

MUCH EXCITEMENT AT EVANSTON GAME

Although plenty of entertainment was furnished by the Deerfield-Evanston run-away, there were lots of other exciting things happening last Saturday to keep the fans from falling asleep. One event was a snake dance at the half in which everybody whooped it up so violently that the energy used in said dance would have produced five or six more touchdowns for Deerfield, if it were not against the rules for fans to join in the game and make touchdowns.

The "let's eat 'em up gang—come on chew their ears off" spirit shown by the crowd seemed to prove that any one of the onlookers would have been very glad indeed to join in the game, and not only make a few dozen touchdowns and field goals but eat a few Evanston players alive (raw) for good measure.

Lucky That Fans Refrained

Which reminds one of the unique incident that occurred in the Washington-Oregon game a couple of weeks ago, in which one of the Washington players going to the showers threw off the blanket that was over his shoulders, rushed on the field, and tackled an Oregon halfback who was tearing down the gridiron for a touchdown and eluding everybody but this patriotic son of Washington U. But the cold-blooded and heartless referee conceded Oregon a touchdown anyhow, frustrating the ardent efforts of the Washingtonian. So maybe it's a good thing our fans refrained from entering the game, because referees usually are that way.

Uncle Tom's Nephew

Another interesting incident kept the fans in a good humor. Mr. Thomas Rogan, who makes more touchdowns in one quarter than "Red" Grange does per annum, was kept out of most of the game with his bad shoulder, but his ambitious young nephew (honest) named Jerry, who is about two feet tall, was present at the game to show that the Rogan family was there in spirit if not in body. This infant prodigy was formidably equipped with the full football regalia, from headgear to miniature football pants, padded and everything. Jerry paraded around on the edge of the field with his very own football and looked ferocious enough to bring qualms of fear to any varsity football man, perhaps even "Uncle Tom."

Has "Sweet" Tooth

The youth's fighting blood was aroused late in the game for some reason and he became bold to extremes, even venturing to bite your correspondent in the arm with some exceedingly sharp teeth. Later he was seen chewing vigorously but vainly upon the leather-clad arm of one of the bench players.

Fur coats were in abundance at the game, not just for reasons of weather but for reasons of health, for the cold was as penetrating as you please when the sun began to become obscured with clouds. The cheerleaders had to work to keep warm and when not working were huddling on the cold wooden bench.

A spectacular outburst of blue and white balloons soared up into the sky when the fans loosened them after our first touchdown. The hopes of

the fans for a championship team soared just as high with that first touchdown, and are still high.

Oscar Leads Snake Dance

The honorable Mr. Goepner, yell master, ably seconded by Thomas Strenger of lightweight fame, started a snake dance strutting around the field during the half. Fans forsook their hot dogs and joined in, bubbling over, as it were, with enthusiasm. Although the movements of the snake interested somewhat with the band's maneuvering, no one seemed to mind particularly, for they were all too absorbed in holding on to the person ahead to notice anything else.

Many of the spectators at the game commented upon the Evanston cheer leaders, who seemed to sway in per-

fect rhythm when leading yells. As one of our Deerfieldites said, "They must time their moves with stop watches." The strong wind blowing across the field towards the opponent's side drowned out their yells, at least to the ears of the Deerfield followers, but it could be seen and felt that the Evanstonians were sports in the way they supported their losing team. Some of them even joined in the Deerfield snake dance.

Give Unique Yells

On our side a crowd of fellows got together at the top of the bleachers and broadcasted some of their own quaint yells, such as "Riff, raff, riff raff; give Evanston the horse laugh!" and "Lickay, lickah, hope-a-tatah, half past alligata, ram ham booligata,

chieka saw baw," or words to that effect, which though they look slightly out of place in print, are quite impressive in the spoken word.

That all of the rooting going on affected the many grammar school students at the game was evident. After the contest the young ones romped up and down the streets of Highland Park shouting "Yea Deerfield, swallow 'em whole," and such enthusiastic phrases, until the cows came home.

Now all we need is a 543-0 victory over New Trier and we'll be appeased for our Oak Park loss.

Many young folks do not know the meaning of the word "Whoa", which may be one reason for their rapid speed.

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