

Good afternoon. I'm Bernard Weinstein, director of the Kean College Holocaust Oral Testimonies Program.

My name is Ann Monka. I was born in Eastern Europe in a city named Lida.

In what country?

In Poland. I was quite young when the war started, so I'll go in a little bit of the background from the way I remember my hometown before it was destroyed. Lida had 30,000 population of which 10,000 were Jews.

The block that I was born and raised on had very primitive homes. I, for instance, remember living in a three-family house that belonged at one time to my grandmother. She, in turn, had three children, and she gave each child what you would call today an apartment. In those days, it was a home.

I remember growing up with five cousins that lived with me under the same roof. I am the youngest in my personal family of three children. I have an older sister and brother, and I was the youngest.

So I remember, as a child, being very favoured, being the youngest child. My father used to call me his [NON-ENGLISH]. That meant the youngest child in the family.

I remember also on the weekends, my little cousins that were younger than I was want to play with me. And they would come in the morning, knock on the door, and identify themselves. I had two aunts by the same name.

So the cousins would say, this is [NON-ENGLISH], meaning a cousin from one end. And the other one would knock on the door, and she would say, this is [NON-ENGLISH]. And I used to get such a kick out of it because I was a little bit older than them, and they refer to me as their older cousin, always wanted to play with me. We had such good times.

I remember Saturdays going with my father, for instance, to the temple. My mother would get all the children ready, and we would go to temple. And I was so little that I couldn't even reach the seat.

And somehow, I always used to look up to the rabbi sitting on the Bimah with such respect, not to say a word, because children always tend to be a little bit restless. And I enjoyed it. I did not know any other way, actually, not to obey.

For some reason, if I compare my upbringing as a child to the way children are raised, let's say, in this country, it's quite a difference. The respect somehow we had for our parents was not-- no other way. I mean, this is exactly what I, in a way, miss today. Or not even-- I wouldn't say miss, but I compare the difference.

Just getting off the subject, we would always have to, let's say, give up a seat even for an older person, let's say, if you would go in a train or if you go to the temple, no matter where you would go. And there were limited seats. Children would never dare to sit down first before they would give their seat up for an older person. This is something I found difficult to understand when I first came to this country. I'm really jumping off a long way.

That's all right.

But nevertheless, coming back to my younger years, we were raised with very primitive toys, for instance. I remember having so much fun helping my grandmother baking cookies and challah to prepare for the Shabbat. Everything was done at home. I mean, nothing was bought ready-made.

I would help my mother in the kitchen to prepare supper and play with the pots and pans and have such a good time. And I did not even know that there exists such toys like computers, television, video, I mean, things that our children have today and don't really appreciate, because there's always something more then something new coming out. And you want all those things, and you cannot always get it. And it becomes a big problem.

We did not have these problems. We made ourselves so happy with what was available, either because we didn't know

any better. Or perhaps this was just enough to be happy and go on from stage to stage.

How did your parents earn a living?

My father was a bookkeeper. He worked for 27 years on one job for a brewery, and we were considered middle class people. But this was-- for European standards at the time when I remember it, it was the upper class.

I remember when my father first bought a radio, and nobody on the block had a radio. And his friends would come to listen, especially when the war started, to the news and to know what's going on in the world. And I would feel so proud that we have a radio. I would tell my friends that they are welcome any time to come to our home and to listen to music or-- at that time, I guess I was not interested in politics, neither could I understand it.

But being young, you see a lot of things that you do not understand. And when you ask questions, is it because they feel that you're young they don't give you the right answer? Or they don't want to confuse you? Or they want to spare you?

I remember many, many times asking questions during my Holocaust years, what took place. And why are we being so persecuted? And the answers I did not understand as a child. It's more now in this stage of my life, when I go back, I know why I was not answered and why I was spared by my parents not telling me the truth.

How do you feel about that now?

I feel a little bit confused. I feel hurt, not that I blame my parents for not telling me, but, in general, what took place and why it's very difficult for me to understand and accept why we were really persecuted. As a matter of fact, I remember being away with my family at a summer resort when the war broke out, being so happy, looking forward to a wonderful summer with my brother and sister and my friends. We were at a little lake that was so peaceful and beautiful.

And my father came home quite unexpected during the week. And he told my mother that Germany declared war on Poland, and he's drafted to go into the Army. I did not know what it meant. I only knew that we had to pack up our things and go back to our home by horse and wagon. And my father went into Polish uniform, and he kissed the family goodbye. And he went into war.

Now, again, I did not know what war meant, not having television, not ever being exposed to shooting, and to guns, and to good guys and bad guys. And also being young, of course, I did not know what it meant. But just watching my mother and my aunts and uncles, I was very frightened because I knew something is happening, that it's not going to be good.

Do you remember before the war started experiencing any kind of anti-Semitism or any kind of antagonism from the larger non-Jewish community?

I personally did not experience anything. For instance, on the block where I lived, there were some Gentile families living, not too many. And we had a very friendly relationship with them, very neighborly. Everybody watched each other's child grow up and the progress they're making. And until the war broke out, that our disappointment really was so great when we suddenly needed help from our neighbors. And there was nobody there.

So it came as a shock to you.

Quite as a shock-- quite as a shock.

Yeah.

Poland was defeated in six days. And the next thing we hear that the Russians occupied the territory where we lived, the city of Lida, Eastern part of Europe. And I remember the changes were so great, and the adjustment to a different type of life was, like, very tragic.

For instance, Poland was a democratic country with a free enterprise. We were able to go to the stores to buy whatever we needed, whatever we were able to afford, whatever was available in those years. When the Russians came, all the stores were confiscated. You were not allowed to have your own business.

And everything was rationed. I mean, bread you would get on stamps, sugar, all the dairy products, meat, whatever, clothes even. I remember once standing in line. I needed some shoes that I outgrew. And I needed a new pair of shoes.

And we were standing in line something like maybe a half a day. By the time our next came, they told us that they are out of shoes. And then we heard, we found out there were no shoes to begin with. They just kept people waiting in line, saying that today we're selling shoes. These are the sizes. And there was no such thing.

So it was difficult, especially for my parents. I remember it was very difficult to adjust. And then what the Russians did - they would take your whole family, what they would call the rich people, the bourgeois. And they would send them to Russia, to Siberia, just because they were rich.

I mean, the people had to know that the Russians will come, and they will not allow for somebody who had their own business to exist. And they would take a Russian family from Russia and bring them into the house of the people that they sent to Russia. And we watched it.

I personally remember scenes like this, where people would scream. And they did not want to leave their home. They did not know for what reason they are taken out from their house. What did they do wrong?

There was just nothing doing. And people were very frightened, and they complained terribly. But little did we know that these complaints were very minor to what other Jews went through at the very same time in the Western part of Poland.

Did you know of people who actually tried to get away into the West from where you were?

Yes, they-- but you couldn't. You absolutely couldn't. You were not your own person. You needed permission. You couldn't do nothing on your own, whatever you would like in Russia. It is quite different than in a free country, when you live, that you can do as you please.

What about your own pattern of life under the Russians, your schooling? Was it interrupted? Or did it continue?

Yes, it was interrupted in a way and pushed back. Like for instance, at a time when the Russians came to Lida, I was in fifth grade. Automatically, I was put back in fourth grade because they did not acknowledge the education we got equivalent to theirs. Besides, everything was turned into Russian, and we had to catch up.

I, for instance, went to a Tarbut school. My father was leaning towards Zionism. And I guess, back in his mind, he probably dreamed someday to go to Palestine. But the time wasn't right when the kids were little, and he was hoping to give us a background. It was later on we figured out why he sent us to a Tarbut school. This was like a private school today that you would call not public school.

And the Russians were very much against that school. They didn't even acknowledge it as such. This was a Zionist school, where you prepare kids for-- to be Zionists, not to go to school to be educated.

As a matter of fact, my father was punished so severely that we found out after the war that my father used to be taken off the street on the way from work by communists. And they interrogated him. How come he sent his children to a Tarbut school? And they would beat him up and keep him a whole night to sign a confession that he was working against Russia, let's say.

I mean--

Was this done periodically?

Yes, and we did not know. My father, several times, I remember not coming home from work. And we thought, perhaps he's busy at work. There's-- it had never happened. And the next day, he would come. And he wouldn't be, like, the same person.

And my mother would ask him, where are you? What happened? He did not say one word. He was told that if he will tell anybody what is being done to him, the whole family will be sent to Siberia. And he was afraid to take that chance. This happened several times.

After the war, when the Russians left Lida, he told us about this incident. My father, for instance, originally came from a city of Lodz in Poland, a big city. He was one of seven children. He was the only one that settled in Lida.

He served in the First World War in Lida, and he met my mother. They got married, and that's where they settled. His whole family, his parents, five sisters and brothers, six, he was a seventh-- he was the oldest, as a matter of fact, may he rest in peace-- lived in Lodz.

When we lived under the Russians in Lida, one day, a man came to our house. He knocked on the door. My mother went to open the door, and she got frightened when she saw this person at the door. He looked completely beaten up, dirty. He was missing some teeth. And he identified himself that he comes from Lodz Ghetto.

We did not know what he's talking about, what it means, "ghetto." He said, the Germans are in Lodz, and all the Jews were put in a closed ghetto. And I don't know how I managed to escape. They are killing people alive. They are depriving them from humanity.

My mother couldn't believe it. He pleaded with her. He said, please let me go in and just be with the family one day. After a while, she felt sorry for him. She was sure that this man ran away from a prison, or he's some kind of a bandit. She didn't know what to think.

This was not somebody you had known.

No.

This was a stranger.

He just-- a total stranger. But again, later on, we figured out why did he come to our house. Maybe he was knocking at other people's home. And when he said he was from Lodz, they maybe referred him to us because they knew that my father comes from Lodz. And perhaps we will let him in.

And sure enough, my mother let him in. And I remember this man. After he washed up a little bit, she gave him a change of clothes. He was having supper with us at the table with the whole family. And for the longest time, I could not forget the stories he told us that seemed totally unreal. And especially for me as a child, to understand this was absolutely impossible.

And again, I remember my parents saying, we shouldn't be frightened. Maybe the man is sick. And you know-- we were acting afterwards like, oh my god, it could happen to us too maybe, or something like that. In a way, he tried to warn my parents that the war is not over. You never know what could happen. But nobody paid attention, and nobody believed him, literally. It was just like a nightmare.

Was his own family there in Lodz?

His own family he left behind, this man you're referring to.

Yes.

Yes. He was the only one that just escaped he didn't know where he will wind up. He managed to run away, and he came to Lida.

When-- I assume that things changed when the Germans invaded Eastern Poland.

Well, little did we know-- little did we know. It did not take too much longer. We lived under the Russians for two years. My father was very lucky to come back from being drafted to the Polish Army. We lost contact with him for months. My mother was sure that he will never return. There was no contact.

One day, he came back from nowhere. And he said that all the Polish Army was taken to-- oh, I forgot the place where they were all executed. They were put on trucks. They were captured as prisoners by the Russian Army, and my father managed to escape.

And somebody was good to him. He went into a private home to people that he did not know in the Polish uniform, and he said that he would like to go back to his city of Lida. And he could use some clothes, not to be identified as a soldier. And they did gave him a change of clothes. And this way, he managed to come home.

When he appeared, it was like-- in the Jewish religion, you would say [NON-ENGLISH], when you come back from the dead. I remember so many people coming to our home, asking, maybe you saw my husband, maybe you saw my brother, maybe you saw people that never returned from the Army. These were all very frightening experiences for a child.

I missed my father a lot when he was away. I used to cry and ask my mother if he'll return. And she did not know what to answer me. But we were lucky he did come back, and not too much longer.

While we lived under the Russians, the war was going on. We heard many times planes go through the city and drop bombs whether in the neighborhood or in the distance. And we were prepared right away.

When we hear these planes, the siren would go off. And we had to run into shelter because our homes were so primitive. And they knew, once a bomb will fall, it could take the whole city in flames.

And sure enough, one day, we heard a siren go off. This was already 1941. And we were just about ready to go into our bunker. We came out in the street. And we turned around, and we smelled smoke. We saw fire. From a distance, it seemed like the block is on fire.

And sure enough, as we looked a little closer, it took no time. And our home caught on fire. And my parents just about managed to get the kids out and my aunts and uncles with all the little cousins. And we realized that our grandmother is missing.

So my mother ran into the house to get her out. And she said, no, I'm not going no place. This is where I was born, and here I'm staying.

And they said, what do you mean? The house is on fire. You cannot stay here. She didn't even know what's going on outside, but she refused to go. Nevertheless, they managed to get her out.

And as she got out of the house, our home caught on fire. And we were all standing in the street. Three families with small children, with an old little grandmother watched the house go down in flames in front of our eyes.

We did not know what to do, where to turn to. One of my uncles, my mother's brother-- he dealt with apple orchards. And they were located in the outskirts of the city.

And he remembered having friends that he dealt with, and he got an idea. Maybe their house was not burned because it was quite away from the center of the city. And we decided to go there.

And sure enough, by the time we approached, this little farm-- it was quite a distance-- it was already late at night. And these friends of my uncle were completely bewildered to see us all in front of his house. He said, what happened?

And they told him that our house was burned. And he said, oh, yes, I heard the bombings, and I heard-- I almost smelled the smoke. But I didn't realize that such a big area was burned down.

He did not have enough for us, to put us up in his home. But he said, I have the barn in the backyard, and you're welcome to sleep over there. We'll see what happens tomorrow.

And sure enough, we spend the night there. And for us, the children in particular, it was such a different accommodation. It was almost a night of fun.

We forgot already that we have no home anymore. We forgot for the moment the flames that we saw, the frightening experience, and not understanding that we have no place to go back to. We enjoyed it very much, and we were even laughing and hoping that we could stay there indefinitely, us, the children.

And unfortunately, our luck did not last. Because the next morning, these very same people that let us in came into the barn. And they said, we are very, very sorry to tell you that you cannot stay here anymore. Our neighbors found out that I let in Jewish people into my barn, and the city of Lida is occupied by the Germans.

And how fast the word spread around that the Germans do not like Jews. And they were afraid to take the chance, that if they find out that there are Jewish people hiding here, everybody will be killed in the village. And we had no choice. We had to go back to the city, but where do you go back to?

As we were going back from this farm, on the road, the German Army approached us. We saw the tanks coming in and the soldiers walking. It was just in the midst of taking over the territory.

They did not know who we are. They did not ask any questions, whether we are Jews or not. But they knew that the city was burned, especially the center of the city, where mostly the Jewish population lived, the synagogue area and the whole center of the city. They said, where are you going? We said, we're going to Lida, That's our hometown. Oh, Lida-- Lida is very little left.

We knew. Unfortunately, we knew. But as we came into the city, again, my parents remembered having some relatives who lived in the outskirts also of the city. And to our luck, their house was not burned. And they let us in, only us, my parents, my sister, and brother.

My uncle with his family had to find a place, someplace else. I don't even remember where. And we were all separated. Everybody was on their own.

And we lived with these relatives for a very short time, and then the rules started to come that there will be a ghetto formed for all Jewish people. And nobody can live wherever they want. They have to be concentrated in one area.

They designated several blocks that there were homes not burned, and they called this the ghetto for the Jews. They came out with the rules that the Jews have to be identified by wearing a yellow star, no matter whether you're a child or an adult, old or young. You cannot walk in the street, on the sidewalk. You have to walk in the middle, where the horses and wagons go.

For my days, there were very, very little cars in the city of Lida. I remember a story my mother always telling when I was born. They brought me home from the hospital by taxi, and that was a very, very big deal. This taxi was from a different city. It was like a service. And I was supposed to feel very fortunate that I was brought home by taxi.

My father, as I said before, worked in the brewery. And the brewery was not burnt. When they formed the ghetto and all the rules for the Jewish people, that they cannot go to work, they have to live in the ghetto. And the people will have to be taken out of the ghetto every day to forced labor to clean up the city from the mess of the burning and the bombing

And that's exactly what they did daily.

And my father took a chance, and he went to the brewery. And he identified himself that he is Jewish. And he worked here for so many years, and could he perhaps get his job back?

And the German director at the time was quite different than what we heard about the Germans. Whether he needed the labor for the time being or the Jewish people, or whether he was a little bit more compassionate, this we will never know. However, he allowed us-- he allowed my father to get his position back and have his family live on the premises. And not only my father, but all the Jewish people that worked for the brewery were able to get their jobs back.

And the production of the beer was so important in those days, they needed it for the soldiers. And they needed the beer so badly. And he figured he's not going to interrupt the flow of it, and he'll hire all the Jewish people back to work for as long as he will be able to.

And I remember getting assigned a room for our family that we had to share with three other families in one room. We were away from--

How many people were you?

We were in one room. We were five. My girlfriend with her family were 4, is 9. And there were 2 singles-- 11 people in one room. This was a three-room apartment. In each room, there were two or three families living. We all shared one kitchen, one bathroom that was in the back of the house, not even in the house. These were the conditions that I grew up with and I remember.

My father was going daily to work. My brother was rather young, but somehow he was very able and very capable. And they allowed him to be like a handyman for an electrician that had to be on duty 24 hours a day. They changed often shifts. And my sister was able to get a little job in the office.

My mother was not assigned to any work. The work took a great toll on her, and she was not feeling well. And I was considered the child, the youngest one, that there was no work for me. There were no schools for me either to go to.

We just had to create our own chores the whole day to spend the day. The older ones would teach the younger ones to read, and to tell stories, and to write, and to hope the war should end soon. We did not know what's waiting for us.

What about food? Did you have food?

Food was rationed. We were not starving, but we did not have enough food either. But it wasn't bad. Somehow, we managed in those days.

One evening, we were all asleep. My brother used to work mainly at night. He came in, and he woke us up. He woke up the whole house. And he said, he hears such screams coming from the ghetto. The ghetto was located, like, maybe, I would say, a couple of blocks in relation to distances today from the brewery.

He said, I don't know what it means, but it doesn't sound good. We were prepared. And all along during the war times, when something unusual would happen, when you would have to run in hiding, everybody always had a place prepared.

And I remember comparing notes with my friends if-- do you have a hiding place already prepared? And you know, nobody was supposed to tell anybody where it is. We called it a [NON-ENGLISH]. It was a word that, in Russia, probably means a very small place where you can just about hide yourself. And that's about it.

And we always would say, oh, yes, we have a hiding place that gave us such security. When we would say that we have a hiding place, we will be sure that nothing will happen to us. And sure enough, when my brother came with that terrible news, and he said he hears screaming from the ghetto, we did not know what's going on there. But we knew one thing. We have to hide.

And we were in hiding a whole night, and the screams never stopped. They never stopped. Until the following morning, we still heard them. And the next morning, it came to go to work. We didn't know what to do. I mean, not we, my father, for instance, and the other people, the workers that were all in different hiding places.

The German director spared us from an execution that took place that night. They took out the entire ghetto into a field, an open field, where probably in normal times you would play soccer or baseball or whatever. And there were mass graves prepared.

They separated the people. 10,000 Jewish people came out in the field. They separated half and half, left and right. And nobody knew which side was the good one. And 5,000 people were shot without knowing why. And the other half returned to the ghetto.

And my mother lost her mother then, her brother with the whole family, two beautiful children, [PERSONAL NAME] and [PERSONAL NAME]. My mother's sister lost her husband and one child. I have a little cousin, Vivian, that my mother saved, her sister's daughter.

By mistake, she ran into the right lane, which meant to live. She had an uncle who looked just like her father, and her uncle was sent to live, to the right side. And she thought it was her father, and she followed the uncle. And her mother got hysterical, seeing that her child goes to the right. In the confusion, she followed her too. And she separated herself from her husband and her other little daughter, and they survived.

When my mother found out that her sister remained the only one with a little girl, five years old, my father asked the German director if she could come to live with us on the brewery, not to remain in the ghetto anymore. And the director gave my father permission that she will come. She will go to work, and she will live with us. So we took two more people into the same room where there were 11. We made room for her.

And these were very difficult times for us because the crying never stopped, and the loss of the whole family. Yesterday, I had a grandmother. I had aunts and uncles. And today, they were gone. But I did not realize how lucky I am to have my parents.

The German director spared us for a reason. He actually admitted to the Jewish people. He said, the SS came to call for you. They knew I have Jews here at the brewery. But I told them that I send you away already in the morning. You're no longer here. He said, I need the beer. I need the work from you. For as long as I can keep you, I will save you.

The half of the ghetto that remained-- people were very discouraged. They knew already-- they could read the handwriting that it's no good. And young people said, we have to put up some sort of resistance. We just cannot allow ourselves to be slaughtered here like sheep. Let's run into the woods. Let's try to form an underground. Let's try to do something.

Again, very few people did it. But some people ran away from the ghetto, and they tried to live in the woods, go from place to place, try to kill some Germans if they could to acquire some ammunition, try to build up some little army if they can.

They would send messengers to the ghetto. What are you waiting for? What are you sitting here? Escape. Come. Help us. Let's do something. Very few people followed.

In a way, they could not believe-- they could not believe what's waiting for them. On the other hand, they couldn't see too much hope in the woods. What is there for them in the woods? No home, no way of survival.

And the ghetto was going on for another year when the city was completely cleaned up from the mess, and there was no more work left for the Jews. And the aim to kill all the Jews became very evident. Every city supposedly was supposed to be made judenrein, with a big sign that this city is clean of Jews. They tried to eliminate the rest by a different method, to send them to the concentration camps that existed in Germany.



Prior to this, there were no deportations?

No. And one afternoon, I remember being home with my little cousin, my mother, and eight other people, parents of my girlfriend, three other adults. We were all together, about 11. And we heard these violent voices screaming in German, [GERMAN]. The Poles, in Polish, screamed to one another, the Polish workers, [POLISH]. Meaning, we have to get all the Jews out, whether they're in hiding or not.

When we heard this, again, the hiding. We have to hide. What we did is this house had an attic. So we ran up in the attic with a ladder. And by the time the last person came up, they pushed up the ladder, not to show any evidence that we are hiding there.

And we just about managed to close the door. The Germans ran into the house, into the apartment. They started to shoot violently, must have been drunk. We didn't see them. But their appearance, I mean, their voices, their behavior, the way they were running was so frightening.

We were sitting there like mice, not saying a word, the bullets running from all directions. Nobody's hurt, from the 11 people. We sat through like that the whole afternoon into the night. And when the night approached, everything quieted down. And we knew that we cannot remain there.

And we decided to find a way how to get off from the attic to the backyard of the brewery, not through the front, where the main entrance was, and just start to someplace. Who knows where? Maybe we'll be lucky to find some partisans. Maybe somebody will hide us. We had no place. We didn't know what to do. One step at a time.

The adults found some rope, very heavy rope in the attic. And they tied it together to provide a way how we can push ourselves down on the rope. And each and every person cut their fingers to the bone as we were coming down from the second floor. Nobody got hurt, thank god. Everybody made it.

And the eight adults took off ahead of us, my mother, and my little cousin, and myself. And my mother remained with two little children from both sides of her arms. And she did not know where to make the first step. Why did they escape? Because they did not want to have the responsibility with the children.

Kids do not behave always the best in hiding. They don't understand a lot of things. They ask questions. They want to eat. They cannot cooperate. And they did not want the responsibility, so they took off. And they left us just alone.

We started to walk. And I remember crossing a tiny little river as we approach to go to the outskirts of the city, and we got wet immediately to the waist by just crossing this little river. And we walked, and we walked. And we walked for a whole week in circles around the city of Lida.

And on the road, would pass occasionally a little farm house. And we would knock on the door. And when they saw a woman with two children, they knew right away we had to be Jewish because they knew what happened already in the city.

And they would tell us that there are no more Jews left in the city of Lida. We heard that everybody was put on trains, and they were sent to the concentration camps. Oh, my god. My mother started to cry. She said, here my husband is gone and two children, and what am I going to do here alone with these two kids?

They wouldn't even let us in to sleep over at night. Some would hand us a little piece of bread, and some smack the door in front of you from fear. Everybody was afraid for their own life.

And after a week, we were tired of going around in circles, hungry, cold. And we decided to go back. We decided to go back to the city. If this is our destiny, we have to die with the rest of the family.

And as we were going back, I saw a miracle. I saw an army dressed in white uniforms that was not there. I just saw this

vision. And I said to my mother, whose eyes were so red and swollen from crying-- I say, Ma, we're coming into the hands of an army. We can't walk that way.

And she grabbed those two children with all her force, turned around the direction, and we started to run like animals. And as we were running, a man saw us. And this was a partisan, and he recognized my mother. And he said, Mrs. Stol, I can't believe you escaped with those two kids. Don't worry about a thing. You'll be with us.

This was a Jewish partisan.

This was a Jewish partisan that ran away from the ghetto, and he was one of the starters from this partisan movement. He took us into a group. And in that group, we found the eight people that ran ahead of us, they managed to get there somehow, and other people that escaped from the ghetto. And we were united at least with somebody else. We were not alone.

We're going to pause at this point, and we're going to continue in a moment.

OK.

OK.