

Interview with
VICTOR RUSSELL FREI

March 23, 2017

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VICTOR RUSSELL FREI

Victor Russell Frei was interviewed by Randall J. Bunn on March 23, 2017 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah. He related his experiences during World War II.

RB: What year were you in boot camp?

VF: In 1943.

RB: If I remember you said December of 1943?

VF: December.

RB: December of 1943. Tell about that. When and how did you get enlisted?

VF: First of all, we [received] a letter that [we] were going to be drafted. We were to be picked up by a school bus over [in] St. George, Washington [County] Utah in front of the school on a certain morning. That school bus went up through the state to these little villages [in Washington County] like Rockville and Enterprise. There were forty-two of us [who] were loaded on that bus and went to Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County, Utah] for our physical [examination].

RB: That [many] were from St. George?

VF: Yes. I remember it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when that was completed and we were to head back home. My name was called out over the PA [public address] system [for me to] come to the office. I went to the office and there was one other fellow's name read. His name was Reynold Jennings from Rockville.

RB: Were you in school at this time?

VF: We were [in] Salt Lake [City and] this was after our physical.

RB: What were you doing when you enlisted?

VF: I was [a student] at Dixie College [in St. George]. The sergeant major said, "We have two openings in the [United States] Marine Corps. You will have to volunteer; but if you want to join the Marine Corps you will need to get on the bus tonight and head for San Diego, California."

RB: Oh!

VF: "In other words, you will not be going home."

RB: [You] were in Salt Lake [City] when they told you about this assignment?

VF: Yes. In those days we were in the middle of both wars and everybody wanted to do their part. Some of the fellows [who] did not pass the physical, we called them 4F, were almost in tears because they were turned down and could not go. Reynold Jennings and I, —.

RB: What was his name?

VF: Reynold Jennings.

RB: Renal Jennings?

VF: Reynold.

RB: Was he from St. George?

VF: [He was from] the little town of Rockville. We joined the Marine Corps and then [rode] all night, [arriving in] San Diego the next morning. As we got off of the bus in the boot camp training area they started to sing to us, “You’ll be sorry. You’ll be sorry.” [Laughter]

RB: Really? Why were you going to be sorry? [Laughter]

VF: [Laughter] Well, boot camp training in the Marine Corps is no picnic.

RB: I understand that.

VF: That started and there were about, I would say, somewhere [about] seventy-five in our platoon. There were a number of platoons in the barracks. Some of them had tougher sergeant majors than others. The one next to us, the sergeant major liked to party a little bit and drink. Lots of times at midnight he would break them out in the middle of the night, go on platoons and walk half the night. Boy! He was strict. Ours was not quite that bad. We went some of the time. There was really a variety of men there. I was nineteen [years old] at the time. I would guess that some of the men were in their thirties. They were people who had a ‘spec number’ we called it [who] were trained in some specific [area and] they had volunteered for the Marine Corps. Some of them never did go overseas. They were put here in the states to fulfill some of the areas. Anyway, we went through Marine Corps training in San Diego.

I remember after that I was sent out to Camp Dearborn [Michigan]. That is a [United States] Air Force Base. Reynold went into the infantry and I went into the Air Force. We had a choice of the area we wanted to serve in. I did not see him again until the war ended.

RB: How long was boot camp?

VF: Boot camp was about ten weeks. Of course, we went through everything. What was interesting to me [was] the rifle range. I grew up here in Santa Clara where I was pretty good with a .30-30 [shotgun] deer hunting and I thought that was going to be a picnic for me to do the shooting. But when we [were] firing in at 1,000 yards! [Laughter]

RB: [Laughter]

VF: [Laughter] I learned a lot!

RB: Yes.

VF: It was a real experience to go through boot camp. The next thing I remember is that we boarded a ship. It was a Dutch ship from India and had a crew of Indians on it. I remember sailing out of the San Francisco [California] harbor. We left in the evening and [being a youngster from] a small farm, I could not believe the lights all night long going up the coast. We were on the ocean for three weeks. We wound up in the Solomon Islands. I remember we made a stop at Henderson Field [Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands], the airbase there. I went to look at two or three of the places we stayed off shore by what they called Bouganville. I remember the natives coming out to the ship to try to sell us antique wood and carved [items]. After we stayed there approximately a week and took on supplies, we headed toward Japan a little more. There was a little island called Green Island that was one mile wide and seven miles long. [Located between Bouganville and New Ireland northwest of the Solomon Islands.]

RB: Let me ask you first, as you were traveling to the Solomon Islands, I have an understanding that [was] when you pass the equator —

VF: Right.

RB: — that there is some sort of a celebration for the first time.

VF: Oh, yes!

RB: Do you recall doing anything with that?

VF: Yes, yes! We each had a \$2.00 bill and it was signed [during] the ceremony. I remember I saved that for a long time. [Laughter] You are right on that, there was a ceremony. The thing I remember most is this Indian crew, when they would go to the bathroom they always took a pail of water.

RB: Is that right?

VF: Never any toilet paper or anything.

RB: Oh. Sure. Right.

VF: Of course, when you travel the Pacific for two weeks, you see a lot of fish. I was amazed at the flying fish that would come out of the water and fly for fifty yards. Of course, we had porpoises and [other fish] follow us. It was interesting. While most got seasick, I was one of the more fortunate. I did not get it too bad; but some of them really went through it. It was terrible for those that were not used to it.

RB: Was there any fear that you might be under attack by the Japanese?

VF: Never mentioned that.

RB: Oh?

VF: Things were always very quiet — even when we landed on Green Island. [There were] no cameras. Our letters home were always censored. Mother [Jessie (Hafen) Frei] would tell me that part of mine were cut up a little when they [arrived] here. I wondered how they had time to do all of that. It was a very secretive thing.

RB: Tell about the Solomon Islands. When you first [arrived] there what did you do?

VF: When we hit Green Island, we went in on the landing craft infantry. They came up to the shore and they let us out. We waded ashore; but there was no civilization on that island except a few natives.

RB: Oh?

VF: In other words, no buildings. One of the few natives that I saw, [who] came into our area, had a lot of fungus on their bodies and they were shriveled up. It was pathetic. Because partly, I guess, the water — what they did was to cut coconuts in half and they would get into an open area and use those coconuts to catch the rain water because it rained about every other day. That is how they had fresh water to drink. The worst thing [for] us was — we did not have any fresh water either — only to drink. They gave us a kind of lava soap that felt like sand paper. In other words, we bathed in the ocean. Trying to rub that lava soap on [us] was like sandpaper all over my body.

RB: [Laughter] Like sandpaper? Oh, man!

VF: It was a tough. A lot of the fellows got fungus on their faces and started to lose hair. I was so worried that I would come home bald headed and no girl would ever look at me.

RB: [Laughter]

VF: I had a couple of folding five-gallon canvas buckets. I hung them on the corner of our tent, caught rain water to wash my hair with, hoping to get it a little cleaner that way.

RB: [You] did not use the natives —.

VF: Some of them didn't, but I did that. When we hit the island, of course, the first thing because there was no civilization, was to try to build an area to live in. It meant putting up tents. We had to go into the jungle to cut poles to hold the tents up. In other words, they did not come like they do now — all in one package.

RB: You had to improvise.

VF: We had to get poles. I grew up here in Santa Clara and down in our, what we call the crick [creek], we grew a lot of cottonwood trees. In my boyhood we cut those cottonwood trees to burn in the fireplaces for winter. The horses would peel the bark off from them. It was a tonic for them.

RB: Oh?

VF: My dad taught me how to use an axe both from the left side and the right side. When we went into the jungle and started to cut poles, I was with a crew of twelve. The master sergeant [who] was in charge, if I remember right, I had six poles down before anybody else had one cut.

RB: [Laughter]

VF: They did not know how to cut with an axe. They had never used an axe. He said to me, "Frei, I want you by my side." From then on, even though he was over a lot of the building, I did a lot of the jeep driving for him and ran the errands to the commanding officer. I did a lot of physical work when it was needed. Because of that little experience of knowing how to use an axe, I [was] acquainted with the commanding officer and other people. Long story short, there would be four of us in a tent. We had to dig a fox hole that was twelve feet square and about six inches deep right at the corner of our tent so that we could roll off our cots and into that foxhole, because of the bombing they figured we might get involved in. That was [very] interesting — the four of us. At night, Tokyo Rose would be on the air, trying to get us homesick. [Laughter] Usually about midnight the siren would go off and we would have to roll into that fox hole. Some of the bombing went on while the airstrip was being built.

RB: Was that kind of scary when that happened?

VF: We got used to it because we knew we were in those foxholes, unless a bomb hit us directly. The nearest one that came [close to hitting] me was about 100 yards. It threw a little flak. We were not worried. Two songs that Tokyo Rose [used to sing], and to this day I love to hear, were *You Belong to Me* and *Long Ago and Far Away*. She seemed to know some of the songs that would touch us. I loved to hear that *You Belong to Me*.

RB: [Laughter]

VF: “*See the pyramids along the Nile*” and then “*Fly the ocean in a silver plane. Remember when you are home again.*” Even [now I] remember some of the words [from] it.

RB: Some [songs] that would make you homesick. I am not familiar with Tokyo Rose. Was that a Japanese broadcast?

VF: [She] was a gal [who] broadcast [that] we could pick it up on short wave radio to try to make us homesick.

[Tokyo Rose was a female English-speaking radio broadcaster of Japanese propaganda to demoralize Allied troops during World War II.]

RB: I see.

VF: You are not familiar with that?

RB: No, I have heard the name, but I never really understood what it was about.

VF: Boy! She had a nice mellow voice and sounded like something.

RB: Did it sound American at all or could you tell it was a Japanese accent?

VF: You could not tell it was Japanese.

RB: Wow! Did that have any kind of effect on any of your comrades?

VF: That is hard to say. I do not know how it affected the others, but you could not help but think of home.

RB: Sure.

VF: As I remember it, in the year that I was there, I only saw one woman and that was Eleanor Roosevelt.

RB: She came [over there]?

VF: She came.

RB: Wow!

VF: In that whole group there was not one woman in the corps. When the airstrip [was] to where they could start to use it, I did a lot of riding on the wing and directing pilots out of their slots to the runway. Then the B-24s and the B-17s would take off first. Then [the] B-25s, and then TBFs — it had a bombardier in the tail gun and a pilot. Then your 4Fs — [the] fighter pilots — would go last. It was interesting as they would go and come. We were never told where they went to bomb. Everything was very secretive. The only two pictures that [I have] — you might look at those. You can see me there in the middle of the circle on the —.

RB: I am sorry, which one are you?

VF: Right here.

RB: Oh, okay.

VF: You can see the entertainment area that was built so that we could watch a movie at night on that other [picture].

RB: Tell about the entertainment that you made for yourselves.

VF: You can see by the crowd there it was not just a half a dozen [fellows].

RB: Right.

VF: We had a lot [attend]. We [were able] to watch movies at night, whatever they put on. You did not have a choice. That was about the only entertainment. [There was] always a little humor in it. When we went to the chow line the morning after Eleanor had been there, it had stormed in the night [laughter] there was a mud hole off to the side of the mess hall. Some clown wrote a nice sign, waded out in that mud hole and staked it in. It said, "Eleanor Slept Here!" [Laughter]

RB: [Laughter] Did she speak to the group?

VF: As we go [went] the chow line, it was a common thing to [see the advertising slogan]: *Lucky Strike Green has gone to war*. They would always put a pack of cigarettes on your tray. And then, of course, we had the pills — Atabrine for malaria and what they called saltpeter. That was used [to decrease] your sex drive. We usually got cigarettes and a couple of pills on [the tray]. It was not every day [just] whenever we had to take them.

[It was] pretty much a work detail. It was a real experience. As I look back on it — you think [to yourself]: what contribution did [I] make? It was different than fighting or flying an air plane. I came awful close to going to gunnery school. At one time we were in a line, this was before we went overseas — it got right to me. The [fellow] in front of me went to gunnery school. They said, “That is all we will do today, but we will go from there tomorrow.” That never did happen. That is how close I came to going to gunnery school. They did a lot of that with your weight. If you were [either] too tall or too heavy. There was no way you could not be a tail gunner unless you were a little fellow.

RB: Sure.

VF: You know all about that. To my surprise, one day the commanding officer called me in and said, “I have a surprise for you.” I said, “What is that? He said, “We are sending you back to [the] United States to officer candidate school.”

RB: Really?

VF: I was on an airplane two days later. [Landed at] Hawaiian Island at Pearl Harbor. Stayed there for about a week and then on to the United States. What was [very] interesting, they gave me a furlough. [When] I knocked on the door, mother thought I was in the Solomon Islands.

RB: Laughter]

VF: That was kind of a different.

RB: So you were here in Santa Clara and showed up at home?

VF: Yes, on furlough.

RB: On furlough? Wow!

VF: Yes, so that was kind of different.

RB: Yes. How long were you over in the Solomon Islands?

VF: I was there approximately a year.

RB: Okay. So that would have been sometime in — I guess with basic training and [being] at Miramar, you left maybe in the spring of 1944?

VF: I was at Miramar for probably a month or two, so it would be in 1944 that I —

RB: That you shipped out to the Solomon Islands?

VF: — shipped out in 1943. That one [picture] says December 1943 so I was over there then.

RB: Okay.

VF: The commanding officer must have given me these two pictures. There was no way we had cameras.

RB: You went for your physical in fall of 1943 and immediately to San Diego.

VF: For boot camp.

RB: Boot camp was about eight weeks or so?

VF: Yes. Then to Miramar and then —.

RB: Off to the Solomon Islands. By December or so of 1944, you came back?

VF: Yes.

RB: You [were] back for Christmas? Or do you remember? [Laughter]

VF: No, I cannot remember that. The most I remember is that the bus let me out up at the old schoolhouse here, where the chapel is —.

RB: Did you go to Salt Lake [City] or to Las Vegas, Nevada?

VF: On the way home?

RB: Yes, how did you get home?

VF: I took a bus from San Diego. When I got off the bus it was around nine o'clock in the evening. I remember there was kind of a pyramid there with the Swiss pioneers [names] written on it. Tears rolled down my cheeks. [Emotional]

RB: That you are home. You are actually home.

VF: It was good to be home. [Emotional]

RB: Right.

VF: As the war wound down, I didn't finish officer candidate's school.

RB: Oh?

VF: I went to San Diego at North Island and worked in an aileron shop. In other words, any of the airplanes that [were] shot up a little, they would ship the wings in and we would retire those.

RB: I see.

VF: My last days were spent there as the war wound down for me. When I came home the GI Bill was a wonderful thing. It let us go to school and you pretty much [have] the background on that.

[After World War II the GI Bill of Rights, Serviceman's Readjustment Act of 1944, was a government issued bill for veterans' education.]

RB: Right. Do you recall when you were discharged from service? Was it after the war in Japan ended?

VF: Yes.

RB: I think you said in January or so of — no, [in the] spring. [Was it] March of 1946?

VF: Yes.

RB: [Did] you spend about a year down in San Diego?

VF: Yes. The war were winding down in Europe and you could see the end coming.

RB: May of 1945, was that VE Day? Victory in Europe —.

VF: Yes.

RB: You would have been in San Diego?

VF: Right.

RB: Do you recall when that happened?

VF: I do.

RB: The celebration?

VF: Yes, I do.

RB: What was that like?

VF: Everybody just felt like there was going to be a shift from the European War to the Japanese War and it was going to be over. We were winning. It was a joyful time.

RB: There was a lot of optimism?

VF: Oh, yes!

RB: The allies were defeating the axis powers. How about in August of 1945 when the bombing took place and the war papers were signed?

VF: [Laughter] We were as excited about that as [when] the war was ending in Europe.

RB: Yes.

VF: It took time for it to sink in. What was really happening, but we knew we were going to be headed home.

RB: How about when President [Franklin Delano] Roosevelt died? When you [heard] word that he had passed away?

VF: I remember that, I sure do.

RB: What was that memory?

VF: We knew his health was failing and saw him in a wheelchair a lot. There was a lot of talk about what a good woman Eleanor, [his wife], was. The part she played in [events]. We just kind of kept up on things and kept going until we got the word that we were going to be discharged. I saved a little money. My rank was staff sergeant when I [came] home. I purchased an automobile and went to BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah] to school. I went all alone. [Laughter]

RB: Is that right? Did you lose any of your companions or comrades in the war?

VF: That was the thing about my [service time]. I never saw anyone killed. I did not kill anybody. It was very different.

RB: That is a very fortunate thing for you.

VF: Yes. Now Reynold Jennings, [who] went into the infantry at the same time, was a whole different story I imagine. I do not know. Actually, when he [came] home he married a girl from [from] Enterprise. [He] was working at the Utah Construction Mine [near Four Corners in southeast Utah], driving a boom under a

power line [and] had two [fellows] directing him. One of the wheels hit a rock, flipped the boom up into the power line and he was electrocuted.

RB: Oh.

VF: He went through all the war, [came] home and married.

RB: And there he passed away.

VF: So you never know.

RB: Did you see him after he got back?

VF: Yes.

RB: You were still in touch?

VF: Of course, I went to [his] funeral, too.

RB: When was that? Do you recall?

VF: Let us see. He was married and had some children, so it had to have been in the late 1950s. An interesting side light: when I was director of elementary education in St. George, I had an application from a young lady to teach in one of the schools [who] wanted an interview. When I picked [the application] up, guess what? It was Reynold Jennings' daughter!

RB: Really!

VF: Boy, if you do not think it did not choke me up.

RB: Of course.

VF: Because he and I [were] really close in boot camp. We were the only two LDS [fellows] there in boot camp. I think back — I have had a long life and his was cut short.

RB: Much too soon.

VF: You never know.

RB: Yes.

VF: I look back on the experience. I did not see a woman for a year. [I] picked up a little habit of some bad language that was not easy to get rid of until my wife [Gwendolynn (Kemp) Frei] kept reminding me.

RB: [Laughter] How about smoking? Did you take up smoking during the war?

VF: That was interesting. Growing up in an LDS home, I was never tempted [to smoke]. Never tempted. [The] same with alcohol. In all my time in the service, as I look back on it now, [there] just was not any kind of a temptation.

RB: A lot of LDS men took up smoking during the war.

VF: Yes.

RB: It is kind of [a] hard [habit] to break.

VF: They thought maybe [they] did not know how it [their life] was going to end.

RB: Sure.

VF: You are so involved and a lot of people there were good friends. I made several [very] good friends in the aileron shop and also [when] going through boot camp. When I left Green Island, of course, I soon forgot about most of the [fellows]. There was one fellow, a Presbyterian, [who] would read his scriptures every morning.

RB: Wow!

VF: He was a kind of an example to us. We were not allowed to take things along [with us]. No cameras, nothing that [would let] you keep any memories of anything. When I look back at it now, I think there could have been a lot of directions that you [I could have gone]. If I had gone in the infantry it may have been different. I had a desire to want to fly, but that did not happen. It just seemed like we just were shipped out so fast that you went where [you] were [needed].

RB: Right. In retrospect, on a spiritual note, have you thought that maybe your Heavenly Father played a part in how your life turned out?

VF: I am sure it did; but mostly from [the] training of good parents. I think that was the main effect on [events]. I grew up in Santa Clara where [the population] was 95% LDS. [Among] all my friends there was no smoking or drinking. We just never [got] in the habit of it.

RB: [Laughter]

VF: This is in the history. There were forty-four [fellows who] left this little valley, "Randy," now there are four of us left.

RB: Is that right?

VF: That is right.

RB: Shelby [Frei] is one of them?

VF: Yes, but he is out of it mentally. He does not even like to talk about it anymore.

RB: Sure. What was his —.

VF: He was in a medical [inaudible].

RB: Medical? You said that he was involved in dealing with a lot of the victims.

VF: He picked up corpses. As a medic, they tried to get to the doctors, but he spent so much time just with picking up bodies. I said [to him], “How could you do that?” He said, “After you did it awhile it became so commonplace that it did not bother you anymore.” Two of them would pick up a body, throw it on the truck until they had what they [came for] and then leave.

RB: Who else on the list is still alive?

VF: There is Shelby and I, Ralph [J.] Hafen and Orwin [Henry] Gubler. Shelby lives next door; as I said, but I know he does not want to be interviewed. He told me [so].

RB: Do you think Ralph Hafen might [agree to be interviewed]?

VF: Ralph is in awful tough shape, too.

RB: Is he?

VF: I am surprised he has hung on as long as he has. Orwin lives over in St. George down by the Green Valley Golf Course. He is a farmer. He has had some health problems and I do not know. He joined the [United States] Navy. [We] grew up together, here in Santa Clara, so we are good friends. As far as what he did in the service, I have no idea. I know he is in the telephone book and he might be glad to have you interview him.

RB: I will see if I can locate him. I have seen this book before. This is [very] nice.

VF: Yes, it is.

RB: [It was published by the] Santa Clara Historical Society. I will give that back to you. I appreciate you spending some time with me. Bringing these memories back, does that kind of take you back?

VF: Yes; but I think about it a lot.

RB: Do you?

VF: Nothing [has] left any problem with me. I have been healthy and have not had any major [health problems]. I [had] a knee replacement from a football injury in college, but other than that —. I won the best all-around athlete [award] in high school.

RB: Did you? [Laughter]

VF: I was in pretty good shape before I went in [to military service].

RB: You were in good shape? Excellent!

VF: I have stayed about the same weight all the time.

RB: Good for you!

VF: Life has been good to me. [I] married a good woman. [Laughter]

RB: It sounds like you have had a good life, a good career [and] some good [children].

VF: Yes. The interesting thing is on the church side of things, my four children all live here in Santa Clara.

RB: Do they? Wow!

VF: [Daniel] “Dan” [Frei] is the oldest one. He has been a mission president and, at present, is the stake president in Santa Clara. My second son, David [Frei], was a bishop. My temple recommendation was signed by the stake president Daniel Frei and the bishop David Frei.

RB: Wow!

VF: Which is a little unusual.

RB: That is!

VF: But it is not uncommon for me to see all four of my children on a [given] day.

RB: That is wonderful.

VF: We have been so blessed to have them grow up by us. They have been good [children].

RB: Yes, I can see that.

VF: It has brought a lot of joy to us. We have not been quite as lucky with one or two of the grandchildren though [who have been] caught up in drugs and —.

RB: Those kinds of things happen in life.

VF: You get your share of it. It is amazing what one [who] gets on the wrong track can do and cause, and you do not how to handle it either.

RB: It is tough. That is a challenge.

VF: Growing up in Santa Clara has been a blessing. I think that the LDS atmosphere here, when I grew up, and the good friends — we did not know what problems were when I grew up.

RB: [Laughter]

VF: We always did a lot of farming. I still like to putter in my garden. I took on a hobby. When we are finished here, I would like you to walk out to my shop with me and I will show you what I do on the —.

RB: I would love to. Thank you very much.

VF: When people say, “What do you do?” [Laughter]

RB: [Laughter]

VF: [When] you get involved in farming as a [boy], you like to see things grow and I still love to garden. I have more than I can do, but I still work at it.

RB: [Laughter] That is great! We will go ahead and conclude this interview. Again, I thank you for your time and for sharing these stories with me.

VF: It is like I told you. My [experience] was not exciting like a bomber pilot; but all of us had a calling to do.

RB: What I find, which is most interesting about history and stories that people tell, is that all those stories and all the parts that people play, make up the whole tapestry.

VF: Make up the whole thing.

RB: It does. And that is what it is about. It does not matter whether you were in the sky or on the ground preparing the runway for the aircraft. It is all part of the mission.

VF: Now Ralph, [who] is still alive, he was in a short time and [was] hit with a piece of shrapnel. He said that he did not hardly know that he was hit until he felt some bleeding. Then he was pulled off. That was his whole [experience]. One little incident. He [received] the Purple Heart for it.

RB: But that ended his military career?

VF: Yes. Different.

RB: It is, yes. Your experience and then the experience of others that I have talked to.

VF: [Inaudible] long and drawn out.

RB: Right. Well, that is interesting [and] also that was part of history. You said, you saw Eleanor Roosevelt at the same place where you were —

VF: [Laughter] Yes.

RB: — [on] this little island in the Pacific and yet she played such a major role during and after the war. You were a part of history then.

VF: An interesting thing, too; after we got out of boot camp, just before I sailed for overseas, they tried to bring entertainment. Esther Williams performed for us one afternoon.

RB: Is that right? I have seen and heard of her. [Laughter]

VF: I was right by her. [Laughter] She was the swimming beauty in that bathing suit. We got to hear a lot of the top bands — Freddie Martin and Guy Lombardo — a lot of those.

RB: [Did] they come down to San Diego and performed for the troops?

VF: Yes.

RB: That was [very] nice.

VF: Those were different experiences that you would not have had in Santa Clara. That is for sure.

RB: That is for sure. [Laughter] Well, thank you so much.

VF: Yes, let us walk out to my shop.

[END OF RECORDING. END OF INTERVIEW.]