

GOING DOWN IN HISTORY

HISTORY	Way back then" (Hold up both index fingers pointing different ways)
SCOUT or SCOUTING	Be prepared (Give SCOUT Sign)
CUB SCOUT	Do Your Best (Give CUB SCOUT sign)
HIKE or HIKING	Hi Ho, Hi Ho
CAMP or CAMPING	I Think I Hear a Bear!

This is a story that you won't find in a **HISTORY** book, but it will bring back memories to many of you who have had a similar experience. The story is about a **CUB SCOUT** named Johnny, and his first experience with **HIKING** and **CAMPING**. This is how it all started. It was approaching the birthday of **SCOUTING** which is celebrated in February every year, and Johnny's **CUB SCOUT** Den Leader had read to the boys a story about the **HISTORY** of **SCOUTING** and how it got started.

Johnny could hardly wait until he was old enough to be a **SCOUT**, so he asked his mother if he could plan a day of **HIKING** around the neighborhood and park, and also a night of **CAMPING** in their backyard with some of his friends.

Mom consented, so Johnny **CUB SCOUT** called his friends and they planned it for the next weekend. When the day arrived, Johnny was so proud of himself. He thought he would someday be a **SCOUT** who would go down in **HISTORY**, because he was so well prepared. At least, he thought he was prepared when the day began.

The **CUB SCOUT** went out to the tent to get the lunches, when he was shocked to find the paperbags and torn paper scattered all over the back yard. Looking around they yard, Johnny saw his dog, **SCAMP**, munching on the last bit of the sandwiches and looking very contented. "Oh boy," thought Johnny, "I thought I would make a well prepared **SCOUT**, but I wasn't prepared for this!"

After new lunches were made, the boys took their **HIKE**. It was a great success and Johnny **CUB SCOUT** felt sure that **HISTORY** had been made by the record time in which they had accomplished everything that day. But alas! When bedtime arrived, the tent slumped down in a heap because it had not been put up right, and the sleeping bags were muddy from **SCAMP**'s dirty feet, and the batteries in the flashlights were dead. Johnny **CUB SCOUT** hung his head and said, "Boy, have I got a lot to learn about the **SCOUTS**."