

# "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang"

(Previewed)

In this picture the chain gang system of certain states receives its first important screen treatment. The cast, headed by Paul Muni, performs entirely without "acting." It's that real.

The picture is, of course, a terrific indictment of the chain gang system. But not by being missionary. It is an indictment because it is not a preachment, as it might have become under Hollywood's usual treatment. It shows what goes on in chain gang camps, how a man is condemned to the most terrible of all penal systems and how, after escape, he becomes the pitiful hounded thing.

"I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" reaches heights. There is no doubt of that. It is pretty stark, very powerful, as gripping as the twenty-pound chains which bring a once-free man's springy step to a hobble.

The story is that of a man drawn into a petty theft, his capture, sentence to a chain gang camp and his subsequent, thrilling escape. He goes to a large town and tentative freedom, becomes an important citizen, is betrayed by the woman who forced him to marry her when she discovered he was an escaped chain gang prisoner. He goes back to a second term and a second escape, more thrilling than the first. The ending is unusual cinema work.

"I Am A Fugitive" has effective suspense, effective portrayal, effective result. We can't rave about it in the blatant way. We can only say—"Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a picture to see, if it's the only one you can see this year." —A. E.

The season of society anniversary celebrations brought a number of former students back to the college to attend the annual public program of their respective societies. The following were recent visitors: H. Clay Cox, Marion Justice, M. H. Kendall, Reeves Colville, Frances Frisby, Tom Moore, Ernest Moore, Bradley Taylor, Flora and Vernie Huffman.

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# When Hearts Stand Still

By SARA CORPENING

A slight movement of Mrs. Shaw's wrist is the signal for action. The tap of the bell signifies that the evening meal is ended, and the dating hour is at hand. From different parts of the dining hall arise fair young damsels, arrayed in most fetching manner, hair neatly coiffured, and faces at their prettiest. They make a leisurely exit from the hall, but when once outside the door, the "American princesses" make a dash for their respective rooms, there to add the finishing touches to an almost perfect toilette. Then a dash down the stairs to the hallway. There a stop. Has He come? No sight of the male in quest. Could he have forgotten? Then comes the blasting idea: Is it possible that this is a case of being stood up? The agony of the next ensuing moments! Out of the blackness a voice: "Say! your big moment said he couldn't hold that settee forever!"—Saved! He is in the sun-parlor, proudly protecting the most popular piece of furniture in Spilman—the lone settee of which the sun-parlor boasts. For it he has left a chance at a second dessert, for it he has combatted all other eager seekers, and now it is his proud possession for an hour. The relieved female enters the sun-parlor, accompanied by a hearty welcoming address from the curbstome gallery. She ignores the remark of the chivalrous defender of the settee, "Late again," and nonchalantly seats herself on the coveted wicker.

Another dating hour has begun.

# Gibbs-House All-American Team

Left End—Horton Gregg.  
Left Tackle—Albert Suttle.  
Left Guard—Jack Hodges.  
Center—Lionel Flack.  
Right Guard—Bomar Lowrance.  
Right Tackle—Woodrow Denton.  
Right End—"Pig" Holland.  
Quarter—John Corbett.  
Left Halfback—Paul Buck.  
Right Halfback—Bob Scruggs.  
Fullback—Arthur McGinty.  
Coach—Terrywood Gibbs.  
Mascot—"Pot" Bruce.  
Picked by Gramercy Rice.

# The Comeback Kid

(Continued from page 2)

"I suppose he's takin' his deep breathin' exercises now"

"Uh—no, he ain't trainin' right now. As a matter of fact he's quit the ring—cold. That's why I wanted you to see him. For three or four months he burns up the town, lickin' some of the best scrappers in the division. Then out of a clear sky he ups and quits. He ain't had on a glove since, and won't go near a ring. He starts boozin' and gets a front seat on the downgrade toboggan, and nobody has been able to do anything with him. All the managers in town have tried to get him back in the ring, but their efforts have netted them exactly nil. He use to be a right likable kid, but he's developed a nasty disposition. As you claim you're such a good hand at psychology I'll wake him up and let you try your hand on him."

Galvin prods him in the short ribs with his foot. The celebrated middleweight emits a grunt. "Can't yuh leave a guy sleep in peace?" he mutters. "I ain't botherin' nobody."

"Get up, Kid," orders Galvin. "I want you to meet a friend of mine, Jimmy Drexel, a fight manager."

He raises to a sitting posture revealing a gaunt face covered with a heavy stubble of beard. Somehow, in spite of his unkempt appearance there was something likable about the lad. Something about him seemed to cry out: "Yeah, I know I look like a bum, but I've seen better days. I don't belong here; and if somebody tries hard enough to put me back where I do belong, I could make some real coin for a good manager." Then I thinks to myself: "Well, ol' hoss, I b'lieve we'll take a fling at this."

"I thought yuh was a cop, at first," the sleeping one apologized.

"Kid, Mr. Drexel wants to talk with you about a little matter," Galvin explains. "So as I got to see a feller in a few minutes I'll just ooze along and let you two get acquainted."

"The Kid eyed me suspiciously."

I lowers myself gingerly to the bench and says by way of a lead: "Well, Kid, they tell me you're a fighter."

"I was," the Kid counters.

"Whassa matter? Don't yuh like the fight racket?"

"Whadda you care?"

"Well—I dunno. I was just wonderin' why a good box fighter would quit the game cold when he had a big chance to mop up."

"People wonder about a lot of things that ain't any of their business, don't they?" right nasty like.

"Kid, maybe you did get a misdeal somewhere back along the line, but there ain't no use bein' sore about it all the rest of your life. Why, everybody has a certain amount of bad luck—that's in the law of averages. Now, how'd you like to get back in the fight racket?"

"How'd you like to get in the movies?" he snaps back.

I confesses that I ain't given it much thought and comes back for another try: "Kid, I'm beginnin' to believe that there's a dame in the case."

"Quite a sleuth, ain't yuh? Well—what of it?"

"Now if there's a skirt in it, Kid," I chirps, thinking that I am beginning to get the shoe on the right foot, "just put your mind at ease. What's one dame? Why this burg is full of good looking janes just waitin' for a big he-man like you to come along and grab 'em. Now f'rinstance, I know a cute little doll down at Costello's—like to meet her?"

"No!"

Seeing that the dame question is nix, I changes bait, "I know what you need, Kid. What you need is a good, square feed."

"Yeah?"

"Sure! How'd yuh like to sink yer fangs in a big, thick, juicy tenderloin steak, smothered in onions and drowned in rich brown gravy? How does that strike yuh, huh?"

I can see that he's swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker, because he don't try any snappy comeback. "Say, I ain't had a square meal in months," he admits weakly; "don't torture me

# Room Mates

Room mates are peculiar animals. Often they are purely ornamental. Occasionally they are useful. When one wishes to shift the blame of some misdemeanor or mistake, a room mate is often a handy object. Likewise, when one wishes to fix a stubborn tie or fasten a difficult dress, these creatures become a great help if you know how to work them.

Room mates are like children. From the very first they should be trained to be seen and not heard; to arise early on cold mornings to close the windows and turn on the heat; to speak when they are spoken to only. Although they should be taught to deliver city notes promptly and privately, care must be taken to also teach them never to hook your very best heart-throb as room mates often have that unaccountable tendency.

In addition to the method of training you are even now using of commanding, "squelching," knocking, and domineering, try patience, loyalty, helpfulness, and love. Strange to say, some experts find after a week's trial of this theory that especially stubborn room mates even soften. Try this unusual training method on your room mate if he or she doesn't exactly fit your taste. You may be surprised at the experiment and so pleased at its success in taming the person you must live with for twenty-four hours a day that you will want to continue it always.

—E. M.

The students at Florence State Teachers' College (Alabama), used an average of 128 books each for 1931-32. During May 9, 745 books were circulated.

like that. Yuh know yuh don't mean it."

"Sure I mean it, Kid. Come on—let's scram. I know just the place."

We light out for a quick lunch place nearby; and in spite of the undernourished condition of the

Kid is supposed to be in, he ambles along at a lively clip, his mouth fairly watering at the prospect of a real feed.

I tells the Kid to order anything he wants and he responds by stowing away enough grub to outfit a polar expedition. However, I don't kick—even though I know the bill is going to look like a Senate relief appropriation—because I feel that I've got him hooked, and later on it will be him paying the bills and not me. When the Kid finishes the last slab of pie, he wipes his mouth on the back of his hand, loosens his belt, and leans back against the wall to give his digestive organs a free hand.

"Thanks—it was swell," he smiles grateful like. "First square meal I've had since I was fightin'."

"Well, you're welcome to it. Now let's get down to business and figger on this big comeback we're gonna make."

"Sure. With this meal under my belt I feel like I could wallop the champ."

"Then we'll start workin' out tomorrow."

"That's okeh by me," he smiles back.

The Kid casually glances out the window and seeing a guy pass by jumps to his feet exclaiming, "Say, there goes a bird what owes me some money! I'll be back in just a shake," and with that he dashes out the door.

A half hour passes, but he don't come back. An hour—then two. Finally my patience gets the best of me and I call a waiter. "Say," I begins, "you saw that guy that ate with me, Kid Wallop, the famous middleweight. Do you happen to know—"

He interrupts with a dry grin: "Say guy, dat was no prize fighter what ate offa yuh. Dat was 'Louey, de Comeback Kid'—de slickest free lunch grafter in town."

My jaw sags. "You must be mistaken," I says weakly. "Pat Galvin told me that he use to be—"

"Yeah, he usta be Pat's no-count brother-in-law, and still is fer dat matter. Pat hasta stake him to lunch money everyday—except de days when he can fin' a sucker like you to help him along."

THE END.

# Tense Moments The Dinner

The dinner hour is a tense moment. Chapel has let out and stand around in groups, the sound of the bell, the ting on the rail or staircase entrance, while the assembled in the Sun Parlor man porch. Some of the dies can be seen to cast in the direction of their friend, and once catching stowing such affectionate to cause said boy friend digestive disorders as partaking of his customary of food.

The boys as a whole and restless, resembling sheep about to be turned green pastures. Many men stand about in smug changing jokes and the foregoing morning then something happens, attention of the entire boys start scuffling, chasing another, or eng test of physical prowess. performers stand in good the fair onlookers who displays from the Sun porch, not to mention the at precarious angles from windows.

The big bell peals forth begin to show signs of being eager to get at the of them. Many of the have been resting on the over nearer the entrance of the ringing of the. Some of the men, who d so eager to enter the ten gather around a youth "Cab" and employ him ally, after much plead sents, singing throatily from a popular jazz hie ishing, he is hoisted to of his admirers, where edges the plaudits of a shaking (1) 1931-32

fighter.

Suddenly the small bell crooner becomes a second being dropped hastily by hesso who make a mad dash for entrance. All rush wildly door, milling, jostling, sh elbowing. Each man is tagu the first to enter the "prom" Finally, after much st wedging, a few students break through the mass and inside the sanctuary. Th their respective tables, and specting the food—usual uncomplimentary comment—they twiddle their thumb minutes or more, while the tunate than they are still into the hall.

# Chorus And Orchestra Give Annual

(Continued from page 3)  
Elizabeth Blanton, Virginia  
Reading with Music:  
An Old Violin  
Doris Gibbs  
The Feast of Lanterns  
Orchestra  
Piano Duo:  
Gondoliers  
Carolyn Haynes, Sylvia  
Trumpet Duet:  
Carnival of Venice  
Billy Wright, Gholston  
The Boy Who Stuttered and the Lipped  
Elizabeth Blanton, Virginia  
A Quartette: Rhapsody  
R. L. Richardson, I. O. C.  
J. T. Wilkins, Jr., S. T. B.  
Accordion Solo:  
Minuet in G  
John Washburn  
National Emblem March  
Campus Echoes  
Orchestra  
Toreador Song from "Carmen"  
Taps  
Chorus

Dr. W. Marvin Scruggs, physician of Charlotte, has been elected president of the "Who's Who" After Mars Hill in 1908, he attended Forest college and the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Scruggs served in several prominent ties of the medical field, and a wide practice in Charlotte a member of the Mecklenburg Alumni Association.