T R I D T

For days and days Narcisa cried For days his mouth was opened wide His abject failure at the ball Goaded him on to end it all.

He pressed his mind on things allied He thought of ropes and cyanide His miseries made him decide That he would now commit suicide.

Oh, woe is me, oh pity me!
I'll kill myself hara kiri!
I'll jump off some high balcony
To end this hideous agony!

With Helynn, 'ciso didn't rate
And this made him quite desperate
Still, he didn't want to die
And leave Helynn, his cutie pie.

Why should I think of ugly things Instead of precious wedding rings? Why get involved in self-destruction And miss Tiburcio's extreme unction? He also thought much of Tibur The grandson, he thought, of Mampur Who was happy vacationing In Helynn's hometown Malingin.

I'll show that boastful so-and-so
I'll let him know just who is who
That jerk will turn green with envy
When I'll be through with my degree.

Narciso stopped his boogie lessons He shunned requests to all jam-sessions I'II pass, he vowed, by hook, by crook I'II bury my face in my book.

After two months of close study Narciso knew that he was ready Before the term's end was declared His cap and gown were long prepared.

Though there were all kinds of summerians From toddlers to septuagenarians When graduation day then came
The big word was Narciso's name.

The stage was set for the occasion Of Narciso's grand graduation The Prexy of the summer school Arose from his creaking stool:

Narciso Bacur Takes a Summer Course

My case is not a hopeless one
I can be yet a happy man
Though Helynn doesn't care for boogie
She'll swoon over my B. S. Degree!

Narciso entered summer class But his thoughts were of sweet Helynn Helynn, the pert tempestuous loss His angel, princess and his queen.

LADIFFES AND GEENTLEMFFENIII

By virtue of the authority

Vested in me by equity

Narciso B., our one and only

Now graduates summa cum laude!

It is therefore my greatest pleasure
To confer this distinctive honor
Upon this brilliant man of science
Who topped his classes in HAIR SCIENCE!!!

PAGE 6 THE CAROLINIAN

FNTFR TIRLIR

Riot In Malinain

Wake up! Wake up! Child, open thy eyes 'tis folly to sleep tonight: grise! Did your mother not tell you That tonight will come Cager Tiburcio? 'tis time for his Summer Serenade You best get out of your bed

"What jest is this, my father? Why grow so pale, why tremble so? Your mind and nerves please gather, What of this Cager Tiburcio? Let him sing, let him

strum his auitor.

I can sleep even

in a rumbling car."

Alas! My dear, dear Baby Argue not, come with me For when Tibur sings, you may not know Last time it stopped the earthquake and the flu

And it is not all there is to it

my Baby Recall the shining bronze statue by the tree? When Tibur released his baritone Heaven of Mercy, it turned to simple stone! And it matters not, there is no

truer lore Though now he calls himself Rudolph Valentibur . . .

Cager Tibur, Valentibur When he sings, the nails desert the floor. They put him on the radio once Prepared to be entranced When Tibur let loose he broke all the cable

From here to Betty Grable.

So when Tibur comes trudging down that hill

Bouncing with a guitar. over the dale Be wise, go with your mother In that new and air-conditioned

air-raid shelter.

My love, sweet Helynn, Lend me your ears. My dove, soft Helynn, Please, summon your tears.

It is I, Tibur, Your very bore Before you hand me that grenade. Please harken to this serenade.

Open your windows Light up your room Dedications with this sona . . . Come from your ex-future groom.

1 will let you choose: 1 can be Sinatra Or fot Mario Lanza Or Jerry Lewis, let loose.

If you want me to wail Like a mad Jerry Vale. Or lilt like a Clooney Or be just Johnny Ray. Just tell me oh quail And my vocals will sail,

(No answer)

Okay, my dove Since you want it my way I'll sing you something that's here to stay.

Hope it fits like a glove.

T'will not be Pagliacci 'Cause my throat is very itchy T'will not be an aria Jeepers! I might catch malaria.

Hearken now, my Helynn mine, Oh lovely Helynn, dove of mine, The next voice you'll hear, oh dear, Shall certainly be, oh lucky me, By Doris Day . . . from Station Double B

> (The loudspeaker scratches,) (a long silence follows)

Helynn, I'll run amuck The needle got stuck!

(Exeunt)

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