

Jam: Brilliant, I suppose.

Chappie: Maybe. The only trouble was that *someone* slipped somewhere. When Billy Bird arrived in Ottawa it turned out that it was a she.

Jam: Ah! Pretty eh?

Chappie: I don't know. (JAM looks disappointed). She was what they called a blue-stocking. It was too late to do anything about her sex (*whispered*) when she arrived .. and it opened the gates so-to-speak. They just kept coming and nobody seemed to be able to stop them.

(While he has been speaking a female dressed severely arrives on stage with suitcase. Opening it she takes out a pair of shoes, an umbrella and a large stack of files. She is followed by four similar females who all sit down with a business-like manner at a table and commence to work.)

Jam: (looks aghast at the women) Did they stay?

Chappie: (looks at him with pity) Did you ever know a woman who didn't?

Jam: Well ... uh.. uh.. I imagine they were kept well in line though. Don't like authoritative women!

(JAM and CHAPPIE fade out and the women take the spotlight) They look up from their files and sing a short ditty on the way to succeed - by being competent and intelligent.

INTELLIGENCE AND COMPETENCE

(Tune: Gaudeamus Igitur)

Intelligence and competence,
That's the way we run the state:
Treaties, files, and documents
We like much better than a mate.

There's nothing that we cannot do,
The foot is in the other shoe,
Women run things better than
Any Foreign Service Man.

(Two men enter - one from each side of stage)

1st fem. Macdonald, get the Slobovian file.

2nd fem. Mackenzie, send these instructions to the U.N. delegation.

3rd fem. And tell Mowat and Blake to bring the papers for the trade treaty with Slobovia. Their delegate will be here any moment and we want the papers ready for him to sign.

Mackenzie: But maybe he won't want to ...

4th fem. We are organized and ready. It just takes a little sleight of hand, léger de main, you know. He will sign.

5th fem. Certainly!

(Both men seem ready to protest at which the ladies rise and look sternly at them - and they go on their way. Great bustle of people moving in and out and delegate is firmly ushered into his chair. The women gather threateningly around him while two of them point out in low tones the advantages of the treaty, and a third competently puts a pen in his hand. He proves unexpectedly stubborn and finally manages to fight his way out and to the door. The women are non-plussed - and at this point we hear the raucous voice of Sir John A. singing...)

AUTHORITATIVE LADIES

Authoritative Ladies,
They think they got us beat,
They think that being officers
Is quite a clever feat.
They act like sergeant majors
They try to run the earth,
All they've done is made themselves
The butt of jokes and mirth.

while the men push their smirking faces in from the sidelines.

Our girls are not slow on the up-take. They look at each other, the light dawns, and they do a quick strip (from jeans or other unfeminine attire) to something more fetching