

THE SCOPE

1939

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The Staff



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The Scope

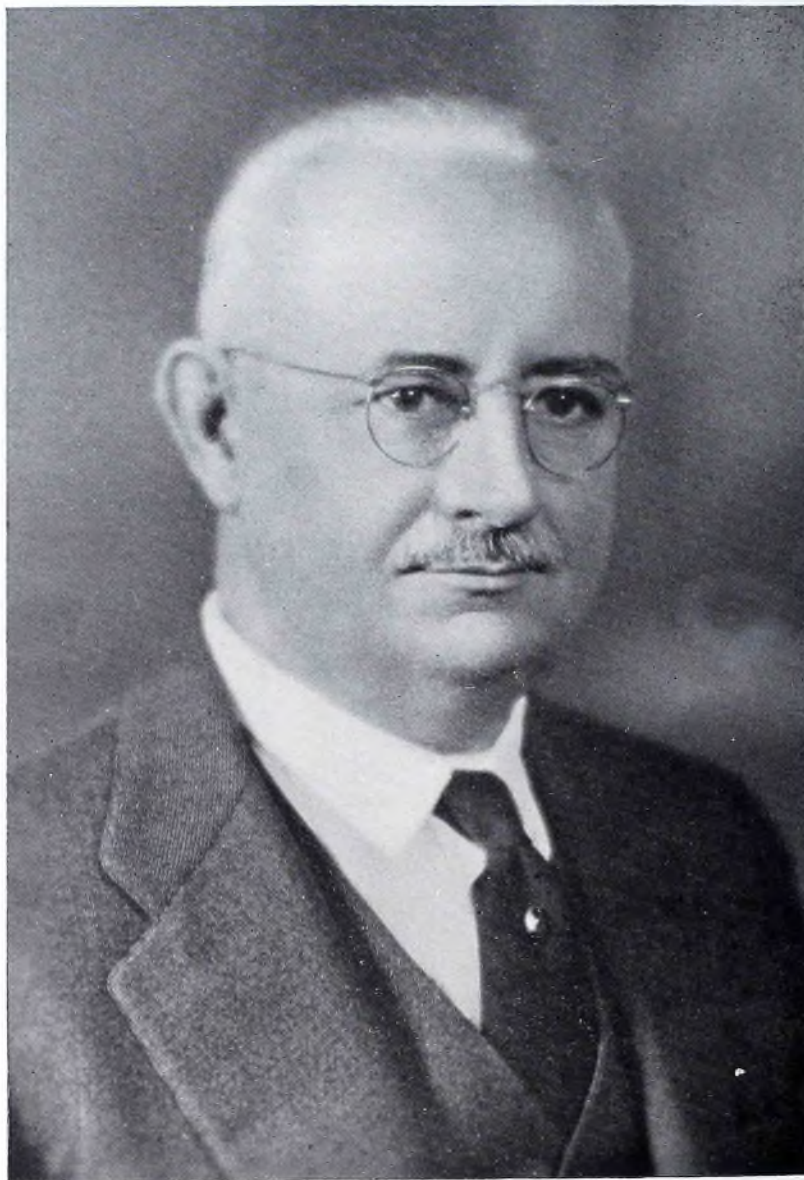
for

1939



**MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF OPTOMETRY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

3779
N357
N49
1939



DR. THEODORE F. KLEIN
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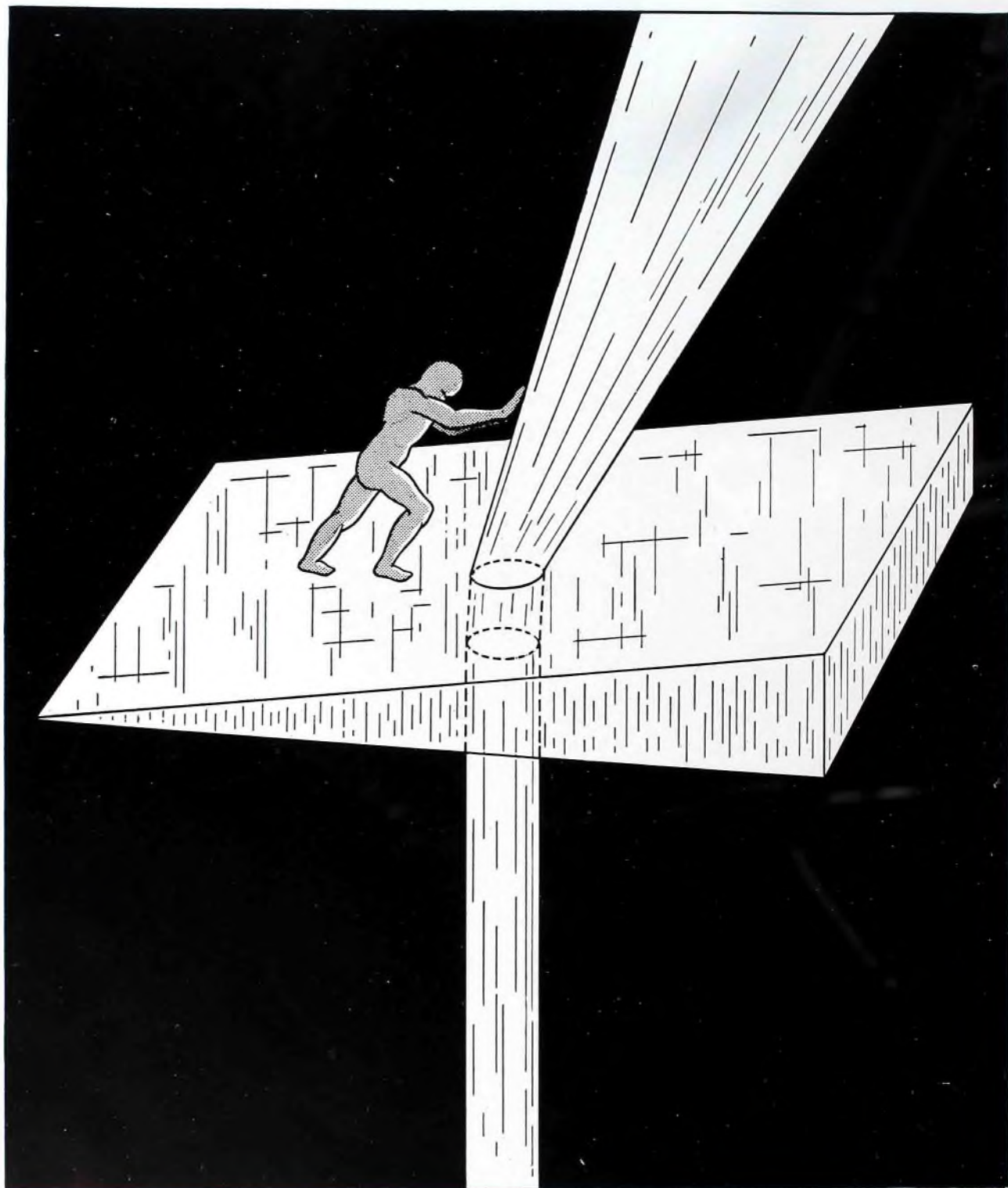
His work proclaims his genius, but one must have been admitted into the circle of his intimacy to know the real goodness of his heart.

FOREWORD

As an excuse for its existence this volume has the sole and simple aim of providing you, classmate, with a reminder of a certain phase of your life and all the variegated associations which such a train of thought must carry along in its wake. It has become for us already a page out of the past.

The thought pictures which the following few pages will cause to rise in the minds of the readers, are infinite in number and variety. It is our sincere hope that they will be, in the main, pleasant pictures, although you must realize that this book can serve only as a key to a storehouse which you yourself have been filling hour by hour the last three years. If the jumbled words and pictures to follow can but swing open the doors to those ninety-six storehouses, this Year Book will have served its purpose.

As the years roll by, and you snatch a moment now and then from a busy life to peek into your attic of memories, you will come to realize more and more that the friendships you have made are the most important single item which you will take from within these walls, and the only thing which you could have acquired in no other way. The truly fortunate man will be the one, not whose name is covered with glory throughout this book, but the one who can look through the pictures of his classmates and say, "They are my friends".



DEDICATION

Never in the history of Optometry has the fight for professionalism been waged more strongly than during the student years of the class of '39. More than one significant victory in this battle for the elevation of the profession will serve as the first milestone along the highway of our careers, and in gratitude to our older brothers who have fought the good fight, as evidence of our trust in them and our faith in their principles, and as concrete proof of our desire to carry on in their footsteps — we respectfully dedicate this Book to Professional Optometry.

Let our banner be that taken up by our leaders and our prayer be:

*God grant me health, and will to pursue
my work*

*God grant me clear and unerring vision
in tracking down and alleviating the ills which may befall my fellow man*

God grant me strength of spirit and singleness of purpose in my studies

God grant me power to follow straight unswerving path to my goal — truth

God give me light that I may bring light to those in darkness.

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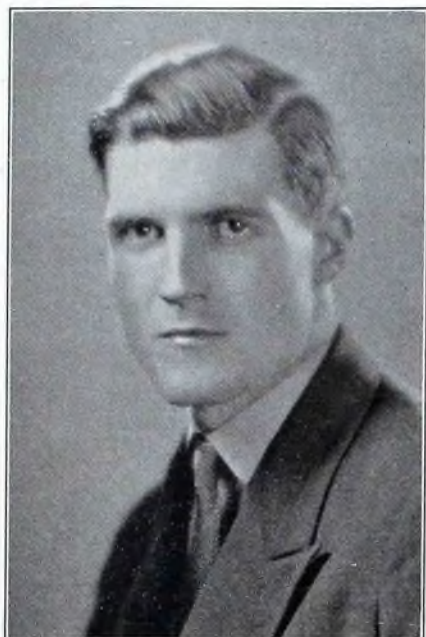
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Most professional	Richard L. Leonard
Most intellectual	Eugene Davis
Most talented	Leslie G. Wright, Jr.
Most popular	Frederick G. Wagner
Most athletic	Morton L. Green
Most humorous	Wayman T. Peterson
Most reliable	Ben Zimmerman
Most courteous	Stanley T. Gilman
Most reserved	Joseph J. Donovan
Most aggressive	Hayvis Woolf
Most fastidious	Eugene Davis
Most sensitive	Joseph Levitan
Most ambitious	Melvin J. Aronson
Most musical	Thomas A. Stonhouse, Jr.
Most bashful	Nicholas Di Angelo
Best disposition	Paul E. Bouchard
Best dresser	Raymond T. Guillette
Best all-round sport	Bernard M. Cowan
Class grind	Morris Keller
Class theorist	Harold G. Bessin
Best excuse-giver	Bartholomew Schiano
Quietest	Ruth Masse
Class artist	Wilbur Clark
Latest to class	Jaques DiCyan

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

by Leslie G. Wright, Jr.

Have you ever read a class history? Really probed into one, I mean from an analytical viewpoint? Well I have and the results are surprising. Here at M. S. O. each class seems to have produced someone with a real flare for writing, a poet or philosopher, who, until commencement, has kept his talents buried beneath sheaves of clinic reports or myopia papers. Glance over your old Year Books some time; note the scholarly style of Mark Budilov, the scathing sarcasm of John Russel, and the dramatic punch of Al Roy's journalistic endeavors. In addition, take stock of the ingenuity which these lads have displayed in presenting their material. The history has been given in just about every form imaginable; a letter, an oration, a journey, and even a three act play!

So, as you may see, it appeared a monumental task to produce a satisfactory set of annals in the face of such competition, but there is one solution. Let's shatter tradition!! For once, let's toss rhetoric and metaphysics into the Massachusetts Avenue Alleys and present this thing in the one way which has not yet been tried . . . straightforward fact! Hurry on — here comes your history!!

September, 1936. A hundred-odd young men gather at 1112 Boylston Street. Big ones, little ones, smart ones, and not-so-smart ones, all believing that in Optometry they may find a use for their various talents, a place for themselves in a highly specialized line of endeavor, and a position of ultimate usefulness in the Life of Tomorrow (not a plug for the New York World's Fair, that last).

All very well, but there was work to do first. Many were the happy hours spent in study, boning over Anatomy and grinding away at Practical Optics. Happy hours now that they are finished! Then there was the matter of initial adjustment. No use denying it, there is a rather strange atmosphere here at M. S. O., something quite indefinable or indescribable. Every one of us has felt it; a vague hostility, a subtle undercurrent of something akin to resentment at our very presence, but I don't believe it's really that. Shall we say, instead, that it is simply the outward manifestation of the challenge that Optometry itself makes to us, a way the profession has of showing us that it is not to be entered by anyone, that if we want to get into it, "We've got to be good!"

Regardless of how the feelings ran, however, everyone became more or less used to it, and we all managed to get along together. Those first examinations certainly were an event! It was, beside the headache, a chance to show our instructors and ourselves just how much of the material was registering in our respective crania.

Then there was the social side of things. The Seniors and Juniors gave a smoker at the Ritz Plaza; a lot of fun, and an excellent chance to really begin to know some of our classmates. Several informal dances came along, two at the R. P., as above, and a third at the Fox and Hounds Club.

The fraternity carried on its usual initiation antics (involving considerable unpleasantness with grinding-compound, pitch and paddles) and athletically the boys broke out into basketball.

According to custom, there were class officers elected: Tom Stonhouse leading off as president; Art March as vice-president; Porter Dexter, secretary; Fred Wagner, treasurer and Tony Salerno as sergeant-at-arms (whateverinell that may be).

The next year found us as full-fledged Juniors — since due to the then prevailing three year curriculum, no transitory Sophomore stage existed. Several new men joined the group, notably Cal Wood, Gil Rist and Bill Weisman.

In the fall there was the traditional Hallowe'en Dance at the Lantern Inn to set the social season swinging, and considerably later we had a class dance at the Touraine.

A new form of extra-curricular activity started this year, the Inter-class Bowling League. Dr. Klein sponsored the entire affair, and there were some spirited clashes between the various groups. For personalities in the news we might mention a certain Mr. Gilman, who did a perfectly fine job on a prize essay and just about put himself through school with it. And in a lighter vein, we can still chuckle over the antics of Tony Salerno, who, somehow or other, managed to dance the "Big Apple" on the stage of our local Lowe's Theatre.

The class was indeed unfortunate to lose Dr. Sloane, who left us to tend to his ever-increasing practice. Personally I knew him only through reputation, yet every mention concerning the man or the work he had done here was praise of the highest sort. Thanks to the substitute efforts, however,





of Drs. Spritz and Emmons, we managed to wade our way through the intricacies of Ocular Anatomy.

Scholastically, we really got rolling — Theoretic Optics, Physiologic Optics, Practical Optics (definitely), Optometry, Lab., Clinic; all the subject matter that would count; things that we should know; practical, down-to-earth, useful material. At last we seemed to be making progress. The Clinic work was especially interesting. Remember how you felt in those white coats the first time? And how you envied the Senior you assisted as he worked and talked so professionally? And how impressive all those instruments looked!

I believe it took nearly all of the first quarter before we could run a keratometer. After a week or so most of us knew which end to look into, but it was considerably later that we discovered how helpful it is to have the dust caps removed and the mires lighted. Fortunately for our professional pride there was always the ophthalmoscope to fall back on. After having chased any number of elusive foveae with the thing as Freshmen, we could at least use that instrument with confidence, and always find the fundus — most always, anyway.

But as the year went on, assignments of increasing difficulty blossomed out on the old bulletin board every week and before long every last one of us could perform every last test on the Visual Survey Record. Plus a few more — “short cuts” which were thoroughly pounced upon by our faculty.

Practice and Theory worked together, and by the end of the Junior year began to make us feel like Optometrists.

Outside the school, also, there were factors working in our favor. Our day at the State House, and the hearing on the Optometry Bill showed us

just what sort of men were in this profession, and gave us an idea of the work which we may someday do. Even if the Bill accomplishes nothing, the sort of action taken on it then, on that day, may indirectly serve its purpose by being an inspiration to us, the next generation of Optometrists.

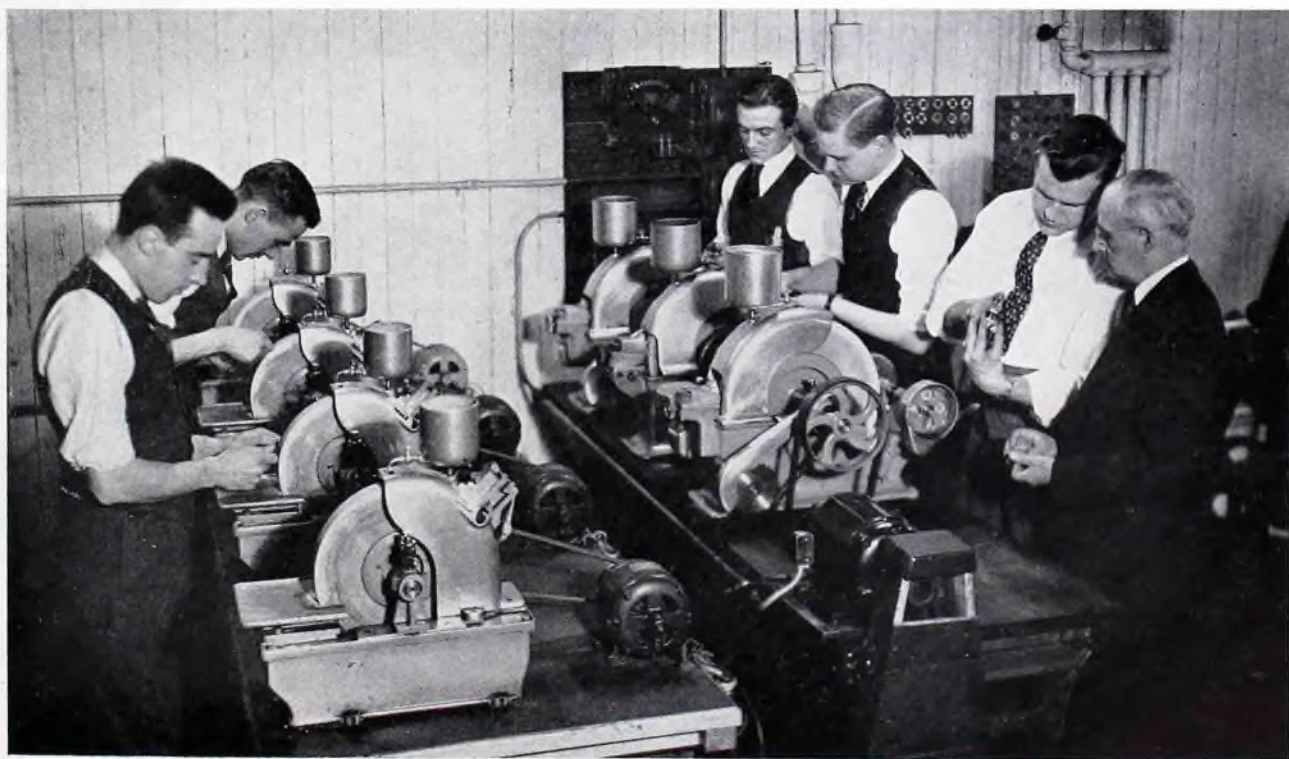
The Convention, too, was a valuable experience. For the first time we could realize just what various instruments were, and talk intelligently with the men about them. We could attend the lectures and know in part, at least, what was being said. Classroom work began to fit in with outside experiences, and slowly but surely we began to feel that we ourselves would be a part of all of this. The same for Southbridge, a visit there had much the same effect.

It's plain to see that our education has made some progress by this time. Yes, you might say so. It was a big year.

The third and last! Our Senior Year!

Most of the group managed to land back here at 1112 Boylston intact but there were a few changes. We lost Bill Reynolds, and later, our redoubtable Sergeant-at-Arms, Tony Salerno, (which probably explains why the class has run wild ever since). Group B moved from the room adjoining the South Campus to more spacious and sunny surroundings on the street side where the air is better, the view is cheerful and even the incessant blast of automobile horns more pleasant than the efforts of the mad pianist across the rear court.

Any elation over our new quarters was promptly squelched by the compensatory action of a much more difficult course of studies. Our Junior year had been a "build-up", a mere prelude to the real work required. Optometry became infinitely more puzzling, Theoretic overflowed our heads and



notebooks with abstract formulas, Physiologic became almost Metaphysical Optics and Practical was downright vicious.

But it gained results. Soon we could go through a complete ocular examination, analyze our patient's problems, suggest the proper remedy, and go through all the steps in making up the correction (theoretically, of course; nobody ever did all this at once, it would probably have taken a week). Our outside patients filled the clinic, we did our work, set our prices and carried on in a truly professional manner. And Lord help him who geteth not his twenty cases! We examined the eyes of friends, relatives, and sweethearts — anyone who would submit to our endeavors. Everybody whipped up a sort of thesis on Myopia, and we all did the conventional amount of cursing over the zylo frame stretchers and the broken lenses in the rimless jobs.

Outside clinic activities gave some interesting experiences. There were several that the class visited: Charlestown, St. Joseph's Academy, the Roxbury Boys' Home and the Boston Dispensary. In most instances, the idea was to give a rapid but thorough visual survey, "weed out" the cases in need of care and send them in to the School clinic. It was fine work, the students honestly trying to help the children and at the same time often finding an unusual and interesting ocular condition. Toward the latter part of the year many of the class members visited the clinic at Tremont Street and made their examinations under the supervision of the State Society of Optometrists. Theory and Practice again, right to the last!

There were other phases to our life though — another Hallowe'en Dance, a Sophomore affair at the Fox and Hounds, a fraternity roof-garden party at one of the local hotels and a Senior Aloha Hop. This last mentioned event really deserves some comment. It was held by the Sophomore Class with the idea of giving the Seniors a final social sendoff, and themselves, as well as everyone else in the school, a fine time. It succeeded in all respects. The good music and pleasant surroundings of the Copley Plaza Swiss Room helped immeasurably, and although a few of the students and faculty did a bit of research on the bar test, not one came off the Merry-go-round with a high case of induced cyclophoria.

Both the Southbridge trip and the Convention were included in our list of activities, and both were even more enjoyable and enlightening than before. Early in April, Dr. Julius Neumueller lectured here, under the auspices of the Optometry Club, and, according to many of the class members, he turned out to be as fine an all-round fellow as he is a scientist.

April 18th found the official SCOPE photographer snooping around for candid shots of the shop and clinic, as well as the usual class pictures. This, and the warnings of the approaching finals began to hint of the finish of our scholastic career. And now, my friends, it is over. By the time this gets into print, the Class of '39 will be scattered completely — never again will our little group be gathered together. Of course we'll lose our contacts, graduating classes always do, but in the following short word pictures we have tried to bring out a few of the small facts and characteristics of some of our classmates in the hope of keeping our memories of the group a little brighter —

Dave Leavitt, the class wit, and Johnny Ochab, the class half-wit? (selfstyled) and the way they used to sit in the far corner, take everything in and occasionally give out with some really fine humor?

Ray Guillette, the smoothie, the class Adonis, and the flirtation with our friend Virginia across the court?

Tom Stonhouse, the way he walloped the last set of exams? A real optometric hot-shot, if we may say so.

Jimmie Rinn, the class clown? And the startling change, this last year, into a quiet, business-like personality?

Dick Leonard, best sticker-to-business in the entire group?

Marty Flanagan, working like a fiend every day and night after classes, and putting himself through school by doing it.

Old Doc Bessin, dealer in second-hand equipment and optical instrument manufacturer extraordinary?

Johnny Hathaway, our "practical theorist". Remember his method of finding the cylinder axis of an astigmatic eye by means of a Maddox rod and pinhole? And (a bit off the subject) the far-away look in his eyes every time an airplane engine roared over M. S. O.

Foggy Hall, whose illness and consequent loss of almost an entire year did not stop him from sticking with the group?

Bouchard and Ahern, comrades inseparable?

Eramo, the clinic wizard, miles ahead of us in his refracting technique, with fifteen cases completed before we could even get started?

Donovan, just about the same?

Young, who practically took over the Boston Dispensary, thus becoming our strabismus expert?

Milly Rodd, our only girl graduate?

Myers, who, we believe holds the unique record of never having answered an oral question?

Harry General, in the terrific grind he claims to have lost all of twenty pounds? We wouldn't know.

Wilbur Clark, the artist. Three or four times every year we could depend on some corner of our classroom brightening up with one of the lad's clever posters. Remember the plug for our basketball game with Harvard Dental? "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" And did you ever try rotating a cross-cylinder in front of one of his feminine portraits? The effect was somewhat startling. Try it some time!

So it goes. There are dozen of others we could have mentioned, many more that we should have, but a complete list of interesting personalities would overflow the book. Besides, a quick glance at your classmates' pictures, even years from now, will probably bring back far more fond memories than we could ever hope to record. See that you take that glance occasionally!

Here, if anywhere, is the spot for oratory. The "Farewell", a final barrage of glowing phrases in tribute to the passing of our scholastic career and the beginning of a new life. But, to be more direct, let's just say this. It's been a good three years. We have honestly tried hard to realize the magnitude of our tasks, and to do our best to accomplish them. There have been failures, too many of them, and we are sincerely sorry that this must be. But, to those men who have finished this small job and are facing the infinitely greater one that will soon be rising, let as all give our heartfelt wishes for success.





CLASS OFFICERS OF 1941



WILLIAM CORRENTE
President



LEWIS BECKWITH
Vice-President



HERBERT GREENBLATT
Secretary



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Fourth Row: Ward, Glixman, Kornetsky, Toy, Hymoff, Bowman, Hershman, Rogolsky, M. Taddonio, Paster, Karlson, Coyle, Jaffe, Wolfson, Winslow.

Third Row: Gilder, Hindman, Sullivan, Ramsden, Plett, Fox, Savin, Hunter, Lappin, Bazelon, Snyder, Bongiorno, Whitehouse, White, Bird.

Second Row: Aronson, Saulnier, Storer, Oldach, Beckwith, Schroeder, Correnti, Greenblatt, Killilea, Tulsy, Stillman, LaBelle.

First Row: Hyde, Joseph, J. Taddonio, Mayer, Sklar, Gilman, Weisman, Di Natale, Rappaport.

SOPH CLASS HISTORY

by Herbert S. Greenblatt

Dear Sophomore:

I'll never forget the look you had on your face last September 15, when you fell upstairs into the wrong room. Do you remember how you were shuffled back and forth between the different rooms and how you fought for your seat? Either you wanted to sit in the first row (Joe Knowledge) or the last row (Joe College). Much back-slapping and hand-shaking was in evidence that day as we recounted and *discounted* our own and other's summer escapades.

Sid Goldberg, Don Estey, and Lew Beckwith were absent the first couple of days and of the trio Beckwith was the only one to put in an appearance, limping like Captain Kidd and telling a dubious tale of a block of ice giving him the cold shoulder. We felt that one of his ah, shall we say, enlarged, lady friends crushed his pedal phalanges while tripping the light fantastic. But after all, we could have been wrong! Max Hershman, Lloyd Bazelon (Count Basie), Paul Lappin, John Coyle, Isidore Bergeron, Frank Pierce, Joseph Borngiorno and Elsa Schroder (especially!) joined the ranks this annum and were soon into the full swing of things.

Dr. Green who gave us only a taste of the real things in life last year came in swinging at the first sound of the bell and really went to town with the "ickeys" rug-cutting until writers' cramp overtook them. Dr. (+ and -) Cline made things very "signtific" all through the year. Julius Gilder still can't understand why anyone would want to take a shot at a fish in a bowl. "Probably break the glass wall and spill the water all over the clean floor," he says. Mmm . . . could be!

As for Practical Optics — the phrase "Namias is our nemesis" was coined sometime during the year by Charlie Bowman moaning through a P. O. exam.

September 21 brought the hurricane but it was nothing compared to some of the "wind" furnished daily by some symphonic Sophomores. The storm had its good points though. Savin, Sklar, Mayer and Rogolsky who were going to cut a few clases and take in a show were so afraid that the sign outside the "Fenway" was going to fall that they didn't dare pass under it.

Exams came soon enough (as they always do) and we found that the usual F was replaced by the word "condition" probably because certain authorities became aware of the fact that an F could be converted into an A with but the addition of one straight line. Webster defines condition as follows: "That which limits or modifies the existence of something." (Explanation — Getting a condition on your card means that you remain at home nights until said condition is removed.) Also — "Situation, circumstances, station, plight, predicament." (Explanation — The last two are very illuminating) also "Social position, rank." (Explanation — If you receive a condition, you are *rank*.) Moral: Under no condition should you receive a condition.

As the weather became cooler and frigid blasts began to whistle down from the Artic, fewer and fewer Sophomores were tempted to step outside on the "campus" to enjoy a breath of air during the noon recess. One especially cold day we peeked out to see a solitary figre, Arturo "Heat Wave" Byrd walking up and down with a cold drink in his hand, mopping his fevered brow and slowly muttering, "Eet ees too 'ot!" Fifteen years hence we expect to tune in on Art doing a subjective fog on an Eskimo somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole.

Do you remember when "Kid" Wolfson ventured that, "Before you have patients you must have a lot of patience"? Boy, how he suffered because of that one!

Shop, with its various complications soon loomed large on the horizon horrible! George Plett, Earl Ramsden, and the eternal triangle, White, Whitehouse and Winslow all found that to mark a lens the pen although saturated with ink would not make a decent dot unless accompanied by profuse profanity. Speaking of shop — George Hymoff, Gordon Hunter and Nat Aaronson have a brand new idea. They all are letting their fingernails grow. When they are long enough they're going to grind toric surfaces on them. By holding them up before their eyes — they can be used as auxiliary lens. (Remember Dr. Green's advice about those — 1.00's).

Sit tight — this is a good one. While discussing a problem concerning the angle of elevation of the sun, Dr. Cline said that it could be ascertained while lost in a forest by noting the length of the shadow of a tree know-

ing its height. The question of the possession of a log book came up. Harold Toy immediately popped up with, "Say, there's plenty of logs in the forest." Ward says that Corrente made the remark but Bill passed the buck to Toy, so he gets the credit (?).

The following should be adopted as the Class song:

"I think that I shall never see
A "D" as lovely as a "B"
A "B" whose rounded curves are pressed
Against my happy joy-filled chest.
"D" 's are made by fools like me,
God only knows who makes a "B"!

Also:

"Twinkle, twinkle little "A"
How you tend to fade in May."

The following reminds us of some of the "unmentionables" and "untouchables" in our class —

"Rye Goes Down the Sink"

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my dormitory room and my room-mate made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink. So I did as he desired, withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then extracted the cork from the third bottle which I devoured. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the rest down myself. I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my throat. I pulled the next bottle from my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but the sink, which I drank. I pulled the next cork down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all empty and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles with the other which were 24. I also counted them again when they came around and I had 74 and as the house came around again, I again counted them. Finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the houses; but I couldn't get the bottle into the brushes so I turned the bottles inside out and washed and wiped them and went upstairs and told my room-mate all about what I had done and OH BOY !*:!!(*:?: (!! I've got the ricest lithle noonmate in the 'hole wide worrrrrld!

Remember thou the farewell dance to the Seniors? Let me tell you there's nothing like a pretty girl to make a fellow feel important. And speaking of pretty girls, there was nothing else but that! Such grace, such pulchritude, such beauty! Ira Ward, Sam Goodfader, Bill Corrente, George Hymoff, Art Byrd, Mark Saulnier, Ed Storer, Bill Joseph, Gilbert Hindman and all the rest had prize packages; and they tell me that little Helen wasn't so bad either.

Well, Soph ol' boy enough has been said and plenty done so I'll close with this one reminder. When we meet again, *you'll be a Junior!*

Affectionately,

Greasepan

forty-nine

CLASS OFFICERS OF 1942



ERNEST MC VAY
President



JANET MECHANIC
Secretary



MARSHALL MARGOLSKEE
Treasurer



FRESHMAN CLASS

Fourth Row: Levine, Richmond, Cahill, Cobb, Fishman, MacKenzie, Vogel, Mishara, Caldarone, Cadoret.

Third Row: Savoy, Barnard, Glickman, Rice, Cline, Jacobs, Rosemark, Nieman, Mittleman, Graubaot.

Second Row: Berg, Colerick, Di Rico, Adler, MacKenna, Font, McVay, Cohen, Neiman, MacGaregill Talino.

First Row: Aleo, Essex, Ganby, Weisman, Summers, Yeaw, Cautier.

FROSH CLASS HISTORY

by Janet Mechanic '42

SEPTEMBER 14, 1938 —

First day of school! The doors of the Massachusetts School of Optometry swung wide to admit men and women bubbling over with ambition to further the profession of Optometry. They had assembled from near and far and were about to put forth every effort in their eagerness to absorb the knowledge necessary for individual success in any chosen profession.

The process of learning was to be their job for the next four years and the Massachusetts School of Optometry was to be their so-called "home", for in it they would spend the greater part of their time. Therefore, along with learning, another job — that of making the following four years ones that would always be favorably remembered — was entrusted to them.

A few weeks later all these Freshmen, having become full-fledged citizens of M. S. O. (as the school is affectionately called), exercised their political rights to elect officers. The following were chosen to serve during the first year:

ERNEST McVEY, *President*
WALTER McKENNA, *Vice-president*
JANET MECHANIC, *Secretary*
MARSHALL MARGOLSKEE, *Treasurer*

May I now continue in my role of secretary . . . ?

In order to maintain a state of equilibrium, we were soon granted social rights. There came, first of all, the Fraternity Smoker — September 30, 1938 — to which all the boys in the freshman class were cordially invited. This smoker was for the purpose of acquainting the fresh men (I mean freshmen) with the older fraternity members and informing them of the advantages of becoming a Fraternity member. To balance this affair, a girls' party was given for a similar purpose. The next social event was the "Freshman Smoker", held on October 24, 1938, another affair sponsored by the upper classmen. These affairs brought forth much talent in our class, what with Walter McKenna proving to be an ace trumpeter, and Horace Cobb a truly fine guitar player.

NOVEMBER 14, 1938 —

EXAMS! The first ones taken by our class. The tension, anxiety, worry, etc. that went along with finding out just what you knew, didn't know, and should know for these first exams proved the main topic of discussion among the freshmen at that time. Instead of relief after the exams were once taken there was caused more worry in anticipation of what the results would be. The announcement of the results brought forth relief even if they didn't bring full satisfaction and to ease the strain of the previous weeks a Frosh Hop was conducted. This was the first affair sponsored by the Freshman Class. The success of the dance which was held on December 15, 1938 at The Fox and Hounds Club showed very definitely the fine spirit and coöperation of our class.

DECEMBER 16, 1938 to JANUARY 4, 1938 —

CHRISTMAS VACATION!

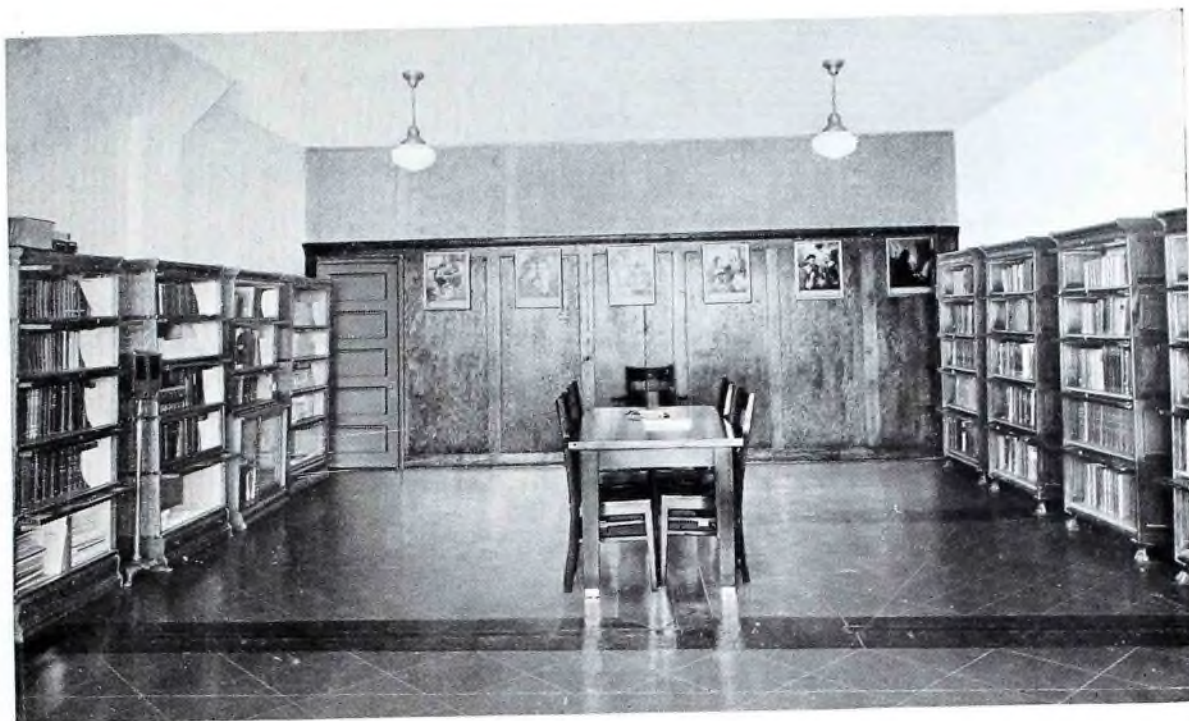
JANUARY 10, 1938 —

Dr. Brucker assigns SEVENTY-TWO problems in Trig.

Then came our midyear exams which produced emotions in the Frosh similar to those felt in November, only more and better.

An unfortunate accident which prevented Milton Weisberg from attending classes for the remainder of the school year is most definitely a part of the Freshman Class history, for his presence has certainly been missed.

What the future shall bring to us, the freshmen, nobody can tell, but here's hoping that our class history shall grow and become richer with the accomplishments of our classmates.



M. S. O. LIBRARY



DOROTHY F. LOWELL
Librarian

[illegible]



PORTER O. DEXTER
Chancellor



DR. GREEN
Grand Chancellor



PAUL E. BOUCHARD
Vice-Chancellor



Π Ο Σ



WINSTON CLARK
Treasurer

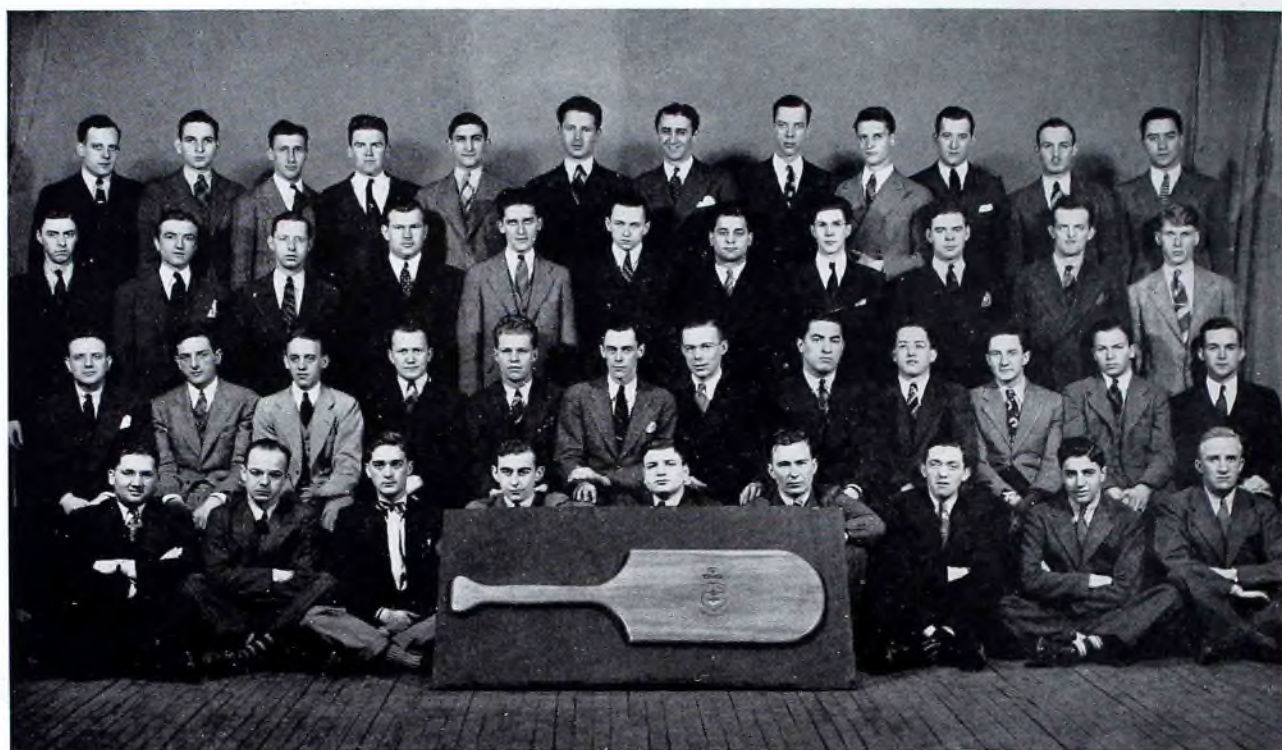


JOHN J. WEAST
Secretary



HARVEY ROSENTHAL
Sergeant-at-Arms

fifty-five



PI OMICRON SIGMA GRADUATES

Fourth Row: Zimmerman, Fine, Berman, Reynolds, Green, Weiner, Dragone, Leonard, Bunnell, Ahern, Lepie, Fradkin.

Third Row: Howland, Wagner, Hall, Stonhouse Schlosser, Meyers, Capone, Clark, Hathaway, Taylor, Peterson.

Second Row: E. Davis, Braver, Hodgkins, Weast, Bouchard, Dexter, Clark, Rosenthal, Silver, Sloane, A. Davis, March.

First Row: Bessin, Bolduc, Hill, Hunt, General, Ziegler, D'Angelo, Faldman, Ochs.



Π Ο Σ

PI OMICRON SIGMA

It has been truly said that it takes a combination of study and social life to form in one a well rounded education. It is for the latter purpose that Pi Omicron Sigma functions at Massachusetts School of Optometry and due to the coöperation it has received has been increasingly successful in taking care of this part of our school life.

Let us now follow the progress of our fraternity from its beginning

fifty-six

by scanning through some of the highlights of its history. The fraternity was founded by a group of energetic members of the class of 1913, one of whom, Dr. Schröder, the first Vice Chancellor, we had the privilege of meeting last year at the 25th anniversary banquet, and it was not hard to tell that he still had the true frat spirit which we all try to show. The fraternity progressed well for a while, but as time went on interest began to dwindle, and by 1925 it was barely functioning. It was at this point that Dr. Green, a man to whom the fraternity owes much, realized the importance of an organization of this kind in the school life, and fanned the spark that was left until it burst into flame. From that year on the fraternity has flourished more and more, with interest and activities increasing in direct proportion, until at present we have an active membership of 70, with the total membership being well over the 1000 mark. This is something to be proud of, and all those brothers who have had to do with the success of Pi Omicron Sigma are to be congratulated.

Some of the highlights of this years activities, I feel, would not be out of place at this time. The year started off with a smoker for a group of fellows from whom we were to later choose a new list of members. After the pledges were chosen our next activity took on the form of an initiation, which lasted a full week, the fullness of which can be testified to by any of the new members, they being the ones at the business end of the humbling process. This being over with, the ones who were to be the new members were put through the final rites and rituals by the officers, thus bringing into the fraternity a group of fellows of whom we are all proud, and for whom we have the highest expectations. Next on our schedule came the poverty dance at Arlington, which got things going in a good manner by affording an opportunity for the new members to get better acquainted with the older members, through a strictly informal, yes, very, very informal affair, and although unique, due to its extreme informality of dress, it proved to be a success in every way. Throughout the year the fraternity sponsored various lectures of a very interesting nature, which were well attended, and to all present were a source of valuable information. In February came the gala dance of the year, the annual frat formal, which this year was in the form of a dinner-dance, and was held in the penthouse of the Hotel Bradford. A large percentage of the brothers attended and certainly showed a fine taste for picking members of the fairer sex, as was evidenced by the charm and gracefulness present. The orchestra and floor show, under the direction of Mickey Alpert, added much to the evening which was one of the most pleasant, and certainly one of the outstanding highlights of this year's social activities. The month of May brought with it the affair which always gets a maximum turnout of the brothers, and is always one of the most successful affairs of the year, namely, the annual fraternity banquet. This year as has been for the past two years, it was held in the Hotel Manger, and the success of the occasion was by no means inferior to that of former years, in fact yours truly feels quite safe in saying that it was the best yet. This affair, which by the way was stag, not only gave us a grand social evening amongst our own active membership, but also gave us an opportunity to meet members of former years, some of whom we knew as active members

during our undergraduate days, and some of whom graduated before we entered. The evening, with Dr. Brucker as toastmaster, was the last get-together which we had as a fraternity and thus brought our activities for the year to a close.

As the school year, and the final year for we seniors, is now over, it is with reminiscences of the many pleasant associations which we have had together that I turn the final page of our fraternity history, and now as we pass up our active membership to become alumni members it is with the highest expectations that we pass the torch of Pi Omicron Sigma over to our undergraduate brothers, whom we feel are capable in every respect of shouldering the responsibility of controlling America's oldest optometric fraternity in a manner which will do honor to us all.

PI OMICRON SIGMA UNDERGRADUATES

Standing: Berg, Cartier, Richman, Vogel, Rogalski, MacKenzie, Caldron, M. Taddonio, Neiman, Cadoret.

Seated: Mayer, Newman, Gillman, Rappaport, Wolfson, Sklar, Tulsy, Greenblatt, Savoy, Fritz.





OMEGA PSI

Standing: Weisman, Jaffe, Hymoff, Joseph, Stillman, Aronson.

Seated: Hindman, Fox, Toy, Beckwith, Corrente, Lappin, Bazelon.

OMEGA PSI

Omega Psi, the newest fraternal order at Massachusetts School of Optometry was founded in the spring of 1939. It resulted from the activity of a group of sophomores, who felt the need of an organization through which each could express the feeling of brotherhood that should exist between a man and his friends.

Adhering to this ideal, Omega Psi, after its first few months of existence, has established itself as a definite factor in the extra-curricular life at Massachusetts School of Optometry. It is, however, in no way competitive with the school's other and older fraternity, but merely supplementary to it.

The fraternity was officially launched on March 2, when the constitution was adopted and officers elected. The first officers of the fraternity were Lewis Beckwith, Chancellor; William Corrente, Vice-Chancellor; Paul Lappin, Scribe and Harold Toy, Treasurer.

Throughout its short period of existence at Massachusetts School of Optometry, the group has found itself well represented in other phases of school life, with the president and vice-president of the sophomore class being numbered among its members. The group is also well represented in the Optometry Club, with one-half of its members having achieved this honor, a record of which it is justly proud, and hopes to maintain in the future.

So, with a feeling of satisfaction for the past, Omega Psi now looks to the future, in anticipation of a rapid but well-directed expansion.



EPSILON OMICRON SIGMA

Standing: Evelyn Adler, Elinor Lynch, Amelia Rodd.

Seated: Ruth Masse, Elsa Schroeder, Madelyn Dyer, Maria Font.

EPSILON OMICRON SIGMA

by Amelia Edith Rodd

Women in Optometry! The profession of Optometry offers opportunities to the woman whose interest lies in this direction. The steady growth of our profession has enlarged the field such that it seems natural that women should have some part in Optometry. Orthoptic work, field study, and the solving of reading problems, are a few of the phases of the work for which members of our sex have shown particular aptitude, and there can be no doubt but what the future will lead us farther into these fields.

We must not lose sight of the fact that we are women. But I do not mean that our femininity should be used to gain special favors. We should not try to imitate man when we are doing what has hitherto been considered men's work. We should keep to those high principles which have been taught us here, and the splendid examples that have been set before us in our three years work. We should be true to ourselves, and to the profession, we women who are doing an important part of the world's work.

There are four among us who have completed our school work, but this is not the end, for in this world everything that marks an end, also marks a beginning. The end of one day is the commencement of another. The end of one task, the beginning of a new one.

So it is with our education. What we have learned at school, valuable

as it is, is only a beginning. The end of our school work merely means the commencement of those experiences which will put to the test the principles we have learned. The success we make of our careers will be due to our own initiative.

We four, Madelyn Dyer, Eleanor Lynch, Ruth Masse, and the writer, have come to the realization that our active work in our Sorority has come to an end. The thought has come to me, "Just what does the Sorority mean to each of us?" It means more than a club, for we would lose interest in any club when we left the community in which it existed, while we hope always to be members, active or alumnae, of the Epsilon Omicron Sigma Sorority. We have, and always will have, a personal interest in our members, although doubtless there are many whom we shall never meet. We are like a family of sisters, who have our differences and yet, like true sisters, we forget our differences and our individual ideas for the advancement of the Sorority.

We started out this year with Eleanor as our president, and how well she did her part! Our first official ceremony was held at Hallowe'en time. At this time, the nominees were accepted as pledges. They were: Elsa Schroder, Janet Mechanic, and Evelyn Adler. Our next problem was the matter of initiation, which we took care of in our own little way. Our girls did look rather odd, wearing white clothing in November, very much bedecked with jewelry, and carrying dolls wherever they went! To top that off, pigtailed were in evidence the next day, along with the previously mentioned dress. The usual eggs were autographed, the boys were taken to lunch, and a grand walk in the Fenway was had by all.

After all this, we added another member, Maria Font, who was not present at the time of the initiation. We omitted the initiation, seeing that she would be alone in her misery!

Then came the unique and inspiring candle-light service, during which the pledges were ushered within our portals.

During the year, we succeeded in finding time for a little enjoyment and a little excitement. One Sunday afternoon, which we had planned to spend at the Navy Yard, turned out to be a rainy one. Hence, we spent several delightful hours at the Isabel Stewart Gardner Museum, with dinner afterwards at one of the local restaurants.

Shortly after this, a dinner for all Sorority members, active and alumnae, was held during the New England Council Convention at the Hotel Statler. It was decided that this dinner be an annual reunion of the Sorority members.

Our annual dinner-dance was the last affair of the year, held at one of the local night-clubs. All participants enjoyed the evening tremendously.

And so, the year now closes, with we departing members reluctant to leave. It is our sincerest wish that the Epsilon Omicron Sigma Sorority grow larger, and that fraternalism lives on through the years.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Ernest McVay, *Frehman class president*; Elinor Lynch, *Epsilon Omicron Sigma president*; Thomas A. Stonhouse, Jr., *Senior class president*.

Seated: William Corrente, *Sophomore class president*; Arthur F. March, Jr., *Optometry Club president*; Porter Dexter, *Pi Omicron Sigma chancellor*.

STUDENT COUNCIL

by T. A. Stonhouse, Jr.

The Student Council is composed of the Presidents of the various organizations and classes of the school, and is the highest court consisting entirely of students. It is to this body that all gross violations must eventually be submitted, before action can be taken in any case. It is the duty of all members of this body to instill the spirit of professionalism that is so sadly lacking in the majority of the under-graduates, so that optometry may eventually be placed on the pedestal to which we believe it is entitled.

The instilling of professionalism on the part of this body is accomplished merely by the power of suggestion. Since the students that make up the group are the various organization and class heads, it must also then be composed of those persons which the entire student body deem worthy of being leaders. This entails not only popularity, but also the ability of leadership and personality that the classes consider highly enough to be representative of them. Thus, if these selected few carry with them an air of professionalism, there is a distinct tendency for this spirit to permeate throughout the entire school. Of course this is at all times substantiated by the faculty and clinical staff, but the burden rests mainly on the representa-

tive students, since they are the associates of the student body, and constantly intermingling with them.

In the last three years there has not been a single case brought to the attention of the Council that necessitated any drastic consequences to any member of the student body. It is for this reason that I point with pardonable pride to those men that graduate from Massachusetts School of Optometry as being of high character and morals. These are the men that shall carry optometry forward, and it is these same men that must eventually raise our profession to the heights we contend it so richly deserves.

Another duty of this body is to consider all problems that may arise, which involve the entire student body. Again I might say that no major problem has arisen that could not be settled before reaching this court. This in itself is indicative of the high reasoning power that is, and must be present in order for optometry to carry on.

Finally, this group is the consultant body representing the students, in all discussions with the faculty or office, where the problem at hand involves both groups.

The majority of problems and discussions brought before this body have been settled quickly and easily. The one exception is the continual difficulty encountered in inculcating the attitude of professionalism in the student body, this is especially true of the newer students. Various codes of ethics have appeared intermittently, but not enough attention has been paid to them. If all students, and practitioners, would obtain one of these codes, I am certain that all would benefit from them, and optometry would begin to ascend to a height it has never before attained.



OPTOMETRY CLUB

Third Row: Lapin, Toy, Coyle, Hymoff, Hyde, Saulnier.
Second Row: Corrente, Bazelon, Rice, Glixman, Wolfson, Weisman, Aronson, Mayer.
First Row: Stonhouse, Wright, Kahn, March, Leonard, Ahearn, Bessin, Cowan, E. Davis, Wecker.

OPTOMETRY CLUB

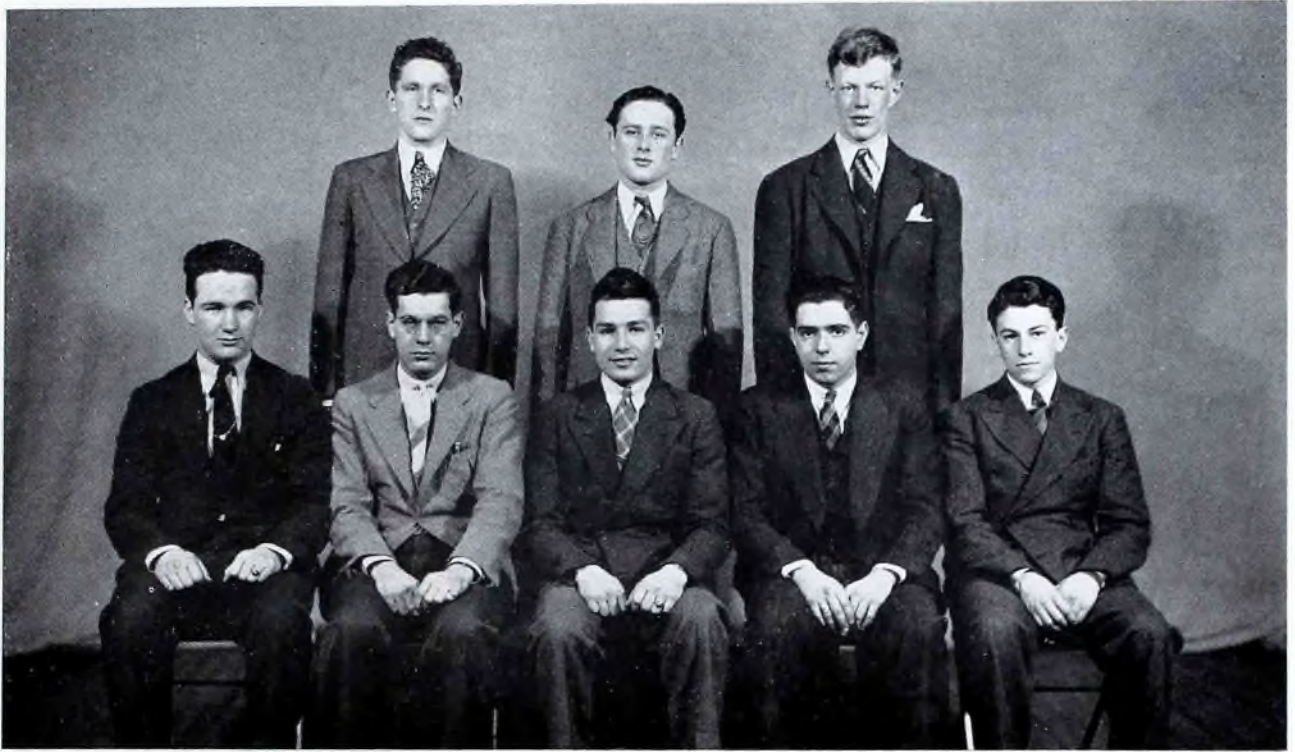
Some of the greatest minds in Optometry today, have said that the future of our profession lies in the hands of those who conduct scientific research, away from the fanfare of publicity and possible monetary gain. Years ago our school recognized the need of inculcating this desire in the outstanding student. From this basic idea the Optometry Club, as it functions today, was born. The club still consists of those students who, by virtue of outstanding scholarly attainment, are given the privilege of doing this research work.

Although the time allowed by a somewhat heavy curriculum is necessarily limited, and the material accomplishments of the society are not as great as could be wished, still it is believed that the Optometry Club serves its purpose by planting the seeds of a desire for pure research and scientific advancement of the profession in the hearts and minds of at least some of its members.

The officers elected for the year 1938 - 39 are as follows:

ARTHUR F. MARCH, JR., *President*
 RICHARD L. LEONARD, *Vice-president*
 AMELIA RODD, *Secretary*
 KEVIN AHEARN, *Treasurer*

Eugene Davis



SOPHOMORE COURT

Standing: Toy, Hindman, Bowman.

Seated: Plett, Ramsden, Corrente, Bazelon, Greenblatt.

SOPHOMORE COURT

"Optometry to the fore" — It is in support of this slogan, that the Sophomore Class of the Massachusetts School of Optometry, in the school year 1938 - 1939 added one more activity to the school's many creditable organizations.

Hence, the birth of the Sophomore Court, whose chief purpose is — "to inculcate the spirit of professionalism in the school and to aid in the unity of the student body, socially and professionally". This Court, however, does not wish to assume an authoritative position in the school, but it rather wishes to consider itself an advisory group, and a further check upon the activities and conduct of the members of the first two classes of the school.

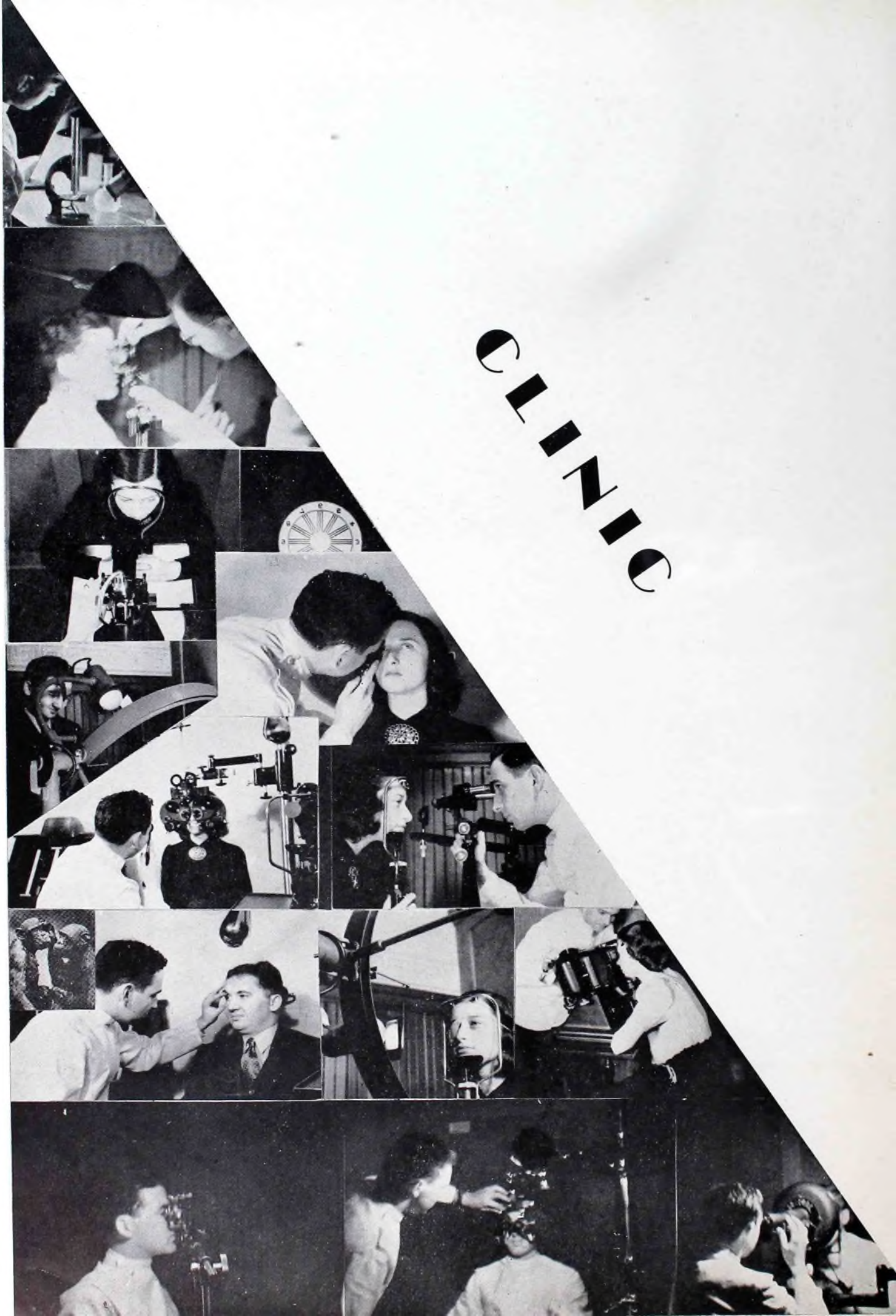
Although this organization is controlled entirely by the students, it might be said that, according to the rules governing the Court itself, two members of the faculty must be chosen to represent the interests of justice and righteousness.

With these sound principles, the Sophomore Court has effected its appearance in our school — with these same sound principles the Sophomore Court has been tried — and found worthy!

And so it is with profound pride and deep feeling that we give the incoming Sophomore Class, and a long line of future sophomore classes, our creation. May it serve as an organization worthy of its affiliation with our school! May it flourish and become a tradition ever-lasting in the annals of Massachusetts School of Optometry!

William Corrente

CLINIC





CLINIC STAFF

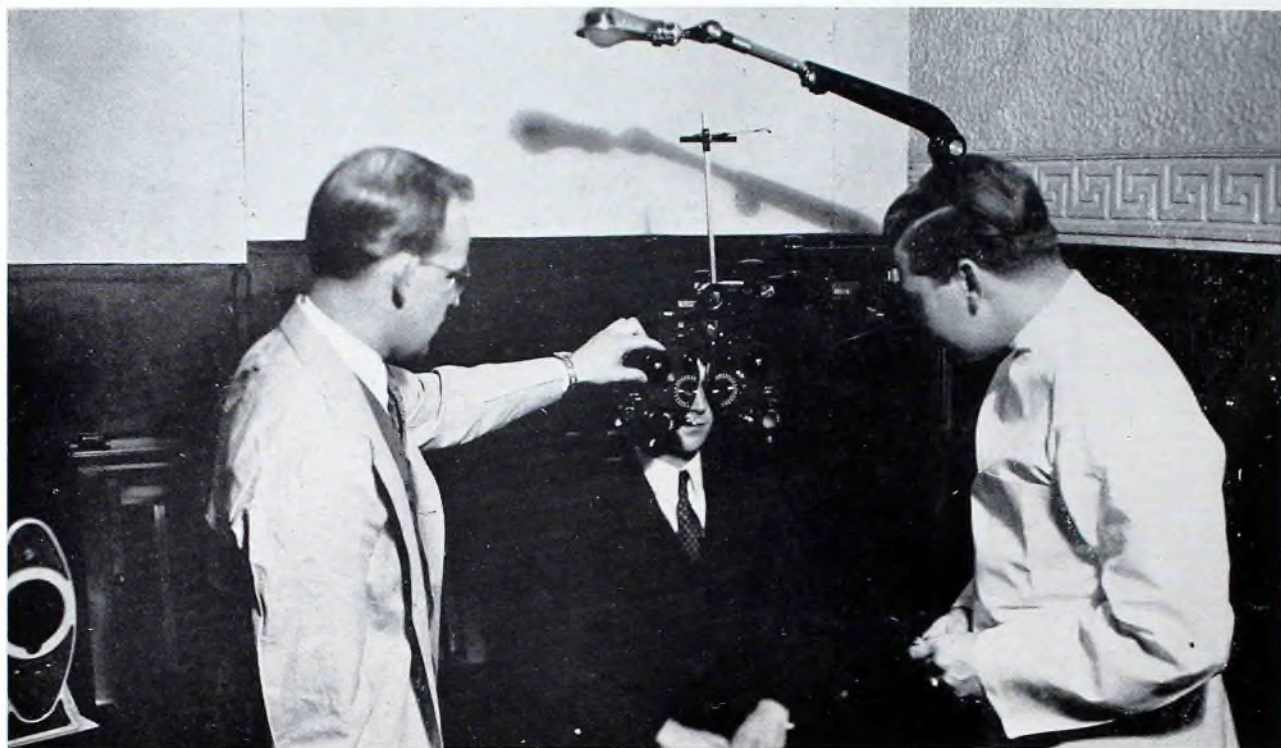
Left to right: Drs. Rosen, MacCabe, Emmons, Antonellis, Green, Asquith, Tiihonen, Margolis.

CLINIC

Clinic practice forms an integral part in the training of the professional optometrist. It offers not only the obviously logical means of attaining that skill in technique required to fulfill the demands of the profession, but also plays a major roll in developing character, and offers evidence to the student of the necessity of developing the high ethical principles which are required of anyone who deals with the intimate lives of his fellowmen. In addition the clinic affords the student his first actual contact with the patient, by means of which that indefinable something known as the "professional manner" is gradually and, in some cases with great difficulty, acquired.

The word "clinic" to most people implies inferior service and little or no expense. However, in spite of the fact that the Massachusetts Optometric Clinic annually cares for thousands of needy persons entirely at its own expense, yet each one of these unfortunates is given exactly the same time, care and attention as are the numerous patients who come to the clinic because of its widespread reputation and pay the full price for services and materials.

The Massachusetts Optometric Clinic is a non profit-making institution, and could not exist without constant and generous donations of interested philanthropists. Its staff, headed by Dr. Ralph Green, ably assisted by Dr. William V. Emmons, is made up of members of the faculty and graduate students. Glasses prescribed in the clinic are compounded in the school's own optics laboratory, and this factor not only affords speedy and accurate service to the patient, but also allows the students an opportunity to observe the process by which their prescriptions are filled and this gives



them a thorough grounding in the essentials of ophthalmic optics and the principles of spectacle construction. In no other branch of professional service is mechanical perfection so closely allied with abstract knowledge and skilled technique as in Optometry; and the value of the system in operation at this school is apparent in the coöperative functioning of the clinic and the optics laboratory.

A. F. March, Jr.



AUTOGRAPHS

COMPLIMENTS OF OUR PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS

DR. THEODORE F. KLEIN

DR. WILHELMINA A. SVENDSEN

DR. RALPH H. GREEN

DR. FOSTER NAMIAS

DR. FREDERICK E. BRUCKER

DR. PAUL S. CLINE

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DR. GEORGE E. CARVIN

DR. WILLIAM V. EMMONS

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IS APPROACHING

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We carry a large stock of Velvet-lite lenses at all times.

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Optometrists and opticians tell us that lately many patients are asking for optical items by brand name, saying that they had read all about the product in magazines. To some extent, this reminds one of the drug store clerk who hands out patent medicines.

Advertising to the public by manufacturers, individually or collectively, can do much good but such advertising usually strongly stresses the product and the maker's name. This is to be expected.

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The factual problems that you must now face — and there are many of them — must be solved more or less on your own.

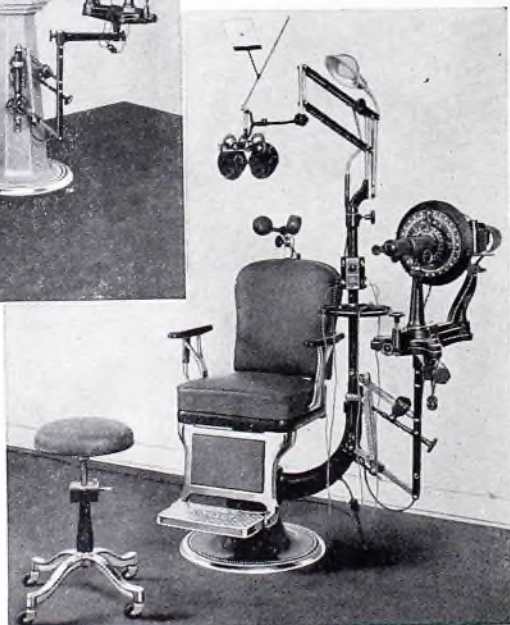
In sending our best wishes and congratulations to the graduating members of the Massachusetts School of Optometry, Class of 1939, let us also include a practical message. Our entire personnel is at your disposal, at any time, to help you meet and overcome the problems that you are bound to encounter.

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(Right)
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