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

By methods seductive we wring each statistic
From judges unwilling to come.
Our cooking's heazted, our panels are seted,
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 spouses just aren't "digging" your prunes,
You really should give us, you really should give us, you really should give us a try.

h. (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 occur 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 these 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 retests, those's and reports,
Expense accounts 'most every day.
Our methods are the very latest,
Our spelling's now as new can be;
A dictionary we use, else, 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,
Docs Emil Marcel Mrak's.

His manner is quite beatific;
As a host he is simply terrific;
For handling folks he has knack,
Docs 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.