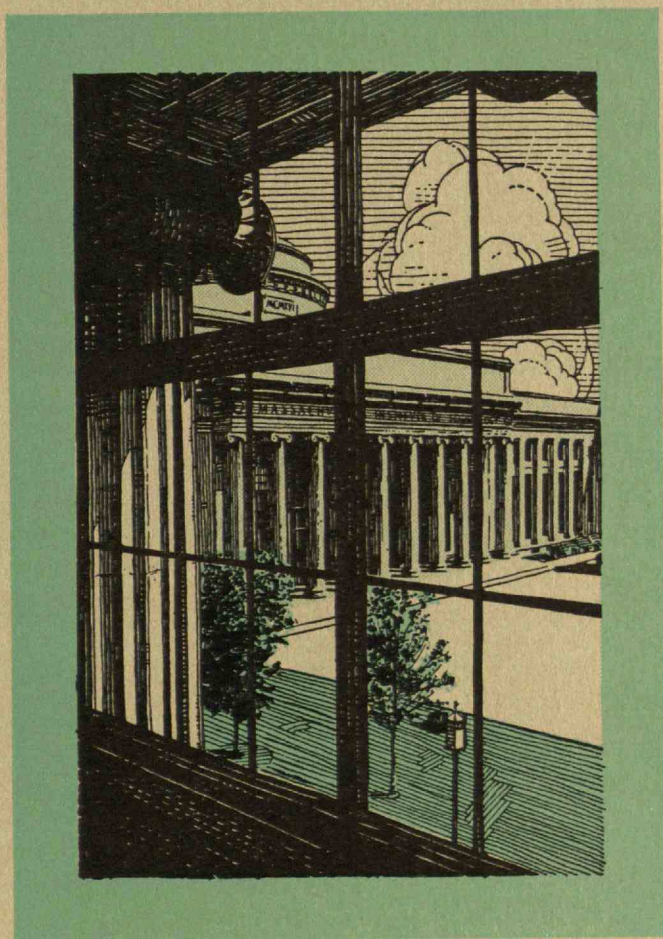


# THE TECHNOLOGY REVIEW

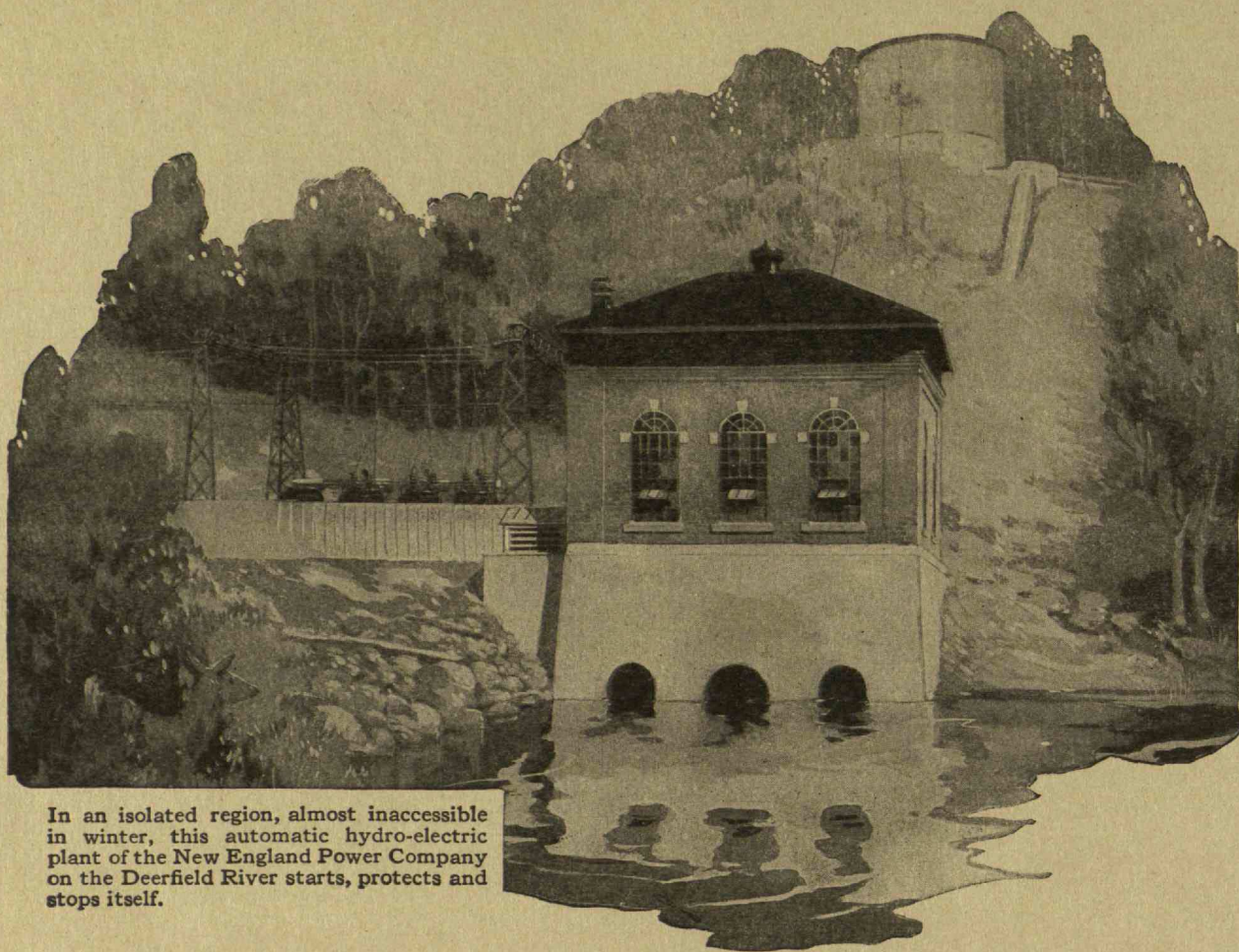
RELATING TO THE MASSACHUSETTS  
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



JULY  
1925

PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION





In an isolated region, almost inaccessible in winter, this automatic hydro-electric plant of the New England Power Company on the Deerfield River starts, protects and stops itself.

## These power plants almost *think*



Whether electric power is generated from water, coal or oil, there is automatic equipment that will do everything but think. General Electric Company has led in the development of this equipment and the experience of its engineers is at the service of everybody who wants to develop electric power.

Each Saturday afternoon, the demand for electric current diminishes. Immediately this plant, at the head of the stream, shuts down, and a storage reservoir begins to fill with water. On Monday morning, the plant starts itself and sends water down to all the others.

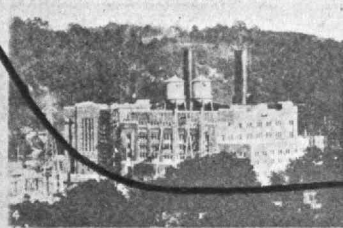
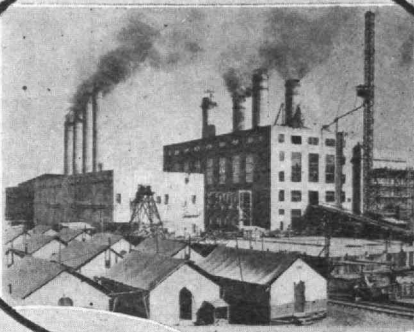
No human touch. Just G-E automatic control.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC



### Steam Station Developments

THE year 1924 was marked by a number of developments in the steam station industry. Some of the most important of these were the completion of several new stations and the adoption of new designs. The Weymouth station in Boston, the Long Beach station in California, and the Weymouth station in Massachusetts are among the most notable of these developments.



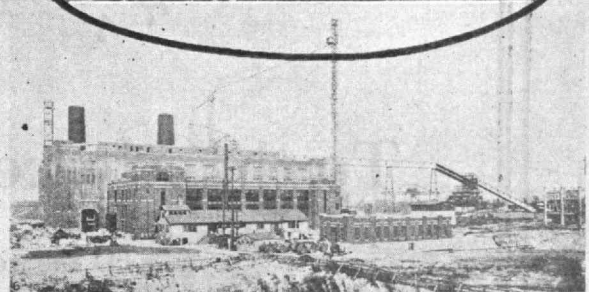
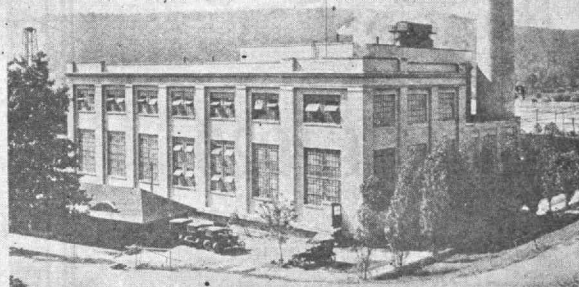
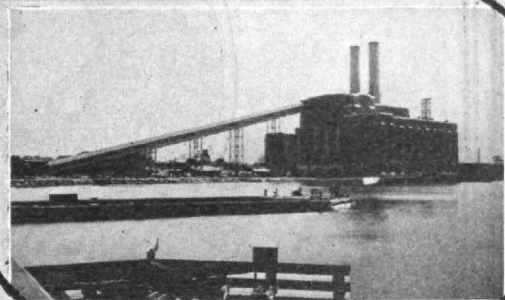
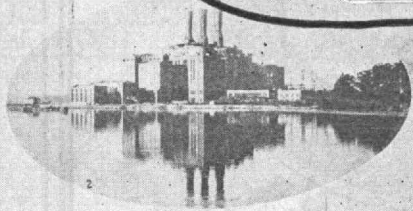
and new developments in this general type of unit are awarded with interest. Heavy loads at Weymouth, Ontario, has completed a new station, and the use of large stations is still popular and the new stations are more efficient than ever and the cost of production has advanced rapidly.

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**ONE-THIRD** of the most notable power station work of last year as selected by **ELECTRICAL WORLD** was Stone & Webster work. Their selection includes the Weymouth Station at Boston on the Atlantic Coast (right center) and the Long Beach Station at Los Angeles on the Pacific Coast (upper left).

# STONE & WEBSTER

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## To the Marco Polos of 1925

**D**ID the world hold more to be conquered in the days of courtly adventurers than it does for daring knights of '25? Does no far-off Cathay, no passage to India, beckon today?

Perhaps not; but that's no reason for disappointment. Graduates of 1925 can look about them without sighing for worlds to conquer.

There's high adventure in the lanes of business. Hidden riches underfoot. The very hugeness of modern business demands bigger vision than ever before. Thinking must be on a scale so large and unfettered by precedent as to try any man's mental equipment.

Here's where college graduates have proven their mettle. Here's where they have justified their training. And here they may indulge their fancy for exploring new fields.

*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

*Published monthly, from November  
to May inclusive, and in July  
at Cambridge, Mass.*

Vol. XXVII

No. 8

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Orville B. Denison, '11, *Secretary-Treasurer*

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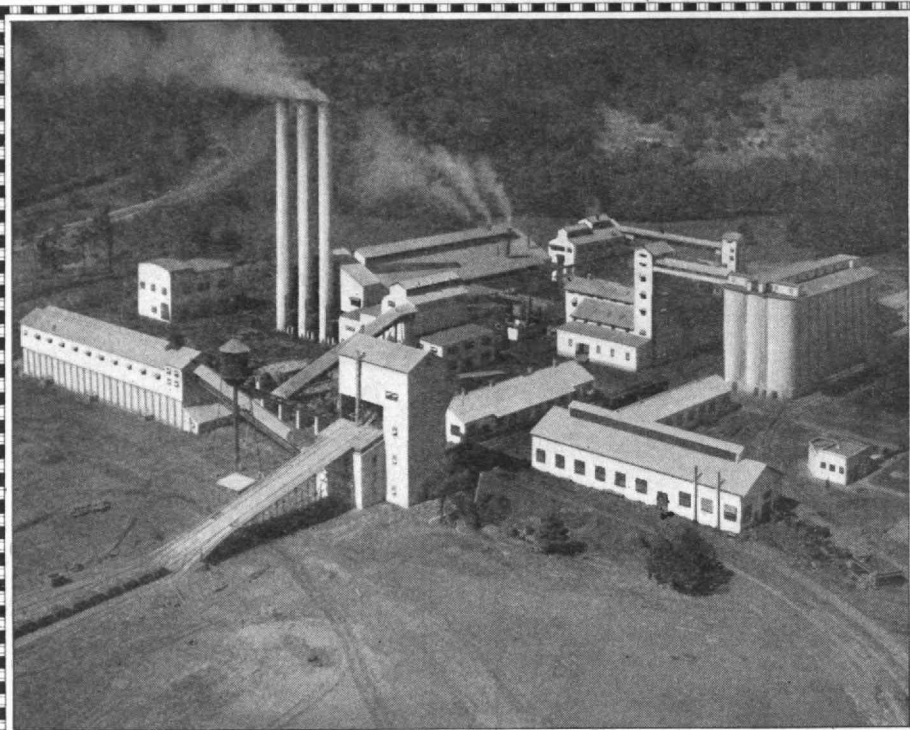


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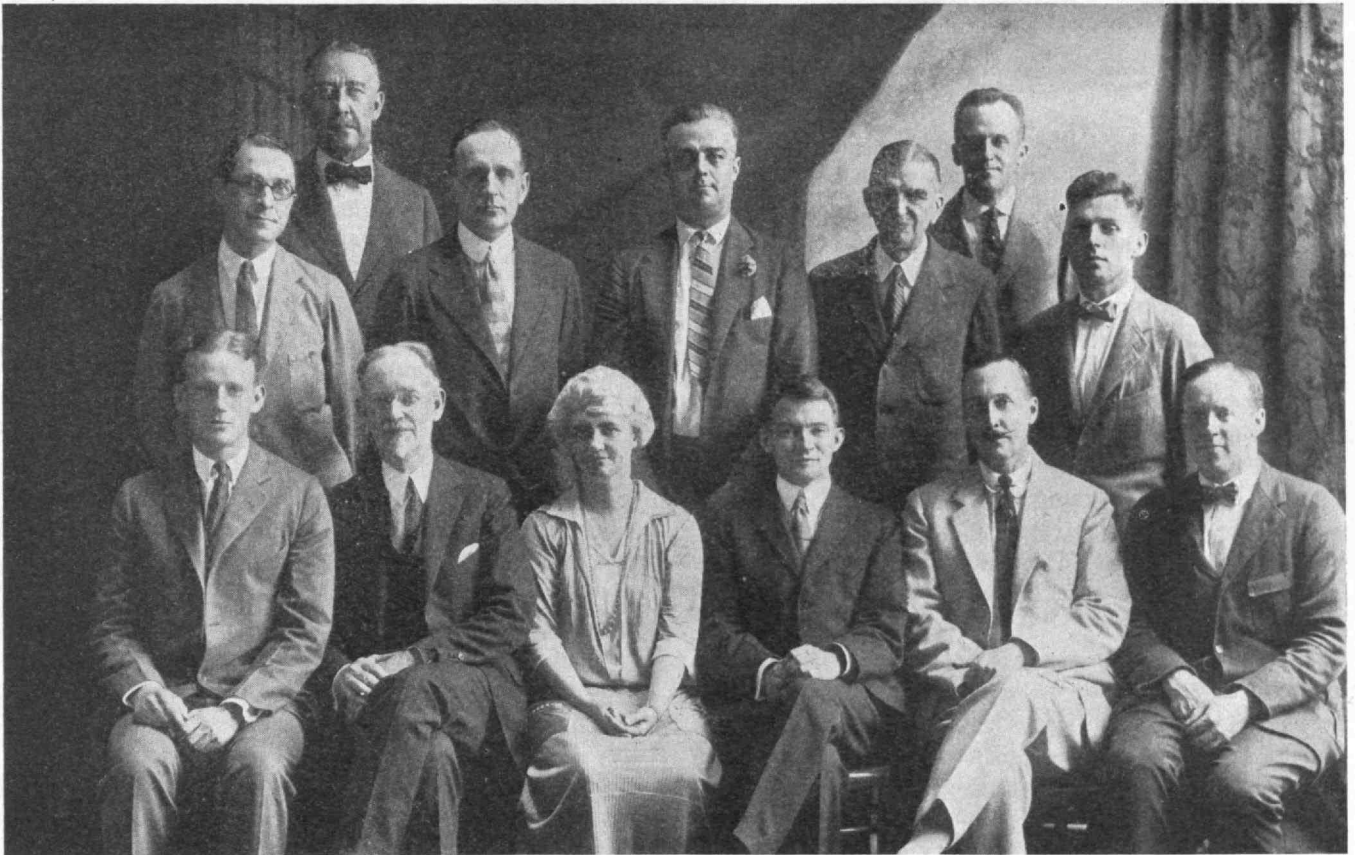
## *The Reunion Day-Book*

THE Faculty Member sailed into his office at nine-fifteen as usual and removed his spats. The mail was not so heavy as ordinarily, for it was a period of semi-vacation — that hour between dark and dawn when final examinations are over and summer school has not yet begun its overheated routine.

The Faculty Member turned perfunctorily back to his desk after tossing his yellow gloves onto the purple china cat that held his books together—Yes, it was a carnation! A pleased smile crossed his usually pinched lips—for he was not a professor. He picked up the long stemmed white flower, smelled it cantankerously and opened the letter which lay beside it in the best script of the mimeograph room. Five minutes later he was bounding along the corridors like a gazelle released

by spring from the wintry mountain fastnesses of the Gornergratt. For the letter had called him Dear Professor; it had assured him that the bouquet was his and no one's else, and it had reminded him that this was the day of play at Technology.

His journey was kaleidoscopic — at least, so he said later. He remembers having passed some peculiar bouncing balls in the Machine Tool Laboratory and seeing cotton slithering down the breeze from a room he had always supposed to contain only chairs. But the rest of his memories are vague and blurred, for in the next instant he had rounded the last corner under full head of steam, had plunged down the broad stairs and was in a swirling, mad mass of humanity. When next seen, his left gaiter was missing, his gloves were



THEY WERE IN CHARGE

Here is the personnel that directed the 1925 All-Technology Reunion. The Review presents the only existing photograph of the General Committee members and the Sub-Committee Chairmen

Left to right: seated row; G. L. Bateman, '25, Undergraduates; W. C. Brackett, '95, Entertainment; Miss Eleanor Manning, '06, Alumnae; G. D'W. Marcy, '05, Vice Chairman; A. W. Rowe, '01, President's Tea; G. T. Welch, '21, Registration. Second row: D. G. Robbins, '07, Harbor Outing; E. J. Whitcomb, '11, Transportation; O. B. Denison, '11, Publicity; I. W. Litchfield, '85, Classes; F. Bernard, '17, Pops. Back row: C. M. Spofford, '93, Faculty; H. S. Ford, Day at the Institute

Notman

gone completely, his hat was cocked on a badly mutilated ear, and he was wearing not only a carnation but several badges.

A moment of recollection served to tell him that he ought to register. Not without a few mastodonic heavings he made his way to the registration desks on

dismal odors at every exhalation, to the Walker Memorial, where he gave up the first of his tickets to attend a buffet lunch.

The smoke did its work and prevented him from tasting any of the lunch and he is very firm in saying that that is the only reason why he can not say what was served.



REGISTRATION

G. H. Davis

*The Reunion started as all good things do. No less than 2495 Alumni and guests went through the process. (Compare the photograph on page 437)*

the left side of the lobby and entered his name on the form provided. He did not know when he did so that almost before the ink had dried, that name was whisked away to the Information Office, and that in less than five minutes he might have been found on the running check list that was kept up to date throughout the day. He found himself in possession of a handful of tickets and a badge with his name on it (spelled correctly) and his class numerals. At this point he was rudely thrust from the desk and fell speechless into the hands of a student Fred Beauvais, dressed in a natty R. O. T. C. uniform. The student, without waiting to find out his identity, started showing him through the buildings. He saw many things that day which he had never seen before. He was even shown his own office.

The Faculty Member was a pacifist because he had had the misfortune to be an ambulance driver in a preceding war. That was the reason his guide took him to Tech Field at noon to see a demonstration on the part of the Chemical Warfare Service. Star shells flew and burst—dense acrid smoke coursed over the ground. On the whole, the Faculty Member thought the Germans had done it better. Certainly they had had the advantages of night and terrain and a certain spiny chill in their favor. But this was quite good enough none the less and he hastened, coughing out

playing by Alfred Cortot and realized with dismay that he had missed Professor Roger's lecture on radio and literature. This reminded him of the movies which had been going on all day in the two big lecture halls, 10-250 and 5-330, and it occurred to him that he might saunter over and find out something about rolling steel or the landing of the Pilgrims, when the four o'clock bell rang and he realized that he had probably better go and find out something about the President's house instead.

The Faculty Member gathered together his spats and gloves and stick, pilfered the carnation belonging to his roommate who had not shown up that day and took himself off to the President's Tea. He was received by Dr. Stratton and the present officers and officers-elect of the Alumni Association. After he had wormed down the line he heard some members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing classic selections and, making the unwise reflection that he could probably hear them later at the Pops, passed them by. From the second floor came the strains of dance music but the Faculty Member does not dance, so he went into the garden instead. There it was peaceful—there it was beautiful and also there it was crowded. So it is doubtful if anyone realized that the Faculty Member who had come in to the garden with a carnation went out with a begonia—we think it was a begonia. It is

BEING a Faculty Member he began to get tired about this time and decided to go back to his office, slide down the runners of his steamer chair, get out his corn-cob pipe and turn on his radio and open his book and have a good nap. But fate did not will it so, for about that time the worst-student-he-had-ever-had popped his head in the door and mutual recriminations and felicitations followed until three o'clock. At this time, he heard certain crashings and bangings down the corridor and hastened to behold the unprecedented sight and hear the unprecedented sound of a piano recital being given on a Duo Art by Instructor Penfield Roberts of the English Department, Musical Editor of the *Boston Globe*. He heard him mutter something to the piano about this being an altogether too faithful reproduction of



doubtful, too, if anyone save his wife knows that he came home in a taxicab and announced masterfully that he was about to start for the Jambouree Dinner and that the cab was waiting outside and that she was coming too and that Albert could stay up and play with the super-heterodyne until they came back in their own Buick and that she would not have time to change her dress.

Sometimes one has a good time at the Institute.

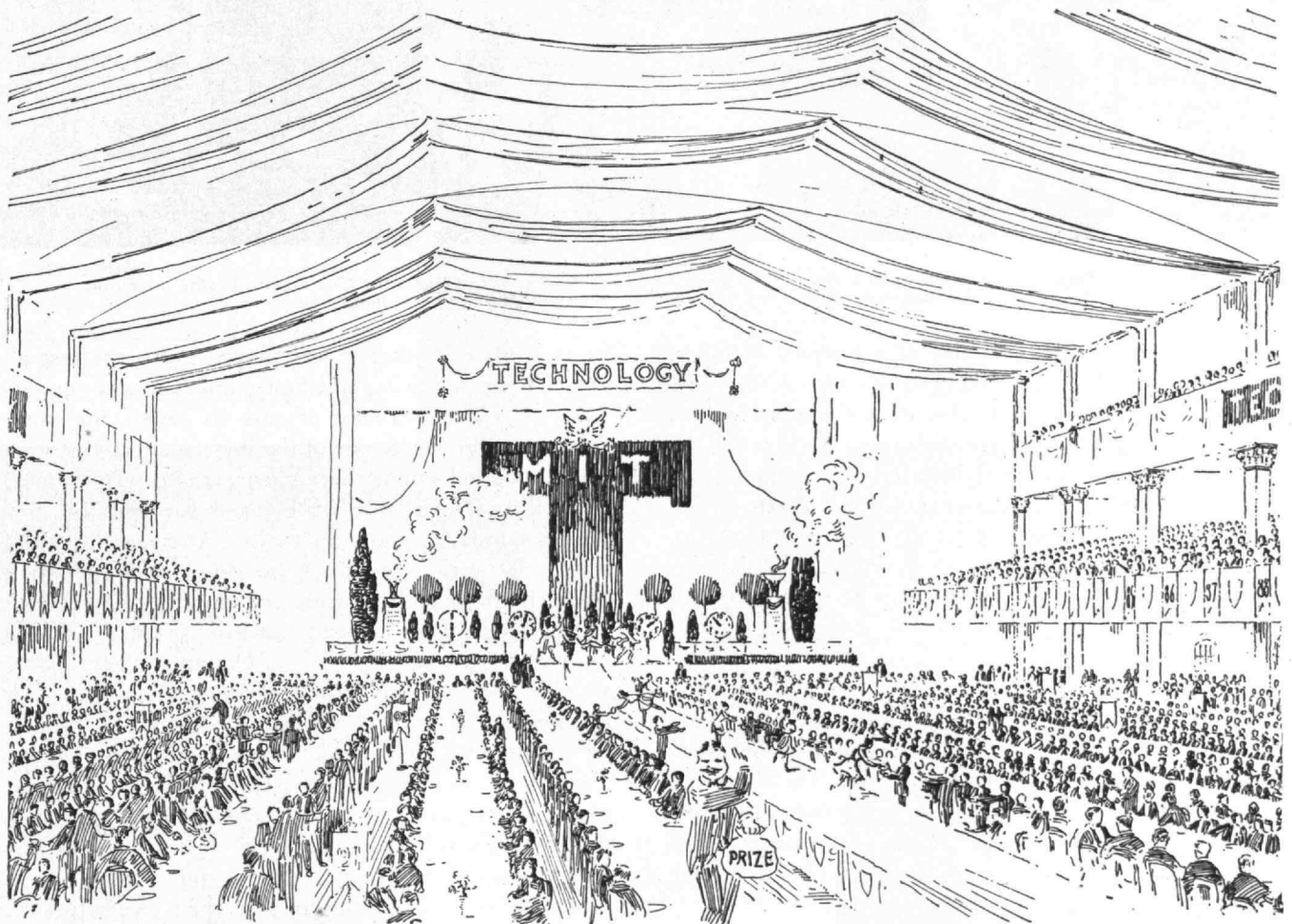
**H**E did not win any prizes at the dinner. He was one of 1729 Alumni who got two Everready Flashlights, one Gillette Safety Razor (which he traded for two cigars), a Waterman Fountain Pen, seven Lufkin's steel tapes and eleven more cigars. On the whole, he thought it must have been worth the money, although before that time he had been fervent in his remarks on paying so much to get into Mechanics Hall. He had brought his pocket radio along so was able to listen in on O. B. Denison, '11, broadcasting for half an hour. He knew one of the members of the Faculty who won a prize and felt vicarious pleasure in a trip to the Mediterranean. But it did seem coming it a bit strong to have two prizes go to the same family.

At one time the Faculty Member got a bit tired.

Thoughts of going home entered his head. His wife said No. Ten minutes later the Braggiotti Sisters entered the hall. The Faculty Member looked the other way, for he knew that his wife was going to change her mind. She did, but so had he and they stayed. Later, he and his wife went home in a taxicab.

**L**ONG ago the Faculty Member had decided not to go down the Harbor. There was too much hilarity in connection with it, he said. There was too much cheap humor. There was too much congestion. In earlier years he had attended a Senior Class Picnic down the harbor and had broken two fingers in a foot race. He had never felt kindly toward picnics after that—and not too well disposed toward boats. If he went to New York he took the Midnight, if not, the Knickerbocker. That is the sort of man he was. He has already laid plans for next week-end at Nantasket. He is not going to New York any more. That is the sort of man he is.

It was Mr. Zizziter did it. He did not like the name of Mr. Zizziter. He was so sure it was a hoax that he was annoyed. Then he found out that the man's name was to be found in the Register of Former Students. That made it worse. Perhaps there was something in it.



JAMBOUREE

Posterity's only record of the famous event of June 11, at Mechanics Hall. There was no flashlight photograph, though there was everything else. This sketch by Frank A. Bourne, '95, is reasonably close to gospel, but the balconies weren't so full. Note the Braggiotti Sisters



## HARBOR OUTING

Hugh O'Donnell

Mid stage of assembly at the Army Base Dock. The Betty Alden was the first of two boats, the Rose Standish being the second. A background of captured rum-runners rounds out the handsome panorama

It is hard to rouse the curiosity of a Faculty Member. But when you do, there is likely to be some sort of an explosion. So the Faculty Member went down the harbor.

The Faculty Member remembers to have eaten the finest picnic lunch which civilization has yet produced. And he found out something about Mr. Zizziter. He saw him. He saw the apparatus. He saw it blow up. Now he does not know what to think. He did not know what to think then, either, so he took a taxicab home from the Army Base Pier in order to get ready for the Pops.

**B**OAZ PILLER tooted his last preparatory toots on the double bassoon; a mournful bellow emanated from the mouth of the bass tuba; Theodorowicz ceased fingering the Ave Maria in melancholy abandon; Agide Jacchia bowed to the ripple of applause in his flight across the stage, rapped sharply on his desk and the Tech Night at the Pops was away.

The first piece announced on the program was a March, "Father of Victory," by Ganne. One may state

in all confidence that it was played — for the rest all is conjecture. During this first number it was possible by only slight straining of ears to detect the notes from the more vociferous of the instruments. But with the second selection, the audience came into its own.

Back and forth the battle raged between the conductor's desk and the front tables. At times the crowd was well in the lead and one could in imagination trace the front of the barrage of sound as it rose from the morgue in the back of the hall, swept across the floor and stormed the height of Olympus itself. Those were in moments of orchestral repose, however — for as soon as the brunt of the battle reached Mr. Jacchia he countered with a violent wave of his baton; Boaz, and Anton and Theodore responded with additional blasts on trumpet, harp and drum and the grim curtain was driven back in confusion on to its generators. It was hard to tell in the general din whether O. B. Denison, '11, and his cohorts with their "air saturated with Tech spirit and music" or Camille Saint Saens, et al, were triumphing in the fray.