

FOOD TECH FROLICS OF 1953

1. (Tune: There is a Tavern in the Town)

There is no microbe in your food, in your food  
Whose behavior we've not viewed, we've not viewed,  
For some make cheese, and some make beer and wine,  
While some make us feel not so fine.  
From the brine we have discovered  
That a germ may be recovered  
Which will cause cucumber pickles to grow soft, grow soft.  
We're often called upon to tell,  
"Why no gel?"  
Or, "What gives food a foul smell,  
So it won't sell?"  
And we even make brown biscuits with our yeast  
----Nutritious, though they are no feast.

2. (Tune: What Don't We Have? We Don't Have Dames)

We have canned ten tons of peaches  
And a load of pears or two.  
The cans we've filled with carrots  
They number quite a few.  
There's just one limitation to the talents of this clan;  
What can't we can? We can't can-can!

We can clean and paint machinery  
And oil the wheels that stuck;  
We can harvest fruit, and box it,  
And load it on the truck.  
We check each lot for color, and know what we must ban,  
But still we admit, we can't can-can.

Putting food in cans is quite a science  
In which theory and practice are in a close alliance.  
There is nothing we can't can---nothing in this world;  
And yet we'll tell you to a man, that a canner can't can a can.

Now we have pears in a can, hares in a can, tomatoes in a can,  
potatoes in a can, beets in a can, treats in a can.  
The pilot plant's practically bursting its seams;  
The cans are stacked clear up to the beams  
Yet we must admit, we're not fit to commit a can-can.

3. (Tune: I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy)

We will serve you ovotraned peaches  
Malathoned melons, and kidney bean stew.  
If you'll excuse the grinder we use You  
won't have to bother to chew.  
On sugar syrups, MSG'd chickens,  
Lima bean textures, we want your view;  
And if you wish, we will fix you a dish  
That will do for a Staph luncheon too.

By methods sadistic we wing each statistic

On sugar syrups, MSG'd chickens,  
Lima bean textures, we want your view;  
And if you wish, we will fix you a dish  
That will do for a Staph luncheon too.

By methods sadistic we wring each statistic  
From judges unwilling to come.  
Our cooking's berated, our panels are sated,  
And soon we will have to serve Tums.  
Yet, if you want to know why your peaches  
Aren't exciting housewives to buy,  
Or why their spots just aren't "digging" your  
prunes, You really should give us, you really should  
give us, you really should give us a try.

4. (Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh, we are men of Science, and we search for Truth that's  
pure; Problems, merely practical, for us have small allure.  
We'd rather be more basic, 'cause we want to be quite sure  
To stick to theory.

Try to understand the theory  
Though the search be long and dreary,  
All will be quite light and cheery  
Once you know the theory.

The problems of preserving food are simple as can be;  
It all boils down to heat exchange, and biochemistry,  
With just a bit of skill and some kinetic energy,  
If you know the theory.

With Warburgs and chromatograms we work all day and night; We  
take absorption spectra in the ultra-violet light;  
We weigh and read and titrate, and we try with all our might  
To make new theories.

5. (Tune: Samuel Hall)

Oh, my name is Samuel Small, Samuel Small, Samuel Small.  
Oh, my name is Samuel Small, and be you great or small  
You've got to come to me for your supplies.

Oh, I'm somewhat slow, 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said. And  
in fact I've heard it said that my shoes are filled with lead As  
I through the building thread for your supplies.

I've a disposition sour, and I glower, and I glower.  
I've a disposition sour when I miss my coffee hour,  
And the countryside must scour for your supplies.

Though you may find fault with me, fault with me, fault with me  
For my non-celerity, were I gone you soon would see  
How much trouble there can be to get supplies.

6. (Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

Pick, pick, pick, we keep on typing  
All the stuff that comes our way  
Letters and retorts, theses and reports,  
Expense accounts 'most every day.  
Our methods are the very latests,  
Our spelling's new as new can be;  
A dictograph we use, alas, we can't  
peruse Our shorthand on the boss's knee.

7. (Tune: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow)

Now we'd like you to meet our chairman.  
He's a jolly-good kind, and a fair man.  
In fact there is little he lacks  
----Emil Marcel Mrak.

He's a whiz at augmenting the budget Though  
perhaps he must sometimes fudge it. His  
department is always in black  
----Emil Marcel Mrak's.

Both inside and outside the college  
People seek out this man for his knowledge.  
His mail it comes to him in sacks,  
Does Emil Marcel Mrak's.

His manner is quite beatific;  
As a host he is simply terrific;  
For handling folks he has knack,  
Does Emil Marcel Mrak.

For he's a jolly good chairman,  
For he's a jolly good chairman,  
And we hope that he soon will be back  
----Emil Marcel Mrak.