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Song Fest

EDITED BY *Dick and Beth Best*
ILLUSTRATED BY *Eileen Chandler*

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INTERCOLLEGIATE **O**UTING **C**lub **A**SSOCIATION

Song Fest

EDITED

BY

DICK AND BETH BEST

ILLUSTRATED

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EILEEN CHANDLER

This is a collection of the songs sung by the fellows and girls in the various college outing clubs of the North East that comprise the Intercollegiate Outing Club Association. I.O.C.A. is the loose organization of these clubs, founded in 1932, to bring together students with the same mutual interest in the out of doors. Since then, it has rapidly grown to its present size of about 40 member clubs.

OLIVER DURRELL, INC., Publishers

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Lithographed in U.S.A.

PREFACE FROM THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION

Because the fires of enthusiasm which kindle at a rousing songfest, roaring most heartily in the hinterlands of Colden, can't be artificially preserved for I.O.C.A. posterity, this song book is inevitably a mere woodpile. The motely crew, who haphazardly, and with occasional splurges of energy, have thrown the pile together, haven't bothered about a few knots and flaws in the grain. They've gone out of their way to select good rough logs, which haven't been cut, dried, and neatly sorted like those you find on any standard woodpile. They've tossed the big timbers in next to the small ones, but have tried to stack them up for easy reference. You'll find some of them won't burn very easily unless you corral an expert hand to touch them off, but plenty of room has been left on the pile for wood of your own choosing. In brief, the woodpilers here-with toss you the torch - and the tip that, notwithstanding a random shot of smoke-in-the-eyes, which you may get in the early stages, no fire will burn more brightly than the one you concoct yourself.

P.S. A reward of one left-hand dungaree patch, guaranteed not to rip, run, rust, tear, split, melt, break, etc. is hereby offered for the pelt of the first bohunk caught surreptitiously using this book at a songfest.

Will Brown, Dartmouth '37

Gerry Richmond, Brown '36

The following songs should have been included, but had to be left out, due to copyright difficulties. They may be obtained from your local music dealer in sheet music form.

Winter Song, I Learned About Women From 'Er, Wal I Swan,
McNamara's Band, (Jerry Vogel Music Co., Inc.)

With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm, Rolling Home,
(Chappell & Co. Inc.)

The Martins and the Coys, (Bourne Inc.)

The Whiffenpoof Song, (Miller Music Corp.)

Al Paisano, (Leo Feist Inc.)

Casey Jones, Prisoner's Song, (Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Inc.)

On the Road to Mandalay, (G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Old Apple Tree in the Orchard, (M. Witmark & Sons)

Stout Hearted Men, (Harms, Inc.)

The success of a collection of this type depends to a large extent on close contact between the editors and the users of the collection. Any new songs, or suggestions for the improvement of this book will be gratefully appreciated.

Dick and Beth Best
Cornell '44 and Radcliffe '47

Cambridge, Mass.
1948



I. O. C. A. SONG

Tramp, tramp, tramp, high on the mountain,
Crashing through brush with heart so free!
Old dungarees are what we're found in
Patched in the rear and on the knee.
Track, track, track, we cry in winter,
That's the life till we break a ski!
In the hay or on the floor, there's always room for more;
I.O.C.A.'ers all are we!
I.O.C.A.'ers all are we!

Our disorganization is perfect;
Figureheads have we but a few,
But no meetings among 'em, for we have hamstrung 'em
'Cause organization's taboo.
We range o'er the wild Adirondacks,
And wallow in mud that's like glue,
But to places less sodden, like far off Katahdin,
When we're antique alums we'll go too.

Give us an old-fashioned barn dance
With the village's best orchestra,
And we'll whirl and gyrate while the walls all vibrate
In echo to our jollity.
And Tuckerman's riddled with potholes,
When we cartwheel the Headwall with glee,
But Hell's Highway before us completely does floor us,
For dub schussers and phannydunkers are we!