

REMEMBERING BILL LOVE

(First published November 1981)

A long friendship and association ended last September with the death of Bill Love. We first met at Fort Benning in September 1941 when we were young doctor lieutenants on the surgical service at the old Station Hospital. After the war and our completion of additional specialty training, the association was renewed in 1948-1949 when he influenced us to desert New Orleans and come to Columbus to practice. It was a decision we've never regretted, and one that was reinforced by our continued close friendship over the years. We'll miss him as a friend, as a neighbor and as a handy counselor in all matters.

There are many things to remember about Bill—his patience, his depth of knowledge, his unerring medical and surgical judgment, and even his occasional orneriness. But perhaps his most admirable attribute was his dedication as a student, not only of medicine and surgery at which he excelled, but of whatever interest or hobby it was that occupied him for the moment. He pursued them all, from golf and fishing to photography and hunting dogs, with the same single mindedness and thoroughness that characterized his practice of medicine.

As a persuader Bill had few equals. In his own soft spoken way (the "Whisperin' Willie" was no misnomer), he moved with quiet determination and diplomacy behind the scenes to initiate projects and get things done that needed doing. He preferred to remain in the background, but he enjoyed his role as a manipulator. He was responsible, almost single handedly, for establishing the teaching services with their medical school affiliations at Medical Center and St. Francis Hospitals. The medical community will miss his guidance.