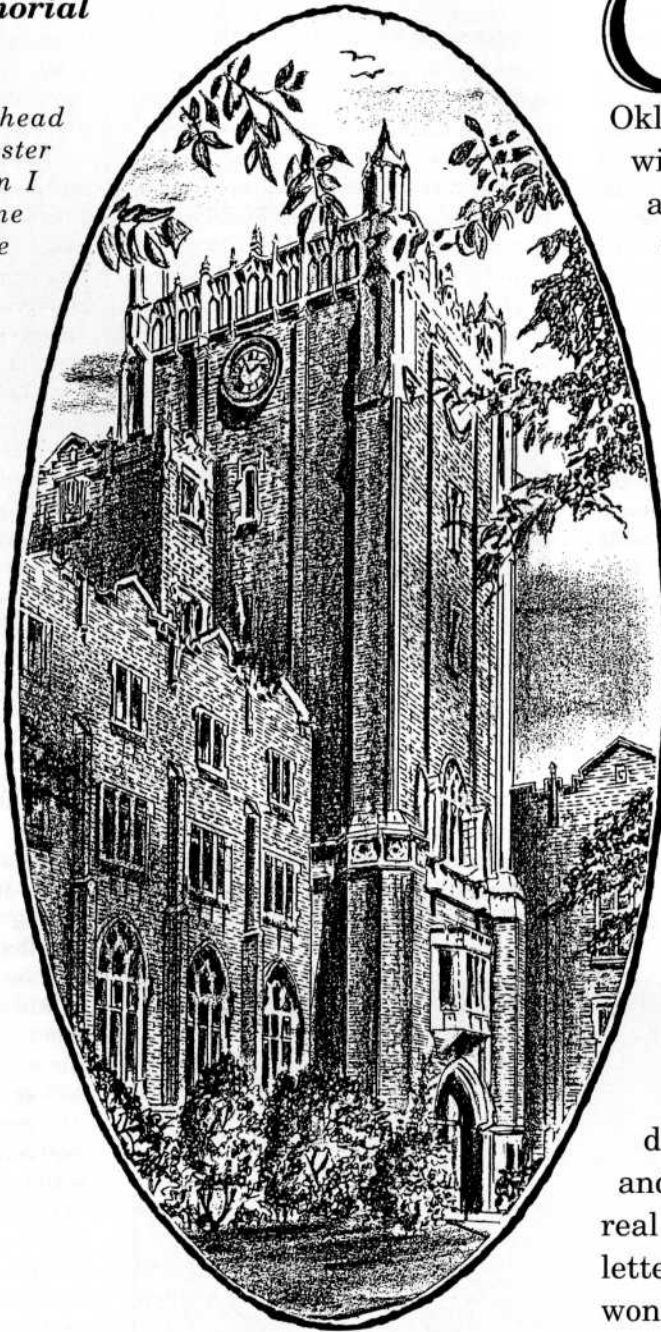


The Oklahoma Memorial Union Clock Tower

“Historian Max Moorhead and mechanics prof Vester Willoughby are two whom I still remember as fine teachers, as well as the somewhat eccentric Carlton Berenda, who introduced me (with moderate success) to logic. Joe Marshburn made Elizabethan poetry intelligible. My faculty adviser, Hugh McDermott, despaired of my taking 22-23 hours a semester, but I knew that I would never have such an opportunity again. Do you suppose that all of those fine, sometimes unappreciated teachers—and, of course, many others—ever realized the profound impact they had on their students? I hope they knew how much they changed the lives they touched.” —C.W.W.



Charles W. Ward arrived at the University of Oklahoma in January 1946 with the swarm of veterans who inundated the campus following World War II. He left in 1950 with a degree in architecture—inspired no doubt by the summer he spent “with hammer, screwdriver, caulking gun and little else, coaxing the Sooner City prefabs to rise out of the flat prairie.”

Now an architect in Tulsa, Ward makes no apologies for his Sooner bias. Since 1984 he has welcomed each football season with a newsletter for his friends, complete with a depth chart, his forecast and other commentary. The real charm of Ward’s newsletter, however, lies in the wonderful pencil sketches of campus scenes that adorn the cover and the anecdotes that accompany them.

Charles Ward’s Views of OU

Most of us picture scenes of our college days in our mind’s eye, but for this Sooner architect, that’s not good enough.

The Doors to Evans Hall

"Although I remember well each of the OU scenes I've drawn and also the now beautifully landscaped campus, created out of a flat and pretty-much-treeless prairie, what I remember best are the wonderful members of the faculty. To me, they are the true University, and, of course, I place Bruce Goff on the highest pedestal. As one of the grand architects of the 20th century, he is revered around the world—except for a small number of the congregation of Tulsa's Boston Avenue Methodist Church, which he designed as a very young man. A few members cannot bring themselves to believe that this is his work, and I carry on a continual (and, I'm pleased to say, a winning) program of ecclesiastical education. Almost everyone everywhere is now, of course, convinced that he is the designer—no other thought makes any sense." —C.W.W.

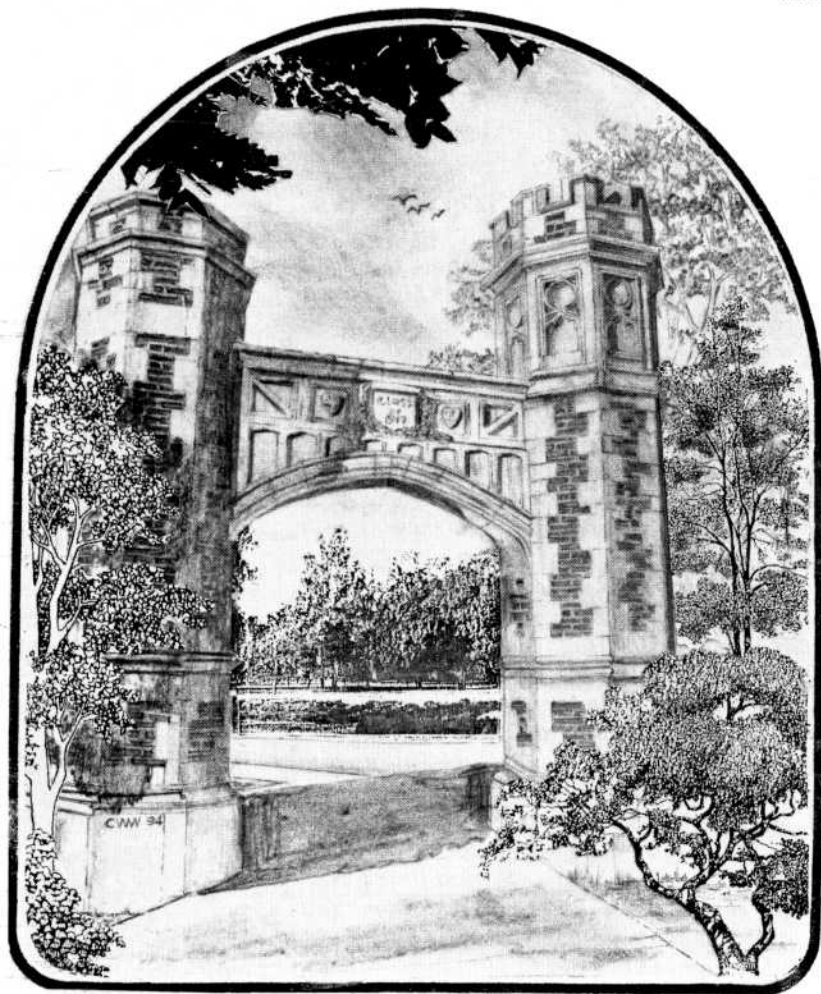
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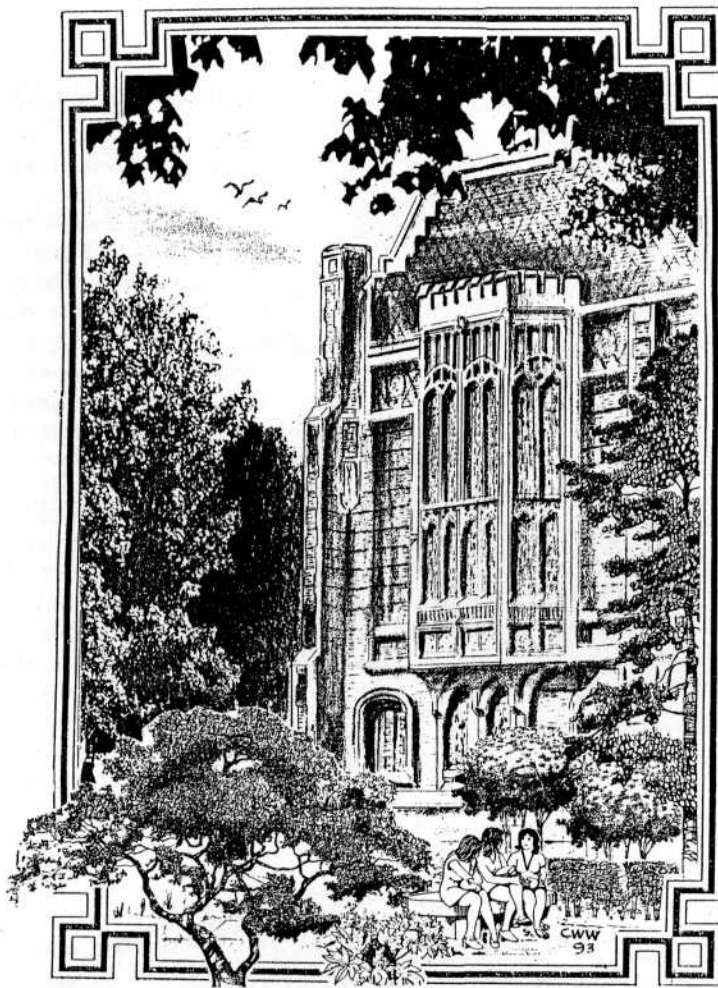
The Arches

"Once long ago we walked through gates of wonder. Let's go again there, you and I."

In fall 1990, Ward gave a boost to the students' Centennial Arch Campaign, his project outline illustrated by a sketch of one of the early arches. For *Sooner Magazine*, Ward insisted on producing a new sketch, along with this plea:

"Don't let Richard Kuhlman see this drawing. Dick is one of those profs one remembers with affection through a lifetime—but during my days as one of his design students, he was chagrined that I drew so poorly and took it upon himself, as an extra-curricular activity, to teach me to draw. Although he may wish to enter a strong disclaimer, what I do today is pretty much what he taught me. So if he sees this sketch, I'm pretty sure that he will say, 'He's been at it for almost 50 years, and he still can't get a three-point perspective right!'"





“The Crown Jewel”

“When I was a mere pledge around The Turn of the Century, my roomo ‘Manacles’ Bob McCurdy—the greatest guard (as he will confirm) ever to romp around the basketball court—would reluctantly, every now and then, let me out of the Phi Delt house to study at the Library—and every now and then I actually did! So I drew the sketch for you, Bob. Now, after all these years, maybe you’ll believe that I really knew what the place looked like and that I did go (and still do) to what I believe is the most beautiful traditional building in Oklahoma—or almost anywhere else!”

—C.W.W.

The Field House and Reflecting Pool

As part of his ongoing effort to rename the Field House for former basketball coaches Hugh McDermott and Bruce Drake, Ward wrote: “Practically every building on the campus is named for one of the many famous profs and coaches who have contributed to the greatness of the University—except one. The poor old Field House is still just that!”

“Only a few of you—those of a certain age—will recognize this building. (Never mind that some snide souls say that for the past 10 years they haven’t recognized any of my sketches.) But some will know that it is the place—now somewhat forlorn—where Jimmy McNatt and Bud Browning and Bill Martin, the famous “Boy Scats” of Hugh McDermott, and later Bruce Drake’s teams of Bob McCurdy, Gerald (hard G, please) Tucker and Louis Bailey—with Allie Paine and Ug Roberts and Paul Heap—and then Kenny Pryor and The Cat Merchant and Paul Courty—all used to cavort around in their Crimson and Cream underwear.

“And before you ask, that’s supposed to be The Reflecting Pool, which vanished forever during the expansion of Memorial Stadium. So next time you sit in the north stands, try to keep your seat—don’t fall through—because quite probably there is still a big, muddy puddle right under you.”

