

WARM MEMORIES

Deceased Members the UTMB Class of 1940

Mayo Albert, 1944
Mary D. Ames, 1983
William T. Anderson, 1984
John W. Armstrong, 1988
Alexander J. Bankhead, 1976
Mortimer H. Bannister, 1949
George B. Barnes, 1988
James G. Bodenhamer, 1975
Burt M. Breath, 1957
James W. Carter, 1984
Melville L. Cody, 1983
Thomas J. Cox, 1952
Donald Duncan, 1987
Thomas F. Foley, 1987
Norman A. Gerlich, 1974
C. Reid Goodwin, 1986
Mary L. Gorton, 1970
Max M. Greenberg, 1976
Peter B. Kamin, 1986
Beatrice Payne Knight, 1967
William R. Knight, 1976
Frederick J. Koberg, 1969
Lee Allen Koontz, 1985
Charles E. Oswalt, 1969
Jack M. Partain, 1986
Roy L. Riddel, Jr., 1985
Harold Roosth, 1957
Charles F. Skripka, 1973
William Lacey Smith, 1975
Edward H. Strauss, 1957
Wendell Westen Sumner, 1984
Revace O. Swearingen, 1974
Oliver H. Thompson, 1982
Thomas Chalmers Vinson, 1982
B. T. Wickens, 1944

MAYO ALBERT

Mayo Albert was our first AKK loss. The details remain unclear to me yet it occurred presumably in a beachhead landing attempt in the European Theater in 1944. As a student, Mayo was reserved, a self confident student and not remembered as a prankster or provocateur. The world events since Mayo's death serve to reassure us he truly died a hero. (Charlie Jones)

WILLIAM T. ANDERSON

William Anderson I remember as being a philatelist. He used to show up at afternoon lectures with a full block of new stamp issues, and I often wondered what happened to all those stamps. (Woody Avent)

Andy was well known as an avid collector of coins, stamps, and Aggie stories. He married Bertha duMenil Anderson in 1940 and located his practice in La Marque, Texas. Andy graduated from the University of Texas in Austin, received his M.D. degree in Galveston, and then interned at St. Mary's Infirmary in Galveston, 1940-41. Bertha and Andy had four sons. (Submitted by an associate of Dr. Anderson's, Dr. Weldon G. Kolb of La Marque, Texas)

I rememeber Andy as a serious medical student married to Bertha, his devoted encouraging wife. Andy became a real doctor serving his patients as only a caring physician can, but also serving his community as well as devoting time to enhancing the image of the medical profession. We need more doctors today like William Anderson. (J. D. Donaldson)

JOHN ARMSTRONG

John Armstrong, ultimately an internist at Lewiston, Idaho, was a native Houstonian and painted houses with his father to afford the beans and books he required at medical school. He had a sharp quick wit and most all the nicknames by which his fraternity brothers were known and regularly called had been coined by Johnny. He shrewdly assessed a couple of dubious strength of character or weakness thereof and a moniker was born to literally stick! I recall him lecturing Mel Cody repeatedly on the worthlessness of the stethoscope. In Johnny's mind it was simply a logo, another symbol of the world of medicine worn very much as a Rice student of engineering carried a slide rule in his shirt pocket -- for sheer identification. We felt he was destined for a role in radiology rather than his choice of internal medicine. One daughter became "Miss Idaho" in a charm and beauty contest. I never met the young lady but she must have had a beautiful mother. (Charlie Jones)

ALEXANDER J. BANKHEAD

I didn't know him too well in medical school. I saw him at the TMA meeting at the Shamrock in Houston in 1964 and learned he was practicing psychiatry in Tyler. When I came to Rusk in 1967 I found he was a consultant at the Rusk State Hospital, mainly reading EEGs. He always hac the nurse provide him with a large bowl of popcorn to eat while he read EEGs. We became very well acquainted before his fairly rapid demise in 1976. (James Hunter)

Alex Bankhead, as well as Harold Roosth, practiced in Tyler where I did and were among my favorite colleagues. (Mildred Stanley)

A. J. Bankhead, NP, Tyler, must have been one of the geniuses of our class as he frequently came by while I was studying wanting me to go out and party with him. I not only needed to study, but I was short of funds, too, so I'd refuse. Next day after staying out most of the night, Bankhead would make "A" on exams while I did good to make a "B". (Hoss Carrington)

MORTIMER H. BANNISTER

Mortimer Bannister, with his Ph.D. and teaching experience in bacteriology, was predicted by W. D. Nicholson at the beginning of our freshman year to be number one in our class. I watched him for that performance and noted that he had met a girl in Texas City and spent a lot of time in Texas City, and I also noted he didn't make it number one in our class, thus not making Nicholson's prediction come true. He was brilliant but not dedicated to studying. (Woody Avent)

Handsome, intelligent, jovial, articulate. Too much? Not in describing Bannister. He had the most complete collection of college drinking songs, bar room ballads and bawdy stories I have ever heard. After 50 years I am still using some of his stories! He always had a ready smile, but more important, he made you smile. His untimely death in a plane crash in 1949 still leaves me with a personal sense of loss in addition to the loss to our profession. A suitable epitaph should read, "He brought a smile to our hearts"! (Paul Collins)

GEORGE B. BARNES

George Barnes, a special favorite of mine, came from a family chock full of doctors. His father and brother practiced at Trinity, Texas, and his Uncle Frank and son Peyton Barnes were well known in Houston medical circles. George, truly was not a cynic, yet he studied every angle of each situation and person he confronted in searching detail. How interesting it must have been when he crossed paths and became a roommate with the late Joe McCarthy! Yes sir, the Joe McCarthy! George did not attend class reunions, married a beautiful lady by birth a British subject, and I recall with great pleasure the brief social contacts we had with his family after he settled in Corpus. (Charlie Jones)

JAMES G. BODENHAMER

This medical student and graduate of the class of 1940 was always called Bodie. He was a good looking fellow, popular with the ladies, and had a good personality. I feel sure his patients liked their doctor; confidence can be half the battle. (As remembered by a classmate)

BURT M. BREATH

Burt was a cooperative, friendly, reserved person with reluctance to meet deadlines, both in attending classes and gathering data, pictures, etc., for the medical section of the Cactus yearbook of which he was editor. But he could promptly empty a classroom in Old Red building to the bulletin board of the Dean's office by simply passing the rumor - "grades are out"! (Rowdy Dow)

Burt M. Breath came by my room at the Phi Sig House on 10th Street after a late night out. He had a bad case of hiccough; he asked me if I knew what to do for him. Being only a sophomore I did not have a degree yet, but told him if he would do as I said, I would try to do something for him. I then had him close his eyes tightly while I reached to the floor and picked up a damp handtowel. With his eyes still closed I had him to stick out his tongue. I grasped his tongue and gave a quick jerk. His hiccoughs vanished. He gulped and said, "I would not have these dern things back again for \$100.00," even though I nearly pulled his tongue out of his mouth. But, it was a permanent cure as he never had them again. (Hoss Carrington)

JAMES W. CARTER

Jim Carter from El Paso practiced Gynecology in San Antonio, yet I saw him only rarely after medical school. He was well liked as a student and being a bit quieter than his peers, he probably never received the blame for anything. His brother's ex-wife was a patient of mine for years and she regularly expressed praise and loyalty for Jim. (Charlie Jones)

James Carter was one of those special friends. It started with our finding ourselves fellow San Antonians. I recall Jim with great fondness as an all around swell guy. (Lester Karotkin)

MELVILLE L. CODY

Melville Lockett Cody did undergraduate study at Rice Institute where he met his roommate for four years in the AKK house, John Armstrong. Mel's older brother, Claude, was already a student at Galveston in 1936 and these boys provided us periodical brief visits with their bright father who presided as Judge at an appeals court in Galveston. He would provide us with occasional Sunday night suppers (our kitchens being closed) at the Tremont Tavern where we found items on the menu other than the usual twenty-five cent Trout Sandwich on a poor boy bun. Mel was a well disciplined athlete, studious of nature, full of humor and showered regularly. He very cleverly allowed himself to be "conned" by fraternity brothers to the delight of all. After training at Beekman Street in New York City, his professional qualifications in OB-Gyn and his personal charisma led him to the designation of "Ladies Man" with the Kelsey-Seybold group. Mel had a latent talent show forth during his professional career, woodcarving, and sculpted a wide variety of birds, any of which were cast in bronze. A peregrine falcon of his took grand prize at one showing. (Charlie Jones)

THOMAS J. COX

Thomas Cox was a well-liked, hardworking student. (Frank McKinley)

DONALD DUNCAN, Ph.D

Donald Duncan, Ph.D., received his medical degree with our class, although he was not a regular student. He had been at the helm of the medical Branch's Graduate School since its beginning and was chairman of the Department of Anatomy when he graduated with us.

We remember him particularly for the clarity of his teaching neuroanatomy and the clearly evident neurologic pathways on the gigantic model of the brain stem and spinal cord he had constructed.

He attended many of our classes and listened attentively, quietly, and with great dignity. We didn't really know Dr. Duncan, but we respected him and were honored by his presence.

To quote from the 75-year history of UTMB, "He brought to this school and developed precise experimental and microtechniques which have given us an enviable teaching collection. His published work is painstaking and exact and has stood the stress of controversy among neuroanatomists. . . . Following the death of Dr. Knight, Dr. Duncan served as head of the department during the very trying times which combined two departments (Anatomy and Histology and Embryology) and which nearly eliminated the high quality of teaching it had laboriously built up here."

In the late 1960's Dr. Duncan and I were serving visiting professorship appointments at Stanford University School of Medicine at the same time. He called on me there and greeted me with the same warmth and affection and comraderie that I would expect from any of my classmates. I was flattered. Maybe he didn't know which Jenkins I was. (Pepper Jenkins)

Lest anyone fail to say something about Donald Duncan let it now be mentioned that he was far and away one of the greatest anatomy instructors of all time. Otherwise, how could any concept of neuroanatomy ever have gotten through my thick skull. However spurious the circumstance may have been, we should be proud to count him as a classmate. (Lester Karotkin)

Donald Duncan was one of our best-loved professors as well as our classmate. (Hoss Carrington)

THOMAS F. FOLEY

Thomas Foley was a hard working, friendly student. (Frank McKinley)

NORMAN A. GERLICH

Norman Gerlich grew up in Waco, Texas. I remember seeing him about our 25th or 30th class reunion and don't remember seeing him again. (Woody Avent)

The thing I remember about Gerlich would be the inscription I would place on his tombstone, "He was his own man." (As remembered by a classmate)

I knew Norman at Baylor. He, along with Walter B. King and Ruth Gardner and I were the four from Baylor University in our class of 1940. (James Hunter)

C. REID GOODWIN

Charles Reid Goodwin joined our class as a five-year student, delayed by a misunderstanding with the Chemistry Department in his freshman year. He completed his M.D. degree in our class of 1940 and after his internship, joined the Marine Corps as a medical officer in the awesome South Pacific Battle of Guadalcanal. After the war he survived the battle fatigue and malaria and returned to private practice in Port Arthur for approxiamtely ten years

where he fathered eight children in addition to the duties of a busy practice. He then transferred to a VA Hospital as a government physician where he served until his death in 1986 from lung cancer. (John White)

MARY L. GORTON

Mary Gorton I remember had a father who was the actuary for American National Life Insurance Company and a brother who, one summer, read just about every book in the city library, I believe it was the Rosenberg Library. I don't know that he read every book in the library, but there was a feature story in the newspaper and he was reading about four books a day at the time he was in high school. (Woody Avent)

We kept in touch with news yearly at Christmas. She was in practice in Psychiatry in Chico, California where she lived with a family just as if her own. With her cheerful attitude toward life and her good sense of humor, she often lifted me right out of a blue spell I might be having at the time! (Mildred Stanley)

MAX M. GREENBERG

Max Greenberg was a hardworking, studious, and personable individual. (Frank McKinley)

PETER B. KAMIN

Peter Kamin died September 23, 1986, at the age of 71.

Peter was my closest friend. We grew up together from childhood through high school. Initially Peter began his pre-med studies at Rice University, later transferring to the University of Texas so we could be together, where his roommates were Bill Levin and myself. He earned his BA degree in 1937, graduated from UTMB in Galveston in 1940, served his internship at Grady Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. His love for children led him to take a residency in pediatrics and additional training in that field with a special interest in allergy. In 1943 until 1946 during World War II he served in the army with the 44th Evacuation Hospital in Europe, after which he practiced pediatrics and pediatric allergy in Galveston for 12 years. He was certified by both the American Board of Pediatrics and by the sub-specialty Board of Pediatric Allergy, having spent additional years in training and research in pediatric allergy and immunology in outstanding centers in the country. He was active in local, state and national medical organizations, especially those concerned with pediatric allergy, and published articles concerning pediatric allergy in state and national journals.

Peter loved to teach. During the years he practiced in Galveston, he participated in lectures and rounds in general pediatrics in the Department of Pediatrics of the UTMB and helped organize and participated in the Pediatric Allergy Clinic and lectures in Pediatric allergy for medical students and residents of the Pediatric Department of the UTMB. When he moved to San Antonio in 1960, he devoted part time to teaching in the Pediatric Allergy Clinic of the Robert B. Green Hospital and devoted part time to research there. He was a clinical professor of Pediatrics in the Department of Allergy and Immunology of the University of Texas Health Science Center in San Antonio.

Personal medical problems led Peter to retire in 1985, although he continued his interest in his field of medicine and in teaching. His death, however, on September 23, 1986, was due to a sudden unexpected medical complication.

Peter met and married Rose, a nurse, prior to his World War II services in the Army. The marriage was ideal. They have two fine sons. Perhaps the character of Peter Kamin can best be visualized in part by what his wife has written:

"Peter practiced medicine with the depth and intensity which he brought to everything he undertook. He was a man of great goodness and outstanding gifts of the heart and mind."

(Al Tocker)

Peter B. Kamin went through school with us under the name of Kaminsky. My wife, Evie, tells of how his father raised his kids, provided for his family, encouraged the education of the children, and had a vegetable cart driving up and down the back alleys of Galveston and how her mother used to buy her fresh vegetables from Mr. Kaminsky. (Woody Avent)

Peter Kamin was a guy who made one search for superlatives to describe. I never saw him angry, ruffled, or perturbed. He always appeared to be reaching for more knowledge and never flaunted a superior knowledge. (Lester Karotkin)

BEATRICE PAYNE KNIGHT

Beatrice and I were lab partners during our preclinical years. She was a fine friend and a fine lab partner! (Mildred Stanley)

Beatrice and Bill Knight were among my closest and most cherished friends from the day school started until their deaths. Bill delivered my daughter, now near 40. Betty still often reminds me that Bill and I went off for coffee and bullshooting while she was on the verge of delivery. He got there on time! (Lester Karotkin)

Beatrice Payne Knight, PD, Houston, and William R. (Bill) Knight, OB-GYN, Houston, in the fall of 1949, when my family and I were enroute to state playoffs in football (Mexia versus Littlefield), we found these two stranded on the roadside about fifteen miles from Abilene in a foreign made automobile. Since no chain was available, with the use of a pair of pliers and a hammer, we borrowed four strands of barbed wire from the bottom of a ranch fence. We twisted the wire into a cable and used it as a tow chain to pull the Knight's car to Abilene. Later, I learned Beatrice and Bill had called the rancher and paid for his fence. That's honesty! (Hoss Carrington)

WILLIAM R. KNIGHT

Bill Knight and I were associates in the practice of OB-Gyn for 28 years. He trained at Hopkins and Michigan. Dr. Knight was an excellent physician and was loved by his patients. He died of heart disease in 1976 at the age of 62. (Hiram Arnold)

When one thinks of Bill Knight, an intelligent, handsome, very personable doctor comes to mind. Would we could all be Bill Knights. (As remembered by a classmate)

FREDERICK J. KOBERG

I recall that when we were freshmen, Fred Koberg would have a new joke to tell every Monday morning at the anatomy lab, and in the day when there was very little long distance

telephoning and we were isolated on the island, I used to wonder how he got a hold of those new jokes every weekend. (Woody Avent)

Fred Koberg was a close personal associate with greatest attributes of the family doctor. He married Augusta Hildebrandt in 1943, and they reared three talented children, Fredrick II, Kathy, and Jane. Fredrick II graduated from UTMB Galveston and is in family medicine practice. Kathy fell victim of Marfan's, and Jane became a dental hygienist. Fred, also known as Rick, served in the U.S. Air Force, and went into private practice in 1947. I had the privilege of being in partnership with this friendly, easy going, cooperative, genuine human being. He never denied his expertise to any patient who requested his services. Such dedication contributed to his early, untimely death in 1969, in his private office. (Rowdy Dow)

I would need to spend some time with my Thesaurus to find enough things to say in praise of Fred Koberg. Charming friendliness, a joyful sense of humor, a compulsion to be helpful -- all scarcely give him due credit. (Lester Karotkin)

LEE ALLEN KOONTZ

I remember "Fisty Louise" as an energetic, amiable, outgoing student with an uncanny ability to "spot" the examiner's final examination questions. Fisty changed the song of the time, "South of the Border (Down Mexico Way)" to "Souse of the Border" when making forays to Mexico border towns. (Rowdy Dow)

CHARLES E. OSWALT

Ozzie was a fraternity brother at Nu Sig. He was from TCU. He went into practice at Fort Stockton. He was on the program and I heard him present a paper at the TMA meeting in 1964. (James Hunter)

I saw Charlie Oswalt in 1966 at a meeting in Boston. We enjoyed being with him as always. I understand at least three of his sons have graduated from UTMB and have gone into various fields of medicine. He lived in Fort Stockton and did FP. He had leukemia. (Hoss Carrington)

JACK M. PARTAIN

I remember Jack Partain as the organized medicine booster and politician. (Woody Avent)

Jack Partain had practiced pharmacy in San Antonio before entering medical school and as a freshman at the AKK house was regarded with deserved respect as our "Mother Superior." We roomed with Dilley Broyles, studied with discipline and remained available for capable counseling with us all. The problem was -- just how many freshman medical students ever even dreamed of need for counseling? He remained, however, for the entire four years our respected senior brother, a true friend more understanding than most of us yet tolerant of all our noise and nuisances. How lucky he was to marry "Kitty" before Matt Dillon came upon the scene. (Charlie Jones)

How I wish that I could say these words in person and give him a warm hug! I would like to tell Jack Partain again that he was such a wonderful friend and roommate for those four years in medical school. We shared the victories and defeats as they came -- the victories

made better and the defeats softened by our friendship. I am very thankful for my good fortune in knowing him. Perhaps a rough paraphrase of the Serviceman's expression will do to describe our friendship: "We discovered the strength of friendship that emerges in a shared ordeal." (Dilley Broyles)

MARY D. AMES RAFFENSPERGER

I remember Mary as one of the most successful members of our class -- she was nine days late coming as she was an alterante and so she had a hard time catching up with us as you well know, med school moves along pretty rapidly! She had a good pediatric practice in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, during which time she married Edward Raffensperger, a gastro-enterologist, and later they both were offered a position on the staff to teach at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine in their respective fields. I visited them there off and on. They were both very happy with their work and personal life, Mary in the department for handicapped children. Mary died of cancer of the breast in 1983, the same month my brother died also in 1983. When Eddie wrote me about this, he said Mary had worked Monday, gone into the hospital on Tuesday, and died on Thursday, and so she was dedicated to the end. (Mildred Stanley)

ROY L. RIDDEL, JR.

"Satch," according to rumor, was the smartest chemistry student that lumpy jaw had experienced. Not that he excelled in other subjects, but perhaps he could have if he had not devoted so much time to chess and pool. I had thought many times he should have been a chemist. I can remember having a 25¢ Trout Sandwich at the Tremont and Roy could and did write the chemical formulae of surrounding ingredients. (As remembered by a classmate)

Roy and I were interns together at John Sealy and had rooms in the interns' quarters. During the brief times we were not busy, he taught me to play chess. (James Hunter)

HAROLD ROOSTH

Dr. Harold Roosth died in 1957 at the age of 41.

A native of Tyler, Harold initially attended Tyler Junior College, transferring to the University of Texas in Austin where he earned his B.A. degree in 1936. He graduated from the UTMB in 1940, interned at St. Vincent's Hospital in Erie, Pennsylvania, and served in the Army Medical Corps during World War II, two of a total of six years in service being served overseas in France, Germany and Czechoslovakia, attaining the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. From 1946 to 1948 he was a resident in internal medicine at John Sealy Hospital, upon completion of which residency he returned to his native city of Tyler where he practiced with his brother, Dr. Wiley Roosth, until his sudden and unexpected death at the age of 41.

Harold fell in love with and married Rosa Lee Leaman of Galveston whom he met during his medical school years. After Harold's death, Rosa Lea continued to raise their three children in the manner she and Harold had always planned. Their son, Dr. Thomas Malcolm Roosth, is a radiologist in Houston and is married and has one child -- a daughter. Their oldest daughter, Cynthia Ann Roosth Wolf, is a teacher in the Beaumont school system and she and her husband have two daughters and a son. Their youngest daughter, Marleen Samea Roosth Swerdlow, is an attorney teaching law at Lamar University in Beaumont and also

having a private law practice. She and her husband have one son. Rosa Lea obviously feels that Harold would be proud of their three children. In addition to his family, Harold is survived by six brothers, two of whom are doctors -- Dr. Wiley Roosth of Tyler and Dr. Hyman Roosth of Corpus Christi.

Harold was very active in many local and state medical and community projects. Perhaps the character of Harold Roosth can be visualized in part best by what his wife has written:

"I will never understand why such a wonderful, caring and giving man who was doing so much good for so many people would have to die so young."

(Al Tocker)

Harold and I shared a room at the St. Anthony Hotel in San Antonio in May, 1940, during the State Board examinations. I do not recall having had any further contacts with him. (James Hunter)

Harold Roosth, as well as Alex Bankhead, practiced in Tyler where I did and were among my favorite colleagues. Harold was my mother's doctor and she loved him. (Mildred Stanley)

Harold Roosth was the epitome of kindness and consideration. Good natured and sincere, he habitually went out of his way to do things for others. I never had a chance to observe him in practice, but I'll bet few physicians were as well loved by his patients as he was. (Lester Karotkin)

CHARLES F. SKRIPKA

Skippy was my roommate our freshman year at the Nu Sigma Nu Fraternity house. He was a Bohunk (Czech) from Rosenberg. He was also from A&M but I really don't hold that against him. We were both externs at the Marine Hospital our Senior year. While there he began courting Augusta, who lived in a brick house across the street from the front of the hospital. Eventually, they were married. In early 1973 I was in San Antonio in connection with a court case involving one of my patients. I had dinner with Skippy and Augusta. It was a wonderful evening. I did not suspect he was ill, but imagine my distress when I returned to San Antonio about eight months later to find he had died a couple of weeks before. (James Hunter)

WILLIAM LACEY SMITH

Our 1940 classmate, Willia Lacey Smith, died in San Angelo, Texas, in 1975 of coronary thrombosis. Having grown up with Lacey in San Angelo, my thoughts go back to our childhood together. Living only two blocks apart in Angelo Heights, we played games after school such as "Wolf Over the River," "Capture the Flag," and sandlot football and baseball. We were both in the Boy Scouts and attended San Angelo High School together. He was always known as a quiet, serious fellow and later with his patients, as a very compassionate physician. I am convinced that he literally worked himself to death for his patients. (Ben Withers)

Lacey Smith was a tall red-haired quiet Gary Cooper type of fellow with little to say other than "yep" or "nope." He went into practice in West Texas after a Family Practice internship and died in 1975. (Hiram Arnold)

EDWARD H. STRAUSS

I lost track of Eddie after we graduated and never saw him or heard from him again until I was practicing here in Waco and he arrived with his family and his father-in-law in an old truck which they parked in front of their house. The truck gradually disappeared, a part at a time, until it was no longer standing. It was my understanding that his father-in-law dismantled the truck but I never knew what he did with the parts. Eddie joined the staff at Providence Hospital, but he moved away from Waco, moving either to Washington state or Oregon and had an untimely death because of what I'm unsure. (Woody Avent)

Eddie was quiet, athletic, and a practical joker, full of surprises at opportune times. Responding to a bizarre question in embryology written examination class, Eddie gave a resounding "razzbo bray". Dr. Sinclair positioned himself behind Eddie and announced, "Now if I can locate that jackass I will feed him some hay." (Rowdy Dow)

WENDELL WESTEN SUMNER

Wendall Westen Sumner was a member of the high school basketball team in Athens, Texas, which was renowned for its World Championship. (Woody Avent)

REVACE O. SWEARINGEN

Revace somehow became converted to Sam and the Sam I knew went his own way in the medical world. My first knowledge of his whereabouts was in the State School in Denton and later as the Medical Director of the State School in San Angelo. Sam Swearingen was a good, likeable fellow. (As remembered by a classmate)

OLIVER H. THOMPSON

I really cannot pin anything on Oliver Thompson. I do not know any lies to tell or associated incidents to elaborate. He was in Oklahoma for a while and after that I lost him. I would judge he lived no lies and went to see his maker with a clear conscience. (As remembered by a classmate)

THOMAS CHALMERS VINSON

Thomas Chalmers Vinson was my dissection mate our first year in Anatomy. He had been reared a missionary's son in China. I remember that he frequently belched at the table, and that was when I learned that it was an old Chinese custom to belch if you were enjoying the food. Another thing I remember is that Paul Collins, in one of his many parodies, originated the diagnosis of Vinsons's axilla. (Woody Avent)

Vinson, Carlos Speck, Hector Garcia, and I made up the team of four for dog surgery. After graduation we stayed in contact, as did several others. Vinson became a medical missionary for the Presbyterian Church and was sent back to China. Shortly afterward Japan invaded the area. We learned he was "safely" evacuated to the island of Luzon in the Philippines. Of course, he was taken prisoner and was in the infamous "death march". Eventually he got back home. I had a couple of letters from him and we then lost contact. (James Hunter)

Chal Vinson and his wife went to China as medical missionaries in 1941, were captured by the Japanese and held prisoner in the Philippines for more than three years. After undergoing horrible hardships, they were freed when the war ended, both in very poor health. But he did go back into family practice in Laurel Hill, North Carolina, retiring in 1981. He died December 4, 1982. His twin brother, a Presbyterian minister and former missionary, died just five days later in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. (This information from the Presbyterian Survey of March and April, 1983.) (Robert Osborn)

Thomas Vinson and I sat side by side in the large sections arranged alphabetically and so had frequent conversations. He was the son of missionaries to China and had been born in China and spent his younger years there. He was a very interesting person. I met up with him at a medical meeting sometime after graduation and had a chance to meet his wife and six-month old baby. (Mildred Stanley)

B. T. WICKENS

I remember B T. Wickens as one who went to bed with the chickens around 7:00 or 8:00 because he couldn't study with all the noise. How he could sleep with all the noise I never understood. Then I understand he would get up about 4:00 in the morning and do his studying. As I remember he lived in the room with three or four others. (Woody Avent)

During World War II, our classmate, B. T. Wickens, served as a medical officer in a combat unit of the U.S. Army. He was killed at Aachen, Germany, in 1944. Throughout our medical school days, being in the same class of 1940 and the Phi Beta Pi Fraternity together, there was constant confusion because of similarity of our names. Upon meeting on the way to class, I would say, "Hello, B.T.," and he would reply, "Hello, B.T." One of the part-time jobs on campus became available in our junior year with Dr. Dickey Wall in the Ear, Nose, and Throat Clinic. We both applied, but he got the nod. Later, I found that Dr. Wall considered he was more needy than I: he had a new wife and they lived in a tiny one-room recreational vehicle (with no plumbing or indoor conveniences). I heard later he had prepared for the nuptials by practicing playing the trombone in a phone booth! (Ben Withers)