

EXCERPTS FROM CHOIR
DAIRY TELL OF TOUR

Editor's note: A copy of the complete diary may be secured from Mr. Noah.)

Friday, March 27th, First day out. We launched at 7:30 from a dock of Founders. A Carolina Coach and two comfortable autos sped us on our way. Farewells were everywhere. All the faculty and students, including Laura and Lidzie, bade us Godspeed. Miss Gilbert so obligingly pleaded with Miss Wilbur to be kind to Jimmie Fleming on the tour.

The first stop was Farlow's Store and the Post Office. Somebody didn't have a seat in the bus, and Sonny ran back for a chair. His track training served him well. Finally off, everybody was buoyantly happy. Mr. Noah's clearcut baritone lead the chewing gum chorus in its first concert. And Greensboro was passed through unnoticed.

At 11:20 we shook the North Carolina soil off our feet, and resolutely gazed upon Virginia's landscape.

Richmond came into view about 2:30. And in the Friends Meeting House on Park Avenue, preparations were made for the initial concert of the tour. The audience was a good sized and quite appreciative one.

Back at the hotel, the gay spirit continued. It is alleged that pillow fights were entered into in most of the rooms. The Trivette boys and Turner played Indian. Certain of the Freshman girls did gym stunts in the hall. Mr. Fleming did all his exercises so as to be rid of them the succeeding nights. He also resolved to wait until he got to Atlantic City to take all his baths.

Saturday, March 28th, Second day out.

We climbed out of our coaches at 6:00 o'clock for a 6:30 breakfast. Everyone was too sleepy to observe any breaks, and we sleepily bade Richmond adieu at 7:15, as the fine misty rain sifted down on us and the city.

We arrived at Mount Vernon at 11:30, and a new experience began for most of the party. The grounds, including the tomb, the shrubbery, and the view over the Potomac, were very impressive. At 11:45 we regretfully left this former home of our first President, and journeyed on to Washington. As the approach to our Capital drew nearer, the trend of conversation turned to politics, and everybody learned that Mrs. Noah, and all other Iowans, are Republicans. At 3:30 we left our Capital city and moved on in the direction of Baltimore.

The entry into Baltimore was made about 4:45. It was here that the entertainment of a life time was to be ours. Mr. and Mrs. Trueblood, with a swarm of other friends, were charming hosts. A sumptuous dinner at 6:00 o'clock made us feel less like singing than we had previously. The 8:00 o'clock concert, which was perhaps not as good as it might have been, was enthusiastically received by a large audience, in spite of the down-pour of rain. After the concert, there was ice cream galore waiting for us in the basement. Later, the dormitory on the third floor comfortably housed us for the night.

Sunday, March 29th, Third day out. At 1:00 o'clock we bade Baltimore good-bye, and sped onward to Wilmington. Sunday dignity was everywhere prevalent, and each person tried to avoid social blunders. The group was an excited and happy one, and there was a new interest taken in our local landscape. We passed out of Maryland and into Delaware at 2:15. Our arrival in Wilmington at 3:15 meant a hasty donning of vestments for a 3:30 concert. The concert which was given before a large audience in the auditorium of the Y building was a fairly good one. Mr. Alva Lindley, who is a graduate of Guilford, was our host, and was very entertaining.

It was the 8:00 o'clock concert at the Westminster Presbyterian church that was our highest high spot. In a very elaborate church before a packed audience that was inspirational, the concert was "very good"—Mr. Noah's ultimatum. After the concert, the most elaborate homes of the city were opened for our entertainment.

Monday, March 30, Fourth day out. Eight o'clock breakfast in beautiful homes which we were too tired and sleepy to observe last night, with maids on every side and a display of linen which Hill later confided to a friend was "engraved," made a very nice start for a beautiful day. One of the loveliest fairy lands in existence, Dupont Longwood Gardens, was ours to roam through for an hour and a half that morning. Every flower, shrub, and tree, almost imaginable were in these lovely greenhouses. Perhaps the great-

Land of Flowers Invaded By
Four Wandering Guilfordians

At the fifth hour of the second watch on March the second, four Guilfordians bade a fond farewell to their Alma Mater and started their journey southward. The four "cof-fee up" at Charlotte and then went on through South Carolina with a pause at Augusta for more coffee and an opportunity to stretch their cold stiffened joints. The next hop was to Waycross, Georgia, during which time each one of the four was trying to keep warm, to be comfortable, and to sleep in the rumble seat, with varying degrees of success though "Brick" did succeed in spending four long hours in the arms of Morpheus there.

The Four entered the state of Florida at about eight o'clock in the morning and were extremely disappointed at not instantly seeing palm trees, Spanish moss, and alligators. However they steered a course just west of Jacksonville and hopefully continued on down through the central part of the state to their destination, Wauchula, about sixty miles east of Tampa. While in Wauchula the Four were entertained in the home of friends and were ably escorted around the country by the charming young lady of the family. During the visit there, the expedition made several forays into the country and returned laden with tangerines, oranges, and grapefruit, which had been given to them, at least most of them were given. One day was devoted to a trip to Tampa where the Four were presented with the keys of the city and also "got told" by a traffic officer, and then on to St. Petersburg which proved to be a very beautiful city indeed. Coming away from St. Petersburg they saw some Whippet dog races where Dame Fortune smiled upon "Crim" enabling him to pick the winning dog; however when he went to collect his winnings, he found that he had neglected to place a wager upon the dog. Such is fate.

Sunday morning the Four reluctantly left Wauchula behind and started for Orlando and Daytona Beach. On the way they stopped to see the beautiful Bok Singing Tower, and found it as wonderful as advertised. Pink Flamingoes, wild bird life and artistically arranged flowers

est thrill of that visit was when we listened to the organ there. It is one of the largest in the world, and cost \$500,000 and had 11,000 pipes. Tuesday, March 31, Fifth day out. And out of bed at 4 A. M. Perhaps the sleepiest bunch of songsters that ever assembled together met in the lobby of Haddon Hall at 4:30. Mr. Noah in a sleepy tone of voice told the hotel clerk that only the President of the United States could bring us from our beds at that hour of the morning. But there was only one objective in view for us. We were to sing before the President. And at 12:00 we donned our robes in the circle behind the White House and waited patiently for our great moment. It came at 12:30 and we were lead into the front lawn. There we arranged ourselves in a semicircle ready for the arrival of the president. He came out to the lawn accompanied by only three body guards since we were from a Quaker institution and there were two guards between us and the only exit we knew. Mr. Noah met him in the center of the group, and there the President of the United States posed with us for a picture. There were eight photographers and newspapermen busy as we sang "The Lord's Prayer." Immediately after the song was ended President Hoover bowed on either side of him to his performers and said "The music was very beautiful. I appreciate it very much." As he returned to the White House one of the reporters was heard to say "I thought that bunch would never stop singing."

Wednesday, April 1. Last day out. Homeward bound. A real night's sleep works marvels. Everybody was exultantly happy as we bade the friend who entertained us, and Washington good-bye at 9:00. The onward drive was bringing to an end a blissful dream for each of the party. Songs of all types filled the return of the tour. There were toasts to Mr. and Mrs. Noah and Miss Wilbur. Frankie and a group of his friends vied with Eleanor and a group of hers in song compositions. The products of each were good. Even if they had not been so good the happy choirsters would have enjoyed them anyway. 8:30 found us back in Greensboro. Mr. Noah stopped at the Daily News office to leave a write up of the trip and the choir picture. Home again at 9:00. "Hail Dear Old Guilford." Friends greeted us with bouyant faces. It was over but still remembered—our eventful northern tour—Thanks to Mr. Noah and those who made it possible—it was wonderful.

and shrubbery made a perfect setting for this enormous tower that houses a famous carillon, though unfortunately the Four were unable to hear it.

In Daytona, the Four engaged a tourist cottage for the night, and after an excellent supper cooked by the infallible "Crim," they "did" the beach. The next morning after a breakfast by the same chef, the caravan took the coast route for St. Augustine and Jacksonville. Approaching St. Augustine the Four visited an alligator and ostrich farm where John was kept busy dodging inquisitive ostriches as he walked cautiously between their pens. In St. Augustine they saw memorable old Fort Marion where the English and Spaniards once fought lethargy by taking pot shots at each other.

The Four located in Jacksonville over night and found it to be a very hospitable city. The next day they reached Brunswick in time to visit that standby of the Guilford student, Kress, and then on to Savannah. Except for the rain that fell in torrents, Savannah was just a sleepy southern city, so the Four did not tarry long. Charleston, the next stop was very interesting historically. The Four visited many of the fine old buildings and homes, and then took in the famed Magnolia Gardens which were in full bloom. During the evening in Charleston, John observed two fire engines race down the street, whereupon he informed "Deacon" that "both the firemen of the city must be going home to supper."

The last lap of the trip was made by the way of Pinehurst, and the Four gladly rolled onto the campus at nine-twenty, Thursday evening, April the second.

It was a great trip and the Four, "Crim" Raiford, "Brick" Gouger, John Love, and "Deacon" Cholerton, will long remember it as the event of their lives.

PHUN

A Rainbow Kiss

"My sweetheart gave me a rainbow kiss."

"What kind of a kiss is that?"

"The one that comes after the storm."

Teacher—Can you name a collective noun?

Sweet William—Yes, ma'am—Ash can!

Lil—Think I'll take up horseback riding, it will increase my social standing.

Helen—I don't know about the social part, but it sure will increase your standing.

Grocer—We have some nice string beans today.

Mrs. Youngbird—How much are they a string?

"Which would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, ability or appearance?" asked Rubymae.

"Appearance, my dear," replied Ethel M., "but he's got to appear pretty soon."

The first time a Scotchman used the free air at the garage, he blew out all four tires.

"OUTCLASSED"

By Hugh Cobb

With two more strokes of his paddle, Uncle Dan beached his canoe and then strode leisurely up to the trading post. He was in the act of opening the door when a large hand-printed notice attracted his attention. It read: BIG CONTEST

A \$100 cash prize will be given to the person who catches the most fish in two hours. The use of nets is barred. Contest to be held here two weeks from Saturday at 3 p. m. This prize is given by the Hudson Bay Trading Co.

Signed—James Gurneau, Hudson Bay Factor.

Uncle Dan read the notice and then went inside. There were a lot of men gathered around, all excitedly discussing the coming contest. Uncle Dan's worst enemy, Pierre Durrant, was in the group. Pierre, who had been talking to the other men, now turned to Uncle Dan.

"You think you're going to win that prize, don't you," he said insolently, "well, let me tell you something. I'm the best fisherman around here and I'm gonna win that prize. You're pretty smart in some ways, but I can beat you fishing and this is where I get even for all the nasty tricks you've pulled on me."

Pierre was drunk. Uncle Dan saw it and therefore ignored his words. "You dried up old settin' hen," continued Pierre more impudently than

OPEN FORUM

SATURDAY NOON

A Sunday curl is a Saturday freak That's my notion if I may speak. A hundred pins all bind that wave To hold it as tight as a barrel stave In slimy serpentine curves that show It's stiff on top and wet below; Yes, oozing wet, for oh, my dear, There's a trickle of goo behind your ear. —Anon.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Big bell rings with a mighty din, Doors pop open, and boys rush in, Pour the water and pass the bread Get that done while prayers are said, Sleeves rolled up and collars wide, Adam's apple with a trombone slide, Dirty sweaters and ducks so gray Took them a month to get that way. Hiss, hiss, hiss, as a man goes out; We got manners, there ain't no doubt. College culture can't touch us! College culture can't touch us! —Anon.

before, "if you ain't too yellow, I'll bet you five hundred dollars that I will win that contest."

Now Uncle Dan's honor was at stake. In the background he saw Pierre's cronies, waiting to jeer if he refused to bet.

"I'll call that bet!" roared Uncle Dan with such a show of temper that it surprised even Pierre.

Uncle Dan was now thoroughly aroused. He seldom got mad but when he did he made a good job of it. The bet was made and Uncle Dan immediately left the trading post. He knew that if he stayed longer there would surely be a fight. It was not that he was afraid of Pierre, he was not, he just didn't want to get into any more trouble.

On the way home he paddled his canoe slowly. He wanted to think. He realized that Pierre was the better fisherman, and he would never have made the bet had not Pierre been so boastful and insulting. Pierre would win easily. Uncle Dan was just outclassed, that was all.

"I ain't got a chance against him," murmured Uncle Dan to the sloshing water. "It's just like that devil Pierre, always causing trouble for someone. But by heck, I'll show him. I'll find some way out," and with a look of determination taking the place of that trouble on his face, he sent the canoe darting through the water by short savage strokes of his paddle.

All that night Uncle Dan lay awake in his cabin thinking. The next morning he arose whistling. His night of thought had not been unfruitful, at least Uncle Dan thought that it had not. That morning he took a trip up the lake. When he returned in the afternoon he seemed more cheerful than ever. Uncle Dan had been up the lake and caught a very small eel, no larger than a shoestring. He placed him in a bucket of water and had taken care of him, for if his plan worked out right, this little eel was worth six hundred dollars besides saving him a lot of humiliation.

During the next two weeks Uncle Dan worked diligently training his pet eel. He named him Theophilus. He didn't know whether or not that was a proper name for an eel but he had read it somewhere and liked it, therefore the eel was called Theophilus. Many times during that two weeks Uncle Dan would look up from his work and chuckle contentedly. The two squirrels in the trees above him debated whether or not he was too large to store in their nest for the winter.

The two weeks passed swiftly. On the day of the contest, Uncle Dan paddled his canoe down to the trading post, taking with him only Theophilus and something in his coat pocket that bulged out considerably. When he arrived at the post, many people were already there either to take part in the contest or to witness it. He did not mix with the crowd but chose to stay close by his canoe until time for the contest.

At fifteen 'til three the judges called a meeting of all the contestants to acquaint them with the rules. They were simple. You could not use nets and you must fish within sight of the judges' stand.

The judges gave the signal to start and most of the contestants rushed madly to the lake's edge in order to get good places to fish. Uncle Dan did not hurry. He walked leisurely down to his canoe, procured the bucket in which Theophilus, the pet eel, was and set about the accomplishment of his plan.

The bulge in his pocket turned out to be a ball of very strong cord, not very big but very strong. He tied one end of the cord around Theophilus and put him gently into the water. Uncle Dan stepped back and let the cord slip through his fingers as Theophilus swam further and further from the shore. Theophilus seemed to know his business for not one second did he hesitate. Over to his right he saw a beautiful silvery-looking fish. Straight through his gills and out his mouth glided Theophilus so swiftly that the



We understand that some of the "boys" held a necking party on the campus Sunday night.

After counting up the number of fellows on the track team who got mail from young ladies while on the trip up in Virginia, Turner remarked that we "sure have a lot of letter-men."

Ye Quipsier may not have won anything in those two track meets, but we did pair off with Haworth and trim Tonge and Williams in a game of rotation pool. Then too, there was that game of indoor golf we won from Rasely and Williams.

We'd like to know what we should feed our net pet flying squirrel—nuts or bird seed?

The track men ought to thank Coach Shepard for insisting that they have their sweat suits laundered before going on the trip. They had to sleep in them up there to keep from freezing to death.

We believe G. C. could very easily present a winning swimming or water polo team made up of our baseball men. We could select the meets with Appalachian.

surprised fish didn't even know what it was about. Theophilus swam on. Over to his left he saw another unsuspecting fish. Nope, this one wouldn't do. "He's too small," thought Theophilus and passed him by. Dead ahead he saw a finny beauty. In his gills and out his mouth as gracefully as a dexterous old maid threading a needle. Theophilus swam on. In and out, in and out, and finally back to the starting place and the feet of his master.

Uncle Dan lifted him gently out of the water and caressed him lovingly. Theophilus licked his master's hand in return of the affection, but very soon he wiggled loose and flopped into his bucket.

Uncle Dan grasped the two ends of the cord and with great difficulty pulled in the string of fish. And what a bunch of fish it was—the pick of the pond. The crowd gave a mighty cheer as Uncle Dan landed his catch.

All the other contestants, realizing that they were outclassed, gave up and came to view Uncle Dan's big catch. Pierre came up cursing the judges who were just giving Uncle Dan the hundred dollars. Theophilus playfully did a figure of eight in his small bucket.

Uncle Dan collected his additional \$500 bet and started joyfully homeward.

"Heh heh," he chuckled, "lemme see, lemme see. Fifty dollars for a new canoe and then plenty left to build Theophilus a big out door aquarium."

Theophilus, in his little bucket, seemed to understand his master's thoughts for he playfully did half a dozen figures of eights in quick succession.

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LEADERS

Who are our student leaders? In the recent election a group of students were chosen to fill the campus offices. The determining votes were cast by, supposedly, unprejudiced individuals and the plea had been made that the ones be chosen who could best lead our student activities. So they are to use the embodiment of leadership—true leaders of student action.

A leader should be willing to accept responsibility. He should have confidence and trust in his followers. He should be able to understand the points of view of his associates, and he should guide the thought of his group into constructive channels.

A leader must be in sympathy with those around him, but he must be able to feel more and see farther than his companions. He must be loyal to the ideals of the group but he must have higher ambitions of his own to which he is sincere.

A leader must be friendly, pleasant, likeable, and tactful. He must approach his problems with confidence, yet not be overbearing. He must be open in his attacks and fearless of criticism if he is following a strong conviction. He must have the dignity and poise of a crusader, and his manner, must be positive and decisive. He must be energetic and enthusiastic if he is to inspire enthusiasm in others. And he must be able to project himself into any situation.

Constant thoughtfulness of others is the criterion of true leadership and it is in this that leaders have their reward.

THANKS TO THE GIRLS

This is just a word of thanks to the student body of girls who responded to the privilege of being allowed to do "more than their share" for their college.

The first attempt toward having the recent edition of the Guilfordian was semi-successful—financially. And, in an enthusiastic burst of faith in mankind, the proposition of making up the deficiency was placed before the girls. They agreed to the assessment necessary for the publication, and not only proved that faith in a great thing, but that all this calamity howling about "no school spirit" is so much bunk!

The deficiency was covered by the Alumni Association, but even so, the girls were willing to do it, and it is this knowledge that makes us feel pleasant—and all ready to purr!