

# Downtown Quarterbacks

By Bus Ham

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**M**Y, how the Quarterbacks have grown. We started out as a little group of 135-pounders, shall we say, and today you would think we were All-American Fullbacks.

There is nothing mysterious, secret or sinister about the origin of Oklahoma City's Quarterbacks.

Five or six of us just thought it would be a good idea to get together three or four or five or six—oh, go on, you count—times a year and talk football and such.

As I recall, there were Glenn "Pop" Kiley, the electrician; Dudley Taylor, bald but a beauty; "Cob" Burnside, still a collegian and Kansan at heart; E. Edward Smith, who once walked across the campus of Columbia University, New York, when he got out of the navy and came back here with tall tales about his "days at Columbia."

Little old Earl Jones, official who can mess up more games by out-whistling the fast-freight, moved over from Tulsa about that time, and got in on the kickoff.

That's about the crop of the Original Quarterbacks. We called ourselves the GRANDSTAND Quarterbacks because we all were second-guessers, just like the thousands of other self-appointed quarterbacks who sit up in the stands every Saturday afternoon.

By some hook or crook that I never have been able to figure out, "Pop" became the headman. We dubbed him the Head Wolf. Guess that's because he's the biggest and can howl the loudest—at the coaches and officials.

All of that was three or four years ago. Biff Jones was at O. U., and when Biff went to Nebraska we gave him a little luncheon in the back room of Gid Bryce's place that Biff never will forget. "Columbia Ed" poured it on him with kerosene, and Biff didn't know for thirty minutes whether he meant what he said or was kidding.

It was all in good clean fun, of course, and that's the spirit of the Quarterbacks.

Since the Jones days, the crowd has increased to a dozen or fifteen regular mem-

bers, with some jolly good fellows like Lynn Waldorf, Burt Ingwerson, Wes Fry, Fred Thomsen and so on always Quarterbacking when they come around.

Of course, Tom Stidham, the big guy who has put O. U. across the goal line these last two seasons, and Henry Iba and Ted Cox of A. and M., have been Quarterbackers all along.

The tie-in with the coaches made us one big family, maybe not always so happy, and sometimes rather hard on each other, but it gave each fellow the right to say what he was thinking without preliminaries.

We got close to each other and close to athletic problems hereabouts, and you would go home with a head chuckful of sports doings if you could sit in with this gang some time.

But the GRANDSTAND Quarterbacks are a closed corporation, you might say, and they saw the need of a larger open organization that would enable the true-blue sports fans to get in on some of the fun they were having.

Well, Sir, that brings us up to the DOWNTOWN Quarterbacks, those football foolish folk who huddle once a week to hear Stidham put on the griddle, see the moving pictures of O. U. games and, in general, get a closeup of what goes on behind the scenes.

Fortunately, the Downtown Quarterbacks began plunking down their six-bits for luncheon the very season that O. U. came up with its best team in twenty years.

The combination was a winner from the start. About two hundred attended the first meeting, four hundred were out after the Kansas State game and in another year, if O. U. doesn't hit the skids, the weekly attendance will be around a thousand.

And if you don't think the girls—more and more of them every week—and boys are getting a kick out of these goings-on in the swanky Silver Glade of the Skirvin Tower, just come up and see us some time next season.



*Glenn Kiley, posed above in the trick headgear and looking at a black cat is the "Chief Wolf" of the Downtown Quarterbacks in Oklahoma City. In more serious moments he's western division manager for the O. G. and E.*

**Here's the Whole Story Of  
The Downtown Quarterbacks  
Of Oklahoma City—Those  
Rabid Sooner Football Fans  
Who Gather Each Week To  
Put the Coach on the Grid**