



Back Row—Lawton, Sandberg, Kerr, Blyen, Schmitz, Holman, Erickson. Middle Row—Asst. Coach Switzenberg, Van Sickle, Norberg, Kolb, LaLiberty, Osborne, Taylor, Coach Stori. Bottom Row—Berkowitz, Huff, Fjeseth, Dahle, Capt. Amundson, Deringer, Lamb, C. Williams, G. Williams. Sitting—Rognlien, Goff.

Football

The football season started with two weeks of informal practice before school started. Jay Holman acted as coach. Regular practice started the first Tuesday in the school year. Captain Amundson, Deringer, Osborne, Van Sickle, Kolb, and Huff were the only returning lettermen from the 1934 season.

The team won three games and lost four. This was not a great record, but it was the first year under the new coach and we expect better results next year.

Barron will lose Captain Amundson, Deringer, Osborne, Norberg, Fjeseth, Sandberg, Lamb C. Williams, and Berkowitz by graduation this spring but a number of lettermen will remain to form the nucleus of next year's team.

The season scores were as follows:

Barron	-	-	-	12	Menomonie	-	-	0
Barron	-	-	-	0	Rice Lake	-	-	12
Barron	-	-	-	6	Bloomer	-	-	19
Barron	-	-	-	0	Spooner	-	-	22
Barron	-	-	-	18	Ladysmith	-	-	6
Barron	-	-	-	13	Shell Lake	-	-	7
Barron	-	-	-	6	Cumberland	-	-	7



MISS McILQUHAM

Miss McIlquham's a rhetoric queen,
She's the cleverest we've ever seen,
To be subtle's her way,
So, beware what you say,
Or you'll wonder—just what does she mean?
To labor for her—that is fun,
Eut 'twill last 'til the set of the sun,
If you work hard each day,
You'll perhaps earn an "A."
Then you'll probably faint when it's done.

MISS SNELL

Miss Snell—Agnes, if you please,
Directs us with the utmost of ease,
She can surely keep time,
In most perfect rhyme,
And she keeps us as busy as bees.
Oh, Miss Snell is a musical witch,
For her knowledge of music is rich,
And her rhythm's divine
Her direction is fine,
Doesn't matter when, how, why, or which.

MR. LYON

Mr. Lyon with his business-like air,
Is a type quite exceptionally rare,
He is agile and spry,
Though he's not very high,
And for leisure he doesn't much care.
Mr. Lyon, our supreme educator,
For our school, is the big legislator,
Beware, he's taking the roll,
Be keen, he's a jolly soul,
But he gets us sooner or later.

MR. DARLING

At science, Mr. Darling's a wonder,
He explains the lightning and thunder
In the simplest way,
And we ought to some day,
Know our lessons and not make a blunder.
All his students are found of him too,
For he's tolerant of pranks that they do,
He is honest and fair
And you know, if you're square,
He will always be friendly to you.

MR. HOAR

At assembly he's found of presiding,
For our sins everyone of us chiding
At his desk he sits,
And O. K.'s our permits—
For our school he does the deciding.

When into assembly we're walking,
We hear our dear principal talking,
Of our minds and our fates
And our too many dates
And cur whisperin', bluffin', and balkin'.

MR. STORI

We all like our coach, Mr. Stori,
He's the best coach that ever be gorra,
When he speaks we obey,
It's his grave, forceful way—
And our loyalty true we have sworn.
Our coach, Mr. Stori, though it's funny,
Resembles that hero, Gene Tunney,
He is husky and tall,
Though he's not fierce at all,
And his rare smile is pleasant and sunny.

MR. SWITZENBERG

Mr. Switzenberg's not noted for noise.
He warns us that we must have poise.
For order he's set;
On Roosevelt he bet?—
And sometimes he spansks girls and boys.
Mr. Switzenberg's a wonderful man;
He will help you whenever he can;
He does more than his part,
Has a kindly good heart,
And "malice towards none" is his plan.

An East-end Londoner criticized for addressing
his employer as Mr. 'Arrison, remarked.
Well, if a haitch and a hay, two hars, a hi
and a hess, a ho and a hen, don't spell 'Arri-
son, I don't know what does.

Mr. Darling (to a Senior in lab.): Be careful
or you'll spill the electricity.

Miss Nichols: Why was Columbus sent home
in chains?
Bobbie Post: So he wouldn't skid on the wet
roads.

Mr. Darling (in biology): Name a parasite.
Tommy S. (sleepily): Me.
Mr. Darling: Yes, but name another.

Miss Schmuki: And what did Sir Walter
Raleigh say when he placed his coat at Queen
Elizabeth's feet?
Roger T.: Step on it, kid, step on it.