

*Nineteen hundred
and forty-nine*

Reflections

*Massachusetts
School of Optometry*

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149
949

REFLECTIONS...

of the Class of

Nineteen Hundred and

and Forty-Nine



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N49
1949



Foreword

This year's "Reflections" is planned to feature the activities and personalities of the Class of 1949, and also to offer a comprehensive view of student life at M. S. O. Our goal has not been literary fame, but rather to recall our metamorphosis from eager, searching students into unmitigated professional men; and a means by which we may recall the transformation of M. S. O. from a school to a new home for Optometry in New England. During our stay at school, the purchase of the new building was perhaps the most important step forward in bringing about better public and professional relations for Optometry. We will also recall the adoption of the five year educational program at M. S. O., another step towards higher ethical and educational standards in Optometry.

In years to come, perhaps an occasional glance through these pages will remind us of the young men and women we once were and of the ideals we carried with us from school into practice.

J. L. H.



ARTHUR O. BRUCE, M.D.

DEDICATION

311

A diminutive part of life is original but rather we choose patterns by which we can attempt to duplicate the ideal. Our pattern is a man of infinite patience and understanding with whom no individual can come in contact without a feeling of having gained power and confidence. His voluminous knowledge is imparted with the true mark of a learned scholar and most of all with humility. In observing him, we commend and strive to emulate his sincerity, his sympathy, and his feeling toward each separate human being. He has been a well of information giving counsel and guidance in all matters. His profundity is cloaked in attributes of quietude, humbleness, spontaneous wit, and common sense.

Dr. Bruce is our ideal as a man and a gentleman. His is a gauge by which we will measure our development in future years.

In Memoriam

Gertrude McDonald Klein

August 7, 1948

Gertrude M. Klein, widow of Dean Theodore F. Klein, was a woman of unusual tact, sympathy, and understanding. She entered into the interests of her husband and her children so completely that one was likely to forget that she had a character of her own.

While her husband was active in conducting the affairs of the School, she was content to remain in the background. She was keenly interested in its affairs, however, and on his death she was quick to respond to its needs. She recognized that reorganization would be necessary that the school might continue, and became a valued member of the Board of Trustees. Never ambitious for herself, she was ambitious that the School, founded by her father-in-law, August A. Klein, M.D., and carried on by her husband, should continue to grow and take a prominent place in optometrical education as their living memorial.

For almost a year we worked and slaved
Thru snow and rain—all elements we braved.
To the printer and advertisers we did run
To get the Reflections, your year-book, done.

'Twas no joke, we'll have you know
When Jablow said, "We have no dough."
And Dottie and Ruthie typed thru the nite
So our proofs would look neat and bright.

And so busy were our feature writers
You can bet Klar and Barresi were no first nighters.
But pitch in they all did and the results are here
We're sure you'll like it—we have no fear.

J. L. H.

REFLECTIONS STAFF



The editor extends his sincere gratitude and appreciation to all the members of the staff. These people gave earnestly of their time and effort to produce a year-book of which all of us, as members of the '49 graduating class can be proud.

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Associate Editor

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DOROTHY CZECHOWSKI



HERMAN L. KLEIN, O.D.
President of the School;
President of the Board of Trustees

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The year-book is always one of the most eagerly anticipated publications of the student body. It is a constant reminder in the years to come to graduates of the pleasurable years they spent and the new friendships made.

I congratulate the staff for the great amount of time, effort, and the managerial skill which were essential for the successful production of this well-edited book.

The graduating class of 1949 is welcome into the ever-expanding ranks of the Alumni. May you be earnest and sincere in your practice, ever striving to maintain the high standards of your profession.



RALPH H. GREEN, O.D., D.O.S., F.A.A.O.

Dean of the School; Vice-President of the Board of Trustees;

Instructor in Theoretic and Applied Optometry

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAN

Your life as an optometrist may be divided into two great areas. The first is that of your technical and professional competence and responsibility. In that area you will be the administrator engrossed in the problem of practical achievement. Here you will need the principles in which you were instructed in the Massachusetts School of Optometry to guide your way in the clinical practice of optometry.

The second area is that part of life in which you will be required to think and form principles. Your principles will be influenced by the opinions and prejudices of those around you and by those you serve in a professional capacity, by the limitations of your ability, and by the inertia of society.

You leave this school richly endowed for your chosen profession. But your life will be a failure if you forget your other functions, that of thinking through and establishing principles. You should take your part in church, state, and social and human welfare. You should be well informed along those lines so that you can guide and help those about you.

This generation is already overloaded with technical experts who are valueless in other spheres of activity. Your technical ability is not the measure of your value in society. Measure yourself by the principles to which you are pledged and pour out your strength that such principles prevail in your every activity as a citizen of your community.

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Corrective Optometry

JOHN B. WHITNEY, O.D.
Analytical Optometry



The

Senior

Class



JACK ABUGOV

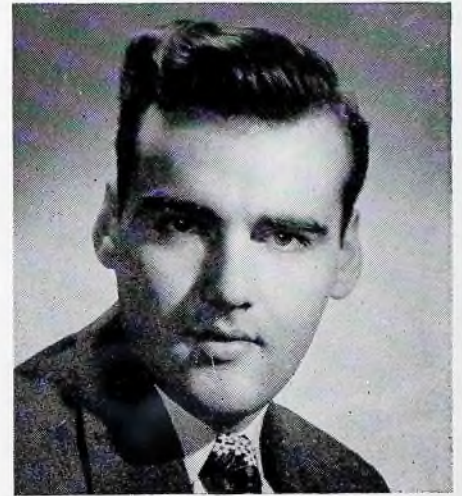
115 GLENVILLE AVE. ALLSTON, MASS.
Northeastern University; High Point College
Softball

"Being content is half the battle."

RUSSELL F. ALDRICH, Jr.

59 FAIRVIEW ST. FITCHBURG, MASS.

"A quiet good fellow, but silence has its say."

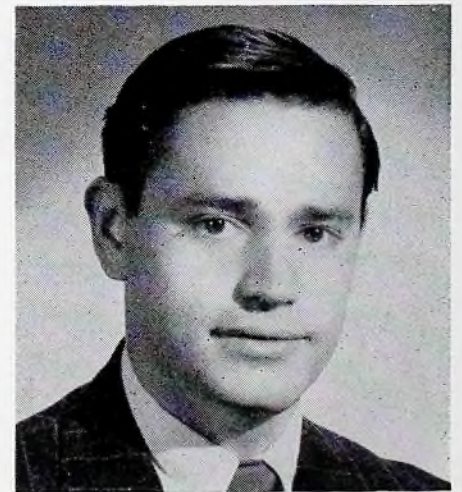


GEORGE BADEN

85 CONGRESS AVE. CHELSEA, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma.

"Still waters run deep."

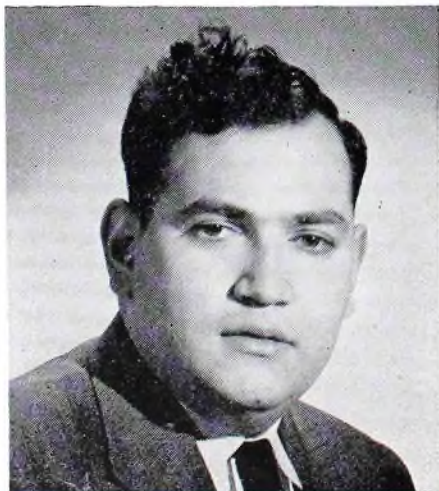


MITCHELL M. BAGDIGIAN

134 ELM ST. WORCESTER, MASS.
Northeastern University

Pi Omicron Sigma.

"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of personality."



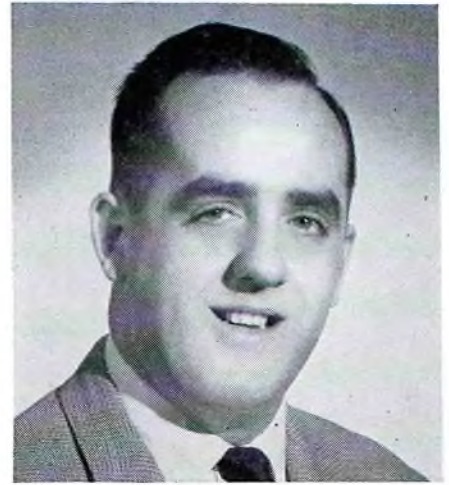
DONALD H. BARNES

77 TOPHAM ST. NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Brown University

Softball

"A more jolly person is not to be found."



JOSEPH V. BARRESI

336 NO. MAIN ST. PRESQUE ISLE, ME.

Pi Omicron Sigma, Corresponding Secretary 3;
Treasurer 4; Freshman Dance Committee; The Scope
Staff 3, 4; Class Historian 3, 4; "Reflections" Staff.

"Infinite riches in a little man."



JOHN H. BLAXLAND

10 JULIAN ST. ROXBURY, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma, Student Council 2.

"He says little but thinks a great deal."

JOHN M. BRINKERHOFF

R. F. D. No. 1 WOOSTER, OHIO

B.A., Wooster College

Omega Epsilon Phi, "Reflections" Staff.

"His charm and ease speak volumes."





ROBERT E. BROWNSWORD

37 EAGLE ST.

NO. ADAMS, MASS.

Massachusetts State Teachers College

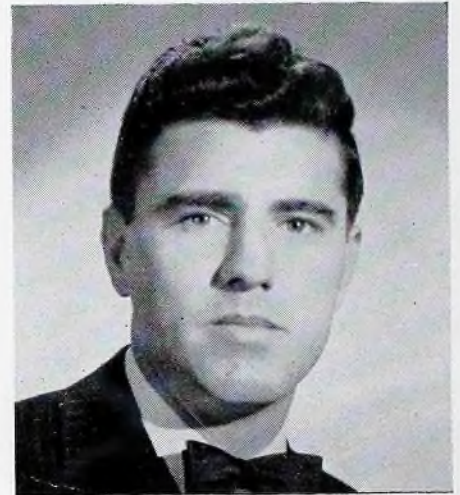
Omega Epsilon Phi.

"A splendid man with a real purpose in life."

JAMES R. BYRON

6 FERNALD TERRACE DORCHESTER, MASS.

*"Long live the merry heart that laughs by
night and day."*



SALVATORE CESARO

89 HOME AVE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"A smile for everyone."



ABRAHAM COHEN

30 PROSPECT ST.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Softball

*"His manner and smile make him worth
while."*

LOUIS A. CUTLER

78 VARNUM ST. ARLINGTON, MASS.

Williams College; Lenoir Rhyne College

Omega Epsilon Phi, "Reflections" Staff.

"Efficient and capable in every way."



DOROTHY E. CZECHOWSKI

23 EMERALD AVE. WEBSTER, MASS.

Epsilon Omicron Sigma, Class Secretary 1, 2, 3, 4;
Student Council 3, 4; Freshman Dance Committee,
Junior Dance Committee; Eye-Ball Committee 3;
"Reflections" Staff.

"A girl with whom you are at ease."



WALTER E. DONAHUE

45 UNDINE ROAD BRIGHTON, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"Earnest effort carries one far."

ARTHUR ELEFTHERIO

3 CHESTNUT ST. FITCHBURG, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma.

"A friend to all, foes he has none."





HERBERT C. EMPLE

17 ELM ST.

BANGOR, ME.

Softball

"Mischievous and laughter go hand in hand."

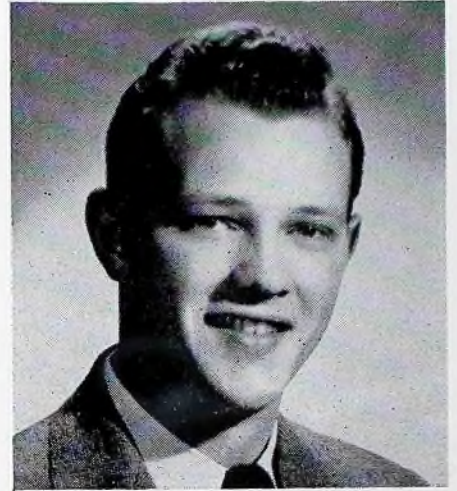
WILLIAM J. FARLAND

56 MAIN ST.

WHITINSVILLE, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi, Scribe 4; Freshman Dance Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Student Council 3, 4; "Reflections" Staff.

"He accomplishes something every day. Good at work and good at play."



ROBERT P. GABRIEL

170 MAPLE ST.

MALDEN, MASS.

University of Arkansas

Omega Epsilon Phi, Sargent at Arms 3.

"His height of stature further emphasizes his strength of character."



FARRELL C. GALLAWAY

NEWTON, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"Much is expected of a strong character."

EDWARD F. GAVIN, Jr.

18 WEST PARK ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Providence College

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"A man of affairs."



WILLIAM J. GILMAN

45 TEWKSBURY ST. WINTHROP, MASS.

Boston University; Boston College

Omega Epsilon Phi, Student Council 2.

"A mixture of pep, good fun and excitement."



LEON M. GINSBURG

55 FULLER ST. WALTHAM, MASS.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Pi Omicron Sigma, Vice-Chancellor 3, 4; Junior Dance Committee; Eye-Ball Committee 3; "Reflections" Staff.

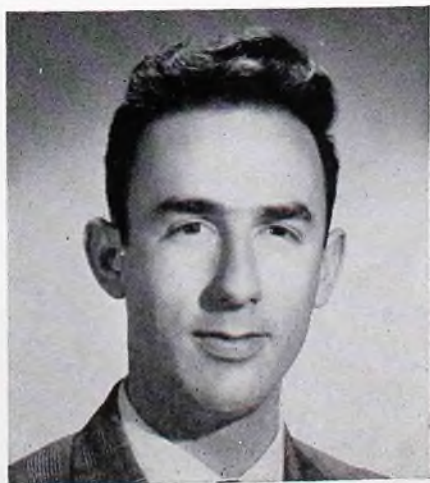
"His smile brings many friends."

ARTHUR E. GREENBERG

6 GREENOCK ST. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma, Eye-Ball Committee 3; "Reflections" Staff.

"The key to success is naturalness."





DONALD J. GRIGUTIS

185 FAIRVIEW ST. NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Pi Omicron Sigma.

"Friends he will have for many a day."

JOSEPH LEWIS HERMAN

106 ADAMS ST. HARTFORD, CONN.
Rochester Athenaeum & Mechanics Institute

Omega Epsilon Phi; The Scope staff 1, 2; Business
Manager 3, 4; "Reflections", Editor-in-Chief.

"Cooperative in spirit and high in aim."



EDWARD F. HOLMAN, Jr.

154 TURNER ROAD SCITUATE, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"An energetic and sincere fellow."



RICHARD R. HOLMES

NEWINGTON, CONN.

Omega Epsilon Phi, Treasurer 3, 4.

"A pleasing disposition is a great achievement."

NORMAN JABLOW

81 KIRKLAND ST. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Louisiana State University

Omega Epsilon Phi, Student Council 2, 3, 4; President 3, 4; "Reflections" Business Manager.

"In all things undertaken, he gives the best he has."



RICHARD JELLERSON

SANFORD, ME.

"An artist in many ways including making friends."



NORMAN M. KAHN

147 FOURTH ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Omega Epsilon Phi, Corresponding Secretary 4; Eye-Ball Committee 1.

"Persistent effort spells success."

ALBERT L. KING

11 REVERE ST. BROCKTON, MASS.

Northeastern University

Omega Epsilon Phi, "Reflections" Staff.

"Actions are the best interpreters of thought."





STANLEY R. KLAR

18 KNOLLWOOD ST. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
American International College, Syracuse
University

"Reflections" Staff.

"Knowledge is gained by asking questions."

ALVIN E. KOTLER

182 RUTHVEN ST. ROXBURY, MASS.

"Character is more than intellect."



BERTRAM KRASSIN

146 SUTHERLAND ROAD BRIGHTON, MASS.

Davis and Elkins College

Omega Epsilon Phi, Student Council 3.
Softball.

"Always ready to serve."



JOHN H. LEARY

6 BROOKHOUSE DRIVE, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
University of Michigan

"The way to have a friend is to be one."

CHARLES ERWIN LEVIS, Jr.

164 CLAFLIN ST.

BELMONT, MASS.

Dartmouth College

"He has a manner both quiet and pleasing."



EUGENE J. LONGO

79 HAVERHILL ST.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"Helpful and true to all."



ALEXANDER C. MacLEAN

17 WINCH ST.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

President Senior Class.

"Deeds are better things than words."

ARNOLD MANDEL

194 RIDGEWOOD AVE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

B.A., Brooklyn College

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"Always ready with a smile."





JOHN J. MEAGHER, Jr.

193 PLAYSTEAD ROAD MEDFORD, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi, Corresponding Secretary 2; Vice-President 4; Student Council 1.

"Personality, pep, and plenty of go."

SANFORD MONSEIN

19 WINTHROP ST. MALDEN, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma, Corresponding Secretary 4.

"Silence is as deep as eternity."



ROBERT P. MORITZ

51 SAGAMORE ST. DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Here's a fellow who is dependable, precise and true."



DONALD L. NAHIGYAN

DARTMOUTH & GREENWOD, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

Softball.

"A man honest, reliable and steady."

PAUL E. PARENT

1 RAY ST. WEST WARWICK, R. I.

Dartmouth; Yale

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"Possessed of a keen sense of humor."



EDMUND A. PLONOWSKI

319 HAMPSHIRE ST. LAWRENCE, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"His pleasant spirit is always welcome."



HASKELL IRVING RAPOPORT

49 WALES ST. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma, Scribe 1; Sargent at Arms 3, 4;
"Reflections" Staff.

"In worry he does not believe."

MELVIN A. RICHMOND

17 MELVIN AVE. BRIGHTON, MASS.

University of Massachusetts; Louisiana State
University

Omega Epsilon Phi, Student Council 1.

*"Most alert and eager in everything he under-
takes."*



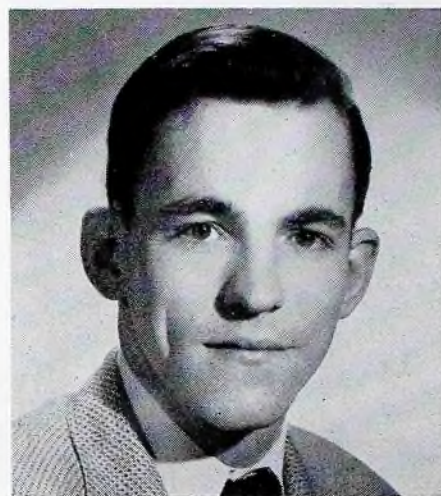


NORMAN F. RILEY

141 PECKHAM ST. NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi, Student Council 4.

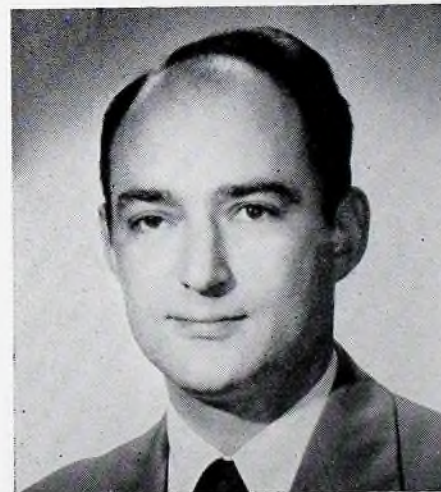
"The quiet mind is richer than a crown."



JOSEPH M. ROCKETT, Jr.

263 WALNUT ST. FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Humor like his is seldom found."



SAMUEL RUBIN

481 NORFOLK ST. MATTAPAN, MASS.

Tufts College

"We all admire straightforwardness."



NORMAN I. RUBY

5 BALLOU AVE. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Pi Omicron Sigma, Chancellor 3, 4; Eye-Ball Committee 2; Junior Dance Committee; Student Council 3, 4; The Scope Staff 2, 3, 4; "Reflections" Staff.

"A hard worker's reward—success."

MARTIN SALTZ

294 SEAVER ST. ROXBURY, MASS.

University of Massachusetts

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"Quality will tell in the long run."



ROBERT E. SEIDEL

163 PLEASANT AVE. PORTLAND, ME.

Boston College; Boston Teachers College

Omega Epsilon Phi.
Softball.

"Success is inevitable."



SANTINA SINGARELLA

72 DOWNER AVE. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Epsilon Omicron Sigma.

"Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time."

IRVING M. SMALL

34 FULTON ST. ROCKLAND, ME.

Omega Epsilon Phi, Sargent at Arms 4.

"When fun and duty clash, let duty go to smash."





CHESTER F. SMITH

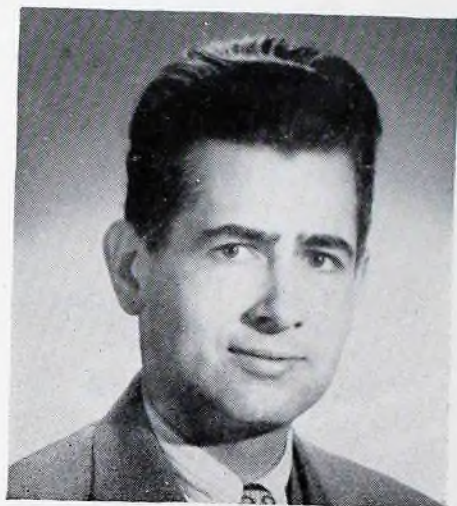
294 MAIN ST. WAKEFIELD, MASS.
Northeastern University

"Quiet and sincere, will go far."

RICHARD M. SNOW

40 MECHANIC ST. ROCKLAND, ME.
B.S. Wheaton College, Ill.

"He who stands high both physically and mentally requires many blasts to shake him."



WILLIAM M. SOLOMOS

18 SHEPARD PLACE LYNN, MASS.

"The quiet and industrious always succeed."



JEROME L. STEIN

60 LAWTON ST. BROOKLINE, MASS.
University of Massachusetts
Pi Omicron Sigma.

"Character is the biggest asset any man can possess."



MALCOLM J. STEWART

BOWDOIN, ME.

Omega Epsilon Phi.

"True to his work, word and friends."



EDWARD S. SULLIVAN, Jr.

9 MANNING ST.

IPSWICH, MASS.

"The best people in life are often unknown."



GEORGE E. SULLIVAN

30 GLEN ST.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Senior Class Treasurer, Chairman Junior Dance Committee.

"Common sense is not a common thing."

KENNETH R. TORBERT

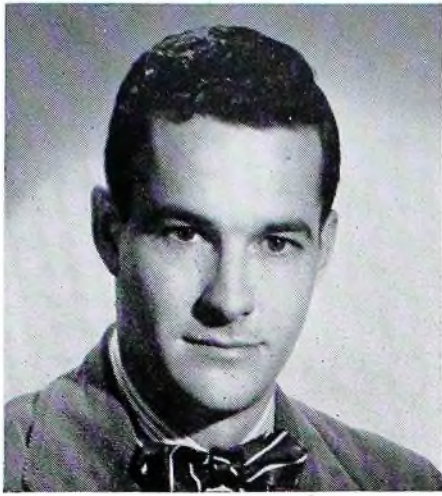
21 CHESTNUT ST.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Thompson's Business College

"A student and a gentleman."





HENRY B. WILSON

21 FAULKNER PLACE BRAINTREE, MASS.

Omega Epsilon Phi, President 4; Freshman Class President; Sophomore Class President.

"A pleasing personality is the root of success."

C. RUTH YUZENAS

9 COPLEY ST. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Epsilon Omicron Sigma, Vice-President 2; President 3, 4; Freshman Dance Committee; Eye-Ball Committee 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Secretary 3, 4; "Reflections" Staff.

"Always making her best better."



EDWARD F. DUFFY, Jr.

11 CYPRESS ROAD MEDFORD, MASS.

"The character of his work can be written in gold."

JEROME ROGOFF

715 ECTON ROAD AKRON, OHIO

"A fellow who puts pep and sparkle into the dullest place."



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

As we converge toward the termination of our undergraduate studies which have encompassed the past three years, we look back on them as three good years—years that have been filled to the brim with earnest and laborious study, hope and worry, and times of fun and friendliness. These years have been well spent because of the major accomplishments attained. Our class, in analysis of the past, has been a closely-knit co-operative group. We elected officers and student council members that did their level best. All class functions and undertakings such as dances, softball, and the reference mimeographing have been a success because of class unity. From our freshman year until now, we have been shackled to our work, but have taken intermittent breathers such as our annual Valentine dance. Eyeball, fraternity smokers, intermural softball frays, and a beach party.

This, our senior year, saw us elect Alexander MacLean as class president, Sam Rubin as vice-president, George Sullivan as treasurer and Dorothy Czechowski as secretary. Norman Riley and Norman Jablow are our capable representatives in the Student Council. Class Presidents through the other years beginning with the frosh have been aptly filled by Henry Wilson, Jerome Rogoff, and John Brinkerhoff, respectively. To pilot our year-book to a successful enterprise, we unanimously appointed Joe Herman as Editor-in-Chief.

Yes, the class, collectively and individually, has done well—but what of the future? Certainly, we all realize the huge job ahead—that of establishing ourselves, singularly and spontaneously into our field, and assuming the responsibilities and obligations expected of us. Socially, our responsibilities will be great. In the communities where we choose to practice, our opinions will be respected. We must, therefore, always stay well read in current events, new developments within the profession, and keep posted on the activities of the community social clubs and functions, always trying to keep in touch with “the man on the street” — our grocer, our barber, and auto serviceman. He may become not only one of our patients, but a good-will ambassador for our practice. Professionally, we will have responsibilities also. We should yield service that is complete, earnest and thoroughly ethical. As you cope with your patient’s dilemma, and solve it, the more he will appreciate you. Activity in the state and national organizations of optometry will keep us abreast of new techniques, new instruments and the latest in the written word of research. Finally, our positions as alumni to our school and fraternity solicit our support in their ventures. So it is evident in the light of the above considerations, we must all agree that we are just beginning,—just making a debut to do our best.

Now to swing into a less serious discourse, I wonder if you knew that: Contact lenses for myopic cooks who enucleate potato eyes are available . . . That Rapoport sang a hit tune at the Poverty Party entitled, "I've Lost My Glasses, I Wonder Who's Kissing Me Now" . . . That Harlequin glasses were invented by a man named Harley Quinn after he observed his wife as she stood before a laff movie mirror . . . That Emple, our Bob Feller from Maine, pitched a couple of winning ball games for his class, making his best earned run average, however, when on the bench . . . That Small found a pearl in an oyster while at the Latin Quarter and almost broke even in paying the check . . . That those strolls to and from clinic kept us from getting that dreaded paralysis known as "School Seat Slouch" . . . That Seidel flashes that smile not only to be genial, but to plug his family's dental proficiency . . . That Aldrich and Solomos keep a tan all year long by sitting beneath the skylight . . . That Eleftherio and Galloway are protegés of Helmholtz . . . That Gilman's skull clocked 9.00 sphere curve in a recent experiment . . . That Ed Duffy has developed a "Crooked-Site" lens for his squint patients . . . That "Beveling" Bagdigian is an efficient shopman . . .

CAN YOU IMAGINE:—

Wilson not starting a new petition . . . Jablow not bringing the daily paper to class and getting to read it before five or more classmates had gone over it . . . The mirth that seized us on seeing Mel Richmond et passengers, Kotler and Abugov, being reprimanded by a chauffeur in front of one of Kenmore Square's hotels. It seems they violated the code of the Blue Bloods when they moved a Cadillac to enable Mel's removal from a parking place and forgot to wipe the tell-tale hand marks from the fenders of the Caddy . . . When Bill Farland wasn't up to date with extractions from the outside reading assignments . . . Why the disturbances cease when Gabriel walks into the adjacent room . . . Where our class would be without George Sullivan's straightforwardness and aggressive spirit . . . Why Grigutis and your author argue consistently about new cars, when we collectively couldn't purchase a pogo stick . . . A day when Jack Meagher wasn't falling awake in class . . . When there were no "dit dahs" from our radio neighbors, no ether fumes from our friends across the hall, and no din from pneumatic drills below . . . How Cutler ever missed an operatic career with Spike Jones . . . Czechowski not being pert, alert, and witty . . . Why Donahue still prefers a library atmosphere . . . Blaxland being any more efficient . . . Baden being more boisterous . . . Why Gavin is always seen gazing intently through the windows . . . When Kahn didn't consume his lunch before the noon break . . . When Stern wasn't verbally condensing a lecture for the benefit of the "Radiator Leaners'" Club . . . When Mandel didn't have a weighty question . . .

Plonowski didn't have a necktie that wouldn't leave you with an after-image that persisted until Nahigyan got thru a long winded dissertation on how not to adjust pads . . . Riley's joy and surprise when he found out he was finally going to have a real, live out patient?

PROFILE OF THE FUTURE:—

As the dim rays of an old scope bulb increase their intensity, episodes and foretellings of the future wind past as in the peek-movies in a penny arcade. I hurry to jot down these scenes, lest they vanish too soon. I see Paul Parent wheeling a new Cadillac rapidly thru the streets of New York. He stops before a huge building long enough to pick up Stan Klar, now head of OEP. They drive to Bellevue Hospital to visit their one time colleague, Bob "Toni-Home Permanent" Moritz. No, Bob isn't a patient, but director of the psychiatric wards. You see, with the help of Charlie Levis and Dick Holmes he proved to the world that most mental deviations were due to poor visual habits and mostly to improper corrections. Most of his patients were "that way" as a result of Barne's over-prescribing of base up prism.

The next reel seems to show Greenberg in the office of the State Board of Optometry's chairman. He is begging for another chance. Naturally, Ruby agrees, and assures Greenberg that he will urge Ginsburg to keep the practical optics exam simple. Now, we hear a roar of laughter, see the blinding beam of a retinoscope flash by and view Rogoff winding up a static skiametry with one of his latest jokes. Rubin, we find, has retired and taken up residence in Miami. His idea of the prescription ground auto windshields must have really gone over. Snoozing on the beach in the same city, we see Mal Stewart, who always thought Maine has too cold a climate to facilitate manipulation of a phoropter. Back in New England, Jim Byron and family, are seen cheering madly from their reserved box seats at Fenway Park. Ruth Yuzenas' professional looking shingle hangs before a Cambridge office building. The office resembles any other active optometric establishment except for one thing. Occupying the revered position on the bookshelf between a copy of Maxwell and Zethout was a book entitled "How to Spend Your Leisure Time" by Chet Smith, O.D. Other books on the shelf were, "The Phool Proof Phoropter" by Sal Cesaro, "Ninety-Nine Ways to Harden Your Arteries" by Bob Brownsword and John Brinkerhoff, "How to Worry and Stop Living" by Joe Rockett, "To See or Not to See, Or Should We Occlude All Heterophores?" by Sandy Monsein and Gene Lougo. I guess we've had our share of authors. Oh, oh, the lite is dimming and visions of the future dissolve. Reluctantly, we leave the panorama of the future.

QUIPS FROM ROOM 4:—

Sam Rubin during OEP lecture was heard to say after a definition was given, "Sir, would you repeat that third large word?"

Krassin:—"Sure, with a mustache, I can kiss all of my girl friends and give them the brush off at the same time."

Herman:—"Joe, haven't you started working on the class article yet?"

Barresi:—"Sure, by the way, do you want me to put some fire in my article?"

Herman:—"No, vice versa!"

Holman:—"I once got ten dollars a word."

Cohen:—"Hmm, how was that?"

Holman:—"I talked back to the judge."

Torbert:—"I am a man of few words!"

MacLean—"I know, I'm married, too."

Dr. Cline:—In a serious mood—"Jablow, why are you late today?"

Jablow:—"Class started before I got here."

And the other day the following statement was seen carefully inscribed on the blackboard adjacent to the photographer's appointments: "Please look pleasant for a few moments while exposures are made. Then you may resume your natural expressions."

FOCAL POINTS:—

Jerry Stein with his Hudson, Ed Sullivan and Al King with their Fords, make for good watching when the light turns green, (as do the pedestrians).

Santina Singarella, with a flawless technique for manual tonometry, used this skill to good advantage in testing tomatoes. Dick Jellerson on the other hand uses his pinhole disc to good advantage in helping the Mrs. make home-made spaghetti. Why does Leary breathe in short gasps and manifest the jaw-winking reflex when he discusses week-end dates. Snow has been in the orthoptics room at clinic so much he has developed a mania for throwing switches, while Saltz on the other hand, has operated the tele-eye-trainer so often that he blinks alternately 5 times and then simultaneously . . . the process is then repeated continuously.

In conclusion of this article, we, the class of 1949 wish to thank all of our instructors for the optometric knowledge, training, and inspiration they have given us. We hope we are as capable of putting it into practice as they have been teaching us. We extend wishes of good luck to all underclassmen and finally hope that we receive a huge portion of it ourselves.

J. V. B.

Class

Officers



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| ALEXANDER MACLEAN | <i>President</i> |
| SAMUEL RUBIN | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| GEORGE SULLIVAN | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| DOROTHY CZECHOWSKI | <i>Secretary</i> |



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| NORMAN RICE | <i>President</i> |
| HORACE DAVIS | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ALFRED RAPPAPORT | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| JOY CHAN-PONG | <i>Secretary</i> |



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| STEPHEN DADUK | <i>President</i> |
| NORMAN BECKER | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| RICHARD EMERY | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| DOROTHY GALVIN | <i>Secretary</i> |

When you pass a well proportioned blond and all that you notice is a five degree squint; when you gaze at your mother-in-law and think she'd look good in a PC Honey instead of the rope collar you had always pictured for her; or when you think Romance is the name of a frame—brother, you're off axis—tilted—you're not long for this world and you had better make a will.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Know all Men by these Presents:

That we, the class of 1949 of the Massachusetts School of Optometry, in the County of Suffolk, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, professing to be of neither sound mind nor body under the meaning of the Laws of the State of Absorption, do hereby publish and declare this to be our last will and testament. We do hereby, after due deliberation and consideration, apportion our estate in Anxiety, in the State of Psychosis, upon the following whether or not they are willing recipients:

To Dr. Green, or dean, we leave our favorite piccolo recording of "To Each His Own", and a platter on which to serve his memory right.

To Dr. Cline we leave a new bulletin board all for himself so that he may expedite results in his various enterprises.

To Dr. Hochstadt we leave our interest in an acre of Maine potatoes.

To Dr. Bruce we leave a "corn" crib. (Corn killed vaudeville but it's reviving anatomy and pathology.)

To Dr. Wright we leave a psssst, a zzzing, and a brrrt.

To Mr. Hargbol we leave three overworked decimal places.

To Dr. Carven we leave a bucket of blood in the hopes that his insatiable appetite for the stuff might be stemmed.

To Dr. Smith we leave the gullible.

To Dr. Namias we leave a real live shop man to add realism to his lectures as he tears him limb from limb.

To Dr. Harris we leave a new word to add to his Indian dialect—"Ugh."

To Dr. Kuhn we leave a pair of gum soled shoes to tone down his heavy step on clinic rounds.

To the Junior Class we leave our place as enviable Seniors with the fervent hope that they will conduct their affairs with at least half of our decorum.

To the Freshman Class we leave our sympathy.

PERSONAL BEQUESTS:—

Cesaro leaves his flat feet for anyone interested in getting on Public Law 16.

Donahue leaves his fingerprints all over the books in the library.

Levis leaves the entire course on microfilm.

Duffy leaves no live patients in the clinic.

Saltz leaves some pepper.

Dot Czechowski leaves the happiest days of her life.

Moritz leaves part of himself. (How can he afford it?)

Baden leaves his cousin.

Jablow leaves his thriving multigraph business.

Snow leaves with the warm weather.

Small leaves room for two.

George Sullivan leaves his post as a Philadelphia lawyer.

Emple leaves enough rugged individualism for the next class.

Ruth Yuzenas leaves adolescence.

Nahigyan leaves Cutler, Herman and Jablow alone.

Stewart leaves for Maine.

Miss Singarella and Ed Sullivan leave their choice front seats.

Joe Herman leaves a \$5 surplus in the Scope fund. (Don't make a liar out of us, Joe.)

We all leave a rousing "carry on."

In witness thereof, we the class of 1949, having legally designated the foregoing instrument as our final Will and Testament, do hereby designate it to be obscured among other trivia of its kind.

Signed,

D. B. and J. R.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

We are now "the middle man on the totem pole" and after the graduation of the present Senior class, we shall have attained the top rung in the small and exclusive hierarchy existing here at M. S. O. The activities of our class during the past year have been many and varied, most of them tending naturally to center around our school work. I think that our class really earned the title of the "mimeographinest class ever to be at M. S. O., a title that was previously claimed by the class of '47 and the class of '49. The most important project our class undertook this past year was the purchase and the operation of a mimeograph machine—and we surely have to give credit to the committee composed of class officers and Tom Heal that selects the material to be copied, for if anything is worth mimeographing, it has already been done by our class.

The class also has been very sport conscious, branching out into various departments such as bowling, basketball and softball as much as the schedule permitted. Our class formed a bowling league of six teams, which met once a week down the alleys as long as we had some free time, but unfortunately the series were discontinued before a winner was determined. We regularly put the Senior forces to rout in softball during the summer months except for a few accidents when the other side happened to win. And for those who did not actively participate in any sport and yet were interested in sports, they were helped in that matter by Rodolico.

The slate of officers was changed in our switch from the sophomore year to the junior year—Norman Rice took over from Tom Lesniak as president; H. O. Davis was retained for his third year of the vice-presidency; Al Rappaport took over the job of collecting the monthly shekels from Egon Werthamer in the middle of the sophomore year and was retained for the junior year; Miss Joy Chan-Pong was unanimously held over for another term as secretary; and Tom Lesniak and Arnold Spear replaced John Randolph and Milton Gallin as representatives to the Student Council. Everyone of them did a swell job.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN:—

The front-row boys were not sitting in the front row . . . Heal and Gallin wore a coat coming to school . . . Mike Izbitsky did not take up

two chairs sitting in class . . . Leo, the charmer, did not laugh during class . . . Land did not eat any sandwiches during and between classes . . . Samit did not look red-eyed on any given week-day morning and even more so after week-ends . . . Anderson, Land, Pollack did not ask a question during a lecture period . . . Gerry Davis did not have one of the previous exams given . . . Galloway and Musserian were in class at 9 o'clock Monday morning . . . Krieger was on time for any class . . . The class president did not ask for money or more quiet during lectures at any class meeting . . . Al Abrams was not having troubles with retinoscopy . . . The fathers in our class were not showing off pictures of their oh-so-cute offspring . . . Joy did not get whistled at when wearing a sweater . . . Cote did not make like an inebriated bum upon the slightest provocation . . . Sloan did not come up with a theory to outdo all other theories . . . Dinin did not go home for one week-end . . . Frank was not fighting the Civil War over again . . . The Rhode Island boys did not have to catch a train to go home . . . Randolph came to school without his lawyer's briefcase . . . Al Abrams put down his fountain pen during a lecture . . . Aaron Abrams was not trying to peek into the windows across the way early in the morn . . . Berger was not occupying Berger's space—any seat in the front row . . . Harris did not go to New York with a full load, which includes two fellow-travelers tied onto the fenders . . . Katz wore any other shoes, but his big, sloppy, comfortable moccasins . . . The lunch crew, composed of Gottesman, G. Davis and Kisner, did not buy a Pepsi Cola and a bag of potato chips . . . Lesniak had those wonderful curls and waves . . . Wolff did not buy a "Globe" during the noon hour . . . Brawn did not bring a bottle of ink to class and thereby help everybody out . . . Cowan, Cooperstein, and Gerson sat apart . . . Gallin was not called upon to clean the blackboard in Dr. Hochstadt's class . . . Grassey did not ask the most confusing questions, even to himself . . . Feldman was not selling anything to anybody . . . Rodolico did not have a pool or some other scheme for you to lose your money at . . . Moss was not going to school . . . Bochinis did not wear his famous yellow (D-line) shirt at least once a week . . . Werthamer was not gaining weight and losing his hair, along with two dozen others in the class . . . Chessel was not dreaming and talking about California . . . Moody not reminiscing about those days in New Orleans . . . Vachon left any assignment unfinished or untouched.

REMEMBRANCES:—

Not too long ago a high hyperope meant to us an individual distinguished not so much by the fact that he was wearing strong plus lenses as by his state of inebriation. Now, suddenly, the blow has fallen. All our preconceived notions of high hyperopes have been dispelled by the subtle innuendos of one Dr. Mich Kuhn. It was with a feeling akin to heart-break that we realized that one-half of our forehead is somewhat receded from the other half is not due to the savage blow given it by a ping-pong

ball during a vicious table-tennis match, but it is in reality an indication that we are tending towards the distasteful state of High Hyperopia. We were always wondering why the gravy and the soup always ran down our chins one way and never the other—the explanation must be that we are all tending towards hyperopia even though you wear a -10.00 O. U. The whole class seemingly shares our fears for we noted a tendency amongst many of our classmates to surreptitiously investigate their facial contours. As the prying fingers sidled along the faces of their masters, minor shrieks rent the air when latent symptoms of the horrible malady were discovered. John Q. Junior was terrified to find a flat region at the root of the nose and forehead, although the latter failing is readily understandable in view of his scholastic achievements. Another one found the separation between his eyes too great; this one found his eyelids too flat and broad; your reporter found he had a one-sided chin, shaped like a half-moon and equipped with the cutest little groove created by erosion of the fluids through the years and so it went. In spite of all of this, the class might have resigned itself to its fate had not Dr. Kuhn said that a high hyperope resembles a throw-back to the animal kingdom.

Since we have started to study the various phases and theories of color blindness, the class has gone crazy, become confused and made up their own theories in the various stages of our development. If a layman came up to us and asked us to explain red-green color blindness to him, which might happen to any of us, this is what we would have to tell him: "There is no such thing as red-green color blindness." Right then and there you know you are a cooked goose, because never in your life have you seen a more bewildered look, with the possible exception of yourself when you were taught this particular chapter, but nevertheless with great determination you continue. "There are either protanopes or deuteranopes. A protanope is a red-blinded person, which means that he sees the color red up to a certain point as grey, sees green as yellow, blue-green as grey, purple as blue and all the colors to him have a yellow or blue tinge and are of about 50% less intensity than that of a normal person. My patient looks stupefied and as he is leaving, he remarks, "Never mind about the Teutanope, Doc, I never did like Germans." Is it a wonder that we went crazy and became confused when we first approached the subject. Several of our classmates not satisfied with protanomalous, deuteranope and tritanomalous had to add a couple of classifications of their own, namely cantaloup and antelope. According to consensus of opinions, a cantaloup is a person who can only see yellow in adult life, but as a child was very green conscious. Nobody as yet has advanced a plausible theory to explain what an antelope sees, but after all it is a beautiful animal and we did not leave it out for fear of retaliation by the S. P. C. A. (Society for Publicity of Capricious little Antelopes).

With those last lines, theoretically anybody should leave, so we will too and you'll see us around again next year.

E. R. W. & D. K.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

It was September, 1948. As in other schools throughout the country, M. S. O. was replacing its cobwebs with freshmen. I understand the administration hesitated at first . . . and why not? There were some good looking cobwebs. We, the class of 1952, were given our address of welcome and soon learned to face the Senior home-room and bow several times before starting the work of the day. From upper classmen we received advice, encouragement, sympathy and silly grins.

The class settled into routine and started to look around at itself. As a matter of fact, other people started to stare, too. Some even took a second look.

They saw a dapper Harry Zeltzer, heard Brooklyn's exile, Paul Weissman, and listened to the literary mumblings of Bud Chernoff. This experience taught many to wear blinders and ear plugs!

After three weeks in a delightfully perfumed classroom, we made the fortunate discovery that there were two very charming jeunes filles in our midst. Language became socially acceptable, trousers well-creased replaced the well-wrinkled, and a black market in bright bow ties was started by one M. Zolot (he took his basic training in Roxbury).

Fraternity smokers offered free cigars, free beer, good humor, good fellowship, free cigars, confidential advice and free beer. So, we went.

Daduk, the mature and worldly Daduk, became class president, with duties including distribution of test papers. His quiet manner softened the blow for many who had forgotten about marks below 60.

Finding short cuts to the lab proved interesting. One route ended in the bleachers of Fenway Park. Boy, can Williams hit!

By December, H2-S had taken over the clinic and formaldehyde, the school. A plot was discovered to keep the formaldehyde and get rid of the freshmen. To my fellow freshmen I say, "Why be half safe?"

For quite a while, we wondered about the little black cases the upper classmen carried so faithfully. Whenever we asked about their contents, they clutched them still closer to their bosoms. Then one day, I saw one lying on a desk . . . all alone. So, glancing around and seeing no one, I cautiously lifted the lid and peered inside. It was a senior's lunch, with a salad of vitamin pills and benzedrine.

By the third trimester, we had our study load down to a system and some fellow, I hear, even got some sleep at night. The bluish pallor which we sported now looked normal. After all, didn't the juniors look worse?

Well, it has been a good year, and as frosh, we worked hard, played hard, and now look forward to a successful sophomore year. To the departing seniors, we say goodbye and the best of luck.

L. Z.

OMEGA EPSILON PHI



HENRY WILSON, *President*

JACK MEAGHER, *Vice-President*

WILLIAM FARLAND, *Recording Secretary*

RICHARD HOLMES, *Treasurer*

NORMAN KAHN, *Corresponding Secretary*

IRVING SMALL, *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Omega Epsilon Phi is a national Optometric organization whose purpose is "to promote the cause of Optometry by encouraging the study of its principles and problems and by striving for higher ethical and educational standards within the profession." It was organized in 1919 at Columbia University by men seeking to establish such a fraternal group, unbounded by race, creed or color. Since then it has grown to where there are now OEP Chapters in almost all the optometric schools in the country.

Zeta Chapter, since its inception in March, 1941, has never lost sight of the above benediction and continues to supply the professional and social stimulus so essential to the undergraduate body and alumni of the Massachusetts School of Optometry. Being hampered by the accelerated program, a small student body, and the acceptance only of sophomores who have already begun their optometric training, the result of OEP has been a limited membership. Yet the brethren have continued to enlarge their scope along professional, educational and social lines.

The first step has been the formation of a local alumni association.

Aside from offering post-graduate assistants, it has borne fruit in the guise of its present aid to the senior members of Zeta Chapter who are arranging visits with the neighboring alumni in order to learn office practice and procedures. This is just the beginning of such measures of reciprocity with yet untapped ideas to be uncovered in the future.

To encourage and reward optometric standards of proficiency, Zeta Chapter established a Joseph J. Scanlon Memorial Award in 1947. It is given to that student of the graduating class who has shown the most outstanding clinical ability, scientific aptitude and initiative, and whose character indicates that he will conduct his practice in keeping with ethical professional standards.

Further along this line, Zeta has regularly sponsored educational films and talks on various optometric subjects to which the entire student body has been invited. At all times the most capable and prominent men in the local area were invited to speak. Many and varied questions were asked during the periods which followed, facilitating the accumulation of extra-curricular optometric knowledge.

Outstanding among these events were talks on the Optometric Extension Program delivered by Dr. A. I. Albert of Rhode Island and a lecture on sub-normal visual aids by William Feinbloom, Ph.D., an honorary member of Omega Epsilon Phi. Another was the showing of the very popular film, "The Modern Optometrist", depicting and encouraging the professional trend in optometry. As a national organization, Omega Epsilon Phi continually is striving to foster this most essential attitude so that Optometry might gain its rightful position along medicine and dentistry.

Socially, Zeta has afforded its brethren and entire student body regular winter dances, summer picnics and parties. These occasions foster closer brotherhood and provide the extra-curricular relaxation so vital between intensive studies. Most notable was the "Omega Spree" dance at which all had more than their share of fun. The Freshman Smoker and Initiation and Installation Banquet also is to be particularly remembered.

Athletically, Zeta men have proven their prowess on the soft-ball diamond as well as at the bowling alleys by defeating other fraternity teams at M. S. O. They continue to take on all comers.

Regarding scholastic activities, OEP members always have taken an active part. They have served as class officers, student council representatives and members of the Scope and Year-book staff. The eager and active participation evidenced by the Junior members is assurance that additional progress will be made and greater heights attained for the good of Optometry during the coming year.

M. G.

PI OMICRON SIGMA



NORMAN RUBY
Chancellor

LEON GINSBURG
Vice Chancellor

GERALD DAVIS
Scribe



Π Ο Σ

JOSEPH BARRESI
Exchequer

SANFORD MONSEIN
Corresponding Secretary

IRVING RAPOPORT
Sergeant-at-Arms

In an atmosphere of smoke and baskets filled with paper, a group of men seated about a small table gave birth to an idea. An idea to further the profession of optometry by the organization of a fraternity among the members of the student body of this institution. "The Progress of Optometric Science" through the combination of academic work and social life, was the basis for the foundation of this organization which today enjoys the distinction of being the oldest professional fraternity in optometry. Throughout the years Pi Omicron Sigma has expended much effort to instill a true professional Optometric attitude among its members. This objective has been successfully reached and this alone, disregarding its other important activities, has more than justified its existence.

As Optometry has progressed so has Pi Omicron Sigma. This year, in its most important professional step since its inception, the fraternity became a life member of the newly founded American Optometric Foundation. In so doing we became the first fraternity in the East and the second

in the country to support this important project. It is our hope that through the Foundation the future of professional optometry will be made more complete and more secure.

Although POS is the oldest optometric fraternity, our calendar both social and academic show how youthful and vigorous our ideas are. The fraternity's 36th year began on Thursday night, February 18, 1948 at the Fox and Hounds Club, with the 35th Anniversary Banquet. As in years past the banquet marked the installation of officers and the swearing in of pledges for the coming year.

A Farewell to Senior Party at the Obert Bungalow, on May 15th, followed the banquet. Each graduating member received a gift and all the refreshments he could hold as the Class of '49 assumed full responsibility of fraternity leadership.

On August 13th, aboard the S. S. Pilgrim Belle, the fraternity once more congregated—this time under the moon and over the rolling waves. So intent were the dancers of the "Hokie-Pokie", that the poignant fragrance surrounding Garbage Island was scarcely noticed. At least no ill effects were suffered by those who held their breath for fifteen minutes while the boat crept on through its perfumed path.

In September, M. S. O.'s freshman class arrived and on Friday, October 15th, Pi Omicron Sigma held its annual smoker and played host to these new students, alumni, and members of the faculty. The evening was chock full of speakers, jokes, movies, singing and refreshments.

Next on the calendar was the Hallowe'en Poverty Party held at Ye Olde Lantern Inn, Arlington. Your date's weight got you past the gate at one penny per pound, as this annual affair brought a record turnout in costumes of every conceivable style. The cider and donuts added to the enjoyment, and when midnight came the festivities were transferred to a restaurant in Chinatown where the evening was concluded.

On November 28th, still carrying a hangover from the Inter Fraternity Eye Ball, POS "Spot-Lited" the prospective new members and selected pledges for the coming year.

The Winter Party was held on January 15th at Oberts' Bungalow for the Brothers, their dates and wives. Although it was well below freezing that night the inner activity of the bungalow actually melted the snow on the roof.

This brings us up to March 31st and the banquet with which we officially closed our 36th year and embarked on the 37th. The 36th year of Pi Omicron Sigma (1948-49) proved to be a banner year, one in which our activities not only served a useful purpose to undergraduate members, but also reflected credit and honor on our graduate members.

N. R.

EPSILON OMICRON SIGMA



C. RUTH YUZENAS, *President*

Fourteen years have passed since a kindly, far-sighted woman, Dr. Wilhelmina Svenson, gathered the girls of M. S. O. together and established this sorority—thirteen years in which many a firm friendship has been made, and many a girl has been helped over the rough spots of adjustment in her climb to professional life. Nor has it been all professional; we have had many a social activity.

On the threshold of its 14th year, the sorority now boasts of 26 members, 16 of whom are also alumnae members. Considering its longevity and its total membership, it is probably one of the smallest sororities known.

Each year the sorority has been represented in the Eye Ball Committee and in the Student Council. Its social affairs have included teas, theatre parties, dinners, annual picnics, and occasionally sight-seeing tours for the members from other states.

Our greatest handicap has been the limited active enrollment, but in spite of it we have always found great co-operation and responses from both active and alumnae members.

This year two of the members are in the graduating class. To our sorority sisters and to the other members of the graduating class, we, the members of Epsilon Omicron Sigma Sorority, take this opportunity to extend our heartfelt wish for future success and happiness in their chosen field.

D. D.

Alumni Association
of the
Massachusetts School of Optometry

President

DR. PAUL S. CLINE
BOSTON, MASS.

1st Vice-President

DR. JOHN E. QUINN
SALEM, MASS.

2nd Vice-President

DR. HYMAN ROSSEN
HYDE PARK, MASS.

Secretary

DR. ELEANOR FUSCHETTI
BOSTON, MASS.

Treasurer

DR. ARTHUR HARRIS
FRANKLIN, MASS.

Executive Board (1949)

DR. JOHN E. ASARKOFF
BOSTON, MASS.

DR. LOUIS ANAPOLLE
BOSTON, MASS.

DR. WILLIAM V. EMMONS
ANDOVER, MASS.

DR. FOSTER NAMIAS
BOSTON, MASS.

DR. JOSEPH McDERMOTT
WOLLASTON, MASS.

To each and every member of the Graduating Class of 1949, the Alumni Association says, "Congratulations, and Well-Done!"

You are now passing from the optometric student body to the profession of optometry, a profession with its distinctive pioneers, roots, history, and service to humanity. The next years in your lives will shape your own and optometry's future. May you have the wisdom and ethics to make this tomorrow proud, satisfying, and happy.

You are cordially invited to join the Alumni Association. A truly professional man strives for greater knowledge during his life, and so one of the vital aims of the Alumni Association is in the field of education. Social contact with one's classmates and fellow optometrists of all ages is an important need in this era of speed and pressure, and again membership and participation in the Alumni Association can help fill this need. Your membership benefits you through lectures, courses, social functions, luncheons, membership certificate, monthly news page, a permanent association with your college, and even more features. Why say "Good Bye" to your alma mater when you can merely say "good bye" to the student body and "Hello" to the Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association

THE SCOPE



| | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|----------------------------------|----------------------------|--|
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The Scope originally appeared at the Massachusetts School of Optometry in 1928, with Bernard Fritz as first Editor-in-Chief. From its first appearance on, it was published monthly until 1942 when small student enrollment during wartime forced a temporary suspension of publication. It was resumed in December 1946 under the editor-ship of Jack Goldstein.

The magazine never had any other name other than THE SCOPE and until recently the annual yearbook bore the same name. In recent years under Editor Jack Goldstein and under present Editor-in-Chief Egon R. Werthamer, the school publication has risen to new heights and has become one of the outstanding, if not the most prominent optometric school publication in the country.

STUDENT COUNCIL



NORMAN JABLOW, *President*

C. RUTH YUZENAS, *Secretary*

Heretofore a step-child among student organizations, the Student Council took steps this past year to make the undergraduate body and the faculty cognizant of its potentialities and to regain its stature as a potent factor in the management of school affairs.

As a preliminary, the first Constitution of the Student Council was developed, passed, and approved by the student body and faculty. This Constitution included within it the aims of the Council, its powers and duties. Included within its realm were the undergraduate publication, *The Scope*; the election of class officers; and the appointment of a Student Council Faculty Representative.

Primarily the Student Council is an elected representative body of students who act as a liason between the students and administration for consideration of matters of particular interest to both, for agreement to the mutual satisfaction of both. In this vein the Council presented to the administration of the school many student suggestions and opinions for evaluation and action. Among these were the issuance of identification cards to the individual student, matters of class schedules, and clarification of school regulations. The Council further undertook the collections for the United Nations Appeal for Children and the American Red Cross.

The Student Council can and should be the dominant factor in student activities. Its activities should be continually expanded, administratively, academically, and socially, to earn the respect of all as a representative body of the Massachusetts School of Optometry. By so doing, the Council can accomplish its primary objectives more readily within the school.

N. J.

ANALYTICAL SOFTBALL

In as much as the class of 1949 was slowly dying of anemia, (pernicious, that is) due to a lack of the proper outdoor environment, a group of the more ambitious individuals in the class decided to organize a class softball team.

Unfortunately the plan met with success. Volunteers turned out in droves . . . and immediately a manager was elected . . . a man of leadership, a man of unlimited capabilities, and a fall guy . . . in case anything went wrong . . . Who else . . . but . . . "Hello Emp?"

Immediately a schedule was arranged with the lowly under-classmen. Our brilliant manager (who the hell do you think is writing this stuff?) eager to make good immediately slashed the club roster down to a mere 45 players and enforced rigid training rules on the participants . . . No player was to drink more than 2 quarts of beer or smoke more than 3 packs of cigarettes a day and not stay out at night any later than 4 A. M. . . . Of course on the night before a big game, all players were required to sack-in by 3:45 A. M.

By midspring we were ready to tackle the (ugh) Class of '50. Thanks to the brilliant pitching of Herb Emple, (managing isn't enough, this guy has to pitch too), the forty-niners managed to drop six straight games to the Sophomore Saps.

Fully aware of the fact that I was having an off season, I resigned. (they twisted my arm), and took a front office job. The position of manager was soon taken over by that great organizer of "squints", Mitch "dig 'em out of the dirt" Kuhn.

There was immediate reorganization . . . Wilson's car was replaced by a wire backstop . . . Ruthie and Dottie were pulled out of the line up and our two progressive (myope) catchers, "Buzz" Grigutis and Art Eleftherio were sent to the Clinic for -2.00 adds O. U. . . . Rogoff, of the public relations and training department, procured a barrel of formaldehyde so that our heroes could get a rubdown between double headers.

Once again we were ready to smash the notorious Sophomore Saps.

Let's all cut class this afternoon and go down to Skeffington Stadium on the Fens and watch our gallants fight on to victory, amid a multitude of thrills and errors.

It's just before game time and as we wipe the dust from our lenticulars we see batting practice pitcher Barnes out on the mound using his

famous screw-ball, the seg drop . . . which "Sock-it" Rocket is belting all over the lot. Clean up men, "Hands" O'Connell and "Purple-heart" Shycoff, (both of whom have since been traded), are playing catch out in the infield. The Keystone (A Series) combination of Wilson and Klar are taking turns chasing flies . . . "Bundles" G. Sullivan, splendant in his clinic whites, is up in the stands trying to collect class dues—(to buy off the umpires) . . . Grassin and Abugov having heard a rumor that yours truly was pitching, are placing bets on the Saps . . . "Light-foot" Nahigyan is getting last minute instructions from his wife . . . "Stretch" Stewart, looking every bit the great ball player that he claims to be, is juggling four softballs and at the same time is demonstrating the wafer-slide to our two new rookies, Visceral and Skeletal, whom we acquired on waiver from Northern Illinois . . . Joe Barresi is chasing Abugov's mongrel hound (B-1 case if you ever saw one) off the field . . . and suddenly . . . out on the mound, steps the great side arm euphonic pitcher, Bob "congenial to interpretation" Sidel . . . and it's game time.

Time marches on and we're going into the top of the ninth . . . the forty-niners are leading by a voluminous score of 15 to 1. Mitch has decided to give Rapid Robert a rest, and despite the boos and jeers from the crowd is sending in . . . who else . . . but . . . "Hello Emp?"

Time still marches on . . . still in the top of the ninth . . . the score . . . 15 all . . . (no support). Farland and Cohen have to be removed from the game because of fatigue, despite the fact that there is no such thing, and are immediately replaced by Abugov and his dog . . . and then it happens. Manager (now in the dirt) Mitch falls to the ground, victim of a vicious line drive. We all rush to his side, some to help him and others to go through his pockets. Slowly, Mitch staggers to his feet . . . looks glassy-eyed at his watch and then to "Swabs" Rogoff he remarks, "It's only 4:59, why aren't you still up in 3rd floor finishing your survey on Rapoport?"

Who won the ball game? Well, the umpires were brothers Holmes, Bagdigian and Barresi and they knew on which side their bread was buttered.

H. E.

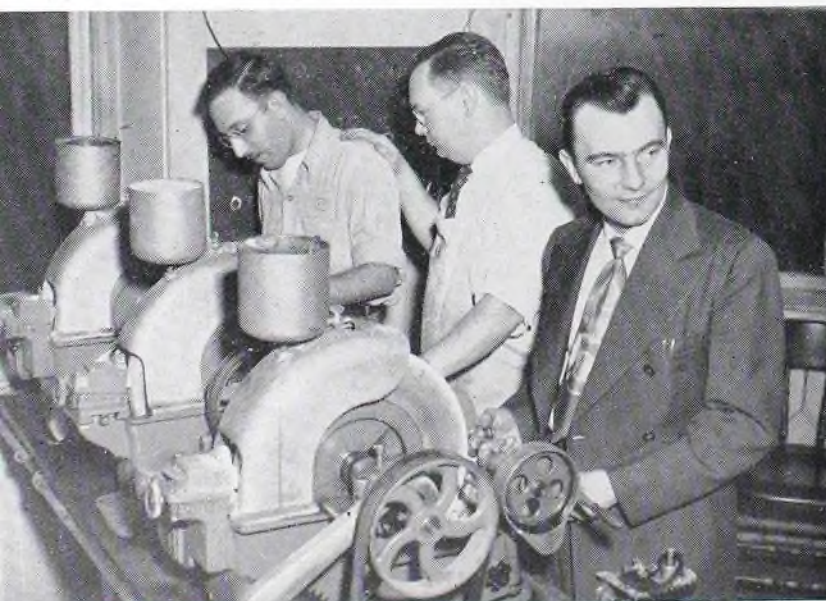


The Massachusetts

The Massachusetts Optometric Clinic is the liaison between the theoretical and practical student at the Massachusetts School of Optometry. Here, the student makes his first contact with the out-patient, who desires needed visual care. Through this relationship, the student soon learns how his academic knowledge can be applied on a clinical level. The interne can become acquainted with the various instruments used in the optometric field, so he can skillfully select those which are adapted to his desire and preference. In addition, the embryonic optometrist is afforded the opportunity to develop the professional standards with which he must conduct his own practice, and, after consideration of the patient's complaints, to determine whether the patient's eye manifestations require optical, medical, or psychological attention.



Our first association with the clinic occurred in the freshman year, when we visited it in the capacity of patients. We were amazed and secretly frightened upon observing the senior internes so adeptly and confidently proceeding with the examination. The maze of instrumentation left us in a dither, and we secretly doubted our ability to replace these examiners in the short space of two years. The confusing optometric terminology confidently spoken by the examiner and his assistant added little consolation to our futile plight, and we were relieved to leave the clinic with our Physics and Math books under arm and prayer in our hearts.



As sophomores, we were finally permitted behind the "Iron Curtain" to delve into the deep, dark mysteries that shrouded Optom-

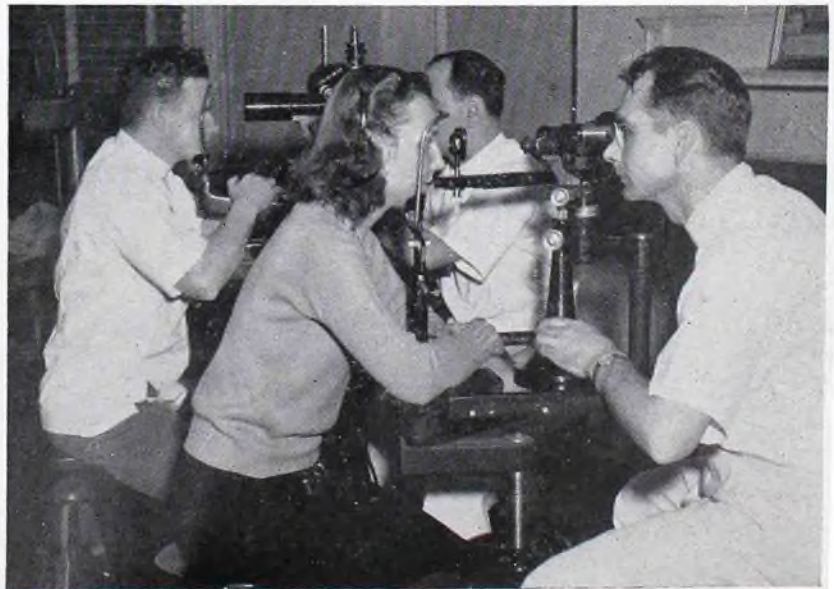
Optometric Clinic

etry as we knew it. With our little black notebook in hand, we shyly entered our new home of learning and were introduced to the various procedures, under the supervision of the senior clinician, Dr. Antanelis. Pairing up with a fellow student, we mastered each new procedure and before long, the tingling of lenses, spinning of prisms and sweeping of scopes were harmonious adventures into the realm of reality.

By the time the Junior year rolled around, our abounding information was clinically applied with unbelievable dexterity. Hour after hour was spent in mastering and perfecting new techniques. Always present to lend a helping hand, point out an error in procedure, or settle a hotly disputed argument (and make sure we were on the job) was Dr. Mitchell Kuhn. As the weeks flew by, we constantly strived for flawlessness.

Without realizing it, the day we had longed for, but secretly dreaded, was upon us. We had achieved the exalted status of senior interne and were confidently anticipating our first out-patient refraction. Properly attired in our newly acquired clinical dress, we escorted our patient to the refracting room in the company of our assistant, and suddenly all the confidence and knowledge disappeared in thin air. Quickly regaining professional composure, we proceeded with the examination, which resulted in a self satisfaction, when the patient eventually was given a comfortable Rx.

In addition, we enlarged our education with other specialized branches of our profession. We were acquainted with subnormal





vision training. We had the opportunity to use the modern training devices to correct all types of visual anomalies. In conjunction with our classroom orthoptics course, we were able to co-ordinate the two to obtain an extensive background.



Another integral part of our training was the ocular pathology clinic. Here we observed the pathological eye conditions encountered in daily practice. Under the supervision of Dr. Arthur Bruce, each interne was permitted to examine various ocular manifestations. Slip lamp inspection was conducted when indicated, and in appropriate cases, field charting and campimeter studies were performed by the senior interne to complete the diagnostic interpretation.



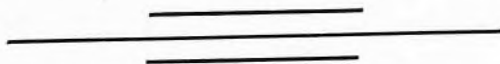
To supplement our clinical assignments, we were invited to conduct visual surveys in certain charitable organizations throughout the City of Boston and outlying communities. When cases were observed requiring visual care, they were referred to the clinic for treatment. Scheduled visits to the Boston Evening Clinic for the purpose of refraction and to the Boston Dispensary for orthoptic training rounded out our opportunities for additional experience.

In conclusion, the Massachusetts Optometric Clinic performs an invaluable service to every optometric student. Through this medium, the theoretic and book conscious student emerges as a professional man, prepared to serve his community in the art and science of visual care.

S. R. K.



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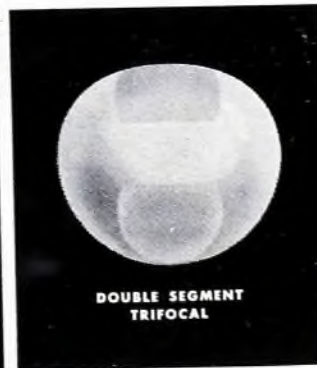
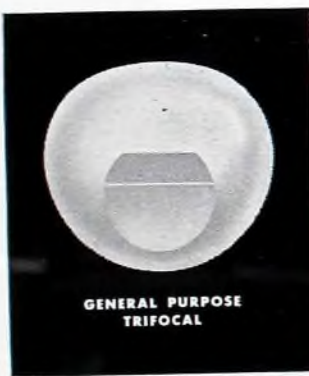


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Since September in 1940 American Optical Company has been proclaiming the great need of correcting the public's misconception of the true relation of spectacles to eye comfort and visual efficiency. It is of prime importance that there exist a national public acceptance of what constitutes ophthalmic services when spectacles are employed and a uniform interpretation of these services within the ophthalmic professions.

It was upon this premise that AO began its national campaign of public education early in 1942. Without mention of product, with full pages devoted wholly to professional advancement, this campaign has continued to pursue the objectives announced at its conception:

"To acquaint the public with the true facts about professional and technical services."

"To offset unfavorable publicity concerning the professions."

"To drive home the truth about the value of professional and technical services."

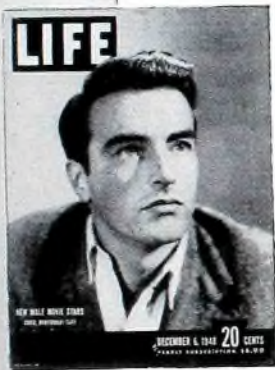
For seven years without interruption American Optical Company has used full pages in leading national magazines to tell the public that the true value of eye comfort lies in the professional and technical services. Year in, year out, these AO educational messages have repeated that it is for these services, not for glasses alone that the public pays a fee.

AO has used well over 500 million magazine pages urging the public to "Seek Professional Advice—not glasses at a price." Impartial records show that readership of these pages has been good.

What the public will believe, however, will be determined largely by actual experience with those from whom it seeks professional advice. If the public finds that it is professional and technical services that it gets and pays for, then—and then only—will the public misconception of the true relation of spectacles to eye comfort and visual efficiency be corrected and ophthalmic services be fully recognized.

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