

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, IDRC

by John Laidlaw

*JK*

1. We've reached the ripe old age of five  
Here at IDRC;  
And yes we're very much alive  
As you can plainly see.
2. Our staff has grown from 10 to scores,  
In just these few short years;  
To fight the tough and lengthy wars  
Of poverty and tears.
3. From half a floor in good Old Pebb,  
To 10, at 60 Queen;  
In projects too we've spread our web,  
We haven't been that mean.
4. We're into stuff you won't believe,  
Unless you know us well;  
If we don't get a quick reprieve,  
We might end up in hell.  

WHY?
5. We multi-crop and inter-crop,  
Yet strive to keep births down;  
Those moving deserts we try to stop,  
But on outreach we don't frown.
6. Of course in research we invent  
New things, both right and good;  
Then turn around and disincant,  
And make cement from wood.
7. We dehydrate yet cultivate  
And if this seems quite odd,  
We don't want men to overmate,  
But Children's Value gets a nod.
8. We've got Alfa grass, Cassava Mite  
And Shelterbelts as well;  
Blackflies and much Lacterial blight,  
And hawkers who can't sell.
9. Trypanosomiasis, Onchocerciasis  
And Waste Disposal Means;  
Aquaculture, Apiculture,  
Milkfish and dried beans.
10. We've Finger Millet, pigeon peas  
And also reclaimed land;  
We've lots of books on ticks and tree  
By-Products to be canned.
11. We've got our own language, queer as  
hell  
Succinct and very sharp;  
But can't you just hear great  
Caesar yell:  
"ICOMP, ISIS, ICARP"!
12. We say AGRIS, DEVSIS, ICRISAT,  
ILRAD, ALAD, IRRI;  
ICARDA, CAAS and yes CIAT  
And now, get this: IFPRI.
13. And so we're five, and still hell bent  
With many more years to go;  
That's why we hope our President  
Doesn't get to FAO.
14. But if he does, we wish him best,  
And like gonadotropin;  
When he will visit as our guest  
We'll still be multi-croppin!

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