

Suanta h. Johnson  
University of Baltimore  
1936

# BAROON BEE

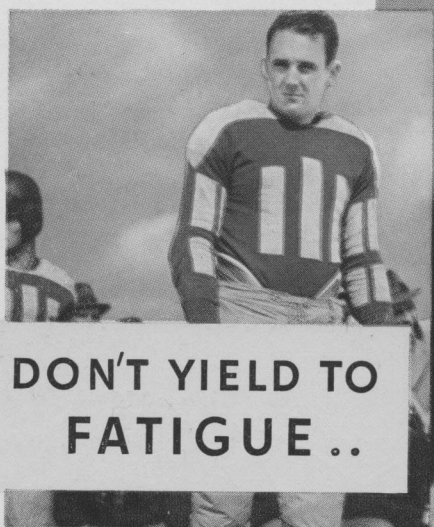


DECEMBER 1934

15 Cents

Vol. 2

No. 4

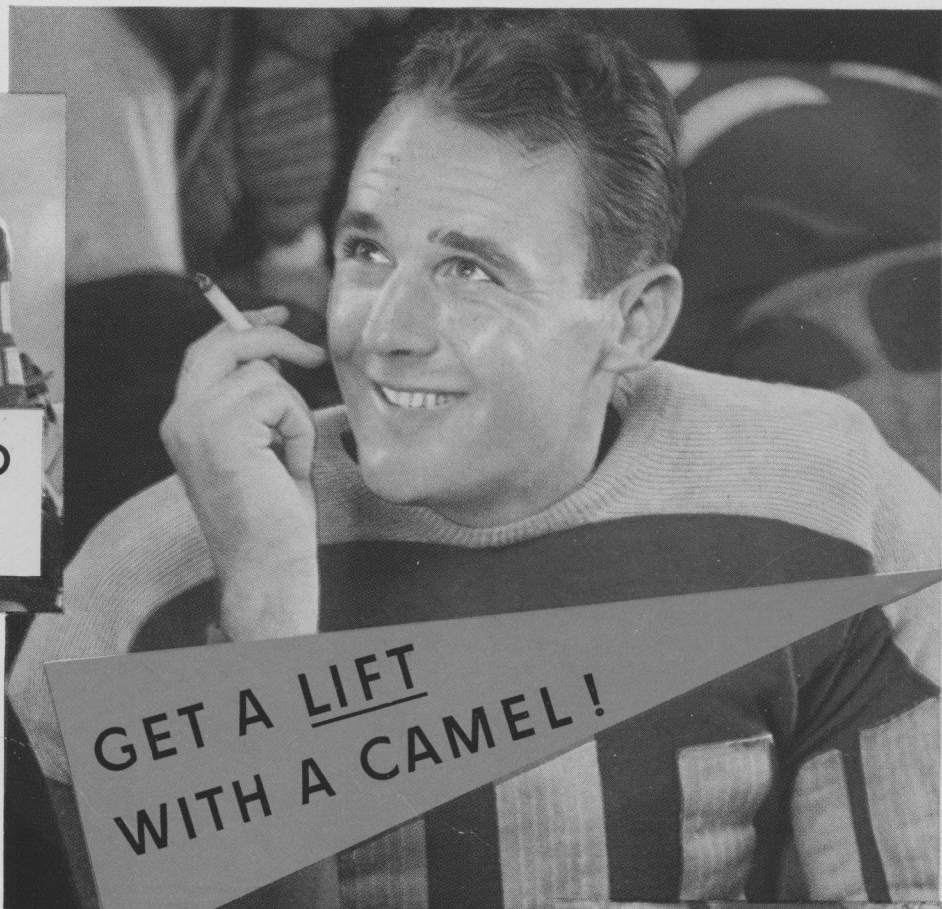


**DON'T YIELD TO  
FATIGUE ..**

AFTER A HARD GAME . . .

### "Cliff" Montgomery

Famous quarterback! Now starring with the Brooklyn Dodgers. "Cliff" says: "After a game, the first thing I do in the locker room is to light up a Camel—get a swell 'lift'—and in a short time I feel 100% again—Camels don't interfere with healthy nerves."



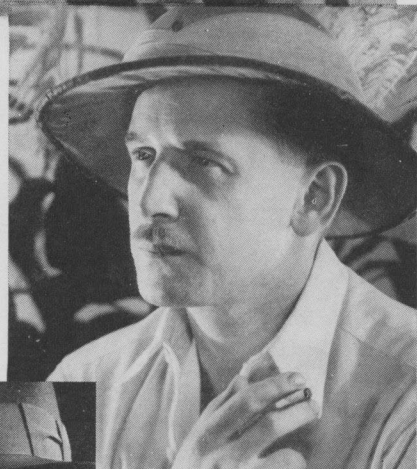
**GET A LIFT  
WITH A CAMEL!**

. . . IN THE LOCKER ROOM

**FOR YOUR OWN DAILY LIFE YOU NEED ENERGY, TOO.** Turn to Camels and see what others mean when they say that they "get a *lift* with a Camel." Camels help to dispel tiredness, ward off "blue" moments—actually increase your supply of available energy. Camel's "energizing effect" has been confirmed by science. Smoke all you want. Camels never jangle your nerves.

### EXPLORER

Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., says: "I was in Honduras 10 months. Fortunately I had plenty of Camels. They always give me a 'pick-up' in energy. I prefer Camel's flavor, too. They never upset my nerves."



### LAW STUDENT

E. R. O'Neil, '37, says: "I try to avoid overdoing, and part of my program is smoking Camels. There's enjoyment in Camels. They give me a delightful 'lift.' I smoke them constantly and they never bother my nerves."



### SPORTS WRITER

Pat Robinson of INS—always on the jump. Of course he gets tired! But—"I find Camels restore my pep," Pat says. "I smoke at least two packs a day, and they never interfere with my nerves."

**ALL TOBACCO MEN  
KNOW...**

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



*Camel's Costlier  
Tobaccos never get  
on your Nerves!*

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# The MAROON BEE

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December 1934

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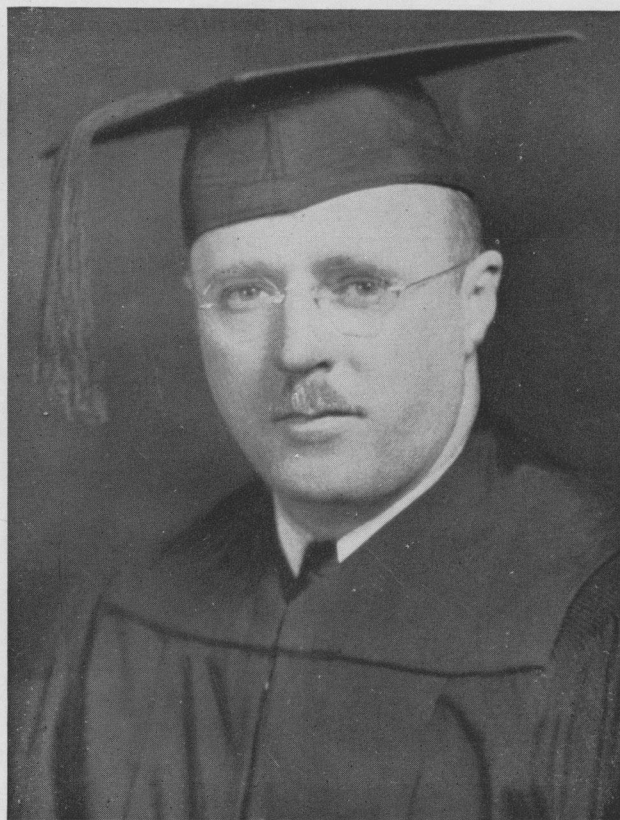
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**I**T is with a light heart that I can, this year, wish for our students, teachers, and members of the administration a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I am thoroughly convinced that we all face the new year with a more halcyonic future than has been the case for the past several years. These past years brought about, oftentimes, a feeling of hypocrisy when we said, half heartedly, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." That half-hearted feeling, as far as I am concerned, is entirely removed. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I now express to all of you the feeling of assurance that happier days are before us.

No longer is it necessary to consider our futures from the aspect of desperation; but we can face the future with enthusiasm because we now gaze toward an entirely new horizon. I am convinced that the next ten years will offer opportunities that have not been available for many years past to our ambitious, well-educated young people. I am further convinced that these people, in the next ten years will reach the coveted positions that they have visioned in

their moments of pleasant anticipation. It is, therefore, for these reasons that I can extend light-hearted holiday greetings.

It is always a pleasure to employ the pages of the MAROON to express my pleasant relationship and feelings toward the students and faculty of the University of Baltimore. Moreover, I wish to take this opportunity to thank the officers of the MAROON, the BALOO, the Student Council, and classes in all departments in addition to the Faculty and Administrative Staff for their keen interest in the affairs of the University and let them know that the helpful advice and suggestions that are offered from time to time are appreciated. I sincerely hope, for the best interests of the institution, that this relationship will grow even richer and more fruitful as the new year progresses.

It is, therefore, for all of the above excellent reasons that I wish all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

HOWELL A. KING  
*President, University of Baltimore*



# LIFE

**W**HAT is it—this thing we call life? Certainly it is not a tangible something—a thing or an object upon which we can place a hand and say with triumph, here, I have it; or, look, it has alluded me. Surely we cannot center it, definitely we cannot shadow it.

But we can ruin it, despise it, like it, want it and many other active verb its. And then what have we?

I wonder at life.

I marvel at life.

And I cannot explain life—I dare not explain life. Really, I do not know whether or not I want to. It is such a precious thing. Holy? Perhaps. That depends on the point of view. It is said God gives and only God can take away. But surely, if we believe that, we do not abide by it. And then again, we must first believe in a God.

This thing called life thrills me. Why? I am human enough to err, I am frail enough to believe, I am moron enough to have faith. And, in passing, while I hold myself out as no example, I would to God that we were all that moronic. I am young and life has its mysteries. I am not mollicoddled and life has its problems for me, some of them very definite. I have not as yet been hoodwinked, scared or blasphemed into an unaccountable acceptance of the system commonly referred to as civilization, therefore my mind is fairly open to wanderous speculation and neverceasing damnation.

A babe in arms swallows an open safety pin. She is one year old. A dog of the same age would look in disdain upon a rancid bone. But our senses are not so keen. Someone, whose years and experience have been spent in lustally carving daintily on ill smelling, formaldehydic forms, and has at least succeeded in holding himself out as a clever saver of lives, does the impossible by closing the safety pin and withdrawing it, thereby saving the child's life and assuring himself of a successful future. My neighbor reads of it and exclaims "It is the life!"

Another neighbor of mine does not read it, and when I tell him of the event he smiles wearily and asks for another cocktail muttering, "Uh-huh. It's an old trick. He ah—" he stretches, and settles back to light a cigarette.

Is this life?

I wonder at it.

I marvel at it.

A learned professor sings eloquent praises of life. I embarrass him no end by innocently inquiring for a definition. He stutters and smiles but I know he does not know. And he knows he does not know. And yet—on his salary he should know. After lecture he tells me that he sings the praises of life but to delve into it as though it is a piece of machinery should never be done. It destroys its beauty. It shatters the moral, it disrupts the mind.

And I am tempted to cry out with the small boy—"Nuts!"

I am amazed at the learned gentleman's manner. I do not understand it. When I mention it to a close friend he sympathizes and nods his head. "It is life!" he says. And he wonders why I do not reply.

"Life is but a stream we go afishing in," a brilliant lecturer declares. Then he steps back smiling at his closing words as tumultuous applause sweeps the great hall. But I cannot find it in my heart to join in with the rest. The words are meaningless except as to time, and time cannot be life. Perhaps time is one of the parts of the thing called life; at least, perhaps time has some bearing upon life. The statement is an old one, first coming from the pen of Henry Thoreau over a half century ago. So I sit quiet.

And then a thought strikes me. Maybe—maybe this thing that is taking place around me is life. But I shake my head. It is too effervescent to be life. I twitch and settle farther into my seat. Perhaps, next time. . . .

★

★

The classical dance was originated by a young woman trying to get into a union suit in an upper berth.

"I've never been kissed before," said she,

As she shifted the car again with her knee.

—*Yale Record*

## Student

8:58 He comes into the room, slouches over to usual seat and drops books with resounding crack onto desk top. This done, he stretches out both legs before him until it is possible to place his feet on the desk in front.

9:00 The shrilling of the bell awakes him into such activity that he raises one of his closed lids to see if the professor has arrived; he hasn't, so again the lids close and the lids droop around the ever-present fag.

9:08 He has one eye on the clock and one on the door, his back is straight and his body tense, the professor hasn't arrived—there is hope, radiant hope, maybe he wouldn't come today. But alas and alack, the professor is a true knight of the blackboard and so strides in the room, saying "there isn't any excuse for a student to be late, it is only a habit."

9:09 He drops the cigarette on the floor and without a lost motion inserts a stick of gum into his open mouth while at the same time he is tapping his book and moving into a more comfortable position.

9:11 Here!

9:22 Up until this time he has remained absolutely motionless while in a state of suspended animation, but now a feeling steals over him that maybe he should take down a few notes, so he jots in his book—Fr. lit. most imp.

9:34 Again the black void seems to lighten and he gets the impression that he is being stared at, in fact, when he opens

his eyes he can see who is doing the staring—why, it's the, now what does the dear old prof want?

9:35 "Am sorry," he mutters, "but I didn't hear the question."

9:38 "Why, there isn't any more syllables because there ain't—I mean there isn't more, or maybe it's something," he proudly answers and is surprised when the professor throws up his hands and walks back to the desk, a very dejected man.

9:39 Decides that he had better put his mind on what is being said.

9:44 So earnestly tries this that he doesn't discover what he has been doing until he starts to pull hand from over mouth and finds it securely plastered there and to his nose by a heretofore forgotten piece of gum.

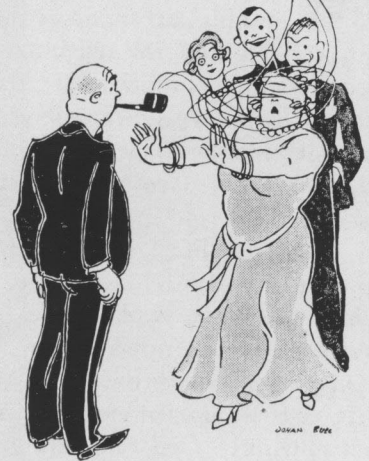
9:45 Stops struggling with gum so that he can plan his attack in such a way that he will have a little skin left on his tender lips. He thinks of the quick yank method but shrinks back in fear and so—

9:50 The bell. What, another period gone, oh me, I didn't intend to let that happen again, but now the chewing gum. That's one thing that won't happen again, anyhow.

It embarrasses a girl if her escort fans his java with his hat, but it's perfectly all right when he blows in his roll.

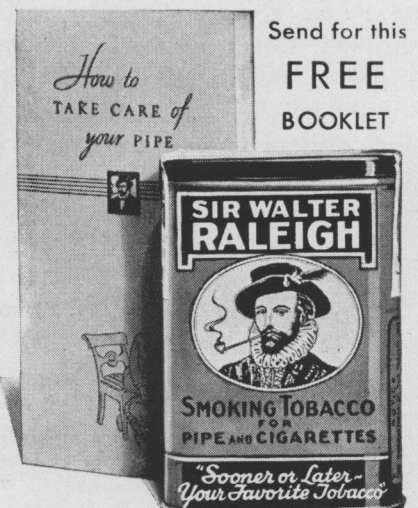
—Log

"OH! OH!  
THIS IS JOE!"



YOU really need a good gas-mask to play blindman's buff successfully when Joe and his gassy old briar are in the game. That surly tobacco he stokes up with gives him away. Run a cleaner through your briar, Joe, scrape out the polluted bowl—then fill up with mild Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentle blending of Kentucky Burleys gives off a delicate and seductive fragrance that appeals to merry widows and wary kiddoes alike. Sir Walter Raleigh is cool. It's slow burning. It's pipe smoking at its best. Try it—you'll be the hit of the party.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-412



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD



# O, My Gosh

**H**E ENTERED the telephone booth at Sam's corner drug store and his extremely nervous manner immediately attracted my inquisitive eye. Opening the telephone book with a little jerk, as though he were afraid that it wouldn't open for him, he ran a slightly soiled finger spasmodically down the list of things which, at the telephone company, are referred to as subscribers. Suddenly his finger stopped and his face broke into an ever so tiny smile. I could almost see the girl he was thinking about; she must have been awfully pretty and as nice as they make them. I, too, smiled an ever so tiny smile.

Digging deep into his pocket, he hoisted the nickel to the slot, listened gleefully to the telephone's clanging, "Thanks!", and quickly told the operator his needs. The girl at the exchange shot back, just as quickly, "What number please?" Becoming exasperated at the delay, he enunciated slowly and precisely each call number, but unfortunately he was too slow and precise for the girl repeated her interrogation rather curtly. "What number please?" She received just what she expected: a rapid, jerky expostulation of the number and, wonder of wonders, she understood it.

He waited—and while doing so he amused himself by tapping sharply, first on the telephone mouth piece and then on the side of the booth, with his crooked forefinger. Suddenly he remembered his friend who was waiting outside to hear the results and he turned and contorted his face into a wan smile while, at the same time, he explored the interior of the return coin slot—there were no coins in it. He started to give his friend an estimate of the chances one had of finding a coin in the aperture when a voice on the other end of the line interrupted him.

For several seconds he talked earnestly, but he quite plainly displayed his anxiety by fingering the round coin slots at the top of the instrument. Then, slowly, solemnly, he hung the receiver back on the hook and opened the door with a peculiarly morbid gesture.

"Did you get it?" his friend asked eagerly.

"Naw!" returned the victim. "My father's using the car tonight."

"O, my gosh!" muttered the other weakly, and turning up their coat collars they slunk out into the night.



"So I Says——"

# Thank God

**T**HE door of Spiffany's opened with one deft stroke and a woman with a poodle swooped in. The door closed after her, and the crystal prisms on the chandelier swayed against each other. The poodle's little nails went pippety-pip across the black and white tile floor as he strained on his leash to sniff a potted palm.

Quickly his mistress snatched him up, resting his hind legs on her hip. She approached the counter, but no one paid any attention to her. The manager and the clerks were gathered around their star customer, Mrs. Fussby.

"The amethyst needs to be tightened," Mrs. Fussby was saying, picking up a heavy ring containing an enormous, clear stone. "It's to go to Mary Millicent on her eighteenth birthday. This was Great Aunt Millicent's ring that her grandfather gave her."

"Oh my, yes," reproachfully bowed Mr. Wendle-Wendle, giving the impression that it was a direct insult to think that he could forget that the amethyst always goes, and always will go to Great Aunt Millicent's long line of namesakes on their eighteenth birthdays. Just as he knows that the cameo brooch will go to so-and-so when she is thus-and-thus, he knows the past history and future destination of every trinket in Mrs. Fussby's family.

Hasn't he for ages been manager of Spiffany's, he and his dark coat and grey striped trousers, his spats and his fresh gardenia? Hasn't he for years been tending to the welfare of the Fussby heirlooms?

If only he had a gold tooth, or a wart, or something! Then this suave little man would seem more human. Then it would be easier to tell him you didn't like the setting he was showing you.

"And the emerald necklace . . . is that ready?" Mrs. Fussby demanded.

"Yes, yes, of course," twittered Mr. Wendle-Wendle. "Starnes, go speak to Fritz about Mrs. Fussby's emeralds," he said, turning to a clerk.

"I simply must have that necklace immediately, Mr. Wendle-Wendle," said Mrs. Fussby. "My train leaves for Cincinnati at one-fifteen, and I'm taking the emeralds along.

"Excuse me," interrupted the lady with the poodle, "but I'd like very much to see some diamond bracelets. That is, if it's no trouble," she added, too sweetly.

A clerk lifted a tray of bracelets out of the show

case and planted it before the l. w. p. He left her and returned to the group around Mrs. Fussby. The l. w. p. dug into the tray of bracelets, holding them up to the light, trying them around her fat wrist.

A commotion was heard at the rear door. It opened, and through a tangle of arms Fritz, the silversmith, appeared clad in a tattered shirt and a crusty white apron. His head was bald, the skin so tight and shiny it looked like a highly inflated pink balloon. You thought to yourself that if you stuck a pin in it, it would go "ping."

Fritz went over to Mr. Wendle-Wendle.

"Listen, Mr. Wendle-Wendle," he whined, "I just got back from my sister's in Pittsburgh. You know I ain't had time to do that necklace, nor nothin' else much."

"You'll have to do something to it. Tighten the clasp and clean the emeralds, and hurry!" emphasized Mr. Wendle-Wendle. She's got to catch a train for Cincinnati at one-fifteen."

"One-fifteen?" asked Fritz. "Oh, all right." and he shuffled off through the rear door.

The lady with the poodle wanted more attention, but the clerks were too busy trying to keep Mrs. Fussby's mind off the time.

"Humph," said the lady to her poodle, "It looks like if you want to buy a bracelet here you have to steal it."

"Yah," yipped the poodle, licking her on the chin.

"Really, I simply cawn't wait any longer," said Mrs. Fussby. "Time is getting shawt. I must go home and put a few odd things in my trunk. The man is coming for it at twelve-thirty."

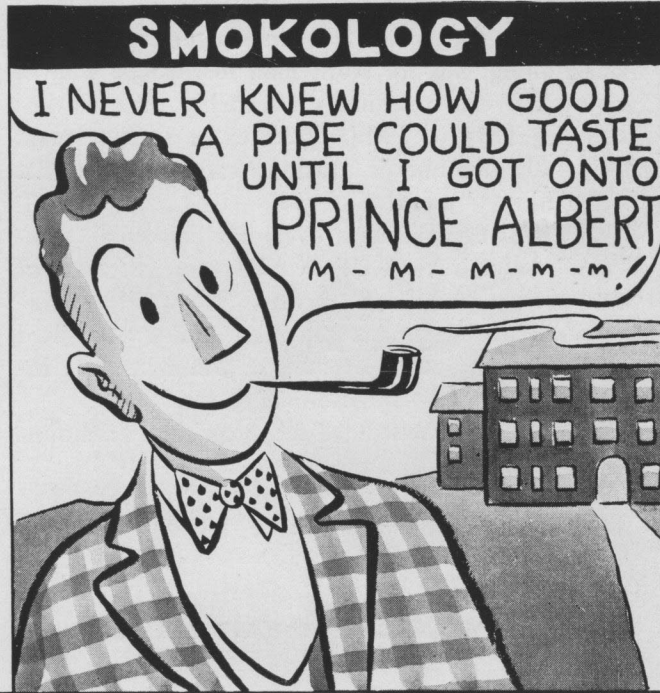
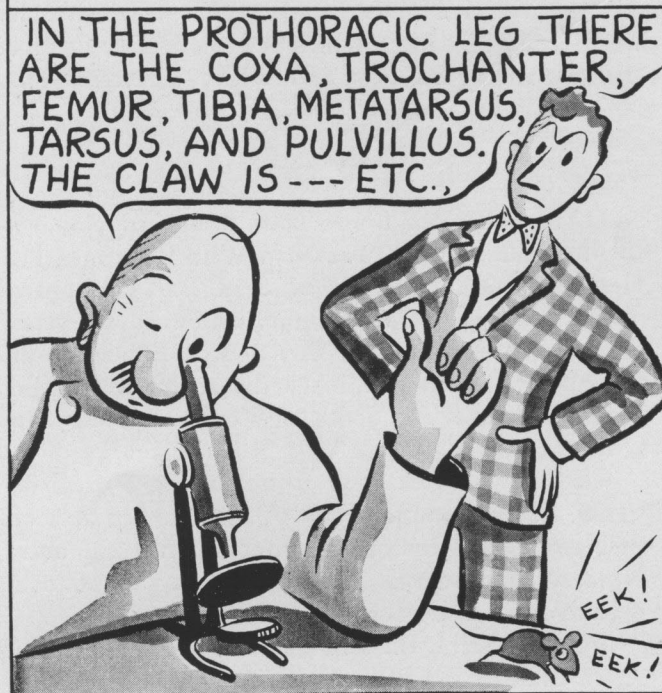
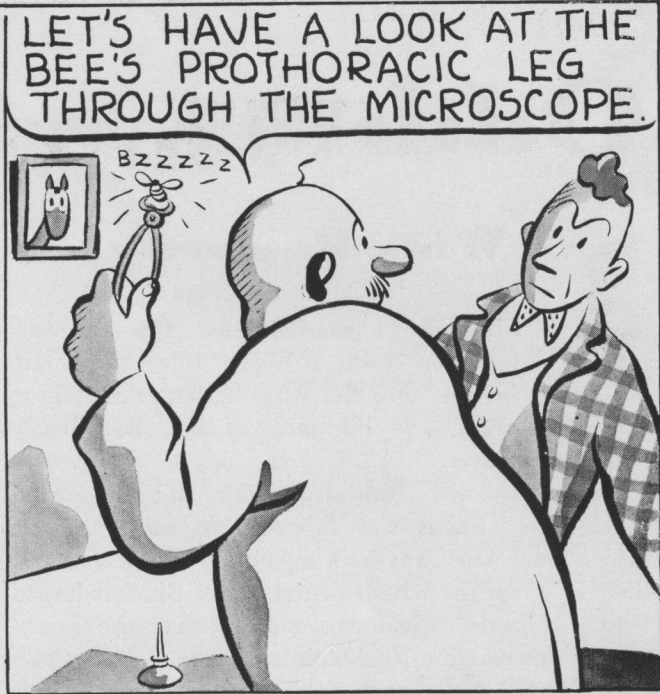
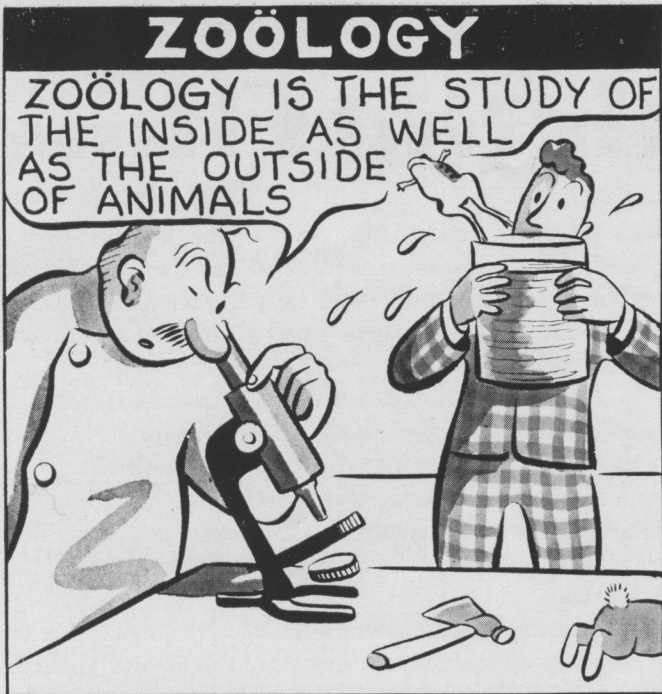
"Thank God for the trunk man," breathed the l. w. p.

The clerks hovered around Mrs. Fussby, flattering her, trying to evade her anger. The lady with the poodle gave up. She cast fiery, copper-plated looks at the personel and swept out of the store, the little kinky head of the poodle jerking up and down at every step. The door slammed and the crystal prisms shuddered.

Fritz's pink dome emerged once more into the main salon. Mr. Wendle-Wendle thought it was enough to have had the delay, without having the

*(Continued to Page nine)*





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**AFTER EVERY CLASS  
IT RINGS THE BELL!**

If you would like to find out how good your pipe really can taste, try Prince Albert. This excellent secret blend of choice, top-quality tobaccos is treated by a special process which removes all trace of "bite." Smoke a pipeful of mellow Prince Albert and see for yourself why pipe smokers everywhere call it "The National Joy Smoke."

**PRINCE ALBERT**

*the national joy smoke*



Patronize "Maroon Bee" Advertisers

# Oddities with the Films

## Wins Reward

**W**C. FIELDS is a persistent cuss. For five years he has been trying to repay Johnny Sinclair for saving his life. For five years he has had nothing but polite refusals to his offers of aid. But finally Fields put it over.

Five years ago, Sinclair's quick thinking saved Fields' life. Fields was supposed to ride a bicycle into a truck that was backing up. He did, and fell directly under the wheels of the truck. Sinclair leaped forward, pulled Fields around so that the heavy wheels missed him. Fields didn't come out of it unhurt. As a matter of fact his neck was broken. A vertebra, that is. But his life was saved.

Since then Fields has tried in many ways to help Sinclair along, but the stunt man insisted he wanted nothing but the comedian's friendship. He worked pretty regularly in Fields' pictures as a stunt man, taking falls and bumps, crashing cars and otherwise making himself useful.

But Fields finally put it over. He had been "talking up" Sinclair to William LeBaron, producer of Fields' present Paramount picture, "It's a Gift." Sinclair went to work as a gag-man and was credited with 23 laugh-getting situations, comments and incidents in the film—an astonishing total.

Now Sinclair is scheduled to go on the Paramount payroll regularly as a comedy writer.

★ ★

## Miracle Recorded

**M**R. ROBERT E. CORNISH, noted California scientist who startled the world last April when he restored life to a dead dog, "Lazarus D 13," and followed this with even greater success in September and whose next experiment will be to attempt to bring a dead man back to life, will soon appear in a motion picture, "Life Returns," which Universal Studios have just completed.

Dr. Cornish does not make his screen appearance merely in a flash scene, but his part is the dramatic climax of a story suggested by his ambitious life. The actual restoration of life to a dead dog is shown

in the film play. Unknown to the world, cameras and sound equipment were set up in the Cornish laboratory at Oakland when he performed his modern miracle. Every detail of both action and sound was recorded on film.

And now that experiment is in the picture, actually revealing the dog having its life restored, its first movement and the first bark of its second life.

Not since Lazarus was raised from the dead has the world ever known of life being put back in a dead body. Dr. Cornish appropriately named his dog Lazarus.

The experiment was made by Dr. Eugene Frenke who wrote a dramatic story around it and then directed Onslow Stevens, George Breakston, Lois Wilson and Valerie Hobson in the drama which precedes the miracle of science which has made Dr. Cornish the outstanding biologist and scientist in recent years.

## Shorts

**J**OAN BENNETT has been chosen to play the feminine lead in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." This adaptation of Jean Bart's Longacre Theatre success went into production at Universal City this week under the direction of Edward Ludwig. Miss Bart herself made the adaptation of her screen play and the dialogue was written by Sam Ornitz.

Claudette Colbert once aspired to be a dress designer, but her whole course of life changed at a tea in New York City one afternoon, when she asked a playwright for a small part in a play about to be produced . . . and got it!

John M. Stahl, the screen's most noted director of screen dramas, has a weakness for snow scenes.

It is seldom, indeed, that Stahl makes a motion picture in which snow is not seen gently falling outside the windows, and in many cases important sequences have taken place in exterior settings, with the entire landscape shrouded in falling snow. "Only Yesterday" and "Back Street," his two most recent pictures, are examples in point.

"A snow storm," said Stahl recently, "is unquestionably a beautiful sight, and since screenplays are essentially pictorial it definitely adds to their beauty when at least a part of the action takes place before a background of falling flakes."



## Thank God

(Continued from Page six)

craftsmen bring their dowdy persons into the splendor of his perfect domain.

Fritz was holding a small, square box. Upon sight of it, two clerks wrested it from the silversmith. They rushed behind a show case and began to wrap the box in smooth, white paper.

"Hey," said Fritz, "there ain't any. . ."

"Quiet!" sniffed Mr. Wendle-Wendle. He pushed Fritz back into the workshop and closed the door, locking it as the only safe preventative. Fritz rattled the latch. His muffled voice fell against the heavy wood.

Having been presented with the box containing the emeralds, Mrs. Fussby laid her purse, gloves, etc. on the show case and adjusted her spring furs. She then picked up her things and left majestically, with the easy dignity of a newly launched ship moving out of its docks.

"Thank God for that," sighed Mr. Wendle-Wendle and returned to normal, for him. Then his blood curdled. There on top of the glass case he saw a white package. He spread the alarm.

"She's gone without it! the necklace! Her train leaves soon. She'll not have time to come back."

Mr. Wendle-Wendle grabbed the box and rushed out to the street, his black coat tails flying out like seal flippers. All the clerks barged after him, peering excitedly to the north and south. Mrs. Fussby's car was gone, lost in the ant-like traffic of Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Wendle-Wendle returned to the brilliant silence of his gems. If this had happened to anyone else, it would not have seemed so disastrous. But Mrs. Fussby! Why, every year she poured thousands of dollars into his cash register. She'd blame him for delaying her, maybe take her patronage to another store.

His eyes wore a helpless expression, which flickered into hope as a voice bored its way through the locked door at the rear.

"It ain't so, I tell you," yelled Fritz. "I got schedules when I was to Pittsburgh. I got all the schedules. I looked, and *there ain't any train to Cincinnati till three forty-two!*"

M. G.

★ ★

Our kitchen is so small that even the milk doesn't have room to turn.  
—Exchange

He—"Do you like O. Henry?"

She—"No, the peanuts always stick in my teeth."  
—Whirlwind

★ ★

"It's raining cats and dogs outside."

"Yeh, I know, I just stepped into a poodle."  
—Red Hen

★ ★

She—"Are these field-glasses high-powered?"

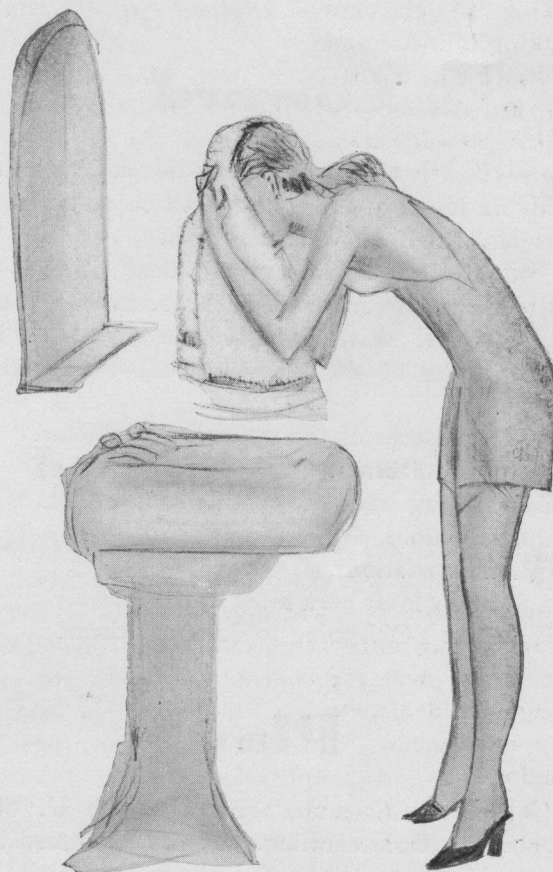
Clerk—"Say! When you look at something less than 10 miles away it looks like it's behind you."  
—Reserve Cat

★ ★

"Boy, oh boy! That was some blond with you last night. Where did you get her?"

"Dunno. I just opened my billfold and there she was."

—Rammer-Jammer



Lu Bov Ne Katorshka!



# The Maroon Bee

Official Monthly of the University of Baltimore

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## Coward

**W**HY is it that so many of our college fellows are afraid to express opinions on school conditions and definite school problems?

Certainly they cannot expect a small, in fact, very small minority group, and the administration to cope with the university's problems; then to have the remainder of the students coldly and casually criticize.

What are some of the university problems?

Class organization.

Encouraging such non athletic activities as the Dramatic Club.

Interclass relations.

And many more even more vital problems.

What are YOU going to do about them?

## Play

**I**T is a terrific undertaking that the U. of B. players are attempting. It has been my privilege to have seen one of the rehearsals recently.

'Nuff said. If you will take my advice you will hoist yourself down to the Cadoa Hall December 13, and give yourself a real treat!

## Heads

**Y**OU will notice that in this issue of the MAROON BEE we have utilized a new type of story head for one article, The Milky Way. All other articles in this issue have the usual standard form head.

Please compare the two types of heads and let us know which type you personally prefer. Leave all comments in the Maroon Bee contribution box in the first floor hall.

## Contributions

**I**N the first floor hall is placed a MAROON BEE contribution box. Please leave all material in it. All material not returned to the author will be used in the MAROON BEE in one of the remaining issues. Please do not be impatient for publication, as we have only a certain number of story pages available each issue.

**SEE**  
**Three Cornered Moon**



# Valley Forge

**R**EVOLUTIONS being in the air, Maxwell Anderson's latest play, "Valley Forge", produced by the New York Theatre Guild, is quite apropos. It is a good play, historically almost correct, very well produced and very well acted, with Philip Merivale doing the lead superbly. And yet there is a doubt if Anderson will be as successful with this play as he was with his other historical plays. The doubt lies primarily in the revolutionary aspect of the play. To the radicals George Washington is no revolutionary figure since the country he fought for is the most capitalistic country in the world. To the non-radicals it is inconceivable that George Washington was a revolutionary figure in the sense of revolutionary figures on the scene today, since revolutions, in their befuddled minds, are made only by foreigners and not by true Americans.

"Liberty comes easy when we don't die for it". These are the last words in the play. This is a sharp truth which few people see. If revolution means starvation, cold, sickness, death, then George Washington and his followers were true revolutionaries. Most people know George Washington as a man who never told a lie, or as the hero who crossed the Delaware River. How few know the grim reality of the spirit of '76 and especially of '78. Here was a group fighting for justice and freedom while the Continental Congress, consisting of many corrupt politicians, dickered with General Howe for trade advantages and bigger business profits. If the Revolution was successful and we have a Republic of citizens instead of a monarchy with a crowned head and subjects, it was due to the indomitable spirit of our backwoodsmen and small farmers and their military leader, George Washington.

Mr. Anderson has written a play which every American ought to see or at least read, if only to learn that liberty does not come easy. Ours was

bought with sweat and blood and almost super-human sacrifice. The true causes of our Revolutionary War are brought out clearly, and though they appear as rather sordid, they cannot dim the lustre of the common soldier's bravery and his inspired leadership.

## New Books

Here is an excellent list of some of the books recently acquired for the various departments by the University of Baltimore Library:

- Writing for Profit, by D. G. Wilhelm.
- Some Newspapers and Newspapermen, by O. G. Willard.
- The Principles of Journalism, by C. S. Yost.
- What is News? by G. W. Johnson.
- Behind the Front Page, by W. Forrest.
- History of Cooperative News-gathering in the U. S., by Rosewate.
- City Editor, by S. Walker.
- The Ethics of Journalism, by N. A. Crawford.
- Main Currents of English Literature, by P. H. Houston.
- Elizabethan Plays, by H. Spencer.
- Victorian and Later English Poets, by J. Stephens.
- Poetry of the English Renaissance, by J. W. Hebel.
- William Bartram, by N. B. Fagin.
- The Works of Henrik Ibsen.
- The Count of Monte Cristo, by Dumas.
- The History of British Civilization, by Wingfield.
- The Saar Struggle, by M. T. Florinsky.
- A Judge Takes the Stand, by J. N. Ulman.
- The Story of the Theatre, by H. Glenn.
- The Tragic Era, by Bowers.
- 100 World's Best Novels Condensed, by Grozier.

MARY FAGIN



**S**YNOPSIS of preceding month: As the United Milk Company's van travels between Dorchester and Hanover, two growing cities, the driver and his helper are murdered.

Search as hard as they may, Sheriff BOB BLAKE and his assistant, RALPH BARCOMB, can find no clue as to who committed the crime.

They are sitting in their office speaking when they are suddenly confronted by a strange girl, who stands momentarily in the doorway.

Now go on with the story!

"Come quick, oh please come quick! Something terrible has happened! Please come! Follow me!" she cried. And with those words she turned and hurried out to a machine parked a short distance from the sheriff's office.

Hastily grabbing their hats, Bob and Ralph ran after her. All thoughts of the murder of the night before vanished as they clambered into the machine just before it started its mad ride down the road toward Dorchester.

Holding fast to the side of the swaying car as it sped quickly out of Hanover, Blake hurriedly inspected the vehicle. The rate of speed at which the car was traveling made thoughts that were incessantly popping into his mind impossible to be formulated into questions. About six miles past the outskirts of Hanover, the girl turned the machine into a narrow dirt road without perceptibly slackening speed. Stopping before a moderately sized farm house about a mile off the main road, the girl sprang from the car and flung a single word, "Hurry!" over her shoulder.

Running up the front steps with Ralph and Bob at her heels, she pushed open the front door.

"Look in the first room on the left," she gasped.

Leaving Ralph in the corridor with the strange girl, Bob approached the room. When he looked into the room, a horrible sight met his eyes. Seated rigidly in a chair was the mutilated body of a young man. His arms and legs were strapped to the chair in a manner that would keep him upright. His head looked as if it had been beaten in by some blunt instrument, such as a hammer or monkey wrench. Blood had formed into little pools off the ends of his fingers. Bob looked again. His fingers had been removed by some sharp instrument. Involuntarily, he stepped back into the hall.

"My God," he exclaimed hoarsely, "it's awful."

Pulling himself together he called for Ralph to

## THE MILKY WAY

(Continued from last issue)

come. He came alone, leaving the girl at the door. Pointing into the room which contained the victim, Blake slowly reentered, Ralph following close behind. A short distance into

the room, Ralph uttered an exclamation. Silently Bob motioned for Ralph to undo the bonds that held the murdered man in the chair. Meanwhile, Bob glanced slowly around the room.

Returning once more to Ralph, he helped place the victim on the table. Bob stood looking down at him for a few moments when Ralph, who was examining the room, suddenly emitted a muffled sound. Beckoning Bob to come to him, he pointed to the chair. In a corner of the seat flush against the back, was a very small compact.

"What do you make of this?" asked Ralph of Bob as he picked up the newly acquired find and examined it.

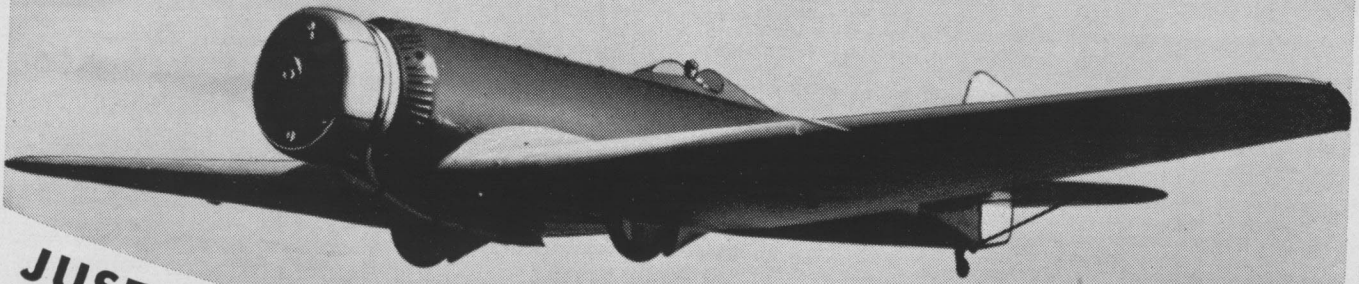
Bob didn't answer. He kept on staring at it. Finally he murmured, "Well, this is sweet. A woman in the case, too. Ralph, do me a favor. Get this girl to drive you back in town to get Dr. Jordon. Then stop and get Reynolds and Johnson and tell them to come well armed. Above all, don't mention this compact. Do you understand? Go as fast as you can and don't ask that girl a single question. Now hurry!"

Running into the hall, Ralph told the girl that they must go back to town for a doctor. Quickly they retraced their steps toward the machine. In another fifteen seconds they were speeding back on the road to Hanover.

While waiting for Ralph to return with Dr. Jordon and the two deputies, Blake took a trip of exploration. In its entirety, the house was an ordinary one for that part of the simple farm country containing eight rooms. On his exploration, he happened first into what appeared to be the murdered man's bedroom. He found nothing but men's wearing apparel in the bureau. Opening the closet door, the first thing he saw was a leather jacket. Absently, he noted that one button was missing. Then he looked more closely at the button and examined the weave.

Within half an hour, Ralph returned to the scene with the two deputies and Dr. Jordon. With a bound they were out of the car, up the front steps and into the house. Ralph motioned to his companions to remain in the entrance for a moment. He proceeded to the room where he left Bob before his trip to town. Suddenly a noise was heard on the





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## The Milky Way

outside and the machine in which they had arrived at the scene of the murder sped back on the road towards Dorchester. Dr. Jordon hurriedly summoned Ralph but the car was already disappearing.

Returning once more to the dining room, Ralph discovered Bob calmly sitting in a chair smoking his pipe. On the table was the body of the victim just as Ralph had seen it last. At the opposite end of the table, sat a strange man, his clothing torn, his hair disheveled, and bearing numerous bruises on his face. His hands and legs were manacled so that it was impossible for him to escape.

Ralph, taking the scene in at a glance, exclaimed, "What the . . ."

Bob smiling at him said, "Mr. Barcomb, allow me to introduce to you a distinguished guest and visitor, Mr. X. He was working in the barn, so he says, and I found him there when I took a little trip of exploration around the premises when you went into town to fetch Dr. Jordon and Reynolds and Johnson.

"But I don't understand," answered Ralph. "What is the meaning of all this? When I left, you said that you were going to stay with the body. Now that I have returned again. I find that you have been in a fight and have a man handcuffed, and you are sitting calmly in a chair smoking your pipe."

"I will tell you the whole story," retorted Bob, "after Dr. Jordon has made a thorough examination of the body which is lying on the table and has formally pronounced the man dead. In the meanwhile, sit down."

Shaking his head in a doubtful fashion, Ralph did as he was bid. In a few moments, Dr. Jordon, Reynolds and Johnson entered the room; the two deputies stationing themselves one at the door and one at the window, as Dr. Jordon entered upon his examination of the murdered man. In a few moments Dr. Jordon looked up from his task and stated in a definite fashion. "This man has been killed by a blunt instrument applied with extreme force and precision. He has been dead, I should say, for approximately four hours."

Then seating himself in a chair opposite that in which Bob was sitting, he inquired, "How did all this happen? It seems exceedingly strange that another man should be found murdered in the territory where only last night two men were found murdered.

Then he glanced quizzically at Bob, smiling good-naturedly at Ralph, said in a joking manner, "And what do you say, Ralph? It does seem sort of strange,

doesn't it?"

Ralph, returning his glance, said, "I think you know more about this than you care to admit. If you do, I wish you would tell me because this suspense is agony."

"Well," said Bob, "I will tell you the whole story just as it happened. You remember, Ralph, just before we left the office, we were discussing leather jacket buttons?"

"Yes," answered Ralph.

"Well," casually remarked Bob, "take a look at this."

With these words he handed him a leather button. Ralph carefully scrutinized the button for a moment and then arising quickly exclaimed, "Why this is the same type of button that we found on Martin's coat."

Bob nodded his assent, "I found this button upstairs in what happened to be this murdered man's bedroom. I found nothing else of consequence in the house. Then I decided to make a little tour of the grounds, and that is where I found the man whom you see manacled to the chair. That is all I know for certain. The rest of the story, I think, this gentleman can tell you."

Bob looked at the strange man questioningly, "Will you talk?" said he. "It will go better with you if you will."

"It would seem," said the stranger, "that my little game is up. But before I tell you the complete story, let me ask you one question. Is she here?"

"Who," said Bob.

"Edna, the girl," retorted the prisoner. Then pointing to the murdered man on the table, he exclaimed, "She was his sister."

"Yes," answered Ralph, "She has gone."

"Thank God," said the stranger heaving a sigh of relief.

"Why are you glad that she has gone?" questioned Ralph.

"Because she had nothing to do with this. Nothing at all!" came the ready answer. "I am her half brother. This murdered man is my half brother. You remember last night when these two men were killed on the road. Well, he killed them! Killed them so that his little scheme could not be discovered. He was a smuggler. A smuggler of narcotics. The two men on the milk truck helped him although they were not aware of it. Each night on their trip from Hanover to Dorchester, they would stop here and pick up a milk can that was to be delivered at a certain address in Dorchester. In the top of this milk can, directly underneath the handle, was a small



compartment. Here he placed the narcotics. But it wasn't all his fault. He was only a part in a chain—a gigantic chain stretching from coast to coast. I also smuggle narcotics. I used to help my brother, but then I split with him and tried it for myself. The dangers were great, but the profits were greater. I had my own little chain stretching from Canada to the Bermudas. It was important that I should gain control of Chester Valley. I didn't know that my brother was stationed here. My confederates reported no such thing to me. I wanted to be sure that this job was done right so I came here myself. I came here to warn the man who was operating in this valley to clear out, but when I saw my brother, I knew that it would have no effect; so I decided upon a more drastic scheme.

"Years ago we were kids together," said he, pointing at his dead brother, "We hated each other. As the years passed, this hate grew into an uncontrollable rage—a fury. I determined when I arrived here to break the complete system of my brother although it involved his death and the death of many others. How I succeeded in doing this, you are fully aware. I discovered that this milk truck stopped here every night, and I determined to put an end to it once and for all, with very good results as you already have seen. Early this morning I told my brother what I had done and that I wanted him to clear out before it was too late. He wouldn't go. I threatened him; threatened to kill him; threatened to torture him, but he wouldn't move. He said that he wasn't afraid of me; told me to go ahead and do my worst. Then . . . I covered him with a revolver and made

his sister tie him to the chair. She was innocent—didn't know what we were quarreling about. I locked her in an upstairs room, went into the cellar and returned to this room with a sharp ax. I told my brother that if he wouldn't consent to clear out of here at once, I would mete him a slow and agonizing death. Still he wouldn't leave." And the speaker placed his hands in front of his eyes as if he was trying to shut out the horror of the sight that had taken place in the early hours of the morning. "First his fingers. He was brave. He did not say a word. He gritted his teeth until he lapsed into unconsciousness. And then I must have gone mad because I picked up the ax and hit him mercilessly on his head. Afterwards, I went into the barn and went to sleep." After a few seconds elapsed, he pointed to Bob. "You know the rest," he said. "I awoke as you came into the barn. That is all I know."

Ralph who had been listening as if he were in a dream said, "But what about the button?"

The man turned his face upon Ralph with a quizzical look, "I know nothing of any button."

Bob turning to Ralph said, "I think I can explain that. The drivers of the milk truck probably came into the house to receive their money. Martin, seeing a button lying on the floor and knowing that one of his was missing, picked it up. When he arrived home he had his wife sew it on his jacket. And so, Ralph, it seems as though your perfect crime has failed to bear up in the pinches."

Ralph, slowly shaking his head, ejaculated, "Well, I'll be damned."

★

★

*Obadiah*—"Brown got kicked out of school this morning for cheating on an astronomy exam."

*Joshua*—"What was he doing, copying from the fellow in front of him?"

*Obadiah*—"Naw, the professor caught him bumping his head against the wall."

—Log

★ ★

*Mother (entering room)*—"Why, Mabel, get right down from that man's knee."

*Mabel*—"No, I got here first."

—Texas Ranger

★ ★

Two worms were digging in dead earnest.

Poor Earnest.

—Owl

A sweet young thing, whose parents were depriving themselves of things so she could get a college education, was telling of some of her inexperience.

*S. Y. T.*—"In the evenings we usually have dates and go to some lonely spot and neck. That ain't nice but I like it."

*Dad*—"A whole year in college and you still say ain't."

—Lyre

★ ★

*Patient*—"The doctor I had did nothing but listen to my heartbeat."

*Doc*—"Yes, I see your chest has all the earmarks of a dirty quack."

—Rammer-Jammer

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears.

—The Log

★ ★

"Of what did your mother-in-law die?"  
"Oh, nothing serious!"

—Owl

★ ★

Wise Guy—"What is the most deadly fluid?"  
Chem Student—"Potassium cyanide, because you're dead as soon as it touches you."

Wise Guy—"Wrong; embalming fluid—you're dead before it touches you." —Yellow Jacket

★ ★

Son—"Hey, Ma, what's the idea makin' me sleep on the mantelpiece every night?"

Ma—"Hush sonny, you only have to sleep there two more weeks and then your picture will be in 'Believe It Or Not'."

—Octopus

★ ★

Student—"Could one refer to the Venus De Milo as the girl who got the breaks?"

English Librarian—"Why not, may I awsk? It's an 'armless joke."

★ ★

"Fashion may come and go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics."

"Yes, women can't go wan forever."

★ ★



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2/c—"I do not wish to openly accuse you of direct prevarication, but I dare say that you have committed a piece of superflous inexactitude!"

Ditto—"Whazzat?"

2/c—"You're a liar!"

—Log

★

Well, Do You?

Co-eds are divided into two species; those who shut their eyes when kissing and those who look to see if you do.

—Blue Bucket

★

"I wonder why Alice always gives me the same old stall?"

"Probably because you're the same old jackass."

—Wampus

★

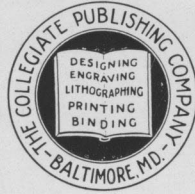
Pleb—"Did you ever get a letter playing football?"

Varsity—"Yes—and I had to play like hell to get it."

Pleb—"I'll get one then—the coach says that's the way I play."

—Log





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