It's ten o'clock Thursday night. The Burton House Dining Hall, a 600 seat cafeteria that was long ago turned into a dance hall, gradually fills with 60-75 house residents. They are growing restless by the time House President Bob Greenburg calls the meeting to order, 15 minutes after its scheduled starting time.

Having begun, the meeting proceeds through the announcements to be made, proposals to be discussed and legislation to be enacted with remarkable speed and smoothness for such a large group. Divergent views are hotly argued and then silenced by the meeting's growing restlessness.

The meeting winds to a close, and the Burtonites return to their rooms, lounges, or study carrels after feeding on the donuts and soda that had been provided as an enticement for them to attend the meeting.

All in all, freshman Robert Greenberg thinks "Burton House isn't such a bad place."

Composed of suites, each with its own lounge and complete kitchen, with most Burton residents doing their own cooking, it is not easy for anyone to isolate himself.

But Burton's real identity can't be learned from looking at its brick facade, apartment house interior, or official activities any more than MIT's real identity can be learned from reading the catalogue. And it probably can't be shown in a newspaper article. But Dave Green and Mark James would like to try with some pictures, so...