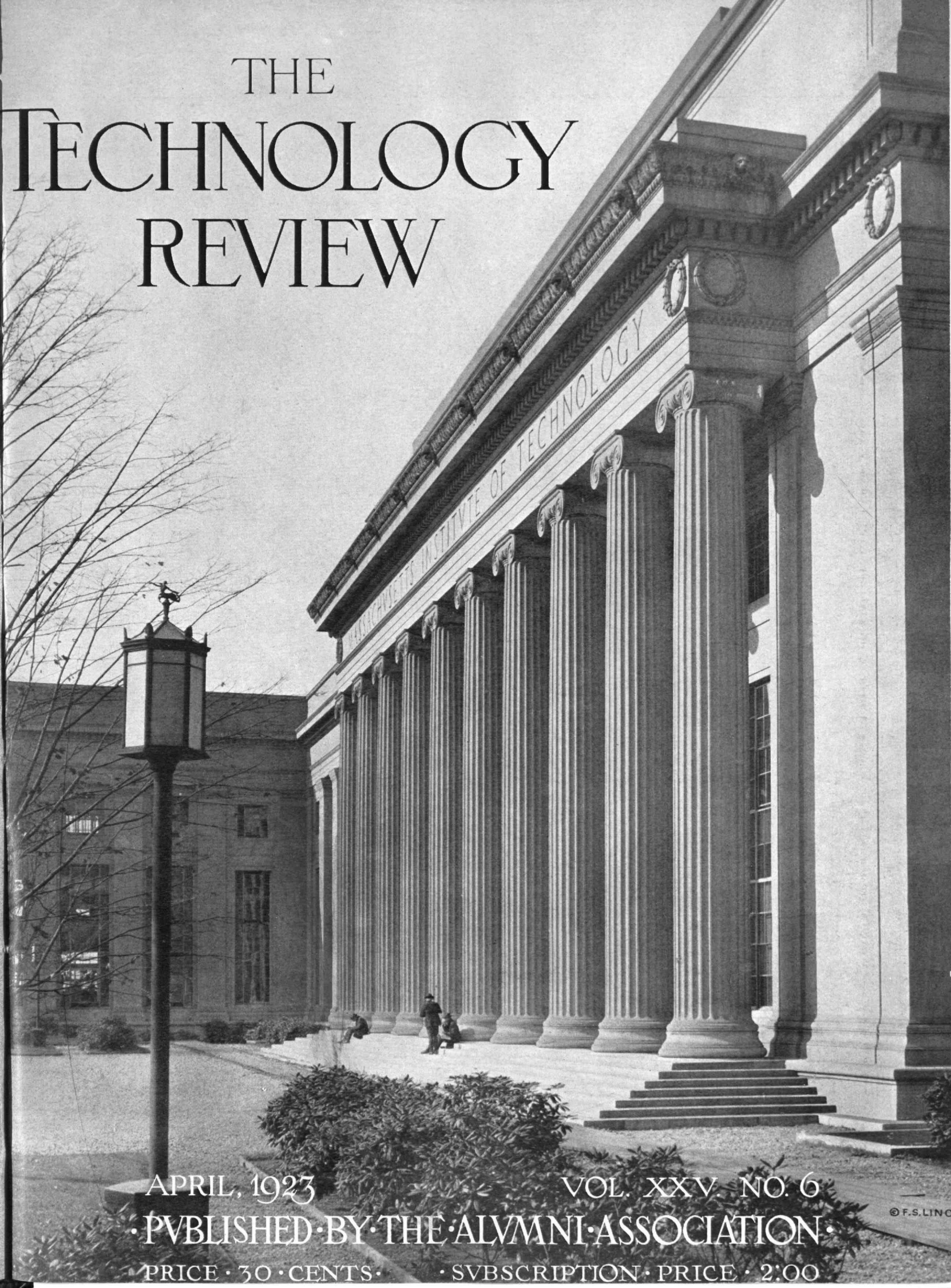


THE TECHNOLOGY REVIEW



APRIL, 1923

VOL. XXV. NO. 6

PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PRICE 30 CENTS

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 2.00

© F.S. LINC

"M. I. T. Man Preferred."

For almost four years, "W. L. F., Inc.," and "M. I. T." have been working closely together. There has never been, and is not now, any FORMAL agreement: but when the people at "Tech" have had an opportunity to help us, they have always done so; and Mr. Fletcher and this company, on the other hand, have been able to help dozens — perhaps hundreds — of Tech men secure desirable positions.

Because we appreciate the coöperation we have received and are now getting from M. I. T., we are going to use this space this month to tell you how YOU — regardless of who you are or where you are — can render a real service to your college and other Tech men. All you need to do is to say to us, when you send an order for a man, "*M. I. T. man preferred.*" We will then consider every M. I. T. man who has an application on file with us *before* we consider any one else. Everything else being equal, if we have a "Tech" man who wants the job, he will get it. In this way, without a cent of expense or any obligation of any sort to "Tech" or any alumnus, this organization can be put to work for "Tech" and "Tech" men.

If the importance of this suggestion is not apparent at first glance, study the situation a moment. It is obvious that in the long run the standing of any college is determined by the success of its alumni. By success, we mean the money they earn and the services they render. Money is not everything, but the question of whether the average "Tech" man ten years out of college earns \$2,000 a year or \$6,000 a year is not, perhaps, exactly an unimportant matter. The employment problem is an important and difficult one for every college. Your Alma Mater is handling the situation as well as any institution we know — perhaps better than any other — but to the best of our knowledge, no college is handling this problem to its own satisfaction.

With your help, William L. Fletcher, Inc., can function as a *powerful* ally. If you are an employer and need a good man, give us the business. If you are an employee and know of a job open which some "Tech" man could handle, tell us where the job is so we can go get it, or better still, tell the employer to get in touch with us and don't fail to say, "M. I. T. man preferred."

As this advertisement goes to press, we have one hundred jobs open in twelve states with combined salaries of more than \$300,000. We can handle a job in New York, or Chicago, or San Diego, Cal., almost as well as one in Boston. Our facilities for investigation are believed to be better than those of any other corporation in America. To the best of our knowledge, we have never placed any man at a salary of \$3,000 or more who has failed to make good. For one period of eighteen months, every man placed made good. Many of our clients believe that we can fill an important position for about one third of what it would cost them to fill it. We believe we are in touch with as many really high grade men as any employment organization in the United States. In forty-eight hours after a job comes in, we can tell which of the men we are in touch with are interested to be considered for it and exactly the degree in which they are qualified. If we are not already in touch with the man desired we can certainly locate him.

Sometime YOU may want a job. Even big men need jobs sometimes. Some "Tech" man wants a good job now. We will help if you will help. Just say "M. I. T. man preferred" — and pass the word along. More power to your fighting spirit!

William L. Fletcher, Inc.

651 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

Copyright 1923 by William L. Fletcher

"He has a pull"

LET US FACE frankly this question of "Pull."

It *does* exist in business. The President of a Company hires the son of a trusted friend. Why? Not merely because the young man is the son of a friend; but because the President believes *that good blood will tell.*

A Tech graduate, who is a general manager, hires a Tech graduate as an assistant. Why? Not merely because the younger man is a Tech man, but because the general manager believes that *training will tell.*



From a drawing by J. Henry

IN Cincinnati the Board of Directors of a financial institution was considering several men for the position of Vice President and General Manager. The successful applicant—the man who now holds that coveted position—has written an account of his interview with the Board of Directors.

"I stated my experience," he writes, "and added that I had completed the Modern Business Course of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"I then learned that several members of the Board were subscribers to the Institute. They evidently knew that the knowledge obtained from the Course and Service gives a man a thoro grasp of the controlling forces of business, and fits him to hold a responsible executive position. At any rate, I was selected . . ."

There are men in Cincinnati who say of this man: "He has a pull with the Directors." They are right. But the "pull" is a perfectly legitimate one. The Directors, who owe a part of their success to the training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, picked him because they believed that the same training had made him a man whose judgment they could trust.

This does not mean that every man who completes the Institute Course is "taken care of" in business. Business does not "take care of" anybody. It does mean, however, that with the knowledge and self-confidence that this training gives, you have an added asset—a

favorable introduction to the 200,000 worth-while men who are enrolled with you.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute makes no exaggerated claims and attempts to exert no pressure. It asks simply for the privilege of laying the full facts before thoughtful men. The facts are contained in a 118-page booklet entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

Reading it may be the means of bringing you in touch with men who will vastly widen your opportunities for success.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
741 Astor Place, New York City



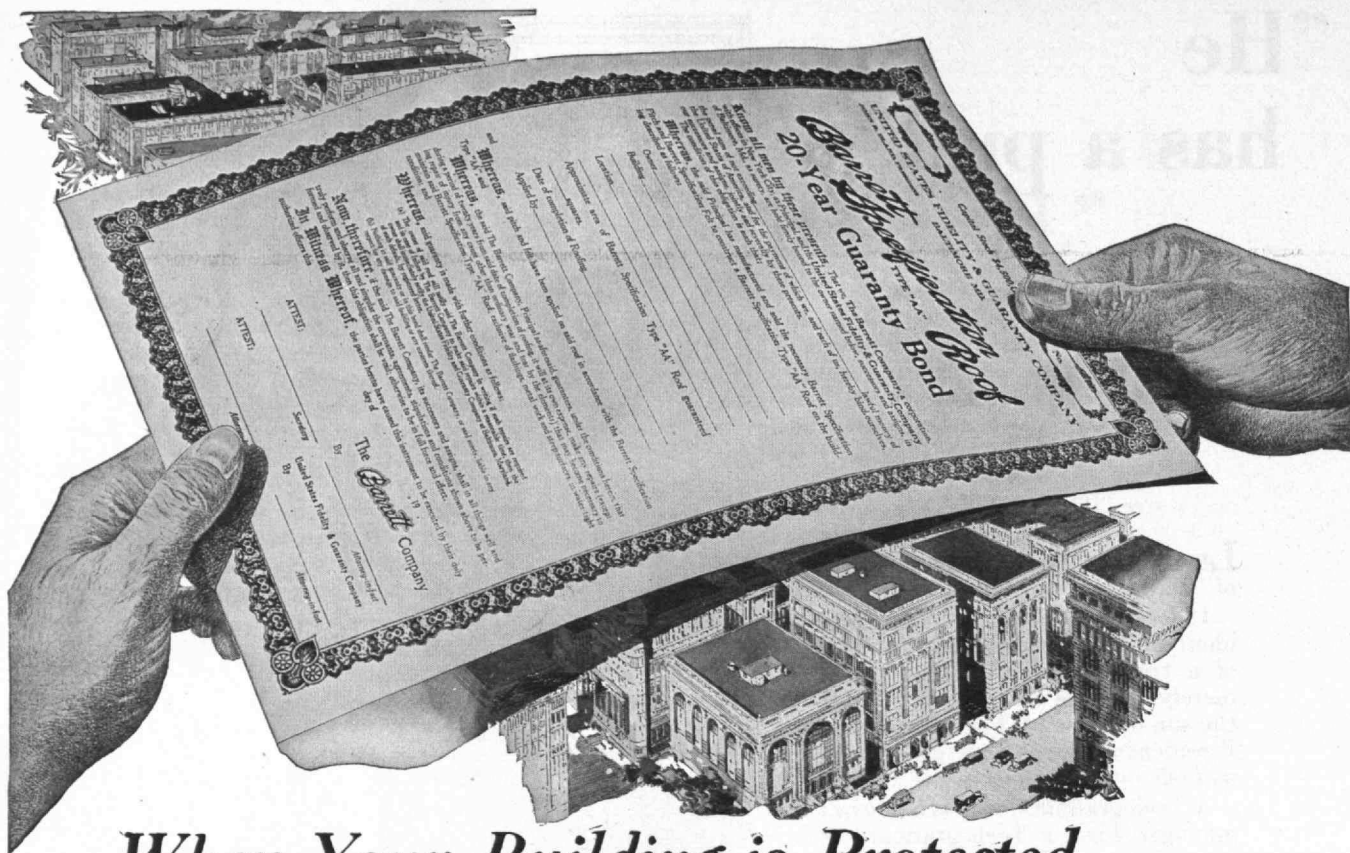
Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name..... *Print here*

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

Canadian Address, C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sidney



When Your Building is Protected by This 20-Year Bond—

YOU are not only insured against roof repair expense but you are safeguarded against all roof troubles. For the Surety Company Bond that guarantees the Barrett Specification Bonded Roof means much more than appears on its face.

It means that the roof was laid by a roofing contractor who has earned a reputation for skillful, dependable work. For only such roofers with these qualifications can obtain the Surety Bond Guarantee.

It means that a Barrett Inspector was on the job to see that the high grade pitch and felt called for by the Barrett Specification were properly applied to give maximum strength and durability—present to make the famous *cut test* which insures that all details of the Specification have been carried out—present to see that the heavy top coat of Specification Pitch was *poured* and the gravel or slag surface properly imbedded to insure as high a degree of fire protection as any roof can provide.

When your roof is built by a reliable roofer, and is laid strictly according to The Barrett Specification, you are assured of freedom from roof troubles even far beyond the bonded period.

Experience has proved that, thanks to their high quality, The Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs cost less *per year of service* than any other kind of flat roofs.

There are two types of Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs—Type "AA," bonded for 20 years, and Type "A" bonded for 10 years. Both are built of the same high-grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Copies of the Barrett Specification sent free on request.

The **Barrett** Company



New York
St. Louis
Detroit
Minneapolis
Bangor
Richmond
Denver

Chicago
Cleveland
New Orleans
Dallas
Youngstown
Baltimore

Philadelphia
Cincinnati
Birmingham
Salt Lake City
Toledo
Omaha

Boston
Pittsburgh
Kansas City
Atlanta
Columbus
Houston

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for
20 and 10
Years

THE TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

RELATING TO THE
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

H. E. LOBDELL
EDITOR

E. F. HODGINS
MANAGING EDITOR

R. E. ROGERS
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Vol. XXV

APRIL, 1923

No. 6

Contents

GEORGE L. GILMORE, '90, PORTRAIT 301

THE PAST MONTH 301

HIGHLIGHTS OF A SKETCHING TOUR IN FRANCE 303
By Samuel Chamberlain, '18

THE TRANSPORTATION OPTION 308
By William H. Timbie

THE NINETY-FIFTH MEETING OF THE COUNCIL 311

TECH MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE 313	EDITORIAL COMMENT 318
WITH THE UNDERGRADUATES 315	NEWS FROM THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS 320
ATHLETICS 317	NEWS FROM THE CLASSES 324
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING 352	

PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Harry J. Carlson, '92, *President*

Walter Humphreys, '97, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Committee on The Technology Review

WILFRED BANCROFT, '97, until 1923

DONALD G. ROBBINS, '07, until 1925

ARTHUR H. HOPKINS, '97, until 1924

REGINALD H. SMITHWICK, '21, until 1926

FREDERICK H. HUNTER, '02, until 1927

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1923, by The Technology Review



Cake Eater

—model of 1900

He was called dude and dandy then, but you recognize the type.

He majored in haberdashery and took his degree with honors in soxology.

As if that were not enough, he evolved some variations on the cake walk which made them stare.

He even found time to develop a remarkable proficiency on the tandem bicycle, and on Saturday nights he was good enough to bring pleasure into Another's life by wheeling away to the "Ten-Twent-Thirt."

To crowd all this into four short years would seem enough for any mortal. Yet in spite of his attainments there are times, in after life, when our hero wonders.

The glory of his waistcoats has long since faded, while his books are still fresh and clean. Did he perchance put too much thought into the selection of his hats and too little in what went under them?

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

This advertisement is one of a series in student publications. It may remind alumni of their opportunity to help the undergraduate, by suggestion and advice, to get more out of his four years.



THE

TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

RELATING TO THE
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



The Past Month

CONSIDERABLE comment has been evoked by newspaper announcements to the effect that "what may be the last large offering of Eastman Kodak common stock is available to the investing public now that the University of Rochester and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have given an option on a large block of these shares to a group of Rochester and New York bankers, and these shares, it would appear from the sales on the New York Stock Exchange, are being absorbed rapidly by investors throughout the country." This statement has been officially confirmed by the authorities of the Rochester institution and Technology and the options have been exercised. The latter now holds only one-quarter of the original block given it by Mr. Eastman as his payment to fulfill his offer back in 1919.

A little over three years ago when the Alumni and interested friends of Technology subscribed in cash and promises \$2,927,749.87, to which was added \$1,082,330.00 from Technology Plan contracts, the conditions of Mr. Eastman's offer were met and he turned over 5,000 shares of Kodak stock as his payment. These 5,000 shares paid a dividend of 40 per cent—equal to 5 per cent interest on \$4,000,000.00—and their value on the Institute's books appeared as that

figure. In 1921 the Eastman Kodak Company issued new stock of no par value and these 5,000 shares of old stock were exchanged for 50,000 of the new, the book value being kept at \$4,000,000.00 or \$80.00 per share.

Between September 25th of last year and February 26th of this, Technology has disposed of 37,500 shares for \$3,385,001.41 net cash. The reason for selling any of this stock at this time was solely one of investment policy. Those responsible for the financial policy of the institutions holding the shares agreed that unquestionably valuable and sound as the common stock of the Eastman Kodak Company is, it was not good policy for an institution like Technology to have so large a portion of its endowment invested in the common stock of any company. The income from these sales reduces the book value of the remaining 12,500 shares to \$614,998.59 (about 4 per cent of the Institute's total invested funds) or \$49.12 per share. As this is written, the price on the New York Stock Exchange is 112 $\frac{7}{8}$, the highest sale since February 1 being at 113 $\frac{7}{8}$.

It would therefore appear that "Mr. Smith's four million" is worth at least

three-quarters of a million more than we expected. Of the amount subscribed by the Alumni \$2,182,336.31 or 74.6 per cent has been paid in up to March 3. Of the

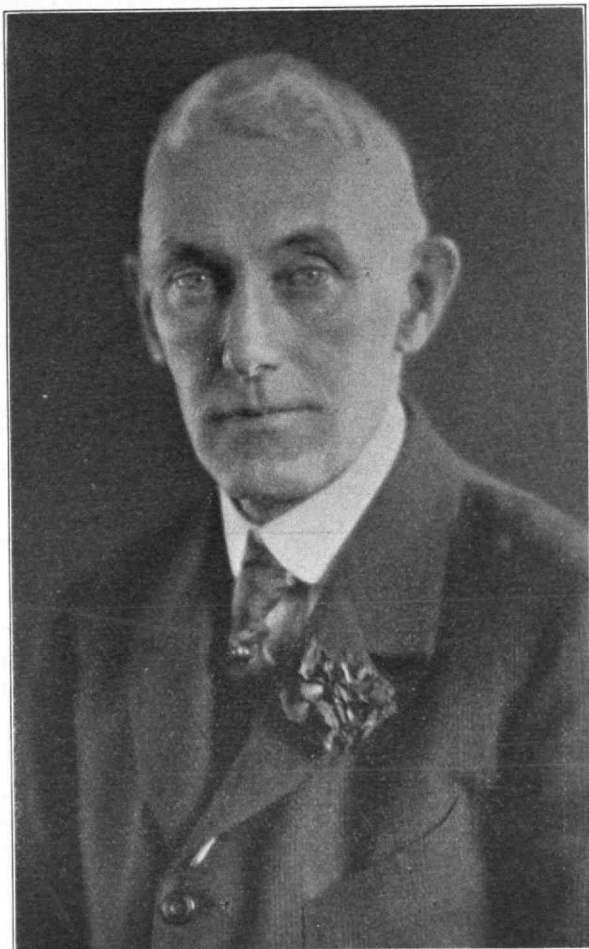


Photo by Craftsman Studio

GEORGE L. GILMORE, '90
Who has been nominated as President of the Alumni Association for its next fiscal year

balance \$304,528.69 or 14.0 per cent is overdue, while \$745,423.56 was promised for payment this coming summer or next year. On the Technology Plan contracts \$860,864.00 has been paid in, \$186,466.00 is due by next January and only \$35,050.00 is in arrears.

AMONG the successful candidates in the recent Good Will elections, held during February, is Miss Marjorie Pierce, '22. Miss Pierce with the thirteen other successful delegates will carry Boston's quota of \$93,730 to France when she sails on April 18. Miss Pierce was a student in the Architectural Department for four years and received her degree last June. During the year 1922-1923, she took advanced work in Architecture. Prof. William Emerson, head of the Department, nominated Miss Pierce.

WITH much sorrow the Review records the death of Prof. Henry K. Burrison, '75, Retired, which occurred on February 2. Professor Burrison's active connection with the Institute Faculty came to an end in 1914 when he retired from the Department of Drawing, but most Technology men have retained a vivid memory of him. The Review hopes in a forth-coming number to deal more adequately with the history of his career.

JUNIOR Freshmen are about to pass into history. The Faculty Committee on first-year instruction recommended on February 21 that "the admission of first-year students to the Institute in January, as a Junior first-year class, be discontinued." The Faculty adopted the recommendation with little discussion.

The Committee presented some interesting statistics. Of the men admitted in January, 1922, 34% of them either had poor records, had been advised to withdraw or required to withdraw. Of the men admitted in January, 1920, less than 30% will probably graduate in

SOME day there will be written an interesting yarn concerning news stories about Technology which take hold upon the public imagination. This observation is brought forth by the recent wide publicity afforded to the Institute and Prof. Edward F. Miller, '86, by Professor Miller's declaration that when a thriller is shown in a movie house, the spectators are so well able to keep themselves warm by the operation of their own emotions that canny exhibitors bank their furnace fires and let Theda Bara do the rest. By now, this news has swept the country from coast to coast, has elbowed many less picturesque events from off a good many front pages. We quote, for example, this item from the *New York World* of February 24:

"Coal-burning theatre managers on Broadway were interested yesterday in the news from Boston about Professor Miller. It seems Prof. Edward F. Miller of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has discovered that the average person, when calm, gives off 425 heat units, but when emotionally excited the heat units jump to—oh, thousands and thousands and thousands.

"Professor Miller found it out by observing audiences in theatres. He found that the added heat generated by the audience at the plays' crucial moments raised the temperature of the theatre several degrees.

"Naturally, the coal-burning managers were interested. Al H. Wood was gleeful.

"I wondered," he exclaimed, 'what was keeping my coal bills down.'

"It was estimated on figures gathered from the Professor's idea, that the Misses Florence Reed, Violet Heming, Ina Claire, Pola Negri, Theda Bara and Lenore Ulric save the Messrs. David Belasco, Arthur Hopkins, Mack Sennett and Charles B. Dillingham upward of \$547,687 yearly in anthracite coal bills alone, not including the bituminous.

"In fact, it was said at the Lambs' Club last night that these young ladies had received a petition from the starving miners in Pennsylvania, requesting them to act cold during the remainder of the winter.

"The report also went that Mrs. Leslie Carter plans to file suit for a rebate on 465,876 tons of coal she is alleged to have saved David Belasco in 'Du Barry' and 'The Heart of Maryland.'

"A kiss by John Barrymore saves a theatre a ton of chestnut or a ton and a half of egg coal," was the opinion of one prominent actor, standing at Broadway and 42d Street yesterday.

"The Professor's discovery has created quite a stir on Broadway. Hereafter, actors and actresses who have reputations as warm babies, may demand a coal-saving clause in their contracts."

Nothing so good has happened since the historic day three years ago when Louis Derr weighed the world.

June. There was no considerable demand for admission to the Institute in January by students of distinct ability and it was therefore not considered advisable longer to incur the obligation of arranging entrance examinations in December and a schedule of instruction running parallel to that of the regular first-year students through the second and third terms and the entire summer.

IN the February issue of the Review, in the account of the New York Alumni Celebration recently held, Dr. Allan Winter Rowe, '01, is credited with having "traced the development of the Advisory Council which he called a debt the undergraduates can never pay to the Alumni." Under date of January 30, Dr. Rowe wrote to the editors of the Review as follows: "Ignoring the infelicity of the expression, the fact is that what I stated was that the Tech Alumni and Undergraduates owed a

debt which they could never pay to Frank H. Briggs of the Class of 1881 for laying the foundations of our present system of athletic administration and for inculcating in those early days the principles of pure amateurism and clean high sportsmanship.

"If this correction could be made it would, on the one hand, pay a deserved tribute to Major Briggs, and on the other would free the writer from the somewhat smug statement which is erroneously credited to him."

Another alumnus has called to our attention the omission from this article of any mention of the names of the Alumni who composed the committee on dinner arrangements. The committee was composed of F. P. Montgomery, '02; R. H. Howes, '03; W. T. Spalding, '10; W. D. Binger, '16; E. P. Brooks, '17, and R. J. Marlow, '17.

The Review regrets these inadvertencies and is glad of the opportunity to correct them.

Highlights of A Sketching Tour In France

Penned and Penciled products of a recent journey

By SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN, '18

*Illustrated with sketches by
the author*

There seem to be two alternatives to the wayward sketcher who intends to profit by his sejour in Europe. He can tear madly about, get his passport luxuriously decorated with rubber stamps, see a great deal more than he can remember, and, between the hurry and hulla-baloo of packing and unpacking and seeing things in company with the elderly touring party from Oklahoma, get precious little time to study what he sees, much less sketch it.

And then there is the more placid course of being a semi-sedentary soul, spending a leisurely amount of time in any corner that appeals to one's fancy and leaving only when the spirit moves.

The latter course proved in many respects to be the happier. No one has a better opportunity to make friends than he who camps himself on the street corner and attempts to show graphically his appreciation of a town's beauty.

One's first friends, it was the writer's experience, were of course the children. Then the town mongrels, then the village sots and finally, if fortune smiled, a dazzling demoiselle or so. The latter rarely proved anything but a joy unceasing, but the predicament of being the center of interest for a band of romping gamins, with an unsteady souse leering over one's shoulder and an introspective hound or so tasting one's water colors was not always so agreeable. However, the happy fact that one can make friends quickly and lastingly as a campstool pencil pusher is quite as much of a godsend as the realization that there are endless architectural eye-falls about one.

Invitations to the corner cafés were refreshingly frequent, and it was only necessary to sympathize freely with one's companion on the questions of exchange, reparations and the high cost of vin blanc to make such occasions completely and cordially successful. One afternoon I was sketching a rambling old Francis I house, when the owner thereof came forth, radiating smiles, and asked me into the neighboring café for the customary "petit verre." Many complimentary things were told me, so many in fact that I foresaw something embarrassing in the immediate

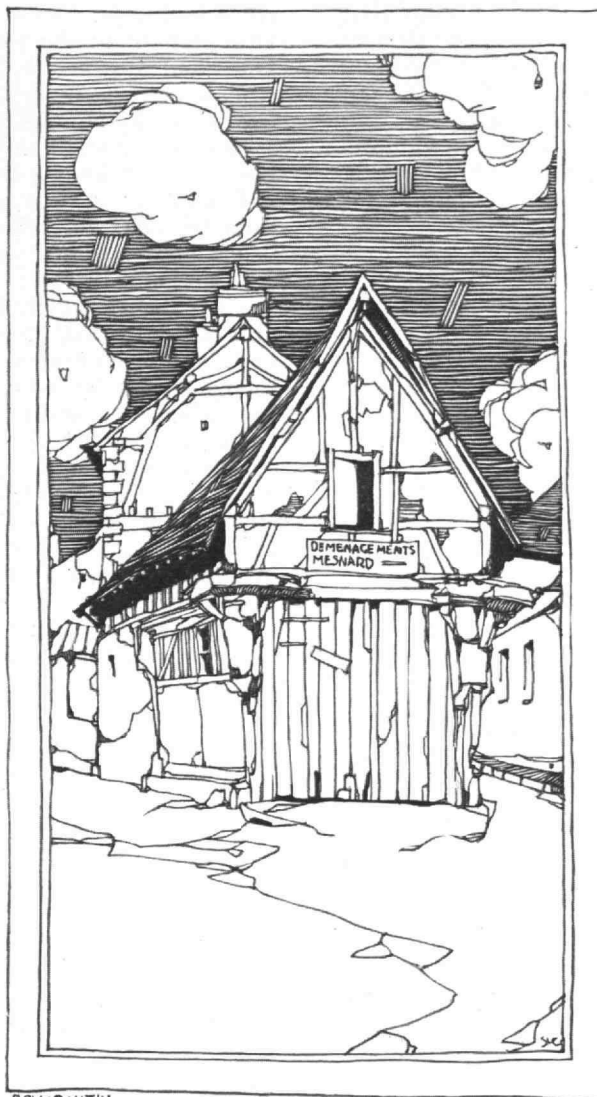
future. And surely enough, the oratory waxed warmer and shortly I was being urged most enthusiastically to buy the house, courtyard, stable and all. It took the time for two more "petits verres" to convince him that all Americans were not millionaires.

Two medical students with a tell-tale sparkle in their eyes gazed over my shoulder one sunny morning and after sparring verbally for some time, invited me over to their quarters to inspect what they termed a rare old manuscript which had fallen into their possession. It was indeed a rare bit of parchment, cracked and twisted and yellow, with vague and awkward designs printed upon it in red and blue. I expressed much interest and spoke as charitably, if guardedly, of its artistic worth as possible. Whereupon they explained in a most vivid manner as to its origin. It seems that there is a State prison in the vicinity, boasting a certain number of executions per annum. The corpses of the criminals are afterward transferred to the medical school for purposes of dissection. And it happened that one of the unfortunates had been a sailor, and that the quaint old piece of parchment that I was holding in my hand was none other than the tattooed epidermis from the gentlemen's chest.

Once I had occasion to visit the Hotel de Ville in a little town in the Touraine, in search of a "Carte d'Identité." Quite coincidentally the town mayor proved to be a grizzled old stretcher bearer whom I had known in the French army. Occasion for another small glass and many expressions

of mutual esteem. The next day I was rather startled to hear the town crier rumbling about the town, reading something from a scrap of paper concerning a "dessinateur américain who is honoring our city for a short stay. Any courtesies that may be shown him will greatly favor his excellence, the mayor." Leading to the observation that one of the delightful things about French cordiality is that it assumes so many unique forms.

One runs something of a peril of falling into disfavor, however, when the matter of measuring comes up.



This article is an abridgment of one appearing in recent numbers of The American Architect and The Architectural Review. The Technology Review is indebted to the author and the original publishers for permission to abridge the article and reproduce a number of the drawings which accompanied it.

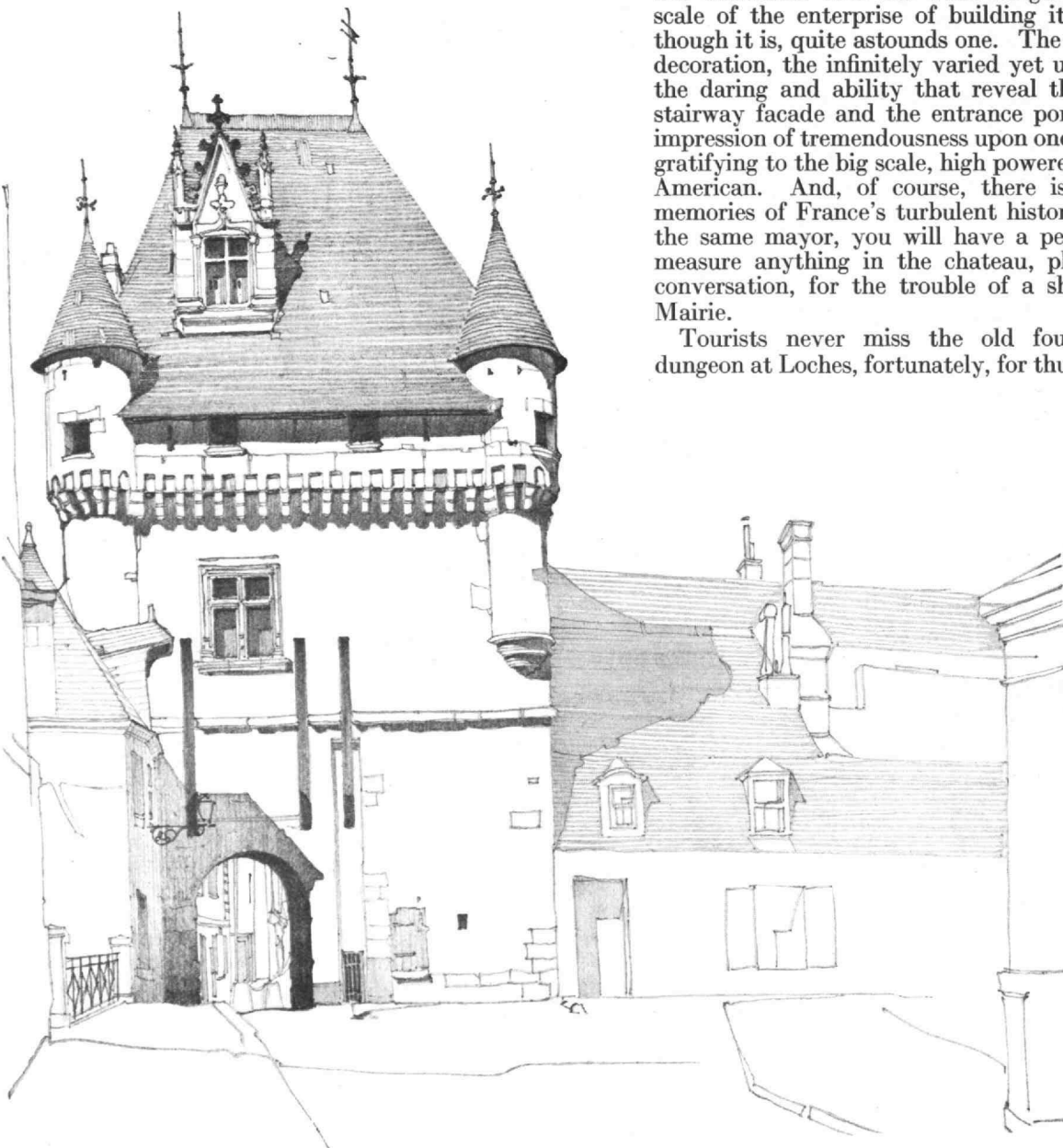
Unless elaborate diplomatic preparations were made, there seemed invariably to be an irate custodian upon the scene to demand a detailed explanation, especially if that villainous looking object known as a moulding gauge happened to be in use. The very sight of that treacherous looking affair seemed to inspire distrust.

One of the nicest towns on the Loire, and one of the most dramatically placed chateaux, is found in Amboise. There is much of interest here, varying from a decrepit old clock-tower and a Hotel de Ville that glories in its historic past, to cave dwellings and Roman caverns. The dominating note, of course, is struck by the chateau, which bounds up mightily from the old houses lined up at the riverbank, employing vast vertical areas of retaining wall before even the windows of the lowest dungeon make their gloomy appearance. Amboise has an extraordinarily interesting profile, for

added to the mass of the chateau proper is the delicate outline of the tiny flamboyant Gothic chapel and the massive protruding bulk of the stone well that houses one of the few spiral roadways intended and used as a means of ascent for whole teams of horses and their accompanying loads. One is at loss to know with which to be the most impressed, the stereotomical accomplishment of effecting such a spiral roadway, or the infinitely fine stone carving, lacelike to an incredible degree, found in the jewel-like little chapel. Due perhaps to the fact that its present master, the Duc d'Orleans, may be a somewhat soured gentleman, Amboise is one of the few chateaux where it is "défendu" to sketch within the walls.

Keep going and you arrive at the busy little city of Blois, so well known to many of the doughboys, and well liked by nearly everyone who visits it. Aside from the chateau, there is enough here to keep your pencil jumping for a week. Old half-timbered houses are thick and there are plenty of picturesque twists in the streets. Everything about the chateau of Blois one associates with the word Magnitude. The very scale of the enterprise of building it, many-perioded though it is, quite astounds one. The lavishness of the decoration, the infinitely varied yet unified ornament, the daring and ability that reveal themselves in the stairway facade and the entrance portal, all leave an impression of tremendousness upon one. Blois is highly gratifying to the big scale, high powered, mile-a-minute American. And, of course, there is none richer in memories of France's turbulent history. If Blois has the same mayor, you will have a permit to draw or measure anything in the chateau, plus an agreeable conversation, for the trouble of a short visit to the Mairie.

Tourists never miss the old fourteenth century dungeon at Loches, fortunately, for thus the privilege of listening to the world's most sympathetic guide is not denied them. This venerable and tender-hearted gentleman, albeit, he is the jailer for the handful of petty prisoners still confined there, almost bursts into tears as he graphically describes the misery and torture that once were the order of the day for the unfortunate enemies of the ruling power. Some



LA PORTE DES CORDELIERS, LOCHES