

is that I give David an eye test and then make up special eye drops just for him. I will fit him for glasses which will help to strengthen his undeveloped muscles—we hope. If, after approximately a year, we don't see the kind of improvement we should—well, we'll have to operate."

Evelyn blanched at the word "operate"—but such a possibility seemed very remote to her at the time. So David's eyes were tested, the drops were administered and the special glasses were prescribed. And what glasses! The lens over the weaker eye was a clear lens and the lens over the stronger eye was slightly coated. That meant David could only "see" with his weak eye, thus forcing him to use the muscles in that eye much more than he normally would. All this was done in hopes of making David's eyes perfect. Because he was a playful, rambunctious youngster, the frames on the glasses were heavy enough so as not to bend or crack and the lenses were made of unbreakable glass. After several months went by, Evelyn could see no improvement in David's eyes—besides that, a small voice somewhere inside of her told her this was not the *right* procedure for curing David's eye troubles.

### A PLACE FULL OF "TOYS"

Then, one day, a miracle happened, though at the time it seemed to be a very ordinary happen-stance. Evelyn had gone by the Holy Trinity Church to pick up David after Sunday School. As she and her son walked down the pathway from the church, a member of the congregation, a Dr. Graham—who *happened* to be an eye specialist—walked by.

"Well, Evelyn, hello," said Dr. Graham. "How are you?"

Evelyn nodded and said something, but it really didn't matter—for Dr. Graham had caught little David in his view and was staring at him with great concern. "What on earth *kind* of glasses do you have on that child?" he demanded.

"Oh, the eye doctor said that those glasses would train David's eyes to be stronger."

"Come here, David," the doctor said. He gently removed the eyeglasses from David and handed them to Evelyn. "Take a look."

Evelyn was aghast as she held David's tiny glasses up to her eyes. She could see absolutely nothing. Of course, the left lens was coated—but through the eye-strengthening right lens there was nothing but a blur! The doctor folded the glasses and put them in his pocket.

"You must take these off the child and he must never wear them again. We'll get his eyes to work without this terrible process."

The next day, Evelyn found herself and little David sitting in Dr. Graham's office. To David, this was a fantastic place full of wonderful "toys". There were devices which had a stereopticon effect—and many, many other machines that were filled with moving objects, colors, etc.—all designed to make little eyes grow stronger both in their muscles *and* in their focusing.

Now Evelyn heard Dr. Graham's theory: "First, you simply must throw these glasses away. David may need glasses one day for continuous reading, but right now he needs lots and lots of eye exercises. We'll just have to practice physical therapy for an indefinite length of time. If there's nothing medically wrong with David's eyes, he should be 'cured' in a year or so. As for an operation—well, it's simply out of the question.

"However," he added thoughtfully, "if, by the time David is ten or so, his eyes haven't shown *real permanent* improvement—well, we may have to think about operating then. But that's in the future."

David continued, all during the years he lived in New Jersey—up until he was nine years old, to do his eye exercises regularly and to go back to the doctor every three or four months for checkups.

It seemed as though poor little David was *plagued* with eye trouble as a child, and the very worst of it happened when his next-door neighbor and childhood buddy Hal accidentally whacked David on the forehead with a golf club—leaving a gash

that required six stitches. Because it happened on a Sunday and proper medical help was not available immediately, the gash became infected—and for weeks David had to wear bandages on both eyes for five days!

"It was such a terrible thing," his mother recalls, "and David was so brave. He just sort of took all this in his stride. I guess as far as he was concerned, all kids went through the same thing. It was very lucky for David, because he never thought of himself as being different. He never got an inferiority complex about his eye problems. In fact, to David, the exercises were fascinating and challenging—but somehow, no matter how hard he tried, nothing seemed to work for longer than two or three months."

### "DON'T LET THEM TAKE MY PICTURE!"

When Evelyn decided to move to California, she knew in her heart that it would probably be out there something would *finally* have to be done about David's eyes. And, shortly after they had settled in Los Angeles, another miracle happened. Evelyn was at a dinner party and a Los Angeles lawyer, who knew *everybody*, was seated next to her. Somehow, during the evening's dinner conversation, mention was made of David's eye problems.

Suddenly, the lawyer turned to Evelyn and said, "Why, Evelyn, I have the very doctor for you. He is an eye specialist—and he is fantastic!"

Though David's eyes had not been improving, Evelyn was very reluctant to begin with another doctor. It was as though she kept hoping that suddenly David would wake up one day and it would be all over.

Then, one evening at the supper table, David seemed quite morose and Evelyn asked him what was wrong.

"Oh, nothing, Mom," David mumbled, looking down at his supper. Then he suddenly blurted out, "Yeah, there is something wrong. They're taking pictures at school tomorrow and I don't want to go. I don't want them to take my picture!"

Evelyn felt a twinge of pain in her heart. For years, David had hated to have close-up pictures taken for he felt that his eyes looked "crooked". "Well, darling," Evelyn heard herself saying



David—wearing his "corrective" glasses—innocently poses with the golf club that was his nemesis!