AN ODE TO AN I. E.
(With apologies to Kipling)

Who's the "fellow" with a stop watch fast
that times the workers as they do their task,
Who's the guy that lays out the plants
and plans production by means of the Gantt,
Who's the man that reduces the cost
to keep the books from showing a loss,
Who's the genius? Again I decree,
why no one else but a "bloom'en" I. E.

Who's the "nut" with machine tool galore,
that drills and reams, then turns and bores,
Who's the "sap" who with charts can foretell
the trend of the market, or the hotness in hell,
Who's the "drip" that knows just the need
of adjusting the rake, the speed or the feed,
Who's the genius? Again I decree
why no one else but a "bloom'en" I. E.

Who's the "Boy" that designs all the jigs
and sets them up to machine all the "pigs",
Who's the "kid" that buys all the equipment
then hopes to hell he gets early shipment,
Who's the "brain-child" who gets no citation
for figuring the rate of depreciation,
Who's the genius? Again I decree
why no one else but a "bloom'en" I. E.

Who's the "friend" always boosting the wages
which management thinks is always outrageous,
Who's the "enemy" of waste and all failure
who's little tin god is no one but Taylor,
Who's the "gent" that increased the birth rate
from two million and six to three million and eight,
Who's the genius? Again I decree
why no one else but a "bloom'en" I. E.

Who's the "lug" that can drink more beer
than ten M. E.'s in half a year,
Who's the "guy" in the grease and the grime
who's virtues scream from no head line,
Who's the man when the good Lord calls
will enter heaven in overalls,
Who's the genius? Again I decree
why no one else but a "bloom'en" I. E.

—Fred Bunts—I.E. 1942

April, 1942