AL = Aimee LaBree
Minnesota Historical Society

DL = Deborah Locke
Minnesota Historical Society

FJ = Frederick Juni

AL: This is Aimee LaBree on June 1, 2011 at the home of Frederick Juni. Interviewee: Frederick Juni, Interviewer: Deborah Locke.

DL: Could you spell your name for us please.

FJ: F-R-E-D-E-R-I-C-K, last name J-U-N-I.

DL: When and where were you born?

FJ: Right here, March 21 1941.

DL: Who were your parents?

FJ: Lowell and Hilda Juni.

DL: Who were your grandparents on both sides?

FJ: On my dad's side, Herman and Hannah Juni. On my mother's side it was Marcus and Augusta Frederickson. They were pioneers in the Hanska area.

DL: I would assume you were named after the Fredericksons.
FJ: [Laughter] My dad. There are so many Fredericks; there were Fredericks in both families. My dad's middle name was Frederick. He was Lowell Frederick; I am Frederick Lowell. He had an uncle named Frederick. My mother was a Frederickson.

DL: How long have you lived here?

FJ: My whole life.

DL: What is your heritage?

FJ: My mother was Norwegian. I'm half Norwegian, and one-quarter German and one-quarter Swiss.

DL: Where did you go to school?

FJ: New Ulm, and two years at the University of Minnesota, Saint Paul.

DL: What's your earliest memory as a child?

FJ: Boy that's a tough question. It would have to do with farming or animals or the woods. I just love the woods. One [memory] is when I was probably five. I don't know if you're familiar with the Harkin Store, which is quite a landmark and it's a part of the Nicollet Historical Society. It's straight across the river from here. The Harkins were relatives on my dad's side. At Christmas time the lady that ran the store was Janet Massopust -- the Massopust name is listed on the Milford monument. My great grandmother was Ernestine Massopust and her niece ran the Harkin Store. We have a road through our woods that goes down to the river valley and we took our horses and sleigh -- God I haven't thought of this for a long time. They heated bricks in the wood stove, put blankets around them and put them by our feet. My mother held me, and we went by horse and sleigh down through the woods, across the valley and then across the river -- which obviously was frozen -- to the Harkin store to have Christmas with my dad's cousin, Janet.

I remember I was a little kid and I was playing and pretending I was an Indian. There used to be a big ravine here that I have since filled in; the land has changed so dramatically. You couldn't originally see our barn by the house; there were trees and a ravine right up here. I was playing in this ravine, and I had these little wooden arrows with metal tips. At this time they [manufacturers] weren't as careful about toys. I was playing down in this ravine and fell on the quiver -- where you keep the arrows -- a little round mini paper thing. One of those arrows went into my neck here. And it's probably gone away after 65 years. They took me to the doctor and kept that arrow in [his neck].

DL: Did it come out?

FJ: It came out. It wasn't one of those big arrows like a hunting arrow. It was just like
the tip of your pen and it just went in and they pulled it out. But I had a scar there for all my life. I don't know why I can't feel it now -- it's gone away apparently.

I remember the sleigh ride because my mother's parents were from the Hanska area; it was a big trip to go to see them. It was 25 miles away and that was a big undertaking. Going to New Ulm was a big undertaking. My grandfather was very aware of history and he tried to tell me all about why we were here. As a snot-nose little kid I didn't give a darn -- I thought, yeah well big deal. Now, how I wish.

DL: Which relatives had the most influence on you?

FJ: My parents -- that's the obvious answer. Beyond that, I spent a lot of time with my Grandpa Herman Juni. He was out here a lot. He moved to New Ulm when my parents got married in 1936. He had a garden out here and took me fishing. We have a lake-- part of it is on our property-- called Horseshoe Lake. When I was a youngster, it was a good fishing lake. We'd walk down and he'd take me fishing. He taught me how to garden, which I still love to do. And my mother's family-- they were extremely close.

My dad's family was not particularly close. I think that was because Norwegian culture was different. My grandpa was a tough old dude. He didn't smile a lot; he was all business; very sober; very somber. We have pictures of my great-grandparents and my grandparents. They never looked happy. In most of those old pictures, people looked very stoic and they didn't smile, and that's the way it was.

DL: What did you learn about family history while you were growing up? Who told you about it?

FJ: My mother was a country school teacher. My only aunt on my dad's side was a school teacher. Three of my mother's sisters were school teachers so that was always drummed into me. But my dad -- who I really should have paid more attention to at that time -- was very aware of history and he was pretty intelligent. He talked a lot about history and tried to tell me, but like I've said repeatedly, I didn't care.

Now my sons are in their 40s. [Aside to wife: “Are they all 40, Phyllis? I don't know.”] I have one son who is kind of interested, but they don't seem to share much of the interest in the culture or the history of the area. My parents were involved with the historical society. They gave a lot of things to the Brown County Historical Society, things found on our farm; I've got artifacts.

DL: What kind of artifacts?

FJ: You name it. From dolls, to cannonballs, to arrowheads found in the wall of the original log house that was back here. There's a list of things. And my dad was very involved in the community throughout his life, as I am -- I've slowed down some. My dad was on many boards. He was the founder of the local co-op and he was a founder of a funeral home in New Ulm. I've inherited some of that [tendency] and I am still on a
number of boards. I used to go to meetings about five nights a week but have slowed down.

DL: I asked if you learned about family history while you were growing up and who told you.

FJ: Both my parents and my Grandpa Herman Juni. This is kind of a strange story but it's absolutely the truth. My dad had a heart attack and was hospitalized in New Ulm, and my wife and I think our two oldest sons were born by that time. We were invited to a wedding of a cousin in Minneapolis and on the way we stopped to see my dad in the hospital.

Apparently Dad knew he wasn't going to make it very long. The last thing he told me--and I'll never forget it, it's just so bizarre, was: "Take care of the plow." I thought what the heck? Take care of the plow? We left and at the wedding I got a call that my dad was dying.

Anyway, I kept a lot of things from the old buildings that were here once and then demolished. I found the plow and after going through Dad's old papers, saw that it was the plow that originally broke up this farm land. That's pretty special. I don't know of anybody else that owns a plow that broke the virgin prairie on the land they live on today. That's a pretty rare thing. And I remember seeing it as a kid when I was cleaning out an old building. The plow was on display at the 150th anniversary of Brown County, it was on display there with signs on it.

We have all kinds of old things. We have a plow made out of wood that they just held down. It was carved and the oxen pulled it. We have an ox yolk. My parents, or my grandparents, didn't throw any of that stuff away. And yet some things that they should have saved they did throw away.

We said our goodbyes at the hospital that day and I thought well, he's going to be OK. The last thing he said to me was to take care of the plow. That was in 1976.

DL: What year do you think the plow was first used?

FJ: In the 1850s. Pulled by oxen. My mother's parents, they lived in a dugout, and my mother's father, my grandpa, wrote a book called *Recollections of an Immigrant*. So on both sides, history was drummed into me -- my mother's family wrote some books and Grandpa wrote that book. My grandfather's half-brother wrote a book. I wish now I would have written things down.

DL: What's a dugout?

FJ: A dugout was a soddy in the hillside. In a little slope, they made a cave. They'd hang a door in the front and dig in and that's where they lived. It's amazing. My grandparents on this side, I don't know where they lived originally; I mean this farm has
never been in anybody else’s family. We have the deed for this farm on the wall signed by Ulysses S. Grant to my great-grandmother because her husband, Frank Massopust, was killed. This is where he farmed. I don't know if people had title to the property but they lived here at the time of the -- whatever the politically correct term is for the Indian Uprising.

DL: That leads to my next question: did you ever hear about the 1862 U.S.-Dakota War during your growing up years?

FJ: Oh, all the time, just because of where we lived. The Milford monument was there, and right down the road from the Milford monument -- I don't know if you’ve seen that -- that stone by the ravine ambush? Well, right around the curve was a white schoolhouse where I went for the first six years of my education. So you'd walk by the Milford monument [each day] or you drove by it. Oh yeah, we talked about it a lot.

DL: What did you remember hearing about it?

FJ: [Laughter] That the settlers and the Indians fought. Apparently our family got along [with the Dakota]. The reservation line goes through our land; about 700 feet from here. From my driveway, the reservation line is a little over 500 feet west of our driveway and it moves through our land out there, and the land I own across the highway. So this was right on the edge of the reservation. So, we were here and that was the reservation. The trade was along the river valley. People spent a lot of time talking about that. But as far as specifics, again I didn't pay as much attention as I wish I had, but it was surely talked about.

DL: Who were your family members that lived through that time?

FJ: Well my great-grandparents did. My grandfather died in the 50s, and he was about 90. My paternal grandfather also must have been alive. And he lived here, this is where my grandfather was born, my father was born in the log house, born on the farm. So I wonder if my grandfather wasn’t born in the 1860s. I should know that and I don’t. I could look.

DL: Was your property in any way connected to the events in the 1860s?

FJ: Well, we have a burial mound across the ravine here that we’ve never touched because my dad and grandpa said you never ever touch that, ever, ever. And I've showed it to some of the folks from the state, archeological folks have looked at it. There were battles here. Somebody from the state was out in the field across this ravine, back between here and the river -- and they thought aerial reconnaissance had showed what looked like an earthen fort, a kind of circular dealie. And so they did some excavation and a walk-through maybe 20 years ago. I remember them saying that they were disappointed in their lack of finding things. My parents found a lot of artifacts. They found when they tore the old log house down, in the mortar and in the logs, so there
must have been something going on here. There was a battle of some kind because they gave those cannonballs to the historical society years ago.

DL: Can you explain something to me? You're a farmer; you know the earth pretty well. How does this stuff surface? How can things be buried and then keep coming to the top?

FJ: They say frost lifts it, I don't know. Erosion. My grandson found some pottery shards that we just had dated. They said they are over 500 years old. Along the creek we have erosion in the stream bed. There's a big creek that runs through our property. The stream changes course over the years. Pottery shards were found along the creek bed on the banks of the creek. They probably were covered up for hundreds of years, but we found those seven years ago. I labeled them and dated them. They told me I should go to Mankato, to some archeologist there who could tell me more about it, but I've never followed up on that. The people in the know that I have shown those pottery pieces to are pretty enthused--more excited than I am about it. But I've never done any more than that.

But yeah, stuff surfaces. It just does. Every year as a farmer we pick up stones because they damage equipment and farm machines. We pick up stones, and the next year they're back. They say it's the frost that lifts stones. You'd think gravity would hold them down or maybe it's the force of the earth -- stones are heavier and their mass is greater. They can be a curse sometimes. Then big rocks come up. You could farm this land for 100 years and never see a rock and then one year you'll go out there and you'll find a rock that you need a big back hoe to dig out. Why did it show up all of a sudden? It's weird.

DL: Did the war have a direct impact on your family?

FJ: We are in what is called Millford Township. M-I-L-F-O-R-D, Milford Township. Probably the most historic township in Brown County regarding the 1860s. And New Ulm was originally down right below us, about three-quarters of a mile away. They had a mill and could cross the river there. They could ford the river, that's why I told you about it's name, Mill Ford. And that's where New Ulm was supposed to be. My family tells me my great-grandparents picked this site because they thought they'd be right above the city of New Ulm. The mill was here and various outbuildings were built. But prior to the Indian events, they found it was a poor site because it's all a flood plain. Cooler heads prevailed and one of them was Frank Massopust. Frank Massopust was my great-grandmother's first husband. And he's the one that picked this site, I'm told, and I guess history bears that out. Then I thought, as well as the other founders of New Ulm, and that it made more sense. New Ulm is on a terrace. The geology is just more practical. They couldn't have picked a much better site for a town. It's beautiful, it's rolling, it really doesn't flood -- except a few people have built on the flood plain in the past 20 years that should have known better. So, I don't know if that influenced our farm so much, but things might have been different if it might not have been for the
events of the 1850s and 60s. I don't know if New Ulm would have stayed here as it was established prior to the Dakota War.

Frank Massopust lived here. This was his. He sent to Europe for his father. Frank Senior was still in Europe. Young Frank told him to come over here and he set his dad up in a farm where my oldest son now lives, right across the highway. So it was Frank Massopust Junior that lived here on this land.

Frank Senior’s family got wiped out by the Indians. The females, the wife and the daughter, tried to flee toward New Ulm. They were killed about a mile away. I believe he was killed on the farm. A number of years ago the historical society did a dig on some hills right over here. There were human remains. I don't know if they ever determined whether they were Dakota or white.

DL: Were there graves?

FJ: No. A farmer was digging his field and all of a sudden there were bones. He was kind of mad because he made the mistake of reporting it and for a couple years he couldn't farm that area.

They gave him the green light to just farm so it must not have been of much consequence. The family of Frank Senior who was my great-grandmother's father-in-law, was wiped out. A couple of the sons were away at the time, and survived. To get revenge they followed the Dakota -- the story is pretty well documented -- after the Dakota were pushed out, so to speak. They followed some of the Dakota into South Dakota and I hear even as far as Wyoming. The sons were going to get revenge; they were going to show the Indians; they were going to do what the Indians had done to their father and their mother and sisters. They never killed any Indians. That farm was no longer owned by our family. We own it now because our son bought it but it was owned by another settler. That would not have been sold if it had not been for the Dakota War because the people that were supposed to live there and farm it were gone.

DL: That's a very sad story.

FJ: It is sad. And some of this I wasn't even aware of until maybe 20 years ago and I thought I better learn about some of the things that happened here. The sons were going to get even and they didn't.

DL: The man who was on this property, he was spared for some reason. Was he gone that day?

FJ: I don't know. The one that wrote the book *Held in Captivity* was my grandpa's half-brother. Apparently he and our family got along with the Native Americans. Yet I don't know why the cannonballs were in the log cabin and the arrowheads and things, but that might have happened when our family was gone. I don't think the Indians had cannons -- so they had to be fired by a battery or some defense force of some kind.
DL: This book that was written, was that by Benjamin Juni?

FJ: Benedict. After Frank Massopust died my grandfather Benedict--they used a lot of the same names -- married the widow with the farm, Ernestine. And that's my grandmother. So Benedict and Ernestine were my great-grandparents. Benedict's first wife was killed. So they both lost their spouses. He had Benedict Junior, the one that wrote *Held in Captivity*. And my Grandpa Herman Juni's middle name is Benedict. Herman Benedict Juni. So they kept those old names alive for generations. Back in those days it was common for many families to have half-brothers and half-sisters because life expectancy wasn't long; wives died in childbirth, and men needed sons to operate the farm and to make a living. So they all remarried and had kids. Many, many families lived around here.

DL: What is your understanding of the cause for that war? What started it?

FJ: That's a good question. I don't know. And there's a lot of information that conflicts with what I think happened. I was always told as a kid that the Indian agents, the people who represented the federal government and the state government, weren't giving them the stipends they needed. They weren't giving them the food they needed or the payments, whether it was gold or currency when it was due. That's what my grandpa always said. One of these guys up at Fort Ridgely said "Let them eat grass." That's an old quote I've heard from the time I was this big [gestures]...That we told the Indians to eat grass.

The story is that it started with a couple of braves on a dare who stole some eggs. And one of the braves didn't want to keep the eggs, saying it was wrong. And his two buddies said, even back then, that long ago, they said: "You're weak, you're afraid of the white man. We're starving and you're afraid to take some eggs from a nest." And he said, "I'll show you that I am brave." And he went and killed a member or two of that family. That's what they say really started it.

But the fact that they were hungry didn't start that day. There was animosity. I think that inflamed it; escalated it. But I don't think that was the root cause. Unfortunately it was maybe the white man who was unfair to the Indians and didn't live up to the promises that were made by the government. Even in the Indian community there were factions. Some were becoming -- I hope it's not incorrect to say -- civilized. They took the white man's ways, went to church and wore white man's clothes. And there were other factions who chose their historical lifestyle. So even within the Dakota there were internal conflicts. And they didn't all get along during the Dakota war. So, what caused it? I think it was just general distrust of the white man, ultimately. And the white people did some bad things. I'm not ashamed of anything that I think our family did, from what I've been told or what I've read. I've been told that there was mutual respect there, and I hope that was the case. We did some terrible things-- but that's mankind. Humanity does some pretty barbaric things to humanity. It's hard to understand but we do. It was a clash of two cultures. It had to be.
Some have done reenactments of Indian villages on my farm. Not in the last 20 years probably, because people seem to have gotten away from that. They would set up teepees and spend weekends living as the natives did. And some lived as the early settlers did. The area had to be beautiful in its day, with buffalo. I've gone up in the attic and we've got buffalo horns that my grandpa plowed up or my great grandpa plowed up.

DL: We're back from our break, and we were asking Mr. Juni if he had a direct family line to the events of the 1860s.

FJ: I don't think I have a direct bloodline to the Massopusts, who were the first people to live where we live today. But my grandmother Ernestine whose maiden name was Krause, married Frank Massopust. They did have some children. I don't know how many. Whether any of those survived the conflict, I do not know. But after Frank Junior passed away, then my great-grandfather Benedict Juni married Ernestine. And that's where my branch of the Juni family began with the marriage of Ernestine Massopust Krause to Herman Benedict Juni. Their son, among other children, was Herman Juni, who was my grandfather. So I don't have a blood connection to the Massopusts, but I do through marriage.

DL: Have you ever been to Mankato to the execution site?

FJ: Yes I have been.

DL: Did you feel anything there?

FJ: Well actually, at the time, I'm not sure I did. But I do now. The more I read -- and I'm hoping what I'm reading is accurate and a true accounting of what happened -- it's a shameful event. I think it's a blemish on our local history. It was terrible. It's easy to sit here in the 21st century and say it was the wrong thing to do because there was hardship, and grief and agony on both sides of the issue. But it still seems like it was hanging for the sake of hanging. It was to show that the whites were here to stay and that they were the dominant society and that the Indians were on the way out, so to speak. I'm sure some of those Indians that were hung probably might have been deserving. But I think there were an equal number, as many or more, that were not deserving. I don't think it was right. But then again, I didn't live through it.

DL: Some of the historical accounts claim that the antagonism toward Indians in general and in Minnesota was white-hot; that there was an intense anger, and that Lincoln had to agree to some executions because the war…

FJ: Festering

DL: …the war would have just continued.
FJ: I've heard that proposed. And that's probably right. Maybe there was some sort of closure [because of the hangings]. But some accounts say that some of the Indians that were hung were not deserving. So if one innocent individual was hung, that tarnishes the entire event. And when they were taken through New Ulm and if indeed people of my great-grandparents era poured hot boiling water on those people...That's something not to be very proud about. That's pretty bad.

Some of the events of the Dakota War -- we realize how barbaric some of the actions were. In some parts of the world, we're still doing those things today. Humanity has still not learned to coexist in harmony. And that is so, so sad. It's easy to sit here today and talk about how angry some of the people must have been and how that anger controlled their emotions. And they did things to each other that they would have never dreamt of doing or would never have considered doing under normal circumstances. But their actions were controlled by emotion and hatred and anger and frustration. We haven't changed a lot. If I were put in those circumstances today, where my family and property were threatened, I suppose I would respond in many of the same ways. It's just tough. You can't help but sympathize for everybody during that period. Both sides suffered tremendously. The loss of a Dakota child was every bit as bad as the loss of settler's child. And it happened. We did it to each other. That's humanity.

DL: I'm going to mention a few places -- if you could tell me if you've ever been there and what your thoughts are about these places. Fort Ridgely.

FJ: Many times. We have a point out here that's out across the river. We can see, on a real clear day, the monument of Fort Ridgely sticking up. I even golf there now. It's quite different now from back then.

DL: Do you think it was a good location for a fort?

FJ: No, it was absolutely ridiculous. Indefensible, technically. Ravines on three sides, basically. It was a silly place to build a fort. But they did [laughter].

DL: I've read somewhere that it wasn't supposed to be a fort as a defensive position; it was more of a holding place.

FJ: Right, a supply depot. I don't think it was ever designed for what it ultimately became, because it's not a good geographic location at all.

DL: What about the Lower Sioux Agency, have you been there?

FJ: I've been there, yes.

DL: Any thoughts about that? It's were the store house is.

FJ: Yes, and we had relatives that moved from this area into the Morton area after the conflict, actually, so we had relatives close by. I don't know if we had an opinion about
it, but it needs to be maintained. It needs to be an entity and preserved so we don't forget where we came from. I hope it's important for the Dakota to maintain that, to keep history alive. We surely have to keep history alive. Because that's who we are, that's where we came from. We can't let that die.

DL: Fort Snelling?

FJ: Been there. Not often. I've been to the cemetery for a couple of services. But that's really all I can tell you except that it was the center of the military during that era, and it was important. That probably wasn't too bad of a location, where it was established. They could see for miles.

DL: Wood Lake?

FJ: Been to Wood Lake. All I know there is what I've read about the events of the Dakota War. I know where it's at. I've driven by Wood Lake but not spent time there. I've been to the Traverse de Sioux thing. What's the one in Renville County up here, north of Morton?

DL: Birch Coulee?

FJL: Birch Coulee. Been there, spent some time there looking around. That was a critical place. There's a lot of history here in that valley going up that way. There's almost more history as you go west then there is going east. But that's where the Indians were more prevalent. I think civilization was coming up the river.

DL: What's your opinion of the war?

FJ: In what regard -- good, bad, necessary, unnecessary? That's tough. Well, I don't think it was necessary but it probably became necessary. It was not a war like World War Two. There it was easy to hate Adolf Hitler and it was easy to hate the Nazis. It was easy to hate the Axis because of what they were doing. And yet we didn't even know what they were doing when World War Two started. And World War Two-- everybody could kind of get their arms around and embrace it. We were going to save the world and we probably did at the time.

The Dakota War was unlike your typical war, though. They were neighbors fighting neighbors based on the color of their skin and their heritage. But they comiled earlier and traded for years with each other. They were friends. They lived side by side, and yet, when the straw broke the camel's back, they went to war with each other. Yet, the whites spared many Indians and the Indians spared many whites. So there was compassion, too. It shouldn't have been necessary, and I think it was. I think it occurred because of mistreatment and misunderstanding. It didn't occur because they just hated each other, because that was not true. It was man-made, it was created. There were created circumstances that caused it.
DL: Is it a good idea to commemorate the events of the mid-1800s?

FJ: I hope so and I think so. It's such an important part of history, especially in Brown County and some of the surrounding counties. Why would we not? We commemorate the Civil War and they reenact the Civil War and the Revolutionary War. It's part of our history and I think we learn from history -- I hope we learn from history. I understand it's sensitive but if it's done properly, and if it's done respectfully, and if it's done based on the best information and done accurately... I think we need to commemorate and remember and record and pass that down to future generations. I don't think there's anything wrong with it.

DL: What's the best way to commemorate the events?

FJ: Well an editorial in the Minneapolis paper a couple of months ago that said the best way would be silence, but I don't think that silence does much. We hope that here in Brown County we're on the right track. We're going to tour the areas. We've got a full week of events planned. We hope that schools use it as an educational tool and that the young generations become aware of what occurred here.

But it needs to be done respectfully. That's a concern of mine, and I reiterate it at every meeting. We need to do this right. And hopefully do it with the help and with the blessing of the Dakota people. And we have some. Some people are cooperative and some have chosen not to be.

It shouldn't be a celebration, and it's difficult to prevent it from becoming a celebration. We even agonized over what to call it, and I did lose on that issue. We developed a logo that we think was good and fair. I just wanted a commemoration. I think they are calling it an anniversary. To me, an anniversary is something to celebrate, like a birthday. An anniversary has the connotation of celebration. Commemoration, to me, is something a little more sober, a little more somber. We are remembering. So, I think there's a big difference between "anniversary of" and "commemoration of".

Nevertheless, we are doing this and we hope it opens some eyes and makes people aware. Frankly, I think as years go by people are becoming more interested in history; more than they used to be. And maybe it's just because I'm getting to be older, or am an old guy. But I think people seem to be really interested in history and preserving that history. If this commemoration is part of it, hopefully a hundred years from now someone will look at it and say, “Look what the people of Brown County did in 2011.” So, it's all part of the equation, and I think it's important that we do those things.

DL: I know there are Dakota who remember New Ulm for being the community that celebrated the defeat of the Indians, through parades and so forth in the 40s and 50s. And to this day there are Dakota who will not come here.

FJ: Yes, I've heard that to be true.
DL: Would you say that the Dakota are welcomed here today?

FJ: They're probably more ignored than welcomed, frankly. They do go by here on a walk, the march that they do. And they do go by on this highway oftentimes. Apparently they go through New Ulm. Are they welcomed? Well they don't send out the welcome wagon, but I would hope that people are tolerant. Welcomed? I'm not sure if that's the right word. But as generations pass, I'm assuming that the animosity will pass with it.

So by commemorating this are we keeping some of these memories alive that should be best forgotten? That's an interesting thought. Are we picking the scab off the wound a bit? You know, I hope that's not the case. But I can see where it's probably inevitable. My grandkids might say, "We taught those guys, you know, we showed them." And I hope that's not how it's perceived, because it's not meant to be that way. At least in my vision.

DL: Thank you.