

The Cub Scout Dilemma or Den Mother's Dragnet

From the Book "Skits and Puppets" from the Boy Scouts of America

SETTING: A typical street in your town. Narrator stands to one side.

CHARACTERS: Narrator

Boy

Lady

NARRATOR: The story you are about to hear is too often true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent. (*Dragnet tune*)

BOY: This is the city—beautiful, sunny, smog-free Austin, Texas—where thousands of boys between the ages of eight and ten comb the streets in search of Den Mothers. My name is Sunday. I'm one of these boys. I'm *not* a Cub Scout. The reason for this dilemma, no Den Mothers.

It was Thursday, May 9; I was on day watch in my own neighborhood, same old story, looking for Den Mothers. I met many new faces, but always the same old story—NO ONE HAD TIME.

A nice-looking, well-dressed woman was coming down the street toward me. I judged her age to be about—. She was swinging a new hatbox in her hand. Obviously, she had been shopping. I approached her. "Could I have your name, ma'am?"

LADY: Why yes, little boy, I'm Mrs. Marion Johnson.

BOY: And your age, lady? Could I have your age?

LADY: My age? My, but you're a tall little boy. You must be four and a half feet tall.

BOY: That's about the size of me, ma'am. Now could I have your age?

LADY: Well, I'm in the neighborhood of 32, but what's this all about?

BOY: I want the facts, ma'am, just the facts. Are you now or have you ever been a Den Mother?

LADY: Me, a Den Mother! Heavens, no!

BOY: Do you have any boys, lady?

LADY: Why yes. In fact I have two boys. One eight and one ten.

BOY: Where were you on Monday, April 29, between 4 and 5 p.m.?

LADY: Let's see now. Oh, yes, on Monday at that time I have my hair done.

BOY: And Tuesday, April 30, at the same hour, where were you then, ma'am?

LADY: Oh, I play bridge on Tuesday afternoon. I was at my bridge club.

BOY: And Wednesday, May 1, what do you do on Wednesdays between 4 and 5 p.m.?

LADY: Well, I'm taking a course in ancient history. We are studying the prehistoric boy.

BOY: The prehistoric boy, ma'am. I'm sorry that you find that more vital and interesting than the live ones who need you so badly. How about Thursday, ma'am, can you account for your time on Thursday?

LADY: Oh, I must go to the fashion show and tea at the country club on Thursday. You see, I am chairman of the potato chip committee.

BOY: What do you do on Friday?

LADY: Surely you don't expect me to be a Den Mother on Friday? That's the only day I have to myself.

BOY: I'm sorry, lady, you'll have to come with me to Scout headquarters for further questioning. (*Dragnet tune*)

NARRATOR: The case of Marion Johnson was tried the next week. She was found guilty on all counts of evading Den Motherhood, thus causing untold agony to many little boys. She was sentenced to three years of hard labor as a Den Mother or until such time as her boys both have reached eleven years of age. (*Dragnet tune*)