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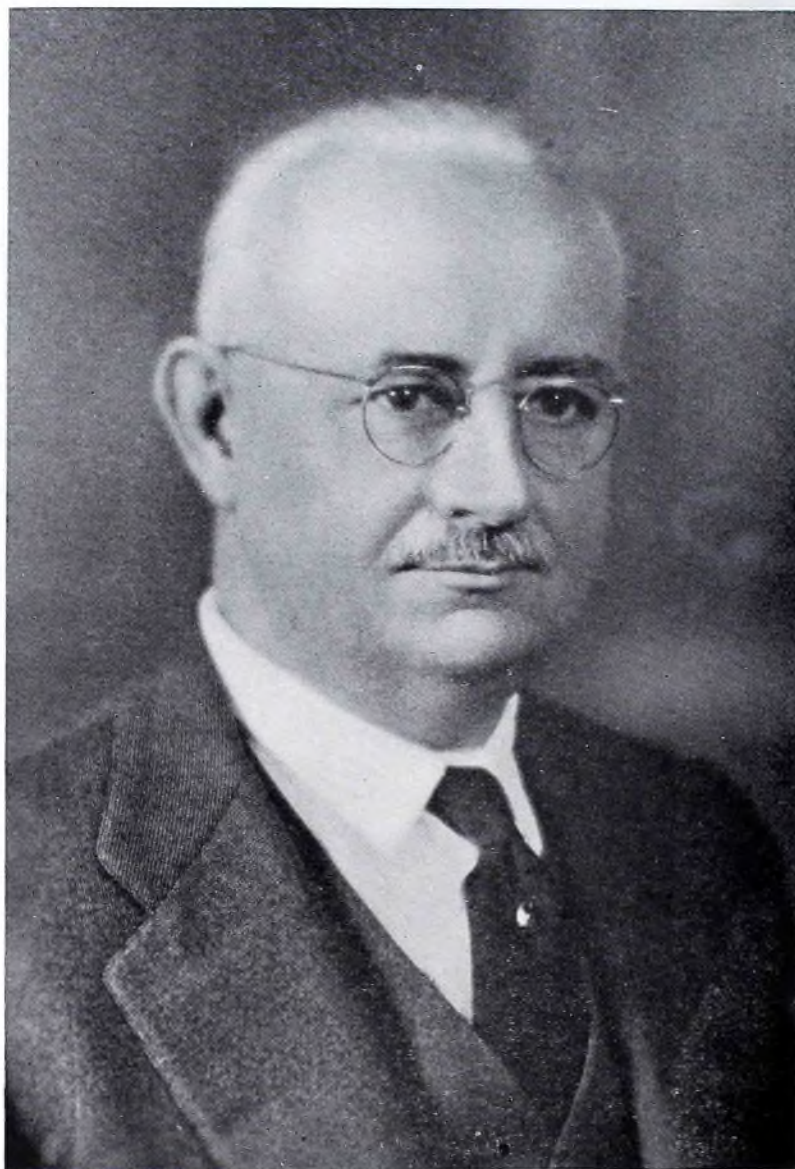
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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF OPTOMETRY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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DR. THEODORE F. KLEIN
DEAN

FOREWORD

It has been our aim to gather within a single volume the traditions, activities, scholarship and goodfellowship that has signalized our sojourn at M. S. O. and which has endowed us with those priceless entities — friendship and learning. We offer this volume as a memento of our days at M. S. O., hoping that it may serve to recall to us a fund of experiences and relationships whose memories will enrich our lives.



DEDICATION

TO

ALYCE McCABE TRUESDELL

SECRETARY TO THE DEAN

in recognition of her never-failing
interest in the activities of the student
body, as well as in the individual, for
her pleasing and friendly personality,
her unfailing sense of humor and for
her actual competence and unsung
service.





JCOPE STAFF

Back Row: Greenblatt, March, Gibbons, Pacheco, Fortin, Clark, Casson, Rosen, Parmett
Seated: Budilov, Harris, Chevalier, Ossen, Roffman, Horley, Meagher, Shannon

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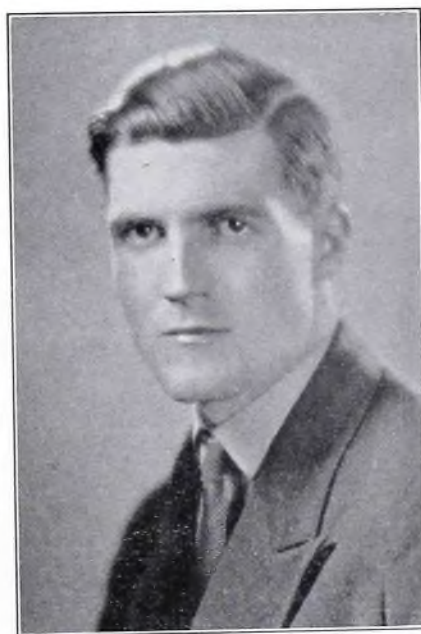
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CLASS OF 1938

A collage of black and white photographs of students from the Class of 1938, arranged in a triangular shape. The photos show students in various settings: posing in front of cars, standing in groups, and working in a laboratory. The collage is composed of numerous small, rectangular photographs of varying sizes, some showing individual students and others showing groups. The students are dressed in formal attire typical of the late 1930s, including suits, ties, and hats. The background of the collage is a light, textured surface. The overall composition is dynamic and celebratory, capturing various moments of student life.



CLASS OF 1938

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OF
1938



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Secretary



MALCOLM HARRIS
Vice-President



LEO N. GIBBONS
President



ALEX FRIEDMAN
Treasurer



ALBERT D. WENTZELL
Sergeant-at-Arms



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91 Church Street, Whitinsville, Massachusetts

Π Ο Σ

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BENJAMIN BREGMAN

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Π Ο Σ





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Scope Staff 1, 2, 3

Optometry Club President 3

Student Council 3

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Π Ο Σ

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Basketball Team 1

Fraternity Secretary 3



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Π Ο Σ

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Fraternity Chancellor 3

Student Council 1, 3

Class President 1

HENRY WILLIAM CZELUSNIAK

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Π Ο Σ

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Optometry Club 3





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Ε Ο Σ

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Sorority Vice-President 2

Sorority Secretary 3



HOWARD WILLIAM FOLEY

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Optometry Club 2, 3



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Π Ο Σ

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Scope Staff 3

ALEX FRIEDMAN

351 Broadway, Newport, Rhode Island

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Basketball Team 1, 2, 3

Scope Staff 2

Basketball Coach 3





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Class President 2, 3

Student Council 2, 3

Scope Staff 2, 3

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Π Ο Σ

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Ε Ο Σ

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Sorority Secretary 1

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Ocean Grove Avenue, South Swansea, Massachusetts



ARTHUR HARRIS

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Scope Staff 2, 3

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Π Ο Σ

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Scope Staff 3

Class Historian 3



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Π Ο Σ

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Basketball Captain 3



EDWARD E. MASSUCCO

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Π Ο Σ

Basketball Team 1, 2



ANNE VERONICA MEAGHER

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Ε Ο Σ

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Sorority President 3

Class Secretary 1, 2, 3

Student Council 3





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MAURICE LOUIS OSSEN

308 Duncan Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia

Basketball Asst.-Manager 1, 2, 3

Scope Staff 1, 2, 3



LEONARD PACHECO

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Optometry Club 3

Scope Staff 3



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ROBERT DANIEL DARMETT

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Scope Staff 3



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HENRY W. DYNE

105 Central Street, Hingham, Massachusetts

LEON E. RABINOVITZ

77 Congress Street, Chelsea, Massachusetts

Π Ο Σ

Optometry Club 1, 2, 3

Basketball Team Asst.-Mgr. 1



GORDON L. RAND

Winter Harbor, Maine

Π Ο Σ

R. ROBERT ROFFMAN

801 Morton Street, Mattapan, Massachusetts

Editor of 1938 Yearbook 3
Editor of Scope 3
Optometry Club 1, 2, 3
Optometry Club Secretary 3
Class Historian 2



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Scope Staff 3
Basketball Scorer 2
Basketball Manager 3

BERNARD SALTZ

9 Farley Avenue, Newark, New Jersey

Optometry Club 1, 2, 3
Basketball Team 3





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Π Ο Σ

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TAIVO OLIVER TIIHONEN

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161 Sheridan Avenue, Medford, Massachusetts



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Optometry Club Vice-President 3

Shop Assistant 1, 2, 3





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Π Ο Σ

Class Sergeant-at-Arms 1, 2, 3



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Π Ο Σ

Fraternity Sergeant-at-Arms 3

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CHARLES ALFRED MAC NEILL

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Optometry Club 1, 2, 3

Scope Staff 3

SAMUEL LEWIS MARGOLIS

22 Charles Street, Beverly, Massachusetts

Optometry Club 3

SENIOR CLASS BALLOT

Best All Around	Leo N. Gibbons
Most Likely To Succeed	R. Robert Roffman
Most Talented	R. Robert Roffman
Most Intellectual	Mark Budilov
Most Popular	Leo N. Gibbons
Most Professional	R. Robert Roffman
Most Athletic	Alex Friedman
Most Humorous	Fernand Fortin
Quietest	Veronica Meagher
Most Reliable	R. Robert Roffman
Most Courteous	Leslie Stuart
Most Forward	Samuel Swartz
Best Disposition	Alfred Hanson
Best Dresser	Charles MacNeil
Best Excuse Giver	Samuel Swartz
Most Fastidious	Robert Shannon
Most Sensitive	Theresa Guarino
Most Ambitious	Malcolm Harris
Best Theorist	Burton Askowith
Most Bashful	Gordon Rand
Most Helpful	Malcolm Harris
Most Musical	Edward Cerruti
Class Orator	Donald Horley
Most Witty	Albert Wentzell
Nicest Boy	Robert Shannon
Best Line	Maxwell Casson
Most Friendly	Leslie Stuart
Best Scholar	Mark Budilov
Man Who Has Done Most For M. S. O.	Donald Horley

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

by Donald Horley and Malcolm Harris

"Well, Mal, the last exam is over and passed, I hope, and now all we have to do is to crack our state boards — and then we really start to worry."

"You know, Don, these three years surely have gone by rapidly — why it seems only a short while ago that I received my M. S. O. catalog and decided to enroll. I think everyone had made a mental picture of the school before coming, — I know I did — especially as to the location and surroundings. However with every step up Boylston Street that mental picture slowly faded and by the time that I had reached 1112 I was ready to be carried off to the morgue — I certainly couldn't have been nearer one, there being a funeral parlor next door. After wandering between those odd little booths, which I later discovered to be the M. S. O. clinical rooms, and downstairs into the shop to be promptly thrown out with that now familiar, "You don't belong down here" — I was taken into the custody of Dr. McCabe and shown the way to the office. The time between my first apprehensive entrance into the school and my locating the office hadn't helped my nerves any and as you probably remember — I practically stumbled up the stairs and into the office."

"Do I remember? You came down the hallway as meek as a lamb. I could easily tell that you were new, same as myself. In fact, every Freshman stood out unmistakably from the upper-classmen. They stood around in groups and chatted in a 'possessive and professional manner' while we, the uninitiated, stood on first one foot and then the other afraid to speak and waited for the gruff call of 'Harumph — Next', which would mean that it was our turn to be interviewed by the Dean.

"There were, however, a few fellows that had me fooled. Sam Swartz had somehow gained possession of a large leather chair and was chatting amiably with Bob Shannon as they surveyed the campus of tooting horns and crowded sidewalks, little realizing that someday these various and sundry noises would be as a soft lullaby to Al Hanson — carrying him gently into the 'Land of Nod' where he could dream of the 'gal in the gingham gown' he had left behind — at the depot at South Swansea.

"Soon the big moment came and in my best undergraduate manner I walked into the inner sanctuary with my pockets full of money, my mind reeling with questions, and my heart pounding with the expectancy of being admitted to a professional institution. Oddly enough, I found practically no difficulty in being relieved of my capital, and as soon as I had registered, my nerves had settled.

"Those first few days were full, weren't they? — with meeting all the rest of the fellows, the girls, faculty and learning about our courses.

Our first class, I remember, was Anatomy — the whole period being taken up with writing our names and addresses on cards and then being seated alphabetically. We and the faculty realize now that this was a waste of time as 'Chuck' Weathers moved from the last seat to the front one in the center the next day, and by beating Bob Alie and 'Don' Bernstein to school every morning has had it ever since. We rapidly ran through our courses with the few minutes in between spent in the rest room where there was supposedly no smoking and the piano was not to be played. ('Brud' Wentzell and 'Maynie' Rosen sure could pound out 'I love Coffee I Love Tea' — and the room always did acquire a sort of bluish haze during these rest periods.)

"At last, after a morning of uneasiness and general confusion lunch hour came and we were 'on our own' — free to make acquaintances which would later lead to friendships to exist for years to come. The question at hand was where to eat? There were restaurants, cafeterias, and delicatessens galore — this was really a venture requiring delicate decision. After a prolonged period of outward inspection most of the gang decided that the Waldorf "Special" looked the best for the price and decided to take a chance. "Phil" Bouvier rapidly got acquainted with a cute waitress named Mary and decided to have a coat-hook reserved for him every day.

"After sampling every "Blue Plate Special" between Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues the Class adopted "The Ptomaine", a pretentious spot, which though scarcely larger than a refracting booth was always kept crowded by Abe's guttural bark of 'Plenty room, Gentlemen — plenty room!'

"Classes slowly got under way and in a week's time we were deep in the mysteries of Trigonometry, and engaged with the 'blood' of anatomy.

"Our bi-weekly gym classes were a form of relaxation where many and varied were the battles fought between sections 'A' and 'B'. Totaling all sports together the scores were about even, 'A' dominating in basketball because of Friedman and Levandoski, star hoopsters, while Parmett batted 'B' to victory on the volleyball courts. While these larger conflicts were going on many dual wars were being fought with Wiskalis, boxing champ; Budilov, best in handball and Stuart, the leader in squash. After a dip in the pool we returned to classes much refreshed to absorb Helmholtz and Tscherning.

About this time the Class realizing the necessity of an intercivic body elected officers: — Henry Chevalier, *President*; Malcolm Harris, *Vice-President*; Veronica Meagher, *Secretary*; Alex Friedman, *Treasurer*; Albert Wentzell, *Sergeant-at-arms*.

"Everything sailed along fine until the first quarterly marks were edited and we were openly informed that our class was the worst, scholastically, that had ever attended school. The upper-classmen seemed to sense our inferiority, for from then on we were human guinea-pigs for the senior class and stepping stones in their climb for perfection at clinical technique, being subjected to hours of clinic assignments. Each of us was examined by innumerable seniors and dismissed with the same innumerable number of prescriptions.

"Our class must have been destined to be shopmen. How we learned

to neutralize that first year! Berlowitz, who was then shop assistant, thought that we "rookies" should be given the acid test and piled the work on until Dr. Klein realized, for the health and safety of all concerned, it would be wise to demote Berlowitz back to the role of Senior and gave the job to 'Chuck' Weathers. 'Chuck' laid the work on thick and heavy until one day his favorite chapeau became entangled in an accident with a fire extinguisher that Ed Cerruti was clowning with and 'Chuck' agreed it would be cheaper to ease off.

"We were ushered into the social life in a big way by Dr. Svendsen. She, sponsoring a bridge party and dance at Burrough's Foundation for the benefit of the clinic and enlisting the aid of our class. Was it a success? Both the dance hall and card room was filled to capacity with everyone enjoying himself to the utmost. Bob Roffman and his 'Merrymakers' kept the upstairs crowd going with hot rhythm while Dr. Svendsen with the aid of the Misses Donovan and Meagher settled disputes over card scores downstairs.

"Our next affair was the big night of the year — the Fraternity dinner-dance to which the entire school was invited. Many were the preparations made for this event. However, when the night arrived we were there in all our dignity and finery with 'Brud' Wentzell furnishing entertainment for the group and 'Button' Holt in top-hat and tails strutting around like a Senior.

"Pi Omicron Sigma Fraternity then held its annual pledge period which was ushered in with a 'smoker'. Those fortunate enough to be selected were submitted to a grueling two weeks of public embarrassment before being taken on the final 'Ride'. This was held on a very cold night in December and especially so for those attired in feminine lingeree. Shannon, Bregman and Rabinovitz entertained in front of the Met, serenading a one-eyed horse with their renditions of 'Sonny Boy'.

"This year saw the instigation of a new creation, namely Epsilon Omicron Sigma. This was quite an undertaking due to the limited number of girl students — barely enough to fill the officer's chairs. The girls were determined, however, not to be lost in the scuffle of social events and led the Fraternity a merry chase by presenting a dance and a series of lectures.

"It was not until the end of the school year that we started to get the swing of things and really become interested in our profession. We left for vacation determined to prove our worth and ability to become professionals.

* * * * *

We returned as Juniors from a carefree vacation to a school completely renovated. Gone was the funeral parlor next door and in its place was the new orthoptic clinic with its spacious booths and the latest in optometric instruments. Gone also was our antiquated piano, — the rest room having been converted into a classroom to aid in accommodating the large incoming Freshman Class. Our shops had also benefited by the remodeling, many new instruments and machines having been installed. The second floor was no exception in this changing. The inner sanctuary was now triply guarded, our charming Miss McCabe being reenforced by the equally charming Miss Lowell, she in turn protected from the student-body

by an artistic and substantial (?) gate.

This year we spent much time, duly attired in our white coats assisting the Seniors in the refraction of outside patients and putting into practical application, among ourselves, the theories expounded in the class-room. It was here that our new body of instructors, the clinicians, played important roles in aiding us in bettering our procedures and starting us on the climb toward refined refractive technique. In fact, it was the Junior year in which we began most of the practical work in all our courses. Physiologic, Theoretic and Practical Optics laboratories combined with our clinical duties afforded us an opportunity to practically apply all our class-room lectures.

The subjects covered in the Junior year were entirely optometric, in contrast to the pre-optometric and preparatory studies of the Freshman year. The courses and subjects covered were naturally progressively more difficult. These increased burdens helped to stabilize the Class and much of the non-professional atmosphere was absorbed in the striving for academic perfection. Regardless of the extensive siege of difficulties encountered in such topics as dynamic skiametry which nearly pinned the Class' ears back in the breeze, and the intricacies of Tscherning's unforgettable Reduced Eye problems which never did straighten themselves out, the class invariably seemed willing to accept a "wee bit of humor".

Election of class officers this year was rather a simple matter. Leo Gibbons was elected to the presidency and the remainder of the suite was the same as the previous year. Due to the good work and perfect coöperation of the officers and with the few demands of the class these same officers were retained for the duration of the remaining two years.

Our social calendar had fewer blank pages for the 1936-37 year than for the previous one. As we thumb through the pages we reveal lectures, smokers, dances, initiations and formals. Our attention is directed to one page in particular — Friday night, October 31st, whence we all journeyed to Arlington to usher in a new social function which has become one of the major annual events — "The Fraternity Poverty Party". The success of this affair is not due to the fact that it is held in the spacious ballroom in a pretentious hotel, neither is it because Filet Mignon or some other formidable food is served, nor is a big name band in session, and it is not because we all dress as Lord and Lady Astorbilt. Nay — none of these things! Our party is held in petit "Ye Lanterne Inn" overlooking Spy Pond. Our refreshments consist of cider and doughnuts, the band is picked from here and there and our dress is unmentionable. It is strictly a poverty party with patches and gingham predominating. The secret of its success is good fellowship plus the fact that everyone plans to have a good time, knows he will have one and get one with every thing strictly "Off the Record".

In the spring we were the guests of the American Optical Company at Southbridge. The day was spent inspecting the plant and learning wholesale production of optometric products. Before dinner the cigar chest was discovered and raided and we entered the dining room to be welcomed by a fine meal. After a lecture period we adjourned to the ball-field for a baseball game where Massucco "wowed" the home-town fans by circling the bags with the winning run. The class was isolated at Lensdale when a

thunder-storm came up and we were rescued by a timely A. O. truck and driven back to headquarters.

It was not without anticipation that we looked forward to our summer vacation as after a year of extensive study we needed this in order to rest and relax before returning in the fall to face the final year of preparation for our profession.

* * * * *

On returning to school to begin our final year, we were coronated with the title of "Doctor" and took the place of the preceding graduating class as refractionists in the clinic. Also, we were given the assignment of greeting the Freshmen and impressing them by our conduct. We sponsored a smoker in order to meet them on a basis of good-fellowship and at the same time to influence them with our professional attributes. Each professor gave a short talk and welcomed the incoming class. It was here that we learned that our own Arthur Harris, A. B., was to be not only a senior student but an instructor in biology as well. The affair turned out very satisfactorily with the Frosh meeting all the upper classmen and getting as many, if not more, sandwiches.

From the time of our first entrance in the school we had been told that the Junior year was to be the hardest — and once passed, all would be clear sailing. It would seem from the remarks that all we had to do was to pass our Junior year and then relax — just attend classes for the last year and walk down the aisle on the first of June and receive our diplomas. Some of us who took heed to these remarks and wasted away the first few weeks were abruptly awakened from the lassitude to find, Tait's dynamic skiametry, parts of a degenerated choroid, the dioptrics of the crystalline lens, and obliquely crossed prisms in our laps. It was then that we discovered that all was not as had been prophesized and we began to realize that our final year was to be the hardest and most comprehensive.

As much of our time as seniors was to be spent in the clinics, practically applying our previous classroom theory and perfecting examination technique, it was with no little awe that we anticipated our first patients. As in previous years, it was required of each senior that he refract and analyze at least 20 cases before being permitted to graduate. Fortunately enough, however, our first patients were those "often-times elusive" and "super-intelligent" bits of coöperative humanity — the Freshmen. Upon seating the patient for static ski, the Frosh would prompt, "+ .75 O. U." — for after all, how could we possibly compare with Dr. So and So who had examined him the week before — and if we knew the finding why should we bother — and after all his eyes were all right — hadn't everyone else told him so — and he must hurry or he would miss the 4:10 to East Oshkosh.

Although most of the class found considerable difficulty in perfecting technique, ophthalmoscopy always came with more or less ease to "Bernie" Saitz — whose immediate recognition and diagnosis of incipient pathology was nothing short of miraculous. Strictly adhering to the hypothesis that every patient was guilty of some ocular pathology until proven otherwise, he would invariably find the abnormal and toddle out of his booth and up to a clinician with shouts of "save the good eye."

"Lenie" Pacheco in his incessant gropings into the realms of theory

often uncovered techniques which, although new, were accompanied by drastic complications. His research uncovered a method of doing a subjective which imbodyed the correction of both eyes simultaneously under vertical dissociation. Lee Gibbons was the unfortunate "guinea pig" in this incidence, and after the prisms were removed he was unable to regain single vision and groped his way back to Taunton seeing double all the way.

Besides our own clinics, to further develop our understanding with all types of patients, various night clinics were arranged. Each student went three times to either Jamaica Plain, Roxbury or Hyde Park. At the Home of the Angel Guardian in Jamaica Plain, and the Home of the Little Flower in Hyde Park we dealt strictly with children, while at the Sacred Heart in Roxbury the colored element predominated. Each patient was checked for pathology, gross muscle imbalances and defective vision. Any abnormalities were noted and the patients referred to the school clinic for refractive treatment and to local hospitals for medical aid.

Another additional opportunity of dealing with patients came on those days when we journeyed to the Boston Dispensary where we came in contact with children having squints and amblopia. Totaling all clinics together we received many different types of patients with varied abnormalities.

Getting back to school — we wonder if, when we were informed of our weak scholastic ability, we were not getting the usual Freshman pep talk. If not, then we must have improved immensely, for at mid-years we discovered that over half of us were in the Optometry Club, this august body is composed solely of students who have received an average of 85% or better in all subjects. Also our independence, so long the talk of the school, was directed along the line of free action and thought which were merged deftly by the Dean and our Professors into professional ways and mannerisms.

Social activities for the year included the annual affairs such as the Frat formal, the Halloween Poverty Party at "Ye Lanterne Inn", the inter-class dance at the Hotel Touraine's Ruby Room and various other functions such as lectures and smokers. The new event ushered in by the Fraternity was the semi-formal Valentine Ball held at the Arlmont Country Club. This was such a well-attended and enjoyable affair that it too has taken its place as one of the annual events on our calendar.

Dr. Klein in a practical demonstration of his sportsmanship and appreciation of competitive sports sponsored an inter-class bowling tournament. The idea was readily accepted by the students, and teams were selected. Senior "A" was successful in defeating senior "B". Then determined not to be taken to the cleaners by the under-classmen, the senior team composed of Weathers, MacNeill, Perry, Kinsley, and Bernstein scored a sweeping victory over the latter. They were nearly "taken" by the girls 'til "Wolf" Czelusniak equipped the team with blinders so that they could keep their eyes on the pins.

As part of our shop work we were required to set up and mount lenses. We quickly learned that things are not as they seem, it being much more easy to stretch a zylo frame than to shrink it, and the all-important fact that glass doesn't bend — "it breaks". Casson commercial-

ized on our needs, furnishing us with the best in Rhodium mountings, guaranteed not to break (much). Alpert, after a difficult and tedious siege was successful in finishing his first job. Upon inspection, Dr. MacDonald laughingly asked, "What's the trouble with the job — any idea?" Dave rechecked and passed it back saying, "It looks O. K. to me, there are no wobbles in it." Dr. MacDonald responded with, "It's perfect but the temples are on upside down." Probably Alpert thought the patient would grow into it. Pyne, upon being asked the color of certain zyl frames always replied Demi-Blonde, no matter what the color was. Upon being belittled by Dr. Namias he nonchalantly replied, "Think nothing of it Doc Demi-Blondes are my favorites."

One of the most striking examples of the intense professional interest of the student body was the unanimous attendance at the State House when several bills pertaining to Optometry were being presented to the Committee on Public Health. Our feelings in regard to these matters were presented briefly but very forcefully and in the best professional manner by my co-historian, Donald Horley. His simple oration containing facts about the school, courses and professional training, coupled with his sincerity and clarity of deliverance held the attention of the members of the Committee throughout and I'm sure carried as much weight as the more lengthy and formal addresses of others.

Again in the spring of our Senior year we were the guests of the American Optical Company at their factory in Southbridge. This time we went not for the good time alone but to definitely absorb all that was to be seen or heard. We profited by our experience of the year before, and knowing that to see all of the plant would take a full week, concentrated our attention on the more important phases of the manufacture.

The various stages in the manufacture of the solid gold parts of frames attracted a great deal of interest, especially the vaults where the gold bullion was stored. In spite of the well-laid plans of Louis Mega and Benny Grossman to slip a few of the bars into their pockets, opportunity did not present itself and they had to be contented with just looking. Following the lunch and speeches in which some of the latest developments in Optometric instrumentation were explained, we journeyed to the baseball diamond for an hour of basbeall.

We returned from Southbridge with just two more weeks of school left. One can imagine the reaction of the class — not a date was made, not a class was cut, and the usual banter was strangely absent — WE WERE PREPARING FOR FINALS.

We can look ahead to our Banquet on Tuesday, Commencement Ball on Thursday, Graduation on Saturday — and beyond. Is it possible that at last we have reached the end of our scholastic journey and are now fitted to step into active participation in our great profession? We now realize the truth of Dr. Green's oft repeated phrase, "You'll be standing on Huntington Avenue with a diploma in your hands and won't know what to do with it." There is however one thing certain. We'll all meet again in the near future. And until then we wish you all, Class of '38, happiness, prosperity and many grateful patients to you all.



LENS GRINDING AND BEVELLING

OPTICS LABORATORY





CLINICAL STAFF

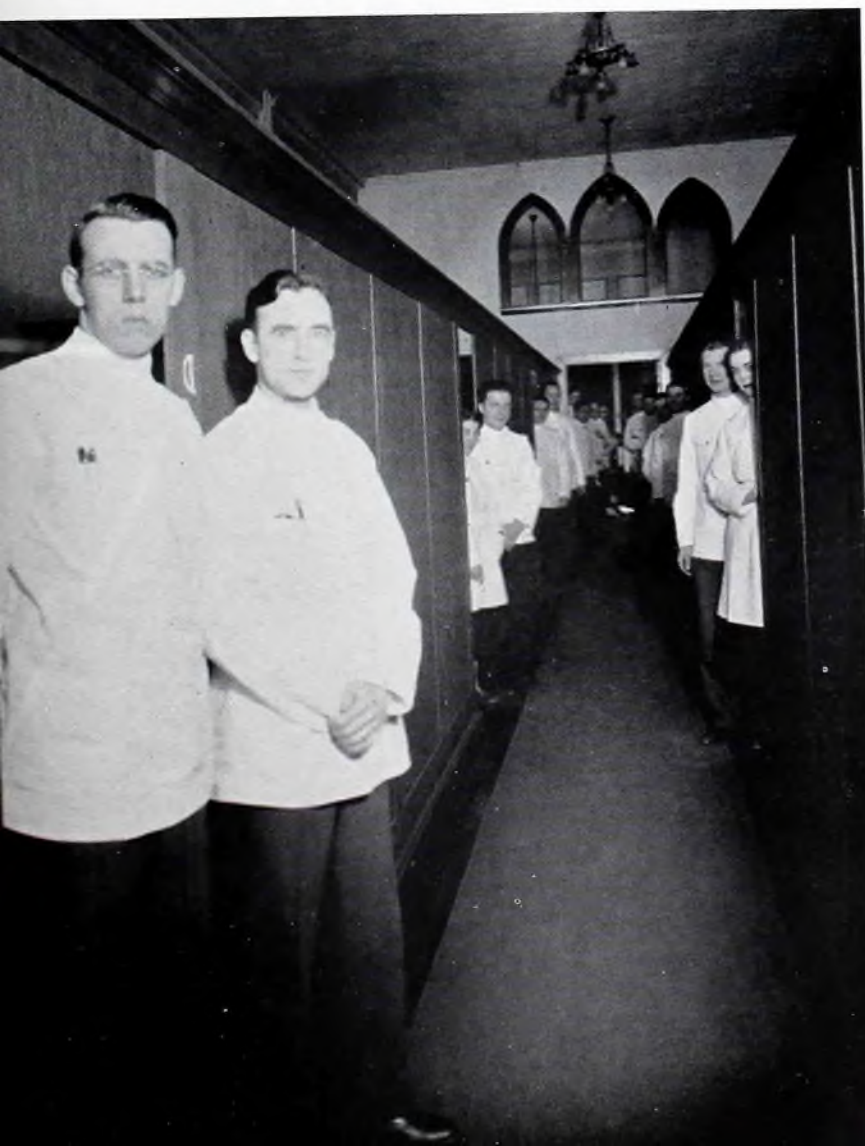
REFRACTION BOOTHS





REFRACTION

REFRACTION AND ORTHOPTIC BOOTHS



**CLASS OFFICERS
OF
1939**



THOMAS STONHOUSE
President



ARTHUR F. MARCH, JR.
Vice-President

ANTHONY SALERNO
Sergeant-at-Arms



PORTER DEXTER
Secretary



FRED WAGNER
Treasurer



JUNIOR A CLASS

Back Row: Esposito, Gilman, Dragone, Goldstein, Labdon, Leonard, Feltus, Bunnell
Fourth Row: Hughes, Braver, Lemoi, Green, Fine, Keller, Kahn, Hathaway, Hodgkins, Bouchard
Third Row: Aronson, Fradkin, Fromer, Ahearn, Eisenstadt, Guillette, Donovan, Fuller, Grieve, Eramo
Second Row: Capone, Wil. Clark, Win. Clark, Lepie, Flanagan, General, Dyer, Dexter, Berman, DeCyan, Howland, Hunt
Front Row: A. Davis, Hanley, Bolduc, Bessin, Cowan, Faldman, E. Davis, Hill, D'Angelo

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

by Arthur F. March, Jr.

It was with considerable interest, and a growing feeling of importance that the class of '39 reentered the doors of M. S. O. to embark upon the second third of their undergraduate career. Wednesday, September 15, 1937 was the date upon which we first actually realized that we were Juniors, upperclassmen no less—and now the year is over, exams safely passed (we hope) and there remains only one short hard dash before we're out of the woods and into the open, to be left there exposed to all the world, covered only by our cloak of professional dignity and armed with a little black book and a cranium stuffed full of miscellaneous facts and fancies.

But, perhaps, before we start worrying about what will happen to us after it is all over, it would be as well to stick to the matter in hand, and that at the moment means a mental review for all of us of the year just passed in the hope that the perspective from this distance will be such that the really important things stand out and the minor details, which may have seemed of tremendous significance at the time, will assume their true proportions and receive no more attention than they deserve.



JUNIOR B CLASS

Back Row: Sherr, McVay, Rosenthal, Parker, Trachtenberg, Myers, Taylor, Levitan
Fourth Row: Wright, Wood, Plummer, Rist, Schlosser, Woolf, Weiner, G. Reynolds, Weast, Nigro
Third Row: Ziegler, Zimmerman, MacLean, Weinberg, Wilde, Rinn, Muncy, Stevenson, Peterson, W. Reynolds
Second Row: Vale, Ochs, Wecker, Rodd, Salerno, March, Stonhouse, Wagner, Masse, Lynch, Yelowitz
Front Row: Sloane, Ochab, Noury, Schiano, Silver, Volovick

That, in our opinion, is about the only useful purpose which a class history can hope to achieve, with the possible exception of affording some slight amusement to its readers. We've often wondered just what the first class historian had in mind when he conceived the idea, not that we doubt but what he had a perfectly logical and legitimate excuse, but just because we'd like some idea of what is expected by the editor and the students when they demand a "class history". Of course, one definite reason that cannot be overlooked is that it's a custom, and certainly people do many foolish things merely because they are customary. And with that, and the statement in the last paragraph as our only excuse for inflicting this article on you we shall proceed, hoping that what appears on the surface as a necessary evil may afford pleasure or amusement to someone.

It was rather fun coming in to the first class on that September morning, greeting friends you hadn't seen for three months, looking around to see who hadn't showed up, and if there were any newcomers other than those with the lost look on their faces that simply yelled, "Freshman". It was fun feeling yourself back in familiar surroundings, being able to meet instructors with a feeling of genuine friendship and respect rather than with an inward thought of, "Wonder how tough he's going to be?" Yes, it was even fun, for a while, getting back into the old grind, nosing your way into that fog of theories and formulae and procedures.

Who was there that didn't feel right at home when good old Dr. Namias got us all down in the new shop and started things off with, "Well, Muncy, I suppose that's the best I can expect from you." It will be a long time before any of us forget those ominous words, "Bring me the lens that *you* think neutralizes it" or "Does that look neutral to *you*?" Funny how harmless those sentences look in print yet how much meaning they had when spoken by the one man who could do it properly. That is one illustration of which we had in mind when we made the statement at the beginning of this article concerning the relative importance of the events of the year. There are probably some students who took those remarks of Dr. Namias' pretty seriously at the time, felt a distinct sense of personal injury at the way he spoke; but there cannot be one now but realizes that he himself probably benefited from those very remarks. Certainly if you had the right stuff in you they served to spur you on to better work, even if only to prove to yourself and him that you were a better man than he pretended to make you out. And we must also realize now that the doctor undoubtedly knew the effect his words would have, and said them for the ultimate result they would produce rather than any immediate effect they might have on our personal feelings. The results he got justify his means of attaining them. So let Dr. Namias' motto be the words the father spoke to his erring son as he led him out to the woodshed, "My boy, this is going to hurt me more than it does you, but it's for your own *good*."

Then to add zest and interest to our second year, we were introduced to several new courses and two new instructors, namely Drs. Green and Cline. It actually seems impossible now that once, long ago, they were just names to us, that we weren't familiar with every mood, expression and action of these two men. Dr. Green's quick and enthusiastic delivery, his expressive hands, his ability to work us up to a fever pitch over some instrument or technique and then let us down abruptly with, "Well gentlemen, that is the theory but it doesn't work practically", are all so familiar to us now that it seems as if he had always been there," haranguing us, throwing great gobs of knowledge at our heads for us to attempt to catch and digest, or duck, as we see fit. Ten years from now just a glance over your Optometry notes will be sufficient to bring up a vivid picture of Dr. Green, excitedly pacing the platform, drawing complicated diagrams on the board while we craned our necks trying to decipher the weird jumble of symbols and atrocious writing used in explanation, or lolling back in one of the student chairs, never by any chance his own, calmly and easily explaining the inexplicable Cross Method.

And even now, after repeated exposure, we're not immune to surprise at Dr. Paul Cline's uncanny ability to handle figures. The first few times he picked the tangle of an angle right out of thin air we said, "Hmm, guess he must have just gone over this problem in the other class," but when the same thing occurred time after time we had to give in and actually believe that head was stuffed with more facts and figures than Duke Elder's famous door stop. And combined with this ability as a mathematician the doctor possesses a keen sense of humor and an immense amount of scientific curiosity. Remember the story about how his wife walked into the room one day and found him practicing skiometry on their three weeks old baby just to prove

to himself that all babies are born hyperopic?

(This so-called "history" seems to be turning into an exposition of the virtues and vices of our instructors, but after all they did play a fairly important part in our student life and an account of it would hardly seem complete without them.)

The school suffered a great loss during the early part of the year when Dr. Sloane left us to devote himself to his own practice. However, Dr. Spritz and Dr. Emmons stepped in and carried on nobly with his subjects. Dr. Spritz's lectures, to say the least, have been packed full of so much material on everything from measles to hydrops of the gall bladder (or something) that we're beginning to wonder whether we know more about the eye or the vermiform appendix.

The farther we go in writing this account of a very full year, the more impossible it seems to remember and record all the important events. Perhaps, taking a leaf from Dr. Green's book (not the little black one) it would be better to write the rest of it in outline form. Anyway it's worth a try.

DO YOU REMEMBER —

The Freshman Smoker, with Dr. Klein's pointed remark concerning myopes when he glanced over the rows of empty *front* seats; and the popularity of Fortin's efforts at the pianoforte.

The week of the Fraternity initiation and how sweet the Freshmen looked with their hair done up in elastics, and how noticeably missing that same forelock was the following week.

The Halloween dance at Ye Olde Lanterne.

The flood in the building followed by all the rejuvenating processes including the new pictures of the old grads. What a thrill to point out Dr. Green and say, "There he is when he didn't know any more than I do."

The Cross Method of Dynamic Skiametry.

Gilman's luck—or was it good judgment.

Those "dubiously" pleasant afternoons in the lab.

The inter-class dance at the Touraine.

Tony Salerno demonstrating the "big apple" at Loew's.

Our day at the State House.

The bowling league.

The trip to Southbridge.

The finals.

And so—the end of our second year. It really has been a good year, plenty of work but enough play to keep us going, and enough failure and success to prove to us all that the goal is worth striving for.

And now it's "so long, Juniors" 'til next September, when the good word will be,—"Hello, Senior! ! !"

**CLASS OFFICERS
OF
1941**

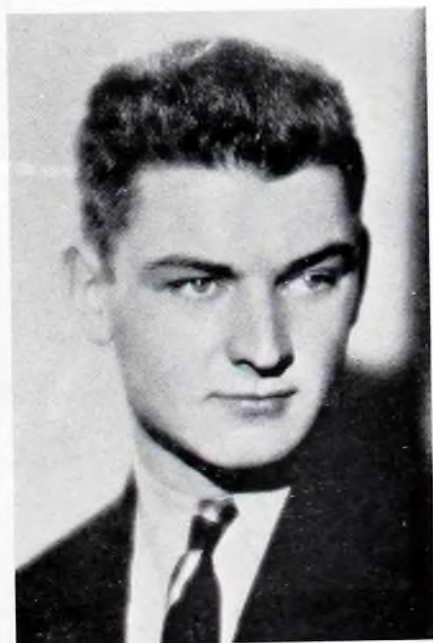


WILLIAM OLDACH
President



RALPH FRITZ
Vice-President

DAVID RALEY
Treasurer



EDMUND HYDE
Secretary



WILLIAM KILLILLEA
Sergeant-at-Arms

FROSH HISTORY

by Herbert S. Greenblatt

- SEPT. 16 9:00 A.M.: Dr. Brucker, ready to teach eager young freshmen the elemental (!) points of Algebra, casually strolls into Fresh. A. He stops, looks at the Class, seems rather startled, then turns and retraces his steps, guardedly looking over his shoulder. He, however, is probably reassured by the office's statement that we really are potential optometrists and are of average intelligence. He returns and demonstrates to an open-mouthed audience that a straight line is nowhere to be found and the difference between *lus* infinity and minus infinity is infinitely great.
- SEPT. 17: Anatomy quickly becomes our favorite subject. Goodfader immediately falls in love with Dr. Svendsen and is incurable until the first mid-term examinations.
- SEPT. 18: Byrd — "Eet ees too 'ot."
- SEPT. 21: Autumn begins and so does Dr. Namias. He warns us of trouble to come (it came), of sudden exams to come (they came), and of Practical Optics (we're gone). Gilman makes feeble effort to recover tuition fee and enroll in embalming school. (The big stiff!)
- OCT. 3: Freshman Smoker takes place and we learn about imaginaries (beer in empty glasses). Hindman succumbs to effects of cider and coffee.
- OCT. 5: Dr. Russel defines psychology as "why we do what we do when we do it."
- OCT. 12: Zzzzzzzzzzz! (very definitely.)
- OCT. 13: Pi Omicron Sigma gives bids to selected freshmen to attend Frat Smoker. Stillman smokes one El Ropo "Pride of the Gutter".
- OCT. 14: Stillman absent.
- OCT. 15: Stillman absent.
- OCT. 16: Stillman still absent.
- OCT. 17: Here!
- OCT. 18 — 23: "Hell Week". Various freshmen do various things. White gloves and half-and-half shoes are in order.
- NOV. 3: Tulskey, Rogolsky, Mayer, Gilman, Fritz and Greenblatt forget their toupee's. Rappaport forgets everything.
- NOV. 11: Zzzzzzzzzzz! (most definitely.)
- NOV. 12: Byrd — "Eet ees too 'ot."
- NOV. 17: Examinations — the freshman class unused to such proceedings secretly plans uprising but ring-leaders succumb to colic.
- NOV. 18: Examinations — freshman class plan uprising. Ring-leaders again succumb.
- NOV. 23: Examinations completed — freshmen succumb.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Back Row: Gilder, Whitehouse, Ward, Pastor, Glixman, Winslow, Plett, Ramsden
Fourth Row: Estey, Storer, Jaffe, Toy, M. Taddonio, Hymoff, Rogolsky, Bowman, Karlson, Hunter, Kornetsky
Third Row: Byrd, Stillman, Di Natali, Kish, Aronson, White, Wolfson, Sullivan, Goodfader, Greenblatt, Beckwith, Corrente
Second Row: Goldberg, J. Taddonio, Savin, Hyde, Fritz, Oldach, Ralby, Killillea, Mayer, Weisberg, Snyder, Sklar
Front Row: Saulnier, Hindman, Rappaport, Tulskey, Dorris, Joseph, Gillman, Labelle

NOV. 29: Goldberg returns from Thanksgiving vacation ready to talk turkey.

DEC. 5: Byrd gives remarkable discourse on giants and the effects of full moon on unsuspecting freshman.

DEC. 17 — JAN 3: No school!

JAN. 3: School!

JAN. 17: Hymoff's niece is born. Both Hymoff and baby are reported to be doing fine. Dr. Svendsen is named virtual godmother.

JAN. 21 — 28: Freshman Class suffers fate worse than death — examinations.

FEB. 2: Marks are passed out — so do 14 freshmen.

FEB. 5: Byrd — "Eet ees too 'ot."

FEB. 8: Joseph discovers one flat tire on one flat Ford. Fifty-five freshmen suspected.

- FEB. 13: Dr. Brucker observes that most freshmen spend too little time in third grade. Freshmen seem abashed.
- FEB. 13: It is observed that twenty-four freshmen wear Rx's. Dorris says that this is perfect advertising.
- FEB. 21: Killillea defines "Booth" as something to get out of.
- FEB. 29: We learn about the seven kinds of mental delinquents. On looking about us we discover three more types.
- MARCH 3: Byrd — "Eet ees too 'ot."
- MARCH 8: Dr. Harris demonstrates double-crossing methods.
- MARCH 10: Ward casually observes that approximately 50% of all the married people in the U. S. are women!
- MARCH 11: Freshmen take Class picture. Rogolsky complains on absence of "birdie".
- MARCH 15: We compile favorite faculty sayings:
Dr. Brucker — "There it is, it's all yours."
Dr. Harris — "How's that?"
Dr. Russel — "Laaa Belle."
Dr. Svendsen — "From before backwards, from memory."
Dr. Namias — "For the present, it's right but you'll learn later on that it isn't."
- MARCH 17: Saint Patrick's Day. Byrd — "Eet ees too 'ot."
- MARCH 18: Correnti notes pastoral effect of Theoretic Optics. He says that moo one, moo two, and grazing emergence remind him of the basking bovines on his farm in R. I.
- MARCH 21: During informal "sike" discussion, Mayer observes that the greatest author the world has ever known is a fellow by the name of "Anonymous".
- MARCH 22: Byrd — "Eet ees too 'ot."
- And so on to the bitter end. Clinicians, faculty and office-staff agree unanimously that our Class is *the* class as far as hypophrenics are concerned. Freshmen however are of uncertain nature and temperament and who knows, maybe next year we *will* study and "get" the material in spite of ourselves.
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Standing: Mark Budilov, C. Henry Chevalier

Seated: Leo N. Gibbons, A. Veronica Meagher, William Oldach, Thomas Stonhouse

STUDENT COUNCIL

It is the earnest desire of the student council that its efforts to produce a spirit of cooperation and good fellowship among the undergraduates has been in some measure successful during the past year.

Not as the voice of authority but rather in an advisory capacity it may be said, that while not indispensable, this group plays a large, but unobtrusive part in the affairs of the school. The problems considered during the year are not difficult or monotonous but are interesting and diversified, touching upon every phase of the scholastic life of the student.

We hope that year after year in the normal course of events its value in the mind of student and instructor alike will increase, and that it will continue to be a part of the school, helping to plow, plant and harrow the mind of the undergraduate and to instil in him a desire to do his best during his few years at the Massachusetts School of Optometry and thus build a firm foundation for success in his future professional life.

— Leo N. Gibbons, '38, Pres.



P. O. S. SENIORS

Back Row: Bregman, Czelusniak, Fortin, Rand, Weathers, Holt, Swartz
 Second Row: Dexter, Alie, Levandoski, Hughes, Grossman, Budilov, Rabinovitz
 Front Row: Massucco, Wiskalis, Horley, Cerruti, Chevalier, Bouvier, M. Harris, Shannon

C. HENRY CHEVALIER
Chancellor

DONALD HORLEY
Vice-Chancellor

EDWARD CERRUTI
Secretary



Π Ο Σ

ALFONSE WISKALIS
Guardian of Exchequer

PHILIP BOUVIER
Sergeant-at-Arms

PI OMICRON SIGMA

Pi Omicron Sigma Fraternity was founded in 1913 at the Massachusetts School of Optometry. Realizing the marked contrast between the enrollment of a few months then in effect and the four year course now presented and the limited enrollment of a few students as contrasted by hundreds now attending school, the difficulties in establishing this fraternity can be realized. No sooner were the officers elected, their ambitions realized, and their plans made when their training period was at an end—and still another group of men assumed their place. A permanent treasury was then unknown; with each ensuing class a new financial system was started from scratch, the previous class having dissolved its treasury instead of allowing it to accumulate from year to year. The fraternity flame continued to flicker periodically in this way for many years—it never completely dying before it was fanned up by the next class. In the year during Dr. Green's attendance, he realized the



P. O. S. UNDERGRADUATES

Back Row: Dragone, Taylor, Wagner, Wilde, Stonhouse, Leonard, Schlosser, Ralby, Bouchard
Fourth Row: Fine, Fradkin, Berman, G. Reynolds, Dexter, Ahearn, Ragolsky, Howland, Hathaway, Silver, Noury
Third Row: Hill, Sloane, Tulsy, Braver, A. Davis, Bunnell, Myers, Wolfson, Weast, Peterson, Hodgkins, D'Angelo
Second Row: Ziegler, Win. Clark, Capone, Wil. Clark, Green, E. Davis, Lepie, March, Rapoport, General, Bessin
Front Row: Bolduc, Mayer, Gillman, Fritz, Faldmen, Sklar, Greenblatt, Hunt, Ochs

possibilities of the brotherhood and raked the smouldering coals together forming the basis of the relatively well-established frat we have at present.

Many forward strides were made in the year '36-'37. Those members living away from home suggested procuring a frat house somewhere near the school where they could live together during the school year. No suitable location having been found, a frat room near the school was arbitrarily selected where the boys could study or pursue recreational interests during free periods. The fire of fraternalism was then passed on to our Class and the hope expressed that we would carry on and continue in establishing $\Pi O \Sigma$ as an indispensable asset to M. S. O.

When the '38 officers convened in the fall we decided not to reopen the frat room previously held, but to investigate and find larger quarters. A fortunate business agreement was struck and we established headquarters in a four-room apartment next to the school. Through the coöperation of the members the apartment was furnished and has been an asset to the frat in appearance as well as usefulness all year.

In order that those Senior pledges might benefit from a more complete year's membership, the initiation period was held in the fall instead of during the late winter as had previously been the custom. The pledge period was short but "impressive" and was terminated by "Hell Night" held in the country where noise would pass unnoticed and any blood that might be spilled would do not damage.



SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

As the prime purpose of any fraternal order is to propagate social activities, so $\Pi O \Sigma$ is no exception, sponsoring a complete program of educational lectures, formal and informal dances and banquets. The Halloween Poverty Party was probably the least pretentious and yet most enjoyable affair of the year. Several stag suppers where business and general topics were discussed were held about town. The Semi-formal Valentine Dance at Belmont Country Club was held in February and enjoyed by "all". Several lectures were presented at the school to which the entire student body was invited. The annual formal was a great success and very well attended—favors being given to the ladies.

As this was the 25th anniversary of $\Pi O \Sigma$ it was decided to convert the annual banquet into a 25th anniversary banquet. Notices were sent out to all frat brothers and optometric publications in hopes of having a "bang-up" reunion and giving the affair over to the "old timers". The banquet was held at the Hotel Manger with Dr. Namias presiding as Master of Ceremonies. A large number of graduates was present who were told of our activities during recent years, how we had progressed and of our plans for the future.

As we think back over the innumerable good times we have had together as "brothers", we suddenly realize that our undergraduate years have slipped away into the misty past—and that we also go out now to join the ranks of "the old timers". It is with a catch in our throat that we pass on to you this fire of fraternalism. We hope that you continue to make it blaze brighter even as we have tried to do, so that when we meet at Fraternal anniversaries in the future we may say, "Pi Omicron Sigma is not only the oldest, but also the best optometric fraternity in existence."



Standing: Theresa Guarino; Veronica Meagher, *President*; Ruth Masse, *Treasurer*
Seated: Madelyn Dyer; Marion Donovan, *Secretary*; Eleanor Lynch; Amelia Rodd, *Vice-President*

EPSILON OMICRON SIGMA

Nineteen hundred and thirty-eight — one of the most salient periods in our existence — past, present and future — for it marks for us the greatest exodus yet to occur within our ranks. Salient because this exodus will either make or break our organization.

After three short years the three of us — Marion Donovan, Theresa Guarino and yours hopefully — have come to the depressing realization that our Sorority days have terminated, meaning the cessation of such as the enthusiastic (yet oh, so friendly!) arguments instigated by the diversity of opinions; the end of politic decisions on the part of those incharge to keep peace in the family; the sympathetic interests in the outcome of mid-years; the quality or state of mind of being utterly free from worries and self consciousness in the midst of enjoyment; borrowing and interchanging of clinical coats; and *probably* the end of the vivid discussions of the humorous conceit of a mere man. However, the memories of these in themselves will serve as a reparation to greatly neutralize the caustic effect of the sudden cleavage of active comradeship. And comradeship most aptly describes our association. It was inevitable — partly because of the sparsity in numbers and partly because of the predominant temperaments — that our Sorority life would not be a whirl of scintillating social activities. Verily, it was not our ambition that it be such. Realizing ourselves to be "roses among thorns" and being aware of the fact that if these thorns were sufficiently dominant and menacing, we would be forced to "eat the humble pie" — we worked on the basis that the rose should be made compensatingly more attractive lest such a fatality occur. To fortify ourselves, we supplied nutrient to the roots inducing coagulation and blooming prominence; result — a cliquey group — though not too impregnable. This is in itself the epitome of pleasure and enjoyment.

Consequently, in the review of the years, we bask in the recollections

of such as the first formal in our infant year; or the weird, impressive initiations in the second season; or the invigorating — and so deteriorating hikes in the Blue Hills; the week-ends in Marlboro or Pearl's graduation party; the several dinner and theatre parties which served as excellent revivification after the numerous exams; and, though they are still in the offing, the last gala formal — and the most eccentric of all — the bowling tournament which promised to be an unforgettable treasure. But should, by some strange working of Fate, the intangible associations with E. O. S. begin to grow dim with the years we shall always have as a material reminder in the delicate form of our black and gold keys which we obtained this year — primarily for that purpose.

It is hardly conceivable, however, that we shall ever forget our one and only Sorority. As it should be, we ourselves are the very essence of it and much of our future has been destined by its very existence. We are now in that stage wherein we are impressionable — greatly at our own discretion — as well as in the period wherein we are most firmly and conclusively formulating our principles. It is inevitable, therefore, that each of us in our individuality — and they are distinct — should impress the others with one of our predominant characteristics. For example, Pearl, our first graduating member, taught us the essential lesson that we are every bit as skilled and probably a bit more refined than the competitor. From the tribulations and stumbling blocks apparently placed in Theresa's path during the past three years and the admirable way that she overcame them, reminds us that there is no such word as discouragement in the vocabulary of a life-loving being. Marion's poise and mien make it known to us that it is possible to be utterly feminine and yet an Optometrist. From Eleanor we have learnt that a smile and a song and the spirit of true resignation is the basic receipt for happiness. A most advantageous principle we might have accepted from Amelia — that which states that "No one is concerned about Johnny but Johnny" — the primary law of nature. And still, not in the least contradictory, Madelyn imparts to us the principle that the only way to have friends is to be one. When in the midst of a "kittenish" discussion, Ruth's obvious silence or seemingly out of place kind remark, like a dash of cold water to the sleeper in that it so shudderingly reminds us that charity is a virtue and could be acquired to good end. By the experiences of Doris we are impressed with the fact that, though clear thinking is essential for a measure of success, thought alone is not sufficient — there must be an equal amount of action for results. . . . And my contribution — articles (for the want of a worse word) few and far between, written for the SCOPE — scribbled off for my amusement and your amazement.

It should seem inevitable, therefore, that we acquire at least one of these characteristics after three years of close association. And whichever one it is — it will be one that, if nothing else, was gained by this association — justified the existence of Epsilon Omicron Sigma. From this panegyric or validictory, it is evident that for we departing members there is one consolation — that the adhesive bond of fraternalism cannot be broken by a mere square of parchment. And it is our sincerest wish that this bond, in the fullest sense, prevails through the years.

— A. Veronica Meagher



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Ossen, Rosen, Rosenthal, *Manager*
Second Row: Friedman, *Coach:* Fox, Levandoski, *Captain:* Fradkin
Front Row: Saitz, Greene, Braver, Wolfson

SPORTS

by Maynard S. Rosen

It is with excessive lacrymation that we write this, our last "Sport Eyelights" How well we remember our first year at this school at which time it was learned that the only outlet for our inherent desire for sports was basketball. Knowing nothing about the game, genial Barney Levin, who was then manager, undertook the gruelling task of teaching us the basic principles and finer points of the game. After attending practice sessions at the Burrough's Newsboys' Foundation where Coach Sol Naglin officiated, we began to catch on and knew what to look for in the coming games. Many were the losing and few the winning battles fought by this team. It was only after defeats that we learned that the boys of M. S. O. were good sports — "they could take it."

Then came the junior year when Barney Levin, now manager-coach, graduated me from basketball fan number one of M. S. O. to official score-keeper. We now had a greatly improved team which won a few games and were close seconds on the remainder of the schedule. The type of basketball played at M. S. O. was now definitely on the upgrade. Levin did a fine job of moulding a team from the rough material he found and all were sorry to see him leave.

Before we knew it the senior year was reached and again we were promoted, (in sport circles) we became sports-editor of the SCOPE. Managers



M. S. O. VS. HARVARD DENTAL

Ossen and Rosenthal together with Dr. Ralph Green, our faculty adviser, and the press, all coöperated to make this the best season the hoopsters ever had. This term we practiced and played on the YMCA court, and now wish to thank all the "Y" officials for the courtesies extended us.

The first problem of the year was the raising of funds for the team, to which end a raffle was successfully conducted. Then followed a series of practice sessions which served to select those veterans and newcomers who would represent M. S. O. in basketball circles. For the first time in its history our quintet defeated their arch-enemy, the Roxbury Boy's Club who later, in a return game, dealt us our only defeat of the year. Our quintet twice defeated Massachusetts College of Osteopathy and Salem Teachers' College (J. V.) and administered single defeats to Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Harvard Dental School students.

	<i>M.S.O.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
Roxbury Boys Club	33	31
Massachusetts College of Osteopathy	43	35
Salem Teachers' College	41	26
Massachusetts College of Osteopathy	32	27
Salem Teachers' College	42	30
Roxbury Boys' Club	42	78
Harvard Dental School	56	46
Massachusetts College of Pharmacy	50	30
	<hr/> 339	<hr/> 303

To celebrate this hyper-successful season the team climaxed it with a basketball game and dance which was so successful we hope it becomes an annual affair.

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



OPTOMETRY CLUB

This undergraduate society was established in 1928 by a small group of students of high scholastic standing. Essentially, the purpose of this organization was to broaden our scope of optometric knowledge by advanced discussions and lectures, somewhat on the idea of the national honorary scholastic fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa. Membership is open only to upper-classmen whose average rating at the end of the school year is 85 % or over.

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THERE'S A TEAR IN MY

EYE, EYE, SUH!

by Maury Ossen

EYE-O-AGAIN —

This is the last in a series of columns written especially for THE SCOPE by the oversigned as an undergraduate. . . . The past has crept up and engulfed three years of happy writing days. . . . To be frank—as this final article was begun a funny feeling came over us . . . in fact, we swallowed two or three times and then, with courage we never knew we possessed, we continued on. . . . Oh! Well that's life!

As a final fling, we've decided to let you in on an interesting interview we had a few days back. So here goes. . . .

* * * * *

I have just entered the office of a well known New England Ophthalmologist—I settle comfortably in one of those old fashioned chairs—pick up a picture magazine (one with 2,000,000 circulation, you know)—turn pages rapidly until the section featuring bathing beauties is reached—this holds my attention, but definitely—a feminine voice brings me, suddenly, back to reality—"May I be of any assistance?"—I look up—there stands hovering over me the most beautiful girl these foveae of mine ever had the privilege of imaging (my mind pleased in the fusion of the two)—"yes," I answer, "don't paralyze my ciliaries—I want to see you clearly"—she smiles and repeats her question—I told her I was there for the purpose of interviewing the Doctor and, surprisingly so, I was immediately led to the person I desired to see. Doctor X appeared to be about fifty or so and startled me me by being so genial. I spoke first:

OSSEN: Doctor, I'm a senior in optometry school. I've come to see you primarily to get your viewpoint of optometry—and to obtain a message for fifty-odd ladies and gentlemen who will be graduate optometrists in a few weeks.

DR.: Well, I feel highly honored and appreciative and I'll try to send you out of my office satisfied. First of all, when your class receives their diplomas they are certain to feel like a certain fellow I heard about—

"It happened during the San Francisco earth-quake of 1906. This fellow was just getting out of bed when the earth trembled and the victim took hold of the wall; this giving way he tried to steady himself by taking hold of a tree. It was uprooted. Finally, as he so admirably expressed it, 'there was nothing else to cling to except myself'."

To answer your question as to my viewpoint of Optometry—Well, every profession has its faults and yours is no exception

OSSEN (*breaking in*): That is a very tactful answer; but your viewpoint about Optometry still remains absent. Perhaps you will answer this one, though. What did you think of the article, "Optometry on Trial", in the *Reader's Digest*?

DR.: It's not what I think that matters. However, Optometry should heed this advice —

When criticized, "Learn to keep silent — hear all and speak little. Don't answer back. Talk convinces no one. Your life and character proclaim you more than any argument you can put forth."

OSSEN: In what ways can Optometry better itself?

DR.: Pythagoras answers that perfectly, "Feed not yourself with your left hand." Get your living openly and avoid all left-handed dealing. But mind you — that holds for all professions and not yours alone.

OSSEN: How will Optometry fare in the future?

DR.: I'll quote again — "The curtain of the future is drawn." Optometry should not worry about the future — for you know, "The mind that is anxious about the future is miserable."

* * * * *

In closing — If we had the eyes of tomorrow, we'd want to see a path lined with success that all of you will tread upon. May you never have to wish to be happier . . . Again we say, with a pang knocking at the door of our heart, EYE'LL BE SEEING YOU.

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