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Dean Cheves M.Smythe ,MD , Remembered ...



I have vivid memories of my first meeting with Cheves McCord Smythe when he arrived in 1970 as the founding dean of the McGovern Medical School of the University of Texas at Houston. Having been chief of the ophthalmology program at Hermann Hospital

since 1966, Cheves appointed me the first chairman of the new ophthalmology department at UT Houston. Cheves was of medium height, quite thin, you might say skinny, and displayed a burr haircut and a winsome smile. His handshake was quick and firm, the gaze direct and steady. His speech was direct and to the point with an economy of words, spoken with authority. The short concise northeastern phraseology from Yale and Harvard were softened with remnants of a warm southern South Carolina accent.

One attribute became quickly noticeable – a scintillating intellect. But an intellect not used as a weapon but rather as a convincer and a presenter of facts. What took longer to truly appreciate was his vision, insight, and leadership. Here indeed was an individual pursuing a noble cause with all the requisite gifts necessary plus an unusual amount of persistence and perseverance. I have perhaps omitted the single and most essential, yet nebulous and not quite definable, ingredient – leadership. As an outsider he was able to bring a group of highly intelligent yet independent individuals to work jointly as a team in pursuit of a noble goal and lead that to a successful denouement.

Cheves McCord Smythe had the intelligence, idealism, dedication, persistence, and leadership to accomplish this to the benefit of all.

Richard Ruiz

Cheves was a remarkable, visionary medical educator and Dean, who convinced Emil and me to move from Philadelphia in 1971 to join the faculty in the newly formed UTMS-Houston. We loved our jobs and loved sailing often with Cheves on our boat, EPIA. He never failed to catch a fish for our meal. I still have many fond memories of celebrating various happy events with him and Polly (some with you and Lori in your house)....

Anna Steinberger

For me personally, the greatest shock and disappointment during my entire 30-year academic career in Houston was in 1975 when he announced at an emotional administrative meeting that he found it necessary to resign as Dean. That painful event actually provided me with a great lesson in leadership, magnanimity and grace, when he went on to emphasize that no one person was indispensable to the success of our new institution and that we should all focus on its continued success. He then told us one of his many witty stories about a duck hunter who had trained his bird-dog to run across the surface of the water to retrieve ducks that had been shot. When the duck hunter described this amazing feat to the press, the reporter's comment was "well, that's first bird-dog that I've ever heard of that couldn't swim!" Although Cheves could not walk on water, he was a wonderful leader, colleague and friend who continued as an outstanding clinical teacher and a very supportive institutional citizen who left an indelible mark on our institution. I truly mourn his passing.

Jack DeMoss

Cheves was a first-rate organizer, planner, and administrator but also a champion and leader for medical education. When he interviewed me for a faculty position in 1971 teaching was the main topic. He was an innovator who started the school with a three-year curriculum and organ systems approach novel at the time, he created a unique Program in Biomedical Communications to teach students and faculty information processing in the school's early days, he started a laboratory preceptorship for all students to have a research experience, and the students always rated his Internal Medicine clerkship highly. After his deanship he helped development of Geriatrics at our school and ran the educational program in Internal Medicine at LBJ Hospital for many years. He left Houston briefly to start the Aga Khan Medical School in Pakistan, and I met several of its faculty who spoke about the wonderful job he did building its educational program from the ground up. He set a tone and commitment for education at our UT Medical School from its inception that has remained ever since. Our graduates, house staff alumni, and faculty benefited greatly from both over the past half century and he left an indelible mark on the Medical School and all of us.

George Stancel



CELEBRATION OF 75 YEARS POST WW II by

I was only 8 years old when the war ended. I had two uncles who served in the European fields of war. One was a communication specialist, Morse Code, at the French end of the Atlantic Cable in Cherbourg and the other was fighting his way from Tunisia to the Battle of the Bulge. I wrote them frequently since my mother was a school teacher and made this a learning opportunity for me. They were dear young men and wrote victory mail back to me as often as they could on very flimsy paper that was filled with heavily blacked out sections where, I learned, censors had marked away words that might help the enemy if the letters were read by their spies. All of this was very grand to a little girl who feasted on Nancy Drew mysteries and I treasured those letters and the sensitive information I was certain my uncles were trying to relay to me. War was surreal and only something we witnessed on Saturdays at the movies with **Time Marches On**, it seemed quite boring and very far removed from my little home town in Southern Illinois. War meant black out curtains at night so enemy bombers that might be flying overhead could not see us. Street lights were extinguished until peace came again, car lights for those who had to travel at night had the upper half of the bulbs painted black and rationing was real and felt by all. We also bought savings stamps for a dime each and they were glued in a little book that would buy a ten dollar war bond when filled. Rationing effected everyone and there was no use in trying to buy anything without the required "stamps". I don't know how stamps were issued or what the ranking was but I have my grandmothers rationbook and it is interesting to see how she was categorized as a widow of 56 years, weigh 85 pounds (she really was a tiny little thing). My memory of War is Over was going into the driveway between my house and the next door neighbor's and seeing people crying and dancing around, it seemed a lot of neighbors were there. We also had War Mother flags on display and every mother with sons or daughters serving in the armed forces had a flag in her window with blue stars representing the number of those she had. One of our neighbors had nine children and five were in service, one was an army nurse. A final memory was the day my Dad was declared 4-F, the ranking that kept you out of service. My mother had just passed away and my sister and I were 5 and 8 with no one to take care of us but my Aunt Vera, age 16. My uncles came home safely as did all five of the Green children across the street.

Betty Streckfuss

My father was rushed through West Point in 3 years, then sent to the Pacific, just missing the battle of Okinawa. The Emperor soon surrendered, and my father was part of MacArthur's army of occupation. My mother joined him as a Methodist missionary, and so I have a Japanese birth certificate. I was raised by a Japanese nanny (apparently sticking my fingers through the rice-paper walls of our traditional Japanese home). There is a picture of me as a baby in Hiroshima, with devastation behind my youthful father in full dress uniform. I took my family back in 1998 to recreate the picture from 50 yrs ago.

Lincoln Gray

During Word War II, most people probably thought that the war itself never came to the shores of the United States, but maybe it did, or almost did, right in our own backyard. In the 1940's Galveston was a very busy commercial port, and as such, was thought to be vulnerable to attack. Fort Crockett was built in the late 1890's and served as an artillery training base during World War I. It was expanded in the 1930's to include four coastal batteries with various sized large guns to provide both long-range and rapid-fire support as defense against the German U-boats. If you have driven along Seawall Blvd out West beach, you have probably seen the large concrete bunker just in front of and under the San Luis Hotel. That was Battery Hoskins and was deemed too costly to dismantle, so was left intact. Fort Crockett facilities now house the Texas A&M Maritime Academy. My parents lived in Galveston from 1940 to 1942, and my father spoke about that time and the war preparations there. Every house was required to have blackout curtains that were drawn at night so that no lights were visible from the outside. There was a curfew imposed, with no one allowed to be out at night unless on official business. Cars were required to have black tape across half of the headlights to minimize the beam. My dad remembered seeing commercial ships coming into the port with large holes in the hulls and hearing reports of German U-boat sightings in Galveston Bay. Once a week, the military would have practice firings of the large guns. The citizens would be warned when that was to occur, and my mother remembered that they would tape the cabinets shut to prevent the dishes from falling out from the vibrations. My father was a chemist with the Southern Select Brewery in Galveston, and he swore that the brewmaster, a German, was a spy, seen driving around suspiciously at night (never proven). In late 1942, my father was drafted as a chemist and sent to work in the Lone Star Defense Plant near Texarkana where explosives of all kinds were made. They tested these in large fields on the plant property, and if one did not explode, they would have to go out in the field and retrieve it to see why. Very dangerous work there and on the assembly lines. We were fortunate that the war never actually came to us, but Galveston was prepared just in case.

Peggy O'Neill

I was born during the war in 1944. I'll always remember all the sugar stamps they parted with. I also received war bonds. I had plenty of flour sack clothes my mom made. After high school graduation I cashed in the bonds and bought a sewing machine that my daughter now has. My father fought in WW 1.

Daun Grey



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John V. Coates



RECALLING MEMORIES OF THAT WONDERFUL DAY

I was born here in August, 1941 and subsequently baptized Dec. 7, 1941 at All Saints Catholic Church in the Houston Heights. When my family got back home from mass they heard on the radio of the bombing of Pearl Harbor! My father and brother (age 20) went to enlist the following day. Daddy had been an aircraft mechanic in WWI at Ellington Field, but at age 42 had a heart murmur, so was told to go to Kelly Air Force Base in San Antonio. My brother was also a mechanic, and was sent to Ellington himself.

As far as my own memories go, I recall helping Mom squash rinsed-out tin cans from the kitchen to put out at the curb for pickup. I also recall her making oleo margarine by adding an orange powder to essentially white vegetable fat to mimic butter. Rationing of other food products was routine, and Sunday rides in the car were nonexistent due to rationing of gas and tires. Basically, we were blessed to be so slightly inconvenienced in comparison to people overseas.

Katherine Thatcher

It's funny that even those of us who were mere babes (I was just going on 6 months at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack) have some childhood memories of the war years. (My older sister says it was difficult for my parents to keep me quiet during **nightly black outs** in NJ). But I do remember being especially

afraid of military hats. My mother's brother kept his hat out of sight on his last visit before deploying to Ice land in 1943 eventually advancing into Europe and dying in the Battle of the Bulge in 1944. He is buried at the American Cemetery in Luxembourg. I remember a lot of crying at that time, and then being left in the care of my paternal grandmother & aunt while my mother, maternal grandmother, & her 7 siblings attended his memorial. As the rationing of butter & sugar ended I came to know my mother's wonderful baking talents, which she passed down to my sister & me. Eventually their was great happiness, celebration & home buying, along with new businesses by vets trained under the GI Bill.

Janet Hammill

My father was a steel worker, which was considered a defense job, so he was never drafted. Attached are items received from them. The post-

card is dated November 23, 1942 from Camp Tyson, Tennessee. Although I was born after the war, 2 things I remember clearly: the poppies my father always brought home on Memorial Day, and the rifle volley at the funeral of the nephew who sent the postcard.

Mary Frances Fabrizio

I still remember very clearly the Pearl Harbor attack. I was 6 years old and was listening to The Lone Ranger on the radio when the news bulletin broke in and announced that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. I went into the kitchen to tell my parents but I don't think I had a clue about what it meant. That changed pretty quickly, though, as black outs and rationing and barrage balloons hovering over the city began. We lived in Santa Monica, right on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and close to Douglas Aircraft Co. which made a number of the military planes and was thus a target for Japan. The plant ran for about a mile and was completely camouflaged. It was covered with mesh, and fake houses and trees and clothes lines were added. The runways were painted green to look like grass and air raid shelters were added along the front of the buildings. Meat and sugar and gas some other things were rationed and each of us had a ration book. We collected metal for the "war effort" and had "victory gardens". When we got new shoes my father had us trace the outline of the sole on an old inner tube, cut it out, and glue it to the sole of the new shoe. When that wore out we had to do it again. The kids in my neighborhood organized to practice what we would do in case we were invaded. This consisted mostly of sneaking around the neighborhood spying on people, arranging an obstacle course to train ourselves to be able to hide quickly, and spending hours on the roof of the neighbor's shed watching for enemy planes. We used the plane spotters cards that came on the back of Kellogg's Pep cereal boxes – front, side, and underneath silhouettes of German, Japanese and Italian planes. Three of my uncles spent 4 years fighting in Europe, one uncle was a chaplain in the Navy and was assigned to a cruiser in the Pacific that was hit by Kamikaze planes, and a Marine cousin was killed at the Iwo Jima invasion. We were all happy – and relieved – on VE Day and later when Japan surrendered.

Peggy Amante

Dale (now called Pete) Varden went into the Marine Corp in Nov 24, 1937 (1937-1938) at the age of 21 to help support his adopted mother and his half brothers and sister. After leaving the Marine's Pete married Marge Marie Hanson.

Pete could not ignore the call to serve his country because on Dec 21, 1939

he came home and told his wife, "Marge we are in the Army now" He was in the 100 1st Airborne Division (The Parachute School, Ft. Benning, GA). Pete was stationed on the USS Arizona at Pearl Harbor, Dec 7, 1941 where he was a frog man. Pete was on shore leave and missed his launch back to the ship. Nearly all of his buddies died during the attack. Pete was devastated and had feelings of guilt and helplessness. He was discharged June 20, 1945 @ Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

Sondra Faul



VE Day in New York City 1945



Canadians liberate Holland 1945



Utrecht, Holland 1945

UTHRO

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And Now For Something Completely Different...

Continuing with the origin of street names in the Texas Medical Center, this time we will look at Bates Street. Bates is a relatively short street that runs from Fannin across in front of St. Luke's Hospital, crossing Bertner Ave., progressing in front of M.D. Anderson Clark Clinic and dead-ending at M.D. Anderson Blvd.



Colonel William Bartholomew Bates was a native Texan, born 1889 in Nat, Texas. Just after graduating from law school at The University of Texas, he enlisted in the army, served in France during World War I and retired at the rank of captain. After the war, he served as district attorney in the Nacogdoches area and then moved to Houston to join the law firm of Fulbright and Crooker, soon becoming a partner. His area of expertise was business and corporate practice in which he represented cotton firms, banks and the oil and gas business. He served on the Board of several Houston banks. He was active in civic affairs as well, serving as a trustee of the San Jacinto Museum of History Association, member and president of the Houston Board of Education, a regent and president of the University of Houston Board of Trustees, and a trustee of Trinity University. He was one of the original trustees of the M.D. Anderson

Foundation and became its chairman when Monroe D. Anderson died. The foundation, as we know, was instrumental in helping to establish the Texas Medical Center. In appreciation for his civic activities, then Governor Dan Moody commissioned Bates an honorary colonel, a title that he used for the rest of his life. Bates died in Houston in 1974. *Peggy O'Neill*

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