EDITORIALS

"... until proved guilty"

Dick J. Strunk, Professor of Mathematics, is again teach-
ing at the Institute. Because "the Institute believes that Professor Strunk is a brilliant mathematician and a talented teacher, should be considered innocent of any criminal act unless he is proved guilty," and because it maintains that "an educational institution has no competence to carry on a trial to determine whether a law has been broken," the skills of a brilliant mathematician and a talented teacher have been restored.

In April of 1949, Professor Strunk—an compassionatel-y was accused of advocating the illegal overthrow of the governments of the United States and Massachusetts. He denied and has continued to deny the charges made against him by Herbert A. Phillips, the Boston advertising man and volunteer FBI agent who was force in the film I Was a Communist for the FBI and the television series I Led Three Lives. At no time was Professor Strunk accused of using his political views in the classroom. Shortly after the Phillips accusation, President Kendall stated the Institute's position. In a forthright and intelligent statement, he placed the blame in the Institute in calumny and due process of law.

When, in September of 1951, Professor Strunk was in-
dicted by a Middlesex County Grand Jury, the Institute placed him under suspension and with "advice of legal counsel," retained from further formal action with respect to his status.

A beheaded and starry-eyed NSA regional conference attack, his espionage aspirations, and a "number of actions" of academic freedom." In their and they failed to recognize that the Institute had taken no action until the Grand Jury indictment and then, under legal advice, had urged to pro-

The Institute—which is their primary goal--while pre-

a brilliant mathematician and a talented teacher have been restored.

The committee on Academic Responsibility can strike a balance between the two positions in calumny and due process of law.

RAF E. MANCHESTER '58

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDIE SIGAFOOS

It was a dullish evening at the Theta house. Mary Ellen Krumholtz was sitting in an effigy of the house mother, Edith Zimmermann, was making a manhole cover to her charm bracelet; Alegria McKemp was writing a letter to Elvis Presley in blood. Like I say, it was a dullish evening.

As the Sigma Deltas Doverie Vladask stood up and stamped her foot.

"Chaps," said Doverie Vladask, "are this too yawning? Let's do something guy and mad and difficult and making. Anything but an idea?"

"No," said the sorors, shaking their little moccasin curves.

"Think, chaps, think!" said Doverie and passed Philip McKemp's coffee pot. Philip McKemp was a shy man. He was this thinking-smoke, it is today's fresh and zestful and yummy Philip McKemp. Things are more when you pull a good, clean, natural Philip McKemp—knot until, dilemma dissolve, problems evaporate, coolness vanish, fog disappear, and the benevolent sun pours radiance on a new and dewy world. Oh, happy world! Oh, Philip McKemp! Oh, regular! Oh, longshore! Oh, get away now!

"One, two, three."

Now Geraldine Quinimme, her drooping brain-cells revivified by this good Philip McKemp, leapt up and cried, "Oh, I have the perfect guess of an idea! Let's hypnotize somebody!

"Oh, crystal!" cried the sorors. "One, thinking?"

"Yes," said Doverie Vladask. "But hypnosis requires a pliant and malleable mind, and we are all so stolid.

At this point, in walked a young pledge named Alice Bhannah. "Excuse me, mistress," she said, "I am the one who's finished making your bed, doing your homework, and ironing your pants. Will there be anything else?

"Yes," snapped Doverie Vladask. "When I count to three, you will be hypnotized.

"Yes, excuse me," said Alice, bolting a caretry.

"One, two, three," said Doverie Vladask. Alice promptly went into a trance."

"Go back," said Doverie. "Go back to your fifth birth-
day, back to your birth, to your before birth, to your last incarnation.... Now, who are you?

"My name is Bridie Sigafouso," said Alice. "I am 14 years old, and I am in County Cork."

"Cool!" said the sorors.

"How old are you?" asked Doverie.

"I am seven," said Alice.

"Where is your mother?" asked Doverie.

"She got sold at the fair last year."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Where is your parent?" asked Doverie.

"I am a black and white guestrace."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"I am a black and white guestrace."

"Moo!" said Bridie Sigafouso.

This column is presented by the makers of Philip McKemp, who don't hold with hypnotism. We want you and don't smoke when you try Philip McKemp's natural, golden, true tobacco.