

CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE  
TO ONE COMMUNITY

On April 15, 1932, representatives of the medical profession of Nebraska gathered at a dinner held in Norfolk, Nebraska, to honor the author's fifty years of service to one Nebraska community. One hundred forty-six were seated at the tables. Noted speakers from Omaha, Lincoln and outstate said many pleasant things suitable to the occasion. Human nature is so constituted that one likes to hear such things said although one knows they are not true!

At this time the celebrated Nebraska columnist "Doc" A. L. Bixby\* of the State Journal (Lincoln) read the following verse written for the occasion and here printed by permission.

I am glad of this chance to unburden my thought,  
For that work is my very best hold,  
And to write, in the place of political rot,  
A true story that's worth being told.  
Fifty years have I toiled with the pencil and pen,  
I have stood for the things I deemed right;  
And my heart has been touched by the sorrows of  
men,  
And made glad when they won in the fight.  
For the same length of time has tonight's honored  
guest  
Been as patient and plodding and strong,  
And his labors have been most abundantly blessed—  
And we honor you now, Doctor Long.  
  
Yes, you traveled these wilds over trails that were  
blind,

---

\*Since deceased.

CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE

And you waded through drifts that were deep,  
Oft you rode like the devil to salvage mankind,  
And you went without vittles and sleep.  
I can see you today as you looked when at first  
I beheld your kind features at rest;  
I can vision you patiently doing your worst,  
Or when prudently doing your best.  
The philosophers say that we all make mistakes—  
No one living but sometimes does wrong;  
As to medical practice, in getting the breaks,  
You're an offspring of luck, Doctor Long.

You have been a Samaritan all of the way,  
You are said to have played a square game,  
And a whole lot of people are living today  
Who were mighty near dead when you came.  
You have contacted people with all sorts of ills,  
Whom you never have sought to deceive,  
And your smile has been often more potent than  
pills,  
As I think I may fairly believe.  
Fifty years—I am glad to be with you tonight,  
And to pencil this rapturous song;  
You have won a great race, you have fought a good  
fight,  
So God bless you! man's friend, Doctor Long!