



Beverly Baldwin prepares to toss questions at football players' wives during interview. Wives—Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Bolinger, Mrs. Greenlee, Mrs. Ballard.

Football Wives Offer Opinions

Four football players' wives talk about the Orange Bowl and the care and feeding of football players. All agree that they dread the day when their husbands play on a losing O.U. team

With their husbands in Lincoln, Nebraska, for the O.U.-Nebraska game November 19, four football players' wives gathered for a tape-recorded interview for Sooner Magazine in the Cecil Morris home. To keep the event feminine, Beverly Baldwin, journalism senior, posed the questions. The wives who took part were Mrs. Hugh Ballard, Mrs. Wayne Greenlee, Mrs. Bo Bolinger and Mrs. Cecil Morris. (Three other players are married but their wives were unable to attend.) The wives had this to say:

Baldwin: *Do you have any trouble planning meals for your husbands?*

Morris: Who plans meals?

Baldwin: *Do they eat over at Jeff House? If so, how many meals?*

Bolinger: My husband just eats one meal there. (general agreement)

Baldwin: Which meal—lunch?

Chorus: Yes.

Bolinger: Bo won't eat anything greasy and he won't eat lettuce or apples because he says they are too hard to digest, but I think he's just full of baloney.

Ballard: Hugh eats meats and potatoes—that's what he likes anyway.

Greenlee: Well, I'm lucky, Wayne will eat anything.

Morris: Cecil eats anything in the ice box.

Baldwin: *At a game, what is your feeling about the possibility of your husband getting hurt?*

Greenlee: Well, frankly, I worry about it because Wayne was hurt pretty badly in high school. He was in the hospital about 16 days, and he got his ankle fractured not too long ago in the Pittsburgh game. Every time one of the players is down, when I

can't see him up and around out there, it scares you—you always hold your breath and think, "Oh, no. I hope it's not him."

Ballard: That's natural, I think. There's a certain amount of feeling even if you see your husband up. I think you realize it may be someone else's—I think of his wife, too, you know. I think that's natural.

Bolinger: I don't worry about it, but when somebody is down, you get scared.

Chorus: Yes!

Baldwin: *Are all of you planning to go to the Orange Bowl?*

Chorus: Naturally.

Baldwin: Have you made any specific plans for it?

Bolinger: No.

Ballard: I haven't.

Morris: You mean what we're going to do down there?

Baldwin: Yes.

Bolinger: They plan it. They plan everything for us (the athletic department).

Greenlee: They just get together and everybody kind of decides what they'd like to do.

Morris: I think they give us a choice of whether we want to go to the beach or whether we want to go to the dog races, or . . .

Bolinger: Two years ago they took them sightseeing and things like that. They have things planned . . .

Ballard: You just have to make a choice of which you'd rather do. There will be something to do all the time.

Baldwin: *Will you all get to go down with your husbands?*

Chorus: Yes.

Baldwin: *The press never asks the football wives what they think the outcome of the Orange Bowl game will be . . .*

Chorus: Oh, we'll win.

Ballard: No doubt about it. We'd be awfully surprised if we didn't.

Bolinger: We'll be just as worried as anybody.

Ballard: Oh, we will be before the game.

Baldwin: *Would you care to make a prediction on this game?*

Bolinger: I think if we beat 'em, we'll beat 'em bad—by more than one touchdown.

Morris: I think we will, too.

Greenlee: If we win, we'll win close.

Ballard: I think we'll beat 'em, but I don't think it'll be a walkover.

Morris: Colorado was supposed to be close, too . . .

Ballard: Oh, well, Colorado . . .

Morris: Every game is the toughest game we have . . .

Greenlee: It starts off Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado—it's the toughest game we have all year . . .

Ballard: I really think Maryland . . .

Greenlee: Oh, it'll be a good game.

Ballard: There's so much tension.

Baldwin: *Could you give us some kind of estimate on the basis of how many touchdowns difference you think there will be?*

Morris: Three.

Greenlee: I don't think there will be more than two.

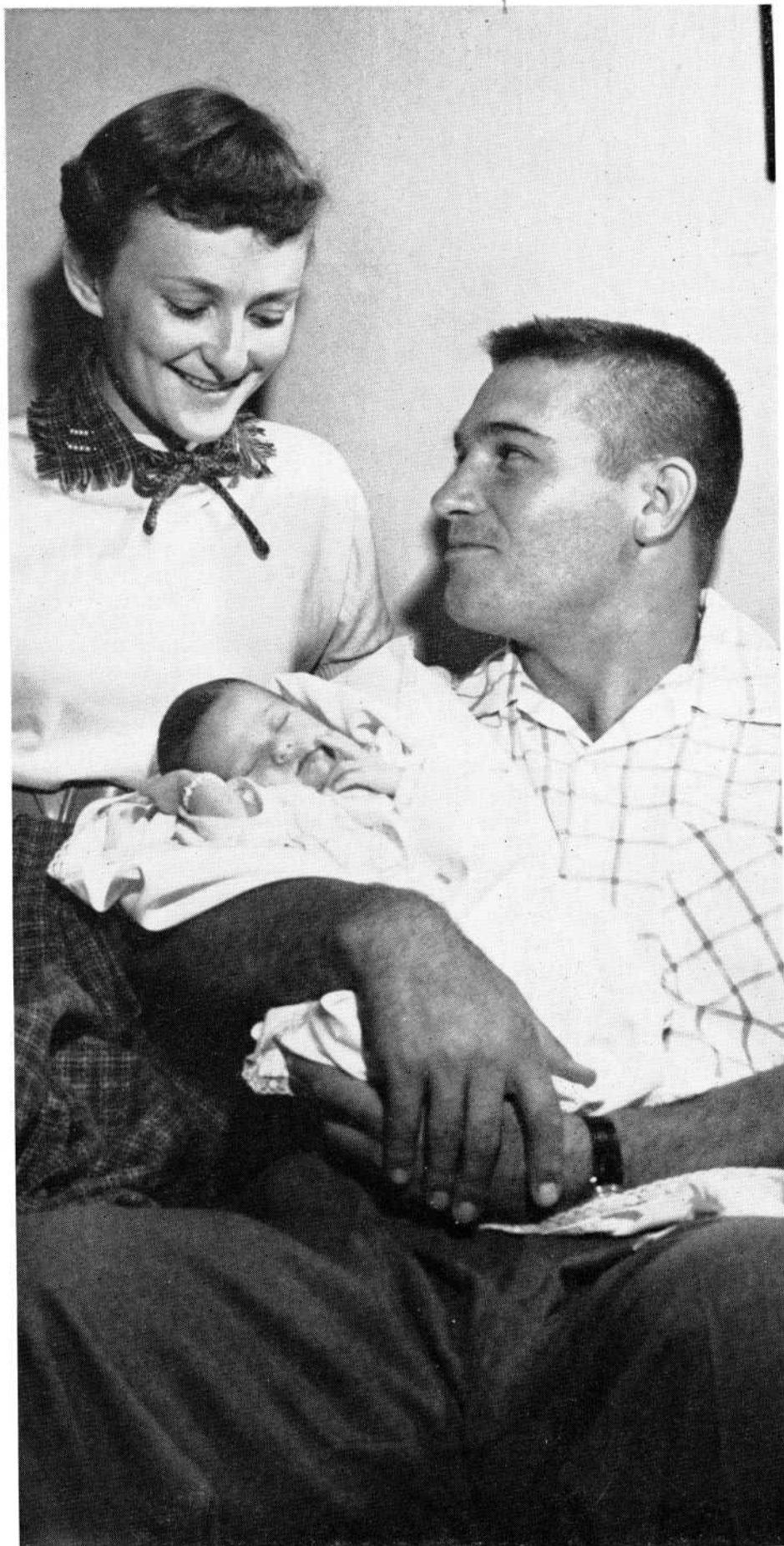
Ballard: I don't, either.

Bolinger: I think two.

Chorus: Maybe they'll kick a field goal, they haven't done that all year . . . They're bound to do something different.

Ballard: Safety or something.

Baldwin: *Any particular game that the tension has been particularly great this year?*



Bo Bolinger, Oklahoma's guard from Muskogee and a unanimous choice for All-American, holds his baby while Mrs. Bolinger looks on. The baby made its debut during the football season.

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DEATH: Beverly Basolo, '55ba, McAlester, died October 6 only a few months after her graduation. Miss Basolo completed her education despite the fact that she was afflicted with incurable cancer. She was a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority.

Football Wives . . .

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Bolinger: If we played Norman High School, it probably would be the toughest team we played all year.

Greenlee: I got pretty nervous over the Colorado game 'cause I think the boys were worried about that—I mean the players themselves.

Morris: Oh, they worry about all of them.

Greenlee: I got pretty worried about it—especially when they were 14 points ahead.

Baldwin: *What about this game tomorrow (Nebraska)?*

Bolinger: I think it's going to be a tight game.

Ballard: That's the one that's got me worried . . . the weather . . . and everything else . . . and that coach up and announced that he was going to quit. . . and their boys will probably be all fired up for the game—for him, if nothing else . . .

Greenlee: Well, they've got the championship at stake, too.

Ballard: I think it'll be the hardest conference game.

Greenlee: I really do.

Bolinger: I know we can get beat, but I don't think Nebraska has the team to do it.

Ballard: I don't think they're going to beat us, but I think it will be the closest conference game.

Greenlee: I don't think we're going to get beat, but I think it's going to be close.

Bolinger: Well, I think we can get beat.

Greenlee: Oh yes. I just hope it happens after we're gone. I'd have to move out for a couple of days.

Ballard: If he has a bad day at practice, I have a horrible week.

Baldwin: *What about that? Do all of you experience the same thing at home?*

Chorus: Oh yes!

Greenlee: If they do bad or get hurt, they think it's their fault, and they don't say anything and sit around and sulk. If I had done that, it wouldn't have happened.

Ballard: Hugh doesn't talk. I know by the time he walks in something is the matter with him.

Morris: All I have to do is bring out the hot water bottle and put it on his ribs and he's OK. He goes to sleep.

Baldwin: *A person who reads the*

charges about how much money O.U. has for its athletic program in the sports pages may conclude that you gals are really loaded—you've got diamond rings, fancy clothes and all that sort of thing. Compare your financial situation with that of the average student wife at O.U.

Bolinger: Many of them are better off. Their husbands can work.

Morris: That's right.

Bolinger: It's against the rules for these boys to.

Ballard: I think most all of them have more than we do because they are all able to work. There are some parents who have quite a bit of money and help their children. Well, I don't blame them. I'd help mine too, but it's just that they are lucky.

Bolinger: I think we're pretty lucky—having a scholarship. We don't have to worry about Bo's tuition.

Ballard: That's a big help.

Bolinger: As far as other money is concerned, we have to save up.

Greenlee: We get along fine, but I have a good job, and I worked before we were married, too, and that helps a lot.

Bolinger: We saved this summer, and we have to live on it this fall until I can go back to work. I don't think we're going to make it.

Greenlee: It's worth it, though.

Bolinger: It's just that you never see your husband at home.

Greenlee: That's for sure.

Baldwin: *Are you all enthusiastic about football?*

Greenlee: Oh yes, it's my favorite sport.

Ballard: Eat, sleep, drink football.

Morris: I don't like football.

Baldwin: *Do you like any other sports?*

Morris: I like basketball. Actually I used to like football. I just don't anymore.

Baldwin: *The coach always says, "We play one game at a time." How about your husbands—do they just think one game ahead?*

Greenlee: They just think one game ahead—well, Wayne does, I don't know about the rest of you. He never mentions a week ahead of time. It's just right now. I have to win this one first. Bud Wilkin-son, Jr. (general agreement).

Baldwin: *In other words, they aren't even talking about Maryland right now. It's just Nebraska.*

Greenlee: No, I haven't heard them mention it.

Ballard: He can't very well shut me up. That's all I've been talking about.

Bolinger: Bo says he wouldn't even care to go if we didn't beat Nebraska.

Ballard: Hugh says if anybody beats them, he wouldn't want to go.

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Baldwin: *How do they feel about being national champs—at least for the moment?*

Ballard: Hugh likes it.

Greenlee: I think they are all real proud of it.

Ballard: A lot of people have said they'd rather go to the Orange Bowl not being national champs and beat the national champs, but Hugh says he likes being national champs.

Morris: Yes, because it's not going to help your rating any to beat the number one after the season, anyway.

Bolinger: Everybody seems to think that if we go down there number one, we can't win.

Morris: Yes, and a lot of people think, too, that if we're not number one and we go down there and beat them that makes us number one.

Ballard: And that's not the way it goes.

Baldwin: *Well, do your husbands particularly watch the polls? Do they look for the ratings?*

Greenlee: Yes, that's the first thing Monday and Tuesday mornings when the two polls come out.

Ballard: They check both the AP and the UP.

Baldwin: *Do you think that this pride in being the number one might have just as good an effect as being the underdog and trying to beat the champ?*

Bolinger: I don't know about anybody else, but we've been in the top ten for so many years that it feels good to finally make it one year. As long as Bo has been playing football here, we have been in the top ten, but we have never made it yet. I think they want to keep it.

Baldwin: *Is that a pretty general feeling, do you think?*

Chorus: I think so.

Baldwin: *In other words, when they went out last week, they sort of had something to uphold.*

Morris: This week especially. If they beat Nebraska, I think they'll be pretty sure of staying number one.

Baldwin: *As far as your husbands are concerned, then, they want to go down to Miami as number one and stay number one, is that right?*

Bolinger: It would be a great honor.

Baldwin: *They say that the Yankees have a pride in the Yankees—that you put on a Yankee uniform and you play far better than you do for other teams, because the team as a whole has a pride in its reputation, etc. You think that is somewhat true of Oklahoma's football team.*

Chorus: Oh, yes!

Greenlee: All of them are real proud of

Student Report Card

Campus at Christmas

The student columnist takes a look at the O.U. campus after the exodus for Christmas holidays has stripped it of life.

By PERRY ROBINSON

A CAMPUS DIES during Christmas vacation. Its death starts early in the afternoon and by dusk its throes are speeded by the roar of a thousand suitcase-filled cars exiting by the various traffic arteries. By dusk the once-teeming campus is subdued, dormant in its sudden inactivity.

An occasional lone figure issues from the mouth of the Union, moving slowly as if in indecision as to where to light, bewildered by the solitude spread like a pall over the time-worn buildings by life's exodus.

The Quadrangle projects a gaunt monument into the leaden sky of winter dusk. The doors are barred, closing the portals where only hours before the feet of coeds beat a tattoo, moving here and there in the aimlessness of youth.

Each light is smothered, as if a giant hand had closed over the Quadrangle, dispelling light and depositing darkness with a dispassionate flick of a finger. Outside, the yellowness of the blinking traffic lights reflect dully on the ribbon of pavement.

On the campus, each building has become a musty museum of lost sounds and movements. The Union sleeps silently in the midst of its stone counterparts, its slumber disturbed only by the muffled symphony of sounds emanating from the jumbled mass of concrete and steel that is the physical plant.

Each of the Union's rooms, which yesterday were like individual worlds, each with its importance and cause, is shuttered and silent. The terrace room is empty. The juke box is mute. There is no coffee line. No crowding students. Only nothingness. A dirty napkin lies on the floor near the water fountain, unnoticed by the janitors in their haste to seek the comfort of their firesides. Outside, December darkness has fallen and a chill wind whines mournfully around the sprawling brick giant, tearing at each outcropping, probing at each corner in senseless search.

The Administration Building stands like a medieval castle, its aged walls immobile and unfeeling toward the ravages of the wintry night. Inside, thousands of typewriters are idle, papers lie undisturbed in their resting places in the files. The nervous system is dead, each message paralyzed by the instant departure of life.

The North Oval is as empty as some wild and virgin glen, untouched by the hands of man. Buildings flank its solitude, their windows glutted with darkness. In the maze of hedge-bordered walks east of the administration building a lonely dog seeks shelter from the piercing wind. A gust of bitter cold ripples his fur, and he quickens his pace. The dog rounds the corner and all is unmoving.

The Union bell breaks the quiet with a stately toll, alien and alone in this ghostly kingdom. Around the perimeter of the campus, residents are warm and comfortable inside the walls of their homes. But the campus lies moribund, in virtual rigor mortis. The lifeblood is gone, spreading like chaff before the wind to a thousand homes and a thousand welcoming faces.

The hulking stadium, its monotonous grayness reflecting dully the light of a moon sliver hanging coldly in the southern sky, needs only to crumble a bit to resemble some deserted Roman coliseum. The cavernous mouths of the ramps yawn darkly. Underneath, all is quiet except for the rhythmic beat of an undisciplined window somewhere in the catacomb of steel and concrete.

The campus is dead. Each bit of life has departed, and darkness and solitude hold dominion over all.

Oklahoma University. Wayne considers it an honor to play for it. It's one of the best teams in the nation.

Bolinger: I think they have a lot of pride in the coaching staff, too. They are men they can look up to.

Morris: They get kind of mad at them sometimes, but I think they really respect them.

Greenlee: They do. They are real fond of all of them.

Baldwin: *I think that wraps it up nicely.*