

SCOUTMASTER: I am afraid you would. 43

*Wilton* EARL (entering, with a sponge): How about this—at a pinch? (Pinches.)

SCOUTMASTER: How would you use it? 44

EARL: Dip it in the milk—so. Then put it in the baby's mouth. 45

*Wilton* BEV: That would never do. It wouldn't be hygienic. Let me see it. (Takes the sponge, smells it.) Wow! Where did you get it? 46

EARL: On the washtsand. 47

*Wilton* BEV: Oh, murder! (Throws the sponge out the door.) 48

EARL: It was clean. I washed it with soap. 49

(Enter Merritt with an old oil can, potato on spout. Holds it up. Before he can speak, Bev and Sanford grab and rush him outside.) 60

*Wilton* SANFORD (returning): These fellows will have us all arrested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. 51

(Enter Roy, holding up piece of rubber tubing.)

ROY: How about this? 52

SCOUTMASTER: Now that looks something like a possibility. How about it, Sanford? 53

(Sanford takes and examines the tubing.)

*Wilton* SANFORD: I believe it will do the trick. I'll try it. 54

(Goes to stove, inserts tube in bottle of milk, and drinks:) Yes, it works fine. I'll try again, to make sure. (He proceeds to take a long drink. A rush made for him by the other boys.) 55

CHORUS: Here! Hold on! Hold on! 56

(The bottle is forced from Sanford's hands and returned to the stove.)

SCOUTMASTER: Good! The nursing bottle question is settled. Now what? 57

*Wilton* BEV: After the baby has had its milk it should be put to sleep. 58

SCOUTMASTER: Look about, boys, and find something that we can turn into a cradle. Some of you look out in the woodshed loft. I saw a lot of junk there. The rest see what you can find in the way of blankets and pillows. 59

(Exit most of the boys by rear door, two or three by door to bedroom. Enter the boys from the bedroom with armfuls of blankets, etc.)

*Wilton* BEV: Hold on, fellows! We're not getting ready for a baby 60