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Patience and Persistence Pay Off, breaking into the field of Athletic Training

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“You may not control all the events that happen to you, but you can decide not to be reduced by them.” - Maya Angelou

I was not only born in the baby boomer generation, I came out with a bang on Christmas Day in '46. Born two months early, I was ready to go and I still haven't stopped. My sister and I were the only girls in our Clan. We grew up close in age and proximity to our cousins, a gaggle of hyperactive little boys. Most of them lived in the East Bay of the San Francisco Bay Area.

My sister did not like sports so I was the lone “Tomboy”. I also had an older brother that I gravitated to. I probably would have been diagnosed “hyperactive” by today's standards but back then I was just a kid with a lot of energy and thank God we had plenty of room to play. I'm lucky to have grown up where I did but the timing was not so good for young active female athletes which I'll get to later. Small and scrawny but durable would probably be an accurate description of my physical stature as a kid. In comparison to my male counterparts I had great reflexes, speed and agility. I also had “Coke bottle bottom” thick glasses.

My brother and I could always find a place to play and never had to be encouraged to go outside. Unlike today's video addicted gamers, we played flag football in the street or basketball in the neighbor's driveway. By age 9 or 10, our parents allowed us to ride our bikes to our elementary school playground. There we would play a game called “Homerun” with other kids our age.

In those days kids went to the parks and playgrounds to play. Some cities parks and recreation departments even hired college kids to supervise. The City of Berkeley was one of those places. There was no actual structured program but they were there to hand out supplies and make sure the kids played safely. We didn't need much, just a ball and some space. It was such a great program. Parents knew where their kids were and what they were doing. We were not the typical latchkey kids coming home to an empty house to fend for ourselves. We had a place to go that was supervised and safe. We got fresh air, exercise and maybe even learned some social and life skills.

I developed my hand-eye coordination and fielding skills on an asphalt diamond. I was the only girl among the 4 to 6 kids but I was never the last one picked. I developed a keen eye for batting, playing a game we called “Strikeout” and couldn't wait to play organized sports.

I was so excited at ten years old because Little League baseball was coming to town. My excitement was short lived and turned to confusion when I was told I was not allowed to try out because I was a girl. I couldn't understand what that had to do with it. After all, I was already playing with boys and I was better than many of them. In my mind it was nothing short of being unsportsmanlike. It wasn't fair; everyone should have a chance to play.

I decided I'd be a year-round athlete, preferring team sports like volleyball, basketball and softball which became my favorite sport. In elementary school we had recess period every day during which my classmates and I could quickly organize and play a pretty competitive kickball

game. But in junior high through high school, we did have P.E. daily and interscholastic sports. Girls could compete and earn letters in a number of sports and I was one of those girls.

Throughout school, starting as mid-term students, my class was always small. The usual academic year class at Berkeley High would graduate more than 1000 students every year. Not in my class. Two hundred nineteen of us graduated at the end of one week in late January of 1965 and started college the next week. My senior year I decided I would go into the Forestry program at Humboldt State College. Humboldt is a nestled way up in Sequoia Redwood country, the far reaches of northern California. I dreamed of protecting our wild lands and wildlife living there. The disappointment I felt as a kid when I couldn't play little league baseball came back in full force. I was told not to bother applying because the program was not open to women. In a word, "UNFAIR".

I went to plan B and applied to Chico State College, the "Jock School" of Northern California. It had excellent programs for Physical Education teachers and Coaches. Women's athletes were also well respected in a variety of sports. As an avid competitor, Chico was a good fit for me but I still wasn't sure Physical Education was my calling. I also had a strong interest in Zoology but didn't apply to that program so there was no actual Plan C.

Only two weeks into my first semester at Chico I injured my knee during an Intramural Basketball game. I didn't even know what an Athletic Trainer (ATC) was much less see one. I was on my own and things didn't go well. It took almost 7 months to get my knee injury diagnosed. I was told I had a meniscus tear, whatever that was. Years later when I became an athletic trainer it all made sense, the mechanism of injury, the swelling, the pain etc. I did go to the physician at the Student Health Center but he was of little help. He told me to "just rest the joint until the swelling and pain resolved." There was no physical therapy or rehabilitation which was typical of the time. I didn't know any better. My experience growing up with a nurse as a mother was, we weren't babied. Most injuries from playing were part of the game and were treated with, "just walk it off". So when the swelling went down and the pain was tolerable I went back to playing softball. Some rudimentary taping by our coach was my only option to try and stabilize my knee.

I learned in late August I needed knee surgery. I spent my summer limping around as a counselor at a Nature Studies Day Camp in Berkeley. I reached a point where I knew something had to be done and I was told surgery was the answer. When the surgeon got in there he saw that I had a tripartite (three tears) of my medial meniscus. It was a total meniscectomy; all of my meniscus was removed. Orthopedics had advanced since the civil war but it didn't seem like much in 1965. I didn't learn until a couple of years later how important a meniscus is to the life of a knee joint. At the ripe old age of 18 I was competing with a deficient knee that was void of a major shock absorber and stabilizer.

A couple weeks after the surgery, I returned to Chico to start my second semester. My plan was to wait until the following spring to take up my usual position on the softball team.

As I was preparing for the upcoming classes, something caught my eye in the school book store that would change the course of my life. It was a text book, Principles of Athletic Training, by Daniel Arnheim. My excitement grew as I flipped through the pages. It never occurred to me that there was a connection between sports and medicine but here it was right before my very eyes in black and white. It was nothing short of an epiphany, it answered the question that burned within me, "what to do with the rest of my life".

The first step of my new adventure was to check the prerequisites for the program. My enthusiasm immediately went from very high to very low. History was repeating itself, Little League baseball, the Humboldt Forestry program and now athletic training. I was going to be denied admission because I was a girl. It said it right there in the school manual that the course was “only open to MEN physical education majors”. It just didn’t make sense to me. Chico prided itself on its extensive Intercollegiate Sports Program for women but didn’t have the foresight to have coaches with some knowledge of basic Athletic Training techniques? It was only logical that you would want to have a coach with some basic athletic training principles, at the very least, acute care. It also made sense to me that an athletic training principles class should be part of the curriculum for all of the female students studying to be PE teachers and coaches. The more I thought about it, the more it made sense that there should be an athletic trainer on my sideline when I competed. When I injured my knee, there was no one there for me. I was truly disappointed but I didn’t give up hope that by the time I was a junior the administration would realize the error of their ways and open up the program to women.

By the end of my sophomore year I realized there was little chance of ever being hired as a coach in women’s sports. I really only had interest in coaching softball which was even less likely to happen. So my interest in physical education began to wane but I had no plan B so I continued along the same path. I stayed the course of biology and physical education, switching majors back and forth between the two. I finally came to a crossroads and needed to make a decision.

It was September of 1967 and I was a second semester junior. I decided I would make my decision based on how well I did in Physics that semester. I was determined to make the most of my life based on the “no women allowed” hand that I was dealt. What I didn’t know was while I was looking at the cards I was dealt, the deck was being reshuffled.

Chico had hired a new ATC that summer. Henry Stroud had just completed the coursework in Athletic Training at Indiana State University. Given his credentials, he was considered quite the catch. One of the first things he did was to move the Introduction to Athletic Training course into a classroom and opened it to women. It was life changing, it was prayers answered, and it was hard to believe.

I was in a state of shock trying to figure out how yesterday being an athletic trainer was as impossible as playing Little League baseball or going to Forestry school and today it’s a whole new world. I went right to my advisor and asked to be enrolled in the class. I guess I was naive because I didn’t expect any opposition. I was stunned when she questioned my request. Looking back on it now, I guess I should not have been surprised. I was at the “Jock School”, all my instructors in the Women’s Physical Education Department were skillful tacticians in their sports and were well versed in the didactics of sports theory and administration. Their focus was on preparing fledgling teachers and coaches. In all probability, each and every one of them questioned whether there was even a need for an ATC in women athletics. They had never had an ATC on their sideline before and they got by. Once again, I found it hard to believe that their mentality didn’t match the intensity of the intercollegiate athletics program for women at Chico State.

I saw it clear as day that a specially trained and knowledgeable paramedical, an ATC, on the sidelines would certainly be an asset and free coaches to do just that, coach. They remained unconvinced but I was not going to be denied again. I had already waited 5 semesters for the opportunity to take the class. It was my right and I saw a path to my future. I was finally in my

element once the intro class started. The only problem was Henry Stroud. He was a very well trained professional but spoke with a heavy Louisiana drawl. All of us in class were totally lost the first couple weeks because we could not understand what he was saying. My classmates and I were from northern California. We never heard anyone speak with a southern accent before. After every sentence he spoke someone would ask, what did he say? Thanks to that first edition of Arnheim's book we were able to fill in our notes.

By the second week of class I was Henry's shadow, whether he liked it or not. If I wasn't in class and Henry was not in the training room, on the field or teaching, I was in his office picking his brain. He graciously relented recognizing my interest and passion for athletic training. There was a soccer match that weekend and he asked if I wanted to help him. I jumped at the chance to help but his version of help and mine were on two different wave lengths. I assumed I would be by his side the whole time but when I showed up he told me I was in charge. He had a rough time on the football field the day before providing immediate care for two heart attack victims, an athlete and a referee. Both were saved but he needed a break from being front and center. He did assure me he would be in the shadows if I needed help.

I did not have time to think about what I had been asked to do. I was going to be in charge of taking care of real athletes. Henry reassured me again that he was right there on the sidelines if something happened that was over my head. Almost anything as far as injury care, at that point, was over my head. I had only been in class for 4 sessions and I was still trying to decipher what Henry had said in those classes.

I intently followed the ball, walking up and down the sidelines, watching for injuries all the while praying that there would be none. The team got through the match unscathed with the exception of a leg abrasion the size of a baseball. Henry watched me clean and dress the wound without comment. He thanked me after the game and said I'll see you tomorrow. I was hooked; rather obsessed with finding any tidbit of information I could on treating athletic injuries. I borrowed all of Henry's books, one at a time, to absorb the information between the covers. Henry suggested I join the National Athletic Trainer's Association (NATA) as an associate member so I could receive my own copies of the NATA's fledgling journal.

I filled out the application with Henry Stroud as my sponsor. It did not take long to get my ready-for-framing membership certificate except there was a problem. The name on the certificate was Mr. Holly Wilson. I almost thought it was a joke only to learn later there were only a few women in the country breaking into this male dominated profession. Throughout the semester, I was often lurking around the locker room to find "victims" on whom to practice my taping skills. I also hung out along the sidelines of the field hockey games. I must have been a distraction to the coach because eventually it came to the point that although the athletes wanted me on the sidelines the coach didn't. She actually wished I was far, far away, out of sight, out of mind. Eventually, there was a confrontation, Henry Stroud vs women's athletics. Henry wanted to put me in charge of covering the women's teams as his unofficial assistant. Henry got his wish but with certain stipulations. I was allowed to tape and be on the sidelines but the athletes couldn't be late to the field or court. An unused shower room became my taping area. Henry supplied a taping table and the materials to do the taping, so the women's coaches could not complain that their budget was impacted.

The coaches also wanted other preconditions for having me around. The main one was if an injury occurred on the field or court, I could not rush out there without consulting the coach first.

I had to tell her what I wanted to do and how I planned to handle the injury. This would be the protocol before she would consider granting me permission to cross the sideline. At the time in field hockey, there was no stoppage of play if there was an injured player on the field unless that athlete was physically unable to continue. There was also no substitution, if you had to remove the player from the game, you played shorthanded.

It was hard for an experienced ATC let alone a student learning on the fly. I was still trying to figure out how different mechanisms of injury related to different types of trauma and the correct treatment plan to follow. I was learning as I was doing. The field and court were my labs and I loved every minute of it. I was also not allowed to travel with teams. If I wanted to “work” as the athletic trainer during an away game, I had to find my own way there. I often found myself in the middle of what the athletes wanted and what the coaches wanted and what I thought was right. I didn’t drive but I figured out my friends were glad to go to the game and get a free dinner in exchange for a ride.

The introductory class was only one semester but Henry was not going to let me off easily. He was after all my mentor and my biggest fan, actually my only fan. He encouraged me to continue studying anatomy, exercise physiology, kinesiology, conditioning, and to read any book or article I could find on related subjects. And, of course practice, practice, practice my technical skills. I could usually find an athlete who wanted to be taped, but if I could not, my roommates would answer the call.

One day late in the fall semester, when the introductory class was nearing its end, Henry suggested I consider transferring to Indiana State University. He had completed his master’s degree there and was still well connected. At first I thought he was kidding. I would be starting my senior year in January graduating a year later. The plan was then to do a fifth year to earn a teaching credential as was the norm in California. No one in their right mind transferred during their last year. But, as they say, people plan, and God laughs. This time it was Henry who was laughing.

During Christmas Break I asked my parents what they thought about my transferring to Indiana State to become an Athletic Trainer. My mother wanted me to follow in her footsteps to be a nurse but she must have realized by then it wasn’t going to happen. I assured mom and dad I would only be gone for a year. Yes, they were proud of me because I had gone the farthest of their children along the road of higher education, but upset at the same time. Now I wanted to go even further, not just educationally but geographically as well. I was almost a senior and I didn’t even know where Indiana was. I had barely been over the California-Nevada State line a couple times.

My parents couldn’t help but wonder why I wanted to give up essentially a free college education to which I was entitled as a resident of the State of California. They might have wondered but I didn’t, I finally found my passion. If I transferred to Indiana State, I would be transferring as a second semester senior with 110 units. It never occurred to me that my credits weren’t transferrable. I was hoping that the majority would fulfill the requirements in Indiana because taking more courses meant spending more money on tuition to the tune of \$37.00 per credit hour as an out of state student. No wonder this didn’t make sense to my parents. Here I am doing well at Chico, tuition free with the exception of a small fee for building maintenance. Indiana was going to be a financial hit.

Time was running out and I realized, if I was going to pursue this dream, I had to apply right then for their fall semester before I graduated from Chico. The Athletic Training Specialization at Indiana State was an undergraduate program. In 1967, there were no approved programs in athletic training for graduate students. I had a lot to think about while I was making my way through Physics class. I broke my foot playing in a required beginning basketball class for majors. Being casted I had a lot of down time which I made the most of by studying. I just didn't want to pass the course; I really wanted to make sense of the material. Taking Kinesiology gave me a better insight into the principles of physics and how to apply them to movement. It became obvious to me that taking those two classes together made it easier to comprehend Physics.

As I was completing what was to be my last semester as a Chico Wildcat, Henry was busy behind the scenes. I found out later he was endorsing me to Mel Blickenstaff, the head ATC at Indiana State. Everything was falling into place just like the pieces of a puzzle. The stars were aligned, no more Little League baseball or Forestry gender rejections. I was in the midst of people that appreciated my potential and what I could bring to the table and they were willing to give me an opportunity.

At that time, as chance would have it, Dr. Eleanor St. John, the head of the Women's Physical Education Department at Indiana State, asked Mel to treat her newly sprained ankle. Mel administered the blue-chip athlete treatment. Of course she was amazed at the speed of her recovery. She understood this was not magic; this was the result of the science of athletic training. Dr. St. John was ahead of her time as an Administrator. She had already established a women's athletic program comparable to almost any intercollegiate athletic program in the West. Thinking outside the box, she decided to take advantage of "The Talented Student Scholarships" traditionally given to liberal arts students and also offer them to talented female athletes. More importantly for me, she decided she had to have an athletic trainer on her sideline.

Opportunity was knocking on my door once again so I applied and was accepted. All of my hard work and hard decisions were paying off, everything was falling into place. I spoke with Dr. St. John for the first time a few days before the start of the fall semester of 1968. As the department head it was obvious that she had huge expectations for me. She let me know that I would be provided with whatever I needed, within reason. I was charged with developing and administering an athletic training program for her 10 intercollegiate sports teams but there was a big but. I was going to be a one woman show. I had no one to help me. I took a deep breath and said to myself this isn't the first time I've been left to my own devices. I went down this road with Henry at Chico State. I was little more than a rookie but I stepped up and took the challenge. I was given the faculty kitchen to convert into a functioning training room. Dr. St. John authorized a modest budget but in reality there was no equipment or supplies. The kitchen, now training room was outfitted with a sink, a cabinet and a built-in refrigerator with a tiny freezer. It wasn't much but it was mine and it was still better than my shower room training room at Chico.

The next two things on my agenda were meeting with my new mentor, Mel Blickenstaff and my advisor to plan my course schedule. I met Mel for the first time in his training room. I had to laugh because it was smaller than my new kitchen in a training room or was it a training room in a kitchen. Like most training rooms it was off the men's locker room and there was only one entrance which was through the men's locker room. I was raised to respect my superiors and called him Mr. Blickenstaff. He immediately corrected me and said, "my name is Blick" as he was affectionately known by faculty, coaches, athletes and students. Blick wanted to see my

training room so we headed across campus to the women's physical education building. He liked the looks of the room and gave me an old taping table and an infra-red lamp to get me started. More than anything he helped with a "loan" of enough basic supplies to jump start my program.

My final meeting of the day did not go to my liking. I had been hoping I would be able to finish my major and the athletic training specialization in 2 semesters and then head home to California. General education requirements squelched that idea. I thought I was transferring 110 credits as a second semester senior, as it turns out only 101 units were accepted. Some of those units meant very little in meeting the University's graduation requirements. I jumped hurdle after hurdle in trying to meet the general education requirements. The powers to be thought there was enough difference between these courses and the ones I took at Chico that would require me to retake a few of them. I felt there was a greater difference in title than content but I couldn't make my case and lost that battle. There was no compromise.

I had nothing against being a well-rounded student but the general education battle of Wilson vs. picky little requirements did not compute. I only had a few classes to complete for my degree in physical education and health plus the 10 classes in the specialization but it was those general education courses that were going to be my bane. I needed to get all those requirements done in two semesters. Discipline and time management were going to be the key to accomplishing my goal. Discipline was my middle name but time has always been my enemy. It seemed like at every turn, time was my ever-present opponent in life. I learned to be strategic. Every day was a challenge but I quickly learned how to juggle classes, my team sports practices, other team practices, homework and eating. My days were full and my sleep suffered but I was amazed at how much I could accomplish with detailed planning.

I soon discovered that even with the support of Dr. St. John I had to sell the need for athletic trainers to the women coaches. I knew I had Dr. St. John's support but I wasn't sure if she shared her plan for me with the women faculty members. For all I knew they came to work one day and there was a student athletic trainer in a kitchen made into a training room. The same kitchen where they used to prepare their lunches and dinners.

I still had not been accepted by the coaches and it took a few weeks for the athletes to come to the training room for my help. Early on, a coach wanted to recruit me to play on her team since I had to be on the field anyway. I decided to cover field hockey because I thought it was the most dangerous. Only the goalie wore protective equipment and the ball was hard and traveling at high speeds. There were also two mature sycamore trees that played defense adding another risk factor.

I did have one coach who was totally 100 per cent behind me. She realized what I was trying to do and gave me her full support as the head women's gymnastics coach. Her name was Margit "Grete" Treiber and she was one tough coach, probably the toughest coach in women's athletics while I was at Indiana State. She demanded that her team toe the line in performance, appearance and body weight. As a native Hungarian she survived the Hungarian uprising of 1956 by escaping to the United States. I don't know how she ended up at Indiana State University but she was a prize catch. Her background as a competitor, coach and judge of gymnastics was second to none. Working in the Eastern Block sports conglomerate, she understood the advantage of having someone on her sideline that could help keep her athletes healthy and competitive. In retrospect, I believe it was my relationship with coach Treiber and my face-to-face interactions

with the women student athletes that expedited my acceptance at Indiana State compared to Chico.

It took about a month and some patience to get my athletic training program established. Ironically, I chose a male dominated profession but never experienced any opposition from the male athletic trainers. Perhaps the male ATC's saw me as a conduit. I could lighten their load by getting those women out of their training room and into mine. They had enough to do what with all the male athletes.

Day after day everything was falling into place. I put together a well-functioning Training Room. My classes were running as smoothly as they could with my time issues and I didn't hear any complaints. As far as I knew everyone was on board.

While things were going smoothly for me, Blick was up to his ears in alligators trying to find a classroom for the Introduction to Athletic Training class. Once again, I was in this recurring nightmare where things just didn't make sense to me. How could a major university of this size not have one classroom available anywhere? Taking advantage of an unusual set of circumstances, Blick used his ingenuity and found a way. The floor boards in the wrestling room had warped and were not scheduled for repair until later in the semester. This dead space became our classroom but it was short lived.

The ISU Wrestling Team was good enough that the coach put pressure on the university to replace the floor ahead of the original schedule. We weren't very far into the semester when we were booted out of our newfound space. Not for the lack of trying, Blick had completely run out of options. By necessity we moved our chairs into a hallway in the back of the arena which was also a thoroughfare for a parking lot on that side of the building. To make a poor situation worse, there was a high level of noise pollution coming from the construction of our new dual purpose athletic training room/classroom. Eventually, Blick realized this acoustical nightmare wasn't going to work and moved the class to his training room. What seemed like a fairly good idea at the time soon made for some uncomfortable moments.

As a rule, the training room is often next to the men's locker room. As women we would sound the alert asking if it was safe to walk through. Boys being boys would reply "all clear", when in reality they would take the opportunity to provide a full frontal naked pose. We dealt with it as professional women and did not let these childish pranks deter us. Blick finally came up with a solution to prevent further indignities to his women students. The training room was located on an outside corner of the locker room; he submitted a work requisition to have a new door cut in the corner of the training room where the two hallways met. The requisition was expedited through channels and the work was done quickly. Although there were at least two other women in that introductory class, I have always maintained, that door was my entrance as I was the only woman to complete the specialization.

We sat on uncomfortable folding chairs in a training room crowded with treatment tables and equipment. It wasn't perfect but it was much quieter allowing us to cover more material with fewer interruptions. The opening of the new dual-purpose room across the hall could not come too soon. We were literally counting the days to the opening of our new larger and state-of-the-art facility. Blick had designed it and the administration approved everything he requested. The room was going to be used for athletic training classes in the morning and then as the main training room in the afternoons and evenings for practices and home competition.

The new facility opened when we returned for the spring semester. A new perk was plenty of blackboard space where Blick could write bullet points as he lectured. Without blackboard space we used to constantly ask him to repeat himself. The large treatment tables served as our desks so we didn't have to balance a clipboard on our laps to write notes. We traded our folding chairs for rock hard benches. Sitting was uncomfortable and you were constantly squirming to give your gluts some relief. When the benches weren't being used for class they were tucked under the treatment tables which morphed into taping stations and plinths for therapy. It functioned very well but I never got to see it. While our new training room was in full blown action, I was across campus working with the women athletes.

I spent every free moment I had in that classroom/training room. I knew every corner and nook which made it easier for me to pilfer basic supplies. They had specialty tapes and other things that I could not afford on my limited budget. My philosophy has always been to get whatever needed to be done, done!

The weekdays were long, but the weekends were even longer. By mid-October on a typical weekday, I could have 7 teams practicing, 3 of which were in season and 4 in preseason. The weekends would start very early in the morning preparing a team for a road trip and then later setting up for a home competition. It became even more complicated if I had to travel with a team. Sometimes there were two major teams competing each season with both having games in different locations. What I truly needed was a clone but it was just me so I prioritized and did what I could do to be where I was needed the most at any given time. There were no days off. I thought it couldn't get any worse but it did when I became an assistant ATC at the University of Iowa but we'll get to that later.

I would classify myself as a survivor after completing two semesters of coursework at Indiana State. I took an overload of classes to finish the physical education, health curriculum and courses required for the athletic training specialization. Unfortunately I still had to take a nutrition course which was in another department. When it was all said and done I completed all those time and money consuming general education requirements. In many cases, the same ones I had taken in California, and I did it while putting in my training room hours and competing on 3 intercollegiate teams.

Next on the agenda was to survive student teaching and complete the education courses that were supposed to be up-to-date pearls on teaching. I would be a survivor of a grueling journey through the obstacles of higher education, completing 58 hours in 3 semesters to snatch that illusive BS degree. An acronym I had come to feel was appropriate for what I was going through.

Even though it was never easy and rarely a straight line, things just had a way of falling into place for me. I always seemed to find myself in the right place at the right time but usually there was a wait which constantly tested my patience. I lucked out once again in the summer of 1969. It was the first time Indiana State had set up a summer student teaching program with schools in the surrounding areas. I was hoping to make it back to California at the end of the summer.

This new summer student teaching program called for students to teach 4 days a week while attending education classes on the ISU campus one day a week. We were assigned to a high school to teach Monday through Thursday under the supervision of a certified teacher in our subject area. On Fridays we sat through a day of education courses back in Terre Haute.

After the summer session was over, we endured another full week of education classes to fulfill the student teaching requirements for our provisional teaching credential. The further I traveled down my educational journey the more I questioned the logic of how the program was set up. It seemed to me; those education classes would have been most effective if more of the material was introduced before we actually set foot in the classroom. Then we may have been better prepared for the classroom dynamics. The classes taught while we were in the trenches were helpful, but the emphasis should have been on helping resolve the problems we encountered as fledgling teachers. The classes after student teaching could have been just a debriefing instead of another week full of classes. We could have focused on evaluations of the new program and what could be done to improve it. Hindsight is 20/20 but I believed that then and I believe that now.

As a student teacher I was assigned to an inner-city school in Indianapolis to teach high school health and physical education. Indianapolis was slightly over 70 miles to the northeast of Terre Haute. but I didn't drive. Once again luck was with me. I found two other classmates who were also assigned to teach in Indianapolis. They were planning to commute back to Terre Haute every Thursday after teaching, stay in town over the weekend, and then early Monday morning, head back to Indy. We all taught at different schools, but they were willing to let me carpool with them. It was the perfect arrangement for me because I could then play Summer League Softball every weekend on a team in Terre Haute.

After I got my student teaching assignment and ride lined up, I just needed a place to sleep both in Indianapolis and my home base in Terre Haute. I had a teammate whose grandmother lived in Indianapolis that rented me a room in her own home. I paid a little extra and got two home cooked breakfast and dinner meals a day. As a bonus, her grandson worked near my high school so I could hitch a round trip ride with him every day. Back in Terre Haute, I found another physical education major that was taking summer classes in Terre Haute and she let me crash on her couch. I was set and it all went smoothly: the commute, the boring education classes, teaching health and the physical education classes, working with my invisible student teaching supervisor, even the living arrangements in two cities that might as well have been on two different continents for a non-driver.

I got to spend the summer months playing summer league softball. We were the "Gals of Summer", playing games every weekend, either in Terre Haute or other towns in Indiana or in near-by Illinois. I played first base or pitched in every game. The only thing that would preclude me from playing was the in-climate summer weather in the Midwest. Despite the commute, I was never late for a class. In fact, I was usually one of the first people on the high school campus every morning. We discovered that we could easily cut onto I-70, the new soon-to-be-completed Interstate highway. It made our weekly commute so much faster in both directions. We used the shortcut early on Monday mornings or late afternoon on Thursdays when there were no workers around. We looked at it as a road test. We were never caught because we never saw an Indiana State Patrol car. I don't think we were the only Hoosiers using the road before it was officially opened. It was too enticing and too easy to gain access.

When I left California for the Midwest I knew my family, friends and all the PE faculty and coaches at Chico thought I had lost my mind. When I would think about paying out of state tuition for 58 credit hours, I wondered myself at times if I had made the right choice. I had come to realize, the end justified the means. I got what I wanted, well almost. I was an athletic trainer with papers to prove I had almost completed the specialization in athletic training. What I did not

have, was a real job. I turned down a real job offer for a full time position as a physical education teacher at Harry E. Wood High School, the school where I just finished teaching. I opted to accept a graduate assistantship back at Indiana State University. I would continue my work as the athletic trainer for the women's intercollegiate athletics program while enrolled in graduate classes and that Albatross nutrition class.

To be Phi Beta Kappa you must complete 60 hours of credit. I had the grades but only had 58 credit hours in my 2 semesters and a summer. That two-hour nutrition class cost me admission to America's most prestigious academic society. I was going to receive \$1800.00 for a 20 hour work week but I knew to do the job right 20 hours wasn't enough. More importantly, I received instate tuition which translated into saving a bundle of money. I officially became a Hoosier. Things were looking good except tuition was due up front, but I had to wait a month for my first paycheck.

My roommate, Joan Boehmer came through for me and floated me the money. Joan was an instructor and coach in the Women's Physical Education Department at ISU. She felt my pain being in the same predicament several years earlier as a graduate assistant at ISU. I was able to start my classes on time. My new plan was to be in the Midwest for a maximum of 2 semesters and a summer and then back to California, but as said earlier, people plan, and God laughs.

The school year went by fast taking classes in Biology and working as an athletic trainer. The training room and playing surfaces continued to be my labs. It was a hands-on learning experience. I wasn't in a classroom learning how to evaluate an injury I was learning by actually evaluating each injury. I was happy in my element and looking forward to the graduate classes in athletic training offered the upcoming summer.

Summer arrived and I attended the 1970 NATA National Convention in Denver. The female membership within the NATA was so minuscule at the time that I was mistaken for an athletic trainer's wife. As the story goes, Jerry Gilbert, a rep for Johnson & Johnson was handing out red roses to women assuming they were all wives. He was certainly embarrassed when he learned that a few of the women in attendance were athletic trainers and potential customers.

I later met Jerry Gilbert at that J & J booth and we became good friends. He was very supportive of women entering the profession and gave me a few cases of supplies for my program. I had good relationships with all of the reps from the sports medicine supply companies. We would connect at various educational meetings where they would display their product lines. They knew I had a limited budget and had to scavenge so they provided me with whatever supplies they could.

I developed a good professional relationship with Hugh Grubiss and Cramer Products was always generous with their trademark supplies. I even got a Hydrocollator display unit from Whitehall after one of the meetings. It fit in well alongside my small ice machine and infra-red heat lamp.

That same summer Indiana State hosted the gymnastic trials for the Student World Games, probably Grete Treiber's handy work. Dr. St. John awarded me another graduate assistantship which essentially paid me to cover the trials and a 2-week training camp.

As one of the few women athletic trainers in the country, I fielded a lot of questions about how to become an athletic trainer. I frequently received letters and phone calls on the subject as well as

presented lectures to students and coaches. I was also frequently asked to provide coverage for different championship events in sports.

By the end of the summer I completed my Master's Degree and was one of the first five women to ever be certificated by the NATA. We were "grandmothered" in by way of our education and experience. Today, we are considered pioneers but back then with my new certification there was still no job. Everything I had done to get to this place, the sacrifices, the hard work, the perseverance against all odds only left me in debt. I began to doubt myself and my dream, but that didn't last long.

As luck would have it, once again everything fell into place. ISU became the site of a three-year Project on Physical Education for the Handicapped. Three fellowships in adapted physical education were available that inaugural year in 1970 and I snagged one of them. I could stay employed by the University and make enough money to survive. Nothing had ever been a straight line for me but somehow I always found a way. It made the most sense; I could work on my PhD and maybe continue to put some hours in the training room. The next summer we were going to host the Special Olympics and I could work that as an ATC so I accepted the position. It might have looked like a pretty good idea at the time, but once the program began I quickly realized how busy I was going to be keeping up with the coursework and my fellowship tasks. I performed athletic training on the run. I tried to be available for at least pre-game taping and Saturday games, but many times that did not happen.

The three of us fellows helped develop a curriculum in Adapted Physical Education for the State of Indiana and helped with planning the upcoming Special Olympics. There were few graduate level physical education classes left for me to take so I went back to taking biology and special education classes. I found a special place in my heart taking classes in special education and working with physically and mentally challenged individuals. Years later as a Naval Reservist I was appointed Medical Director for the Northern California Special Olympics, a position I was honored to hold.

After completing all the administrative tasks associated with the Special Olympics Summer Games, I once again found myself jobless, so I continued working on my PhD but not at ISU. It was time to go and I did. I applied to the Doctoral Program at the University of Iowa as well as for a graduate assistantship in the Women's Physical Education Department.

The good news was, I was accepted into the program, and I was awarded another graduate assistantship. The bad news was that the assistantship was for teaching and not athletic training. My new mentor was Department Chair Dr. M. Gladys Scott. Dr. Scott was a leader in the field of physical education and she oversaw a top-notch graduate program.

Women's athletics at Iowa was small in comparison to the program at ISU, but that would all change in a mere 10 months. During my tenure at Iowa, the men's and women's physical education departments were separate entities. They were even separated geographically by the Iowa River that ran through campus. "The men's side of the river" encompassed all the sports venues and the medical complex composed of hospitals, clinics and the Schools of Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing and Pharmacy. The other side of the river, "the women's side", was considered the "cultured" side of campus where the arts and science buildings, administration buildings and most of the dormitories were located. It was also the side of the campus that was bordered by the business community of Iowa City.

The adapted physical education doctoral program chose me as much as I chose it. With the coursework I had already completed, the closest match Iowa had to offer was a PhD in adapted physical education. Dr. Margaret Fox became my faculty advisor. I was informed that I could take most of my courses without crossing over to the “men’s side of the river”. I wondered if this was not only a physical barrier but a philosophical one as well. We mapped out a plan to finish my PhD in two years; the caveat was my graduate assistantship was for only one year. I refer to that first year as my year of “underground athletic training”. I was determined not to lose the athletic training skills I worked so hard to master. Iowa had a limited athletic program for women students, so I made myself available to the coaches during home games. I brought some supplies from ISU but I knew I needed more. I asked to meet with the men’s ATC, Tom Spalj, to plead my case for more supplies. To my surprise, he gave me a set of keys to the fieldhouse training room. He also gave me access to use the room to treat any injured women athletes when my schedule permitted. I took him up on his offer but usually did game prep on the “women’s side of the river” because that was where they competed.

I was on a roll. The athletic training thing was working out; I passed statistics, French and learned my graduate assistantship was going to be renewed. I didn’t think life could get any better and then it did. I received a call from my guardian angel at ISU, Grete Treiber. She asked me to be the host athletic trainer for the U.S Women’s Olympic Gymnastic trials semifinals. I would provide coverage for forty-six gymnasts competing in eight events for the final twenty slots which would allow them to try out for the Olympic team. It was going to be a busy four days for my staff of one, me.

Next up was the summer of 72. Opportunities continued to present themselves. This time I was asked by the US Collegiate Sports Council to provide the athletic training coverage for two training camps, one in volleyball and the other in basketball. The purpose of the camps was to put together the women’s teams for the upcoming 1973 World University Games in Moscow.

I was right in the middle of the second camp that summer to select the best women intercollegiate basketball players in the country. I was in the training room preparing for practice when I received a message to return an urgent phone call. I didn’t know who the call was from or what it was in regard to. All I knew was that it was a Terre Haute area code which narrowed it down to the white pages of the telephone book.

When I finally got a spare moment and could find a phone I called the number. It was Dr. St. John on the other end of that call. She was the first women administrator that wanted me on her sideline at ISU. She had a full-time position as an acting instructor. I was going to get paid to teach and be the ATC for women’s athletics. With further discussion, I realized I would be doing a lot more for Dr. St. John than I had done as a graduate assistant in 1969. Along with covering the women’s athletic teams, I would teach activity classes to non-majors and theory classes to physical education majors. I also would have to revitalize the athletic training program.

I had already agreed to work another year as a graduate assistant in the women’s physical education department at Iowa. My plan was to finish my degree and see what the world had to offer me for all of my hard work. At the time in the early 70’s, there was not one women working as an ATC who had a PhD. There were also not many women in the field of athletic training.

It wasn’t the first time I had to change plans to follow my dream. I had to leave Iowa for a real job that paid real money. I may have Marje Albohm to thank for the opportunity. In the fall of

1972, Marje was accepted into the new graduate program in athletic training at ISU. She assumed she would be supervised by a certified women's athletic trainer. She had already accepted the position as a graduate assistant when she learned there was no women's athletic trainer. Marje must have rattled some cages because Dr. St. John found the money and called me.

I had a lot of juggling to do to remove myself from the World University games, my graduate assistantship and my lease. I received everyone's blessing and headed back to Terre Haute to teach and be an ATC.

Teaching was no longer some mysterious experience for me and I had kept my athletic training skills sharp while at Iowa. I was ready for the challenge but there was some element of self-doubt. There was going to be a lot on my plate especially when I learned I got all the classes nobody else wanted.

I was over my head for my teaching requirement but I had a life saver, my roommate, Joan Boehmer. Joan had a wealth of teaching experience from first grade to college. Marje was my Godsend on the athletic training side. I then recruited a physical education student, Nancy Janeway, to become the third member of our dedicated gang. I'm proud to say she went on to become certified and worked for many years as an athletic trainer in the Indiana high school system. The three of us survived that academic year keeping busy with 10 teams between us. We also took on some other professional-related challenges by co-authoring several articles on women in athletic training for professional publications. Without the help of Marje and Nancy, everything would not have gotten done. They were essential to the success of the program.

As if that wasn't enough, I accepted an appointment to be on the NATA Journal Committee. I wrote a quarterly column called "Not For Men Only". The profession was still predominately male but interest from young female physical education majors and coaches was gaining ground. Those of us in the field would get requests on how to become us. There was no real literature to pass on other than us writing individual personal letters to each request. As it became evident that women athletic trainers were needed on the sidelines, opportunities for women grew.

Since 1971, the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW) was its governing body for collegiate athletic competition. The Division for Girls and Women's Sports (DGWS) was responsible for publishing the rule guides for all women's sports.

Title IX helped spawn this increased interest for women to enter the field of athletic training. It was originally written as follows:

No person in the United States shall, based on sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any education program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance.

As Title IX opened more opportunities for women to compete in athletics it also opened more doors in athletic training for women.

What was not flourishing at ISU during the 1972-73 academic year was the enrollment. Cuts had to be made and I was afraid I might be the first one to go. I got my reprieve in late May, at least for another academic year. My new teaching assignment was not as physically demanding. I was assigned two lecture courses along with a load of activity classes. I was asked to create a new Introductory Class in Athletic Training for Women.

The other lecture course was an already established adapted physical education class, a subject I never taught before. I spent the summer reviewing my old course work and collecting teaching

materials for these two new classes. I also developed a workbook for the new athletic training course. It was eventually published by the National Association for Girls and Women in Sports (NAGWS), which was part of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance (AAHPERD).

The educational program in athletic training was flourishing at ISU. Some 14 women enrolled in the graduate program in its second year. The only woman student remaining from the previous year was the ever dependable sophomore Nancy Janeway. There were more women graduate students in the graduate athletic training program than there were women's intercollegiate teams at ISU. It was overwhelming.

Blick was ahead of the curve as a teacher and administrator of the athletic training program. He had the foresight to make arrangements with two local high schools to serve as practicum sites for the students enrolled in the graduate athletic training curriculum. It was a win-win situation for Blick and the two schools. The students received practical experience and the schools received the services of an on-site athletic trainer. Throughout the year, I was haunted by the thought of more budget cuts that would cost me my job. A little voice was telling me it was time to go but where to go was the question. There were few jobs opportunities for a female ATC even though there were 15 of us certified in 1974. That same year the NATA formed an Ad Hoc Committee on Women in Athletic Training when there was an exponential number of women that wanted to enter the field. The board members established the committee to find what was the driving force behind this movement and how could the NATA meet their needs.

I accepted an appointment as the chair of the committee with little lead time or information. The association wanted a report at their annual meeting in June. The first thing on my agenda was to form a committee. There were about 70 women members to choose from. The committee's goal was to collect information from every women member. We started by reviewing all of the previous correspondence from girls and women seeking information about the profession. We were short on time but there was a lot of communication between the members of the committee and we were able to put together a draft.

Some of women were very aggressive in their demands. I, on the other hand, believed we needed to be patiently persistent. I believed change would come, after all the Board already demonstrated remarkable foresight by forming the Ad Hoc Committee. The committee members attending the convention met before the scheduled board meeting to put the final touches on the report. As chairperson, I delivered the presentation. I remember walking into the room to meet the men who had been responsible for legitimizing the profession. They took it from what once was a trade with no formal education to a respected health care discipline. They created a certification process to give legitimacy to the vocation. Since 1970, students aspiring to be a certified athletic trainer had to complete course work and pass both a written and practical exam.

I knew the men on the board but had only met a few through my appointment on the journal committee. These were the men who wanted to hear our opinions, to make decisions that would affect the future for women in the field of athletic training.

The committee discovered there was an information void for females that were pursuing degrees in physical education and coaching. They had little or no knowledge of a possible career in athletic training. There was a lack of role models since most schools had no athletic trainer, even in men's athletics. The likelihood of a high school age girl knowing anything about the field was minimal at most. We recommended that the NATA disseminate materials to make the profession

visible as a career option to women. Information on women as athletic trainers and the educational routes toward a career in the field needed to be provided to physical education departments at colleges and universities as well as high schools. The women who were current members of the association also wanted to serve within the inner workings of the NATA. I was currently the only woman who had been appointed by the board to serve on a committee. Women were willing to serve, regardless of the level of involvement. We also requested the NATA appoint liaisons to the AIAW and NAGWS. We felt the two associations were the governing bodies for girls' and women's athletics and fostering a relationship would be a major step in insuring a safer environment in which girls and women could participate.

With the exception of one request the board felt the report was fair. The one exception was the request to have female ATC's available at all girls' and women's competitions. Not only was it an impossible request to fulfill due to the limited number of women athletic trainers, but the board reminded me there was no need to specify gender. Certified athletic trainers were all well qualified to work any sidelines and not all competitive events for boys and men were covered by an athletic trainer.

Months later the Board appointed me as the NATA liaison to the NAGWS. We also received approval for the liaison to AIAW. The committee was disbanded the following year. As it turned out, it was somewhat ironic because, by the time I received and accepted the NATA liaison appointment to the NAGWS, I had already accepted an NAGWS board appointment as the chairperson of the Special Committee on Women in Athletic Training. My charge was to make the profession of athletic training a viable career opportunity for girls and women. I wanted to increase the visibility of athletic training to the girls and women seeking to work in the field of physical education and athletics.

I asked some of my colleagues who had served so well on the NATA Ad Hoc Committee to help me once again. I strongly felt it was part of our responsibility as the forerunners in the profession to pave the way for the girls and women behind us who were aspiring to enter the field. Late in the summer of 1974, I was leaving ISU once again to go back to Iowa for a real assistant ATC position. As I was literally walking out the door I took a phone call from NAGWS President Fran Koenig. I knew the name but had never met the woman so I was more than curious as to why she was calling me. She wanted me to chair a new committee on athletic training.

I had spent years waiting for a position as an ATC to materialize and then poof I had enough offers to juggle. It was all a matter of quick thinking and timing. M. Gladys Scott knew what she wanted and made it happen. Her call took me by surprise because I didn't know Iowa was even looking to hire an ATC. I later found out my name had been bouncing around other universities looking for a woman ATC. The University of Minnesota called Dr. Scott to inquire about me as a hire. Dr. Scott did not inform me of this but instead made me an offer to return to Iowa. Not more than 15 minutes after I accepted her offer, Minnesota called with their offer. As it turned out, I accepted the position as one of three assistant ATC's at Iowa.

Once again after the second summer session was over, I found myself on that familiar road to Iowa. I was setting off on a new adventure and I only hoped that I had made the right decision. It was a busy time finding a place to live and going to meetings. I first met with Dr. Harley Feldick, MD, the Director of Student Health who was technically my boss. I quickly learned that although Dr. Feldick may have been my boss, head ATC, Ed Crowley called the shots. Ed had just been hired from Purdue University and inherited the two other assistant ATC's and me, the newbie.

The three of us, John Streif, Dan Foster and I helped Ed run the university's athletic training program. My responsibility was organizing the sports medicine coverage for the 10 teams in the women's athletic program at Iowa. The program had certainly grown since 1971. I had to renew my acquaintance with the Women's Athletic Director, Dr. Christine Grant who I knew from my previous trip through the University. We were both pursuing PhD degrees back in 1971 and often found ourselves in the same courses. She just happened to finish her degree in a more timely fashion. I also had to meet all the women coaches.

That year became another year of learning and sharpening my athletic training skills. Iowa had their own taping techniques and there were the ins and outs of a Division 1 Big Ten Athletic Program. I mastered how to roll with the punches when compromise was not an option. I had invested too much time in my quest for a PhD to give up on it, so I took at least one course per semester.

I became infatuated in youth sports. At the time, there was no instructional manual for coaches on the care and prevention of sports injuries in non-school sports like Little League baseball and Pop Warner football. The timing was right because youth sports and coaches certification programs were a hot topic. My advisor agreed that writing an instructional manual for my dissertation was timely and gave her approval. All I needed was that ever elusive nemesis of mine, "time".

I accepted the appointment as chairperson of the NAGWS Special Committee on Women in Athletic Training and sat on its board of directors from 1974 -1978. For the first two years I was a non-voting member as the Chair of the special committee. Then in 1976, when athletic training became one of the fastest growing areas of interest among the membership, the board of directors made it a bona fide interest group. My board position changed from non-voting to voting and I was appointed the chairperson of the newest interest group. The Athletic Training Council was born.

My work with NAGWS took up much of my free time delaying that elusive PhD. I gave that time to the NAGWS because I strongly felt the Association was the best route to disseminate information to girls and women about the profession of athletic training. It was the professional organization of girls and women who were interested in or currently teaching physical education and/or coaching.

That was exactly the target audience I was seeking. To that end, the special committee developed a pamphlet, "So You Want to Be a Trainer" to compliment the NATA career pamphlet. The pamphlet answered most, if not all, of the questions we regularly fielded on how to become an athletic trainer. It was available at various workshops and meetings including the Athletic Training Drop-in Center that we set up at several of the National AAHPERD Conventions. The Drop-in Center was staffed by women working in the profession. The women volunteered their time to answer questions, hand out literature and perhaps demonstrate a technique or two.

We also created a slide series to use at the center and to loan out when schools requested a copy. The slide series focused on complimentary areas of study (majors) that might help an individual pursue a position in athletic training. In reality, a candidate would not be hired to work solely as an athletic trainer. You would be hired for your skills as a physical education instructor, school nurse, exercise physiologist etc. and you would work "part time" as an Athletic Trainer. Besides trying to make athletic training more visible to girls and women, I wanted to expand the role of the DGWS into safety in sport. We became the self-appointed watchdog for girls and women's

sports safety. Since the DGWS published the Rule Guides for both intercollegiate and interscholastic sports, I believed our committee had an opportunity to make a direct impact. We reviewed the Rule Guides to make a sport safer without diluting or changing its character.

We also used each guide to disseminate pertinent information on some topic relating to safety in a specific sport. We developed position statements on the use of mouth guards and helmets. We also created medical history questionnaires and a physical evaluation form for both high school and collegiate athletes. Our conviction and commitment was so strong we even used our personal time to organize a Symposium on Women in Sport in 1978 and one on the Psychology of Sport in 1980, both presented at National AAHPERD Conventions.

Now that I was finally hired as an assistant athletic trainer I thought the whole gender discrimination thing was behind me but once again I was naive. After about a year on the job I learned my counter parts were being paid more than me even though we were all hired as assistant athletic trainers. I filed a grievance with Dr. Feldick and my salary was adjusted. There was a second episode that involved the Amana VIP. It was the richest one-day golf tournament in the country, played on Finkbine Golf Course at the University of Iowa campus. It was a major fund raiser for the University's athletic department. We four Iowa ATC's provided the medical coverage for the participants and spectators. The activities lasted for a week with entertainers from around the US performing each night.

The Amanas sent a jet down to the US Open to pick up the professional golfers who had signed up to play. The golfers, entertainers and any family members were all housed at a swank local hotel. I was told the entire week was a rockin' good time with impromptu hootenannies and even a gambling night. But, I would never know. The hotel was off limits to me. I was told that only the male athletic trainers were assigned to work there. Unfortunately, I lost that battle as I was told there would be no compromise.

My third episode of gender discrimination occurred in my last year at Iowa. I was assigned to be the host ATC for the visiting teams at home football games. It appeared to me that Ohio State's head coach, Woody Hayes objected to having a woman on his sidelines because he sent his athletic trainer over to tell me I was not needed. I just merely moved down the sideline. I immediately wondered if Woody had done the same when a male Iowa Athletic Trainer was assigned as the Host Trainer for his team. Maybe he considered us spies?

There are three instances in my career that are indelibly etched in my memory for life. Two have to do with team travel which can be challenging. Traveling as an athletic trainer with a team requires being able to manage on anticipation. It's the Boy Scouts motto, "Be Prepared".

In the early years of my career I may have been the only athletic trainer for all the teams competing. There was no mutual exchange of supplies or equipment. If you didn't have what you needed, you either improvised or went without.

Winter in the Midwest can be brutal and full of surprises wreaking havoc on team travel for competition. We traveled by car, van or bus, hardly ever by plane. There were two trips that will always stick with me.

One winter night the basketball team was coming home from an away game. The team was in the Iowa van. Coach Birdsong was driving the University station wagon full of equipment, supplies, me and the equipment manager. It was late and fortunately there was not much traffic along interstate 80.

The van had just passed us and safely crossed a bridge. We hit black ice and went into a tailspin. As we were spinning, I caught a glimpse of the drop off from the highway to our right and vividly saw the headlights of the oncoming traffic to our left. Being from Colorado our coach was well versed in driving on icy roads and was able to maneuver the car into a snowbank on the wide center divide. Thank goodness our van had just passed us because we could have crashed into it.

The second incident was late in 1977 during Field Hockey season. The team was heading to Grand Forks, North Dakota for Regionals on a University bus. The team spent the night in Minneapolis leaving early the next morning trying to beat the forecasted blizzard that was heading right for us. Unfortunately, we got caught in the eye of the storm outside of Fergus Falls, Minnesota just 175 miles northwest of Minneapolis. We had to abandon the bus on the side of Interstate 94 and walk up the exit we had just passed. To our elation we saw the most wonderful sight, an open Perkins Steak and Shake restaurant. The place was filled with other stranded travelers, and we were welcomed inside with mugs of hot coffee or chocolate. We spent the day in Perkins as the snow continued to fall while the coaches tried to make the best of a bad situation. The entire team ended up spending two nights in just three hotel rooms waiting for the road to be cleared.

To make matters even more tenuous, we had an insulin dependent hockey player who was experiencing issues in the morning after our first night in Fergus Falls. I was able to contact our team physician by phone who suggested taking her to the hospital but he had no answer as to how we were going to get her there. Thinking quickly, I called the Highway Patrol who dispatched an officer to take us to the hospital. That worked out great but we were stuck for a ride back to the hotel. I saw a gas station a couple of blocks away where we could buy some supplies. From there we hitched a ride back to the hotel from someone with good old fashioned Midwestern values.

That old man winter was unrelenting a few other times in Iowa. We once had a sleet storm during a football game. The women support staff and athletic trainers were not allowed inside the Locker Room during the game so there was no place for us to warm up. Worse than that, I was on the field for at least two hockey matches that were played during a blizzard. Those games had to be played because there are no “snow days” built into the field hockey schedule. I also learned there were no “tornado days” when a tornado wiped out the only hotel in a nearby town just prior to it hosting a big field hockey tournament. Iowa stepped up and hosted the weekend event because Iowa City had hotel space.

The third instance involved Midwest lightning which is an amazing display of power – thrilling but very scary. Late one summer afternoon in 1978, someone dashed into the training room shouting: “Somebody out on the track got hit by lightning!” Three of us, John Streif, an Assistant Athletic Trainer, Scott White, a student trainer, and I, dashed out into a heavy rainstorm to find a man face down in the rainwater. He was not breathing, and his heart had stopped. We immediately started CPR.

Ironically, although we were right across the street from the Iowa Tertiary Trauma Center, no ambulance was immediately available. Lightning strikes were hitting the ground all around us, but we continued until an ambulance finally arrived.

Yes, we saved his life. Later we learned he was the husband of our Team Orthopedic Surgeon's secretary. He later repaid me by serving on my PhD Orals Committee, though no repayment was necessary.

I spent my career believing it was my duty to give back to our profession that gave so much to me. I have always been a staunch believer that coaches of women's athletic teams should have an athletic trainer on their sideline. It is my opinion that it was unfair to both the coach and the athlete to ask a coach to be responsible for the health care of their athletes. Coaches were not trained to be experts in sports medicine. Not being trained in how to properly care for and rehabilitate an injured athlete has the potential to leave that individual with chronic issues that may affect the tasks of daily life well after the athlete's competitive career. (I can only speak for Chico State which was a women's sports powerhouse in the mid-60's - there was little emphasis on pre-season conditioning, a proven means of preventing injuries. In softball, for example Coach Wallace would just have us play catch without gloves the first few days of practice to avoid "throwing out our arms").

A coach should coach and not be put in a position to make health care decisions. As I crossed the gender divide I aimed to make athletic training an option for girls and women interested in sports. And hopefully the void of not having an ATC on the sidelines would rapidly be filled as more and more women entered the field.

I was recently asked by a content specialist from the NATA, if I had anything to pass on to young athletic trainers entering the field. Reflecting on my 53 years as a member of the NATA I've witnessed the growth in membership, professionalism and the narrowing of the gender gap. We currently have more female members of the NATA than males. When I finally found a full-time position as an athletic trainer in September of 1972, I only had two options, college/university or high school. Today, there are many alternatives to what was the typical life of an athletic trainer, yet there are still very few women in male dominated professional sports.

The baton has been passed and I have great confidence that female athletic trainers will continue to break the glass ceiling of the profession. Part of my journey was placing myself in the right place at the right time and part of it was luck but most of it was long and hard work. **I would do it all over again in a heartbeat and I hope it has helped pave the way for generations to come.**

In the foregoing, I have only covered in detail the early years of my career, 1967-1980. I left out a lot of accomplishments because my initial intention was to make sure the early history of women in athletic training was not lost – it's better to have an eyewitness account. But I later thought telling the rest of my journey would add a better understanding of my life and what I was trying to accomplish which I feel has been inspired by a saying of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

„Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail“

With that being said, I hope you will find these highlights interesting and illustrative of my intention to give back to my profession.

I left Iowa in December of 1980 but not because of the weather. I had been gone far longer than the year or so I had told my parents I would be away. I had always considered California my home and I wanted to catch up on the years that I lost with my parents while living in the Midwest. Once home, I spent my time working as a fill-in Athletic Trainer at one of the first

Sports Medicine Clinics in the San Francisco-Bay Area, Sportcare. I had a rude awakening as an Athletic Trainer working outside the university setting. I learned that I could not practice my profession, especially in the clinic without a Physical Therapist being present. It was okay for me to be on the sidelines for high school football games providing immediate care for injuries but I could not legally turn on a whirlpool in the clinic. It became the impetus for me taking the prerequisites for admission to physical therapy school.

I received a totally unexpected phone call from the National Office of NAGWS in July of 1981. At the time I was currently enrolled in Summer School taking some of those pre-requisites for PT School. Carol Thompson, the Executive Director, wanted to know if I would be able to head to Barbados in a few short days as part of a delegation of seven coaches and subject matter experts to present a ten day workshop as part of an inter-organization initiative. One hundred thirty-three individual had signed up to attend this first of its kind workshop.

My specific task was to teach coaches and physical education instructors from the various Caribbean Islands basic athletic training techniques. What supplies I needed, I would have to bring along. It was a couple days before the long 4th of July weekend and I was scheduled to leave over the holiday weekend. But, that did not deter me. I called my friends at Johnson & Johnson and Cramer's and everything was quickly set in motion to get me the supplies I needed. We actually took athletic tape from the Golden State Warriors inventory with the promise of replacing it. Hopefully it was but I never heard otherwise.

In 1982, while attending Junior College to acquire the pre-requisites for Physical Therapy School I began a project for the Golden Gate Chapter of the American Red Cross (San Francisco, CA). I developed and taught a Sports Injury First Aid Course for interested staff and first responders. I was also asked to be one of several paramedical professionals to work on a back injury prevention and care program for the East Bay Chapter of the ARC.

There was a rumor that Admissions Committees at most Physical Therapy Schools did not like to "waste" a seat on an Athletic Trainer, so I had to choose the target school carefully. I also had to find a program that was willing to consider an Athletic Trainer with a PhD. I needed a school that had a Certificate Program not another degree. I applied to one school and one school only, Children's Hospital of Los Angeles. It was a 17 month program, 12 months of coursework and 5 months of internship. It had an excellent reputation under the direction of Trudy McDowell, who unfortunately for me was slated to retire.

I was accepted as one of the 24 students, 3 of which were ATCs. We were to start the program in January of 1983. I remember only one of the few questions I was asked in my interview with McDowell – "What do you think you can learn in our program since you already having a PhD?" I guess I nailed it because I shot back, "There is always something to learn." I was the oldest person in the class at the age of 37. My age was another reason I did not want to waste my time doing all the extra coursework for another degree. I had already been there and done that.

My experiences during those 12 months in Southern Cal would make an unbelievable script for a soap opera. It turned out to be a year of drama and unfortunately trauma. In February my mother collapsed on a plane heading for Greece which had to be diverted to Rome. She survived, spending 2 weeks in a hospital there with my father by her side. I had to spend time trying to figure out how to get her home safely and whether or not she would need a medical attendant and/or a medical transport. I was ready to drop out of class to accompany her home. Fortunately, I didn't have to because the doctors would not release her until they knew she was ready to

safely and comfortably fly. It was okay for her to fly home immediately following her discharge from the hospital.

Berkeley was just a “short” 5 to 6 hour drive from Los Angeles. I would head to my parents place there when I could con a ride on weekends. I finally came to the realization that it was now time to get married. I had been seeing my best friend, Kevin Greene since high school. What was holding me back was my belief that being married might prevent me from doing what I wanted to do. I still had so much I wanted to accomplish. I soon learned how wrong I was. Kevin was such a gracious man who did not believe in traditional roles. We developed a mutual understanding that we would support one another to reach our full potentials. That pact continues to hold true even today going on toward 39 years of marriage.

My mom had just taught me not to put off important things, so I flew home that July 4th weekend to get married. Monday afternoon I flew back to SoCal with a plan that Kevin would head to LA the following Friday.

When Kevin failed to show up in the early evening I began to worry. I tried to track him down to no avail. Later that evening I finally received a phone call from one of his friends informing me that Kevin was admitted to the Cardiac Care Unit in a hospital in Oakland (CA). He was suddenly feeling ill driving to work that morning. Having worked for many years as a Paramedic, he checked himself into the hospital Emergency Room.

That news was totally unexpected but I knew I had to catch the first plane I could anywhere close to Oakland so my parents could pick me up. I failed to reach any of my instructors by phone but was able to leave messages on their answering machines. Not knowing the extent of Kevin’s situation, all I could say was I was leaving school and I don’t know when I would be back to class. It was horrible timing because we were entering into finals which would be followed by a new semester. It was a dreadful feeling not knowing my fate or the fate of my new husband.

I arrived at the hospital close to midnight and was allowed access to the Cardiac Care Unit. When I saw Kevin, he looked better than I expected. His tests looked so good that the doctors released him a few days later with a plan to do more testing as an outpatient.

I stayed in Northern California while Kevin completed those tests but when they all showed nothing abnormal I headed back to school. At that point I had to find time to take all my finals and then catch up on the week of the new classes that I missed.

Shortly after my return, I received a message at school that the house my roommate and I were renting in Burbank was broken into. When we arrived home, we found the bedrooms trashed. Everything was pulled out of the dressers or off shelves and thrown on the floor. As far as we could tell, the uninvited intruders only got a roll of quarters, our laundry money. But my cat probably lost one of her nine lives as she witnessed the invasion. Soon after, the house was sold, so we quickly had to find a new place to live.

Everything fell into place as it always seemed to do in my life. We had been living in a house owned by my husband’s co-worker. His mother came up with the perfect solution. Her next door neighbors spent their weekdays at their beach house and only came back to Burbank on the weekends. They agreed to rent us the house with the only stipulation being, we would have to share the kitchen when they were there.

On a more positive note but still time consuming, I had galley proofs that needed to be reviewed for the book, Tips on Training. It was soon to be published by the American Alliance for Health,

Physical Education, Recreation and Dance. I volunteered to not only submit chapters for the book but also help edit it for publication.

Since I had to take another Research class, I decided to press my luck. I approached the instructor to see if she would let me do a project focusing on Athletic Training since we were after all a School of Physical Therapy. I would carry out the project, not just write the first 3 chapters, which was all the class required. I wanted to find out why the early women in Athletic Training sought to enter a male-dominated field and what where the obstacles they encountered along the way. She agreed, so I added that project to my already busy “to do” list.

What I thought would be the last in a series of unfortunate events was followed by my step-grandfather having a stroke around Thanksgiving. He was in a coma from which he never came out of. Then, my first internship was cancelled a few days before it was to start in January of 1984. I had thought my “No” days were over, but I was wrong.

The instructor overseeing the Internships and I had to find a new site pronto. If I did not complete the “time requirement” for the internship semester, I would not complete the requirements to receive my Certificate in Physical Therapy. Once again as luck would have it, a hospital in San Francisco had an opening and I could not have asked for a better match. I was assigned to the Physical Therapy Department at St. Francis Memorial Hospital. The same hospital where Dr. James Garrick, MD, an orthopedic surgeon, founded and directed the Center for Sports Medicine and the first Dance Medicine Department on the West Coast.

Like many Californians in 1984, I volunteered to work as an Athletic Trainer and Physical Therapist during the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. I had not taken my State Boards to earn my License as a Physical Therapist yet, but I had my Certificate. I was not planning on seriously looking for a job until after the Games, so I could take my Boards that July in Southern California. My husband had an aunt who lived in Long Beach, CA who was happy to put me up in her spare bedroom for what turned out to be a 30-day commitment. I could bicycle the 7 miles to and from El Dorado Park where the Archery Competition was taking place. I particularly wanted to work Archery because one of the women Archers on the US Team, Benita Edds, had attended ISU. Joan Boehmer, my roommate while I was a graduate student at ISU, had been her coach. It was perfect. I got the appointment and received one day off during the Games to take my State Boards which were offered just twice a year. Later in 1987, I worked Archery and Softball at the Pan American Games in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Kevin believed that one should give back, a philosophy that was probably responsible for him working as a Paramedic and teaching Emergency Cardiac Care to physicians and nurses. He was also an electronic whiz-kid. Two passions pulling him in different career directions. After I moved back to California, he figured out how he could do both.

An old friend gave him a used but reliable ambulance. Kevin spent his free time restoring the ambulance and outfitting it with numerous radio systems that provided communications in an emergency. This was a huge breakthrough during the pre-cell phone era in emergency response for people living in the bay area with the looming threat of “the Big One”. We provided emergency communications for an occasional natural disaster like the Oakland Firestorm in 1991 but also for national law enforcement tactical support. On the side we used the van during community events such as the infamous Bay to Breakers Race. We outfitted volunteers with handie-talkie radios that created a network throughout the entire course.

Around 1987, Kevin and I submitted a grant request to Pacific Telesis to fund the purchase of a new van and a portable satellite communications system that was the size of a suitcase. We were turned down for liability reasons. In 1989, the Loma Linda earthquake rattled the area and that changed everything. The value of the system was now more evident and the check was written. Kevin then created our non-profit corporation (501.c3) Disaster Communications Resources (DCR). It is still in existence and continues to provide communications assistance when called upon. I can honestly say that when I married Kevin, we formed a two person team with the same morals, values and ethics. I never would have imagined the opportunities that I have been given as a result of that team of two.

In October of 1984, armed with my newly issued Physical Therapy License I found a position in a Sports Injury Clinic, ATHER that was owned and operated by Don Chu, PhD, PT. I also raised my right hand to swear to defend the Constitution and the United States by joining the Naval Reserves. In the past, The Navy just said “thanks but no thanks” when I tried to sign up as a Certified Athletic Trainer. How times have changed because Certified Athletic Trainers are now sought out by the military for their expertise in injury care and prevention.

It was actually my husband Kevin who encouraged me to try once again to try to join the military. Driving home from Graduation in May of 1984, he asked me what I wanted to do next since I was going to have some free time. Knowing of my previous attempts to join the military he suggested that my newly acquired Certificate in Physical Therapy might be my ticket in. After investigating the age requirements of the various Branches of Military Service, I learned the Navy was the only one willing to sign an individual as old as I was. Awesome, because my father had joined the Navy and was in the South Pacific during WWII.

My military career was most unusual, probably one-of-a-kind. Because of age and my eye sight I couldn't qualify as a Commissioned Officer/Physical Therapist in the Medical Specialty Corps. But as a credentialed Emergency Medical Technician I qualified as a Third Class Hospital Corpsman, one with a PhD. They didn't factor in my experience as a Certified Athletic Trainer which should have awarded me a higher pay grade, perhaps Second Class. I did not care. I jumped at the chance to serve my Country. As it turned out later, I was always credentialed as a Physical Therapist when I went to work at any Naval Hospital or Clinic even though my sleeve insignia read “Corpsman” and my uniform Enlisted.

I also had to fight the US Navy three times during my career to prove I was physically qualified to do my job. That eyesight thing and an ACL deficient knee were issues that continued to haunt me. The first time I had to sit out for many months. It was frustrating because I had already demonstrated I could do the job. It was early on in my career when I decided to lawyer up and prove my case in a military court. Although I had already been backed by letters from military and civilian medical specialists, including Dr. Garrick, I won because I was armed with an irrefutable video tape. That tape was proof that I could skillfully compete in a number of individual sports, neither my eyesight nor my ligament and meniscus deficient knee physically hindered me. That video was taken and edited by a professional, a friend that was a cameraman for a local news station. I put my faith in God and myself and once again things fell into place.

In the fall of 1986, while still assigned to the Alameda Naval Air Station, I volunteered my services as an athletic trainer to the coach of the Varsity Football Team. The team was made up of active duty sailors and marines. I covered home and away games except the games at San Quentin Penitentiary which was fine by me.

Early on during my 20-years stint as a Naval Reservist, I tried to convince the officers about the value of having Athletic Training skills readily available to the Physical Fitness Trainers and Medical Department personnel. I let my knowledge and skills do the talking by developing three all day seminars. The first one focused on common orthopedic sports injuries (1986) with my civilian boss, Dr. Charles as the main speaker. He teamed up with Neurosurgeon, Robert Fink and Podiatrist Mark Wolpa to cover injuries to the foot, ankle, knee, shoulder and back. It was so well received that I put together a seminar focusing on cholesterol control in the late 1980's. It was a timely topic and the program was presented by several physicians from the Lipid Clinic at UCSF. The third seminar was a hands-on casting workshop (1994) presented by Kathryn Steele, a Certified Athletic Trainer working as a 3M Corporation representative. She was assisted by a local certified orthopedic technician.

Most of my Commanding Officers were opened minded and willing to listen to ideas from other officers and enlisted personnel. If the suggestion would help meet mission readiness or not interfere with attaining readiness it was considered. As the Training "Officer", I wanted to promote more practical experience for my Corpsman. They were always stuck in the Clinic drill weekend after drill weekend doing physicals. A one or two hour training session during the weekend was the time allotted to pass new material on skills and techniques to the Corpsman. Usually it consisted of a lecture and no practical experience.

I had a solution. I had volunteered for the Special Olympics before, so I got permission from the Commanding Officer to take my Corpsmen out to the state and regional competition that was held locally on the campus of UC Berkeley. It was a win-win situation for Navy and the Special Olympics. The Corpsmen might get an opportunity to utilize their first aid and emergency care skills and the Special Olympics did not have to look for medical coverage for their events. The Unit continued to work events for the Special Olympics until we were Activated in 1990. After the War, Desert Shield/Desert Storm, the Unit was able to resume working as a medical crew. Later in 1994 as a result of my commitment to provide medical coverage for events, I was named the Medical Director for Special Olympics of Northern California. Our reputation as a ship shape well prepared group of paramedical personnel apparently got around the Bay Area because the Medical Director for the Junior Olympic Championships in Track and Field invited us to be the medical contingent for the Trials. They were held in 1995 on a very warm weekend in August at San Jose State University. In 1997, much to our dismay, when the competitive venue of the Special Olympics was changed, the travel distance to the events made it no longer feasible for our Navy Unit to continue the relationship.

In the fall of 1988 as a Second Class Hospital Corpsman, I decided to take on the Navy again using the Beneficial Suggestion Program that sailors were encouraged to participate in. I knew the sit up that was used to test abdominal strength in the Physical Readiness Test was not only a poor test of abdominal strength but could easily result in an injury. I did a thorough review of the literature and contacted a number of experts in the field of biomechanics before putting together a critique of the Navy sit-up. I submitted the document in February of 1989 as a recently promoted First Class sailor but the change in rank apparently did not help. My document did not impress the reviewer(s). My Commanding Officer, a physician, was ticked off by the rejection, having read the document prior to its submission and then reading the rejection document. He wrote a cover letter suggesting that the document be given further review but on the second submission my CO told me to add my civilian credentials to the title page. Unfortunately the document was rejected once again but I hope it got a few medical officers, who had the power to

make changes, thinking. Late in my Navy career, functional ability was becoming a catch phrase and the Physical Readiness Test was beginning to become more of a test of function than pure strength.

The Medical Unit to which I was assigned at Alameda (CA) Naval Air Station was the first medical unit to be Activated since the War in Vietnam. At the time, August 1990, I was job splitting as a Physical Therapist at Ortho-East Physical Therapy in Berkeley (CA). It was owned by Michael Charles, MD, an Orthopedic Surgeon. He had hired me away from Don Chu's clinic in 1985. Dr. Charles was a wonderful and talented physician to work with because he was open-minded. He listened to what I had to say and often sought out my opinion. I learned a lot from him and had some opportunities available to me that I would not have had elsewhere. Dr. Charles was the Medical Director for the local Race Track, Golden Gate Fields in Albany (CA). As a result, we did the physicals on the jockeys and also took care of their battered and broken bodies. It became a wonderful learning experience.

In 1985 Mills College in Oakland, CA was looking for an Athletic Trainer. Dr. Charles was the Team Physician at the all-girls college that sported only 4 teams – Basketball, Volleyball, Tennis and Crew. Traveling was not part of the job requirement and I missed being in the vibrant atmosphere of the Athletic Training Room so I was interested. Dr. Charles allowed me to modify my schedule at his clinic so I could work the Mill's job in the afternoon. I worked for Mills until the summer of 1988. I left when the Athletic Training position became a full-time one by adding on the responsibilities of the Equipment Room Manager.

In April 1989, I had the opportunity to volunteer as part of the Medical Staff for the Fourth International Special Olympics Winter Games in Reno (NV). I was assigned to work Speed Skating. The competition was going smoothly until one of the skaters went down. Unfortunately, she fell directly across the ice from where we were set up. Trying to avoid slipping on the ice, I opted to take a wheeled gurney out across the ice in lieu of a stretcher to transport her to our aid station. The athlete had sliced her lower leg during the fall and needed to be sutured. We tried to calm her down until her coach arrived. She was on the French Team and spoke no English. I only knew how to read French thanks to my PhD, not speak it, and that skill was rather rusty from disuse over more than a decade.

On that morning, August 24th 1990, everyone in Medical Unit to which I was attached received "THE" phone call. I was walking on the streets of San Francisco when I got my call. I knew we would be called that day and I wish I was as lucky in picking lottery numbers. "This is not a drill. This is not a drill. You are being Activated." We were being Activated in support of Desert Shield.

We reported to Alameda Naval Air Station the next day, a Saturday, where we were processed to become Active Duty Sailors. The Unit flew out to Washington State without me on Sunday and reported in on Monday morning. My departure was delayed because of a scheduled medical procedure on Monday the 27th. I left for Washington on Wednesday. Eager as I was to join my shipmates, I had to wait for new Orders to be cut with the change in start date. Our task was to backfill at the Medical Clinic at Oak Harbor, WA. The staff had been depleted because the Hospital Ship, USNS MERCY, TAH-19, was being activated.

I had a role in getting the hospital ship ready for Activation. The cadre (host) crew for the ship was 35 strong and not one of the Navy personnel assigned to it was a Physical Therapist. I spent many of my days off from Ortho-East, doing non-pay drills on board the USNS MERCY, TAH-

19, which was homeported in Oakland, CA. I inventoried and tested every piece of equipment in the Physical Therapy Department to make sure everything was ready if and when the ship was activated. In late September of 1989, I was included as the only Reservist, other than the Reserve Air Wing, to accompany the cadre crew when the ship headed out under the Golden Gate Bridge for Sea Trials. My task was to make sure the Physical Therapy Department could run smoothly when the ship was underway. I was popular when I had the whirlpools filled and running. I was also tasked with moving 1600 pounds of weights for traction below decks to the bowels of the ship while it was underway. While everyone on board accomplished their assigned tasks and more during the days we were at sea, we had the thrill of witnessing an occasional whale breaching and lots of dolphins escorting us along the side of the ship. On its return from sea trials, The USNS MERCY, TAH-19, also participated in Fleet Week, being the last one in a parade of Navy ships coming under the Golden Gate Bridge on a nippy morning. I was one of the sailors manning the rails and cannot put in words how proud I was to be standing there in my dress whites as that big ship glided through the Bay waters. Not a bad deal for raising your right hand. Unfortunately while I was onboard, I tore the meniscus in my “good” knee while squatting to fill my sea bag. The ship must have rolled slightly and I didn’t roll with it. This time around, it only took 2 months to finally get an MRI and diagnose the damage.

I did not get to stay with my shipmates very long after arriving in WA. At the Medical Clinic in Oak Harbor, I was considered “excess” because the Physical Therapy Department was small and already adequately staffed. I was told to pack my sea bag and head out. My new orders sent me to the Naval Hospital in Bremerton where I would augment the Physical Therapy staff. The Head of the Department was very happy to have me when she learned of my skill set as a Licensed Physical Therapist and Certified Athletic Trainer. It turned out she hated to work on injuries to the extremities. Fine by me, she could have the backs and necks, I was in my element. While there, I taught my fellow Corpsmen in the Clinic several In-services and also took the initiative to develop a class on ACL injuries and rehabilitation for the Corpsman as well as the sailors facing an upcoming surgery.

I guess I had made a positive impression when I had worked football for the Alameda Naval Air Station Team. When the coach learned I was home on Medical Leave in February 1991 from Desert Shield/Desert Storm, he asked if I was able to work as the Athletic Trainer for the All-Navy Basketball Team. Of course I could make myself available for all the practice sessions. After my Medical Leave was over, I had to return to Bremerton Naval Hospital. The coach was unable to get Orders approved by my Command so I could accompany the team to the All-Military Championships. Ironically, I was released from Active Duty about 5 weeks after my return to Bremerton because the War was swift and decisive. I was on Active Duty, away from home as a “geographical bachelor” from August 28, 1990 to April 5, 1991 except for the days of my Medical Leave.

Later in my Naval Career, in May of 2000, I earned my Certification as a Health Promotion Director. In May of 2001, I earned another Certification as a Navy Master Fitness Specialist from The Cooper Institute. I felt that my background in Physical Education, Athletic Training and Physical Therapy could be put to better use than in a Physical Therapy Clinic. I probably sacrificed my chances of being promoted to Master Chief by that decision but I have never questioned it. I wanted to focus more on sports injury prevention because a huge chunk of the annual budget in the military was spent on the care of athletic injuries rather than prevention of athletic injuries. I wanted to teach sailors how they could prevent their own injuries. I developed

a sports injury prevention program in the fall of 2000 for Naval Hospital Bremerton (WA) through the Health Promotion Department. I called the Program FIT TIPS – Targeting Injury Prevention Sensibly. It was a health fair set-up complete with posters, handouts and audio-visual aids plus a few fitness measuring devices. FIT TIPS was designed to take on the road.

As a Naval Reservist I had the opportunity to work in the Health Promotion Department of NH Bremerton during my annual two-weeks of training and a few 30+ day periods of Active Duty for Special Work. We took FIT TIPS to various military installations throughout the area and aboard several ships homeported at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard. We taught officers and enlisted as well as civilian workers how to prevent injuries. I also had the opportunity to teach many classes on correct fitness techniques to Sailors, Marines, hospital and clinic staff members and retirees. I was fortunate that my superiors were willing to give me the opportunity to share what I knew to prevent injuries and improve one's fitness level.

I retired from the Naval Reserve on January 1, 2005 as a Senior Chief Hospital Corpsman (E8) with 20 years of Service. I continued my work in the Health Promotion Department as a volunteer in the Red Cross Volunteer Program at Naval Hospital Bremerton. I stayed with the program until the Director of the Health Promotion Department, Janet Mano, a civilian, retired in 2015. We had developed a very creative program working together those 15 years

In 2011, I established the Holly Wilson Greene Athletic Training Scholarship at Indiana State University. I wanted to give back to the University because it consistently supported me as both an undergraduate and graduate student in my quest to become an Athletic Trainer. I wanted to provide some financial support for an upper-class undergraduate student aspiring to reach their dream of becoming an Athletic Trainer. If possible, whenever I had a trip planned to Terre Haute, IN, I would make myself available to the Director of the Athletic Training Curriculum at ISU to talk to the students enrolled in the program about my career as an Athletic Trainer.

Most recently, I approached the Dean of the College of Health and Human Services at Indiana State, Carolyn Mallory, PhD and RN. In the fall of 2018 I was eager to introduce the Athletic Training students to the use of Acutonics tuning forks in the treatment of musculoskeletal injuries. Early in 2019, I met with the Dean and started working with the Chair of the Department of Applied Medicine and Rehabilitation at ISU, John Pommier, PhD. We were planning a presentation open to all the students in the Department. The program, Acutonics® Sound-Based Solutions: From ancient practices to modern vibrational medicine, was presented early in September as part of the University's Sesquicentennial Celebration. It consisted of a lecture/demonstration in the morning and an hour long demonstration of the application techniques using the forks in the afternoon followed by an hour long drop-in session. I was responsible for identifying and securing the faculty as well as all the financial arrangements. I flew a Senior Faculty Acutonics Practitioner, Katie Mink, LAc, in from California and the CEO of Acutonics, Ellen Franklin, PhD, in from New Mexico. Carol Cobine, an Acutonics practitioner from Bloomington, IN was my local contact and she was instrumental in making the day run smoothly. The program went exceptionally well and generated a lot of interest in the novel treatment modality.

Four students enrolled in the Physical Therapy Program attended the sessions and wanted to formulate their required research projects around the use of the Acutonics tuning forks. We met with those students and their instructors along with other interested instructors within the Department the following day. We wanted to discuss how we could facilitate not only the

students' research projects but more interest in Acutonics among the students. We wanted to know if there was enough interest to develop a fundamental course on Acutonics and how it could be added as an elective course to the Department's offerings. A Fundamentals Course and Lab was developed by Carol Cobine and was slated to be taught by her in March of 2020. Unfortunately, the day it was scheduled to be taught in the Physical Therapy School was the very day classes were suspended at ISU due to Covid-19.

Interest in the Acutonics tuning forks continued throughout 2020 and into 2021 although we had little, if any, contact with faculty during that time. Apparently the program presented in September of 2019 had made quite an impact. Soon after the New Year, Dan Barwick from The ISU Foundation contacted me because the criteria for my Athletic Training Scholarship needed to be changed. Since ISU no longer had an Undergraduate Program in Athletic Training, the Scholarship could not be awarded as worded. Dan needed my input. I was unwilling to make any change in the Scholarship criteria until I knew what level of interest there was in Acutonics within the Department of Applied Medicine and Rehabilitation. I needed to hear it from John Pommier. After a series of emails and Zoom meetings assuring me of their interest in Acutonics, I established an annual gift of \$1500 to The ISU Foundation. That money, plus the cost of required forks, would be awarded annually to help defray the cost of carrying out research project(s) using the Acutonics tuning forks. Hopefully everything will be set in place for the start of the fall semester 2021. In addition, the criteria for the Holly Wilson Greene Athletic Training Scholarship was changed to limit the award to only graduate level students

The various challenges I have chosen to tackle have been my way of paying it forward. I have received numerous accolades and honors from various groups – among them are Indiana State University, the US Navy, the American Red Cross, the FBI, the Special Olympics, AIAW and the National Association for Girls and Women in Sports. Whatever I have accomplished was not done for accolades or compensation. Early on in my career I wanted to help girls and women who were interested in athletic training as a career option. With educational opportunities for women opening up in athletic training, my focus turned to making the activity arena safer for the participant and preventing injuries.

Along the way I met some special people too, who recognized my passion and knowing the obstacles I faced, generously supported me in my journey. Among those gracious individuals are Hank Stroud who first opened the door for me and guided me as I took those first steps forward in the Profession; Mel Blickenstaff and Ray Baggett continued to orchestrate my early skill development and acquisition, helping me in my early journey and Dr. Eleanor St. John took a leap of faith in me, a fledgling student of the Profession. Joan Boehmer has always supported me throughout my days as a student or faculty member seeing my passion for the field. Dr. Harley Feldick, the Team Physician at Iowa and my boss. He shared a vast amount of knowledge on early proper injury care and evaluation that enable me to become a better more skilled Athletic Trainer and to write a skill level appropriate manual for non-school coaches as my Doctoral Dissertation. Then there are all the Sales Representatives from the many Sports Medicine Product Companies. Their generous donations enabled me to set up and run my Athletic Training Programs early on when budgets were non-existent or slim. I consider all these individuals my friends and colleagues and certainly owe everyone a debt of gratitude for making my journey less rocky. Thanks to all of you who helped me along the way.

Thank you for taking the time to read about my journey. I resigned my Certification as an Athletic Trainer in December of 2020, 50 years after I was “grand-mothered” as a Certified Athletic Trainer (1970) by the NATA.

“If you are working on something that you really care about, you don’t have to be pushed. The vision pulls you.” — Steve Jobs