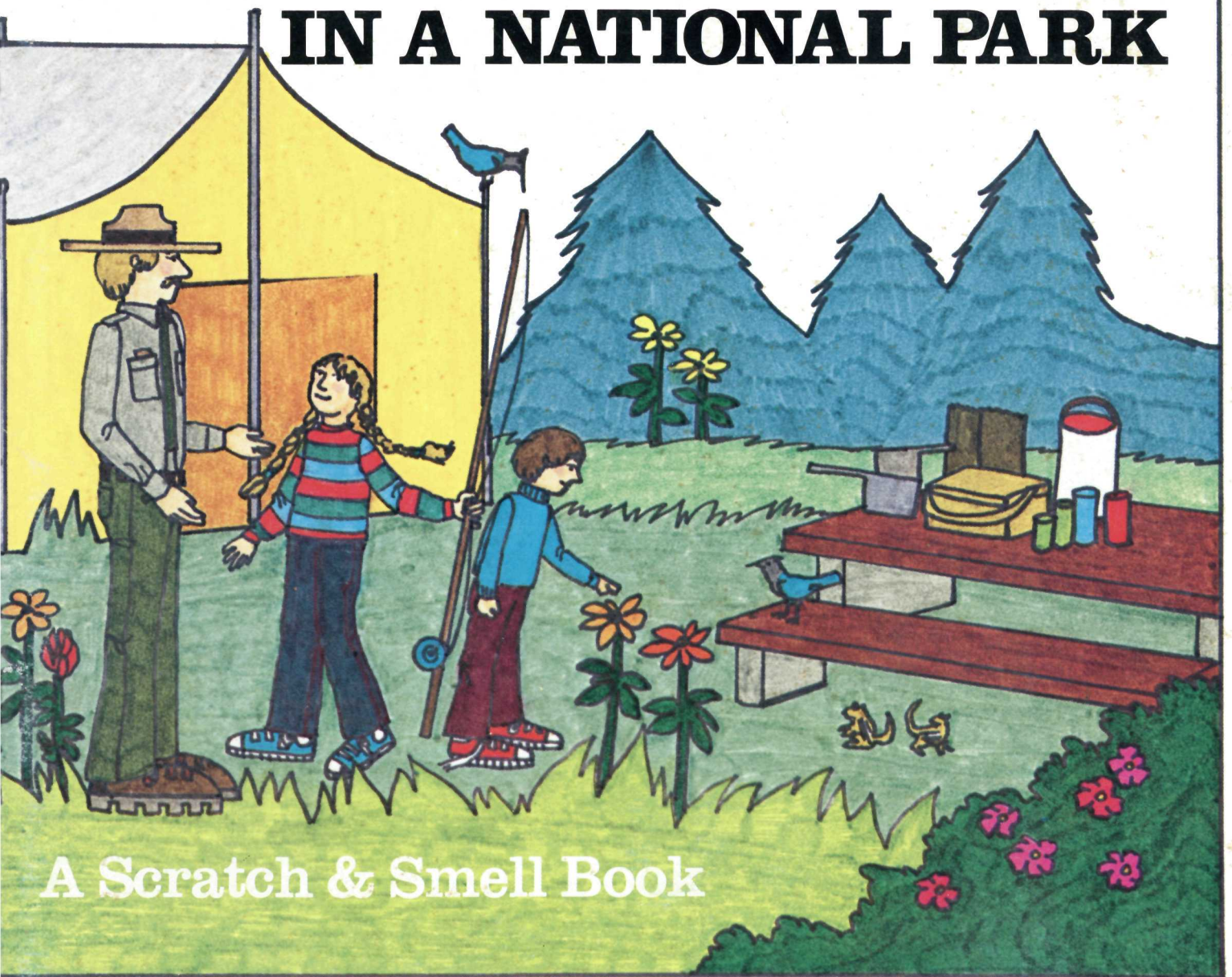


Let's Go Camping

IN A NATIONAL PARK



A Scratch & Smell Book

LET'S GO CAMPING
LET'S GO CAMPING

Lisa and Joey chant as soon
as they see the national park
campground sign.

LET'S GO CAMPING
LET'S GO CAMPING

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.

LET'S GO CAMPING
LET'S GO CAMPING



"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.

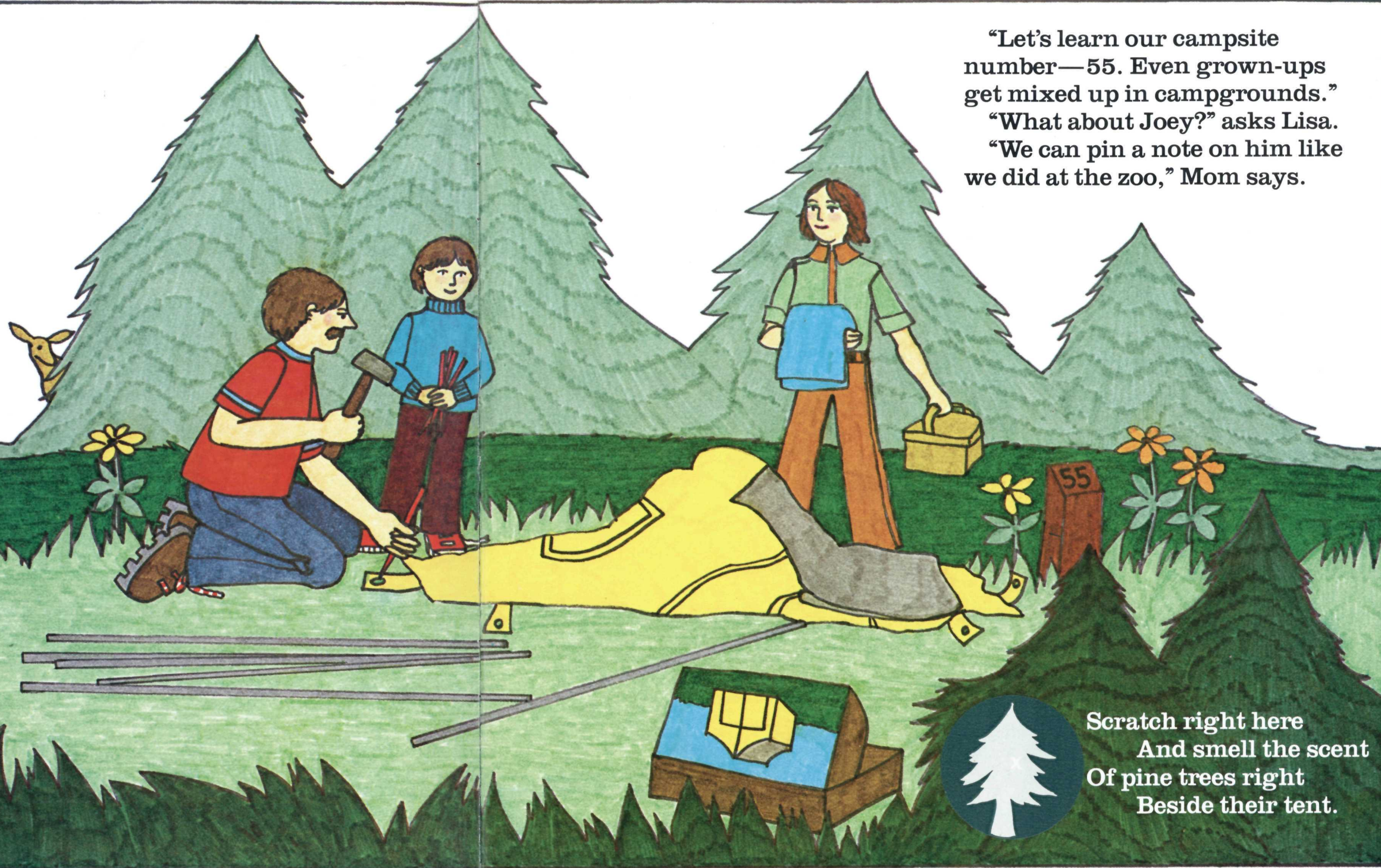
"Or like being at home in the city," says Dad.

"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.



Scratch right here
And smell the scent
Of pine trees right
Beside their tent.

"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."

Scratch and sniff

They're ginger-yummy.

No better way

To fill your 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

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.

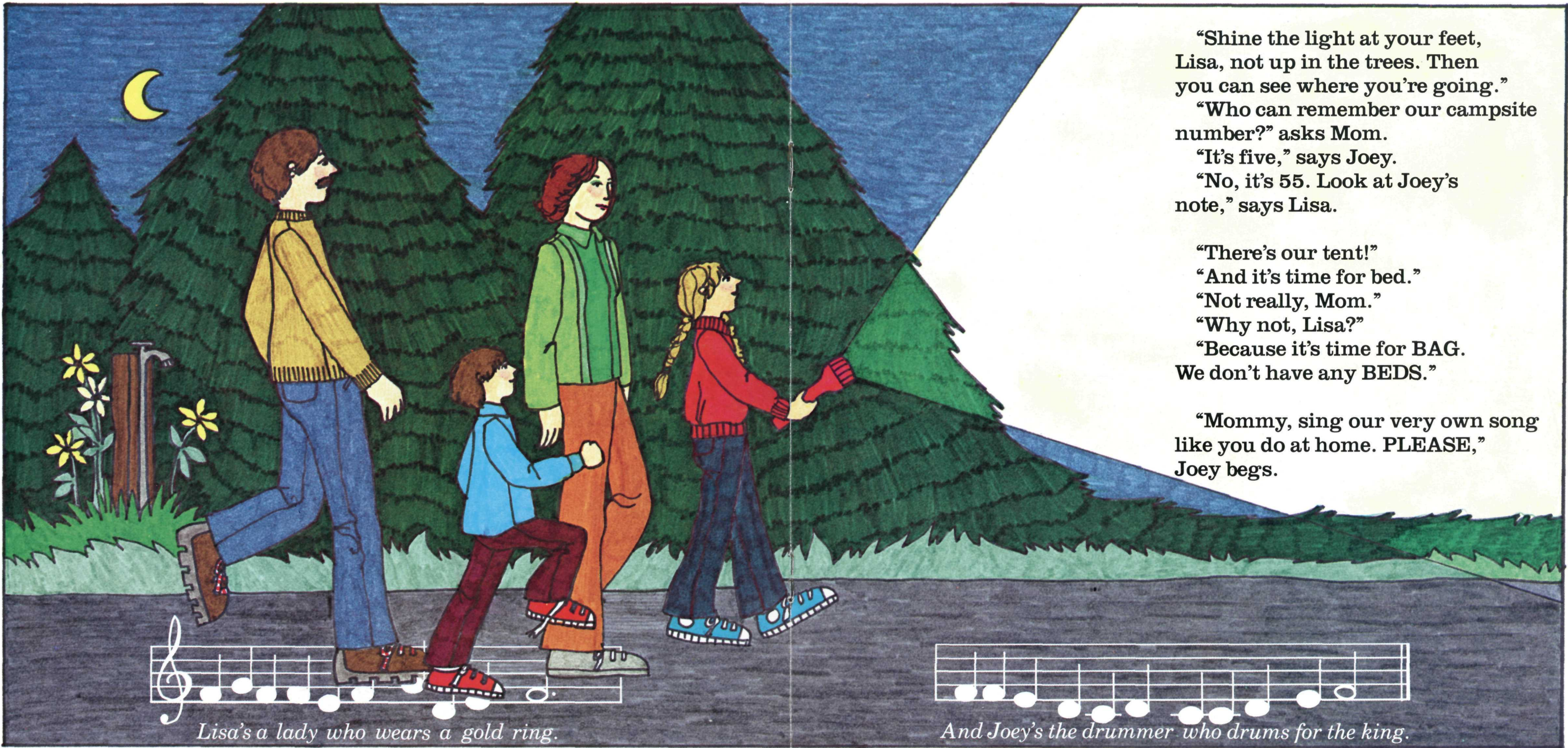
"Please let wildflowers live here. Their seeds will make new flowers for next year."

"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."

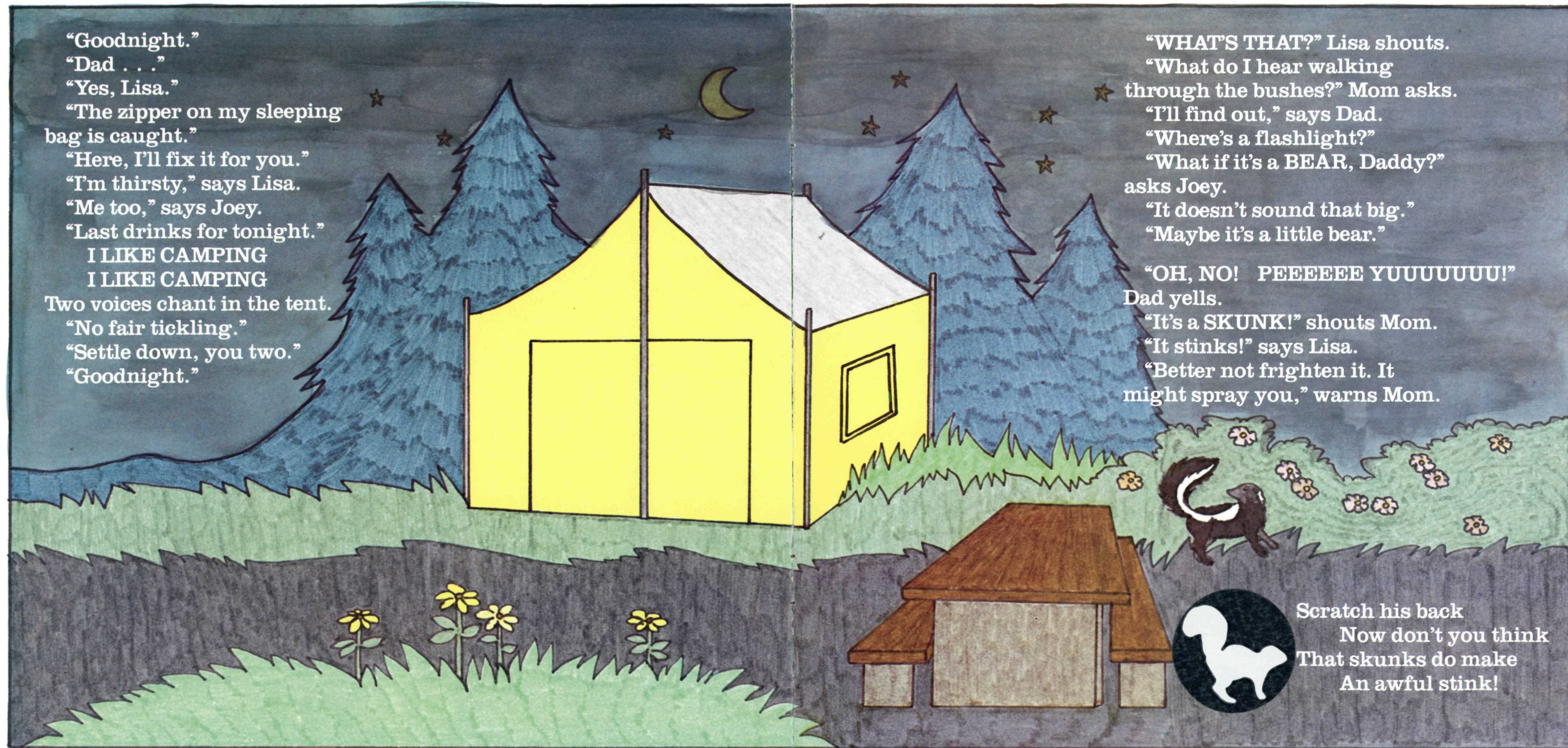
"OH, NO! PEEEEEE YUUUUUUU!" Dad yells.

"It's a SKUNK!" shouts Mom.

"It stinks!" says Lisa.

"Better not frighten it. It might spray you," warns Mom.

Scratch his back
Now don't you think
That skunks do make
An awful stink!



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
beeeuuutiful 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."

*A-fishing we will go,
A-fishing we will go,
Hi ho the derry-o,
A-fishing we will go.*

"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!"



"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.

Lisa says
This is her wish.
Please scratch and sniff
Her flying fish.

They return to the tent with
Joey humming to himself.

I LIKE CAMPING

I LIKE CAMPING

"I wish Daddy or you were a ranger."

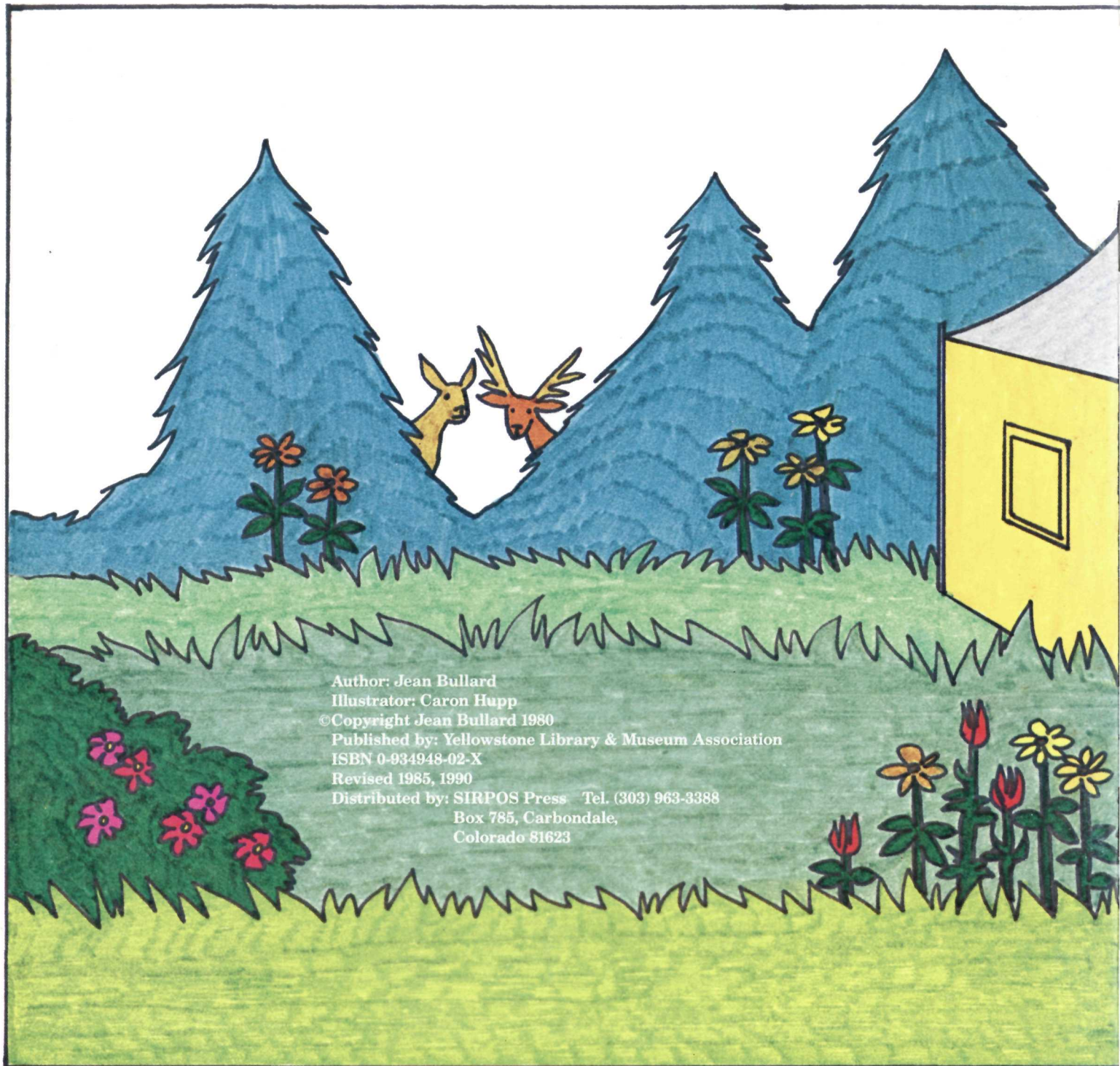
"Why, Joey?"

"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.



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