

M.C. McCaskill

SONGS

of

The IBM



1940

FIELD EDITION

Fellowship Songs

of

International Business Machines Corporation

Divisions:

Electric Accounting Machine Division
International Time Recording Division
International Electric Writing Machine Division
International Radiotype Division

World Headquarters Building: 590 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.



The gatherings and conventions of our IBM workers express in happy songs the fine spirit of loyal cooperation and good fellowship which has promoted the signal success of our great IBM Corporation in its truly International Service for the betterment of business and benefit to mankind.

In appreciation of the able and inspiring leadership of our beloved President, Mr. Thos. J. Watson, and our unmatched staff of IBM executives, and in recognition of the noble aims and purposes of our International Service and Products, this 1940 edition of IBM songs solicits your vocal approval by hearty cooperation in our song-fests at our conventions and fellowship gatherings.

Yours in International Service,
HARRY S. EVANS.

"Progressive Men Employ Progressive Methods"

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1

AMERICA

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

3

"EVER ONWARD"

(I. B. M. Rally Song, written especially for the
International Business Machines Corporation)

There's a thrill in store for all,
For we're about to toast
The corporation that we represent.
We're here to cheer each pioneer
And also proudly boast
Of that "man of men," our sterling president.
The name of T. J. Watson means a courage none can stem:
And we feel honored to be here to toast the "I. B. M."

Chorus

EVER ONWARD — EVER ONWARD!
That's the spirit that has brought us fame!
We're big, but bigger we will be,
We can't fail for all can see
That to serve humanity has been our aim!
Our products now are known in every zone,
Our reputation sparkles like a gem!
We've fought our way through—and new
Fields we're sure to conquer too
For the EVER ONWARD I. B. M.

Second Chorus

EVER ONWARD — EVER ONWARD!
We're bound for the top to never fall!
Right here and now we thankfully
Pledge sincerest loyalty
To the corporation that's the best of all!
Our leaders we revere, and while we're here
Let's show the world just what we think of them!
So let us sing, men! SING, MEN!
Once or twice then sing again
For the EVER ONWARD I. B. M.

TO THOS. J. WATSON, PRESIDENT, I. B. M.
OUR INSPIRATION

Tune: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"

Thomas Watson is our inspiration,
Head and soul of our splendid I. B. M.
We are pledged to him in every nation,
Our President and most beloved man.
His wisdom has guided each division
in service to all humanity
We have grown and broadened with his vision,
None can match him or our great company.

Chorus

T. J. Watson, we all honor you,
You're so big and so square and so true,
We will follow and serve with you forever,
All the world must know what I. B. M. can do.

TO THOS. J. WATSON, PRESIDENT, I. B. M.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

1. T. J. Watson—you're our leader fine, the greatest
in the land,
We sing your praises from our hearts—we're here
to shake your hand.
You're I. B. M.'s bright guiding star throughout
the hemispheres,
No matter what the future brings, we all will
persevere.
2. You've made our I. B. M. so great in every land
supreme,
Our service meets all needs of men and works just
like a team.
You've brought us through to victory, with leadership
that's prime,
We'll always love and honor you for the sake of
Auld Lang Syne.

TO THOS. J. WATSON, PRESIDENT, I. B. M.

Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles"

1. Pack up your troubles—Mr. Watson's here!
And smile, smile, smile.
He is the genius in our I. B. M.
He's the man worth while.
He's inspiring all the time,
And very versatile—oh!
He is our strong and able President!
His smile's worth while.
2. "Great organizer and a friend so true,"
Say all we boys.
Ever he thinks of things to say and do,
To increase our joys.
He is building every day
In his outstanding style—so
Pack up your troubles Mr. Watson's here
And Smile—Smile—Smile.

TO F. W. NICHOL, VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL
MANAGER, I. B. M.

By Wm. MacLardy

Tune: "Home on the Range"

1. His cause I.B.M. and for all of its men
He is working and planning, we know;
His time without spare, and a knowledge that's rare,
Is making our company grow.
Yes, yes we all know,
Mr. Nichol you're making us grow;
Your thoughts full of zeal—which to us you reveal
Ever help us to keep on the go.
2. Wherever we are, be it near or afar
We will find he has given with care
A message to all that has sounded the call
For the will to go forward and dare.
Yes, yes we all know,
Mr. Nichol you're making us grow;
The lessons you teach—make us strive to o'er reach,
Our records and keep on the go.

TO F. W. NICHOL, VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL
MANAGER, I. B. M.

By William MacLardy

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching"

I.

V. P. Nichol there he goes,
Always right up on his toes;
He is clever and is ever up to date
In the good old U. S. A.
And in countries far away;
He is known from Mandalay to Golden Gate.

Chorus

V. P. Nichol is a leader,
Working for the I. B. M.
Years ago he started low,
Up the ladder he did go;
What an inspiration he is to our men.

II.

I. B. M. is his delight—
Thinks it morning, noon and night.
He is always on the job and ever goes
In the cause of I. B. M.,
And for any of its men;
Now you know why he is always on his toes.

III.

V. P. Nichol, there he goes—
Always right up on his toes;
At conventions he is full of pep and vim.
With his message you can bet
We will then go out and step
For a quota record filled beyond its brim.

Chorus

V. P. Nichol is a leader,
Years in I. B. M. has spent.
When he started long ago,
He was just a boy, you know,
And has risen to the post—Vice President.

12

TO C. R. OGSBURY, VICE PRESIDENT, I. B. M.

Tune "America the Beautiful"

The I. B. M. is proud of him,
 His name we'll ever laud,
 His vision and ability,
 United we applaud;
 Charles Ogsbury, Charles Ogsbury,
 Whose heart is always for,
 The I. B. M. and all its men,
 A friend forevermore.

His long career, year after year,
 Is ever shining bright,
 His progress in the I. B. M.
 Is inspiration's light;
 Charles Ogsbury, Charles Ogsbury,
 His thoughts will ever be,
 To push ahead, our fame to spread,
 Both here and oversea.

13

TO J. G. PHILLIPS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, I. B. M.

Tune: "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"

Down at our home office there's a busy man,
 Day and night it's his delight to do and plan;
 Pen in hand is ever signing J.-G.-P.;
 He is known by all for his integrity.

His official titles cover but one phase,
 Of the many duties he performs each day;
 All of which is done with such simplicity;
 Secretary-Treasurer our J. G. P.

14

TO F. C. ELSTOB, ASSISTANT SECRETARY I. B. M.

Tune: "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

There's a man worth knowing,
 Every year keeps growing;
 F. C. Elstob is his name,
 Is tried and true;
 Loudly we applaud him,
 Praises we accord him;
 Heart and soul in I. B. M.
 And its working crew.

15

TO SAMUEL M. HASTINGS

Written on the Occasion of His Fortieth Anniversary in I. B. M.

Tune: "My Old Kentucky Home"

We honor you, Mr. Hastings, with your smile;
 Your courage and faith, how they shine.
 We've learned from you, all your work is well worth while,
 You're an inspiration all the time.
 You have seen us grow and we all want you to know
 Wherever we happen to be,
 Our thoughts of you we will cherish as we sow
 Deeds that lead us on to victory.

Chorus

Here's to you, Sam Hastings; Yes, here's to you always
 We are proud of you and your Mississippi, too,
 In the cause of I. B. M. each day.

16

TO A. WARD FORD

Written on the Occasion of His Fortieth Anniversary in I. B. M.

By William MacLardy

Tune: "In the Gloaming"

Forty years ago it happened
 That a man with vision broad
 Saw the wonders of a Time Clock
 And his name was A. Ward Ford
 Little did he think in those days
 That an industry would rise
 From a simple Key Recorder
 To Time Systems synchronized.

We are all most grateful to you;
 We are here to homage pay
 To your forty years of service,
 Still an I. B. M. mainstay.
 May you many years continue
 To be with us—help us grow;
 Health and happiness pursue you
 Every day where'er you go.

17

TO G. H. ARMSTRONG, MANAGER OF ENGINEERING

Tune: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"

Everyone has heard of "Army"
 Faithful son of I. B. M.
 We're here to say
 He can show the way
 We're back of "Army" every day
 Engineering leader, idol of his men
 "Army" is forever working—in the cause of I. B. M.

18

TO J. L. BARTON, RESIDENT MANAGER, ENDICOTT PLAN

Tune: "Oh! Susanna"

In Endicott we have a man,
 Whose thoughts will ever be,
 To fill each need with greater speed,
 Throughout our factory;
 J. L. Barton, to I. B. M. you're true,
 You'll ever go ahead we know
 And we are back of you.

19

TO F. J. BOUCHER, BUSINESS SERVICE MANAGER

Tune: "On a Sunday Afternoon"

Let us sing to Fred Boucher,
 Let us toast his health today;
 Respect of the Company he has won,
 He never lets down till the job is done;
 He's alert as we all know,
 He is ever on the go;
 We'll bet you a dinner that he is a winner
 Through hail or rain or snow.

20

TO PROFESSOR T. H. BROWN, I. B. M. BOARD OF EDUCATION, PROFESSOR, STATISTICS, GRADUATE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Tune: "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"

Theodore H. Brown, professor so well known
At our schools in Endicott his seeds are sown
In the minds of students of the I. B. M.
Helping them develop into greater men.

21

TO T. C. CAMPBELL, GENERAL MANAGER, INTERNATIONAL ELECTRIC WRITING MACHINE DIVISION

Tune: "While Strolling Through the Park One Day"

Mr. Campbell is the man, we know
Who can make Electric Writers grow
He is working day and night
And the goal he's set is right
The way to all the world he'll show.

Watch him make Electric Writers step;
That machine to him is like a pet
It's attractive and it's plain
Speedy like an aeroplane
That's why his men are full of pep.

22

TO F. R. COWLES, DIRECTOR, SALES PROMOTION

Tune: Chorus "Mandy Lee"

Francis Cowles, we're proud of you—and how you have progressed,
Your course to us is ever bright and clear;
Every one in I. B. M.—your value can attest,
And we know you'll keep on growing—growing every year.

23

TO ARCH DAVIS, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, I. B. M.

Tune: "Smiles"

We are proud of our Arch Davis,
We take pride in his career,
To a man, we all congratulate him,
For a record shining bright and clear;
All his thoughts are ever on all branches,
Of our world-wide I. B. M. big tree,
His ideas promote the art of selling,
I. B. M. here and o'er the sea.

TO THE DIVISIONAL MANAGERS

By Wm. MacLardy

Tune: "The Man On the Flying Trapeze"

The U. S. looks small on a map but just try,
 To visit each town where our offices lie;
 Would take many months for you even to fly,
 And cover the things you had planned;
 But this is no longer a problem,
 Like others was easy to solve,
 Located in sections we have our D.M.'s,
 Who revolve and revolve and revolve.

Ohhh—Whitridge, his district is called number one,
 He's out with his men when a job's to be done,
 He works with them out in the rain or the sun,
 To bring in the points every day.

Ohhh—Powers is D.M. of district naught two,
 That's just how it's punched on a card clear and true
 His men are all with him—they work every clue,
 So quota will not get away.

Ohhh—Packard the district he covers is three,
 His men will all tell you it's easy to see,
 That never a point is permitted to flee,
 And quota will not go astray.

Ohhh—Titus the district he travels is four,
 He's ever on call to his men and what's more,
 They're out every day adding points to the score,
 Let's go get the business they say.

TO DISTRICT CUSTOMER SERVICE MANAGERS

Tune: "Jingle Bells"

Our customers they state,
 Our services are great,
 We never hesitate,
 But just cooperate;
 On call throughout the land,
 To lend a helping hand,
 Our district service managers,
 Are helping us expand.

Berry here—Turney there,
 And Fitzpatrick too.
 Walker — Ryan — Lovinggood,
 And Wohlrab, all are true.
 They're from South, East and West,
 Also from the Coast;
 Let us raise our voices and salute them
 With a toast.

TO CLEMENT EHRET, MANAGER, MARKET RESEARCH DEPARTMENT, I. B. M.

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching"

1. In the glorious I. B. M. we are blest with mighty men,
 They are doing things for us and we all know
 Clement Ehret's one of them, and we make it known again,
 By his Research he will make our business grow.
2. He's a high-speed dynamo—day and night he's on the go.
 International his vision all the time.
 Our big line he surely knows; with ideas he's all aglow;
 Which he constantly is working to refine.

Chorus

We're all strong for Clement Ehret
 And we all of us agree
 With the thoughts at his command,
 He is going to expand
 I. B. M. in every line of industry.

TO I. B. M. ENGINEERS

By William MacLardy

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia"

I. B. M. leads all the world with wonderful machines,
Its great corps of engineers command our high esteem;
Alpha-beta-gamma we will bring them on the scene;
"Ever look forward" their motto.

J. W. Bryce

- (1) Mr. Bryce as you all know is one of these great peers,
With the I. B. M. has been for many, many years;
Does great things and looked upon as a real pioneer;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

Samuel Brand

- (2) We are glad to have a man with us name Samuel Brand,
With the engineering thought he has at his command,
Keeping ever in his mind our aim is to expand;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

F. M. Carroll

- (3) F. M. Carroll in his quiet, unassuming way,
Ferrets out the ways and means of doing things each day;
Puts his thoughts on memos and the rest for him is play;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

L. C. Conradi

- (4) L. Conradi is a name the company reveres
Engineering problems are the thing he never fears,
From the course of progress we all know he never veers,
"Ever look forward" his motto.

E. A. Ford

- (5) E. A. Ford in stature he is not so very tall,
But his engineering mind will answer any call,
Working out the problems whether they be large or small;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

F. L. Fuller

- (6) Who is F. L. Fuller—it's surprising you should ask;
He is one whose ideas are both numerous and vast;
Tell him what you have in mind for him it is no task;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

(Continued on the next page)

TO I. B. M. ENGINEERS—(Continued)

R. B. Johnson

- (7) R. B. Johnson is a name we hold in high regard;
No problem for this engineer is ever very hard;
With men like him in I. B. M. our progress won't retard;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

C. D. Lake

- (8) C. D. Lake of course we know is very competent;
Ever since he was a lad his thoughts have been—invent;
All the contributions he has made are evident;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

W. L. Lewis

- (9) William Lewis ever has the I. B. M. at heart;
Always he's on hand his time and talent to impart,
Engineering and our Lewis are a counterpart,
"Ever look forward" his motto.

Albert Mills

- (10) Albert Mills another of our engineering corps;
Many things he's done for us to date—and furthermore;
He is always searching for new regions to explore;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

H. J. Nichols

- (11) H. J. Nichols is a man who's very much admired;
Working for the I. B. M. he's truly one inspired;
The spirit of the I. B. M. he rapidly acquired;
"Ever look forward" his motto.

J. L. Petz

- (12) J. L. Petz is on the job, his engineering mind,
Ever working busily, he never falls behind,
And when a problem's puzzling, the answer he can find,
"Ever look forward" his motto.

F. Q. Rast

- (13) Engineer par excellence, his name is Frederick Rast,
Solving knotty problems he is accurate and fast,
Votes of confidence in him we all are glad to cast,
"Ever look forward" his motto.

(Continued on the next page)

TO I. B. M. ENGINEERS—(Continued)

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! our engineering band;
 We know—they are—the best throughout the land;
 Building for the present and the future hand in hand;
 "Ever look forward" their motto.

28

TO HARRY S. EVANS

By F. W. Nichol

Tune: "Tipperary"

1. Harry Evans, you're a wonder,
 You're a man we adore;
 When you lead us in joyful singing,
 Then the whole world cries for more.
 With your cheery disposition,
 And happy, snappy style,
 You're a real, true friend, dear Harry Evans,
 You make life worth while.
-

29

TO F. M. FARWELL,
SALES MANAGER, E. A. M. DIVISION

Tune: "In My Merry Oldsmobile"

He's a man we're proud to know,
 To the top we've watched him go;
 Fred M. Farwell never fails,
 In his work to build up sales;
 Whether home or in the field,
 Good results we know he'll yield,
 And we're back of him cause we know he'll win,
 His success with us is sealed.

30

TO W. G. HAMBLEY, ASSISTANT TO E. A. M. SALES
MANAGER

Tune: "Three O'Clock in the Morning"

We all admire Bill Hambley, ever he's on the go
 He's pushing sales in all corners, helping our business grow;
 He's on the job every minute, work is accomplished with speed;
 Looking ahead in anticipation of every need.

31

TO H. L. HARKNESS, DIRECTOR, I. B. M. BUDGET

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

He is ever at our call—budget problems large and small,
 Lester Harkness takes them and—solves them one and all;
 He tackles every job with zest—to him it's never a task,
 The service that he gives to us—is all that we could ask.

32

TO EUGENE F. HARTLEY,
ECONOMIST, I. B. M.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

Our I. B. M. selects the best of men for every line.
 Our products and our Service must be first-class all the time.
 And that's why E. F. Hartley is our Statistician great,
 With vision large and knowledge rare of these United States.
 He shows where business can be found, he charts all industries;
 He is an expert Census man which means accuracy.
 He gathers facts and figures all, with such simplicity;
 We're glad he's ours, with all his powers and great capacities.

33

TO J. E. HOLT, SALES MANAGER, E. W. M. DIVISION

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

Jack Holt is an IBM leader,
 His efforts have won him renown,
 For Writing Machines ever pushing,
 In city, in village and town;
 Selling—Selling—the Writing Machines every day—we say,
 Selling—Selling—he's selling machines every day.

TO J. G. JOHNSTON, FACTORY SUPERINTENDENT

Tune: "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Johnston builds our many products—
 Workmanship so great;
 On the job both late and early—
 At our plant in New York State;
 With his staff he meets our orders—
 For here and many other lands;
 J. G. Johnston, we are with you—
 Yes sir, every man.

 SE
 TO W. D. JONES
 CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, I. B. M. OF CANADA

Tune: "Smiles"

Walter Jones helps everybody,
 In the cause of I. B. M.;
 His good service for all our divisions,
 Wins the admiration of all men;
 He is always planning for the future,
 Leader in promoting all our lines;
 May we emulate our dear friend Walter,
 In his I. B. M. Service fine.

36

TO W. S. LEMMON, GEN. MGR., RADIOTYPE DIV.

Tune: "Those Caissons Go Rolling Along"

1. Look who's here! Give three cheers!
 See whom we have commandeered
 For great service to all fellow-men.
 General Manager W. S. Lemmon
 Of our Radiotype Division,
 We all welcome in our I. B. M.

Chorus

Great Inventor is he—as we all soon shall see—
 His Radiotype—outstanding accomplishment—
 For instantaneous communication over land and sea—
 Another product of our great I. B. M.

37

 TO B. L. MacCHESNEY,
 MANAGER, I. B. M. SERVICE BUREAU

Tune: "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean"

Oh, Burt MacChesney, our Burt MacChesney,
 At our Service Bureau business he's a seer,
 Knows the line from A to Z, and is working constantly,
 Building up the Service business far and near;
 Oh, Burt MacChesney, our Burt MacChesney,
 He is one of IBM's great musketeers,
 You will find him at his post, anytime you need him most,
 He's a credit to the company, and a friend we all hold dear.

38

TO WILLIAM MacLARDY, MANAGER, EXHIBIT AND DISPLAY DEPARTMENT, I. B. M.

Tune: "I Love a Lassie"

We all love MacLardy
 Faithful Bill MacLardy
 On the job every moment in the year.
 He serves everybody
 Throughout all of our country,
 His smile is I. B. M.'s best cheer.

39

TO W. W. McDOWELL, ASSISTANT TO MANAGER OF
ENGINEERING, ENDICOTT PLANT

Tune: "On a Sunday Afternoon"

Oh! McDowell's never done,
Sending currents on the run;
Be they volts alternating or just direct,
He treats them both with profound respect;
But of them he has no fears,
For they help the engineers;
Results of their notion—to start into motion,
With currents on the run.

40

TO FRANK McKENNETT
MANAGER, PROOF MACHINE DEPARTMENT

Tune: Chorus of "So Long Mary"

Frank McKen-nett,
You are always on the go,
Proving—Proving,
This and that and so and so,
All the bankers welcome you McKen-nett,
As you know,
That's because you surely help to save them dough.

41

TO J. C. MILNER, FOREIGN TRADE DIVISION

Tune: "Comin' Through the Rye"

J. C. Milner is a winner—we can recommend,
J. C. Milner will deliver—we can all depend,
Any job he starts we know he—follows to the end,
Fortunate are we to know him—and to call him friend.

42

TO F. W. MOESER, FACTORY MGR., TORONTO

Tune: "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

I. B. M. is proud of Moeser.
He makes all our lines.
Our Canadian plant and workers,
And their products superfine.
All Fred Moeser's men adore him,
Like him are serving faithfully.
I. B. M.'s great cause promoting—
Internationally.

43

TO G. F. MORRIS, PRESIDENT, I. B. M. OF CANADA

Tune: "Smiles"

Everyone join in this chorus,
To a man who's staunch and true,
For we sing a song to George F. Morris,
And his friendship we again renew.
I. B. M. of Canada, he's guarding
With a team that always hits the line,
Batters down all obstacles before them,
That is surely a great combine.

44

TO WALTER NILES, I. B. M. FACTORY MANAGER,
ROCHESTER PLANT

Tune: "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Walter Niles, we're glad to greet you!
Yes, we are indeed!
Our Electric Writer's doing
The things that business needs.
We are proud of your fine products—
Also your splendid factory men,
Electric Writers sure are serving
Great establishments.

45

TO WALTER B. O'DONNELL,
SALES MANAGER, I. T. R. DIVISION

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

In the good old I. T. R.
We have many shining stars,
Walt O'Donnell's one of them,
Known both near and far;
He genuine and knows the line,
His efforts daily continue
To selling winter, fall or spring or the good old summer time.

46

TO E. W. OGRAM, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT,
ENDICOTT PLANT

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

In the good old I. B. M., we have many sterling men,
Ernie Ogram's one of them, he has proved again;
For service to the I. B. M. he's known all over the land,
So welcome to you Ernie and we're proud to shake your hand

TO G. A. ROYAL, SALES MANAGER, I. T. R., CANADA

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

In Canada we have a winner
He's known from the east to the west,
For selling the line in all places,
And giving all times of his best;
G. A. Royal—You're Canada's bright shining star—you are,
G. A. Royal—Canada's bright shining star.

48

TO ROY STEPHENS, EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

Tune: Chorus of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"

Everybody knows Roy Stephens,
On him we can all depend;
He advocates, early morn till late,
Selling from Maine to Golden Gate.
I. B. M.'s his hobby,
With him it's a creed;
Ever putting forth an effort,
Former records to exceed.

49

TO A. F. TELFER, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, I. B. M.
OF CANADA

Tune: "East Side, West Side"

A. F. Telfer all of us revere
He's known in Canada's provinces in places far and near;
All of us are for him, Telfer we recommend,
For night and day with a job he'll stay, on him we can depend.

50

TO ANNE S. VAN VECHTEN,
SECRETARY OF EDUCATION, WOMEN'S DIVISION

Tune: "Smiles"

We admire Anne Van Vechten
She is tops as we all know
With her work in women's education
That is helping I. B. M. to grow
Every day is working with a purpose
And we all can highly recommend
Anne Van Vechten yes we most sincerely
Our best wishes to you extend.

TO JOSEPH T. WILSON, MANAGER, FOREIGN TRADE
DIVISION, I. B. M.

Tune: "Oh, Mr. Dooley"

1. Who's Quota King and everything denoting real success?
Who charts the world and maps our work that mankind we may
bless.
Who is the man has travelled over many of the seas
To help the men in other lands—that's Wilson if you please.
2. His quietness and modest ways—absorbing things worthwhile,
You think his mind is far away—when presently he smiles.
He speaks! You learn what you should know from Wilson's
wisdom file;
He is our Foreign Manager and very versatile.

Chorus: Oh, J. T. Wilson! Oh, J. T. Wilson
The best Accounting Engineer—That's so!
Oh, J. T. Wilson! Our dear Joe Wilson!
All men of I. B. M. love our Big Joe.

TO W. M. WILSON, MANAGER, PATENT DEPARTMENT

Tune: "Sure, I've Got Rings On My Fingers"

Who's Head of Patents and Research for great I. B. M.
Of course it's William Wilson, that shining diadem,
His knowledge and genius will meet every demand
For future business needs in every land.

TO DR. BEN D. WOOD, I. B. M. BOARD OF EDUCATION,
PROFESSOR, COLLEGIATE EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Tune: "I Can't Tell Why I Love You"

Ben Wood an educator is of great renown.
His contributions to our business all are sound.
The help in many ways he is giving day by day,
Makes I. B. M. most grateful to our Doctor Wood.

OUR PRESIDENT'S MOTTO: "THINK"

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

1. T-H-I-N-K spells THINK—
Our President's great motto.
Saves mistakes, lost time and ink.
You'll then do what you ought to.
2. T-H-I-N-K is THINK—
'Tis good for brain and body,
Dark blue visions change to pink.
And you'll please everybody.

Chorus

T-H-I-N-K that's THINK—
Thoughts both pure and golden;
Bigger thoughts and good ones too,
Then I. B. M. will broaden

"LET US PUSH ON"

By William MacLardy

Tune: Chorus "A Thousand Good Nights"

Push on—oh, "Let us push on,"
Never let down for our motto is "Let us push on,"
Push on—yes, let us push on,
We have the men and the products so spread the alarm;
We're out to surpass all—performances old
Throughout I. B. M. will—new records unfold,
For him—who gave us the slogan
President Watson we'll ever, yes, ever push on.

Push on—we all must push on,
I. B. M. never stands still—we must always push on,
Push on—we all must push on,
Ever creating and building for city or farm,
Our work of the past was—accomplishment then;
Our deeds of today are—what make us real men;
Push on—forever push onward,
Think it and work it and act it and "Let us push on."

56

I. B. M. HUNDRED PERCENT CLUB

—Number One—

Tune: "I've Been Working On the Railroad"

We're the I. B. M. Go-Getters,
 All the live-long-day.
 We are all One Hundred Pointers
 And will strive to be always.
 We have learned from Mr. Watson,
 Loyally we'll serve him all the time;
 and we'll always help each other
 Sell our whole big line.

57

THE I. B. M. HUNDRED PERCENT CLUB

—Number Two—

Special Tune

1. G—h! It's great to belong to the best of Clubs
 In our glorious I. B. M.
 We're all one hundred per cent. men in President Watson's band.
 We're selling all our products in every clime and land.
 G—h! It's great to belong to the live-wire gang
 In our world-famed I. B. M.
2. G—h! We've all had a wonderful time this year
 Selling the I. B. M.
 We've won the treasured prizes, that's why we smile and cheer.
 You see we're very happy—we've won that's why we're here.
 G—h! It's great to belong to the live-wire gang
 In our glorious I B M.

58

TO THE I. B. M. HUNDRED PERCENT CLUB

—Number Three—

Tune: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"

1. I. B. M. men, our quota salesmen,
 See their records so fine.
 T. J. Watson's pushing on men,
 They're our matchless winning line.
 They have blazed their trail with glory,
 To the end of earthly time—
 When Saint Peter hears their wondrous story—
 Oh! Welcome Divine!
2. Make a big noise, for you are our boys,
 I. B. M.'s proud of you.
 You're our real joys—company envoys;
 Our success to you is due.
 For the year you've made your quotas,
 For our world-famed business lines;
 And you all have finished most victorious,
 With records sublime.

59

THE I. B. M. SLOGAN

Who are we? Who are we?
 The International Family.
 We are T. J. Watson men—
 We represent the I. B. M.
 Are we right? Well, I should smile!
 We've been right for a very long while.

60

TO THE I. B. M. SERVICE BUREAU

Tune: "Where Do We Go From Here?"

1. Summer or spring it serves you, winter or in the fall,
 It's wonderful—this service new to business great and small;
 With our machines we quickly serve each customer's sweet call,
 At prices satisfactory—thus pleasing one and all.
2. This Bureau of the I.B.M. expands from day to day—
 Our customers are all enthused, endorse this plan and say—
 "The I.B.M. shall service them—its methods are O. K."
 "We save both time and money—for it's the modern way."

61

OUR SEVEN BIG LINES

Tune: "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"

1. What do we tell the Business Men? Punch a Card.
What do we tell the Office Men? Punch a Card.
We sort the cards to any class can add or multiply so fast,
We tell them all to punch a card! Punch a Card.
 2. What do we sell the Factory Man? I. T. R.'s.
What do we sell the Office Man? I. T. R.'s.
The Wholesale Man, the Retail Man,
The Schools, the Banks, the Railroad Man,
We sell them all our I. T. R.'s.
 3. What do we tell the colleges? Score your Tests.
What do we tell all schools to do? Score your Tests.
And how to do it, why we say, as sure as night will follow day,
Test Scoring is the only way.
 4. What do we sell all offices? Writing Machines.
What do we sell for typing use?—Writing Machines.
They duplicate and perforate and write the checks that pay the
freight.
Electric Writers sure are great.
 5. Just what is it that makes you stare?—Radiotype!
What is it sends the word by air?—Radiotype!
Receives and sends o'er land and sea with speed that simply
stagger me—
All is done with Radiotype.
 6. What do the banks consider great? Proof Machines.
What is it they all advocate? Proof Machines.
A job that once was very hard now this machine with ease regards.
We sell them all our Proof Machines.
 7. What do we sell the factories? Ticketograph.
What can be used so easily? Ticketograph.
One operation sure is nice,
To print the order, job and price
All is done with Ticketograph.
 8. What do we sell Industrial men? I. B. M.
What do we sell the Wholesale Men? I. B. M.
The Schools, the Banks, and Retail Men,
All o'er the world we service them. We sell them all our I. B. M
- Chorus
- And we sell the bloomin' lot
Whether it's cold or whether it's hot. I. B. M.

62

TO I. B. M. BOARD OF DIRECTORS

By William MacLardy

Tune: "In the Gloaming"

- I. B. M. is very grateful
To the men who on its board,
Serve with diligence and wisdom,
And to them we here applaud;
They are giving time and effort,
For they all are busy men,
Ever ready with their knowledge,
Doing things for I. B. M.
- They are also ever thinking,
Of the Comp'ny personnel,
That is only one of reasons
Why they have no parallel;
With a score of other duties
Calling for these busy men,
They are always staunch and faithful,
To the call of I. B. M.

63

TO WORKERS IN OUR FACTORIES

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

1. Manned by loyal workers are the plants of I. B. M.,
All equipment up to date, and managed by big men;
Never have you met a finer group of citizens,
Their work is marching on.
 2. Factory workers—U. S. A. and many foreign lands,
Every man is working with a willing heart and hand;
Doing each his bit to meet the field in its demands,
Their work is marching on.
- Chorus: With our workers reputation,
Meeting every situation,
We are serving every nation,
To them we homage pay.

64

THE FOREMEN IN I. B. M. FACTORIES

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching"

1. Foremen of our I. B. M., none can match these able men;
In our factories they're producers all the time.
Our success depends so much on their super final touch,
They build quality in I. B. M.'s big line.
2. All our Foremen, splendid crew, finer men you never knew,
By our President are rightly recognized.
He selects good men and true for the great work we must do,
In the noble cause of I. B. M. world-wide.

Chorus

Here's to you, our Factory Foremen,
Builders in our factories.
Promptly meeting each demand of our needs in every land,
For you know our goods sail o'er the seven seas.

65

TO OVERSEAS I. B. M. ORGANIZATION

Tune: Chorus of "Over There"

- Over there—Over there—I. B. M.'s shining bright everywhere;
Manned by loyal forces in field and office,
And factories in these countries fair;
Over there—Over there—they are doing a job true and square;
Let us sing then and sing again men,
To our I. B. M. good brothers over there.
- Over there—Over there—they are helping to build we declare;
I. B. M.—its glory they spread the story,
Of our great company everywhere;
Over there—Over there—everyone doing more than his share:
Let us sing then and sing again, men,
To our I. B. M. good brothers over there.

66

TO THE SALESMEN AND STUDENTS FROM OVERSEAS

Tune: "Home on the Range"

By F. W. Tappe

1. From lands oversea many salesmen with glee,
They have traveled to here celebrate,
And them we befriend, also highly commend,
For the job they are doing—it's great.
Hail, Hail to each one, we are proud they have come to our shore,
Our greeting sincere, we are glad they are here,
And wish them success evermore.
2. Our voices ring out and their praises we shout,
For the students who come from abroad.
Each one is a gem in our fair I. B. M.,
And their aim to progress we applaud.
Hail, Hail to each one, we are proud they have come to our shore,
Our greeting sincere, we are glad they are here,
And wish them success evermore.

67

OUR I. B. M. SALESMEN

Tune: "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"

Oh! how I love to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I love to get out and work;
But the thing I can't make out
Is to hear a prospect shout:
"You gotta come back, you gotta come back,
You gotta come back tomorrow."
Some day I'm going to get that order,
I know they need I. B. M. Machines,
But that doesn't help my quota, so
Next day I'll put it over—Oh!
That's why I love to get out and work.

68

TO OUR I. B. M. SYSTEMS SERVICE GIRLS

Tune: "Betty Co-ed"

To our Co-eds who spent their time at studies,
 To our Co-eds from school of I. B. M.
 To our Co-eds no finer group of ladies,
 With faces shining bright as diadems;
 Ever alert and eager in their duties,
 To help our customers their problems shed,
 Teaching the use and application of machines.
 Yes, here's to all our I. B. M. Co-eds.

69

TO I. B. M. QUARTER CENTURY CLUB

Tune: "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"

We have many fine clubs in our great I. B. M.,
 But there's one that is held in reserve,
 For the loyal, true workers—both women and men,
 When for twenty-five years they have served;
 It is growing each day—to its members we say,
 What a thrill for you it must have been,
 On the day Mr. Watson presented to you,
 A certificate signed just by him.

70

TO CUSTOMER SERVICEMEN

Tune: "Home on the Range"

Throughout I. B. M. we have scores of young men,
 Who are serving with hearts staunch and true;
 When're duty speaks they are up on their feet,
 With a smile that just captivates you;
 Oh my, what a band,
 There they go; see the kits in their hands;
 Our customers' crew, we are sure proud of you,
 Three cheers for the best in the land.

71

TO OUR I. B. M. WORLD HEADQUARTERS STAFF

590 Madison Avenue, New York

Tune: "Polly Wolly Doodle"

At Madison Five Ninety you
 Will find them every day.
 Our I. B. M. fine girls and men—
 All tasks to them are play.
 Are ever there to lend a hand
 Well-serving all our Lines.
 All faithful workers, heart and hand,
 Oh my, what brilliant minds!

Chorus.

I. B. M., I. B. M., I. B. M.'s Headquarters Staff,
 We present our commendation and sincere appreciation—
 I. B. M. Headquarters Staff.

72

TO OUR I. B. M. GIRLS

Tune: "They're Style All the While"

The office girls surely are always in style,
 They greet you with smiles, their welcome's worth while.
 The best in the world are our girls, rank and file,
 They're style all the while—all the while.
 They've made our I. B. M. complete and worth while,
 They work and they smile—so sweetly they smile;
 Tall, short, thin and stout girls—they win by a mile—
 With heavenly styles all the while.

73

I. B. M. SALES TERRITORIES

Tune: "Oh, Boy! Oh, Joy! Where Do We Go From Here?"

Oh, boy! Oh, joy! Where do we go from here?
 Back to our home town to work
 Without a bit of fear
 We've got the pep, so you can bet
 On us this coming year.
 Oh, boy! Oh, joy! Where do we go from here?

74

TO THE ELECTRIC ACCOUNTING MACHINE DIVISION

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

Punch a card for every sale that's made.
 There's a record which will never fade.
 Sort them out by man and state—
 Speedily and accurate.
 All accounting easily they do—
 Payrolls, costs, and inventories true,
 Thousands use and praise them too
 I. B. M. machines.

75

USE INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDERS

By F. W. Nichol

Tune: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"

1. It's a wrong way to use a long way,
 There's but one way we know,
 Oh, you bosses, check your losses,
 If your business is to grow:
 Good-bye to "antique" systems,
 Time clocks lessen care;
 Put The Internationals in your business,
 They treat all men square.
2. It's a wrong way to pull a brass check,
 It's a long way, you know;
 Write the name down in some old pass book
 It is also very slow.
 International Time Recorder
 Is the best way that we know.
 And we never fail to sell "live wires."
 Wherever we go.

76

INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDERS

Tune: "Smiles"

1. There are clocks with chimes and music
 Clocks where cuckoo shows its head;
 Also clocks that wake you in the morning,
 When you much prefer to stay in bed;
 But the clocks which solve the payroll problems—
 Give employers all the time they buy,
 Are the International fine products—
 Which we're all here to advertise.
2. Card and Dial and Job-Recorders,
 Autograph and Time-Stamped, too;
 They are just a few of our devices,
 Making tasks much easier to do.
 In red ink they show all tardy records,
 Printing all the early ones in blue;
 Thus eliminating labor disputes—
 And increasing production, too.

77

OUR TIME RECORDER DIVISION

By F. W. Nichol

Tune: "In My Harem"

Oh, this business—this business!
 This Time Recorder business;
 There never was a minute
 That another one was in it.
 Sales for breakfast, sales for dinner,
 Sales for supper-time.
 Orders, orders, orders, for machines that record time.
 Oh, this business, this business!
 You're big—we'll make you bigger.
 And the things we do
 Will surely make of you—
 The finest business in all the land.

TO OUR GREAT I. B. M.

By William MacLardy

Tune: "Stein Song" (University of Maine)

Raise your voice for I. B. M.—shout 'til the rafters ring,

We are coming back here again—let every hundred point man sing,
Just watch us through the coming year—quota we never fail,

Sing to I. B. M. all glorious—and this is not a fairy tale.

To our men, overseas—in the heat of the tropics and northern cold,

To our men, everywhere—who are working for quota like men
for gold,

To our men, who produce—the machines we are selling from day
to day,

To our great I. B. M.—getting bigger and better always.

Oh! Raise your voice for I. B. M.—shout 'til the echoes roar,

Sing the praise of him who proclaimed—it shall live forevermore.

So onward, forward we must go—work with a zip and bang.

T. J. Watson is our leader—and we are all his loyal gang.

Here's to France and Brazil—to the Argentine, Chile and Germany,

To the isles, of the sea—and to England, Australia and Italy,

To the home, of the Swiss—here's to Sweden and Holland and
Mexico,

And to all other lands—that we do not have room to extol.

Then! Here's to our great president—king of the business world,

He has spread our fame o'er the earth—with nine and seventy flags
unfurled.

For East is East and West is West—never the twain have met,

Here's to I. B. M. all glorious—on which the sun does never set.

"NOW'S THE TIME TO FALL IN LINE"

By William MacLardy

Tune: "Now's the Time to Fall in Love"

1.—We're out for a record—from Eastward to Westward
Now's the time to fall in line

We'll start on our mission—to make more commission
Throughout the year how bright we'll shine

You can tell the world that we are going after

Every prospect large or small it will not matter

We'll tell them all our big story—and then reap the glory

So now's the time to fall in line.

2.—From over the ocean—our men take a notion
Visit us from every clime

To those that are here yes—we all are sincere in

Wishing them a joyous time

From our hearts we greet our I. B. M. good brothers

And throughout the world are many thousand others

To go and broadcast the story—for I. B. M. glory"

And help their men to fall in line.

3.—The business men need us—the bankers they need us
Get them all to fall in line

The railroads, the brokers—contractors or grocers

They can buy for cash or time

They all know that our machines will save them money

So you see our paths are strewn with milk and honey

And so throughout this great new year—we'll bring them all
good cheer

By getting them to fall in line.

4.—We hundred percenters—we all are go getters
And we always fall in line

The way that we get here—is always to take care

Not to waste a minute's time

You can bet your bottom dollar we will be here

At the I. B. M. convention meeting next year

We want to tell all the others—our I. B. M. brothers

That now's the time to fall in line.

5.—The "Lab" they create it—the Factory they make it
They know how to fall in line

The men in the Office—the field men on Service

Now's the time to fall in line

All they need to do is back us to the limit

And the Sales force they will guarantee to make it

A great and grand I. B. M. year—so let's start right in here

And everybody fall in line.

I. B. M. HUNDRED PERCENT CLUB RALLY SONG

By F. W. Tappe

Tune: "Marching Along Together"

Verse

Hip Hooray! we're on our way;
 We're right up on our toes;
 Where are we bound for,
 Everyone knows.
 We're heading for a bigger year; we're loaded up with pep;
 Nothing to wait for; we're ready to step;
 Join the parade . . . Get in the swing . . .
 Hold up your heads and loudly sing.

Chorus

Marching Along Together;
 Show them all what we can do.
 Marching Along Together;
 Our success is nothing new.
 We've always been the leaders;
 Leaders we'll always be.
 We've forged ahead for many years and will for many more;
 Our future's bright and has for us a lot of things in store;
 Marching Along Together;
 Pioneering with I. B. M.

Chorus

Marching Along Together,
 Pushing on through thick and thin.
 Marching Along Together,
 Determination's bound to win.
 We will exert more effort;
 We will apply more thought.
 Throughout the year we'll prove to all what really can be done;
 We'll work together all of us—we've got the battle won;
 Marching Along Together,
 Ever expanding with I. B. M.

*(Continued on the next page)*I. B. M. HUNDRED PERCENT CLUB RALLY SONG
(Continued)

Chorus

Marching Along Together;
 Mr. Watson, here we come.
 Marching Along Together;
 Watch us make the new year hum.
 Selling in every country,
 Putting the line across,
 We'll top the records we have made—our laurels we'll defend;
 It's sure a promise we will keep—on that you can depend;
 Marching Along Together,
 Proud to be with the I. B. M.

THE FIVE C'S

By W. S. Armstrong, Endicott Factory

Tune: Chorus of "How Ireland Got Its Name"

THINK, has always been our motto now, we also have five C's,
 They are keeping sales a-climbing till, we sail across the seas;
 CONCEPTION and CONSISTENCY in all the things we do,
 COOPERATION helps you and the other fellow too;
 It is COURAGE makes us carry on, through all the give and take,
 With CONFIDENCE we've always had, in products that we make.
 Let us take all these great Slogans, and use them every day,
 Then this world will be a better place for us in every way.

SELLING I. B. M.

(By J. P. Saxton, Endicott Factory)

Tune: "Singing in the Rain"

Selling I. B. M., we're selling I. B. M.,
What a glorious feeling, the world is our friend,
We're Watson's great crew, we're loyal and true;
We're proud of our job and we never feel blue.
We sell our whole line, we're there every time,
To chase away gloom with our products so fine,
We're always in trim, we work with a vim,
We're selling, just selling, I. B. M.

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE

(By J. P. Saxton, Endicott Factory)

Tune: "Painting the Clouds With Sunshine"

We don't pretend we're gay,
We always feel that way,
Because we're filling the world with sunshine.
With I. B. M. machines,
We've got the finest means,
For brightly painting the clouds with sunshine.
Records we make, only to break,
Teaching the whole world to know
I. B. M.'s line, will all the time,
Help it to grow.
When things do not look bright,
Our products make them right,
And keep on painting the clouds with sunshine.