

MEMORIAL

GLENN C. COUCH

1909-1966

The death of Dr. Glenn C. Couch on Nov. 5 is a profound loss to the University. The beloved and respected dean of University College passed away after a prolonged illness which had confined him to his home since last spring. He was 57.

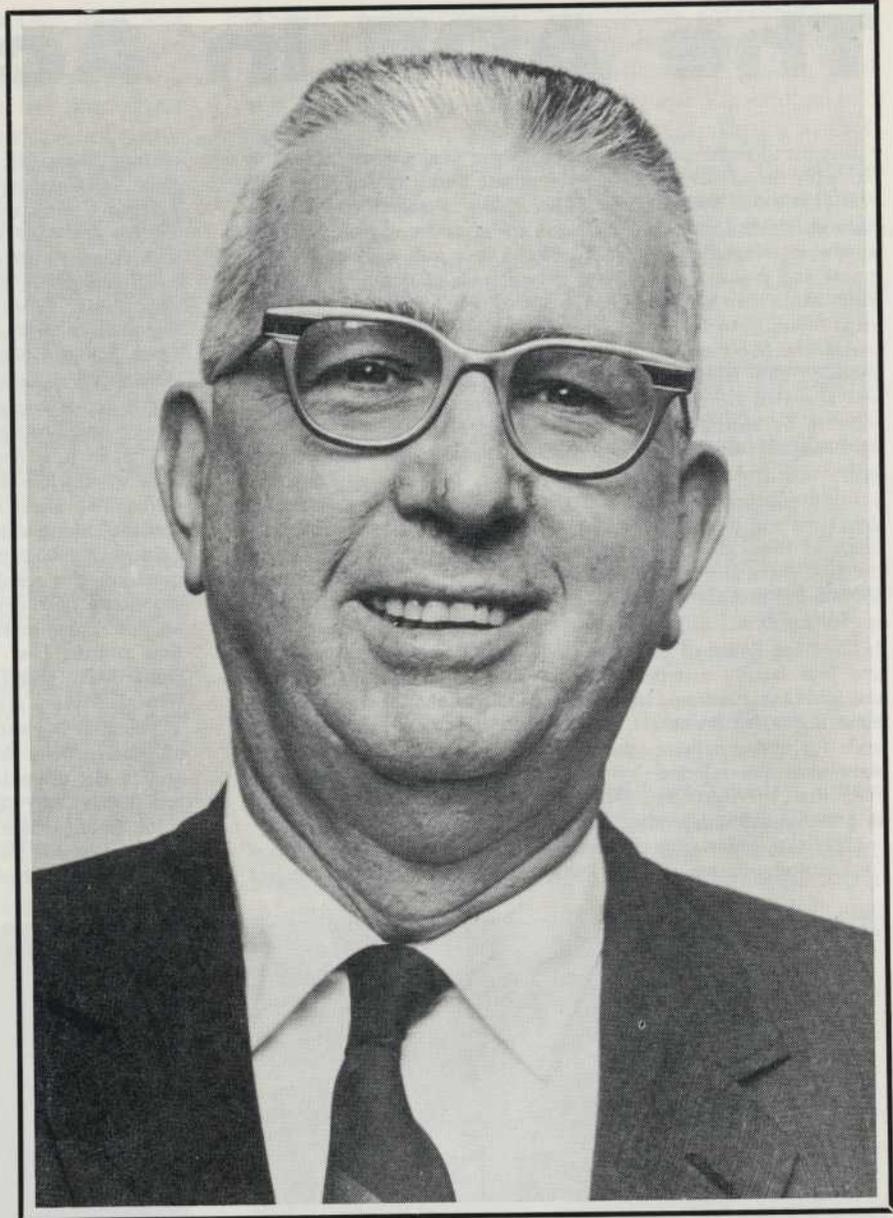
Said Dr. Cross: "Glenn Couch was my oldest friend in Oklahoma. When Mrs. Cross and I first came to the campus in 1934, Glenn Couch helped us get acquainted with the University and with Norman. We have lost a great friend and colleague, and the students of the University have lost a great friend and counselor.

"He cannot be replaced.

"His greatness will be measured by the memories men and women keep of his kindness, his free spirit, and his devotion to the students he served." Dean Couch's association with OU spanned 39 years as student, teacher, and dean. A native of Helena, Okla., he earned both bachelor's and master's degrees in botany from OU in 1931 and 1937, respectively, and taught botany here from 1932 on, with an interruption for doctoral study at Ohio State University from which he received a PhD in 1940.

It was in 1946 that Dr. Couch was appointed dean of the University College, which had been established by Joseph A. Brandt, while he was president of the University from 1941-43. University College was designed to embrace the basics of a liberal arts education in a common curriculum for freshmen before they moved into their major field of study. It was as dean of the college through which every freshman student passed that Glenn Couch became known as a man who cared for students, who took a genuine interest in the boys and girls who sought his guidance, and who worked to make their educational experience at OU a meaningful one.

Dean Couch loved his students, he loved the University, and he worked tirelessly for both. He was in great demand as a speaker before high school and college students, alumni groups, civic groups, and his professional colleagues. As one of the best known, most called upon spokesmen for the



DEAN GLENN C. COUCH

University, he gave of his time and energy unsparingly. He enjoyed standing before an audience and in his distinctive drawl, talking about the institution for which he held such affection.

In 1965 the University honored Dean Couch with her highest award, the Distinguished Service Citation. No person deserved it more. His contributions are numerous, but there are two of which he was most proud.

Probably his most outstanding memorial is the University Scholars (*Sooner Magazine*, April 1964), which he envisioned five years ago as a program geared for the best students, a program that would permit them more freedom in flexing their academic

muscles. It seemed unfair to him to bind superior students with the customary rules and regulations. This fall the fourth class of University Scholars enrolled in OU. The program has been an outstanding, nationally recognized success.

The other was his devotion to the handicapped students. He worked unceasingly on their behalf and was always available to them as counselor and friend. The special ramps for wheelchairs which cover the campus at every curb and every building are largely the work of Glenn Couch. He encouraged the handicapped students, found them places to live, students to assist them, arranged their schedules so that they were as physically con-

venient as possible, found financial aid for many, and wrote their parents about their progress. A letter from one of the handicapped students whom he counseled appeared in the *Daily* the day of Dean Couch's funeral:

It was my privilege to know Dean Couch as well or better than any student on this campus. I am a physically handicapped student who first met him when I came to OU five years ago as a freshman. My relationship with Dean Couch went beyond that of advisor and student. To put it succinctly, Dean Couch was my intellectual father.

Without knowing whether I would turn out to be a good student or not, he invested great time and energy in my educational process and in the personal difficulties that come with being a handicapped student on a college campus. His faith in me is the basis for the deepest personal grief I have ever felt. . .

While I am, with every member of the University, grieving the loss of Dean Couch, I ask you to join me in celebrating the privilege of having known such a man. I know he has aided and influenced many students and in his years of service has done much to build the University of Oklahoma and the cause of higher education in this state. I ask you to think of what this university and what you and I would be if there had never been a Dean Couch. I ask you to give thanks for his life and his service to us all. Sincerely, Guy Eslinger.

Dean Couch was no less devoted to the "average" student. As dean he expanded the University's guidance and counseling services. "Our first interest," he said, "is to help the student make an adjustment to college life. Education is essentially and wholly an individual process. Guidance is valuable because it deals with choices, with adjustments, and with interpretations."

His friends and colleagues will miss his warmth, his humor, his ability, his insight. The University will miss his dedication, his foresight, his leadership. The students will simply miss Dean Couch.

He is survived by his wife of 33 years, the former Ida Marguerite Le-Crone; a son, Joseph Barton, and a daughter, Mrs. Wolfgang Stoerchle, both of Norman.

Contributions in his memory may be made to the Glenn Couch Memorial Fund or to the Marco Fund for Handicapped Students, in care of the OU Foundation, Union Bldg., Norman.

Dean of the Practice Gate

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commemorating the award. It shows Morris grinning at the camera, the blanket bearing the large white "O" draped around him. Morris attends all the annual O Club banquets, and at one not many years ago he startled his fellow lettermen. Dr. Cross had finished making a brief talk, and Bud Wilkinson in the course of his remarks pointed to Morris and asked for applause in recognition of his service. Morris acknowledged the applause and then walked straight to the speaker's table to make his own speech. In front of his boys and the audience Morris apologized for his inability to speak in public like Dr. Cross and "Bud Wilkinson" but he had "never had an opportunity to have a formal education." He expressed his gratitude to the school and to the athletic department, then reached into a pocket. Instead of pulling out the traditional candy or gum, Morris produced a check for \$500. "I want to give this to the O Club," he said, then sat down.

Morris is devoted to his football players, though he isn't a fan of the game itself. "I don't care about football," he says. "I just come out and give the boys gum every day. I like them, and they like me. Otherwise, I wouldn't come." Bantering with his boys is a favorite pastime. Tom Stidham runs by Morris on the way to the practice field. "There goes Tommy Stidham," yells Morris. "Can't punt the ball. Too busy

thinkin' about getting married." Stidham grins and growls back. Ben Hart rates high on Morris' list. He gets Wild Cherry gum, a brand reserved for the best players. "I love him," says Ben.

Morris is not reluctant to share some insights with a listener. About college players he says: "It's not football that hurts these boys. It's college girls. They dream about them all night." About Coach Mackenzie: "A prince." About the Notre Dame game: "You look at history. All those kings and queens who thought they'd never fall. And then came the guillotine. Nothing's impossible." (Morris is not infallible.) Concerning cosmology: "This planet's not moving—only the people on it."

Though his devotion to his boys hasn't faltered, Morris admits that he himself is slowing down: "I'm getting like an old dog. I just want to lie down. I even get tired of talkin' to people." But he always seems to have enough energy to put a rookie at ease or to cheer up an older boy after a disappointing game. You can see him at each home game sitting in his favored positions on the sideline or scurrying to fill Coach Mackenzie's paper cup with ice water when the coach yells, "Morris!" And of course during the week, Morris is at the practice field gate. And fraternity brother or no fraternity brother, you'd better have a pass if you want to get in. END

Backstage with the Brains

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Ed popped his knuckles as he listened to his answers.

Ralph's room didn't seem different from that of any other college boy. Two Playmates were pasted on a closet door, and different colored plaid bedspreads added a bright, if not harmonious, look.

After the tape ended, the meeting became more of a gab session than a strategy conference. They talked about the mail they were receiving, which included a telegram from Carl Albert saying that he had watched the show each week from his bed at Bethesda Naval Hospital where he was recovering from a heart attack. Ed said a girl from New York had written him, and Dr. Morris told of card signed, "Your OSU fans."

Throughout the evening I noticed that Steve Wilson was the quiet one, seldom talking, which seems to be his nature. He reads Hemingway, Mailer, Salinger, and Updike, doesn't watch much TV, but enjoys old movies. In his free time he likes to read and attend plays. He digs rock-and-roll as well as classical music, and has a single room in a rooming and boarding house.

Ed is the youngest of the group, and like Ralph, is much the extrovert. He continually joked and bantered with his girl friend Kathi Hayes, who was present for part of the meeting, and his coach and teammates.

Ed and Kathi have been "dropped" since August. "We met three months ago," said Kathi, "when my tennis ball rolled onto his court. That was the last time we played tennis."

Ralph is probably the most self-assured of the group, the acknowledged team leader. His quick, sharp comments spilled into every conversation. The others seemed so accustomed to his *bon mots* that they largely ignored them. Or maybe just tolerated them.

All four chose not to join fraternities. "It's just that I'm a social misfit," said Ralph. What about girls? "Going to New York every weekend has cut us down," said Ralph, "but I still have time for three or four dates a week."

The boys found their classmates' attitudes toward them had changed. "They all speak to me," said Ralph. "They're very friendly and interested. And I am enjoying it. It's nice to be known." But they play down their abilities. "We don't have any more knowledge than anyone else," said Ralph. "What we've done is what anyone could have done had they been coached as we have."

Dr. Morris disagreed. "Not everyone can do it. There are probably many on campus who have the knowledge you have but who don't have the quick recall or ready access to the information you do."

"You have to have certain academic talents, Ralph," said Ed. "There are lots of