



Memories

of Working for

Doctor Edgar J. Willke



Dr Willke,

As a famous person once said, "The moment may be temporary - but the memory is forever" - We'd like to say thanks for these memories we've shared with you. We hope you'll enjoy this book as much as we've enjoyed putting it together

The Girls from the
office past and
present

Sept. 4, 1985

Many times throughout the past 13 years I have reflected back on my job with Dr. Wilke and Dr. Schwertman. Not only did it help me pay my way through college, but also gave me valuable knowledge of health and medicine. It was a very interesting place to work, and to be sure "never a dull moment!" I still recall heating up hot dogs and Campbell's soup in the autoclave for lunch! "Cookie breaks" also remain a fond part of my memory! And I wonder how many pills I counted out and packaged through those years. Even to this day when I go to the office I still feel like I'm a part of the place.

I would like to wish Dr. Wilke the best on his retirement and many more happy years!

Sincerely,

Jan Lanly

9-2-85

Dear Dr. Wilke,

Congratulations on your retirement. You always have been and probably always will be the best family doctor I have ever known. Your's truly. A big "thank you" from my family and myself for caring and being there when we needed you.

We have always considered you as a good friend, as I'm sure, all your patients have.

I very much enjoyed my employment with you and feel that it has been an invaluable experience for my future in nursing. I think that it helped me mature as a nurse and as a person.

It is my hope that you and Alfreda have many happy years together. God Bless you both.

With many happy memories of yours and your family,
Your family (Gailmaell) Bessie

Dr. Willke;

Thank you very much for everything you did for me as an employee but especially as our family physician - all the house calls you made for my late parent-in-laws were deeply appreciated.

I reminisce frequently about the time I was employed at the office. The greatest improvement when the office was first opened was that the patients no longer had to come to the back door for refills & other medication.

I will remember you & Mrs. Willke when I go to Rome & Portugal. 'Oh yes, I'm taking along the Rosary and linen finger tip towels (to use as Chapel Veil) that you gave me as gifts from your trips. May you & Agida have many more happy retirement years together.

You go out of your way
to be thoughtful,
You go out of your way to be nice,
You go out of your way
to do favors,
And you do them without thinking twice.
So this note comes to say
that I'm grateful
For your kind and considerate way,
And to thank you
for being so special...
It means more than I ever could say.

August 31, 1985

Dear Dr. Willke,

When I reflect on the eight years that I worked for you, it's hard to put down in words the emotions and memories recalled. But for this memento of your office staff's recognition of your retirement, I'll struggle with my thoughts to make some appropriate comments.

I was always impressed with your professionalism. You treated your patients and office help with respect and I appreciated that. Despite your dedication to and your obvious love of the practice of medicine you always seemed to be able to manage to have other interests. Your concern for community affairs, enjoyment of sporting events, gardening skills, love of horseriding and especially your commitment to your family made you such a well-rounded person. I think that's a quality seldom found in medical doctors anymore.

I liked your common sense approach to medicine. It must have taken perserverance to tell patients "let time and nature heal this problem" when they clamoured for quicker results. Even when a patient was faced with a serious medical condition, you managed to give them hope and optimism.

On the lighter side, I liked your sense of humor. With the pressure and stress style of work that the practice of medicine has become, without the ability to laugh we become much too serious. Singing "Happy Birthday" to Grandpa Feltz, joking with you about your Thursday's "house calls", remembering the expression on your face when you walked out of a room after doing a sports physical on a patient and said, "I thought that was a boy, so I told him to take of his shirt and here it was a girl !" are all memories that bring a smile to my face.

I remember my first big mistake after starting to work here. I did the "cardinal sin" of letting a patient leave before you said they were ready to leave. I wonder how many of us don't remember chasing out to the parking lot to retrieve a patient from their car and to bring them back into the office for one more instruction from Dr. Willke!

Of course, there were sad times too. The loss of a patient was always hard, but you seemed to help all of us remember that death is a part of life and deal with our sadness by getting on with life. Our loss of Bert is a big sadness we all share and I don't think we'll ever understand why it happened.

In conclusion, when you look back on your years of practicing medicine you must be filled with such a sense of accomplishment and pride. You made a difference in the lives of thousands of people. I'm proud I was able to work for you. My family and I wish you a healthy happy retirement.

With sincerity and respect,

Karen Klepaski

August 30, 1985

For you Dr. Willke:

I understand you have officially retired (this time). Congratulations and hope you have a long, healthy and I might add, a well deserved retirement.

Just a few little bits and pieces I recall happened while I worked for you. If my memory serves me right, I started in January of 59 and worked thru January of 68. There were numerous incidents that happened those years, in fact I think something different almost everyday. Of course, some were humorous and some very interesting, sad occasions and meeting some very interesting and unusual patients.

Dr. Willke remember these;

Like the day you had me take the Osgood Priest (can't remember his name) to Coldwater Hospital and admit him with a heart attack. (I think I almost had one myself).

Like the times we went to your house to wash medicine bottles to be reused.

Like all the good times we had at the yearly Christmas parties held at the Elks Club.

Like the time a patient came late with a laceration and you made me give him a tetanus shot. I actually dreamt the poor fellow died. Fortunately he didn't.

Like your kindness and patience you had with me and thee book-keeping and checking account.

Like the nice and wonderful talks we had at our morning coffee and cookie breaks.

Like buying 2 ply toilet tissue instead of 1 ply.

continued;

Like working with all my co-workers; There was Mary, Jeanette and Muriel, then came Roene, Viola and Joanne followed by Julie and Aggie, sure hope I didn't miss anyone. They were all a joy and wonderful to work with.

I guess what it all comes down to is my working for you Dr. Willke, was very rewarding and helpful in my life! Especially, after getting married and the little ones came along, including measles, chicken pox, lacerations etc. I knew and had some knowledge of what to do, thanks to you. The many things that you taught me thru those nine years were truly great and have never regreted any of them.

So to you Dr. Willke and Freda: You deserve the best, certainly hope the retirement is everything you ever dreamed of. May it be a long and happy one.

With ALL MY LOVE:

Janet (Heitbrink)
Borgerding

(1952 - 1966)

Life's made for living,
Which you practiced every day;
By giving and caring,
And showing me the way!

In 1952, I was washing windows for a lady named Alfreda, when a gentleman came home for lunch. He asked Alfreda, if he could borrow the cleaning lady for the afternoon, because he had some odd jobs to be done at the office. That's when it all began!

These odd jobs turned into a full time job by the year 1959. These jobs included mowing grass, pumping air on the pressure tank of the water pump, washing bottles, changing a flat tire, filing, counting pills etc etc. Really, they were the good old days!

I remember once, I was suppose to take this man's new Chrysler car to the bank. I never did figure out how to move the seat forward. I sat on the very edge, of the seat and held onto the steering wheel for dear life, so I could reach the pedals, because this man must have long legs.

Sometime, I was more trouble than help.. I remember the time he was suturing up a patient, when his -so-called-nurse passed-out, and he ended up taking care of her instead of the patient..

Once, this gentleman had an infected hair root in his neck which he asked me to remove.. I remember how scared I was, for fear I might hurt my employer.

This gentleman I've been talking about, is a wonderful person, and he was a great person to work for. To have the patience to train me, took more than anyone could do. He is the one and only Dr. E. J. Wilke..

Thanks for everything you did for me, and all the things you taught me!

I wish you the best, in your new venture of retirement.

Best Wishes to you
and Alfreda!

Sincerely
Gertrude (Nurse) Mescher

Some memorable moments I have working with Dr. Willke are his patience he had with me while teaching me the ropes. I sure had a lot to learn and had to ask an awful lot of questions.

But probably some of the most memorable events are the care he gave as our family doctor. Quite a few of them were after office hours.

I remember bringing Mike to the house late one night when a baby to reduce a protruding hernia. At 13 months he had a hernia surgery and at four years a tonsillectomy. One Sunday afternoon he sutured Mike's forehead when he got hit with a horseshoe.

Bill had stitches on his lip one Christmas night. Dr. Willke also took care of him when he broke his leg during football practice.

Nick had multiple lacerations. I remember bringing him in for suture removal one week and coming back the next with another laceration.

When Linda was nine years old she was injured in a car-bicycle accident. This time Dr. Willke got called out of church during Bob Schwieterman's First Communion Mass and took care of her.

I had appendectomy and hernia surgeries, both on Saturday nights.

I will always be grateful to Dr. Willke for his care and patience with our family and also for hiring me at the office.

Aggie Schulte
1968-84

Office Memories - I call them my
"MOSTS".

The most frustrating: How I was never quite able to conform to Dr. Willkie's oft repeated request that I not talk so loudly to the patients.
I never quite made it.

The most touching: The two times that young children died in the office when I was present.

The most frightening: The mornings when I opened up the office following the break-ins. The first ^{time} I hardly knew what to do or whom to call. After several times, it became routine.

The most stupid: The time I put two people (of different sex) into the same examining room to wait for the doctor to return from lunch. They were strangers to me and to each other, but when I said, "You may come back now," they both came.
The girls, to this day, have never let me forget this one.

The most satisfying: Over the 19 years that I was at the office, I worked with a number of different ^{GIRLS} ~~girls~~. Although I was a lot older than all of them, I was treated with respect + kindness and have truly made some life-long friends.
The employers weren't bad either.
Just kidding, doctors!

Rae. 1961-1980

Congratulations on your Retirement

Many great memories came to mind when I sat down to write this note. The four years I worked at the office were enjoyable and very, very educational. I remember having to use a dictionary quite often. In fact on my very first day at the office "diarrhea" became part of my spelling vocabulary. It is spelled correctly, isn't it?

Also during those first few weeks, I learned that "flu" could have about 200 different symptoms, and that I better ask a "few" more questions when I answered the phone. Thinking about answering the phone brings back other memories too, even ones that occurred at home. I couldn't count the number of times relatives or friends hung up on me because they thought they had the wrong number when I answered our home phone saying, "Hello, Drs. Willke and Schwieterman's office."

And if you only knew how nervous I was the very first time you handed me the keys to your car to make a deposit at the bank. Wow, that's was some responsibility for an 18 year old. I also remember being nervous one Christmas eve. After you and Dr. Schwieterman had seen all of your patients, I became a patient. You each pierced one of my ears. You pierced one ear twice because the first hole went a little crooked. As I left the office to go home you said, "On the way to your car, if you happen to hear someone whistle at you, don't be too concerned because it just might be the wind going through the extra hole in your ear lobe."

I also remember certain patients who helped me learn that I do not faint at the sight of blood, that small children can be very strong when they do not want stitches or a booster shot, and that some women really do not enjoy being weighed.

I remember changing patients' appointment times (sometimes more than once) trying to balance the books at the end of a busy day (good experience for my own checkbook), fig newtons (still one of my favorite cookies), the scale in room four (it weighed a little light), drug salesmen (especially the one with the candy bar for Mrs. Utz), coughing pills (when the girls in the back were extra busy) and many, other small but memorable incidents.

I will always be grateful to you for giving me the chance to work in the office. It helped make it possible for me to continue my college education. I really did learn so much during those four years, not only at college but at the office as well. I did some maturing. On my last day at the office you said, "Pat, I am not sure how you will work with the children in your classroom, but while working here, I have seen you deal with every kind of parent." How true! Thanks for these and many other memories!

Best Wishes and Happiness
in Your Retirement.

Pat Klosterman

Dear Dr. Killke,

When I started working for you in September 1955, office work was quite a change from hospital routine. The first week I hated it and worried that I had made a mistake in leaving hospital work. Gradually I learned to enjoy it and never regretted leaving the hospital. The experience I received working for you was invaluable while raising a family.

I remember outbreaks of measles, mumps, chicken pox and some polio. There was no measles or mumps vaccine in those days. The first polio vaccine was released while I worked for you. Many mornings after the appointments were finished and you had left for the hospital Jeanette and I were very busy inoculating both children and adults.

Sometimes I made house calls, which I usually enjoyed doing. However, I have never liked cats, and I hated going to

Ossie Heithkamp's to change the dressing on her ankle ulcer because of the cuts she had. The fact that I didn't understand much of the German she spoke didn't bother me.

You always told me to leave the door between the treatment room and your office open when you wanted to do a pelvic exam if a husband had come in with his wife. One day a young couple came in. I didn't recognize them and you said you would take care of starting a new chart. Presently you asked me to prepare her for a pelvic exam which I did leaving the door open. After you came in the treatment room you promptly closed the door. You had forgotten to tell me they weren't married!

I have fond memories of the time I worked for you. You were never difficult to work for and you never reprimanded me although I'm sure I deserved it many times. Now that you have retired enjoy it in good health. You have earned it.

September 9, 1985

Dr. Willke;

When I was offered the job of working in your office, I thought it was going to be "a piece of cake." Boy, did I have alot to learn!

After spending alot of time with Mrs. Willke during the summer of 1980, I knew various tidbits about you as a person. As a boss, you scared me to death!!! You always seemed so stern, gruff and businesslike. During those first couple of monthes, a reprimand from you was worse than a slap on the hand. When you did correct me, you usually took the time to explain what I did wrong and why it was wrong. That meant alot to me!

Today that fear has turned into boundless amounts of respect and admiration. You gave so unselfishly of yourself. When a patient needed you, you were there ^{even} if it meant giving up a golf game or a peaceful evening at home with your wife.

As I look back over the years, I can't help but laugh and shed a few tears over the many things I've experienced and learned at the office. Such as:

- 1) Being civile to a patient who was a "crock".
- 2) Getting "points" for finding lost charts.
- 3) Acquiring the technique for getting the water the correct temperature for ear irrigations. I think I did it right once!
- 4) Learning never to stick anything into an ear that's smaller than an elbow!
- 5) Keeping a patient in a room until you said they were ready to go!
- 6) Getting our break before you were through with yours.
- 7) Praying for rain on Thursdays, just so you could stay and work late.
- 8) Learning to cope with those hunger pains when you described your breakfasts at the Briarwood Utilization Meeting. - "They only served those powder scrambled eggs!!!"

9) How it takes three adults to hold down a child for you to suture.

10) The many dinners we would end up eating at 1:00 or 1:30 due to someone over scheduling the morning appointments.

11) That going to a football game on Friday night despite the rain or snow was worth it!

Dr. Willke, if anyone deserves a spot near the Lord's right hand; I'm sure you do. But I must confess - I think your wife will be one step closer for all she's put up with!

May you have an enjoyable retirement!

Love Always,

Emily Koesters

Reflections

1950 - 1954

They were interesting, enjoyable, invaluable, and memorable years of my life. Whether they are called the good old days or stepping stones to what medicine is today, I learned a lot working for Dr. Edgar J. Willke during those years.

There was no formal job description outlining my duties and responsibilities. I functioned as receptionist, nurse, and bookkeeper. On rare occasions I filled in as groundskeeper, handyman, chauffeur, or assistant in whatever situation we found ourselves in. It added a touch of spice and variety to the job.

During the first weeks of my employment, Julie Albers continued working for Doc. She was a pleasant, reserved, knowledgeable individual who did a great job. I learned a lot from Julie and I tried to continue the job as she had done it. Being a young and new nurse who thought she knew it all, I had to interject some of my own thoughts and ideas here and there. Doc was always open-minded and willing to listen which made me feel good. Whether or not I really contributed anything worthwhile is not the point. I felt like I was part of the professional team during those years.

Dr. Willke was always a professional. I'm sure his patients saw him as such. In his general practice he

functioned as internist, surgeon, gynecologist, mental health counselor, and emergency physician. Injuries and illnesses which were not within the realm of his capabilities were referred to the proper specialists. Besides being a very knowledgeable and capable physician, he was not just my employer; he was a coworker and friend, an advisor and surrogate father.

Doc shared his medical knowledge and taught me a great deal during the four years that I worked for him. He showed me how to identify rashes and skin eruptions associated with communicable diseases and infections. He taught me first aid and suturing techniques. He pointed out signs and symptoms and diagnostic procedures as he encountered patients requiring treatment. When he left for professional trips or vacations, he allowed me to see his routine patients, refill prescriptions, assess patients and treat those with problems that I felt capable and confident in treating. I always announced to a waiting room full of people that the doctor was on vacation but I was there to help those who cared to stay. Amazingly very few would leave the room. I felt this indicated the confidence the patients felt in what their doctor had taught his nurse.

During one of Dr. Willke's vacation trips our parish priest accidentally cut his hand. Although he was aware that Doc was gone, he came to the office and asked me to suture the wound. When all attempts to take him to the

hospital or another physician failed, I checked for severed tendons, cleaned and anesthetized the area, and sutured the laceration. Thank goodness it healed nicely. This was another example of how well I'd been taught by my boss, the doctor.

Before Doc left for vacations he would take me with him on any home visits he was making at the time. One of the routine house calls of his has remained a vivid memory of mine. The patient was an elderly individual with severe leg ulcers. The first time I helped him remove the dressing, the wound was full of maggots. I had been told in nursing school that maggots were used to clean out wounds in the early days of medical practice. Although they were not intentionally used for that purpose in this case, I could see credence to that theory. The wound was nice and clean. However we removed all the creatures and applied sterile medicated dressings as our mode of treatment. It required several dressing changes to rid the wound of the hungry varmints. I don't remember any antibiotic therapy in conjunction with the vitamin ointment dressings but the wound healed beautifully in time. After thirty or more years the sight of the maggots is still quite visible in my memory.

Chemical abuse was not as prevalent during those years as it has been during the last decade or so. However on one occasion someone did break into the office to steal money and narcotics. Shortly thereafter Doc left for a short trip. During that time I carried the office cash

home with me at night for safekeeping. One evening during office hours I spotted a stranger sitting outside in a car. Instead of waiting to leave the office alone after everyone else had gone that night, I asked the last patient to wait for me. The stranger was gone when we left the building but I carried the cash home in my shoes that night.

One day a woman came to the office to get her ears pierced. She said she had worried and fretted about doing it for over a month. In our conversation later we discussed the lady's fear and apprehension. I said "I guess I'll have to have that done someday if I ever want to wear ear rings because my lobes are too small to wear the others." About a week or so later we had one of those rare slow days. After Doc had seen the last patient and sent him on his way, I heard him messing around in the treatment room which I had already straightened up. A few minutes later he called me in. "I'm going to do your ears now," he said. And he did! I never really had a chance to decide if I wanted pierced ears but I was very happy about it after it was done.

I remember a sad encounter to which Doc reacted with professionalism and humanistic feelings. A mother appeared at the back door carrying a small child who had suffered severe burns. Doc dropped everything and saw the child immediately. He applied first aid treatment to the burns, wrapped the child with a sheet, and drove mother and child to the hospital. I was left to carry on alone that day but no one minded. The child survived.

I never had the opportunity to learn to drive until I returned home upon completion of nurse's training. The ink on my driver's license was barely dry when I went to work for Doc. Marilyn was a student at Miami University at the time. My first long drive was a trip to Oxford with Doc's car to pick up Marilyn on a Saturday morning. I'm sure Doc didn't realize it then but his confidence in my driving ability made me feel great.

Early one spring day while I was mowing the grass around the office, I found verbenas growing wildly in the yard. I decided to transplant some of them into the flower beds between the shrubs. They thrived and blossomed beautifully. I'll never forget the compliments we received on the flowers that year.

Some of my happiest memories are associated with Doc's function as "the stork". Those pregnant women would come into the office beaming, "I think I'm pregnant." During the final months Doc would check the fetal heart tones and then he'd let me listen. It was like sharing the happy anticipation with the mother. I also started a prediction service which was probably close to 50% accurate. I knew I could never predict a boy if the parents already had several girls or vice versa. I knew no one would be unhappy if I proved wrong in such instances.

Although expectant motherhood brought great joy and happiness on most occasions, it was one area of my position which demanded the strictest confidentiality. Never did any such announcement come from my lips. I remember

the expression of disbelief on the faces of several close relatives and friends when they realized my mother had not been made aware of their forthcoming blessed events. Perhaps I carried it a little too far when I failed to tell Mom that Doc had delivered twin boys for a neighbor on Father's Day.

Away from the job our association continued. Although Doc's profession demanded much of his time, he found time to give to others. He coached the "Jinx", the girls' softball team for several years. He really got into the games. His excitement and enthusiasm, along with disappointments, were as great as any member of the Team. He may not have been as demonstrative as some, but his heart and feelings were there. We all appreciated his involvement very much.

Doc and his family took my family on as part of their own in a sense. We were invited to participate in some of the family functions. I remember a back yard picnic and visits to their beautiful home. They took my family and me to see our first hockey game at Hobart Arena in Troy.

The sad situation we encountered following one pleasant event will never be forgotten. We had spent an enjoyable Sat. afternoon watching a football game at Culver Academy where Bill was a student and a member of the football team. On the way home Doc stopped at the hospital to see his patients while we waited in the car. Within minutes he returned to the car and asked me to come inside with him. There I was told about the tragic accident and ensuing loss suffered by my now Brother-in-law, Sylvan. I spent the night at the hospital with him. Doc took me home on Sunday after completing his hospital rounds.

I have yet another recollection of Doc's generosity and feelings for my family. It occurred on a Sunday afternoon. I had gone to a bridal shower for a friend. While I was gone Mom had a severe gallbladder attack. She called Doc who came to the house to give her an injection for pain. Instead of calling me home he said, "Marilyn is at home studying. I'll send her over to stay with you until Martha comes home." And he did! Such thoughtful gestures were greatly appreciated.

In closing I'd like to reiterate: the four years that I spent working for Dr. Willke were happy, memorable years. They formed the groundwork and foundation of my adult life. Perhaps those years, in some small way, have contributed to my happiness and success as a wife, mother, and professional member of Good Samaritan Hospital's Health Team.

Sept. 8, 1985

Dr. Willke,

Fourteen years ago you hired a young 17 year old high school graduate, with no experience, to work as your receptionist. Thanks to you, she was able to work her way through college and fulfill her dream of becoming a teacher. All these years later, I, that young girl, want to thank you for not just a job but for three years of experiences that are a unique part of my past.



Memories are many
and mixed.
I remember
your
quick

efficient care of your patients. Especially on Monday mornings when I had twenty people who needed a doctor and five appointments were open. You managed to see them all and still have time for a coffee break.

As for coffee breaks, they were interludes of sanity in often crazy days. Tales of African travels and Fig Newton cookies, were reminders that somewhere in the world the phone wasn't ringing off the wall.

Enjoy your retirement!

Chris Prenger



I remember the day you stopped at the house, and told me you were looking for a girl to work in the office, as your practice was getting larger, you needed someone to assist you. I was just out of High School, and was not sure that working for you was what I wanted to do, but I was hired and here I am years later and still working in the same office.

My first day of work, I counted narcotics at a little card table in the drug room. The office was still in it's original set up, although that same summer, the first step in remodeling began. Rosann was not quite a year old when I started to work, and when she began to talk, she could not say Julia, she just called me A, and Bill she called B., so we were A and B for quite a while.

There are many memories through the years, and of course the most rewarding one was going along on Home Deliveries. Helping to bring these tiny little infants into this world, even if it was the middle of the night sometimes, was quite an experience. The homes were quite different in each delivery. I remember on hot summer night at Cletus Voskuhl's, no screens in the windows, we chased bugs, and delivered the baby. At. Clem Knapke's we built the fire so we could have hot water and sterilize the gloves and instruments. It was very interesting.

One of the first bad accidents, was Gust Buddie, he had gotten his hand in the corn picker, and was minus a finger, I helped clean the wound and did not pass out, so you said I passed the test very well. Frank Boeckman did the same thing, and came in with some finger missing. Tom Overman came in with a very nasty laceration of the upper thigh, a sow had bit him, you were at the hospital, so I sent him there. There was Donald Ranly, he had his finger caught in a meat grinder, and took the tip of the index finger off. He was carrying the finger in a white handkerchief, and was crying and begging you to sew the tip of the finger back on, as he wanted to study to become a priest and he needed the index finger. You sutured it back together, but the tip had to eventually be taken off. Don became a priest without the tip of the index finger, but has since left the priesthood. My nephew came in with a very bad laceration of the face. He had fallen down the stairs steps, with a piece of stove pipe in his hand and the laceration was black from the soot from the stove pipe. You said that had to be scrubbed so all the soot was out of the laceration. You sent my sister out of the room, and we put him to sleep, and then you scrubbed, and I thought you were going to scrub his whole side of the face off, but you got all of the soot out, and today he still has a large scar on the face, but there is no black soot in the scar.

A frightening experience was you sent me out to give Josephine Bruey a shot, don't remember what I gave her, but she reacted to the injection and I thought she was going to die right then. She became cold and clammy and S.O.B. I called back to the office, and when you came out, she was snapping out of it. I was not going to give another shot, but you made me give her another one right then. Then I was sent out to give Mark Prenger a pain shot, he was being transferred to Dayton, and when I got to Prenger's I had nothing with me to give the shot, I had left everything back at the office. I flew back to the office, in the White Pontiac, Picked up the syringe and medication and flew back to Prengers. Mark already was in the ambulance, but I did get back in time to give him his shot, and when I got back to the office you said all this just because I didn't have my mind on my work, I was getting married in two weeks

Of course there were all the Tonsillectomies we did in the office. Usually two and once in awhile three in one morning. Dr. Gomolski or Dr. Schmiesing coming to give the Anes. It got to be hectic at times when the patients were coming out of the anes. The worst hang over I ever had, that morning we had a Local Tonsillectomy, and I really got sick and could barely help you finish, and you became upset and you sent me home and told me not to come back untill I was sober.

Those first $9\frac{1}{2}$ years I worked, when you left on vacations, I was always told never to leave a new patient go some place else, I was to do something for them so they would come back as patients. I remember on occasion some people from North Star, if I remember right their name was Nisonger, they brought there daughter in very ill, and they were new patients, and I thought she had all the symptoms of an acute appendix, I had witnessed your excellent judgement on diagnosing an appendix quite often, and I thought she was a good candidate for an appendix, and a new patient, and I had to do something for her. I called Dr. Adkins or Dr. Scheidt, I don't remember which one, and told him about our patient, and he said to send her over they would check her over, and she did have an acute appendix, and they were patients of ours after that, I got an A for that one. I also sutured some lacerations while you were on vacation, and the patients never became upset when I did anything for them when you were gone.

I remember the late evening office hours and it was one of these hot summer nights and Mrs. Ed. Rose delivered in the car, and he brought her to the office (not our patient) She was brought into the office and you delivered the placenta, and I didn't know what to do with it, and you said throw it in the kitchen sink, after that we were very busy and forgot about it, and later on Alfrida and the kids came home and there was the placenta in her kitchen sink. I think Bill had to bury it.

There were the cigarette days, no matter how busy we were, or what time of the day or night, if no more cigarettes in the pack, someone had to go and get a pack of Camels.

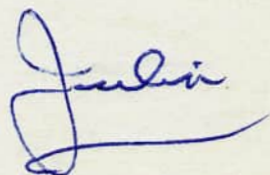
Those first $9\frac{1}{2}$ years of work, I was the only one working in the office, so naturally all mistakes were pinpointed to me, and after I came back in 1968 with another Dr. in the office, and several girls working, somehow you could still pinpoint the mistakes on the person who made it.

It was such a rewarding experience to help bring life into this world, and such a sad sad thing to see the Poeppelman and Holdheide infant die in the office.

Bert taking her life, was a horrible blow to the entire office staff. She was such a good person, and had come such a long way since her first day of work. Why she did this, I guess we will never understand.

Writing this brings back lots and lots of things that happened, too many to put on this paper. Dr. Willke I enjoyed all the years I worked with you, grateful for the many things you taught me, for the interesting experiences I had, the little phrase "There is no such word as can't" was brought out to me quite often. I am no Bob Hope but "Thanks for the Memories", and you and Freda enjoy your retired life.

One more thing, when I started to work we had no phone, and that was one of the first things I had to get, and I remember I had the phone put upstairs so I could hear it ring after night, and it was early one morning some man came to the door, he had some car trouble, and he wanted to use the phone, and I left him in and told him to go upstairs and use it, my Dad could not hear and when this man came downstairs my Dad saw him and he became most upset, he thought this man had been upstairs all night with me.



To Dr. Edgar J. Willke

I remember when I was very little and was suffering from ulcerative colitis, you sat by my bed holding my hand. I think I had a crush on you way back then. I never was afraid to go to the office to see you and I vowed I would be your nurse some day.

After I graduated from Medical Assisting school, I began work at the office in January of 1973 (when Jan Rozenbeck barely started her student teaching). I guess it was like a childhood dream come true. I also remember Jan telling me what Dr. Willke considered "cardinal sins" (1) chewing gum 2) asking patients "how are you today" 3) repeating patient information

I like to think back through the years and how I looked forward to the mid morning break (which has since become obsolete) and being able to visit a little. I even developed a real liking to fig newtons. It was a nice break from an almost crazy daily schedule.

I often feared working with you because I was afraid of goofing up. But I've learned alot from all my so called goof ups.

The first week I worked I had to assist you with removing polyps from a women's Nose. I almost passed out. It was quite a new experience.

I also remember once you had me stay in a room with an elderly confused gentleman while you spoke to him in another room.

After returning to the hallway I found out that the gentleman had been having fits of violence. I almost melted thinking what could have happened while I was trying to make rational conversation with him. We all got a chuckle out of it. "Dr. Wilke knew what he was doing" they told me.

I know many of your patients were the elderly and I guess they seemed to be my favorites. You treated them with great patience and caring. I have a long list of special patients that I almost looked forward to see even though I hated to see them sick.

I'll never forget our mouse problems. The time you smacked that mouse up against the wall in what was room 2. I once came in when a mouse was caught by its tail and dragging the trap around. I only could think to cover it with a box until someone braver could dispose of it. I also recall Roene's episode of a mouse on her coat one evening when we were going home.

I think back to a scary morning when I came to the office and found the back door open and glass broken and blood on the back steps. That was one of three times I remember such office robberies.

Theres many things I owe you for. Like the day you decided I had to learn to fix the dead batteries on patients cars. My success rate in jumping car batteries to this date is pretty good. In all sorts of weather I've surprised people that wondered if I really knew what I was doing. I always give you the credit. - Sometimes I began to feel like a "Jill of all Trades".

We also did the bark runs with your car, transported patients to the hospital, cleaned, painted, wall papered, grocery shopped for goody supplies and catsup that was not to be refrigerated and I remember taking a Sunday afternoon away from quarterly report taxes to go to the hospital for a kidney stone.

In the 12 yrs I've been at the office I'm still learning about dealing with the public. Answering the telephone has been an education in itself.

1) Chris (Rosenbeck) Prenger
2) Jan (Rosenbeck) Rantzy
3) Julia Jeltz
4) Aggie Schulze
5) Bert Hartings
6) Roene Utz
7) Joan Bruns
8) Andy Stucke
9) Rita Nickamp
10) Karen Klegoski
11) Em Koesters
12) Sandy Kremer
13) Judy Albers

Thirteen may be an unlucky number to some people but this 13 has been lucky for me. I feel lucky to have worked with, and shared the hardships but alot of happy times with these girls, you, Dr. Schwilerman & Marilyn. I could probably keep reminiscing about different things we've done. One memory leads to more. Each has added to my life.

I want to say thank you Dr. Willke for making a little girls hopes! dreams turn into a reality and for being so patient and caring. It was just your way to add a touch of joy to every day... and so this comes with worlds of thanks for being just that way.

Love

Janie (Bruns) Luebke

Give to my eyes light to those
in need.

Give to my heart compassion
and understanding.

Give to my mind knowledge
and wisdom

Give to my hands skill and
tenderness

Give to my ears the ability
to listen

Give to my lips words of
comfort

Give to my spirit the desire to
share

Give to me Lord strength for
this selfless service and
enable me to bring joy to
the lives of those I serve



- Reflections -

I did not have the opportunity to work with you being hired in when you were semi-retired.

My memories of you being our family doctor (as I was growing up and into my adult years). We went through the usual broken bones, colds, stitches and surgeries. You played a very important role in all of the above situations. So many times it meant a house call which was very appreciative and mind relieving.

One incident in particular



sticks out in my mind. When I was in grade school, Marilyn and I were playing on the swings. I ran out in front of Marilyn consequently a cut on the nose requiring stitches. It was my fault but Dr. said since Marilyn was involved there wouldn't be any charge. My Dad, with a smile on his face said that's one time you were playing with the right person.

Many good times were had during the late 1940's at the Willke house.

Hope you have many happy
and good retirement years ahead of you.
Fritz Albert

September 10, 1985

Dear Doctor Willke,

I began working for you and Dr. Schwieterman in September 1963 and I am sure this employment has been one of the better things that has happened to me in my lifetime.

Your patience, tactfulness and professional attitude with your employees as well as with your patients have made a lasting impression. You always seemed to know exactly what to do and say in the most difficult situations.

Working at the office has certainly been a learning experience and I've often remarked how many useful things I've learned and how often this knowledge helped in the care of our children — and speaking of the children — the added income my working has provided has certainly help finance their educationis and for this we thank you.

You have cared for Lester's family for many years and we are grateful for all the times you helped with the care of his parents and the kindness you have shown them.

There have been funny as well as sad happenings thru the years. I have met and come to know many nice people and treasure the friendships made with you and Mrs. Willke and Dr. Schweitman and Marilyn and their family as well as those of the girls with whom I have worked. Bert's death was difficult and devastating for us all and something we probably never will fully understand.

So, after your years of dedicated service Lester and I and our children congratulate you and wish only the best in the future for you and Mrs. Willke.

Sincerely,
Joan Bruns

Dr. Wille,

As I remember all those "fun times" at the office, it's hard not to crack a smile when I think back to --

The first day on the job asking you what order the meds were in in the drug room so I could learn them more easily. "That's the order they're in and that's the way they'll stay - it's our order." I can still close my eyes and pick out Laxmin in a snap.

Remembering to warm the vaginal speculum on the radiator before a pelvic exam - and facing the all time crisis of the radiators.

Little did those ladies know that not only was it warm from my rubbing it but it was the shiniest speculum around too.

Actually taking another patient back when the yellow chart was turned around meaning a break and I blew it! I also learned through the years that bringing something to eat in was a sure way to guarantee a break.

Being scared to death after I took over Roene's job of ordering drugs that I would run out of something. I prayed more than once that UPS would come speeding to my rescue.

Rushing like crazy to put back the vaginal forceps in its

sacred place - being under penalty of death if you misplaced it was a sure way to make you fumble with its use.

Those - - - mice; more than once I almost screamed when one of those dear creatures jumped out when you opened the closet, or pulled out that little drawer in the drug room or even had enough gall to jump out of a radiator.

Surviving the remodeling project - I still don't know how we maintained our sanity - especially when the receptionist was in old room 2 and we were using the new waiting room. And watching Bob & Hester stretching out on the floor for a noon nap and wishing we could do the same.

Those certain 2 people who used to faithfully stop on the way to or from Dr Spieles office and use our restroom. One day in particular stands out - when diarrhea struck! Thank heaven we never had to use the pooper scooper again!

Playing social secretary from the time Mrs Willeke left for Florida until Dec 1st. We almost started a pool to wager who would correctly pick your mystery bridge partner. Little did you know we had spies out all over so we could give our detailed weekly report to your wife.

Going out for breakfast on Sundays 2 couples at a time - and the next year being replaced by Ted!

Being ready to crawl in a hole when the barrel of a glass syringe fell out when I was attempting to give Imferon. I had Imferon all over me and none in the patient's gluteus maximus. You offered to buy me a new uniform but I got it all out after much scrubbing & soaking. I wonder if that new uniform offer still stands - I sure could use one now!

Thanking God more than once that the patient who we saw for chest pain had the decency to wait until he got to the hospital lobby before he went into cardiac arrest.

This list could go on and on but a certain boss once told me not to be so wordy just stick to the facts - So Mr Wietke

thanks for everything - hiring
me & not firing me! being
a friend and our doctor who
not only helped my mom & dad
but also my kids & Bob & I.

And a special thanks to
Mrs Wicke for making you
what you are - after all behind
every successful man there's
a wife that made him that
way

Best wishes always,

Rita Niekamp

Caw always thought we forgot
to write down those ETW-SU
and N's - Heck we were
paving them all these
years

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Digitized by Andy Niekamp ~ andyniekamp@gmail.com ~ www.andyniekamp.com

What ever happened to those
drugs that really worked
like -

Done's Cpd	Thiozol
Phenadynes	Retone
Mitigans	Alkylol
Allucarb	Sod Iodide & Sal Black
SWP	Saladin
Iodized Calcium	Sedaco
Truallins	Hexalith
Bela Koids	Bisocarb
Barbellin	Acetyl. sal
Alalay	Methylene Blue

Things we'd see

rhinitis

Pulmonary disease—

hemorrhoids.

disability?

at the office

allergy sufferers

depression and anxiety

HYPERTENSION

edema..

ARTHRITIS

menopause.

of pregnancy in

ALZHEIMER'S I

gastric ulcer,

cancer

Emergency

diabetic

HEART PROBLEMS:

Stomatitis

insomnia

Tendinitis and bursitis

OHIO STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



This is to certify that
Edgar James Willke MD
is a member in good standing
of the OSMA and the
Mercer County Medical Society
for the year
1988

This spot is reserved for
Dr Schweiterman's memories
who on occasions has been
known to be late —