

The Free Press' Short Story

A COMMITTEE OF THREE

By ARCHIE JOSCELYN

IT'S an outrage, Kenneth Parker being kept off the team just because he's a trifle down in his studies...

"Something ought to be done about it," declared Terry Edwards, mournfully. "Well, well, do something about it," Stanley asserted.

"We'll see them to-morrow, right after the first period in the afternoon," Stanley promised. "They will be in session then, and that will be the best time."

"By the next morning, the news had spread all over the campus. Accordingly, when Stanley was informed that his presence was desired immediately at a faculty meeting, he felt a twinge of uneasiness.

"Ah, good morning, Venable," Dean Hamilton looked reproachfully. "Take a chair, please. Let's see, you're a Junior, Venable?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your standing in school is uniformly good. Sufficiently so, in fact, that you have been chosen to fill an important position. I refer to the rules committee. A vacancy, as you perhaps know, has occurred there, and we thought it best to fill it before the committee meets next, which will be this afternoon. You have been elected to this committee."

Stanley left the room a few minutes later almost in a daze. To the eager questions from his fellow students as to why he had been called on the carpet he answered briefly, evasively. Always he had thought of the rules committee as a powerful as it was, and composed entirely of faculty members and students of unimpeachable standing, as representative of police organization. It held the power to decide all important questions of conduct and discipline, as well as eligibility of players. Now he was actually a member of the committee!

The story of that which had actually happened was soon known, by official statement of the dean. Stanley was quickly surrounded by a crowd. He faced them half-defiantly.

"This kind of alters things," he said. "Under the circumstances, you fellows will have to elect a new chairman for your committee, this afternoon. I can't be on two different things at the same time, of course—to present a petition to the rules committee, and to listen to it, too."

"This ought to make it easy for us, now," declared Douglas Wade, "with you there to vote for us, and to swing some of the other student members. The faculty couldn't help but know what was afoot, so their appointing you now looks like they were favorable to us."

the day before, and so they felt that the issue was a foregone conclusion in their favor.

Professor Nealey, a popular young instructor, was chairman. Now he delved into a drawer of the table, drew out a copy of the rules governing athletics, and passed it across the table to Stanley.

"Will you kindly read the rules governing in this case, Mr. Venable, so that we may all have them fresh in our minds?" he requested. Stanley took the book and read aloud, mechanically.

And finally, these rules, jointly entered into by the duly elected representatives of these several schools, shall be binding upon all members. It shall further devolve upon the respective rules committees, as a matter of honor, to see to their enforcement."

No other penalty was listed for failure to comply with the rules—just that one phrase, as a matter of honor! Stanley gazed at it. The rule regarding young Parker was plain enough. When a student fell down in his studies below a certain average, he was not to be allowed to take part in organized athletics until he had brought them up again.

What was more, and Stanley knew the circumstances as well as anyone, the failure was due to sheer carelessness, or laziness, or Kenneth's part. Perhaps Parker felt that, being a strong man on the gridiron and diamond, ordinary rules were not for him. A campus hero, school sentiment would see him through, had been his attitude of late. He was above ordinary rules.

That was almost the last outbreak. After that, his acquaintances even his old friends, passed him by now without a word. The school had decided that he had broken faith, and intended to ostracize him. He could not explain his action so that they would understand. Although he knew that, ordinarily, the ruling of the committee would have been accepted without rancor and without comment, it was his own activity of the day before that had stirred up all the trouble.

The worst part about it was that Kenneth seemed to feel as the others did, that he had been a poor sort of friend, had broken faith. Parker was rather conciliatory about his physical prowess, but perhaps he had a right to be, and at heart, he was a decent sort. The shock of this decision might do him good, but Stanley felt mean about it all, none the less.

Saturday was but two days away—too short a time for Parker to raise his standing in, and the Clifton game rolled along on schedule. Stanley was with the others in the stands, watching, hoping.

Parker was sitting on the bench today, chained there by a decision of the rules committee. Slush Willes, who took his place in the box, was in Kenneth's class at all. Moreover, the knowledge that now no relief hurker was available who could possibly pull the team out of a bad hole, had its effect on the young pitcher's nerves. Slush did his best, in ineffectual best, until the seventh inning, when he blew up. After that the game was a slaughter.

Stanley heard the news from Professor Nealey.

The night before Kenneth Parker had been in town with a couple of fellows from Clifton. Nothing was wrong in any of that, but a plate-glass window in a big store had been smashed. If half the rumors going around were true, then Kenneth and his friends from Clifton—who now had turned to enemies and accusers—could expect to be expelled from their respective schools.

"Will this come up before the rules committee, or the faculty?" asked Stanley.

"That is a little difficult to say, yet," Professor Nealey replied. "Possibly neither, perhaps both."

The students plainly expected that the matter would come before the rule committee. Douglas Wade, for the first time since the previous Saturday, stopped to speak to Stanley.

"And it'll be just to bad for Kenneth, won't it, whether he's innocent or not, with you on the committee?"

Stanley flushed, but said nothing. Later in the day, he heard with a vast sense of relief, that the matter would not come before the rules committee at all.

"It's to be settled otherwise," Professor Nealey told him. "Parker is to appoint one representative, and the students from Clifton are to choose a representative as well. Then these two will select a third, and the three so chosen will investigate the affair and find out just what did happen, and will seek to place the blame honestly. All three involved have agreed to abide by the findings of the committee of three, and after that, the respective faculties will also abide by their findings, and will take such action as may be necessary, if any."

"That seems a good way."

"I think so, Kenneth, for his part, insists that a fair, impartial investigation will show that he was not guilty in any way, and says he's perfectly willing to abide by the result, and I believe him. We have some fellows here at Baylor who may get off on the wrong foot now and then, before they stop to think! But when it comes to a pinch, they're to be depended upon to do the right thing."

Was that last intended to make him feel a little better about his own vote a week ago, Stanley wondered. He felt as if a load had slipped from his shoulders.

He walked outside, rounded the corner of a dormitory, and stopped abruptly. A considerable group was clustered about Parker, including Douglas, Wade, Terry Edwards and other old friends.

"Oh, Stan, wait a minute please. I want to talk to you," called Parker.

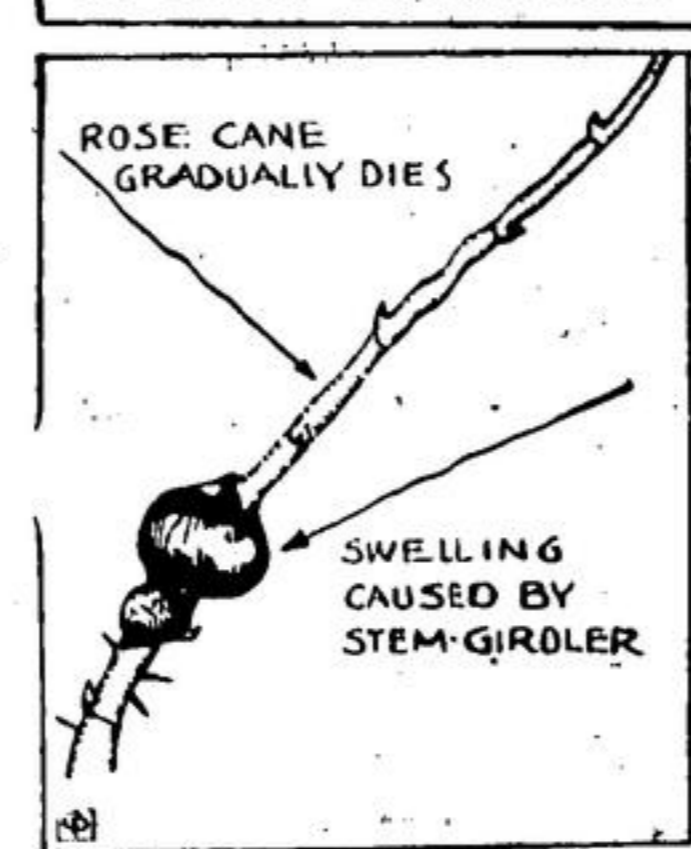
Stanley had not been called that for a week. He waited, while Kenneth hurried up.

"You've heard all about what happened last night, of course," he said breathlessly. "Have you heard how we decided to settle it, the fellows from Clifton appointing one representative, and me appointing one, the two of them to select a third?"

"Yes, I'd heard that."

Weekly Garden-Graph

Written by DEAN HALLIDAY for Central Press, Canadian



Rugosa roses, especially older bushes, are frequently attacked by the rose stem-girdler. In some cases the results ruin the entire planting. The pest responsible for girdling these roses is a metallic colored borer which is noticeable during June and July.

As shown in the accompanying Garden-Graph, the stem-girdler causes swellings on the stems, these swellings being somewhat elongated and marked with longitudinal lines.

The foliage of rose canes infested by the stem-girdler turns yellow and slowly withers, after which the cane gradually dies. Any infested canes should be cut out immediately upon being discovered, and burned. A control measure is to spray the roses in June and July with arsenate of lead.

WORLD'S LONGEST AIR ROUTE

The longest commercial air service in the world, a continuous route of 17,855 miles, will be operated by British organizations by the end of May, directly to the Newfoundland base is free from ice and able to accept the North Atlantic air link.

Meanwhile Britain's great warplane industry is to be made ready to be turned over to civil aviation as soon as peace comes. Firms producing large military types of aircraft have been instructed to keep constantly in mind the possibility of civil warlike and the Air Minister proposes to set up a strong civil aviation advisory committee to plan for the future while Britain is still at war.

Empire air services are carrying on without interruption by the war and have now come under the unified control of the newly established British Airways Corporation.

Recent events in wartime commercial air route developments include the departure of the flying boat "Awarua" from England on its 14,000 mile journey to New Zealand. Her voyage marks the real beginning of a direct air mail service between Britain and New Zealand.

Foreign routes are also about to be extended. The service between Britain and Lisbon, Portugal, is ready to operate within three weeks of receiving the written permission of the Spanish Government, and additional services to the Balkans are also contemplated.

HOW BRITAIN DEALS WITH THE MAGNETIC MINE

Magnetic mines are laid on the sea bottom, and are only effective if shipping over them are inside the danger area of the explosion. They are useless in depths of 300 feet or more, and are thus complementary to the ordinary moored mines.

As regards the antidote, much has recently been heard of "de-gaussing" belts fitted to ships of all types from trawlers to battleships, for the purpose of neutralizing their magnetism and so rendering them immune from magnetic mines. Dr. Gauss once believed, as a Scandinavian professor who died in the middle of the 19th century, but gave his name to the unit of magnetic flux, just as the names of Ohm and Ampere are now used in the technical language of electricity.

STEERING THE SHIPS

New British Rudder Interests Foreign Shipbuilders

A Glasgow metal architect has invented a new type of ship's rudder which has aroused interest in the maritime nations. Tests have shown that among the advantages over its predecessors are its increased propulsive efficiency, smaller size, smaller steering gear, greatly reduced first cost and easier and cheaper repair and maintenance.

A principle already used for yacht sails and slotted aero-plane wings, brought into operation for the new rudder, which has been named "Hydroplan."

Shipbuilders of the Netherlands one of the oldest and most progressive of the maritime countries, have been quick to adopt the rudder. It was first ordered for two new motorships of the Royal Packet Navigation Company of Amsterdam, a repeat order has now been received for a third motorship for the same line and the Java-China-Japan Line of Amsterdam are having their latest motorship equipped with it.

The latest product of British marine inventiveness has also interested ship owners in Belgium and Denmark and negotiations are proceeding for further installations in the ships of those countries. Five new Hull trawlers and a motor yacht and a tug for Canada are among British vessels for which the new rudder has recently been ordered.

ALWAYS THE RISK

Not far from the North Pole, a British Eskimo salesman knocked at the entrance of an igloo. A brother Eskimo answered.

"Howdy," greeted the salesman. "Would you be interested in an Eskimo fan?"

"Fan?" echoed the second Eskimo. "Why, what would I want with a fan? Do you realize it's fifty below up here?"

The salesman nodded.

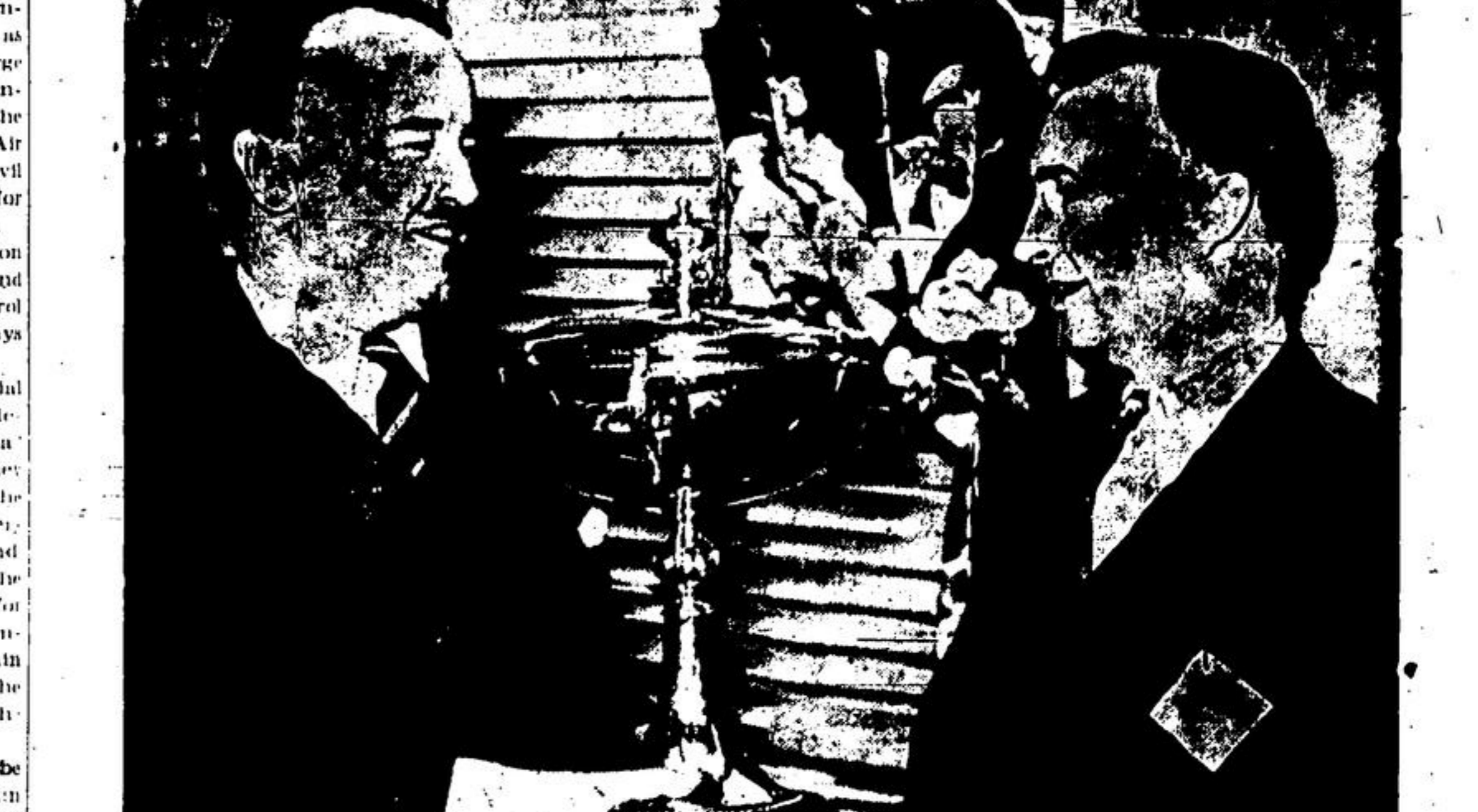
"That's true," he admitted. "But you never can tell about this weather. To-morrow it may jump up to zero!"

*They're So Convenient "SALADA" *TEA BAGS



Anthony Eden is shown as he inspected members of the R.C.A.F. ground crew which is undergoing extensive training in England.

Receives Award for Best All-Round Weekly Newspaper



The J. T. Clark Memorial Trophy was presented by J. W. G. Clark, left, of Toronto son of J. T. Clark, under. It was received by Mr. Thompson for Hugh Ferguson, publisher of the Port Elgin Times winner of annual convention banquet of weekly newspaper editors of Ontario and Quebec. The cup is in memory of the late J. T. Clark, its first winner and guest, attended the convention in Windsor, Ontario, in 1908.

French Troops En Route to Stricken Norway



French troops are seen at the Atlantic via radio, this picture found for Norway, where they will reinforce British and Norwegian troops who are battling Nazi invaders backed-up a troop ship, an unnamed French port.

On Thursday a new sensation came. It was all over the campus that morning.