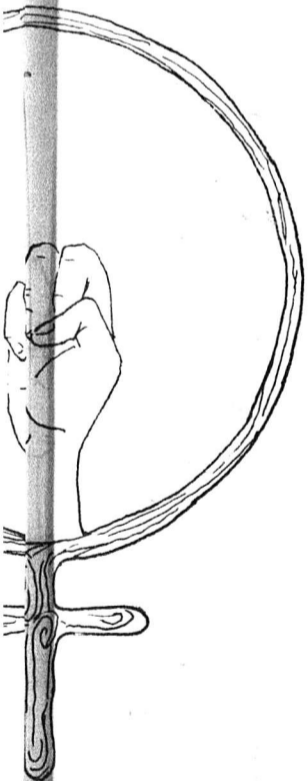


Canada Pageant



REGISTRATION



rules and regulations

1. Entrant agrees to abide by all the rules of regional and national competitions now in effect or as announced hereafter.
3. Entrant agrees that if she is the winner of the regional pageant, she will not sign a management contract and will not give any written or verbal endorsement of any mercantile commodity or commercial organization nor will she permit her photograph to be used in connection with any commodity or service not associated with her competition.
8. Entrant must be of good character and possess poise, personality, intelligence, charm and beauty of face and figure.
11. Entrant agrees to be available full-time during the term of her reign to discharge her duties and to be resident in Toronto under the guardianship of the Miss Canada Pageant.

- education:
- measurements:
 - height
 - weight
 - bust
 - waist
 - hips
- coloring:
 - hair
 - eyes
 - complexion
- dress size
- swimsuit size
- stocking size
- glove size
- shoe size

A photograph or snapshot must accompany this entry.

Here I was just sitting in my office looking at the latest issue of "Girlies and the Male Chauvinist Exploitation" when all of a sudden it hit me that the Miss Edmonton Pageant with all those bods was happening over at the great big SUB.

They wouldn't let me in the door last year because I was frothing at the mouth, but I was willing to try a second time.

When I got over to the Campus, I couldn't see any cops or some such thing that wanted to boot me out the door.

So I figured, what the hell, better some than none, and slipped in the door of the Theatre to watch the little sweeties strut their stuff.

The first thing I noticed was that all the girls looked pretty much the same: mostly long hair, tall, beautiful bods and identical knee-high boots. Somehow, they all looked like a window display at the Bay... the long-haired guy sitting beside me, (who, by the way, by the way, kept muttering "I can't believe this!" over and over again) said that was because these girls all buy their clothes at the same stores, since they want to be "in style" at all times.

Well, each little sweetie came out, shook her inducements at the Master of Ceremonies, and did her little trick. And let me tell you, these little numbers had some sharp little numbers, like there was this one lassie who read a list of all the titles of the books she had read, and another demonstrated considerable talent as a cook, unfreezing a TV dinner right there on the stage in twenty minutes flat. The M.C. kept saying, "How about that, sports fans!", and the guy next to me said that this guy mis-called

football games when he wasn't reviewing pretties on parade. Guess he gets his games mixed up, (Ha Ha).

But those little lovelies really were some nice. Why, I bet there wasn't an unshaved armpit in the bunch, (come to think of it, some maybe didn't even have armpits.) And they all had perfect teeth, and shining hair, and glowing complexions, and pretty clothes, and yet the guy beside me kept saying, "They all look the same," as if there was something wrong with that! When I asked him why he was so annoyed, he muttered something about "taking advantage of women", and used the term "meat market" to describe the Contest.

Anyway, I was really disappointed when I found out that the girls were not going to take off their clothes at the rehearsal. After all, do you buy a steak without checking the fat on it? But even though I hung around till the end, all we got was a lot of singing and reading: some beauty contest!

The guy beside me asked why I was taking notes, and I told him I was a Gateway reporter. He told me not to judge the contestants too harshly, since they were a product of the "beauty is the best way to marry a lawyer" mentality fostered by just this sort of "Pageant", and that most of them were quite sincere about the worth of the whole performance.

But he was sure mad about the students' union building being used as part of the Miss Edmonton thing, since he felt that this meant that the SU approved of what he called a "sexist display".

Actually, he was probably just mad about not seeing bods.

by Ivor McChovanist

