

while the record player comes out with something sexy and Latin American. Two of the more talented members loosen up for a shimmy while two of the brawnier ones leap for the floor with shrieks of ...

We'll get him.

3rd fem. Alive, please.

(There is a file thrown at her head)

(The Slobovian diplomat is dragged in by force and comfortably installed with cushions, etc. One female lovingly puts slippers on his feet. Another offers him food and drink. A third ruffles his hair. Fourth and fifth shimmy. Then all sing "Ain't he sweet?")

AIN'T HE SWEET

Oh watch our stuff,  
If intelligence ain't enough  
We'll fraternize, glamorize, completely dazzilize  
That poor tough.

Oh ain't he sweet,  
Oh boy he's just our meat,  
With womanly wiles and feminine guile,  
That treaty will be complete.

At end of which two install selves in lap. Third puts pen in his mouth. Fourth holds trade treaty ... and he signs. At this all kiss him and usher him out.)

Jam: The 19th century had its faults, but - O where's my bottle? (takes sustenance). Ah! that's better. Now here comes a type who doesn't look as if he had women on his mind. A fine upstanding pioneer! What are you looking for, friend?

(Enter Davy Pickersgill in coon-skin hat, etc.)

Davy: My name is Davy Pickersgill  
And I'm king of the Wild Frontier  
That follows the forty-ninth parallel -  
Listen, folks, I'll tell you why I'm here:  
I've tramped my way from Newfoundland

To the coasts of old B.C.,  
From Toronto to Hudson's Bay  
And back to Moosonee.  
I've looked in bars and nursery schools  
Asked the boys in Petawawa,  
I've inspected public swimming pools,  
Even distant towns like Ottawa!  
I've asked a friend in the CBC  
To make some special announcements,  
I've interrogated my colleagues in other  
Government Departments  
I've hunted high and low, my friends,  
I've done my level best;  
I've hunted far and wide, my friends,  
From the East coast to the West.  
I'm licked, I'm beat, my feet - they slay me!  
O, where, tell me where, is a Canadian baby?

Indian band: (Howls, drums, etc.)

Davy!  
Davy, Pickersgill! (Drums, howls, etc.)

1st Indian: He's a scholar and a gentleman,  
And a cabinet minister too,  
He's a white man, not an Indian.

All: Then why all the ballyhoo? (Drums, howls, etc.)

2nd Indian: Because in spite of all his knowledge,  
Despite his high position,  
He is forced now to acknowledge  
An embarrassing condition.

Davy: O the shame of it!

All: In all this broad fair continent  
This Dominion from sea to sea  
He can't find the right sort of infant  
HE CAN'T FIND A CANUCK BABY (Drums, howls, etc.)

Chief: Ugh! Hail, Paleface!

Davy: Ugh! I mean, how do you do!

Chief: O.K., old chap,  
But why so sad  
Things can't really be that bad.