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A.A.P.A., Sung the the "A. A, P. A. Glee Club" at the Banquet of the American Association of Public Accountants at Annapolis, September 17, 1914

American Association of Public Accountants

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THE A. A. P. A.

SUNG BY THE "A. A. P. A. GLEE CLUB"

AT THE BANQUET OF THE

American Association of Public Accountants

AT ANNAPOLIS. SEPTEMBER 17, 1914

THE A. A. P. A.

Air:—"Come fill up your pipe and fill up your bowl," etc.

I.

The A. A. P. A., Oh, the A. A. P. A.,
A bunch of good fellows you safely may say,
A bunch of good fellows at work or at play,
Is the crowd that is known as the A. A. P. A.

Chorus:

The A. A. P. A., Oh, the A. A. P. A.,
A bunch of good fellows at work or at play.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
And you'll find but one bunch like the A. A. P. A.

II.

They go to conventions, the A. A. P. A.,
They talk and discuss just as long as 'tis day,
But at last, when it's over, they go down below,
And they sit around the table where 'tisin't so slow.

Chorus:

The A. A. P. A., Oh, the A. A. P. A.,
A bunch of good fellows at work or at play.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
And you'll find but one bunch like the A. A. P. A.

III.

There's Bobbie Montgomery, said to be Scotch,
For he plays at the golf to the very top notch;
He can drive, he can mashie—his clothes are right, BUT
You had ought to see Bobbie attempting to putt.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
But you'll find but one Bobbie in A. A. P. A.

IV.

There's a party named Weiss in the A. A. P. A.,
He will serve ginger ale (!) just as long as you'll stay;
Although you have money, as much as a bank,
You'll be under the table, unless you're a tank.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
But you'll find but one Weiss in the A. A. P. A.

V.

A party named Roberts in A. A. P. A.,
He will argue you deaf by the end of the day;
You may think that you have got him and now he is done,
But you'll find in a minute he's only begun.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
And you'll find but one Roberts in A. A. P. A.

VI.

When it comes to credentials, there's Wallie H. Rand,
And you'd better stick tight to your own little band;
If you venture on voting for some other State,
He will show you up sharp you are no Delegate.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
But you'll find but one Rand in the A. A. P. A.

VII.

There is Webb, the webb-footed, from Minnesotar,
With a voice you could hear from a far distant star,
For it rumbles and gurgles like Dutch drinking beer,
And you think he's down cellar when really he's here.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
But you'll find but one Webb in the A. A. P. A.

VIII.

There's Cooper, of Illinois, what does he say,
When he makes eighteen motions in one business day?
What a fine moving picture 'twould be, without doubt,
To take Cooper with motions beginning to sprout.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
But you'll find but one Cooper in A. A. P. A.

IX.

There's Richardson—A. P.—the Secretaree,
Who must bear all the brunt when the clans disagree;
But the ladies, they whisper he's really a "bute"!
When he gets himself togged in his evening-dress-suit.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you see,
But you'll find but one Richardson Secretaree.

X.

See Geijsbeek, a Hollander, likewise he's Dutch,
Of "profesh" education he doesn't think much,
But he'll read from a book he exhumed from the mud
How accounting was done in the Ark at the flood.

Chorus:

Then fill up your glass and fill up your bowl,
And drink to the health of this jolly old soul.
You can search the world over wherever you may,
But you'll find but one Geijsbeek in A. A. P. A.