

## Dedication

I missed being born on Kansas Day by a matter of an hour or so, thirty-several years ago, on the 28th day of January.

Throughout the years on my birthday, first in life, and then in very poignant, very real memory, there has always been the image of my father, Ernest Clyde Hickey (1868-1927).

The progenitor of my being was an ever present source of comfort in the troubles of boyhood. He was a rock of strength in the problems of young manhood. And had he lived, I have no doubt but that he would have been an adoring and spoiling grandparent.

So — both as a Memorial to my father, and an example to my young son, Allen Mills Hickey, of many things which a man should be — I am printing this little booklet of hitherto unpublished verses and writings of Ernest Clyde Hickey.

My father was soft-spoken a great portion of the time. He was suave and courteous, calm and dignified most of the time. He had the massive shoulders and chest of an athlete, combined with the gentle understanding of a savant and a philosopher, and with these was as brilliant an intellect as I have ever met.

His fifty-nine years of life were not renowned for preservation of earthly goods, nor for success in financial affairs. But in those fifty-nine years he was seldom lacking in the eternal verities.

Born as a poor boy of pioneering parents, he came to Kansas in a covered wagon in the early 1870's, settling at Peabody. He gained an education by his own efforts, graduating from high school and from the University of Kansas, with valedictorian and *summa cum laude* honors. In adult life as assistant to Francis Huntington Snow, chancellor of his alma mater; superintendent of schools during the halcyon gold-rush days at Cripple Creek, Colo.; as a historian, a professor, an author, a friend, and as a kindly and noble gentleman, he left his mark on many hundreds of young men, with whose guidance and instruction he was entrusted.

And in these days, when the world is again involved in a gigantic blood bath, I know of no more fitting way to regain a sense of proportion than from the simple yet stately verses that flowed from his pen, so easily they seemed almost without effort.

RICHARD ALLEN HICKEY

January 28, 1942