

SONGS  
of  
*The IBM*



1937 EDITION

Fellowship Songs  
of  
**International Business Machines Corporation**

Divisions:  
The Tabulating Machine Division  
International Time Recording Division  
International Scale Division  
International Ticketograph Division  
International Electric Writing Machine Division  
International Proof Machine Division  
International Radiotype Division

Home Office: 270 Broadway  
New York, N. Y.



For thirty-seven years, the gatherings and conventions of our IBM workers have expressed 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 1937 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.**

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**"Progressive Men Employ Progressive Methods"**

## 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.
- 

## 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?

## "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.**

By William MacLardy

Tune: Chorus of "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad"

1. In I. B. M.—we have a man,  
Is known both far and near,  
No matter where—be it here or there  
Around the hemispheres;  
Built this business and it's here to stay  
T. J. Watson, he showed us the way  
Said long ago "Think"; watch us grow,  
Now o'er the earth we're spread.
  2. His leading force—steers to a course  
That's helped both you and me;  
In U. S. A.—and in other lands,  
Across the seven seas,  
Where our I. B. M. is shining bright  
T. J. Watson is the guiding light,  
For years ago he said we'd grow,  
Now o'er the earth we're spread.
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**TO THOS. J. WATSON, PRESIDENT, I. B. M.**

Tune: "Happy Days Are Here Again"

Happy days are here again!  
Nine thousand hearts in I. B. M.,  
All loyal T. J. Watson men,  
Love our noble President.  
His leadership stands out alone;  
He's honored everywhere he's known;  
We proudly claim him all our own;  
In our world-wide I. B. M.,  
By him we are all inspired,  
To do whate'er he desires.  
Happy men of I. B. M.,  
Throughout the world good citizens,  
With faces bright as Diadems,  
Happy days are here again!

**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.

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

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

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.

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.
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## TO OTTO E. BRAITMAYER, VICE-PRESIDENT, I. B. M.

Tune: "Tipperary"

1. We adore you, Otto Braitmayer  
Our great pioneer,  
You're a wise and able leader,  
And you always are sincere.  
Never shirking, always working  
For the cause both near and far,  
I. B. M. will honor you forever,  
Vice-President Braitmayer.
2. Your great knowledge, work untiring  
Guide us safely each day,  
Every act is to us inspiring;  
We believe all that you say.  
You're our noble elder brother,  
Counsellor in every way.  
Helping all of us to help each other.  
God bless you always.

## O. E. BRAITMAYER FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY SONG

(To the tune of "Marching Through Georgia")

## I.

Who's the man with us today who forty years ago  
Saw the birth of I. B. M. and helped to make it grow,  
Fed the first of hope and faith and fanned them to a glow?  
Our dear friend, Otto Braitmayer!

## Chorus

We're here to cheer him on his victory;  
Through all these years he's worked for you and me,  
He's set us an example of true zeal and loyalty,  
That's why we love Otto Braitmayer!

## II.

Who, in pioneering days did help to man the helm  
Steer us safely through the shoals that sought to overwhelm  
Good ship I. B. M. that now is known throughout the realm?  
Our good friend, Otto Braitmayer!

## 2nd Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! for you we proudly cheer!  
And well we may, for you're a pioneer!  
Your squareness and your fairness are the things we hold most dear,  
That's why we love Otto Braitmayer!

## III.

Modern days and modern ways have changed things by the score,  
Business makes demands on men it never did before.  
Heading the procession still, as in the days of yore  
Our old friend, Otto Braitmayer!

## 3rd Chorus

We sing his praise; his name we all revere,  
On life's highways, you'll never meet his peer,  
We greet the opportunity to pay him homage here,  
Yes we do, Otto Braitmayer.

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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 W. F. TITUS, VICE-PRESIDENT, IN CHARGE OF  
MANUFACTURING

Tune: Chorus of "Yankee Doodle Boy"

Hail to Walter Franklin Titus,  
He's a winner you can bet;  
A real live wire of the I. B. M.,  
And has such good intellect;  
He's an asset to our business,  
Always does a bang up job;  
Walter Titus you're OK—that we mean sincerely;  
Of you we all are mighty proud.

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13

TO W. F. BATTIN, TREASURER, I. B. M.

Tune: Chorus of "In My Merry Oldsmobile"

1. Sure, that's William F. Battin;  
Everyone has heard of him,  
And we all think he's just right,  
For he works with all his might;  
He is full of pep and vim  
Is our Treasurer Battin;  
He can go as far as he likes with us  
Cause we all have faith in him.

2. He is our financial guide,  
And he is our joy and pride,  
For he ever is on deck;  
Never fails to send our check;  
I. B. M. is kin to him,  
And he knows its origin,  
And the balance sheet with the cash on hand  
Sure appeals to our Battin.

14

TO J. G. PHILLIPS, SECRETARY AND ASSISTANT  
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 title covers but one phase,  
Of the many duties he performs each day;  
All of which is done with such simplicity;  
He's our genial Secretary J.-G.-P.

15

TO F. C. ELSTOB, COMPTROLLER, 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;  
Our appropriations,  
Signs with conservation;  
Heart and soul in I. B. M.  
And its working crew.

16

TO SAMUEL M. HASTINGS, I.B.M. DIRECTOR AND MEMBER  
FORTY-YEAR CLUB

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 alway  
We are proud of you and your Mississippi, too,  
In the cause of I. B. M. each day.

17

A. WARD FORD FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY SONG

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.

## 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.

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TO G. H. ARMSTRONG, SALES MANAGER, I. T. R. AND  
I. S. DIVISIONS

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  
 Time Recording leader, idol of his men  
 "Army" is forever working—in the cause of I. B. M.

TO R. H. AUSTIN, ASSISTANT SALES MANAGER,  
I. T. R. AND I. S. DIVISIONS

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

1. Sure, he knows all about Time Systems.  
 He's I. T. R.'s bright star—  
 Unmatchable fine salesman,  
 Now Assistant Manager.  
 Of course 'tis R. H. Austin,  
 Beloved by all our men.  
 Because he helps them close  
 More sales for I. B. M.
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TO J. L. BARTON, PERSONNEL DIRECTOR, ENDICOTT  
PLANT

Tune: "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

Faithful J. L. Barton, so loyal and true  
 He and his good workers—fine Endicott crew!  
 Guarantee our production; fill orders on time.  
 That's why we all are so happy in selling our I. B. M. line.

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TO F. J. BOUCHER, ASSISTANT TO VICE PRESIDENT  
AND GENERAL MANAGER F. W. NICHOL

By F. W. Tappe

Tune: Chorus of "On A Sunday Afternoon"

Let us sing to Fred Boucher,  
 Let us toast his health today,  
 Mr. Nichol's assistant—alert and smart,  
 In selling, his name is a counterpart;  
 He has charm as we all know,  
 Silver words from his lips flow,  
 We'll bet you a dinner, that he is a winner  
 Through hail or rain or snow.

23

TO JOSEPH E. BRAITMAYER,  
SUPERINTENDENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., WORKS

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

Tabulating Cards his hobby  
Millions every day.  
Joe is ready with the answer  
We will ship them right away.  
We can hear his presses humming  
Early morn till night  
Joe is ever giving service,  
And he does it right.

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24

TO GARLAND B. BRIGGS, DEAN OF I. B. M. SCHOOL

Tune: "Sweet Adeline"

At Endicott—our school so grand,  
Briggs is the dean—best in the land.  
The knowledge he—transmits so well,  
Ever building I. B. M. to serve and sell.

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25

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.

26

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

By F. W. Tappe

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.

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27

TO ARCH DAVIS, ADVERTISING MANAGER, I. B. M.

Tune: "Smiles"

We are proud of our Arch Davis,  
None can match him in his line,  
With the advertising that he gives us,  
We can see his work is truly fine.  
Yes his thoughts are ever on all branches,  
Of our world-wide I. B. M. big tree,  
His ideas promote the art of selling,  
And he's helping both you and me.

## TO THE DISTRICT 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—Douglas, his district is called number one  
 His men never know what it is to be glum,  
 He works with them out in the rain or the sun,  
 To bring in the points every day.

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

Ohhh—Perkins the district he covers is three,  
 His offices down to a man all agree  
 The visits he makes are a sure guarantee,  
 Their records they will not delay.

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## TO THE DISTRICT MANAGERS (Continued)

Ohhh—'Loughlin's so glad that his district is four,  
 He's ever on call to his men and what's more,  
 They're out every day adding points to the score,  
 And that's why they all are so gay.

Ohhh—Kenney the district he travels is five,  
 He says they're a group of real men much alive,  
 They always look forward for him to arrive,  
 Then all of their points they display.

Ohhh—Powers the district he circuits is six,  
 There's never a problem that he cannot fix,  
 His men say the getting of points are not tricks,  
 Just never let prospects say nay.

Ohhh—Worthington's southwestern district is seven,  
 The lure of the oil fields—to him it's like heaven,  
 He says be it A.M. or P.M. eleven,  
 As long as there's points they will stay.

Ohhh—Packard's Pacific Coast district is eight,  
 Is always on hand early morn until late,  
 His corps of fine workers are right up to date,  
 From quota they never will stray.

Ohhh—Pennell he goes all around the Midwest,  
 His I. T. R. motto is—"Let's do our best",  
 That's why all his men they come through on the test,  
 And never let points go astray.

Ohhh—Tallquist his compass points west a bit south,  
 It matters not whether there's rain or a drought,  
 His men have a method of getting about,  
 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—Chapman there,  
And Fitzpatrick too.

Turney — 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-bet-i-cally 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;  
Done 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 named Samuel Brand,  
With the engineering thoughts 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.

E. A. Ford

- (4) 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

- (5) 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

- (6) 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

- (7) 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.

Albert Mills

- (8) 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

- (9) 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.

E. J. Von Pein

- (10) When you hear the name of Mr. Edward J. Von Pein,  
 That's the symbol of a clever engineering mind;  
 All his work we know will ever stand the test of time;  
 "Ever look forward" his motto.

Every one of these great men in his line is supreme;  
 There is not a man of them on whom we do not lean;  
 Their creative powers are producing new machines,  
 Both for today and tomorrow.

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.

## 32

## TO HARRY S. EVANS, WASHINGTON MANAGER, I. B. M.

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.
  2. Washington knows you're a winner,  
 You have won great renown;  
 And when it comes to great big orders,  
 Uncle Sam ne'er turns you down.  
 You're the life of every party,  
 And to us you bring great joy;  
 We'd go a long, long way to find your equal,  
 Our own "Honey Boy."
- 

## 33

TO F. M. FARWELL,  
SALES MANAGER, T. M. DIVISION

Tune: "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

Fred Farwell, that's his name,  
 T. M. points is his game;  
 He is always right on hand; to help you is his aim;  
 Say it now with orders—that's his daily toast;  
 With all the men in our T. M.,  
 He works from coast to coast.

34

TO J. D. G. GENNERICH,  
SALES MANAGER, TICKETOGRAPH DIVISION

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

I. B. M. is proud to honor him  
One who's star to us will never dim  
J. D. Gennerich's bound to win  
Ever adding to his laurels  
He is working hard for you and me  
He will lead his men to victory  
On this side and 'cross the sea  
We are proud of him.

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35

## TO A. H. HANCOCK, SUPERINTENDENT, ENDICOTT PLANT

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

Hancock 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.  
A. H. Hancock, we are with you—  
Yes sir, every man.

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36

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

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

In the good old I. B. M.  
We have many sterling men,  
Lester Harkness helps us all no matter when we call  
He's I. B. M.'s real Budget Man.  
With service prompt to all.  
He's fair to everybody.  
That's why LES is loved by all.

37

## TO L. S. HARRISON, ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT

Tune: "Three O'Clock in the Morning"

He's full of pep in the morning and then the whole day through  
Is just the same in the evening, after the day's review.  
He finds his work most entrancing, di-li-gent-ly he pursues,  
Ways of applying and multiplying our business too.

---

38

TO EUGENE F. HARTLEY,  
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, 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.

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39

## TO J. G. JOHNSTON, FACTORY CONSULTANT

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

At our plants in Europe he has been,  
Organizing work for I. B. M.  
He has cause to visit us,  
And the votes unanimous,  
That he will for long with us abide;  
Hurry not back to the other side;  
Our best wishes with him go,  
Till we meet again.

TO W. D. JONES  
VICE-PRESIDENT, 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.

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## TO L. H. LAMOTTE, GENERAL MANAGER, T. M. DIVISION

Tune: "My Gal Sal"

1.—His name is L. H. LaMotte,  
He's always right up on top;  
Each year he gets better, a real business getter,  
He'll never stop;  
As T. M. leader we know,  
That he'll continue to grow;  
His record outstanding, his knowledge commanding,  
That's our LaMotte.

2.—His start was out in the field,  
Where points he started to yield;  
He never let down, in no matter what town,  
He was at the wheel;  
He comes from excellent stock,  
Has judgment sound as a rock;  
Is also observing, and very deserving,  
That's our LaMotte.

## 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.

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

By F. W. Tappe

Tune: "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean"  
Oh, Burt MacChesney,  
Our Burt MacChesney,  
As a Tabulating man he is a peer,  
Knows the line from A to Z,  
And is working constantly,  
Building up the Service Bureau far and near;  
Oh, Burt MacChesney,  
Our Burt MacChesney,  
He is one of our great TM 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.

44

**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.

---

45

**TO W. W. McDOWELL, ASSISTANT TO VICE PRESIDENT TITUS, 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 respects;  
 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.

---

46

**TO J. E. McKEE, T. M. SALES MANAGER, I. B. M. OF CANADA**

Tune: "Moonlight and Roses"

Cheerio for Canada's Sales Manager J. McKee!  
 Great organizer and supervisor is he;  
 Knows well our products and sales potentiality—  
 I. B. M. in Canada is growing steadily.

47

**TO J. M. McKEE  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, I. B. M. OF CANADA**

Tune: "East Side West Side"

Jim McKee a man we all revere,  
 He is known throughout the provinces both far and near,  
 Stays in old Toronto on him we can depend,  
 For he always is on the job right up until the end.

---

48

**TO FRANK McKENNETT  
MANAGER, PROOF MACHINE DIVISION**

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.

---

49

**TO J. C. MILNER, EUROPEAN COMPTROLLER**

Tune: "Comin' Through the Rye"

Our comptroller at Geneva—one that's very rare,  
 Our comptroller J. C. Milner—is so debonair;  
 Foreign currencies and finance handles them with care,  
 The I. B. M. is glad to have him—on its roster there.

50

## 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.

51

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

Tune: "Smiles"

Everyone join in this chorus,  
 To a man that'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.

52

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.

53

TO WALTER B. O'DONNELL,  
ASSISTANT SALES MANAGER, I. T. R. AND I. S. DIVISIONS

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;  
 Is genuine and knows the line,  
 His efforts daily confines  
 To selling winter, fall or spring or the good old summer time.

54

TO E. W. OGRAM, MANAGER,  
CUSTOMER SERVICE, I. B. M.

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer Time"

In the good old I. B. M., in the good old I. B. M.,  
 Ogram's fine accomplishments are known to all our men!  
 His service on T. M. machines we all will certify  
 Cannot be matched throughout the land it surely satisfies.

55

## TO C. R. OGSBURY, EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, I. B. M.

Tune: "My Wild Irish Rose"

Our Charles Ogsbury,  
 His rule—fidelity,  
 And to help every man, whenever he can,  
 That is his strong decree.  
 He serves every day,  
 In many, many ways.  
 One of I. B. M. stars—is always 'bove par,  
 And that is our Charles Ogsbury.

56

TO G. A. ROYAL, SALES MANAGER, I. B. M. OF CANADA,

Tune: "The North Wind Doth Blow"

1. Mid sunshine or snow he's ever on the go,  
That's why G. A. Royal makes good for I. B. M.  
This organizer fine knows well our big line—  
In Canada he's built a good corps of salesmen.
  2. Royal welcome we extend to you, G. A. Royal!  
We're proud of I. B. M. of Canada.  
We're counting on you this year to come through  
And lead in sales volume for America.
- 

57

TO ROY STEPHENS, DIRECTOR, SALES PROMOTION

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.  
T. M. is his hobby,  
With him it's a creed;  
Ever putting forth an effort,  
Former records to exceed.

---

58

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

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.

59

TO FRANK C. VENNER, I. B. M. RESIDENT MANAGER,  
ENDICOTT PLANT

Tune: "Smiles"

Frank C. Venner makes us happy  
He's a live-wire real and true—  
Head and heart at Endicott's big factory,  
Loved by every I. B. M. man too.  
All his promises we can depend on;  
All Divisions of our business know—  
Frank's the soul of true cooperation.  
His good work makes our business grow.

---

60

TO J. C. WHITRIDGE, ASSISTANT SALES MANAGER,  
T. M. DIVISION

Tune: "Old MacDonald Had a Farm"

J. C. Whitridge we all know,  
E - I - E - I - O  
Is ever, ever on the go,  
E - I - E - I - O  
For he travels here and he travels there,  
And sometimes does it via air;  
Building TM sales with care,  
E - I - E - I - O.

61

**TO JOSEPH T. WILSON, MANAGER, FOREIGN 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 gang-punch, sorter true, directing all our acts?  
Who tabulates and verifies statistics, figures, facts?
  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;  
That's why he's Foreign Manager—the best I. B. M. style.
- 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.
- 

62

**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.

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63

**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.

64

**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

---

65

**"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."

## 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 alway.  
 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.

---

## THE I. B. M. HUNDRED PERCENT CLUB

—Number Two—

Special Tune

1. O—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.  
 O—h! It's great to belong to the live-wire gang  
 In our world-famed I. B. M.
  
2. O—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.  
 O—h! It's great to belong to the live-wire gang  
 In our glorious I. B. M.

## 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.
- 

## 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.

## TO THE I. B. M. SERVICE BUREAU

Tune: "Where Do We Go From Here?"

1. We're the Tabulating Service Bureau boosters all.  
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—  
New customers for our T. M. endorse this plan and say—  
"The I. B. M. shall service them—its methods are O. K."  
"We save both time and money—by T. M.'s modern way."
- 

## OUR SEVEN BIG LINES

Tune: "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"

1. What do we do for Business Men? **Tabulate!**  
What do we do for Office Men? **Tabulate!**  
The Railroad Man, Insurance Man,  
Our Uncle Sam and Every Man—we tell them all to tabulate!
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 sell the Factories? **Industrial Scales.**  
What do we sell all Industries? **Industrial Scales.**  
We sell them here we sell them there in fact we sell them  
*everywhere*,  
We sell them all—**Industrial Scales.**

(Continued on the next page)

## OUR SEVEN BIG LINES (Continued)

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  
staggered 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.**

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 fact'ries in those 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 comp'ny 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.

### 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.

### 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.

### TO I. B. M. FORTY-YEAR CLUB

By William MacLardy

Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree"

To the men who in youth did begin,  
 I. B. M. serving right—let us sing;  
 For their years of two score,  
     Yes, for some it is more,  
 What a wonderful record to win;  
 Mr. Watson—his kindness you know,  
 Formed a Forty Year Club, watch it grow;  
     Our best wishes extend and good health them attend,  
 May their lives ever be all aglow.

### 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.

### 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.

### TO OUR I. B. M. HOME OFFICE STAFF

270 Broadway, New York

Tune: "Polly Wolly Doodle"

In Old New York, down on Broadway,  
 They're working night and 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 Home Office Staff.  
 We present our commendation and sincere appreciation—  
 Our I. B. M. Home Office Staff.

### 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.

---

### 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?

---

### TO THE TABULATING 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 we tabulate.  
All such tasks we accurately do—  
Payrolls, costs, and inventories true,  
Thousands use and praise them too  
I. B. M. machines.

### 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.
- 

### 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-Stamps, 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.

## 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 THE INTERNATIONAL SCALE DIVISION

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

1. The products of our I. B. M., are always in the lead.  
 They're welcomed by all business men, they meet their greatest needs.  
 No finer line—Industrial Scales—world markets gladly greet,  
 And make our joy complete.
2. Industrial Scales in many styles, of light and heavy type;  
 We make for shops and factories, each unit always right.  
 Approved by leading Engineers—all users they delight—  
 That's why we know they're right.

## TO THE INTERNATIONAL PROOF MACHINE DIVISION

Tune: Chorus—"Mandy Lee"

1. Bankers always prove their work—each night right to a cent;  
 And heretofore they did it all by hand,  
 Now our Proof Machine for Banks—it stands pre-eminent,  
 'Cause it does so many things so well—at your command.
2. Press some keys and then the checks—into a slot they fall;  
 Now that is very simple; don't you think?  
 Sorts the checks and lists them on—a tape and that's not all,  
 You don't have to use a pencil, rule—nor pen nor ink.

## TO THE INTERNATIONAL RADIOTYPE DIVISION

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia"

"Ever Onward" is the motto of our I. B. M.  
 None can match our leadership in serving business men,  
 New inventions marvelous our Engineers present—  
 All hail to Radiotype Division.

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## TO INTERNATIONAL ELECTRIC WRITING MACHINE DIVISION

Tune: "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"

The Electric Writer is a great machine—great machine,  
 And it surely makes the office life serene—life serene;  
 All electric, no exception, always gets a good reception,  
 For with ease it turns out twenty copies clean.

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## TO THE INTERNATIONAL TICKETOGRAPH DIVISION

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

In I. B. M. There's a division,  
 That's known as the Ticketograph;  
 It's peopled by men who have vision,  
 Progressive and hard-working staff.  
 Serving—serving—serving all industry far and near;  
 Serving—serving—serving each day of the year.

## WE'RE HUNDRED PERCENTERS

(Composed by V. O. Sturtevant and J. P. Saxton—Endicott Factory)

Tune: "Heigh Ho! Everybody"

We're Hundred Percenters!  
 We can't be lamenters!  
**HEIGH HO!** Mr. Watson, **HEIGH HO!**  
 Up early each morning,  
 When daylight is dawning  
 And out after orders we go!  
 Our business grows in every land  
 We'll let the whole world know!  
 We're proud to be in Watson's band  
 Of quota busters—So!  
 There's no time for grumbling  
 When records we're tumbling,  
 We're Hundred Percenters! **HEIGH HO!**

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## THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY SONG OF I. B. M.

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

## I.

Back in eighteen eighty-eight, we began to tabulate,  
 Then came time clocks and our scales to join the throng.  
 Just one thing we needed then,  
 It was given to us when  
 Our beloved T. J. Watson came along.

## Chorus

Since then we've been marching onward,  
 Forty years we've led, you see!  
 I. B. M. can proudly scan,  
 For the universe we span,  
 Let the welkin ring this anniversary!

(Continued on the next page)

## THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY SONG OF I. B. M. (Continued)

## II.

We are proud to feel that we can join in this jubilee,  
 Of the greatest company upon the earth.  
 We've found our place in the sun,  
 And we haven't yet begun,  
 For we'll always lead in things of business worth.

## 2nd Chorus

We sell goods in many countries;  
 We have spanned the Seven Seas!  
 If they use machines in Mars,  
 We will sell them some of ours,  
 Just to prove our sales po-ten-tial-i-ties!

## III.

Institutions never die, and that is the reason why  
 I. B. M. will carry on forevermore.  
 And we all will do our bit,  
 Just to add success to it;  
 To unprecedeted heights we then will soar!

## 3rd Chorus

Forty years the march of progress,  
 I. B. M. is at its head;  
 T. J. Watson's vision rare  
 Is the reason we are there,  
 He's a world acknowledged leader, born and bred!

## 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 Japan—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.

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## "ON TO EUROPE"

Special tune—Composed by Edward Bargetzi, Orchestra Leader

Words by C. H. Ahlberg,

Manager of News Service, Endicott, N. Y., Plant

## Verse

We are working with our President

To fulfill another ideal

We are fighting hard for every sale,

And a reward that will be real;

He has planned a trip to Europe,

When we have proved our worth;

And when we do, we're telling you,

We'll broadcast all over the earth;

## Chorus

For we will,

March right up that gangplank,

For a joyous trip abroad;

We will hold a big convention,

And the whole world will applaud;

We will join our foreign brothers,

Hard working, thinking men,

And exchange our best ideas,

For the glory of 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.

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### 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.

