

# TEACHERS



Mr. A. Domytrak



Miss I. McKerlie



Mr. H. Stewart

## PRINCIPALS MESSAGE

There is tremendous importance attached to High School Education. Young people cannot help being aware of this great concern over their welfare. They are barraged almost daily by relatives, educators, politicians, and employers, using such slogans as, "Go Back To School" or "Stay In School". They are reminded each time they make a vocational choice because the basic requirements always seem to be a complete High School Education.

All of us must make a living somehow so it is not wrong to emphasize the vocational value of education, but let us not forget that this isn't the only value of education. If we are going to understand our surroundings and appreciate all of the things man has contributed to this world, then we must pursue education for its own sake.

To the graduates then, who in a short time will have this basic requirement of a High School Education, pursue knowledge for its own sake. It is an unending process and a constant source of pleasure.

*H. Stewart*



# TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS

'Twas the night before exams, and all through the school,  
Not a creature was tempted to circumvent any rule.  
The students were home, all watching T.V.,  
Attempting to gain some knowledge, you see.

Mr. S. with his pipe, and I with my pen,  
Had just settled down to set papers AGAIN.  
When out on the road, there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang to the window to see what was the matter.

The mercury-vapour light on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below.  
And there on a pea-sized pebble or lump,  
A little blue Volkswaggon had tripped with a thump!

A tall young teacher flew out with a crack,  
I knew in a moment - Mr. Domytraki!  
Mr. Stewart and Bart, that inseparable pair,  
Sped out of the school as though on a dare.

Mr. D. looked quite doleful, as any man would  
Seeing his engine had fallen from under the hood.  
And then with a gossamer touch, the pieces began to fly,  
"Good grief! There goes my engine, clear up to the sky!"

But Mr. S. was able to cope; he had not a fear,  
For Bart had been trained as a nutnik, since age of one year.  
They assembled a kite, to Bart gave a whistle,  
To send him off on it like the down of a thistle.

But ere he got started, they must take a run,  
So off they all went, like boys out for fun.  
They had reckoned without Le Page's, that fantastic glue  
That held together kite and teachers and dog, too!

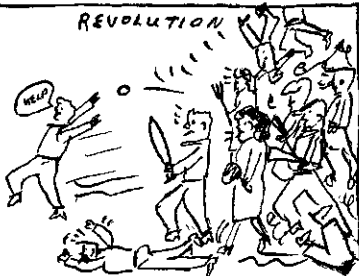
A bit north of town, a breeze up it came,  
And soon they were all flying like Glenn of astronaut fame.  
On northward past cities and far colder climes,  
They flew still faster in search of pieces, the size of dimes.

Next morning at school, every student in place,  
A whiz and a boom; return from outer space!  
In they all trooped, a gay-looking trio,  
They'd travelled near Mars and returned each a hero.

For clutched in their hands (paws) for every student to see  
Were pieces of plastic, all dangling and free,  
All parts of a Volkswaggon, a very good car,  
As long as it doesn't tumble too far.

*J. McKeelie*

REVOLUTION



PRESIDENT - ME

DISAGREEMENT



VICE-PRESIDENT - JEAN

MISTAKES



SECRETARY - ANNOIE

MONEY



TREASURER - TIM

EVERYTHING BUT - SPORTS

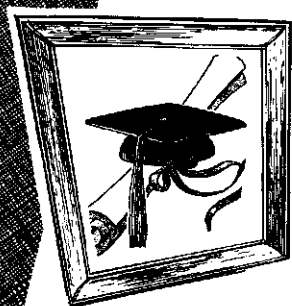


GIRLS SPORTS REP.

DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT



BOYS SPORTS REP.



GRADUATES

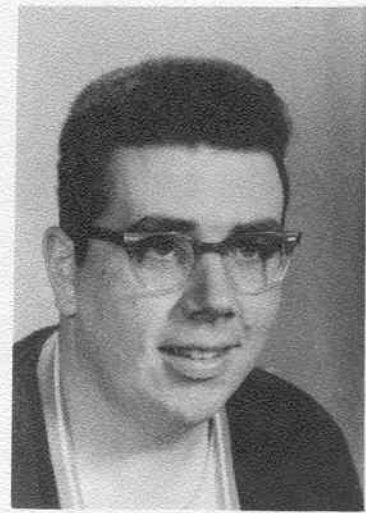


Freddie Andries

Barbara Wylie



Margaret McDougald



Richard Holder

# GRADE

Leonard Woodworth



Maria Roeges





Myrtle Smith



Brian Cramer



Diane Smith

Sharon Smith

# TWELVE

Gail Breault



Allan McDougald





# POE To A GRADE JEWEL

The school is quiet, it's five after nine  
It seems no one gets here on time  
Says Richard "Dickie" Holder so for knowledge yearning  
That little did he realize it was Sunday morning  
Behind him sits his curly-headed cousin  
Leonard Woodworth seems always a buzzin'  
At them problems presented by Maths.  
But then at Literature he gets so mad.  
Then Allan "Big" McDougald who thinks school is "rubble"  
Really loves football which gives him no trouble  
Now we'll go back to the front of the row  
Ducking erasers, shoes, etc., as you go  
In the front you'll find Maria "Joe" Roeges  
Who's trying so hard to get to Teacher's College  
Big Al's sister, Margaret "Maggie" McDougald has but one aim  
Which is to heal the sick, the broken, and the lame  
After which comes Barbara "Willie" Wylie--a girl---  
Who seems to find History and boys, such a peril  
Now we go back to the front of the row again  
Knee deep in ink, as though ink it had rained  
We find Sharon "Muscles" Smith a smile on her face  
Which turns suddenly to pain  
While doing Chemistry, sat on a tack again  
This is the work of Brian "Ceasar" Gramer  
Who loves French, Yule Brenner's, and Hilton scenery  
Back to the front again, after zooming around me  
H.S gas so thick, I can hardly see  
Here we find Gail "Broad" Breault reading her "Hardy"  
And on a second look, boy--she's past page twenty  
Then comes Diane "Wrestler" Smith who's not too bad  
Can't run her down or else I'll end up dead  
Then comes Myrtle "Mastermind" Smith with a smile on her face  
Has tied to his desk, Ceasar's shoe lace  
As Ceasar gets up to go for a stroll  
Falls flat on his face and over does roll  
Then comes the author: Sir Freddie Andries  
I'm a good little boy, (please believe me)  
In this school of Baldur, it's not really this bad  
Exaggeration is just one of my fads.

*Freddie Andries*

## THE UNITED NATIONS SEMINAR 1961.

On the night of July 9th, the stately peacefulness of the Prince Edward Hotel in Brandon was shattered by a group of one hundred vivacious teenagers. These teenagers were representatives of High Schools from all over Manitoba and Northern Ontario. To my amazement I was one of the chosen group.

On arriving I was assigned to room #26 on the fourth floor. A girl from Ft. William accompanied me to our room where we were greeted by our two room-mates, Lyn Dalzel and Cheryl Kist. At about ten o'clock a gray-haired lady came into our room and announced that she was our supervisor. One of the rules that she told us about then was, "Be sure not to go down to the second floor". WHY? Well, that was where the boys were lodged.

Two o'clock came and we were still talking and running around the halls; then....to our surprise a cry went along the hall, "There are some boys in here !" They couldn't have managed to sneak past the supervisor, but they could have climbed up the fire escape. Thus the 1961 Seminar was launched.

Perhaps from the above you are beginning to wonder whether or not we accomplished anything that week at the Seminar. But do not be mistaken, every day we spent at least four hours listening to lectures and making notes. (I have a note book to prove it too !) Also we had half hour discussion periods in which we "pulled apart" the foregoing lectures. In the mornings we rose at six-thirty after about four to five hours of sleep, and walked what seemed to be ten miles to the College for our morning classes. At the end of the week to prove that we had absorbed something, each group had to prepare a topic for inter-group debates.

On our floor the major event throughout the week was the pillow tournament. Of course these took place after our tired supervisors were sound asleep, that is, in the early hours of the morning.

Wednesday night we had an informal dance in the Rose Room of the hotel. The main event of the evening occurred when one of our instructors tried to show us how to do one of her native Hungarian dances. On Thursday night the third and fourth floors were seething with girls here, girls there, here a girl, there a girl, everywhere girls, girls, preparing for the formal closing dance. Some of the girls were very upset because there were approximately three girls to every boy. This was remedied by the Program Committee which imported a group of young men from a local boys' club. As the saying goes, "a good time was had by all". In fact there was even a full moon that night. The night ended on a melancholy note though because one girl had her boyfriend escort her to her door. Just as they were saying good-night or rather good-morning, the supervisor made her entrance.

It would take pages to relate every exciting detail of those memorable five days, so I shall end by saying, "I wish that all of the Baldur High students could have been there !"

*Myrtle Smith*



JUNIORS

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Lois Lockerby



Barry McGill



Leo Boulet



Inge Bjornson

Key Ballentine

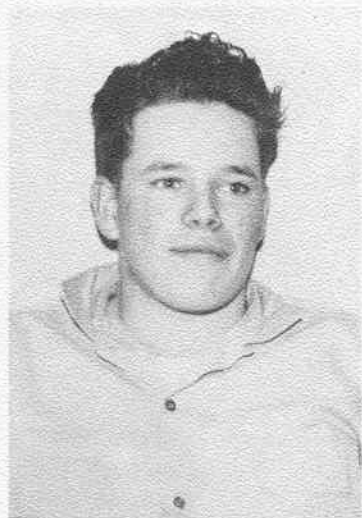


# GRADE ELEVEN

James Delzell



Lorne Dearsley





# Dexter's School Day

It starts at nine and goes to four  
First a few assignments and then a bunch more  
About five after nine when things are quiet  
Jim "D" comes in and starts a riot.  
And Barry sits and grins and smiles  
Dreaming of driving his auto for miles.  
If they could keep Lois away from every novel  
And terminate Inga's talkative "whirls"  
And calm them down in our Chemistry novel  
They would, no doubt, be two brilliant girls.  
During school hours Leo works like a beaver  
But when Barb is there, you can't make him leave-her  
And then there is Kay very bright and clever  
She will work hard and have Allan forever  
That 's what we're like, give or take a suggestion  
Whether we'll pass is the really big "question".

## ON BEING A BACHELOR

I've pictured the world without any dating  
And there's reason enough for this type of thought  
Just ask any bachelor, he'll be celebrating  
He'll tell you, "Young man, my freedom I've got".

There is, however, two sides to this story.  
These men that are married and call themselves husbands  
Wouldn't give up the goodness and glory  
Of being ordered around by the wave of a hand.

Each year there are people that strole to the alter  
There is also he who thinks more of himself  
He hasn't a care nor a hampering halter  
And there's only one mouth robbing food from the shelf.

The path you take, worries me but a trifle  
But please don't come hunting me with your rifle.

Lorne Dearsley

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# FOR THE BIRDS

Many, many long years ago when birds were first created, they used to fly north for the winter, instead of south, because they liked the cool, rugged climate of the north. But they now fly south because a number of years ago birds lost their sense of direction.

I will now attempt to tell you how they lost their sense of direction. It all happened this way.

One autumn as the birds were flying north, they were forced down by a very powerful wind at about the 49th parallel. The birds just happened to land in a rye field. They knew they would be there for a few days, so they began to eat the rye seeds, that lay on the ground. Their plan was to eat plenty of rye seeds so that they would not have to stop and eat again until they got to their destination. After about three days eating, they decided to take off, but then it began to rain, so they had to wait awhile. It rained for forty days and nights. By the time the rain came to an end, the birds were soaked right through to their stomachs. The rain then soaked through the walls of their stomachs and started to ferment the rye which they had eaten. The result of this reaction was very amazing. They began to walk in crooked lines, and some even flew in crooked lines. The rain subsided, but the wind grew stronger. However, the birds decided to take off anyway. When they began to fly, they were not certain which way they were going, so instead of flying north into the wind, they flew with it and ended up where they had started. They were feeling sort of light-headed and gay at the time.

After a big headache the birds decided to stay right where they were, and fly north in the spring to miss the north wind.

And that is my version of why birds fly south for the winter.

*Leo Bonlet*

*Humour*

Terra Colla is stuff squeezed out of an insect and used to turn puddings red.

Dirt is mud with the juice squeezed out.

Snoring is letting off sleep.

Black clouds are formed by the evaporation of dirty rain.



SOPHOMORES

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Patsy  
Reykdal

# GRADE TEN



Mary  
Andries



Bill  
Jansen



Jim  
Wylie



Janet  
Kay



Garth  
Lockerby



Faye  
Markowsky



Henry  
Everett



Marlene  
Hutlet



Bruce  
Ward



Faye  
Guilbert



John  
Markowsky



Roberta  
Bateman



Wayne  
Ramage



# The Unteachables

From the time the bell rings to the end of the day  
We do lots of work and have very little play  
Enters the teacher and says to us all  
Settle down right now or get out 'til next fall.  
We begin with Pat who laughs in dismay  
At the jokes made by Mary on this one and only day.  
Then in walks John at a very rapid pace  
Until old Henry lands him flat on his face.  
We go around me and go on to Wayne  
Who never says a word because he never came.  
We look across the aisle and see with aspect  
That Garth has some humour which has taken effect.  
Now we see Faye Guilbert who is thinking about males  
But if she isn't doing that, she's cleaning her nails.  
Then you see Faye Markowsky working as she will  
Until she gets up, trips, and goes for a spill.  
From the time he comes in Jimmy waits all day  
For the bell to ring, so he can go see Faye (VanDamme).  
We know Roberta Bateman sits all day and begs  
For dear old Billy to stop looking at her legs.  
We all know Marlene is a Rutlet by name  
But as she works in school she is quite a brain.  
Janet can be silly, but she's really quite bright  
Oh, but you should see her late, late at night.  
You know me as an author who always likes to roam  
To find someone else to write this stupid poem.

Bruce Ward

## H U M O U R

Chlorine gas is very injurious to the human body, and the following experiments should, therefore, only be performed on the teachers.

Water is composed of two gins, Oxygen and Hydrogen. Oxygen is pure gin, Hydrogen is gin and water.

The Gorgons were three sisters who lived on the islands of the Hesperids somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth, and claws for nails, and they looked like women only more horrible.

# Riding High

The first transportation that I can remember was my wrecked up old baby carriage, that used to spin along the sidewalks of Prince Albert on two wheels! It was an air condition buggy that would let the wind, rain, and snow come pouring in. It reminded me of a convertible, for the hood on it could come up over my head in windy or cold weather and in beautiful, warm weather, the hood would always be down.

Soon I learned how to operate a scooter! It was hard at first, but later I learned how to travel along with one foot on a board and the other foot pushing along the side. I had a wonderful time! The only thing I didn't like about that kind of transportation was, that I never did learn how to put on the brakes, and I would always end up stopping smack against someone or a brick or wooden building.

As I got older I wanted a different kind of transportation! I wanted something that went faster and that had brakes! In a few years I found myself learning how to ride a two wheeled bike. It fascinated me how the wheels went round and round and all you had to do was sit there on a small seat and peddle, and, of course, try to keep the bike on the right hand side of the road!

In five or ten years I soon got pretty bored with always peddling a dumb old bike around!

Now I was old enough to persuade my father to give me a driver's license for his precious car. This kind of transportation was very common to anyone who hit the age of sixteen. After I had obtained my license, I always wanted to drive everywhere, but now at the age of seventeen, and being an old "pro" at driving, I've decided that driving a car isn't as much fun as I thought it would be!

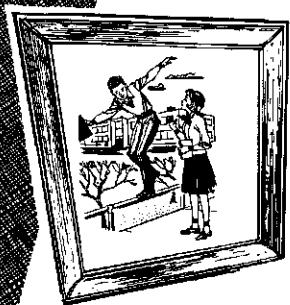
These examples of transportation in my life all were alot of fun, but now I think I would like to travel into Space just for a change!

Kaye Markowby

St amour

A circle is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began.

Chlorine gas is very injurious to the human body, and the following experiments should, therefore, only be performed on the teachers.



FRESHMEN

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Wes  
Boulet



Faye  
Van Damme



Barry  
McLennan



Avis  
Campbell



Teddy  
Porter



Bruce  
Cornock



Susan  
Smith



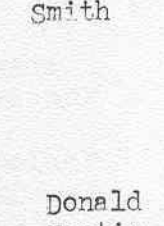
Dale  
Hiscock



Myrtle  
Lodge



Bob  
Frederickson



Donald  
Fortin



Larry  
Andries

# GRADE NINE



Brian  
Cornock



Danny  
Warrenner



Milton  
Macklin



Allan  
Gorden



Jean  
Dearsley



Bill  
Warrenner



Lucielle  
Desrochers



Allan  
Bramwell



Gandra  
Skandal



Stewart  
Foster



Bill  
Warrenner



Barry  
Cramer





# The Rumpus Room

"Each week consists of seven days", to quote a well-known rule,  
What a pity that we must spend five of them in school.

In the grade nine room, there's many a tale  
That Lucille has been seen with Dale.

Sitting behind Lucille is a boy named Bobby  
Who comes to school for a part time hobby.

Wesley sits in the very back seat,  
Who in all subjects can't be beat.

Susan sits across from Wes,  
We wonder if she finds him a pest.

Larry Andries is a real cool cat,  
Whose main ambition is chasing Pat (G.).

Second from the front is Sandie  
Since John moved in, she's found it pretty handie.

In front of Faye sits Bruce so bold  
Unless he's home with the Cornook cold.

Teddy likes to match for a thrill  
To see who takes out Geraldine McGill.

Milton Macklin, the grade nine pest  
Hopes he'll pass his every test.

Brian and Barry come from Greenway  
And ask to go up town every day.

There are many others in our class  
Who come with very high hopes to pass.

In our class you'll find some old and some new  
Some average ones and smart ones too.

*Jean Dearsley*  
*Faye Van Damme*

# Right Raid

The clock struck twelve and just as the last chime faded away a stirring began in the upper bedroom. Bare feet tiptoed through the silent hall and down the stairway. The living room door screamed like a tortured spy and the tiptoeing stopped, hesitant and fearful. Then it continued on into the kitchen. The 'fridge door opened and a small hand reached in and seized a drumstick and an apple. Silently the shadow slithered across the living room when suddenly the upstairs light clicked on. The thief dived behind the divan like a rat fleeing from a terrier. Tensely he waited, relieved to hear that it was only someone getting a drink of water. He waited awhile after the light switched off, then scurried to his room to enjoy his feast. Many are the risks when a small boy raids the refrigerator!

Allen Gordon

## A Waiting Room Experience

"Why should I be afraid? I knew it would come sometime in my life, but why now?" I said these things time and time again as I slowly sauntered down the street towards my destination. I tried to make excuses but it was of no use. As I rounded the corner, I spied the building in which the terrible mishap would occur. I hesitated for a moment then slowly stepped into the main waiting room. I knew the time had come and I couldn't back out now even if I tried. I sat down uneasily in a big comfortable arm chair. My heart was beating so quickly that it was impossible to count the beats. Just then a small boy emerged from the next room. I was next. But if this small boy could survive this crisis, I could, too. I bravely marched into the office and took my place in a softly padded chair. The time had finally come.

Before I knew what had happened the dentist, who had been looking in my mouth for some time, said in a reassuring tone, "Your teeth are in perfect shape and it will be a long time before one of those healthy teeth will come out. You may leave now."

I scurried out of the building and breathed a sigh of relief. It had not been so bad, I surely would not hesitate to come again or would I?

Wes Bantle

# SOCIAL REPORT

The annual party and wiener roast traditionally held at the start of the fall term was omitted this year. The social activities really got under way when a dance was held on October 13, 1961 in the Baldur Memorial Hall with music supplied by the Towns' Orchestra. A great time was had by all who attended.

A Public Speaking Contest was held in the Tiger Hills School Division. Brian Cramer and Gail Breault who won first and second respectively in Baldur, lost out in the final held at Glenboro.

On December 21, 1961 a High School Banquet was held in the Baldur Legion Hall. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. W.S. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. W. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stewart, Rev. and Mrs. Markowsky, Miss I. McKerlie, and Mr. A. Domytrak. Great amounts of turkey, which were prepared by the Baldur United Church Women's Auxiliary, vanished before famished students.

On January 19, 1962, at approximately seven A.M., the students and teachers of Baldur High School crammed onto a chartered bus for the one hundred twenty-five mile trip into Winnipeg. Once there, a tour was to be made of various places: Cristie Biscuits Plant was visited, along with the Winnipeg Free Press Building, the Seven-Up Plant, Manitoba Technical Institute (M.T.I.), and last but not least the Manitoba Theatre Center. At the Manitoba Theatre Center, a play entitled Arms and the Man by George Bernard Shaw was enjoyed very much by all. At approximately eleven o'clock the weary, footsore, but happy group boarded the bus and within half an hour, forty percent were asleep with smiles on their faces.

Another dance, which was held on February 9, 1962 in the Baldur Memorial Hall with music supplied by the King's Men Orchestra, was a notable occasion. Shortly following this we held a raffle of a Sony Transistor radio, generously donated to the Baldur High School by Mr. R.R. Holder. The raffle took place later on in February and the radio was won by Mr. S. Yarmchuck, principal of the Elementary School.

On March 6, 1962, a P.T.A. meeting was held in the Baldur Elementary School. Students of the Baldur High School selected a panel to attend. This panel consisted of Brian Cramer, James Dalzell, Kay Ballentine, Diane Smith, Jimmy Wylie, and Barbara Wylie. These students were to put in their own words explanations of problems most teenagers have in and out of school. They also answered any questions or debated any point which parents or teachers presented to them. After all opinions were viewed, it was found that this P.T.A. meeting was a great success. That ended our social activities to the point.

*Freddie Andries*

# VARIETY CONCERT



Faye Van Damme grade IX and John Markowsky grade X in a touching scene from our junior play "When Girls ask Boys for Dates"



The famous "Baldur Bearcat Trio" rendering "I won't go Hunting with you Jake." From left to right Garth Lockerby, Richard Holder and James Dalzell.

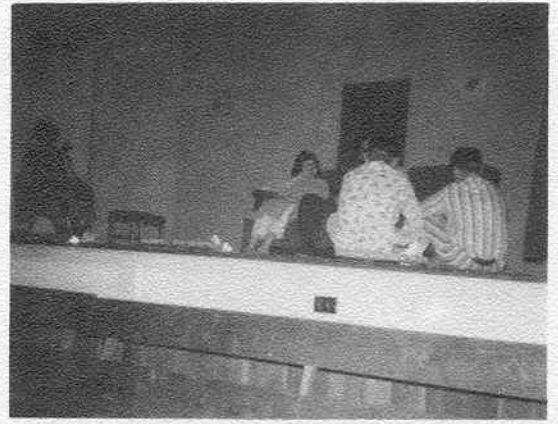


The climax in our senior play "Sunday Costs Five Pesos" with Brian Cramer, Barbara Wylie, Lois Lockerby, Faye Markowsky, and Gail Breault.



Another scene from our senior play with leading roles by Brian Cramer and Lois Lockerby. This play was our entry in the Tiger Hills Festival.





On December 21st, the students of Baldur High held their second annual variety concert. It was very successful with most of the students participating. There were two plays presented. Sunday Costs Five Pesos was directed by Miss McKerlie. The cast consisted of Lois Lockerby, Barbara Wylie, Gail Breault, Faye Markowsky, and Brian Cramer. The other play was If Girls Asked Boys For Dates and the cast consisted of Inga Bjornsson, Faye VanDamme, Susan Smith, Allen Gordon, and John Markowsky. It was directed by Mr. Domytrak.

Other famed enterainers were also on the program. The "Baldur Bear Cat Trio" of Jim Dalzell, Richard Holder, and Garth Lockerby presented three items. Also, there was a minstrel act featuring Lorne Dearsley, Bruce Ward, Jim Wylie, and Barry McGill. A skit entitled The Night Before Christmas was enacted by Diane Smith, Henry Everett, Sandra Skardal, Danny Warrenner, and Wes Boulet. Lois Lockerby, Faye Guilbert, Faye Markowsky and Inga Bjornsson sang a medley of Christmas songs. And last but not least was "Santa Claus"-Garth Lockerby.

The play Sunday Costs Five Pesos will be entered in the Tiger Hills Drama Festival.

## FRESHIE DAY

Every year at Baldur High there are a group of new students who have come from the elementary school to try their luck at Grade Nine. These new students are called greenhorns or Freshies, as it is their first try at High School. After they have attended school for a couple of weeks, a very amusing day called Initiation Day comes along. It is quite comical to see because all these new freshies have the good fortune to come to school in very embarrassing outfits.

The older students from grade ten to twelve have the great pleasure of thinking up these ridiculous costumes, which are not funny at all, especially when you have to wear one!

When you arrive at school you are pounced upon by, literally, hundreds of older students, whom you have to respect as your elders, on this day only, thank heavens. They make you do odd little jobs such as carry their books, open the door for them, and sing. It is best not to refuse or else they will jump on you and plaster your face with cold cream, cocoa, and lipstick. When all this is over, you have to parade all over the town so the people can laugh and make fun of you. This parading around is very hard on the feet, as you usually have on high-heeled shoes.

When this terrible procedure is over, the freshies go home and clean up to get ready for the punishment they're going to receive when they come back to the school at night. They do many weird things to you, of which I cannot tell because the future grade nines must go through all this, too. Most of the girls faint or go crazy when the ordeal is put to them, but it doesn't seem to bother the boys. The boys just think of what they are going to do to the future grade nines at Baldur High.

*Danny Warrenner*



# SPORTS REPORT

The football season started off very quickly. Our team this year was as good or if not better than last year's. We won seven games with scores of 27 to 0 over Belmont, a very close game over Holland 1 to 0, another good game over Treherne 7 to 6, Glenboro 33 to 6, Treherne 33 to 6, and Glenboro 8 to 2. We lost the season opener to Glenboro by 9 to 0 and our final game for championship against Treherne 9 to 0. The girls this year became the Baldur High School cheer leaders with pretty blue skirts and gold sweaters.

The hockey season was perhaps the worst in the history of Baldur High. We lost six games straight. Perhaps with a new rink next year we will do better.

Curling this year was taken up very enthusiastically by everyone. We had eight rinks curling in regular schedule.

Freddie Andries and his rink of Margaret McDougald, Brian Cramer, and Lois Lockerby captured second in the first event in the Mariapolis High School Bonspiel, while James Dalzell, Barry McGill, Maria Roeges and Barbara Wylie captured first in the second event and received trophies for their efforts.

Two rinks also represented Baldur High School in the Tiger Hills Divisional Bonspiel. Richard Holder, Allan McDougald, Leonard Woodworth, and Gail Breault were one foursome, while James Dalzell, Barry McGill, Garth Lockerby, and Lois Lockerby formed the other foursome. However, being use to straight ice, Cypress ice jinked them. So we heard anyway.

In the Baldur High School Bonspiel Don DeBaetes won first in the first event after a fine battle with Barry McLennan's foursome. Leonard Woodworth, Jimmy Wylie, Roberta Bateman, and Inga Bjornsson won the second event after defeating Mr. Stewart's rink in a close match.

The baseball season is fast approaching and our team should be up to par with last year's. The girls will also be playing organized fast ball this year.

As for track and field we will have a few good entries in the Divisional Track and Field Competition, but as our school is so small, we do not expect to capture any spectacular awards.

Brian Cramer

*Student Autographs*

