

SOCOM Meeting  
Monday 10:00

HOUSE Meeting  
Wednesday 10:00

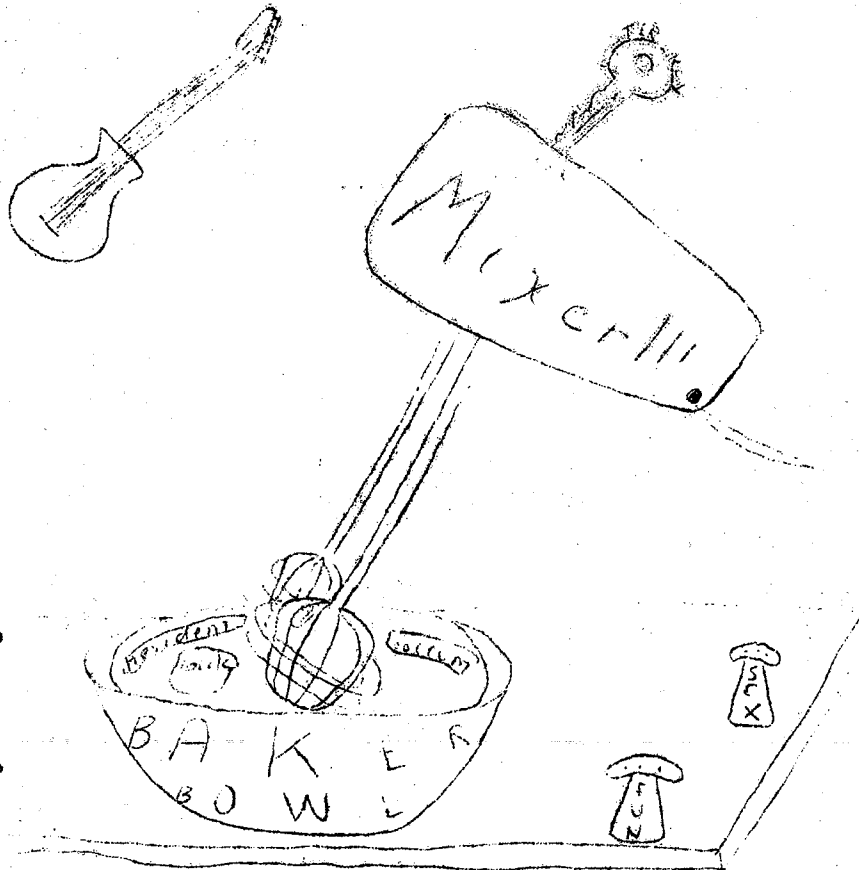
IM Football Practice  
11 AM Sunday

IM Tennis Rally  
1 PM Sunday

*Baker  
Letter*

VOLUME XXII

Number 2



The Blue Hills Picnic of September 12 was a fine way to break in the new year. I know I could eat those steaks for weeks. But somewhere in the midst of that beautiful day, the world recorded a tremor not heretofore seen in New England. Eliot Singer's Baker Letter headache was assumed, much in the manner of a second mortgage, by the "they'll never make it" team of Sigal and Goodof, a couple of elderly ex-philatropists who have met upon bad times and are presently stumbling through the mystic maize of MIT, tooling and trembling along the way. Not since the days of their youth had they seen a Baker Letter, Volume II, and, with visions of sugarplums, are intent upon rebuilding the fourth estate in the House of Bricks (The House that LeRoy built). Good luck, meats!

## LETTER OF POLICY

by A. Yippie  
Khairman-shit

Baker Letter has been res-surrected. But for what purpose? It is the feeling of the editors that this paper be amusing, informative, and thought provoking. We hope that it will be a forum, where all opinions can be aired and discussed. All Bakerites are invited to contribute material, comment on editorial policy, and voice complaints or praises for house activities. For those of you who remember BAZZ (frosh and sophs ask upper-classmen), his spirit, but not his anonymity, has been given a new means to express criticism.

To sum up, BL's heavier side will be aimed at asking questions that may need answering, offering suggestions, letting residents know what is happening, and, gee, maybe entertaining.

N.B. To continue publishing we need things to publish, whether they be your letters, your articles, your poems, or your cartoons. So let's make BL a real periodical. Help us and you'll be helping yourself and the bricks that surround you.

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BAKER LETTER

Published weekly by the following conglomerate:

Editors: Bob Goodof, Lenny Sigal

Typists: Steve Goldstein

Artists: Lance Hellinger, Tom Pinkowski

Crankcom: Dave Gluss

Mimeo: B.F.W.

Stapling: Howie Haber

Your help is needed if you have any desire whatsoever to install yourself as a cog in the precision-ground gears of BL. Merely avail yourself to Bob Goodof or Lenny Sigal and the opportunities will knock.

That's Me!

Kongratulations  
on your retire-  
ment, Jim.

Thank  
you.

Let's see...  
OH SHIT

Let them  
go free DISTRIKT  
Kourt

justike  
for sale  
here

SECRET  
Hearings

KEEP OUT

This area  
occupied  
bt MIT  
Diskipline  
Kommittee

KHESHIRE KAT'S  
Akademik

Funnies

Sinke we have  
basik apathe-  
tik support of  
fakulty and stud-  
ents we kan kon-  
tinue to benignly  
rule here. Who'll  
we pikk for the  
new Khairman?...

BUMP! BUMP!

Use the  
Diskipline  
Kommittee.  
It never  
fails.

Take them to  
Kourt.

All ofthem  
?

No, just the rad-  
ikals.

Shucks, one got  
away. I  
guess that  
means it's  
time to ...

grakefully kikk  
myself  
upstairs.  
Kall the  
Korporation

## The Institute vs. Baker House

or

### The Story of the Master

Most Baker residents are aware of the existence of two distinct lock cylinders on their door. The lower cylinder receives your regular room key, and the upper is reserved for an entity called the MASTER KEY, henceforth to be referred to simply as the MASTER. There are two versions of the MASTER: A GENERAL MASTER (GM) which will open any door in Baker House that has a master cylinder, and a set of sub-MASTER keys which will open doors on half of a given floor. The latter are used mainly by the porters on those occasions when they "service" your room. The MASTER exists because of the need for a quick way to enter your room in the event of an emergency, such as a fire or flood. In practice, it provides a convenient mechanism by which the house manager can search your room if he suspects that you are in illegal possession of Institute property, or keeping a dog which has not paid the rent.

It is now general knowledge that during this past August, the MASTER kept behind the desk vanished without a trace. At that time the Campus Patrol was notified, and an investigation of the circumstances surrounding the disappearance began. The most pressing question was, and is, whether the MASTER had been stolen by an outside person for the probable purpose of unlimited access to Baker House, hence unlimited potential for theft. The alternative was that a summer staff worker (e.g. porter, desk clerk) had borrowed the key and misplaced or lost it. All evidence to date points to the latter explanation as the correct one, for there has not been one case of theft of property from Baker House which can be traced to illegal use of the MASTER. It is quite likely that if the MASTER were in possession of an outsider, it would have been used long ago. The Campus Patrol, Housing Office and those Baker people who have been aware of the problem since August are, in general, satisfied with this explanation.

What must be examined now are the responses of both the Institute and Baker residents to the situation. The Institute reacted to the missing MASTER in typical fashion: it did nothing. However many Baker people took it upon themselves to guarantee the security of their room if MIT would not. And so began the program of jamming the master cylinder, usually with a nail or paper clip. This illegal move is something the Institute has grasped, and at present warnings are being given to various people that if the tampering does not cease, students will be billed for the fifteen dollars or so that is required in parts and labor to repair the lock. If Frank and Arthur, the maintenance men, have to spend a great part of their time removing faulty locks, repairing them, and installing operative ones, the amount of time they can devote to other repair is seriously decreased, and this only inconveniences Baker people further. Both of the above men are great guys to know on a personal basis, and if you need help with a specific problem, don't fear to ask one of them for advice.

In summary, there is nothing to be gained by jamming your master cylinder, and it is barely possible that the Housing Office will charge the students for repair costs. If you need help in

fixing a "jammed" lock, call me anytime for advice and/or help.

Steve Hellinger  
Judicial Committee Chairman  
Room 539

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### Athletic Department Policy

I have bothered you before and I am bothering you again. You ask why you have to go through hell, high water and Desk Staff for the pool shit or footballs etc. The main reason is that too much equipment is neglected and treated with temperamental disdain (For those of you who don't know me, that's how I treat my stuff). The equipment has been purchased by the entire dorm for all residents, and if Joe Blow keeps it in his fifth floor coffin, it's much too difficult for anyone else to use it. For this reason, only Baker residents are permitted to use the equipment and must sign those articles out, reporting on condition of the goods at time of return. If, after years of faithful service, the football passes on to that great end zone in the sky, fine--I'll buy another. But too many pool cues, for instance, are being racked up and de-tipped. Henceforth, violators will pay the 50¢ or \$1 requisite for repair. If you borrow equipment, be sure the desk staff worker checks it back in, the responsibility for the equipment belongs to both of you.

Concerning IM sports, the policy is that the sports exist for you-all. You can form your own teams and set up practices etc, however, fwhen you sign up, you take upon yourself the responsibility of appearing at the scheduled events. Forfeits are expensive, and you pay. There is often a deposit required of teams (payable to myself) as a guarantee against forfeits. It will be returned in full at the end of the schedule if there are no indiscretions.

And so, you see, the baron of the basketball is trying to cut down on graft and forfeits. Your help helps everyone.

Bob Goodof  
Jockcom  
Room 341

An extra message...Bulldogs, those magic mouthguards, are now available from my room for \$1.25 each. I understand that they are required for football and probably for hockey.

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### There's Life in a Party

There comes a time in every guy's life when he finds it time to make the acquaintance of certain members of the opposite sex. This is where you and soccom can become mutually useful. Each year we try to provide mixers both at the Student Center and in the house, for the purpose at least primarily, of making money. However, once in a blue moon a guy can meet a girl he can tolerate more than once. The other other socially acceptable means of meeting girls, fix-ups, is provided at all major parties by soccom.

Now, as you must know, dormitory social life is a two-way thing. In other words, in order for you to have many functions on the order of something every other week, we need people to help out in the running of mixers, parties, and any other events that we might want to have. You'll find that being responsible for running a successful social events gives you a great feeling of self-satisfaction. Freshman will find that soccom is a great place to get involved in house activities. No experience is necessary--just a willingness to devote some time.

In the next few weeks we will be getting our plans together for the first part of the term. The first thing on the social calendar for the year will probably be a hall party or two, followed by a mixer in the Student Center on October 9, and then a major party late in October or early in November. These things don't just happen, they require work. Hopefully, within the next week when the first soccom meeting is called, we'll be able to see many of you down here to help us out. Even if you're not interested in working yet, come on down and see what it's like--the meetings are really a lot of fun.

Mark Gilman  
Soccom  
Room 337

### The Wild Bunch

Every night at 10:45, a seven-bell signal echoes through the halls of Baker House. Tools throughout the house lay down their pens and, donning their shorts, rush to the second-floor west lounge to join the ranks of the Second-floor Prancing Animal zoo. At the lounge, they are met by the Head Coach of the SPAZ, Albert Lau.

Books forgotten, the Baker joggers quickly sign in and anxiously pace the floor, awaiting the hour of eleven. Assistant Coach "King" Palmer inspires the joggers with his customary pep talk.

At the appointed hour, the SPAZ streams out the back door of Baker House. Stopping at the fraternity next door, the best of Baker taunt the idle Greeks, urging them to join the SPAZ for a refreshing jaunt. Then the boys in bermudas depart.

Newcomers are continually encouraged by the "old-timers" as the group winds its way up to and over the B.U. Bridge. Startling couples as it goes, the SPAZ jogs merrily along the beautiful, scenic riverside walk along Storow Drive. Soon enough, the joggers reach the Harvard Bridge and begin heading home. Then, tired and happy, our fleet fellows wait until all have returned, then head for the showers.

Alumni Weekend  
by Eliot Singer

The Martians landed. Dressed in their terrifying costumes of ties and jackets, they swarmed in upon us. They called themselves alumni, the spry class of '20, and the even more boisterous class of '45. They brought with them their cadillacs, diamonds, and monstrous ex-girl friends, now wives, and their money. They took over our home, with the fire and the sword, taking their slaves and spoils. Used to the oppressive rule of their own planet, they attempted to impose their orders on us. Many complied, either as tip-hungry scarengers, or just because they felt it was their duty to be subordinate. Few dared brave the swooping storm of money coozers.

The invaders were pro-Nixon, or worse, and what is more, the active left had departed from the campus and left the defense to the unskilled, it being summer. I stood alone, leafletting the old millionaires, while the managers, conscious only of maintaining the image of their hotels, tried to remove me. Watching in their role as bell hops stood three "radicals". Four full days were spent playing Volunteers, but the small rebellion went unnoticed. One student had a strike poster on his door ripped off. He replied with a note saying, "If I catch that dirty son of an alumnus who ripped off my poster, his ass won't be worth shitting with." It turned out the culprit was an alumni, not a child. So it goes.

One invader was a '45er who came down to the desk at 10:30 on Saturday night and demanded the noise be cut-out. You see the alumni had organized a "mixer" for the children, who ended up playing musical chairs to a rock group. This gentleman however, playing a fine role of God, took it into his head to go to sleep at this hour. So he bellowed, the fire of a godfearing man issuing from his nostrils, to stop the noise or he would tell the management. We calmly controlled our laughter and our contempt, informing him that the affair was organized by the alumni association. He went to President Johnson, who most alumni considered to be a young upstart condoning radical violence.

Then there were the children. Among them were a couple of 13 year old nymphets, one of whom went around telling every boy he was handsome. I was flattered. While with a friend these two cherubs walk by talking about sex. My friend looks up saying "Only 13." One girl replies, "and she knows how to nasty." The innocence of youth. The sons, of high school or junior high school age, were drunk for four days. The only well behaved youngsters were the worst of all, the superstraight counselors for the little folk. One of them was the daughter of an MITVP, who considered it beneath her dignity to converse with the collegiates.

At last, realizing the worthlessness of this planet, they departed carrying their souvenirs, straw hats, pins, and a destroyed strike poster, leaving us behind to marvel, and to quiver with one great remaining fear. Will we be like that in 25 years?