THE DITTY BOOK
WITH
COSMOS CARTOONS
AND
ORIGINAL VERSES
By
DON CHILCOTE AND L. A. BURROWS

IN WHICH WE TELL YOU A THING OR TWO
IN PICTURE, VERSE, AND SLANG, ABOUT
"THE COLLEGE OF THE WEST."

Published By
DON CHILCOTE and L. A. BURROWS
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
'Twas many and many a Year ago—
In Eighteen Fifty Three—
When Daniel Coe dug up his Gold
And founded C-O-E.

The Place was a Patch of Sandburrs then,
Far away from the Passing Show,
But now our City’s full of Men
Who Boost for dear old Coe.
HM! GUESS I'LL START A COLLEGE HERE.

Daniel Coe in 1853
Old "Dad" Myers has
A lot of Things to do,
Getting Everything dolled up
For our motley Crew.
He has to fix up all the Works
Before we start to come,
And believe us, Geraldina,
He has to make things hum.
He has to chase the Mower 'round,
And give the Grass a Shower,
He has to wash the Windows,
And fix up every Flower.
The Wimmin' scrub, and clean, and dust
Around old Willist' Hall,
To make a Place to keep the Girls
Who come here in the Fall.
The Science Hall and Chapel
Are fixed up nice and trim,
The Main "Box" gets a few new Rooms;
And Whitewash in the Gym.
But there's one thing he has to do
Before we start a Class,
And that's paint a lot of Signs,
Which say, "Keep Off the Grass."
The Week Before School.
We greet the Freshman in the Fall,
For when he comes he feels so small—
But after he has won Push Ball
He thinks he has it on us all.
When Father sends a nice big Check,  
We think we've Money by the Peck.  
But 'ere the Week has came and went,  
We find we haven't got a Cent.
Where Father's Money Goes.
B-A-N-G! --BIFF--R I P--SNAP!
What is that awful noise?
'Tis nothing but the Freshman Caps,
That are worn by Freshman Boys.
Freshman Caps
There was a young Lover named “Coe,”
To his Sweetheart, Miss Champ, he
would go.
When he sang,
“Woulds’t be mine,
If in Football I shine?”
Her Answer was simply, “Yea, Bo!”
You Made Me Love You.
Now Mike Hyland wasn't so slow,
When he said, "We'll wallop old Coe,"
    But he felt rather small
When he hit that Stone Wall,
And got himself back to Toledo.
Sic Semper Tyrannis.
November 14th was Home Coming Day,
When the old Grads came back their tribute to pay.
They were given a Feed
That will ne'er be forgotten,
And Speeches were made
About Goats they had gotten.

They went out to see us win from Cornell,
For they wanted to hear the new Victory Bell.
Alas, Alack!
Neither Team was the Hero,
For the Score on each side
Was a litte Round Zero.

We hope all the Grads who can scrape up the Dough
Will come back every Year to visit old Coe.
Home Coming.
Oh Coe, please spare that Tree,
Don’t cut another Bough.
I’ve had the Championship four Years,
Why can’t I have it now?

The Woodman did not harken,
But hacked with ghoulish Glee.
Cornell went back to the tall Uncut,
When Coe College got the Tree.
QUITURNOCKIN'.
We're thankful for all the things we've got,
That are here on our eighty acre Lot.
But, ah, the thing we hold most dear,
Is the Football Championship this Year.
Thanksgiving, 1913.
Finger used up every Trick,
When he tried to get our Chick.
But Happy Day, the tricks went wild,
Hallelujah, it saved our Child.
Bailey cuts up fish and frogs,
Pussy cats and puppy dogs.
When we see their bloody inners,
We wish we hadn't had our dinners.

Our Doc Evans is quite a feller,
Teaches Bible in the Chapel Cellar.
He's been here since Coe began,
And always does the best he can.

When Perkie gets you in his clutch,
He's sure to flunk you in his Dutch.
Girls, he is a poor old batch,
Here's where you can make a catch.

A jolly Scott is Alex Robbie,
Education is his hobby,
He teaches Ethics with all his might,
And tells us what is wrong and right.
Here is a prof whose name is Bates,
He works in the Lab with precipitates.
On his face he wears a smile,
And he's been with Coe a long, long while.

Hicky is the favorite,
With the boys he makes a hit,
But if you could see his classes,
You would find them short on lasses.

Our Prexy is a mighty man,
A greater college is his plan.
The Victory Bell, he loves to hear it,
And tells us all we've got the spirit.

Prof has never loved Cornell,
And he always loves to tell
How we beat her in Nineteen Six,
And left her in an awful fix.

J. Hubert is a man of wit,
He kills our themes when they are writ.
He knows the authors all by name
From Beowulf to old Hall Cain.
L. Dewdrop knows a lot about
Math and Physics without a
doubt.
He tells the Freshies what to do;
Makes Rules and Regulations
too.

Jimmy Go talks very slow,
In telling how the flowers grow.
He knows about the rocks and
stones,
And speaks in gentle, quiet tones.

Santa Claus Maynard we must
thank,
He helps Coe's credit at the
bank.
He's the one who gets the
dough
That makes our little college
go.

Ma'mselle teaches "Parlez Vous,"
And she teaches "Cesky," too.
She makes us work when we
don't want to,
Till we almost wish for Esper-
anto.

We have a prof whose hair is red,
He tells us what is in our head.
He's the Psych prof in our school,
And they call him Walter Newell.
Miss Leonard is the Dean of Women,
If the girls don't mind she says she'll skin 'em.
When they go out with the men
She says, "Now girls, be back by ten."

Benson teaches Grecian Art,
And in Greek he is quite smart.
But on his Bike he is an artist,
And that's the place where he's the smartest.

Si Harris takes our entrance fee,
Grabs it up with fiendish glee.
In this job he takes great pleasure,
For he is the College Treasurer.

J. Ross sees the High School boys
And tells them of our College joys.
He loves to kick about Jones' price—
Oh, Ross, Oh Ross, what avarice.

Miss Outland is the College Censor,
So we dastn't say a word against her.
If our ditties are not O. K.
She'll send them back and say, "Nay, Nay."
A shipwrecked Sailor sat on a Raft,
When up he jumped and hoarsely gasped,
For he spied a Ship out on the Sea,
And cried, “She’s coming here for me,”
But then he wondered in sad dismay,
If the ship could be going the other way.
Goodness, Gracious, children dear,
Gather 'round and see who's here.
Sinclair, Carleton, Delta Sig
Must protect her 'til she's big.
The New Arrival.
There was a Lad
Who had a Dad
That sent him off to College.
He joined a Frat,
The little Rat,
And got a lot of Knowledge.

Vacation came,
He took a Train
And went back to his folks.
He taught his Paw
To say Raw, Raw,
And sprung some college Jokes.
Home For the First Time.
They tell us there must be no dancing,
With fair Co-eds who are so entrancing.
If we want to Tango or do the Glide
We’ve got to write Home and let Dad decide.
We send this Letter home to Pop,
"Please sign this Card so I can Hop.
If you don’t want me to be a Hermit,
For heaven’s sake please sign this Permit."
DEAR MA
PLEASE SIGN
THE ENCLOSED
CARD OR
CERTIFICATE
THANK YOU

The Permit.
Co-education is a mighty fine Thing,
As Williston Hall gives proof in the
Spring.
At all times of the Day you'll find two in
a Group
On the Steps and the Benches that are on
the Front Stoop.
IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY IDLY TURNS TO WILLISTON HALL

Williston Hall.
We are a quiet little School,
We never break the Golden Rule,
But when the Champ Girls flirt so brave,
We just can’t make our Eyes behave.
Hoo, Hoo, Skinney!
The InternATIONaI Rag

Oh! those nights of preparation,
The week before examination,
Which shall be an indication
Of just how much consideration
We have given education.

If oft we've had the inclination
To give ourselves a short vacation
From a hated recitation,
There is time for reformation
To save us from our ruination.

When we start the operation
To give the Profs an illustration
Of the amount of information
We can give on conjugation,
Multiplication, and translation—

Pause Here ◆ For Reflection

Then there starts a perspiration,
And how great is our vexation
When we behold the situation,
And see the fall of aspiration
That we once had for graduation.

When we lose the combination
Then we try imagination;
But we have no inspiration
And our brain is in rotation,
'Tis then we see there's no salvation.

Wild is our gesticulation
When we behold Prof's calculation;
Great becomes our indignation
For then we get the sad sensation
That for us 'tis sure damnation.
They's things down in Coe College
Wots worser 'an a Owl,
'At gits on college Boys and Girls
If every Night they prowl.

They's things down in Coe College
'Ats worser 'an a Mule,
'Ats allers after Boys and Girls
Whose Minds ain't on their School.

They's things down in Coe College—
Yes, an' if you don't take care,
Examinations—Examinations
Will make you tear your Hair.

—Apologies to Ben King
EXAMINATIONS

The Boogy Man.
In May we always get a Treat,
To hear the Strains of Music
Sweet.
It's all cooked up by Prof.
Killeen,
The singin' Guy from the Isle
o' Green.
The Irish Cook.
When the Junior Class puts out its Book,
We have to get our Pictures took.
We go to see the Picture Man,
And look as pretty as we can.
GETTIN' READY FOR THE ANNUAL
The Queen of the May was happy and gay,
For she was the chosen Maid of the Day,
But her Robes were not made for Sleet or for Rain,
Or Winter's boisterous Hurricane,
And she and all of her Fairy Throng
Were shivering as they marched along.
The May Queen.
Charlie Jones he is the feller,
That runs a Print Shop in our Cellar.
He done the Ditty Book red and yeller,
And now its up to us to sell 'er.