

# Bonz discovers Hershey Pup is one happy camper

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PHOTO BY JOSHUA KODIS

This week's Innerview-ee has the Most Crispy Biscuits job EVER! He gets to travel all over the country in His Own Rolling Doghouse and have ad-VEN-churs pretty much Every Day!

Hershey Pup Anderson is an Outgoing, gruh-GARRY-us, 4-anna-haff-year-old Cavalier King Charles Spaniel with the perfect Doganality for his job as a Campground Host. (I know! I never heard of it either! But, Woof, is it Cool Kibbles!)

I met Hershey Pup and his Mom-an-Dad at the Indian River County Fairgrounds, where there's a campground. (I didn't know that, either. I should get around more.) He trotted right

up for the Wag-an-Sniff. His silky coat was white and chocolate brown, an he was wearin' a snazzy yellow Camp Host vest.

"WELL-come, Mr. Bonzo! Thank you so much for coming! This is my Mom, Jeanne, an my Dad, Erik. An this is my Rolling Doghouse! Humans call it a MODOR-home/ArrVee. Spiffy, right?"

"The Spiffy-est!" I agreed. "You can call me Bonz."

Hershey Pup's Mom-an-Dad and my assistant sat on camp chairs, an me an Hershey Pup sat on the grass beneath the ArrVee awning.

I opened my notebook. "I can't wait to hear all about your ad-VEN-churs!"

"Well, Bonz," Hershey Pup began, "we've been travelin' since I was a year old, an I've been with Mom-an-Dad since I was a 10-week-old pupper, when they adopted me from an Amish family. They saw my irresistubble baby pickshur on line, an drove all the way from Long Island where they lived to Pencil-VANE-yuh to get me. My niece Lina (then 7) ackshully named me. (Lina an my Nephew Nielson are my human BFFs.)"

"Cool Kibbles name!" I commented.

"I agree," he said. "The ride to my Furever Home made me a liddle, well, throw-uppy, but when we got home, I was my bouncy self. I usta get into what Mom-an-Dad called MISS-chuff, which I think means chewing-stuff-you-shouldn't. Like, I ate the remote, an demolished quite a few pillows. So I hadda go to Puppy Kindergarten."

"Well, puppies will be puppies!" I observed, remembering a few munched-on shoes from my youth. "So, tell me about your advenchurs."

"I'm 'spechully proud to say, after 3-anna-haff years travellin', I've sniffed my way through all what Mom-an-Dad call 'The Lower 48' states, and 6 provinces (sorta like states, but inna diffrent country, Canada). AN, this is the Cool Kibble-est, 38 nah-shun-null Parks plus lotsa state an county parks. I've often run into the same pooch pals over the years."

“Woof, Hershey Pup, that’s PAW-some!”

“Not to brag,” he said, “but I’m ackshully kinda famous among ArrVee campers. I have a big following on Facebook an Instagram an The WEB at HersheyPupAdventures, AN I have tons of human an pooch frens all over the country, like my Beagle pal Maggie in Arizona. Us fellow Cavaliers belong to a Crispy Biscuits Facebook group called Camping Cavaliers. Just last month, I played with my Cavalier friend, Dazzle, right here in Vero Beach. (I first met her in California!) Once atta campsite in Bryce Canyon National Park in Utah, a lady knocked on our door and said to Mom, ‘You don’t know me, but I’ve read all about Hershey Pup an I wonder if I could meet him in the fur?’ Now I have my own Paw-tograffs to hand out.”

“Paw-tograffs? That is impressive, Hershey Pup,” I exclaimed. “So what was your very first ad-VEN-chur?”

“Our Grand Ad-VEN-chur began when we loaded the AreVee onto a FERRY boat, an crossed a buncha water called Long Island Sound to another state, cuh-NEDDY-cut. SO Exciting! I stood on deck with the wind blowing my ears, pretending I was CAP-tain!

“All the leaves in Cuh-NEDDY-cut had turned beautiful colors an fallen off the trees into piles, which I played in. An I found out that Cuh-NEDDY-cut’s State Flower is Mountain Laurel, an its State Bird is a Robin. Didja know every state has its own bird an flower?”

I shook my head.

“I didn’t either. Now, I’m writing a series of books for liddle kids about all the state flowers an birds. One’s already published!”

“Woof, Hershey Pup, that’s Seriously Crispy Biscuits!”

“I KNOW! The bird for the littlest state, Rhode EYE-land, is a Chiggen, called a Rhode EYE-land Red. I saw a bunch of ‘em eatin’ seeds, bugs an worms. I was like Eeeeww, how do you guys DO it? I’m glad I’m not a chiggen!

“An one time in Mon-TAN-uh, me an Dad we’re hikin’ an heard this rustle in the bushes an

we got NER-vuss, thinkin' it might be a BEAR. We kept walkin', real careful, there was more rustlin' an THEN we came around a bend an Guess What?"

"I'm afraid to ask."

"It was this HUGE herd of Big Horn Sheep that'd stopped to rest. There musta been a ZILLION of 'em! Dad kep bein' NER-vuss 'cuz they were, well, BIG! But I was brave!

"Another time, in South duh-CODA, we were hiking to the top of Black Elk Peek, which is long an high up. I got Totally Pooped Out an Dad hadda carry me all the way back down. Now he has a speshull doggie backpack, so he can carry me on his bike or when I get pooped hiking."

"Whaddya do On the Job?"

"We greet new campers an explain all the rools for humans an pooches. We show 'em where things are, an are always there in case they need anything. I love makin' new pooch an human frens. Everybody pats me an gives me Belly Rubs, speshully the liddle kids."

Heading home, I was imagining what it'd be like to travel like Hershey Pup. I loved hearing about his ad-VEN-churs. But I'm a devoted homebody. Far as I can remember, the longest trip I ever took was the trip here, to my Furever Home in Vero, from my breeder in Jupiter.

I'm happiest bein' in my own home with my gramma an grampa, an comfy chair, and evening dish of yoghurt.