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THE SCOPE 1941

The Scope

presents

The Year Book of 1941

**Published by the
Massachusetts School of Optometry
Boston, Massachusetts**



NOV 21 '88

Foreword

As a symbol of the spirit of Optometry; as a source of hours of retrospective joy; as a record of lasting friendships; as a reflection of the many and varied student activities and interests; as a reminder of the numerous and ever-increasing facilities offered by our Alma Mater for the mental and professional development of the students; as a means of returning us to the days of our youth so that we may relive in memory our numerous enjoyable experiences by perusing the pages of this book, and as a service to our School and Profession, whose eventful past presages a more glorious future — if these things are embodied in this book then our efforts have been rewarded and our purpose accomplished.

THE EDITOR

for 1941



DR. THEODORE F. KLEIN, *Dean*

Dedication

Because she serves as an administrator of the
Massachusetts School of Optometry;
Because for many years she has been an active
member of the faculty;
Because she has devoted her entire life to study
and research in her chosen field;
Because, in spite of her numerous achievements, she
has always shown an intense desire to further
her own educational standards;
Because of her unending zealousness in imparting
to her students her vast store of knowledge;
Because of her kind intercession for those troubled
with the difficulties peculiar to the average
student;
Because of her unfailing motherly counsel in time
of trial and tribulation;
Because she has given her whole-hearted assistance
to the student body in every possible manner;
Because of her inexhaustible courage in her own re-
cent mishap;
And because we feel that she has definitely been a
major factor in the progress and growing
prestige of our School, as well as our profes-
sion itself, we, the members of the Class of
1941, gratefully dedicate our Annual to our
instructress and friend --

Dr. Wilhelmina A. Svendsen

of 1941



DR. WILHELMINA A. SVENDSEN

The Scope



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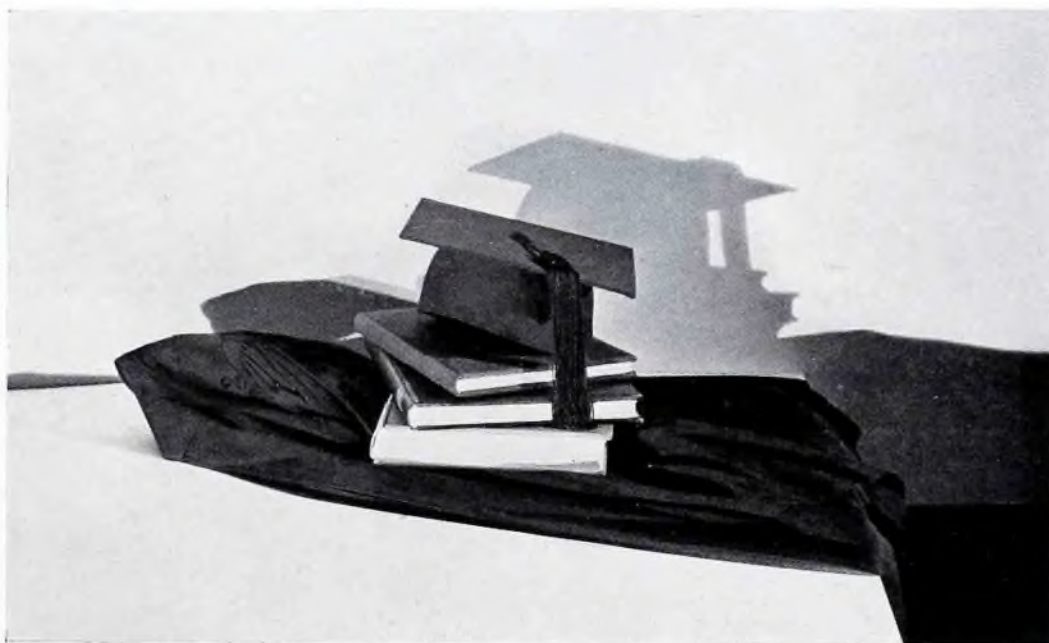
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for 1941



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Physiological Optics



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Ocular Pathology

for 1941



ARTHUR HARRIS, A. B., O. D.
Mathematics and Zoology



JOHN E. ASARKOFF, O. D.
Ocular Pathology



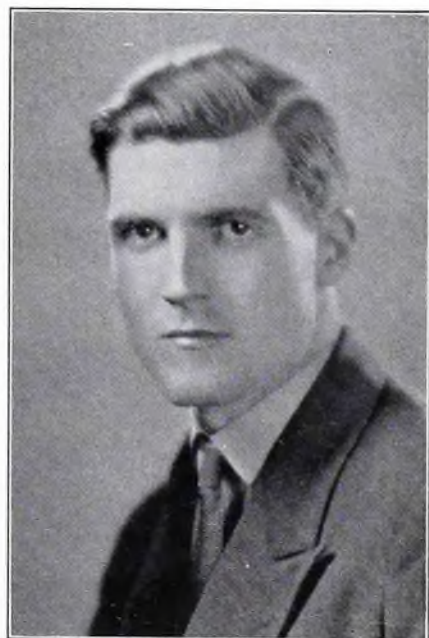
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GEORGE CARVIN, O. D.
Anatomy



LEWIS B. HUNTINGTON
Practical Optics

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Sergeant-at-Arms, WILLIAM M. KILLILEA

of 1941

NATHAN ARONSON

*87 Glenway Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Ω Ψ

Optometry Club II, III, IV.
Scope Staff III, IV.
(Circulation Manager)



A. LLOYD BAZELON

*142 Emeline Street
Providence, Rhode Island*

Ω Ε Φ

Optometry Club II, III, IV.
Sophomore Court.



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*1623 Miller Street
Utica, New York*

Ω Ε Φ

Class Vice President II.
Chancellor of Omega Psi III.
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ISIDORE E. BERGERON

*12 Common Street
Rochester, New Hampshire*

The Class



ARTURO GARCIA BIRD

Box 7
Fajardo, Puerto Rico



WILLIAM D. CORRENTE

22 Rena Street
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Ω Ψ

Class President II, III, IV.
Optometry Club I, II, III, IV.
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Editor-in-Chief of The Scope III, IV.
Student Lab. Instructor IV.
(Physiological Optics)
Vice Chancellor of Omega Psi, II.
Sophomore Court.
Graduation Committee.



JOHN J. COYLE

28 Woodland Street
New Haven, Connecticut

Optometry Club II, III, IV.
Optometry Club Secretary IV.



LEO C. DeNATALE

4467 Washington Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

of 1941

JULIUS GILDER

156 Ballou Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Scope Staff III, IV.
(Circulation Manager)
Graduation Committee Secretary.



JOSEPH M. GILLMAN

29 Maverick Street
Chelsea, Massachusetts

Π Ο Σ

2:00 P. M. Club.



HARRY EDWARD GLIXMAN

1 Ruth Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

Optometry Club II.



SAMUEL GOODFADER

340 Blue Hill Avenue
Roxbury, Massachusetts

Ω Ε Φ

Scope Staff III, IV.
(Associate Editor)
Graduation Committee.

The Class



HERBERT S. GREENBLATT

*30 Wentworth Terrace
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Π Ο Σ

Class Secretary I.
Scope Staff I, II, III, IV.
(News Editor; Assistant Editor-
in-Chief III, IV.)
Sophomore Court.
Secretary of Pi Omicron Sigma III, IV.
Graduation Committee.



MAX HERSHMAN. A. B.

*6 Vesta Road
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Scope Staff II, III, IV.
(Associate Editor)
Student Lab. Instructor IV.
(Biology)

GELDON HINDMAN

*88 Ball Street
Irvington, New Jersey*

Ω Ε Φ

Scope Staff III, IV.
(Contributing Editor)
Student Council IV.
Graduation Committee.
Sophomore Court.



EDMUND LAWRENCE HYDE

*6 Forest Street
Ayer, Massachusetts*

Class Secretary II.
Optometry Club I, II, III, IV.



of 1941

GEORGE HYMOFF

*24 Calder Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Ω Ε Φ

Optometry Club II.



HERBERT JAFFE

*14 Page Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Ω Ε Φ



KENNETH T. KARLSON

*127 Winnepurkit Avenue
Lynn, Massachusetts*



WILLIAM M. KILLILEA

*59 Presley Street
Malden, Massachusetts*

Class Sergeant-at-Arms I, II, III, IV.
Scope Staff III, IV.
(Contributing Editor)
Graduation Committee.

The Class



KENNETH J. KORNETSKY

*744 Broadway
Chelsea, Massachusetts*

2:00 P. M. Club.



ALFRED JOSEPH LaBELLE, JR.

*156 North Broadway
Haverhill, Massachusetts*

PAUL WILLIAM LAPPIN

*622 Morton Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Ω Ε Φ

Vice President of Omega Epsilon Phi.
Optometry Club II, III, IV.
Scope Staff III, IV.
(Associate Editor)
Student Lab. Instructor IV.
(Physics)



NORMAN S. MAYER

*126 Talbot Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Π Ο Σ

Optometry Club I, II, III, IV.
Student Lab. Instructor IV.
(Geometric Optics)
2:00 P. M. Club.



of 1941

WILLIAM H. OLDACH

Box 382
Panama, Republica de Panama

Class President I.
Class Treasurer II, III.
Student Council.



NORMAN PASTER

24 Antrim Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

2:00 P. M. Club.



GEORGE JOHN PLETT

10 Prospect Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

Graduation Committee.
Sophomore Court.



HAROLD EARLE RAMSDEN, JR.

10 Aberdeen Road
East Providence, Rhode Island

Graduation Committee.
Sophomore Court.

The Class



MORRIS RAPOPORT

*49 Wales Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Π Ο Σ

2:00 P. M. Club.
Sophomore Court.
Dance Committee.



RALPH ROGOLSKY

*20 Wilder Street
Roxbury, Massachusetts*

Π Ο Σ

Sergeant-at-Arms of Pi Omicron Sigma.
2:00 P. M. Club.

MARK A. SAULNIER

*35 July Street
Lowell, Massachusetts*

Class Secretary III, IV.
Optometry Club II, III, IV.
(Vice President)
Graduation Committee.
2:00 P. M. Club.



VICTOR H. SAVIN

*42 Aldine Avenue
Bridgeport, Connecticut*

2:00 P. M. Club.
Scope Contributor.



of 1941

ABRAHAM H. SKLAR

*788 Blue Hill Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts*

Π Ο Σ



LOUIS JEROME SNYDER

*18 Brainerd Road
Allston, Massachusetts*

Basketball Team I, II, III, IV.



SIDNEY G. STILLMAN

*169 Nichols Street
Everett, Massachusetts*

Basketball Manager II, III, IV.



EDWARD L. STORER

*192 Kirkstall Road
Newtonville, Massachusetts*

Class Vice President III, IV.
Graduation Committee.

The Class



JOSEPH TADDONIO, JR.

*7 Sea View Avenue
Orient Heights
East Boston, Massachusetts*



THEODORE A. WEISMAN

*911 River Street
Hyde Park, Massachusetts*

Ω Ε Φ

Optometry Club II, III, IV.
Basketball Team I.
2:00 P. M. Club.

WILLIAM W. WOLFSON

*188 Congress Avenue
Chelsea, Massachusetts*

Π Ο Σ

Optometry Club II, III, IV.
Scope Staff III, IV.
(Sports Editor)
Basketball I, II, IV.
(Captain)
Graduation Committee.



HAROLD H. TOY

*1711 Commonwealth Avenue
Brighton, Massachusetts*

Ω Ε Φ

Class Treasurer IV.
Optometry Club I, II, III, IV.
(President)
Scope Staff III, IV.
(Business Manager)
Basketball Team I.
Student Council IV.
Graduation Committee. (Chairman)
Sophomore Court.



of 1941

ALEXANDER TULSKY

97 Wayland Street
Roxbury, Massachusetts

Π Ο Σ

Chancellor of Pi Omicron Sigma IV.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Pi Omicron Sigma III.
Student Council IV.
Scope Staff IV.
Graduation Committee.



Who's Who Among the Seniors

Best all around	William D. Corrente
Most likely to succeed	John Coyle
Most talented	Paul William Lappin
Most intellectual	Edmund Lawrence Hyde
Most athletic	William W. Wolfson
Most humorous	William M. Killilea
Best disposition	Theodore A. Weisman
Latest to class	Norman Paster
Best dresser	George Hymoff
Class grind	Harry Edward Glixman
Most forward	Victor H. Savin
Best excuse giver	Victor H. Savin
Quietest	Edmund Lawrence Hyde
Most professional	Max Hershman
Class Beau Brummel	Sidney G. Stillman
Class baby	William H. Oldach
Most particular	George Hymoff
Most sensitive	Harold Earle Ramsden
Best theorist	Alexander Tulsy
Class artist	Herbert Jaffe
Most bashful	Julius Gilder
Most helpful	Kenneth T. Karlson
Best all around sport	Edward L. Storer
Most musical	Mark A. Saulnier
Most courteous	Nathan Aronson
Most popular	William D. Corrente
Most fastidious	Samuel Goodfader
Class orator	Louis Jerome Snyder
Most witty	Herbert S. Greenblatt
Man who has done most for M. S. O.	William D. Corrente

Concerning Seniors

My earliest recollection of M.S.O. is the day I registered. A little boy in short pants who later turned out to be "Gel" Hindman was holding on to the hand of his big sister and busily sucking a lollypop. "Now you be a good little boy and remember to eat your spinach," said Big Sister as she wiped the youngster's nose for him. "Aw wight, sister," he replied as he turned his big blue eyes in the general direction of yours truly. Seeing me surprised him slightly for I noticed a slight dilation of the left pupil while the right eye held fixation. He toddled over — "Do you want to play wiv me?" he queried sweetly, whereupon he slid some curious looking objects from his pocket and manipulated them with extreme agility. My curiosity aroused, I moved closer until I was within his far point. "What are those?" I asked. "Cards," he replied. "Cards?" I asked. "Yes, cards, do you want to play wiv me?" I should have been warned by the gleam that crept into his good eye but I was too fascinated by the antics of his left eye which shuffled back and forth like the metronome that I had used on the piano in earlier years. He explained that the game was called "Hearts" and that I must give him all the money I had. I thought that this was a very curious procedure but I was anxious to please and make friends. I have continued to make friends for four years.

But that was only the first day. Since then there have been many days — good and bad. The first month in school was spent in becoming acquainted with the various rooms, professors and secret passwords. For instance, we learned that "Bxrl" spoken in an undertone, meant "Meet me at the Gobbler in ten minutes. Order me coffee with one lump of sugar."

Freshmen didn't deserve lockers so we looked like travelling brush-salesmen with all the books in our arms. Most of us were impressed by the Seniors who worked on us down in the Clinic but as weeks went by we were impressed, depressed, repressed and suppressed in that order. It soon became so bad that all a freshman had to do was see a refracting chair and he would close and blurt out, "Worn three years — measles, mumps, chicken pox, no injuries, no diplopia, general health good." The Seniors introduced double vision to us and we returned the compliment with the previous meal.

I'll never forget the time I memorized the entire test cabinet when a senior was doing a subjective on me. After he placed a + 3.00 fogging lens in front of my eye I read down to 20/15 without hesitation. Disturbed but not daunted, the Senior, smiling all this time bent over to re-adjust the trial frame, assuming that I was using my supposedly occluded eye. When, however, I repeated the procedure there was a loud gasping noise and I still hear the Senior, running down the corridor, screaming, "Dr. Green, Dr. Green," with tears streaming down his face. They say his hair turned completely white overnight and he was transferred to the Schlepp Optical Company in Argentina where he is now marking optical centers on pinhole discs.

General Anatomy took up a great deal of our time, paper and patience. However, the procedure that took up most of our time was not touching the white. The sphenoid boine with Stella's tussy-ca proved to be an inspiration to the more ascetic minded and we found that the shortest distance to a good mark was a meeting down by the statue at the Fenway.

cf 1941

After a few weeks of psychology we were all a group of psychopaths — Laaa Belle — but at least we all learned what to do in case we ever were stranded on a raft in the middle of the Sahara Desert with mother and wife, neither of whom could swim.

Algebra, Geometry, Trig and elementary T. O. were ably handled by that master of math, Dr. Brucker, who proved that there is no such thing as a straight line and therefore we concluded that the straightest line between two distances is a point.

Dr. Harris nobly handled the “buggy” side of the freshman year and while Art Byrd complained that “Eet ees too ‘ot,” he gave us the cold facts about fat and “How’s that.”

It was just about this time that we concluded that exams were a concealed collection of cannibalistically computed calculations composed completely of a comprehensively cantankerous concoction containing curiously coercive components.

After suffering through four sets of exams the year ended and we were free to try to bring our visual lines down to something resembling isophoria after all the vertical prisms we had had to endure under the “careful ministrations” of the now departed Seniors.

The Sophomore year consisted almost entirely of mag, rag, hag, drag, fag, wag, lag, sag and bag. We also had some ophthalmoscopy in which we turned on the light — looked in the general direction of the patient — turned to Dr. Carvin and said, “Oh yes, I saw the macular region.” Yeah. It was nearly June before we could even see the disc.

It was that year that Miss Elsa Shroeder joined the ranks, and say, did you ever see the way that honey attracts flies? Lou Snyder was in such a hurry to get down the stairs to a bookstore for a Spanish dictionary that he didn’t stop at the street floor but continued going down stairs until he landed down in the seventh basement somewhere. It took eight brave men equipped with supplies, maps and miner’s lamps and three bloodhounds two weeks to find him. When they finally caught up with him he was in a wild unshaven condition mumbling “Smudgeroo” over and over again.

General Anatomy became Ocular and we learned that a blue-plate special consisted of cornea, sclera, lens, vitreous and aqueous.

That was the year that Dr. Spritz wowed us with thrombocytes, bilirubin and polymorphonuclear leucocytes. We learned via Hygiene that we should take a bath once a year whether we needed it or not.

Physiologic, Practical, and Theoretic Optics began to loom large on the Horoptizon and we began to assimilate some of the “meat” which was being served up to us in ever-increasing amounts. By that time we were well into Optometry which was drawing away from us rapidly — too rapidly. We became acquainted with Perry Meter and those wide open “fields” — while Normie Mayer couldn’t complain about “decent rations” in the prism problems. Anyway, that year we were neither here nor there. We knew too much to be freshmen but not enough to make us optometrically minded. Accommodation and Convergence were still two mysterious entities which had to be overcome and subdued sometime in the future — but “not now.”

The third year began with a bang. Gone were the upper-classmen and we were the titular heads of the school. The downstairs Clinic became our

The Class

happy hunting grounds and woe betide the innocent freshman who loitered around those spacious booths. A long hairy arm would snake out and the hapless frosh would disappear. After a short scuffle and muted screams he would re-appear minus his PRA. This procedure however, didn't take place every day, for on some days we had shop, and brother — WE HAD SHOP! Now usually when a person says that he is going shopping he usually means that he is going to look for something. Well, when we went to SHOP we were looking for something — a plus axis that persisted in being where the dots weren't.

Out of curiosity we conducted the Greenspoon poll among the graduates of M. S. O. in an effort to ascertain if there had ever been one who had lined up a lens correctly. Yea, long we searched and diligently. Every city, town, and hamlet — even the Hamlet next door was combed and re-combed — but to no avail. In despair we consulted the oracle who told us that if we were to drill a Kryptok blank by the light of the full moon and then to travel in a nor'westerly direction for seven days and seven nights we should find that which we sought. We did as he directed and at the end of the prescribed period arrived at the bottom of an immense and awe-inspiring mountain. Looking up we could see a glorious and shining city built upon 1/20 10 karat gold foundations. As we drew nearer to the city the sound of flutes and cymbals grew louder and we noticed that the fountains were running black with India ink. Every person around us was dressed in oriental splendor and veiled dancing-girls were in abundance. We noticed that some celebration or ritual was about to take place, for everyone we saw seemed to be hastening toward the center of the city where great crowds were collecting. As we came to the great square, our eyes opened wide with surprise. Garlands of prescription blanks hung from every tree — dancing-girls flung kryptok and ultex to the crowd which stamped its feet and chanted while overhead great wheeling birds dropped cement blanks on the heads of those below. Suddenly in the midst of all this noise and confusion a trumpet sounded and immediately everyone fell on his face. High in the east we saw a speck in the sky no larger than an ant which seemed to be approaching us with great speed. Nearer and nearer it came and we finally made it out as a lone figure riding on a flying carpet which circled over our heads and finally landed on a raised dais in the center of the square. The figure arose. He was dressed in the finest of garments — his fine beard was snowy white and his face was aglow with contentment and satisfaction and as he walked forward he beat his chest and from his throat welled a hoarse cry of triumph, "I marked a plus axis correctly for Namias," he screamed while the crowd roared. Then pandemonium broke loose — the mob sang, whistled and danced while Savin — for it was Savin smiled sweetly upon his children. Believe It — or Not.

The Senior Year dawned bright and early. Gone (supposedly) were all traces of awkwardness and we were all veterans due to the clinical work we had done during the summer.

As the months went by this year, time seemed to gather speed and hurl us onward before it. The opening of the new clinic, Hymoff's acquisition of "Murgatroeyed II", T. O.'s "Mangled Mirrors" and four snipes to a cigarette are all behind us and at the time of writing we are all looking forward to

of 1941

Commencement Week with its dance, banquet and graduation exercises.

Our class has been unique in that it is the first class in the school's history to ever attend classes for four years. We have been unique in other respects, some too embarrassing to mention. We have cultivated friendships that will never be forgotten. We have experienced disaster, good fortune and moderate times together and have come through unscathed. Nothing will ever take the place of the camaraderie that we have enjoyed these last four years and although we shall probably meet again in future years — a little stouter and probably a little balder we shall never experience again the sense of unity and brotherhood that has been ours.

On June 7 will be the hub of our emotions and the center from which forty-one paths will diverge — all in different directions. And so, as the sand in the hour-glass runs low and the clock on the wall ticks off the few remaining moments, I want to extend to you my hand and wish you all the good things that I would like to have myself. God bless you all.

Greenblatt

You'll Never Forget:

Nathan Aaronson: Who is as nice-mannered and refined as you would want.

Lloyd Bazelon: With his now extinct cigarette-holder and sliding Baze-rule.

Lou Beckwith: The boy from Utica who will leave his mark at M. S. O.

Iz Bergeron: Who never spoke above a murmur but was always in there pitching.

Art Byrd: With his impromptu dance steps and "eet ess too 'ot".

Bill Corrente: Three-time Class President — respected and admired by all.

John Coyle: One of the top men in the Class who proved that scholarship is in inverse ratio to words spoken.

Leo DeNatale: SCORE in one hand, PD rule in other — "Bring on the patients".

Julius Gilder: "Look Normie — Nate is here."

Harry Glixman: "Oh, my goodness — I only got 99 out of 100. I'll surely flunk." Smile, Harry.

Joe Gillman: Flash, flash, flash. Here he comes — he's here — there he goes.

Sam Goodfader: Sartorial Splendor. The type of fellow who opens up his own shop.

"Gel" Hindman: The bombshell from Jersey and what a swell fellow.

Max Hershman: The young man who will probably end up as an instructor.

Ed Hyde: "I didn't say anything."

George Hymoff: Black book — meticulous beyond description.

Herb Jaffe: "Ye gods and thunderation, heck."

Ken Karlson: What a smile!

Bill Killillea: "Keep the boys smiling."

Ken Kornetsky: Writing expert — subtle and witty.

Al La Belle: Laaa Belle.

Paul Lappin: Scientific Lappin.

Norm Mayer: Little Normie. Where's that Scout Badge?

Will Oldach: Used about three times as much paper as anyone else.

Norm Pastor: "Oh, I'm working my way through college — to get a little knowledge."

George Plett: Square John Plett.

Earl Ramsden: Plus add. How old *are* you?

Morrie Rappaport: Rappapipipipski — the wheezer.

Ralph Rogolsky: The best guy to have around when you're telling a joke.

Mark Saulnier: Hail and hearty good fellow.

Vic Savin: Look at my chest. "Why was I late?"

Bud Storer: Always a gentleman.

Abe Sklar: The Bearded Lady — smile Abe.

Sid Stillman: Little Lord Stillman. Throw away those razor blades.

Lou Snyder: The Jeep. A penny for your thoughts — or ink.

Joe Taddonio: Slick that hair back.

Harold Toy: Tsatsky — what a notebook!

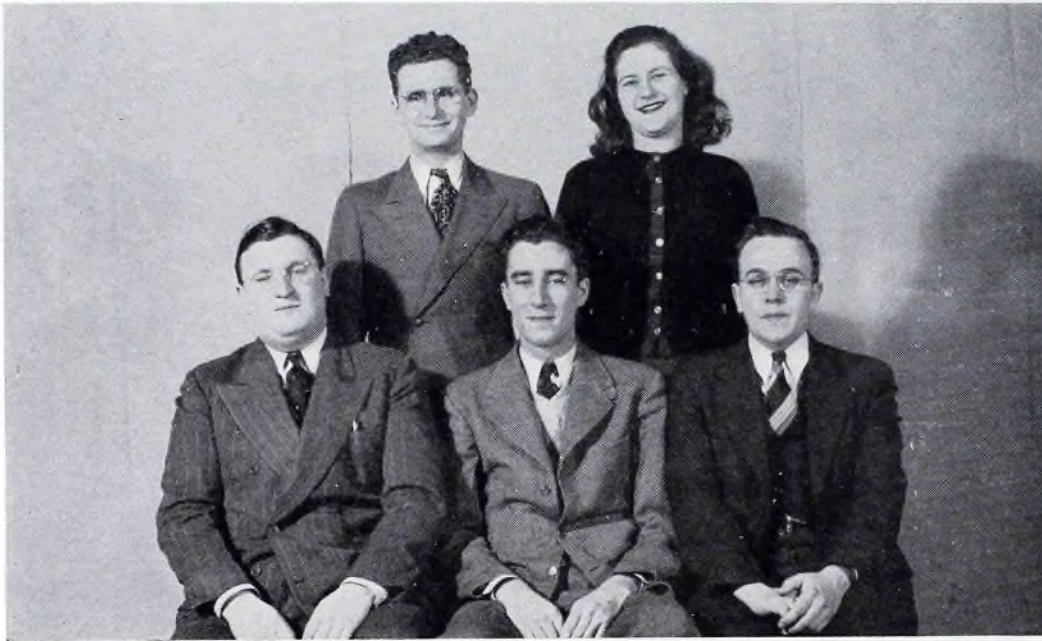
Al Tulskey: President of P. O. S.

Teddy Weisman: Look at those teeth!

Bill Wolfson: W. W. W. Capable Captain of M. S. O.'s well known basketball team and a fine fellow.



The Scope



Junior Class Officers

President, HAROLD R. CALDARONE

Vice-President, HENRY FINE

Secretary, DAVID ESSEX

Treasurer, JANET MECHANIC

Sergeant-at-Arms, HERBERT IVENTASCH

of 1942



JUNIOR CLASS

First Row: Rodman, R.; Newmar, S.; Iventash, H.; Fine, H.; Caldarone, H. R.; Mechanic, J. L.; Essex, D. G.; Font, M. A.; Berg, J. L.; Falino, J.

Second Row: Weisman, A. D.; Glickman, E. A.; Mittleman, J. J.; Savoy, P.; Cohen, G. M.; Rosemark, S.; Levine, R.; Margolskee, M. V.; Fritz, R. R.; Aleo, J. M.; Garfi, F. J.

Third Row: Upham, L. J.; Rice, J.; Cline, H.; Cobb, H. G.; Jacobs, J.; MacKenzie, Jr., S. A.; Fishman, I.; McVay, E. H.; Richmond, C. E.; Cadoret, C. A.; MacGaregill, Jr., S. C.; Wasserman, S. F.

Concerning Juniors

Cool, clean breezes swept across the broad bosomed Charles. Lofty leaves began to turn a mystic russet and brazen brown. Indian summer, that New England claim to fame, was upon us and all nature beckoned with a yearning, outstretched, unassuming freshness that could be duplicated nowhere on this much traveled globe. It was September, the greatest outdoor month of all; and, we, imbued with the beauty and logic of it all, immediately ran indoors from nine until five each interminable day.

Amazingly enough, nostalgia did not overcome any considerable portion of the junior class when the old school tasks were done again. Paying tuition still hurt! Once this necessary evil had been accomplished, seats were quickly selected, old cliques reformed, young hands shaken, and two or three hot-foots ("hot-feet" for the purists) attempted.

From then on it's like an evil dream, only the worse parts of which we can remember. Having been troubled with them long enough, we now turn over the highlights of our junior year to those who, tricked by our benign countenance, are foolhardy enough to read on.

Elections, Roosevelt, President of U. S. A.; Caldarone, President of Junior Class; Fine, just Vice; Mechanic, Treasurer; Essex, Secretary. . . . Aleo's plus add and pants without shine. . . . The Berg-Wasserman feud which produced the Bacillus Wasberg. . . . Cohen's obligingly taking on the

The Class

mumps to facilitate the taking of case history. . . . The root of MacGaregill's nose. . . . Mona Amanda and Puerto Rican rum (and a Boston rummy). . . . Phoria assignments with Iventash and Cadoret. . . The burlesque queen across the street who when viewed at close range, proved so unattractive that our head never again made a left turn except to view a highly and beautifully embroidered chemise. . . . Newman's collapse, Savoy's recovery. . . . Savoy's astounding failure as a lover, great or otherwise. . . . Conditioning of juniors for polar climes. . . . Rosemark and salami. . . . Rodman and that Springfield filly. . . . Fritz and "For Whom the Bell Tolls". . . . Sullivan's constant refusal to answer the roll call. . . . Upham and two children. . . . Mittleman, the (bat) fly-weight champ of the optometry camp. . . . Barnard and tropical fish. . . . Cline and the girls (room). . . . Falino and his hamburg (McVay, however, thinks of Falino and his hamburg and macaroni). . . . C. Harris Volovick proves self master of "le retort parfait" in otherwise dreamy shop session. . . . Otis' tremendous optometric library (of which we still have two volumes). . . . Dr. Bruce. . . . Dr. Bruce's evaluation of "the mighty". . . . Nudes in the smoking room (telephone number unattached). . . . the formation of Omega Epsilon Phi by a group of juniors (and seniors and sophomores). . . . Querulous querying Glickman. . . . Janet's promiscuous drainage of ten oz. beer mugs. . . . McKenzie and his radio; like his scope, the battery was always low. Or was it the same battery? . . . Urinalysis in the ocular path lab. . . . The sighs of relief as deferments were granted. . . . Essex' 100% in Practical Optics; practically a practical optics pariah. . . . Cohen's improvement as a bowler. . . . Jacobs "twelve jobs and a back row". . . . Richmond, strong in theory and hard on books. . . . Cadoret of the choroidal type fundus. . . . Iventash of no fundus (according to our observations). . . . Newman's intrepid crossing of state lines. . . . Our intrepid disregard for poll taxes with potential fines. . . . McKenzie, the third generation optometrist and first generation orthoptician. . . . Dr. Budilov's excessive politeness to the equally polite Berg. . . . Caldarone's ability at the pool table. . . . Cline's green ophthalmoscopic examinations. . . . Margolskee's outstanding ability on the basketball court and outstanding retirement in the class room. . . . Rice's steady performance in scholastics and sweeping. . . . Volovick's intention to marry in June. . . . Levine, the ruddy faced boy from Revere. . . . Weisman, who gave up the gal in Worcester. . . . Iventash, who had never had a gal in Providence or any other place of geographic import. . . . Font, who was heard to say "Nuts" in a physiological optics lab. . . . Cohen and Cohen, Jr. . . . Ophthalmoscopy for "one full hour". . . . Falino's lurid clothing. . . . Savoy's lurid stories. . . . Essex' lurid haircuts. . . . Fishman's eternal need for sleep.

Our first scrutiny of the soon-to-be seniors was had in October of 1939. At that time we had voluntarily retired from several active years on the bum, on the W. P. A., and on other activities too terrific for tender young ears. Frankly, we were saddened by what we saw and heard, for after several years in a mature, competitive world, association with callous youth was hardly desired.

Today, we are glad to say, the class is a much matured lot. Many look promising, and even the worst is not objectionably obnoxious. We can safely state that the next few years will so further the process of maturation that the penalties one pays for being young will no longer be applicable.

of 1942

The junior year proved to be a faster and much more interesting year than its predecessor; optometry revealed its dynamic mysteries with accompanying syndromes; clinic work became infinitely more attractive with an entire visual survey sheet to complete. Some few were fortunate enough to receive Boston Dispensary assignments early in April, assignments which at last brought the groping optometrist-to-be into contact with the outside world.

Even shop work became more endurable with the acquisition of expensive tool kits, thirty eight eye zyle and metal frames, and eighteen cent blanks. The writer, alas, soon realized that the great optical houses would never call upon him for specimens of shop work unless to demonstrate to potential shop men "what not to do." However, bliss descended upon us as we remembered the words of New York's Dr. A. L. Graubart: "Build up your practise so that shop work is left to shop men". An excellent idea; Volovick is practically certain of a job.

Physiological Optics advanced so that our volume of Zoethout was involuntarily opened for the first time in one and one-half years. The lab work served a worthy purpose; many of the class are securing summer positions as judges of shades, hues, tints, saturations with the better department stores in the Peoria hills.

Geometric optics remained about the same despite the change in name. B & B still carried on in approved fashion as the class alternately cheered and hissed. Rodman was revealed as an authority on the King's English; Iventash was shown to have a high G. O., I. Q. but a low G. O. A. Q. (A. Q. —achievement quotient).

Ocular pathology was one of the most interesting and pleasant courses it has ever been our pleasure to take at any institution. Dr. Bruce is definitely inimitable; his humor, his knowledge, his delivery, his anecdotes, his love of life, his unpretentiousness all served to endear him to the highly receptive class.

The prospect of an entire month in service at the Massachusetts Optometric Clinic is sufficient to urge us on to refinement of techniques. At long last the outside patients are to be OURS!

Having exhausted all material that will get by the censor (Corrente and his heavy hand), we are forced to continue with personal opinion and piffle (sorry, folks; "1250 words", he said).

Bests for the junior year:

Acme of asininity: World War II.

Best fiction: "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Best non-fiction: "Out of the Night."

Best movie: "Long Voyage Home."

Best move: Establishment of the Massachusetts Optometric Clinic.

Best lecture: Dr. Klein's discourse on early optometric fakers.

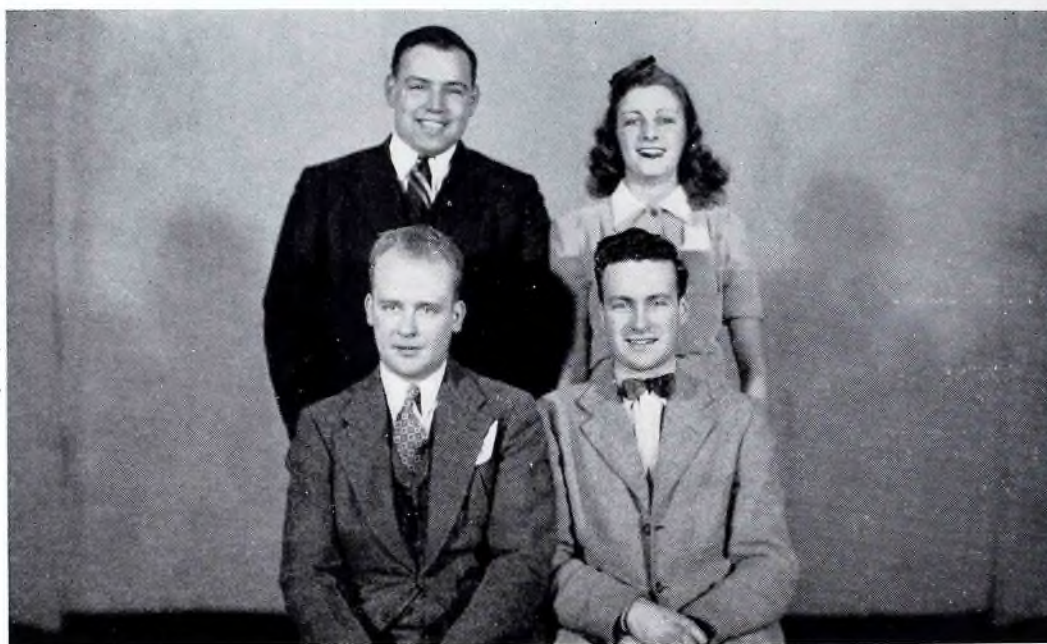
Best lab period: The one you cut.

Best suit: Falino's dream in green.

Best laugh: MacGaregill's.

There being nothing more to present, unless the class be interested in the chess playing of the immortal Capablanca, this department comes to a reluctant close, sincerely hoping to see all but Uncle Sam's chum in the Fall.

PURIS OMNIA PURA



Sophomore Class Officers

President, WALTER McKENNA

Vice-President, JOHN QUINN

Secretary, ARNELDA LEVINE

Treasurer, MAURICE MORIN

Sergeant-at-Arms, ROGER BUND

of 1943



SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row: Poulos, C. C.; Clark, L. D.; Saperia, N. S.; Kraus, R. I.; Keffrstan, R. D.; Scanlon, J. J.; Siegel, L.; Regan, P. H.; Silverstein, S.

Second Row: Dydek, F. J.; Rutberg, J.; Vaniotis, L. V.; Bund, R. E.; Quinn, J. E.; McKenna, W. A.; Levine, A. B.; Katz, S.; Lazzaro, S.; Cohen, S. H.

Third Row: Bloom, S. C.; Laliots, V. T.; Nicolosi, S.; Morin, W. J.; Issokson, B.; Gates, P. N.; Zalkin, M.; Fradkin, I.; Davis, E. L.; Thornton, P. L.; Calmus, E. A.; Taylor, S. M.

Fourth Row: Craven, J. A.; Turner, C. A.; Forman, G. W.; Shectman, S. D.; Wilson, C. L.; Summers, G. A.; McDermott, J. E.; La Vine, J. B.; Meyers, H. W.; Carrier, R. J.; Rosenthal, R. W.

Concerning Sophomores

Well, the time has finally come. The last lap of our long journey has been reached and everyone is looking forward to an enjoyable summer. But, look back a while. Think about the first day we came back in September as Sophomores.

"Physiology is defined as that particular science which deals with the functions and activities of the human body." Those are the very first notes we took in our Sophomore year. We've gone quite a bit since then and no doubt, writer's cramp has been a common affliction for all.

But nobody can say that this year hasn't been an enjoyable one. There was always time for a laugh or two, a little mirth and a little excitement always intermingled with the general school routine.

We're all proud of our able president Walter McKenna. He has accepted his responsibility with capability and he has done his utmost for the affairs of the class and always tried to satisfy all concerned. He has succeeded remarkably well and is admired and respected amongst all his classmates.

We're also indebted to Maurice Morin for so considerately and cheerfully taking our class dues. Maurice is an emphatic chap. When he wants a question answered, he wants it answered and no if's and's or buts about it.

If it wasn't for genial Jack Quinn how would we be able to get those

The Class

swell drawings copied in our notebook. Jacks artistic ability and his painstaking work is well appreciated by members of the class. We are literally "blessed" with his presence.

Tall, dark and handsome are three adjectives which are easily applicable to Vermont's gift to Massachusetts Optometry, Sumner Cohen. Sonny (as we know him as) is a chap who loves to dream. Someday, when war conditions get to a most serious point, Sonny is going to be a commissioned officer, and boy, will he be able to do a lot of bossing. . . "Namais, clean that gun." "Push in that stomach if possible". "Push back those chins, all three of them." Dream on little feller, dream on.

Then we come upon Sidney (*Lover*) Shectman. Sid wants to line up all the people in the world who need decentered lenses against a stone wall and shoot them brutally, cruelly, unjustly. He claims that any patient who can cause so much optometric aggravation deserves to be shot.

Looking down a row or two, we come to a very interesting looking gentleman. A bespectacled youth with penetrating eyes and dark complexion, why, it's none other than Georgie Forman. Yes, the same Forman who has contributed so aptly and so widely and so diligently to fields of applied science. Those innumerable textbooks which he has authored will no doubt be of great benefit to future college students.

Then going down still a couple of more rows — yes, even the very first row (King's Row) who should we see but an extremely tall, husky looking gentleman, blue eyes, hair parted in the middle and the most bee-yoo-tiful glasses you ever did see (he made 'em hisself). It's Clinton Wilson, that optically-minded genius. Clint looks with extremely envious eyes on Wasserman's job as Geometric Optics lab assistant. With his marks and ability there's absolutely no reason why he shouldn't be there next year. I'm sure next year's class would benefit by his knowledge, skill, and patience.

Looking around the front row we see Regan, Craven, Nicolosi, Myers, Dydek and Thornton, comrades inseparable, bothering no one and enjoying each others' company to the fullest extent which is definitely characterized by their happy, beaming faces which add sunlight and joy to the Sophomore Class. Joe McDermott took a shave and we're all congratulating him. Dydek's nose is still a rosy red. Regan still possesses beautiful blue eyes. Craven's teeth are like little white pearls. Nicolosi still has his happy expression and slick jet black hair combed very nicely and evenly. Myers still blushes. Thornton still has his "Dust Be My Destiny" expression. Lou Vaniotis is wearing two pairs of glasses at a time.

Going back a single row we come upon a clean cut looking lad, with straight brown hair, intelligent looking physiognomy, well ventilated teeth and possessor of the ability to become strabismic at will. Why, it's that genial, big-hearted Sailor-boy, Stinky Davis. Stinky is going to take a special naval course this summer and all his intimate associates wish him the very best of luck and that he stay in the Navy.

Sitting beside Davis and always gazing upon him with maternal affection is Roland (I Demand An Explanation) Carrier. Roland is that big, strong, quiet backwoodsman type. A diligent and ambitious student and a good friend is Roland. One bit of advice to give is, after shaking hands with Roland, be sure to count your fingers before putting them back in your pocket.

of 1943

Roger Bund is scattered all over the class. He's one guy that can't stay put. After winning the fly weight championship bout in 1939, Roger came to M. S. O. Just don't let him hug you is all the advice I can give.

In the second row, in the direct center we come upon a rather good looking chap. His eyes a greenish blue, his lips a rosy red. His hair extremely wild and uneven. It's Chester Turner, Jr., that fast talking quick acting fellow with a mild disposition.

Going back a couple of rows there is one chap with many outstanding facial characteristics which catches our eye. It's Sid (Willy) Taylor. His continual witticisms keep the class in a constant uproar. Around him are seated Oiwin (Loud Mouth) Graubart chewing Beech Nut gum and Jerry La Vine wearing +58.25 on each eye.

If you ever look around in the third and fourth row and see a long faced chap talking to himself, and laughing uproariously at his own jokes, you'll immediately know, that you are gazing upon the countenance of Robert Warren Rosenthal. Mattapan and Danvers are still putting in high bids for his personal appearance there.

Look a little bit to the right. Do you hear a refined, clear bell-like voice speaking? Do you hear each syllable being enunciated correctly? Why, you are now hearing the voice of Victor (I'm No Angel) Laliots! Directly beside him and fondly caressing him is Wild Bill Morin, Leominster's loss and M. S. O.'s gain.

To the other extreme end of the same row, we see a tall, dark complected, starry eyed little lassie — name is TOTO Adler.

“Her stares are sometimes icy,
Her stares are oft times bold,
But never let it be said,
That Evvy Adler is in the least way COLD.”

Now it's fitting time to mention our other little co-ed. Didja ever hear anyone go over to you and say in the sweetest most adorable manner, “Oh, I just think that you're the sweetest boy in this whole class.” Now you know it's Arnelda Levine. At first this sentence was confined to but a few lucky chaps, but when all the boys began “comparing notes” so to speak, we find that our Arnelda was just giving us a line.

Saperia is now bowling at last an even 28 and Fradkin is devising with Eli Culbertson a new system of Contract Bridge. Fradkin has refused many offers of marriage from members of the class.

Salvatore Lazzaro is still wowin' 'em out in Wakefield. Sal is a quiet lad with an honest face and a profound interest in Oral Surgery, (which of course couldn't be due to the fact that his brother is an Oral Surgeon.)

Bloom and Issocson are two adorable little butcher boys. Bernie, especially loves his meat every day, whereas Bloom loves Evelyn Adler.

Kraus and Silverstein are going steady. They can't bear separation over the summer and are alleviating the situation thereby.

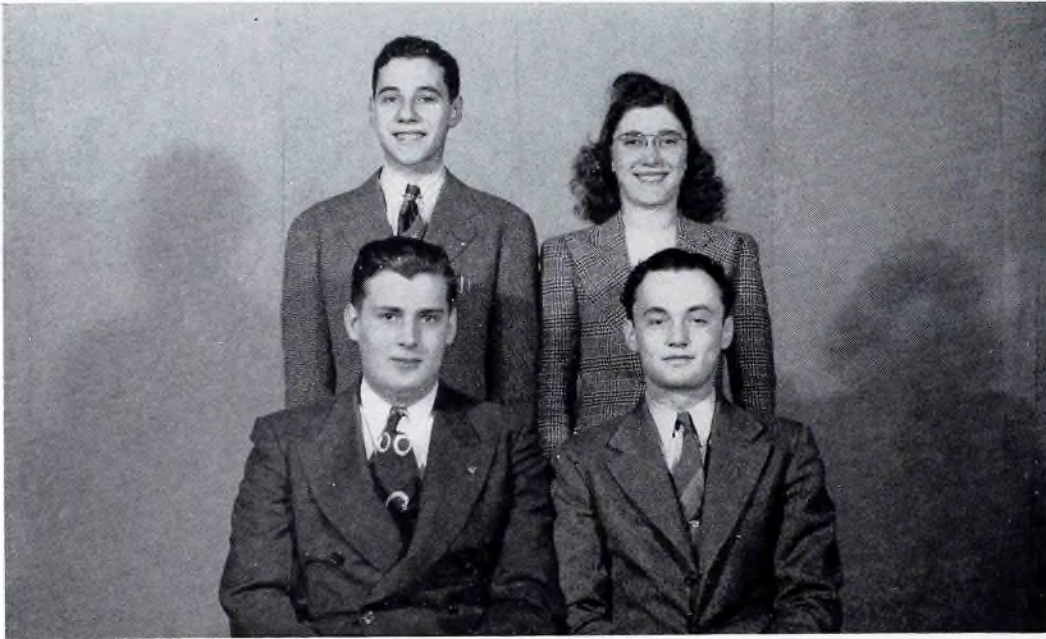
Harry Nieman wants to teach the Summer Course in Hygiene for those who didn't pass the exam.

Well, I hope that covers about everybody in the class.

Happy vacation to you all, and always abide by your democratic principles — Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Lana Turner.

Jerome Rutberg

The Scope



Freshman Class Officers

President, DAVID YORRA

Vice-President, NELSON F. WALDMAN

Secretary, AMELIA CATON

Treasurer, DANIEL M. COHEN

of 1944



FRESHMAN CLASS

- First Row:* Dolloff, L. S.; Bershad, H. A.; Cowan, A. J.; Pollack, H. H.; Goldenberg, E. J.; Lippin, R.; Pansey, N. I.; Kates, M. I.; Urdang, R. B.; Bickmore, L. F.
- Second Row:* Beloff, J.; Kofos, M.; Hall Jr., J. W.; Kahanovsky, N. M.; Cohen, D. M. (*Treas.*); Yorra, D. I. (*Pres.*); Waldman, N. F. (*V. Pres.*); Caton, A. W. (*Sec.*); Veaner, A.; Swanson, E. E.; Steinberg, N. H.; Platten, S.
- Third Row:* Rubin, D. D.; Newman, J.; Cohen, L. B.; Schlosberg, S.; Leone, V. P.; Buonfiglio, A. F.; Smith, J. H.; Wells, R. W.; Collins, J. F.; Rossen, H.; Young Jr., L. F.
- Fourth Row:* Bianchi, R. L.; Whelan, E. J.; Shepard, R. A.; Wolfson, L. G.; MacFarlane, D. A.; Flodin, J. W.; Holman Jr., E. F.; Reardon, J. J.; Fader, H.; Fader, L.; Dimmick, L. W.

Concerning Freshman

September 19th – the first day of school. Students from Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maine, New York, Massachusetts and Chelsea, had assembled in Room 3 for their first class in Optometry. A teacher came in, introduced himself as Dr. Harris, and we were started on the four year course. We were told that we would take Chemistry at another building and were warned not to go into the wrong entrance since a girls school was next door. The first time we went to the other building one person went in the right door – Miss Amelia Caton.

As the weeks passed many new friends were made and elections for class officers were held. The results were as follows:

President – David Yorra

Vice-President – Nelson F. Waldman

Secretary – Amelia Caton

Treasurer – Daniel M. Cohen

Smokers were held by the Fraternities and some of our classmates joined up. The members of $\Pi\Omega\Sigma$ put the frosh pledgees through their paces to the delight of the rest of the student body. Poor Schlosberg! He still eats from a shelf.

The Class

There were try-outs for the SCOPE and after submitting articles, two reporters were chosen, Veaner and Lippin. The editor said to bring the complaints to them — and did we!

Dame Ill-luck struck one of our classmates. Larry Dolloff became ill and had to leave school for several months. His classmates contributed to buy him a gift and when Larry came back he found good use for his new pen and pencil set.

Clinic — some thing that strikes terror and fear in every heart. Little men with white coats armed with ophthalmoscopes in their hands crawled all over us. They turned the knobs on the spheres and made us see things that weren't there. In "arc", we were shown a red dot and asked what color it was — silly business. We didn't understand anything they did to us and we're still in a fog and we can't accommodate for it either.

A dance was held at Brandon Hall in Brookline for the Freshmen. The affair was sponsored by the Sophs and Juniors. Danny Rubin brought his bosses' daughter — for a raise. Yorra and Cowan were *fixed up* by Rossen, and Danny Cohen and Nelson Waldman played little Sally Waters in the hallway.

About this time we were expecting to have the XI chapter revealed to us and have the entire subject of chemistry cleared up once and for all. At present we are still in the dark, but there are two replaceable hydrogens someplace in some chapter.

The Christmas vacation was a welcomed event to the "overworked" freshmen. Pansey, Swanson, Whelan, Veaner and Pollack were going around with that old bag — the mail sack. John Hall had plans to go to Florida, the land of sunshine and beautiful women in bathing suits. Too bad the plans fell through. When school resumed there were many new ties, gloves, etc. worn by the fellows.

Study, study, study — the mid-years were upon us. In every home lights burned into the wee hours of the night. Two students meet on the street-car before an exam —

Joe: "How long did you study C-----y?" (guess what)

Moe: "Oh, about three radio programs!"

So we did study and when the exams were over a sigh of relief arose from the exhausted frosh. But when the marks were received, screams and cries of agony rent the luminiferous ether (?). Arthur Cowan, who possesses vitamin X in his finger nails, ran off with the best marks. However Cowan attributes his success to a girl friend who helped him cram.

When the new Clinic opened, we were invited to attend open house. Since we would miss clinic we went gladly. There were contact lenses, beautiful receptionists, cameras for reading tests, beautiful receptionists, an operating room, the latest equipment — why each room had the atmosphere of an eminent optometrist who charged a large "fee"! We sincerely look forward to the time when the Class of '44 will practice in the new Clinic.

Due to a request for a cafeteria, the Dean of the other school put in — three slot machines. This is only the beginning, next year there will be an automat (?) besides candy, peanuts, gum, and ice cream. A prize was offered to any ingenious student who could devise a method of beating the machines. Reardon had an idea — nitroglycerine.

We decided to run a Class formal in April and to take two dollars

of 1944

for each student, out of the treasury. However the plans fell through and it was decided to run an informal dinner-dance at the Versailles Club — wine, women, and song. The entire school and faculty were invited to attend. There were two orchestras, good food, and a swell floor show. We hope everyone enjoyed himself.

We frosh have the distinction of being the first Class to have dissection work. It was fun to watch one another cutting cautiously for fear of penetrating too deep. Earthworms, perch, frogs, and pigs disappeared under the deadly strokes of our scapels. Steinberg and his Lunebein (a scapel) were as two inseparable partners. He ate with it, picked his teeth with it, and even used it for dissection. Dan Cohen had a kit that was big enough to cut up cadavers. MacFarlane, Kates, and Lippin spent hours doing one drawing, but it was a good one. James "P" Newman was the fastest worker. He would take a specimen, start cutting, and be through within the week. Some thought Amy Caton would be squeamish about handling the frog and pig, but she wasn't — well not very much. By the way, who hung all the dissection rags out the window by knotting all the strings? One of the deep mysteries of M. S. O.

When the frosh bowling team challenged the upper classes and the faculty to a bowling match no one dared to accept our offer and so we were the champion bowlers of M. S. O. In looking for other opponents we played the New England Conservatory of Music's team and they were pretty tough. Although we lost the first match, they were overwhelmed in our second encounter. We beat them by ninety-two pins and since the final match has not been played off we are confident that our boys will win and therefore become champions of M. S. O. and also of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Lest We Forget —

Normie Kahanovsky practicing the violin.

The Urdang Twins — Dr. Wright couldn't believe his eyes. He was promptly recommended to forty-four future optometrists.

Larry Young with his strong cigars, fancy jackets, and loud neckties.

John Reardon and his Tarzan act. If some one wants to know who put the pants in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, we'll give you one guess.

Rossen assisting in Chem Lab. He claims that he was promised a good meal for helping. Oh, well, a cent's worth of peanuts was better than nothing.

Dr. Ruby asking for a little less quiet. And he got it too — and how.

The many happy days spent playing bridge.

The football and softball games in the Fens. "Swede" Swanson proved to be the best athlete in the freshman class. He could run, hit, pass, and catch better than a pro. He was the star of the basketball team also.

Strong man Kates when he tore off the door of the office in order to be courteous. He got up late one morning and in his haste a coat hanger got caught in his coat and he had to come to school with the hanger following him. Was his face red?

Well, the year is about to close and we sincerely wish to see everyone back at school next year as we start another year towards becoming optometrists.

Eye'll see you next year I hope!

Arthur Veaner



Case History

This is the story of a man who has, in a most unassuming manner, received national recognition in the field of Optometry. It is the story of an educator, optometrist, sportsman, traveller, and, if we may use the expression, "a regular fella." It is the story of a man who has devoted his life to the progress and development of optometry, and even today continues his work despite a physical handicap. It is the story of a man who is gifted with a sense of humor which is revealed only to those who have had personal contact with him, a man who, in spite of his untiring efforts on behalf of our young profession, has still found time to follow our National Pastime. Of course, we refer to none other than our own dear, Dr. Theodore F. Klein.

Dr. Klein was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 11, 1878. He

received his early education at Boston's Public Latin School, and in 1894 he entered Boston University where he remained for three years until he left to continue his optometric education at the Klein School of Optics.

We would like to digress here to tell you more about the Klein School of Optics. It was founded in 1895 by Dr. August A. Klein, the father of Dr. Theodore Klein. It was the first optometry school in the country to offer day and evening courses. All the other schools up to that time were of the "correspondence variety". In 1909 the name of the school was changed to Massachusetts School of Optometry.

Dr. Theodore Klein has been associated with the school ever since he left Boston University. When he started to teach here, his first subject was physics. Since then, he has, at one time or another, taught every subject in the curriculum. He possesses an uncanny ability to retain his knowledge. This has been proven when, at a moment's notice, he has "filled in" for a teacher. No matter whether the subject be anatomy or pathology, optics or optometry, he is capable of continuing from where the instructor has left off, despite the fact that he has not taught for several years.

To speak of Dr. Klein without mentioning his travels is to discuss the works of Mark Twain without referring to Tom Sawyer. He has travelled from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Straits of Magellan, from Spain to the Cape of Good Hope. He has visited the majority of islands in the Atlantic Ocean including the Canary Islands, St. Helena, etc. His name is on the Register at the Tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena. He has scaled the peaks of the mountains of the West Indies; he has photographed a tribesman during a religious ceremony in Tangier, Morocco. He has visited a cannibal camp in Africa where he was advised by the missionary to be very cautious for the tribe had recently been quite unruly. He has been in almost all states of the Union, all the provinces of Canada, and many strange places where no white man has trod.

Dr. Klein was married in June, 1914. He has three daughters, two of whom are college graduates. The other one, at present, is attending college. He has no plans in reference to optometry for any of them.

As previously mentioned, baseball is his favorite sport. He is, like most of us, an ardent Red Sox and Bees fan.

Because Optometry has progressed more rapidly than any other profession, Dr. Klein believes that the time will soon come when it will receive its proper recognition among the major professions. "The progress has been so rapid," he says, "that it seems highly probable that this recognition will come within the next few years." For the benefit of Optometry, and for their personal benefit, he urges all young Optometrists to live up to the code of ethics at all times.

Dr. Klein is a member of the American Optometric Association, the Massachusetts Society of Optometrists, and the New England Council.

So we come to the conclusion of our series of interviews known as "Case History". Each case has had its own personal "symptoms" and has had to be diagnosed accordingly. No small amount of credit should be given to Dr. Budilov who has spent several hours helping us to present our analysis in a more interesting form. To him we would like to say, "Thanks a lot, Mark!"

Norman S. Mayer

Massachusetts Optometric Clinic



M. O. C. Consultants

CALVIN A. WOOD, B. S., O. D.
JOSEPH F. ANTANELIS, O. D.
JOSEPH J. DONOVAN, A. B., O. D.

1941 Brings New Clinic

Beyond a doubt, the clinics of the healing arts are their most vital nuclei. It is within these clinics that steps of progress are born and broadened, while to the future practitioner is imparted a manner of professionalism. Here the student notes a change in his bearing, his character and what is most important of all, an inner changed feeling. Here, he puts to use the practices and theories he has studied. He learns to interpret these facts and theories as an undergraduate, acquiring a confidence in his work and in himself that in turn he can transfer to his patient, learning to discover, evaluate and interpret his patient's symptoms and treating them accordingly. In all, the clinic is the final moulding process, the lacquer acquired to perfect the moulding process, before being placed into the field of human endeavor.

Withal, the clinic is the bridge that traverses the gap between the youth and the man who is to lend a hand to human needs. The student comes in touch with humanity from all its types and walks of life. Clinic is the one portion of the students schooling that can rapidly show and place him into his practice of to-morrow.

Never before in the rather short history of Optometry in the State of Massachusetts has such a tremendous innovation been seen in professional Optometry as the inception of the Massachusetts Optometric Clinic, equipped, as it is, to cover each and every phase of the optometric arts and sciences housed within one structure with such standards of equipment and personnel.



Reception Room

A Typical Refraction Room

Consultants

Internes' Quarters

By the establishment of the new clinic, the Massachusetts School of Optometry has opened to the "Eye-troubled" public a more golden gate of hope and refuge than ever before.

The new Clinic was officially opened January 9, 1941. Its staff, headed by Dr. Theodore F. Klein is ably assisted by Drs. Calvin A. Wood, Arthur O. Bruce (M. D.), Benjamin Spritz (M. D.), Ralph H. Green, Joseph J. Donovan, Joseph F. Antanelis, Wilhelmina A. Svendsen, Arthur Harris, Mark H. Budilov, George Carvin and graduate students, while internes are made up of the student body.

Each examining room is a private clinic in itself — completely equipped with all the instruments necessary for a complete study and analysis of vision.

These facilities are augmented by a subnormal vision clinic, in which the most recently developed means for correction of subnormal vision are employed; an Eye Training Clinic, in which patients are taught how to use the eyes properly, as in strabismus, poor reading habits and all cases of Orthoptics; a Visual Field Clinic, for the study of pathology associated with the Pathology Clinic.

To you men going on into your chosen field, when having left the clinic for your last time, you may well look ahead, based upon your training received at 472 Commonwealth Avenue, and feel fully adequate to treat your patients with absolute faith and confidence in yourself and your ability as an Optometrist.

George M. Cohen

Facilities

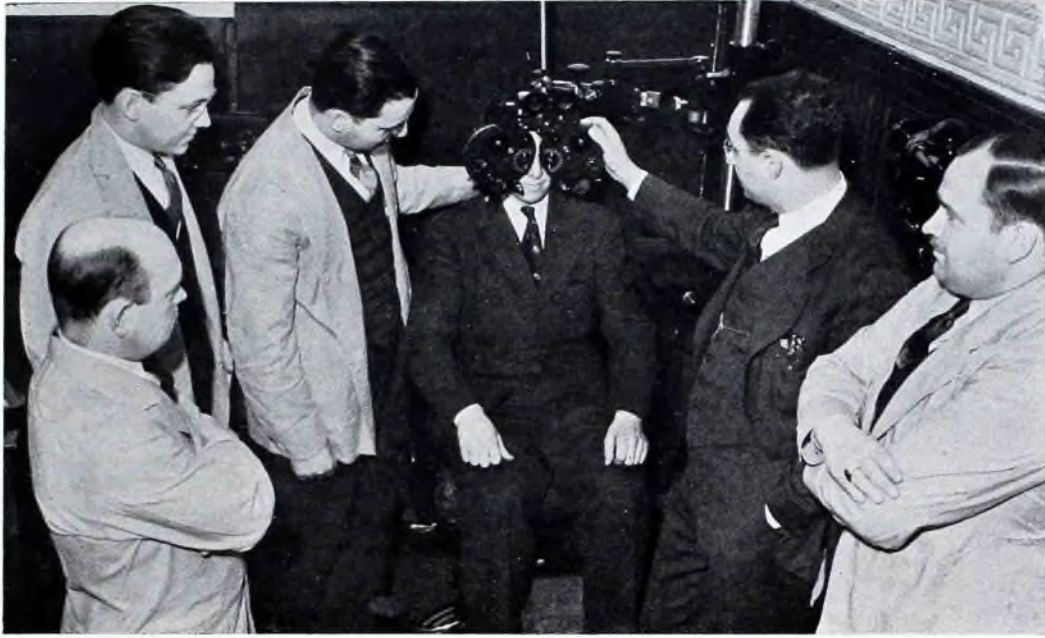


The Library

Optics Laboratory



Facilities



Clinicians

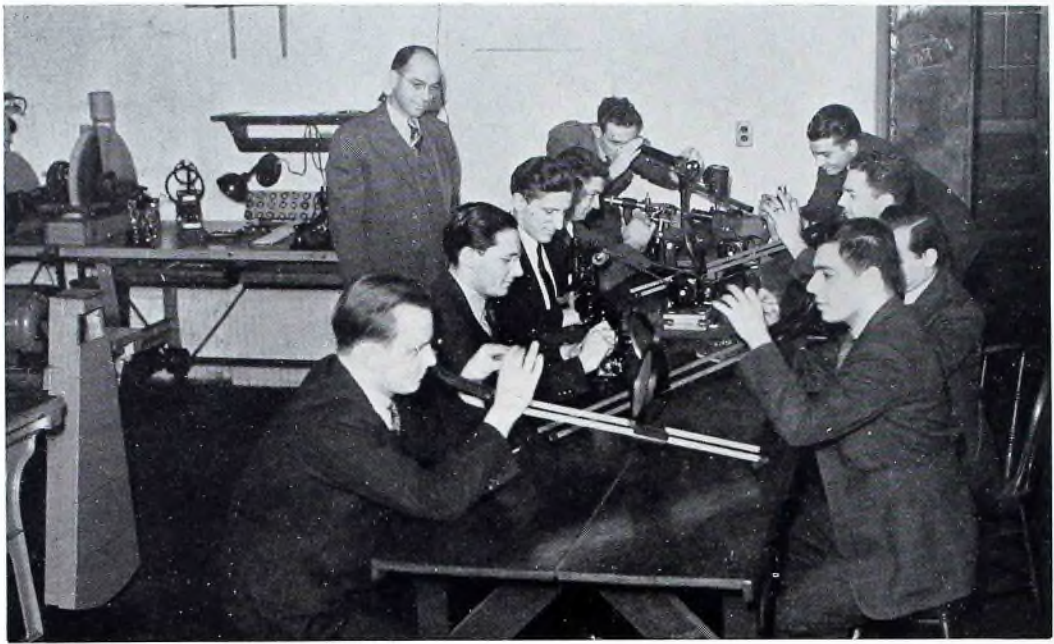
Student Refraction Booths



Out-Patient Refraction Room

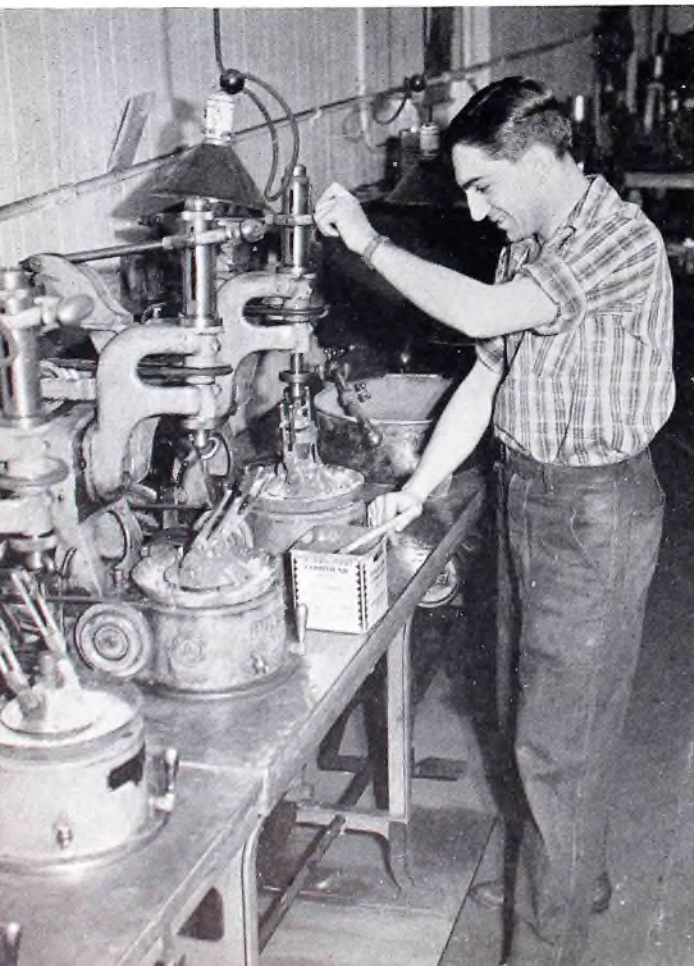


Facilities

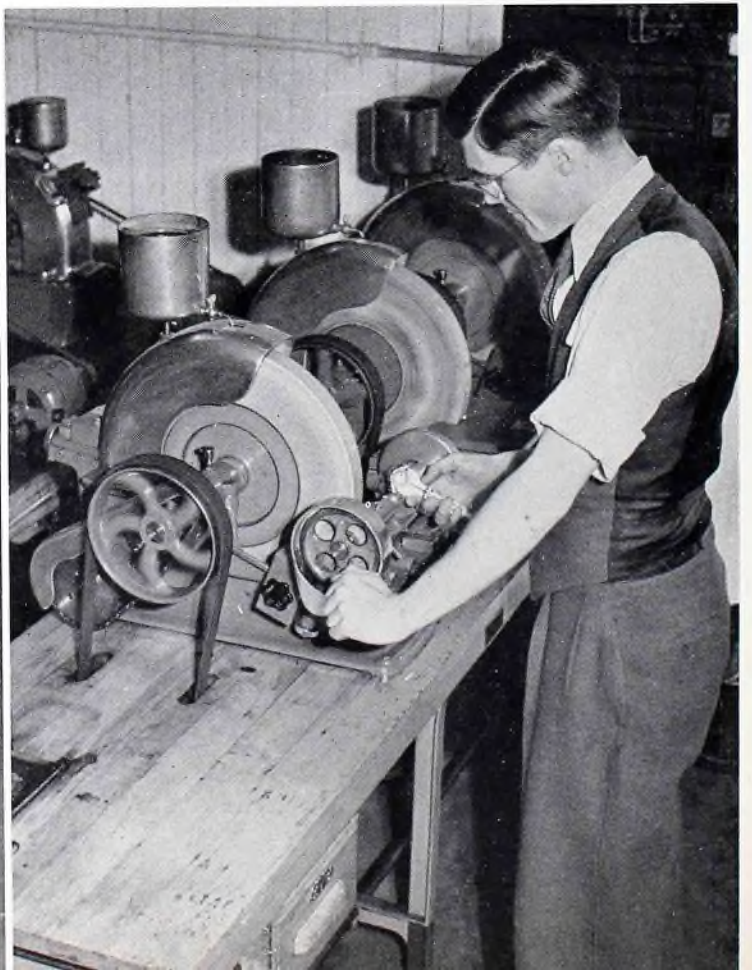


Practical Optics Shop

Lens Grinding



Lens Bevelling





Activities

FRATERNITIES

OPTOMETRY CLUB

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

SPORTS

STUDENT LABORATORY INSTRUCTORS

STUDENT COUNCIL



PI OMICRON SIGMA

First Row: Weisman, A. D.; Cohen, D. M.; Veaner, A.; Berg, J. L.; Kraus, R. I.; Urdang, R. B.
Second Row: Mayer, N. S.; Wolfson, W. W.; MacKenzie, S. A.; Richmond, C. E.; Green, R. H.; Tulskey, A.; Rogolsky, R.; Gillman, J.; Rapoport, M.; Sklar, A. H.
Third Row: Lippin, R.; Issokson, B.; Yorra, D. I.; Bershad, H. A.; Fradkin, I.; Cowan, A.; Newman, J.; Cohen, G. M.; Savey, P.; Fritz, R. R.; Newman, S.
Fourth Row: Bloom, S. C.; Cadoret, C. A.; La Vine, J. B.; Wolfson, L. G.; McKenna, W. A.; Waldman, N. F.; Caldarone, H. R.; Neiman, H.; Levine, R.; Schlosberg, S.; Gates, P. N.

DR. R. H. GREEN, *Grand Chancellor*

ALEX TULSKY, *Chancellor*

CORTLAND RICHMOND, *Vice Chancellor*



HERBERT GREENBLATT, *Scribe*

STEWART MCKENZIE, *Treasurer*

RALPH ROGOLSKY, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Π Ο Σ

Pi Omicron Sigma

Twenty-eight years ago, a group of students at this school decided that a well rounded education consisted of a combination of academic work and social life. Therefore, it was for the latter purpose that the Pi Omicron Sigma Fraternity was founded at the Massachusetts School of Optometry. Today, after being recognized as the oldest optometric fraternity in the United States, we can proudly say that during the past twenty eight years, 1125 members of the optometric profession have been active brothers in the fraternity and today they may be found wherever ethical optometry is practised.

The Greek symbol, ΠΟΣ, stands for progress of Optometric Science and as members of the fraternity we are pledged to be professional and ethical at all times, to assist our fellow man to the best of our ability and to maintain the high standards of our profession.

A brief history of the fraternity would be incomplete without a word

of 1941

of our esteemed Grand Chancellor, Dr. Ralph H. Green. In 1926, when the fraternity was literally on its last legs, he stepped in and injected a new spirit into the members, so that today, with his ever present cooperation and guidance, the fraternity is stronger than ever and there is no fear of a retardation again.

Highlights of the year's social activities include the Smoker, Hell Week, Poverty Party, Weenie Roast, Valentine Dinner-Dance, The Annual Banquet and lectures sponsored by the fraternity.

The Smoker is always the first affair of every year. It is for the purpose of investigating those individuals whom we feel may become brothers in our fraternal order. After the Smoker, bids were passed out and in October 'Hell Week' commenced. During this week we determined whether the pledges had the strength, fortitude and proper spirit to become our fraternal brothers.

The Annual Poverty Party was held around Halloween and was highly received, as usual, by both the brothers and their invited guests. The party was in the nature of a poverty masquerade and the price of admission was one cent per pound per lady. Prizes were given for the most poverty-stricken male and female costumes, the lightest and heaviest weighing female and also for the best jitterbug dancers. Refreshments were served.

On Armistice Day a Weenie Roast was held. The brothers and their guests went out to the "wilds" of Medway where a large open air fireplace was available, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Green, weenies were roasted and a general good time was had by all.

Another highlight of our social program was the annual Valentine Dinner Dance held this year at the Hotel Westminster. Here again, the affair was well received and the undergraduates are looking forward to many more affairs of this type in the future.

Throughout the year the fraternity sponsored various lectures of an educational and interesting nature, the most interesting being the movies and lecture of the Perkins Institute for the Blind.

The month of May brought with it the affair which is always the main event of every fraternal year, namely the Annual Banquet. All the brothers of the fraternity attended as well as notable guests and members of the faculty. This affair was considered to be one of the best in many years and will be long remembered by the attendees. This affair which is always a stag affair, not only gave us an opportunity to meet members of former years but also served for the installation of the new officers, the induction of the pledges and the presentation of the paddles to the graduating seniors. Also a small token of appreciation was presented to Dr. Green on the occasion of his fifteenth anniversary as Grand Chancellor of the Fraternity. Here's hoping he serves in that capacity for many more years to come.

For many of us, the senior year brings to a close active membership in the fraternity and it is with deep regret and with reminiscences of the many pleasant associations which we have had together as brothers in the fraternity, that it is necessary to say adieu. As we look back and realize that our fraternity days are over and it is to our undergraduate brothers that we pass the torch of Fraternalism of Pi Omicron Sigma with the knowledge that they will continue to fulfill everyone's expectations of the grandest and oldest optometric fraternity in the United States.

Alex Tulskey

page forty-nine



EPSILON OMICRON SIGMA

Seated: Font, M. A., *Secretary-Treasurer*; Mechanic, J. L., *President*
Standing: Caton, A. W.; Adler, E. B.; Levine, A. B.

Epsilon Omicron Sigma

Women optometrists in embryo, of the Massachusetts School of Optometry, are all joined in one organization, namely, the Epsilon Omicron Sigma Sorority, to further the profession of Optometry and to maintain a definite place in our chosen field.

Often times we have been asked "What is the need of a Sorority amongst so few girls?" Those who make such an inquiry don't realize the warmth and friendly feeling that prevails amongst alumnae and active members. The incentive towards the advancement of our sorority, and in that way towards the entire Optometric profession that comes from such coöperation and close association, is thus increased especially when we see the progress that is being made by women who went through a similar process of training as we now are pursuing.

As for our social activities during the past year, we have participated in many. The sorority year began with the initiation of two new members — Arnelda Levine and Amelia Caton who were conducted into the sorority with the formal rituals performed by the President Janet Mechanic and Secretary Treasurer Marie Amanda Font. To celebrate their admission a dinner at a night club was given.

During the year, we attended various lectures and professional talks in an attempt to broaden ourselves in our selected field.

With the close of the school year, so ended our season activities with the annual dinner-dance celebrated at a Boston night club which leaves us with pleasant memories over the summer and added inspiration for the coming year.

Janet Mechanic

for 1941



OPTOMETRY CLUB

First Row: Bazelon, A. L., Hyde, E. L.; Wolfson, W. W.; Coyle, J. J.; Saulnier, M. A.;
Toy, H. H.; Corrente, W. D.; Weisman, T. A.; Mayer, N. S.
Second Row: Aronson, N.; Lappin, P. W.; Berg, J. L.; Levine, A. B.; Taylor, S. M.; Fine,
H.; Essex, D. G.; Aleo, J. M.
Third Row: Vaniotis, L. V.; Thornton, P. L.; Margolskee, M. V.; Turner, C. A.; Wilson,
C. L.; Cline, H.; Rice, J.; Wasserman, S. F.

Optometry Club

The golden age of Optometry lies ahead and it rests upon the youth of the profession to carry it to even greater and greater heights than it has yet attained. We must not take a seat in the rear, instead we must shoulder our way gracefully forward to our place in the sun. This requires that our energies be diverted into the proper channels and to this end the Optometry Club functions.

Our bi-monthly meetings are hot-beds of enthusiasm and discussion. Ideals are encouraged rather than discouraged and we like to feel that the club serves as an incentive to a high standard of educational achievement.

Only those with highest scholastic standings are eligible, and among these, only those willing to spend time in research for their entrance theses are accepted. This requirement is deliberately inserted to prove to the induction committee that the subject is interested in the advancement of the aims of the Optometry Club and Optometry in general.

Therefore the club serves as our own Phi Beta Kappa, not national in scope, but still the acknowledgement of achievement among the students of the Massachusetts School of Optometry.

May it exist, while ever increasing the extent and effectiveness of its aims, as long as Optometry itself shall exist.

President — Harold Toy
Vice President — Mark Saulnier

Secretary — John Coyle
Treasurer — William Corrente
Mark A. Saulnier



Social Functions

Dust unto dust, and certainly we are no exception. Thus saying we recapitulate our social hegira at its beginning, the autumn of '37. Unraveling the cocoon of time, we cut a skein of four years long and submit it for inspection.

All freshmen invited to the smoker, held in their behalf, door prize will be one semi-finished spitoon. "Wonder what we will have," ventures one Hoib Greenblatter, "caviar and champagne, no doubt." That eve Hoiby gagged on coffee and sinkers. It was an evening well spent however, listening to our chirping chummies and forming cliques then and there. Some have lasted till now, others have lost their breath long since.

What have we here, don't be alarmed, it's annual 'hell week' of Pi Omicron Sigma, those wild cavorting figures in war paint are not comanches they are pledgees. This holocaust happens every year in October and is terminated by a tar and feathering party which some of you vividly remembered. One, Alexis—the Great Tulskey is still scraping tar from his hirsute hide.

The skein rolls on, the witch rides high, the black cat howls with glee, October 31 is punctuated with a penny-a-pound poverty dance sponsored by P. O. S. This shindig is responsible for the eighteen day diet fad. It is told that P. O. S. sports kept their escorts on starvation rations three weeks previous. Abe Sklar had to pay fifty cents for his escort, even then he grouched, "Should have cut down on the two crackers per day" muttered our bearded hero.

for 1941

Our skein is broken but we can catch a glimpse of several lectures, sponsored by the Alumni Association and P. O. S. As we fuse the thread we stumble upon Doc Namias' exam. Said masterpiece signals the end of finals and being as it is May 31 we are on vacation.

September of '38 finds most of the lads back, plus beards that now need cropping every day, (Rappaport's tenor changed to a bass.)

So saying, we unwind our spindle and find first on the docket our smoke fest, every one had five cups of coffee that night, those who did not attend redeemed their rain checks for rough Kryptok blanks, (it rained like hades that night.)

This was closely followed by another P.O.S. initiatory debacle, at which time five paddles were splintered on heads and hides of pledgees.

Pumpkins gleam again and the beef market is low; penny-a-pound holds sway and cider takes the place of vodka at P. O. S. annual stock show at Ye Olde Lantern Inn.

The skein snarls, as we see fumbled together flashes of lectures and the Aloha senior hop.

We rethread the spindle as the school year of '38 comes to an end. The tyro O.D.'s wend their refractive ways, Corrente goes the way of all horseflesh, says he had visions of a glue factory as he papered his room with two dollar tickets. (Two down two to go.)

The Fall of '39 opens on a smoke-pot sponsored by us (we are juniors now) it was a huge success, quotes Bird, "bot eeet ees too 'ott eenen eeere." Gel Hindman ran out of the supply of butts he stocked up on, just last week.

P. O. S. found itself richer by the acquisition of more paddles.

At this point we wish to announce the birth of a new Fraternity, a brain child of Father Beckwith and yours truly, Omega Psi by name.

Omega Psi sponsored a jamboree on the pinnacle of Mt. Hood, following it's birth, it was quite an affair for an infant.

The junior year peters out, peppered by a potpourri of lectures, Hymoff's murgatroyd still going strong, come what, come may.

Three down, one to go.

The autumnal leaves sweep down on '40, we are seniors now. Precedent is shattered as the Hookah party is superceded by a rug cut at which Jeep Snyder took all honors. Speaking of honors, all bouquets must be tossed at our "Jeepie" (sans bricks) for he is our foremost exponent on how to smudge. It happens that smudge is the crowning achievement in the social divertissement of "Hearts", that has M. S. O. by the throat. "Quick ones" run a close first.

All hail the merger of Omega Psi and Omega Epsilon Phi of national renown. The walls reverbrate as this axis cleans the decks for action.

Optometry Club, "noble body" quizzed the experts, "noble body"? Said second noble body not doing so well, or was scientific Lappin's slid rule pre-

The Scope

judiced. Mentioning slide rules we recall Count Bazi alias Lab. Flash trying to find the cube root of Rum Boogi at our farewell hop. Was Bazy-lion there?

Hymoff's Murgie fell apart, the remains were anointed by Rabbi Aronson, when up spoke brave Jaffe, "Ye Gods, should have crreemated themm."

Class banquet was a huge success, en masse attendance, when in walks Killilea with a late slip. Guisepp Gilman broke two dishes, "only lookin' at 'em" he explained. Guileless Gilder demanded to know if anything was going on under his nose that he wasn't aware of, we told him it was only his mouth. Oldach took notes at the banquet, "comes in handy for boards" he chirped. Hershman propounded the question and then declaimed on the sex impulse of a Flint blank.

Running through our thread for final inspection, we whizz past lectures, soirees and bowling tourneys, when we find Coyle and Storer doing a dynamic at our local bowling boudoir, while Beer Bottle La Belle is static and Bergeron administers first aid. Hearts down in the dungeon and baseballs on the Fenway flash past as our spindle whirrs away.

And so our filament of four years flounces it's finis as we take our leave midst tears and cheers.

Samuel Goodfader



Fraternity Dance at Mt. Hood Country Club

for 1941



BASKETBALL TEAM

Seated: Rubin, D. D.; Swanson, E. E.; Whelan, J. E.; Green, R. H.; Wolfson, W. W.; Margolskee, M. V.; Rice, J.
Standing: Stillman, S. G.; Fritz, R. R.; Snyder, L. J.; La Vine, J. B.; Holman, E. F.; Regan, P. H.; Mittleman, J. J.; Weisman, A. D.

Sports

In writing this, our last Sport Eye-Lights, we will reminisce the last four years of our basketball endeavors.

In our Freshman year the basketball record was an enviable one. The season's record showed nine wins and one loss. That year's team boasted of players as Levandoski, Friedman and Saitz. Our Sophomore year was a successful one also, the record at the end of the season read eight wins and three losses. The seniors on this team, the last of the three year class program, were Green, Fradkin, Braver, and Faldman. The Junior year saw us take over the basketball activity and yours truly at this time was appointed Sports Editor of the "Scope". During this season a basketball game and dance was successfully staged.

As seniors the team was rich in material with the Freshmen being most predominant in number. Although our record showed only four wins and two losses, the outlook for future success in basketball stands out. The present squad loses only two men by graduation with ten lettermen returning. As a result of the keen interest and display of proper spirit, basketball is now part of the extra-curricular activity and will continue to be so as long as this attitude is assumed. It can be said without hesitation that the desire to play basketball and take the results, which may have been either way, in the proper spirit and attitude was and is the prominent characteristic of M. S. O. teams. When a team or unit assumes the above attitude then you really have something to be proud of and M. S. O. should be proud of it's basketball teams.

In closing, we wish all our undergraduate friends the same rich rewards in their scholastic undertakings that hard work gave the M. S. O. basketball quintet.

William W. Wolfson



STUDENT LABORATORY INSTRUCTORS

Seated: Mayer, N. S.; Hershman, M.; Wasserman, S. F.

Standing: Rodman, R.; Lappin, P. W.; Corrente, W. D.

Student Laboratory Instructors

This year a very capable group of young men were inducted into that famous M. S. O. society known as the "Order of Lab Men." The members of the family were made to feel quite at home in the spacious quarters in which they could romp and roam. There was for instance, the catacomb, the home of Messieurs Corrente, Mayer, and Wasserman. There, Mayer fed his brood an unvaried diet of thick lenses and more thick lenses, while Corrente was content to amuse his horde by spinning color tops. As for Wasserman, his musings were confined to preaching the doctrine "Angle 'i' is always equal to angle 'r'" and this can be clinically demonstrated on a billiard table.

Mr. Lappin's case presents a confusing but amusing aspect to his line of endeavor. For although it is a proven fact that efficiency is the ratio of output to input, the experts have been stumped as to how this honorable gentleman can maintain such a high degree of efficiency when his input is constantly exceeding his output. That is to say, Paul believes that frequent snacks during the day make for a more balanced metabolic activity. Food for thought, eh?

And if you were one of those fortunate enough to get by the barricaded doors of the Biology lab, you could have seen Hershman, master surgeon of worms, deftly wield the scalpel to remove the tonsils of *Rana pipiens* (frog to you) or perhaps catch a fleeting glimpse of Rodman investigating the histological structure of a fruit fly without the use of mirrors.

In conclusion it might be well to add that these men have certainly done their bit towards imparting to the underclassmen, laboratory proof of some of the fundamental principles of our science. For this, all that can be said is — "Well done!"

Max Hershman

for 1941



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated: Yorra, D. I.; Caladarone, H. R.; Corrente, W. D.; McKenna, W. A.
Standing: Tulsy, A.; Toy, H. H.; Mechanic, J. L.; Fine, H

Student Council

The Student Council is composed of the presidents of the various classes and organizations of our school. It is the duty of this group to act as an advisory board in all major disputes between classes and students.

The fact that the activities of this board have been markedly limited in the past few years, is indeed indicative of the fine calibre of student that has been our associate during our stay at school.

The fact that this board has never, in four years, found it necessary to pass its opinion on any grave situation, is indeed complimentary to the students themselves, for it must be remembered that this board becomes active only when ordinary methods of settlement have failed. The few situations that have arisen have been nobly handled by the individual members concerned. This is exactly as it should be for is it not safe to assume that as optometry progresses in prestige, so also must its students? Is not the spirit of professionalism inculcated into us from our first days here as lowly Freshman?

We, as students, fully realize that as future optometrists we must conduct ourselves in a manner befitting our position. We refuse to consider ourselves as mere "college boys" — for to do this would be to seriously injure our professional pride.

Here we see that the more inactive the Student Council, the more gentlemanly and capable are the students of optometry for "these activities are in an inverse ratio to the professionalism of our future optometrists."

William D. Corrente

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American Optometric Association

Adopted — June 1935, Miami, Florida

(1.) THE OPTOMETRIST SHALL KEEP INVIOLEATE ALL CONFIDENCES COMMITTED TO HIM IN HIS PROFESSIONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS PATIENT.

(2.) IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF EVERY OPTOMETRIST TO SUPPORT ORGANIZED OPTOMETRY IN ITS EFFORTS TO ADVANCE AND PROMOTE THE HIGHEST IDEALS OF PROFESSIONAL SERVICE.

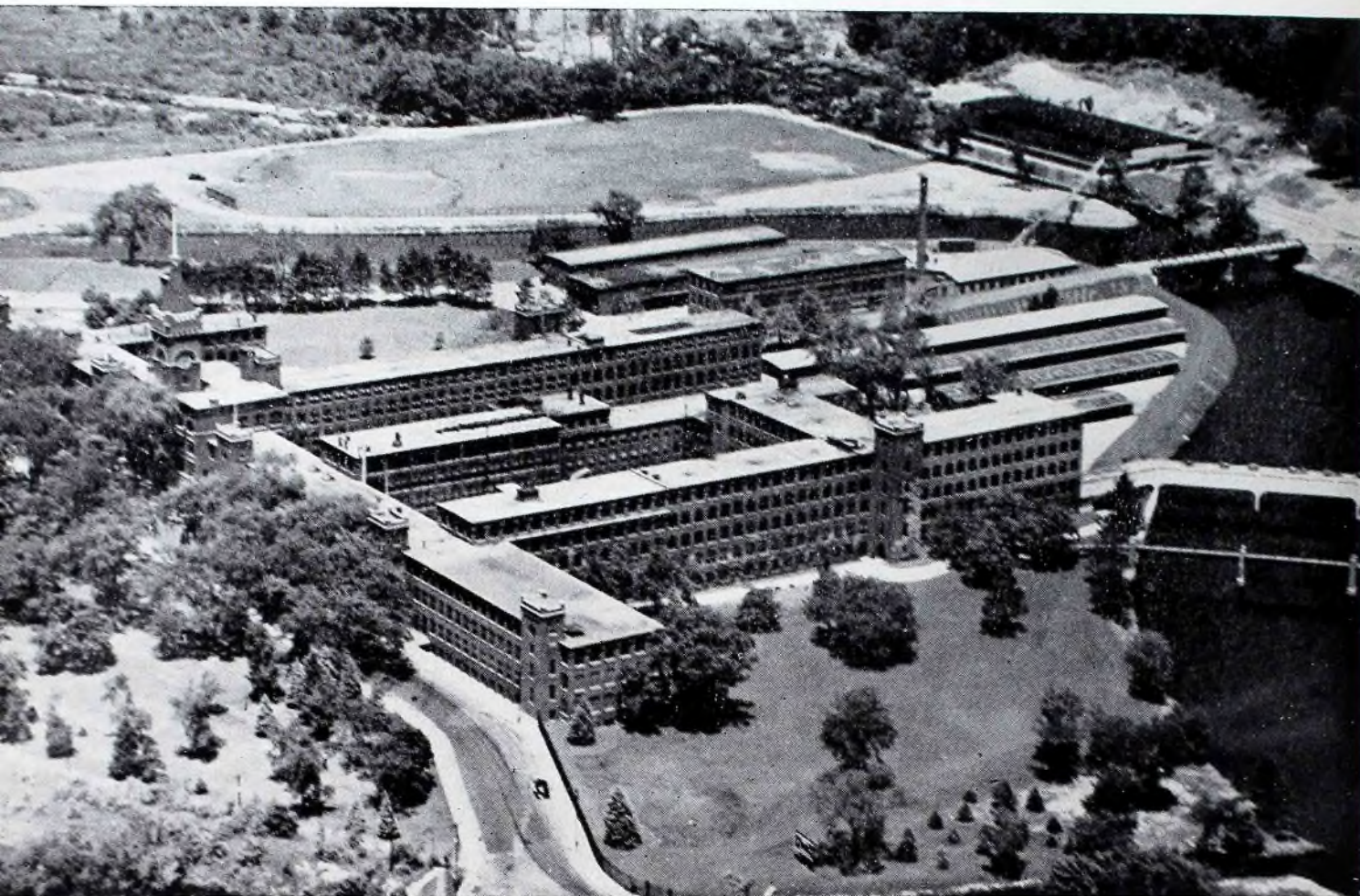
(3.) IT SHALL BE AN OPTOMETRIST'S DUTY TO REFRAIN FROM ANY EXAGGERATION OF A PATIENT'S CONDITION.

(4.) IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY OPTOMETRIST TO KEEP HIMSELF INFORMED AS TO EVERY DEVELOPMENT IN HIS PROFESSION BY ALL MEANS WITHIN HIS POWER AND TO CONTRIBUTE HIS SHARE TO THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE AND ADVANCEMENT OF THE PROFESSION.

(5.) IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY OPTOMETRIST TO REFRAIN FROM ALL CRITICISM REFLECTING UPON THE SKILL OF A COLLEAGUE.

(6.) ALL OPTOMETRISTS SHALL REFRAIN FROM ADVERTISING, EXCEPT THAT PERMITTED BY THE CODE OF ETHICS OF HIS RESPECTIVE STATE ASSOCIATION.

(7.) IT SHALL BE CONSIDERED UNETHICAL FOR AN OPTOMETRIST TO BE EMPLOYED EXCEPT AS AN ASSOCIATE OF A REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST.



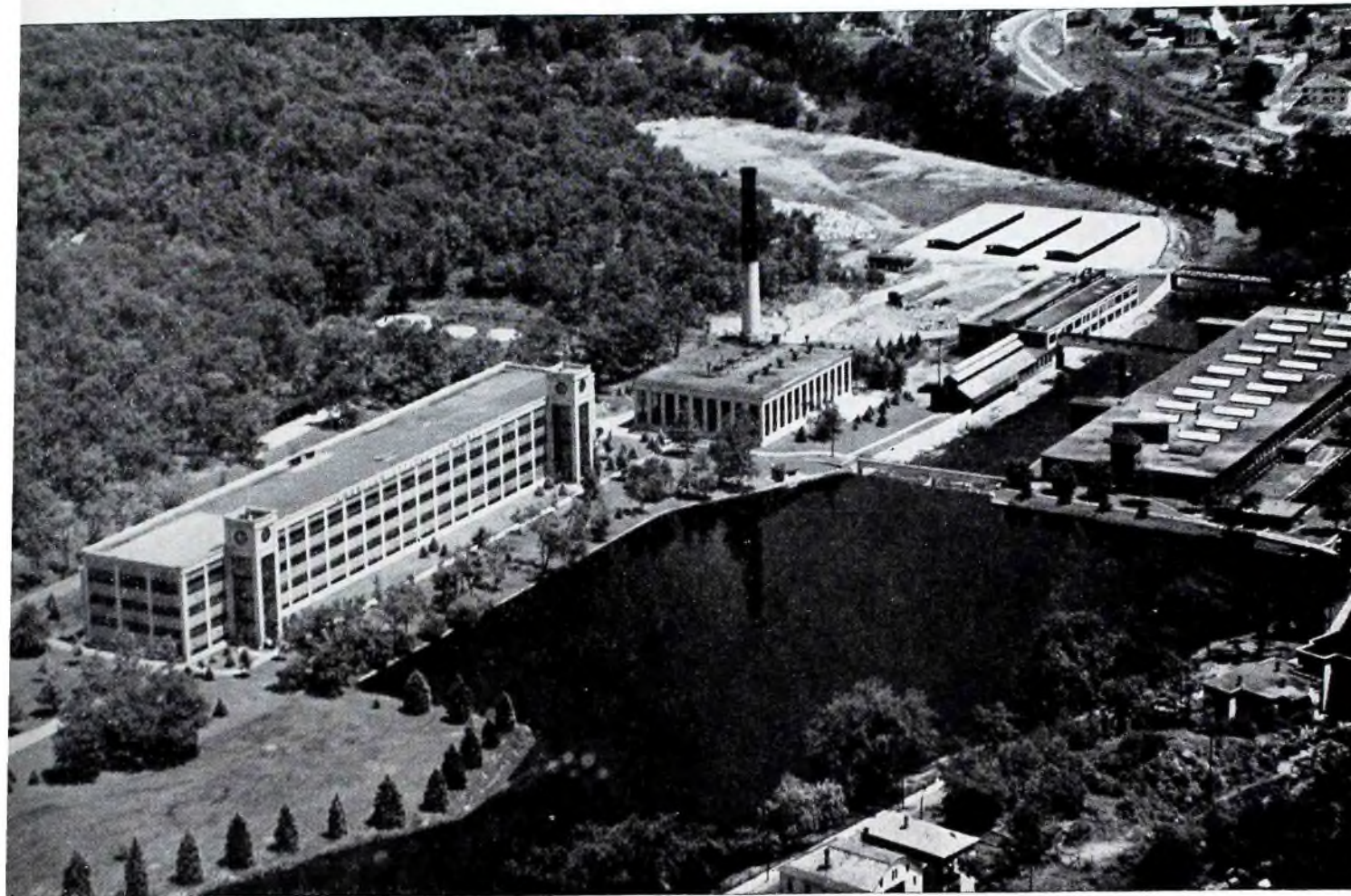
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