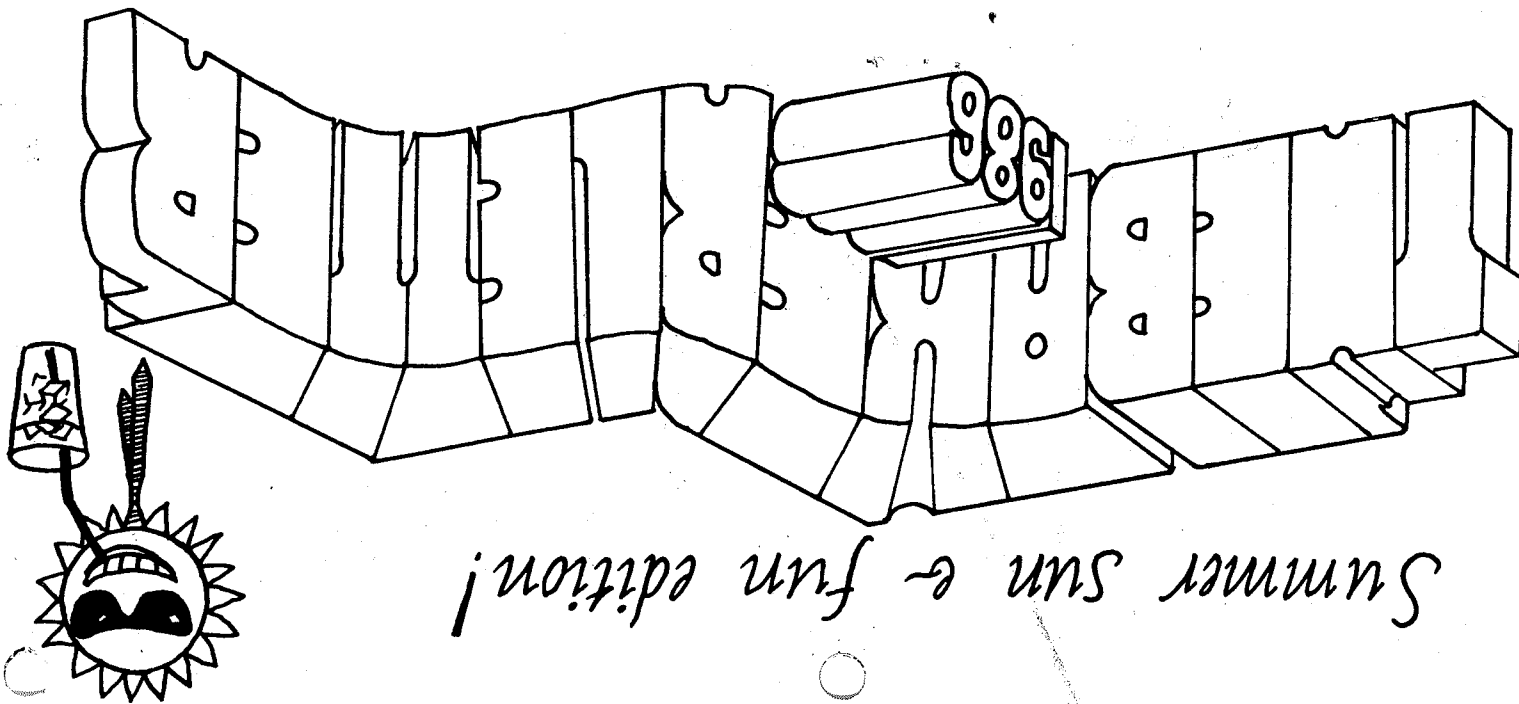




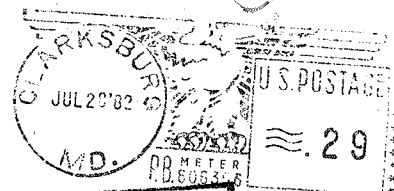
SUMMER SPECIAL

Dedicated to the Finnish architect, Alvar Aalto,
who gave us our home.

BA'ER HOUSE - MIT
362 MEMORIAL DRIVE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 02139



HARMAN, ANDREW J
6 MAYNARD CIRCLE
WOODBRIIDGE CANADA



RETURN TO SENDER RENDREZ-VOUS L'ÉDITEUR	
☐	Unknown address Adresse inconnue
☐	No address Adresse inexistante
☐	Address incomplete Adresse incomplète
☐	Address unknown Adresse inconnue
☒	Address unknown Adresse inconnue
☐	Refused by addressee Refusé par le destinataire
☐	Refused by addressee Refusé par le destinataire
☐	Unknown Inconnu

WELCOME CLASS OF '86!

R/O week is a time of new beginnings. It is also a time of confusion. (This probably sounds corny but seriously, I would like to pass on a few helpful hints.) Amidst the confusion, decisions have to be made. After the first few days of your arrival, you are faced with deciding where to live. It is important that you visit many places during R/O and find a "comfortable" place to live—feel good about your surroundings and especially the people that you will be living with. R/O week is a lot of fun so come here with an open mind and have a good time.

I would like to mention that Baker House has an in-house advising program that lends itself to developing close ties between the advisor and the advisee(you). This program is an optional program limited to forty freshmen living in Baker.

I hope that you'll come by and visit us during R/O week. If you have any questions concerning the Baker House Advising Program, Baker House or MIT—write me or visit me. Till then, enjoy your summer.

Vivian Wang

Vivian Wang
Vice President for
R/O Baker House

362 Memorial Drive
Cambridge, MA 02139

"And then there were the riots of three years ago. When tuition went up, 2000 students chanted 'Too Damn Much' in front of Stratton's while firecrackers and flares lit the scene and traffic was stopped on the Drive in spite of 15 MDC carloads of fuzz...Last week increases were announced in both room rent and commons prices and barely 100 people demonstrated."

—reprinted from "Notes from the Elevator Shaft" in Vol. VIII No. 14, Jan. 13, 1964 Baker Letter
(Did you protest Mandatory Commons?)

The only more depressing thing than pulling an all-nighter to finish work, is pulling an all-nighter and not even starting your work.

JACK & JELLO

What a duo—brash yet mellow
Martin, Jack and vodka jello
Such a burnt out drunken fellow
Vodka Jack and mellow jello,
Makes you wilt when he says hello
Drunken Jack with killer jello.
Pot has turned his teeth pale yellow
All his shirts say "Dart & Jello.†"
Born in Milton, Mass. bordello
Favorite ice cream is vanilla
Took a bong hit off a cello.
If you see him cry and bellow
He forgot to spike the jello,
Can't we save this sickly fellow?
Send him to a hospitello.

—submitted anonymously
reprinted from V.31, N.1

October '79 (the Green M&M

Issue).

†A club known to have origins in First East at one time.

Sitting on this roof, looking out over Boston at night. Gone is the reality and dirt of the day, all that is left is the essence, the ideal of the city. It is here, etherially, each light a point of beginning, an experience to be shared.

The city in this incarnation is (to use a phrase coined in another time) all things to all people.

Poised here, high above the city, I reflect on the few years I've spent here. It has been an awakening. I've found within myself what I did not know existed and I am better for the finding. Part is MIT itself, stretching my mind far beyond the limits I thought defined it, part is Baker, my house for 4 years. The people I met and laughed with and loved and hated showed me a part of myself I hadn't realized existed, made me someone now that I was not when I got here, alone and bewildered after an 8 hour plane ride. And another is Boston, its life calls to me, its eternal youth speaking to me in concerts, jazz, symphony and rock, looking at me out of facades of 300 years worth of changing architectural style and joining me in her millions of people.

—a graduate's reflections

Around me a fallen universe,
Stars glittering a hymnal ruse.
At each point, life abounding,
Beckoning this point of light.

SENIOR BLUES '81

Leaving Baker House after four wonderful years is not an easy thing to do. The place is in my blood, and it's going to be a long time before I find another place that can be so truly a home for me. Let me tell you about two of the most special times in my life: my first week at Baker, and my last.

Having just checked-in to the R/O Center, after being assigned temporarily to Baker, I painfully lugged my suitcase (Mom had outfitted me for an expedition to Nepal, I think...) towards Amherst Alley. As I came within hailing distance of Baker, a girl with a big smile ran up to me, welcomed me to the House, and offered to carry my bag.

"I don't think you really want to do that...it's kind of heavy..."

"Oh, please! I'd be happy to!"

"Well, if you're sure you don't mind..."

"I insist! I...here we go...uh...ugh...oh...geez..."

I could see the visions of Nepal dancing in her head. She made it about five steps, and sort of collapsed. But, she was still smiling! (That was four years ago. We became friends pretty quickly, and she invited me to her wedding two weeks ago. The smile wasn't for show—there was a good friend behind it!) I decided very quickly that Baker House was where I wanted to live. So much so, in fact, that I was somewhat less than enthusiastic about visiting other places (they had to push me out the door every once in a while...); that is not the best way to enjoy R/O Week, but I knew that I had found my home. I wanted to live here so badly, in fact, that I wrote an impassioned letter to the Dean's Office, begging them to let me live in a closet, a shower stall, the fireplace, anywhere—as long as it was in Baker. In spite of the letter, I got in. (I gave the Dean's Office a good laugh, too!)

My last week in Baker was, in it's own way, as special as my first. I spent three days on Cape Cod with nine of my very closest friends, all from Baker. (I have to interrupt myself. The friends you live with, the friends who see you happy, sad, awake, asleep, in love, in trouble, inebriated, the friends who see all of you, are friends in a sense and to a degree that is not possible under any other circumstances. The friends you make at Baker will quite possibly become the best friends you ever have!) I came back from the Cape to get ready for another great joy—two friends, both from Baker, were getting married, and they asked me to be their best man. This isn't something that happens all the time (until the male/female ratio reaches 50:50, there is a natural limit on the number of Bakerites who marry each other...), but it's certainly not unheard of.

I hope I've been able to communicate to you, even in a small way, how much I treasured my years in Baker House, and how very difficult it is to leave. It's not the end of the world, though—from the number of House alumni you'll see running around during R/O Week (including me, probably), it should be fairly clear that once a Bakerite,...I know that I'll always have a home here, and I hope that if you decide to live in Baker House, you'll quickly come to feel the same way. Do me one favor—don't bring too much luggage!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Socially, Baker House is even more complex than the room shapes which go up to 17 walls a piece.

FICTION?

The Cruel School

Joe High School Senior knew he had to go to college next year, and his Guidance Counselor had showed him every college catalog in his office. The Guidance Counselor spoke wearily. "Well, that's every college catalog in the place."

"Oh, you must have one more catalog..."

"No, Not one more catalog...well, I have the cruel school, but no one would want..."

Joe interrupted, "Oh, yes, let me see that catalog for the cruel school!"

The Guidance Counselor looked incredulous, "No, Joe you don't understand, you see, the cruel school is..."

"Get it!"

The Guidance Counselor disappeared into the back room for a moment, then returned with an ordinary catalog. He opened the book and exposed a hideous institution. But this was no ordinary institution; students did problem sets until they dropped, wore calculators, and tooled endlessly. The Institute Screw followed the students wherever they went, inflicting tortuous pressure on their brains.

The Guidance Counselor spoke hesitantly, "...Now you see why...it's not fit for humans..."

"I want to go there."

"But..."

"I want to go there!"

The Guidance Counselor knew all arguments were useless. He got Joe's transcript and sent in the application.

The screams were incredible.

Joe climbed up to the top of the Green Building and looked over the Institute that had warped him so much.

"HTFP!"

—reprinted from the Dec. 1979 Early Arbor Day
Issue of the Baker Letter, V.31, N.2.

Written by Michael Wellman class of '83 based loosely on Steve Martin's "The Cruel Shoe."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Life is such, and it just keeps getting sucher.

MIT is the place where the top 10% of high school academia are put on a bell curve to make two thirds of them feel stupid.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"To be a true vegetable, your feet must be higher than our head."

—Zingo

"Anyone for Fathers?"

—heard any Thursday evening

SPORTS

INTRAMURALS

Intramural sports are a major part of Baker life as about 3/4 of the house residents participate in at least one sport. There are 26 sports ranging from the common ones (soccer, basketball, softball) to the not-so-familiar ones (water polo, fencing). The range of leagues from A-league-out for blood-to C or D-league-barely know the game-give everyone, regardless of previous athletic endeavors, a chance to play. Baker fields at least one team in every league in most sports. As a result, it is usually easy to find a team as skilled (or unskilled) as you are in any sport.

Perhaps the most important reason why IM's are so big in Baker is that fellow Bakerites care about how your team does. Fans can be found at many a Baker game, ready to cheer the team on, even through the worst of weather. Game scores are regularly posted on a chalkboard in the lobby and information about all sports can be found on the Athletic Board.

Remember you don't have to be a jock to enjoy IM's, so give them a try. We hope to see you out on the athletic fields.

Chickie

Teresa Cichello (Chickie)
Baker Athletic Chairman

DISPLACED/DISTRACTED

Since so much of the world around us is not working in the way we had hoped, perhaps it is useful to construct a vocabulary to specifically categorize occupational failings: Lawyers are disbarred, and priests defrocked, so should professors be declassified? Poor students would be degraded, or at the very least be detested. Ineffective politicians would be devoted and their managers defiled. Nuclear power plant operators would not only be degenerated, but also delighted. Fraternity brothers who are less than totally enthusiastic would be dismembered, while timid rock climbers would be disgorged. Finally, error prone baseball players would be debased.

—reprinted from the Dec 1979 Early Arbor

Day Issue of the Baker Letter, V.31, N.2.

Submitted by Al Kirkpatrick, an ex-senior tutor.

ANAGRAMS[†]

The following anagrams (scrambled words, names, acronyms, sayings...) were compiled and thought up by Jim Sutton for your enjoyment, and as added incentive Baker House is sponsoring a CONTEST! The first freshling to turn in the 16 correct answers to Box 419 Vivian Wang will win a bottle of champagne to be awarded at the R/O Sunday Night Baker Coffee House with Jazz Band.

1. CAR BANKS (two)
2. WINTER IS CUTEST (two)
3. PHIFT! (one)
4. ART DOPED (two)
5. TIM (one)
6. I FORGOT (three)
7. TALL JANET D.
LUBRICATES
FORDS (six)
8. POOP DRAIN (two)
9. LNG (one)
10. SCC SULKS (two)
11. TRA LA, O LAVA! (two)
12. MO-MO CUT HAND (three)
13. CARTOONS AND
MOMMY (two)
14. NEIL P.'S CHILI
CLUB (three)
15. SHE-RAFT (one)
16. MRS. O. (one)

Helpful Hints: Numbers in parentheses indicate number of words in answer (1 equals an acronym). Answers appear in this issue in some way or another. Seasoned Bakerites will be able to figure these out.

†RAG'S A MAN

—excerpted from "A Note From Y.F.E."
Vol. VIII No. 5 Oct. 24, 1963