

Narrator: Warmth is the keynote of this simple costume, note the formal touch of the headgear, indicating Canada's adherence to the old school, or the "fichez-moi la paix" type of diplomacy. The scarf around the head effectively muffles any indiscretions that the young diplomat, especially, is liable to utter.

Man: (in monotone)

Girded for my tricky task
I trudge to northern climes
And with a smile I go to ask
What's been asked a thousand times
But go I must, to try or bust
From frost to broiling heat
To ask our national question
"Do you want our bleeding wheat?"

Narrator: Nor have the ladies been forgotten by our fashion department. This design, as you see, is modelled on the lines of the male costume.

(Enter girl in a man's suit, shirt, shoes and blue and white polka-dotted bow tie).

Narrator: (becoming very lively and heated) This model cries out: EQUALITY IS OUR WATCHWORD; WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS --- I beg your pardon --- *(resuming her cultured tone)* This model is both practical and fetching. Fetching as it does \$49.95 at Freiman's basement. *(drily)* Oh! dear.

Girl: (recites in monotone)

Since Mrs. Pankhurst made her fuss
We've gone a long, long way;
Now everything is run by us
Extremely well, I'd say.

There are a few positions
That we have still to get,
So watch it, men, Room 263
In time we'll be there yet.

(Moves towards others)

Narrator: Our designer has put his whole soul into the creation of our next number: The full dress uniform of a Canadian Foreign Service Officer.

(Enter man in tails, black waistcoat, blue and white polka dot bow tie, towel over arm, droopy moustache, hair parted in middle.)

Man: (recites in monotone)

The British are gilt and brocaded
The Frenchmen are gorgeous in green
The Danes and the Russians wear scarlet
The Indians are sights to be seen.
Wherever we go as we're sent to, and fro
We find everyone gaudily dressed
But we are Canadian diplomats
And this is our Sunday best.

Narrator: And to conclude our parade of fashion, the following number was designed in answer to the great demand for a durable costume for the lean years in Ottawa. *(Enter man in barrel, wearing a blue and white polka dot bow tie.)* Not only is this costume long lasting, but the wearer can dispense with costly dry cleaning expenses by giving it a good coat of durable paint which will preserve it indefinitely.

Man: (recites in monotone)

I lived in gilded palaces
When I was overseas,
And flunkies snapped to my command
On my representational fees.
But now in Ottawa I've lost
Ten pounds and I'm not boasting,
Dear Personnel, please jot this down
(chokingly) I'm dying for a posting.

(Joins the others.)

Jam: That was interesting, very interesting. But tell me - that costume for a woman - how did it get in there?

Chappie: It all started several years ago when an aspiring young type by the name of Billy Bird took the exams and passed them. That was Day One in the new era ...