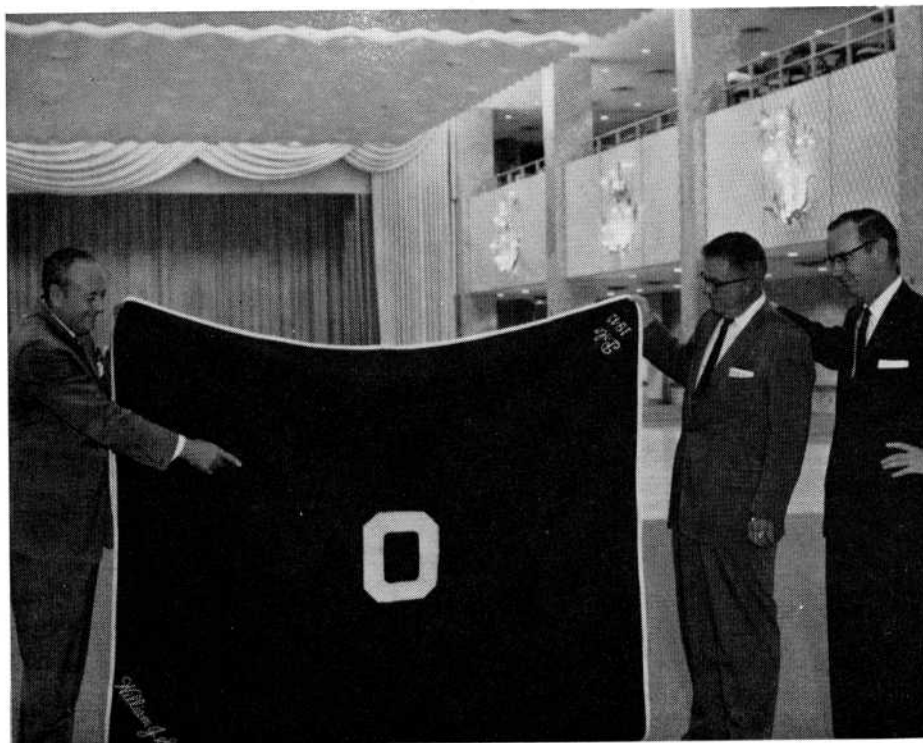
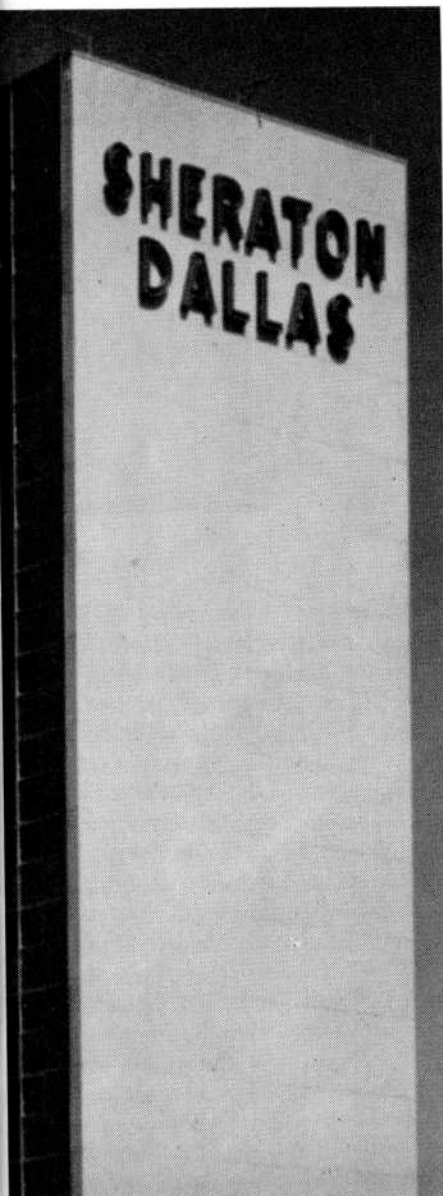


Tired of rushing? You'll like what the O.U. Club of Dallas has just announced



Ready to unveil the Sheraton-Dallas ballroom for Dallas Weekend are (left to right): Sam Heilbron, '29; Dance Chairman; Carl Bumpas, '30, Vice-President of the O.U. Club of Dallas, and Harold Shank, '34-'38, President of the club. Their plans include big changes in Big D.



Time ► *October 9th*

◄ *Place*

Event ► *Beat Texas Dance*

IT'S HARD to say whether the rush of the Dallas weekend is a headache or just part of the fun. For those alumni who would like to hit the happy medium, a pre-season announcement from the Oklahoma University Club of Dallas will come as good news . . .

Harold Shank, '34-'38, president of the club, announced early this month that the Beat Texas Dinner-Dance will be known this year as the Beat Texas Dance and Midnight Breakfast. The reason for the switch? The hard time many Sooners have in crossing the Red River in time to wash up for chow.

Even more of a switch is the club's decision to hold this year's dance in the newly-opened Sheraton-Dallas hotel. Held in the Baker hotel since the dance's beginning eight years ago, the new songfest-breakfast will have considerably more stomping grounds (the Sheraton-Dallas ballroom's advertised capacity: 2,500).

Shank and his dance chairman, Sam Heilbron, '29, are working hard trying to sign several Oklahoma TV and movie celebrities as well as Governor Edmondson and President Cross for appearances at the dance. Tickets for the semi-formal affair are \$7.50 each. They're refundable, and may be ordered from the O.U. Club of Dallas, P. O. Box 1321 in Dallas. They include set-ups and the breakfast. Checks should be made out to the club. Any profit from the dance is used for scholarships at O.U.

The name of the band and the exact time for the dance will be announced later this month by the club. Shank guarantees an "outstanding band" and a no-rush hour (probably 9 p.m.) for alumni and their friends who plan to go to Big D for a big Friday.

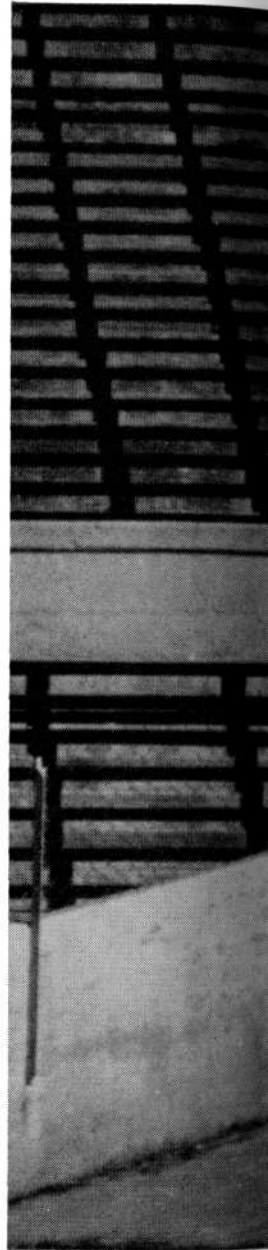
As Coach Bud Wilkinson often has taken pains to point out, football is a comparatively safe sport. In fact, to hear Coach Wilkinson talk about it, you'd think it was safer than walking down the street. The source of his assurance is Big Red's training room, which scores his safety spiel with some of the best therapeutic and protective equipment and one of the top trainers in the sports world.

The trainer—genial, Yankee-accented Ken Rawlinson—recently took advantage of O.U.'s sportsless June to attend the American Medical Association convention, at which he was a featured speaker. His topic, to nobody's surprise, was Football Injuries. But to the doctors, who have seen as many clobbered stars being applauded and stretchered off the gridiron as the next spectator, some of Rawlinson's remarks came as unexpectedly as a quick kick.

The equipment at his command was one surprise. Whirlpool baths, neck stretchers, deep heat and surface heat machines, vibration tables, sound massagers—and even a hi-fi set (complete with record-changer and a sign saying "Please turn off the hi-fi before leaving the room") make up Rawlinson's spic-'n-span, red-'n-white training room in the southwest corner of the stadium. Former quarterback Jim Harris, '57, who has returned to O.U. for geology studies after playing with the Philadelphia Eagles and the Los Angeles Rams, calls Rawlinson's training room as fine or finer than any training room he has seen across the country. And Rawlinson, who receives genial budget dictums from condition-conscious Wilkinson, modestly agrees.

Another surprise for the doctors was the equipment O.U. players wear on the field. As cumbersome and weighty as they may look from the stadium, Big Red football uniforms (including pads, helmet and

it's the little things...



shoes) will weigh between only 12 to 13 pounds. Often as not this includes extra pads tailor-made by Rawlinson to protect tender spots not normally covered or not adequately covered by the regular pads and the gauze-thin outer garment.

Rawlinson explained that when injuries, serious or otherwise, do hit a player, it's usually because his protective pads have been unsnapped and jerked out of position. By number, the injuries that result are by far more painful than serious—but serious to a team's chances in that a player favoring an injury will not be playing at his best. Most numerous of the injuries in Rawlinson's check-in book are bruises, abrasions, sprains, blisters, and small cuts. Invariably, these injuries occur in the greatest number during the first weeks of practice and then gradually level off as the season draws to a



*that wear you
down*

close. Of the five, bruises and sprains give coaches more white hairs than any other.

A deep bruise (Charley horse) in the front of the thigh or a strain (hamstring) in the back of the thigh sometimes can put a player out of play for over a week. Rawlinson's fight against these injuries is always preceded by a fight to avoid swelling, which, if it occurs, makes the healing process doubly time-consuming. First he applies icepacks and the pressure of bandages, and then later, sound massage and heat.

Most painful of all the common bruises is the hip pointer—a severe bruise on the tip of the hip bone which literally hurts “only when I smile.” Muscles from the abdomen pass over that pelvic Achilles heel, and once injured they make laughing, sneezing, and even bowel movements, an agonizing event. In addition to regular

treatments, Rawlinson takes players injured in this manner and leans them slightly over their injured hip and then tapes their torso down so that they can't stretch away from the pointer and aggravate the pain. Many players, with additional protective pads over their injured hips, can play ball when taped in this manner.

True to medical reputation, Rawlinson has little time to himself. During the height of the O.U. sports seasons, Rawlinson keeps his training room open from nine to eight, and he or one of his student assistants attends every athletic event in which a varsity player participates.

When Rawlinson is not tending injuries he practises a sort of offense with his defenses. He gives all players cold shots before the regular season, and adds double flu, Asian flu, and polio shots (the latter in

off season). His insistence that every player either tape or wrap their ankles before every practice and game has gone a long way in eliminating the formerly frequent ankle injuries.

Rawlinson told the doctors that one preventative measure got out of hand, however. Enthusiastic about the energy-giving and healing qualities of Vitamin C, Rawlinson bought some lemon-flavored C tablets by the barrel-full—and left them out for the players to take when they wished. Soon Rawlinson discovered that the players had a rather exaggerated appreciation of the pills' taste and properties: they were taking not one or two per day but a pocketful to munch and suck on during the evenings. Rawlinson now doles out the tablets one per practice: there's such a thing as being too healthy.