



Easter 1898. And here are three young blades from out on the campus down to the photographer to have their pictures snapped. Left to right, they are Tom Clement, now of Norman, C. C. Williams, Denver, Colorado, and the inimitable "Kirby" Prickett who died during the early fall.

On the opposite page is Huey P. Long, '12ex, the late senator from Louisiana. This drawing was made by Nada Casey, young artist who has been sketching students in the lobby of the Oklahoma Union.

Kirby Prickett

By DR. S. R. HADSELL, '04

KIRBY PRICKETT is dead. This will be sad news to two or three hundred students who knew the University during the first fifteen years of its history, for "Kirby" was an institution in himself. We made heroes of such teachers as Boyd, Buchanan, Parrington, DeBarr, Paxton, and Elder, and included "Kirby" in the list, forgetting that there was, if there was, any distinction between janitor and professor. "Kirby" was well beloved. He would do anything for anybody. As he progressed from janitor to head janitor, and Superintendent of Building and Grounds, he was as much interested in the growth of the University as the President or the Board of Regents, and was as often consulted. He bridged a gap between town and gown. When he left the University in 1907, he carried in his head the map of the underground University, the heat tunnels, the water pipes, etc.

Old students remember him with a smudgy face, a wrench in hand, always busy. His favorite expression was, "I'll come immediately if not sooner." On rainy days, or winter days, he was always in the basement of the one University building. In "Kirby's" quarters one could get warm in the morning, if

one had driven in from the country. In "Kirby's" quarters one could eat the lunch which he had brought with him in a tin-pail. There a student could wash his face or shine his shoes. His shop was connected with the President's office two stories above by a speaking tube, or whistling tube. "Whistle Kirby up" was the command a dozen times a day. If the heat was poor, if the students had broken chapel chairs, if an instructor was out of crayon, Kirby could restore peace.

Once a distinguished visitor to the President's office was asked to speak at chapel. "Look at my shoes," said the visitor. "Whistle for Kirby," said the President. Along came Kirby with a box of shoe-polish and a blacking brush, and again the day was saved. The visitor brushed his own shoes, but Kirby would have done it if he had been asked to do it. He was the University handy man.

President Boyd took Kirby to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he served as Superintendent of Building and Grounds, at the University of New Mexico until the war. He then went into Government Service at San Pedro. He has since been living on a farm in Texas.

It would take too long to tell of his little nameless good deeds. Once a year he tried to visit his wife's mother, Mrs. Worthington, in Norman. He never let a Mother's Day pass, or a Christmas, or a birthday, without sending her a card

or a letter. "I loved him as much as I loved my own children," said Mrs. Worthington.

Said Doctor Boyd in a recent letter to me: "Kirby" Prickett lived such a useful, dependable, efficient, loyal life, notwithstanding troubles, that I think his passing deserves more than a passing notice. Our country is served by the almost unnoticed and unappreciated useful lives of such humble indistinguished people."

I feel like saying to Crowe, Roberts, Bucklin, Edwards, Green, McCoy, Bell, Morter, Barbour, Wingate, Short, Bible, Williams, Kirk, Clement and a host of others: "Well, boys, Kirby's gone. We can't remember the old building and the early days without Kirby in the picture."

He died August 5, 1935, at Harlingen, Texas, of paralysis. His monument is erected in the hearts of his friends. We never found him, absent, late, unwilling, discouraged, or depressed. He could always find a way to mend everything, even broken hearts. Well done, good and faithful servant!



Deep Notes

Beneath the surge of current University events this late summer and fall, the underlying tone has been that of deep notes. Deep notes and shadows across Oklahoma.

Death—a comparatively infrequent visitor to a young school and a young state—cut through the circles of those most honored in Oklahoma and at the University. For in a state, settled largely by the run of '89, and in a University established but forty odd years ago, youth and vitality have been the predominate note.

But late 1935 was a period when many of Oklahoma's most distinguished went across, leaving brilliant memories and deep respect behind them. Will Rogers and Wiley Post, though not alumni, were Oklahomans whom the University loved.

Then, there was Huey Long, a former University student, who will rank with the great in the history of the United States. And Otto Walter, '20bs, '21eng, killed in an accident in New York. And Kirby Prickett, a campus figure back in the first years of the University. Then, too, there have been Mrs. Charles N. Gould and F. J. McGinley, who made the run into Norman in '89.

Also there were George V. Metzel, Alfred Weinzirl and Margaret Varey.

Deep shadows have been cast across Oklahoma, but youth must learn of death and youthful Oklahoma will be no exception. For when the state and the school are as old as those of the east the mellowness of time will have left its trace.—The Editor.