

OWED TO BEANS

Written and composed for and sung on the occasion of the Annual Dinner
of the California Botanical Society, Oakland Museum,
December 15th, 1917

Verbiaged by
A. Le GUME

Camouflaged by
WM. W. CARRUTH

Vocalized by
E. S. HEATH

Owed to Beans

O beans, they are a toothsome dish, beloved from Pole to Pole;
In Bostonese and choice Chinese one hears their praises roll.
In every port, in camp and court, the Bean comes to its own,
A welcome guest, however dressed, to cottage and to throne.

Cho.—Beans, beans, beans, beans—beans of red and white;
Beans of every size and shape—beans as black as night.
Beans for every palate, the gourmet's dear delight.
Beans, beans, the delicious!

The luscious Lima leads the list, from proud Ventura's coast;
Bayo, Large White and Kidney Red come on, a varied host.
Colusa, Butte and Yolo, Sacramento, San Joaquin,
Applaud the sway and hail the day of the potentate King Bean.

Cho.—Beans, beans, beans, beans,—beans to feed the brain;
Beans to fill the pocket-book, to give the grower gain;
Beans to send the gray old world spinning on amain.
King Bean, we salute thee!

The Small White or the Navy Bean appears—its very self;*
It chants its ownest praises, the cunning little elf.
Our Harry Dutton grows it for the sake of ruddy gold;—
Of the lure of legume culture strange stories might be told.

Cho.—Beans, beans, beans, beans;—full of nitrogen;
Beans that make our lusty boys grow into mighty men.
Beans that cause the weakling to have the strength of
ten.
Navy beans, the nutritious!

White bread and meat are good to eat, but naught can equal beans
As sustenance for sailors while they search for submarines.
Garvanzas, Sooy's, Blackeyes, are all consumed with zest
By our boys while swatting *Boches* with Pershing in the West.

Cho.—Beans, beans, beans, beans—at sea or else ashore
When of this treat our boys may eat they hunger still
for more.
Beans, the ideal food; beans of all sorts galore.
Have at 'em, O brave boys!

Of beans in song and substance by this you've had your fill,
But to save our blessed country we must grow the legumes still.
Think of us not unkindly if you find in fair demesnes
The back-yard eke the front-yard overgrown with thrifty beans.

Cho.—Beans, beans, beans, beans,—past, present, future beans!
Whenas this throng shall pass along to brighter, vaster
scenes,
We'll smile a smile, guiltless of guile, and own our-
selves "has-beens"!
Haply then we shall "know beans."

*The vocalist here showers the company with samples of "Dutton's Own"