

Two obvious tourists enter covered with cameras and light exposure meters, dark glasses, straw hats and chewing straw.

She: Honey, do you reckon our two Cadillacs will be safe over there?

He: Sure, these people got respect for power.

He: (*Gazing at statue*) Who do you reckon this fella was?

She: Ain't he the one they wrote that song about - him that had the farm.

He: Yeah, I guess the other one is for the guy who owns that big hotel - the Laurier.

She: Well come on, we only got 5 minutes to see the Parliament buildings and we got to get around all the other places this afternoon.

They go off and while lunchers come on right two M.P.'s pass from left to right.

A: How's business?

B: Not so loud - people might think we came here for the money.

Lunchers sit down on blankets (unobtrusively) and proceed to toss lunch papers, old newspapers, milk cartons, etc. around. One looks up and remarks that JAM is turning slightly off colour ... then chorus sings (to the tune of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' (John Brown's Body) the following:

Sir John A. Macdonald now is slowly turning green
He's no longer as blue as he might have been.
His eyes have seen the coming of the civil servant horde
Who have feasted on the crumbs from the politicians' board.

They are a mighty army in the service of the crown
No one yet has found the secret how to keep their numbers
down.

Soon everyone who's anyone will be working for the state
And they still come marching on.

Sir John A. Macdonald now is slowly turning green
It's no wonder at all with the things that he has seen.
Now F.S.O.'s they trample where once that statesman trod
And have littered up with garbage, the capital's fair sod.

Young lady at base of statue comes forward, takes out script and reads (in an arch and cultivated voice):

Narrator: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. For some time as you already know, the Fashion Department of Supplies and Properties Division has been hard at work on styles to be worn by our staffs abroad and at home. As a special feature of this evening's entertainment we bring you a small preview drawn from the pages of the new catalogue which will be appearing shortly. Other countries have for some time published catalogues describing the correct clothing to be worn on all occasions by personnel representing them abroad, so this volume, when it appears, will serve to fill a long-felt need. Our first creation is for every-day tropical wear.

(Enter man wearing sun helmet, open-necked khaki shirt, large blue and white polka-dotted bow tie, shorts, wellington boots, carrying satchel with shoulder strap fastened with combination padlock. Half the sun helmet is painted black.)

Narrator: You will note that here we have combined the attractive with the practical. Notice the rubber boots in readiness for sudden monsoon weather and the satchel for carrying classified documents fastened with a fetching padlock. The hat is reversible for more formal occasions.

Man: (*turns hat around -- recites in a monotone*)

The sun may shine
The rain may fall
Through steamy jungles
I may crawl
But in this dress I'll always be
A credit to my fair Countree.

(He whips out small Canadian flag and moves to far side of stage.)

Narrator: Rumours of a forthcoming exchange of ambassadors with Greenland prompted the design of our next number.

(Enter man in top hat with scarf around ears, wearing 3 or 4 overcoats around the collar of the top of which is tied a large blue and white polka-dotted bow tie. He is also wearing mitts and a pair of fur lined boots.)