

Interview with Mr. Gus Plutschak (P.O. Box 1176, St. Michaels, MD 21663) 11/23/88. Present were R. Dodds and Joe Liener,

Mr. Plutschak was born do April 18, 1904 and moved to Easton in the 1930s. He was a barber by profession but in the evenings he built a number of "Scrappy Cats," a Ralph Wiley design. He also raced them. Mr. Plutschak worked in a Cambridge shipyard during World War U', and also in Annapolis. For many years he hunted and fished in the local area. He donated his hunting jacket to CBMM (88,32m-1) .

Interview with Mr. Gus Plutchak, 11/23/88. Present were Richard Dodds, and Josef Liener.

Dodds:

Gus, If you would like, we'll go down to the Museum proper and have a look around, but I thought that before we do that, if we could talk a little bit about; I know you built a number of boats, and your name comes up quite a bit with the scrappy cats.

Plutchak:

Yes. I built 13 of them.

Dodds:

You built 13?

Plutchak:

Yes. I got the plans from Ralph Wiley. I had never built one before, and never did any sailing. Didn't know how to sail. So, I bought the plans from him, and built the first of them. I went to Oxford, and all the regattas. Ralph Wiley beat me for about four years, before I got so as I could beat him. Then every time he would win it would be "Nice race, Gus." But, if I beat him, he would be so damn mad, he would go right straight home (laughter). He couldn't take a loss.

Dodds:

When did you build your first one? Do you remember the year?

Plutchak:

No.

Dodds:

Before the war?

Plutchak:

Darned if I know. Let's see. I came to Easton in '25. I guess I worked there a couple years before I got interested in sailing. Along in there somewhere.

Dodds:

Did you build them up at that house there in Easton, In the back, or was it somewhere else that you started building?

Plutchak:

I built the first one.... We had an addition, a lean-to, next to the house.

Dodds:

This is the house that you sold.

Plutchak:

I sold. Yes. I built that one, and when I remodeled the house, I tore that section off. I built myself an 18' by 30' cinder block building in the backyard, next to the alley, and that's where I built the rest of them.

Dodds:

We have these plans in the collection. These are plans of the scrappy cat that were done by Ralph Wiley. I'll turn this other one around.

Liener:

1932.

Dodds:

Yes. These plans were done in 1932 by Ralph Wiley.

Plutchak:

Well, how about that.

Dodds:

This is his original ink drawing. Are these the same ones that you would use then gus?

Plutchak:

Yes. I bought them from him.

Dodds:

Did he design it?

Plutchak:

Yes. He built the boat, the first one, and I think after that he made the plans up. It was a right fast boat. It had a lot of canvas on it. He went ahead and made up the plans.

Dodds:

We've got a couple of sail plans. I think this was the earlier sail plan, this one.

Liener:

That got a date on it?

Dodds:

1932.

Liener:

1932.

Dodds:
It has sort of a gaff

Liener:
Yes.

Plutchak:
They all had a gaff.

Dodds:
Yes, all the ones that you built.

Plutchak:
Yes. Sixteen foot on the boom. That's right. And eight-something on the gaff. Thirteen-something.

Liener:
Thirteen foot on the gaff.

Plutchak:
Eight-something from here to the gaff.

Dodds:
Yes, 8'3". Did you find that this was a hard boat to build?

Plutchak:
No, it really wasn't. Instead of having washboards, I had strip washboards; white cedar and redwood. I varnished them. It made them right fancy-looking. I had no trouble selling either one of them.

Dodds:
What were the hulls made from, then?

Plutchak:
White cedar. Down in Dorchester, way back in some woods back there, the man had a little pile of white cedar, and I was interested. He sold me the whole pile for eight dollars. I built a scrappy cat out of it.

Dodds:
Did you build them to order, or did you build them on speculation?

Plutchak:
No. I built every one for myself, and sell it in the spring; race it in the summer, then sell it next fall or in the spring, and go ahead and build another one.

Dodds:
You must have done this every winter for about thirteen years, then.

Plutchak:

I did, yes.

Dodds:

How many boats were racing back then, Gus?

Plutchak:

I've raced against as many as 35; some in Chestertown, some in Centerville. Oxford had a few; I mean St. Michaels. Oxford had about 20-24, or somewhere along in there.

Dodds:

How many are around now? Do they still sail?

Plutchak:

No. I don't know where there is even one. Yes I do. Barclay Creek[?] built one. And I was the first one to sail it. He was going to build it, and I advised him as much as I could. He wanted me to be there when he put it overboard, and sail it with him. I peaked the gaff just as high as I could get it. I made this wire real tight, so this gaff would go right up against the mast. She would go right straight up, which made things a whole lot better going to windward.

Liener:

You made a sliding gunner rig out of it.

Plutchak:

I don't know what you call it.

Liener:

Yes. When your spar lays right up against the mast....

Dodds:

Joe worked up at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for many years building boats, wooden boats. You had a number of cat boats, too, didn't you?

Liener:

Oh, yes.

Plutchak:

The last four years that I raced these, nobody beat me. I won every race. The class was getting disgusted with me. A lot of them were talking about getting out of the class, and getting into a class where they had a chance of winning something. I said "No, I'll quit, you go ahead," which I did.

Liener:

Was that rigged a little different to start off with, Gus?

Plutchak:

No, just like that.

Dodds:

Where did they have the races, for the most part?

Plutchak:

Tred Avon. Oxford. Every Sunday from Decoration [Memorial ?] Day to Labor Day. I raced scrappy cats a lot. I raced comets, with Jimmy Spear. He built them at Oxford Ship Yard. We went up to New York for the Nationals, and he would rather entertain, and stay out all night, than worry about the races. We came home with third prize, with 35 boats in it. Next year they brought it to Oxford. Had 5 races. The last race we were two and a half points in the lead, and we were leading the fleet by one hundred yards. We had the last time upwind. It got real light, and that's when the whiskey broke out. When that whiskey broke out on him, then he just let go of the tiller. It went over to the side and the boat stopped. fourteen boats went by us. We wound up either third or fourth in the series. I could have killed him, the bastard.

Dodds:

That's too bad.

Plutchak:

After racing with him for two years, winning everything, to let you down like that.

Dodds:

Ya.

Plutchak:

That hurt me so, I went home crying. I swear to God, it really hurt. The Nationals, and get let down like that. And damn if he didn't build a star boat the next year and ask me to sail with him. I told him "You son-of-a-bitch, I wouldn't sail with you if you were the last man on earth." He let me down.

Dodds:

How did you like the comets to sail?

Plutchak:

Fine. Nice little boat.

Dodds:

You probably ran into C. Lowndes Johnson a few times, eh?

Plutchak:

Oh, yes. I often talked to him. Ya, him and his brother went up to California and won the whole thing.

Dodds:

Do you make any variations on the plans, Gus?

Plutchak:

No. I stuck right to the plans.

Dodds:

To your knowledge, are any of the boats you built still around?

Plutchak:

I don't think so.

Dodds:

Did you build anything else?

Plutchak:

No. I worked in a shipyard for four years, during the war.

Dodds:

Which yard?

Plutchak:

Cambridge. And about 4 or 5 months, I worked over in Annapolis. We were building these PT boats.

Dodds:

What yard in Annapolis?

Plutchak:

I forgot now what it was.

Dodds:

What were they building down in Cambridge during the war?

Plutchak:

They built some big boat that was supposed to go up in the Arctic region, around 200 feet [long]. And what they called sub chasers; smaller boats around 40 or 45 feet.

Dodds:

Are these wooden boats, Gus?

Plutchak:

Yes.

Dodds:

What were you doing at the yard down there in Cambridge?

Plutchak:

Trimming up the pilot house. When I went over to Annapolis they

gave me a job in the pilot house, trimming it out. The guy that trimmed out the pilot house before, it took it about a month. They had the six-section windshields. They'd set the plywood in there, then build a chart table about three foot by four foot. It would take him just about a month to build those two pieces, and I did it in a week. I got fired (laughter).

Dodds:

You were going too quick, eh?

Plutchak:

Yes, they wanted to make money out of me. "Drag it out, the government's paying for it." I didn't know that. I didn't work that way.

Liener:

Did you ever run across a fellow over there by the name of Harold Anger?

Plutchak:

I'm sure I did.

Liener:

Bright little fellow.

Plutchak:

Yes.

Liener:

He made a lot of patterns.

Plutchak:

Dick Hartche, he was a hell of a nice man; head man of the yard.

Liener:

Yes, I knew him.

Plutchak:

And his brother.

Liener:

The whole family.

Plutchak:

His brother was the foreman. He's the one that fired me. I never forgave him for that. That was a dirty trick. Hell, he could have told me. I could have slowed down.

Dodds:

What yard would that have been then, Joe?

Liener:
Trumpy's.

Plutchak:
Yes, Trumpy's.

Dodds:
Yes. OK.

Plutchak:
They built PT boats over there. And just about the time that the war was over they sent one of them up north somewhere. One of each, different yards, everybody sent a boat, and we came home with first prize, Annapolis Yard.

Liener:
I remember when Trumpy moved down there. He moved down there from Gloster.

Dodds:
Gus, did you know many other boat builders from this area when you were ... did you run into them quite a bit when you were working on these boats?

Plutchak:
No, I didn't. I'd barber from 8:00 to 5:00, and then went home to supper, and went to my workshop. I've been too busy to fool around.

Dodds:
I guess so.

Liener:
Did you remember another supervisor over there by the name of Al May?

Plutchak:
I remember that name, but I can't place him.

Liener:
He came from up in Jersey.

Plutchak:
Yes?

Liener:
He was with them when they were out to Camden, out there on Cooper's Point, before they moved down to Gloster.

Dodds:
Gus, you mentioned some of your fishing exploits. You were quite a

fisherman on the Bay for Stripe....

Plutchak:

They call them rockfish. That's one thing I could really catch. I caught every damn one of them on a quarter ounce bucktail; white head, green skirt, and a piece of pork rind that long; from 24 pounds down. Every spring the big ones would come up, and every fall when they were coming back from up north and you would catch a few.

Dodds:

You mentioned that one day you caught about 97...99...?

Plutchak:

93.

Dodds:

93.

Plutchak:

Yes. That was the time that a man by the name of Alfred Knock, his Uncle was coming down from up north, and all he ever caught was fresh-water fish, and alfred wanted me to take him rock fishing. So, he come down and we caught 93 right at the buoy at Deepwater Point. And 5 boats were circling around, just in the way. Every time we would go by them, we would have three fish. They would come alongside of me, and ask "Gus, what the hell are you using?" And I would pull up my line and show them; a white-head bucktail with a green skirt, with pork rind. There's about 8 to 12 feet of water there. They would troll right by it; no lead. I didn't use no lead. When you think the bucktail's just about to lure, raise your thumb, until you feel her hit bottom. It's hard sand bottom. You won't get hung. But just throw her back in gear, give it a couple of little jerks like that, you'll have him. That's what we did. The other ones towed them right up on top. We dropped it right down to them. And i went across the mouth of Long Haul[?] Creek, right across from St. Michaels on the right-hand side, going in, by myself one morning. Caught 123, and I knew I could get two or three more going up **Miss** Kitty's Cove, by the yacht club where **Miss** Kitty lives. I kept my boat there all the time. I knew I could catch 2 or 3 more, and I wound up with 125 quick. It's so simple to catch those rock. I don't know why anybody else couldn't catch them. And they never even went for them at all during the summer. The only time that they would catch a few with their nets would be early spring and late fall. They always thought that they went down the bay for the winter. But they stayed right here for the summer. They stayed right there in the shallow water, and nobody would look for them. All they ever knew here, then, was trolling with 16 ounces of lead, wire lines, all kinds of spoons. And I was catching them right at the edge of the shallow water. The minnows would have to get to the

edge of the grass, and I would troll right at the edge of the grass. They would see my bucktail come by and grab 'hold.

Dodds:

What did you do with all that fish?

Plutchak:

H&G Restaurant took every one I caught for 25 years. They said "we know you work in your barber shop. You got to be to work at 8:00. You go out every morning and catch 20-30 fish, and you bring them in here. We buy them, and half of them are still alive. When you go out in the evening, we stay open until 10:00, you come back with maybe 25 more. And then half of them are still alive. That's they way I want them. I know they're fresh, and I'll take every one you catch."

Liener:

That's the reason they had a good business up there, Gus.

Plutchak:

Yes.

Liener:

I remember when he started.

Plutchak:

I do too.

Dodds:

What kind of boats were you using when you were fishing?

Plutchak:

Just flat-bottomed skiffs that I built myself. With a Briggs and Stratton, 8 horsepower with a clutch, so that when I hook a big fish, I can throw her out of gear and go to work on it. I took Valentine Miller one time. I don't remember if you remember him or not. He used to work with Bob Roberts.

Liener:

Oh, ya.

Plutchak:

I took him one day, and he had been going with somebody, there on the miles River all the time. And all they'd ever do was Bloody Point Light, with 16 ounces of lead, and they would troll along that edge and catch a few rock. And I took him into shallow water, and i guess we caught 25 or 30. He said "now, I'd like to hook a big one." I said "Ok." We went over to the mouth of the Wye. We come off of that point....

Liener:

Right off of that ledge there.

Plutchak:

Ya. Right by that point, heading up river; sort of made a turn, let her drop down in there. He said "I got it!" You could have heard him in St. Michaels (laughter). He got him in, got him up to the boat, I dipped him up. He was sitting in the boat on the metal seat like this, and the fish was laying between his legs. It was about 15 to 17 pounds, or something like that. Meanwhile, I hooked one. He forgot all about me; was still admiring that fish. Finally, I had the fish up beside the boat. I said "Come on! Get this darned fish! I got one, too!" He jumped up then, grabbed the net, dipped my fish. He said "I've seen it all."

Liener:

You ever run into old Jumpy over there at the mouth of the Wye?

Plutchak:

Oh, yes. Many times.

Liener:

Ya, that was one of his favorite places to go. That bank dropped right off like that, and those oysters grew on the side. You had to go a little bit different tonging there. Well, you must have run across Uncle Nick Haddaway, too, out there

Plutchak:

Oh, ya.

Liener:

Over to Hamilton Hill.

Plutchak:

I didn't know what all those places were called, all those hills and creeks. All them, I didn't know what they were talking about. I was catching fish there, just the same.

Liener:

How about Discovery? Did you ever hit that?

Plutchak:

No.

Liener:

Right off of the mouth of Tilghman Creek.

Plutchak:

Ya, I've fished in there. I loved it.

Liener:

There's a hump out there. That was called Discovery.

Plutchak:

I never heard that (laughter). Ya, I've fished out there a number of times.

Liener:

How about the big hole in back of Tide Mill, on the up-river side.

Plutchak:

Let me think ... Tide Mill....

Liener:

Hamilton Hill there.

Plutchak:

There you go again. I don't know where Hamilton Hill is.

Liener:

Well, you know where Martingham is, now.

Plutchak:

Yes.

Liener:

And Voshell had a duck blind right out there on that point for a while.

Plutchak:

That's right.

Liener:

In back of that duck blind, I forget what they call that woods over there, but right towards that woods was a big hole that was about 30 feet deep.

Plutchak:

Yes.

Liener:

I bet you hit that.

Plutchak:

Yes sir.

Dodds:

You every do any net fishing?

Plutchak:

Once or twice, for perch in the spring. I remember I had a brand-new net. I went up the Tred Avon, Up one of those creeks, and set her right across the whole creek. I started at this end. I didn't get three feet before I caught a perch this big; the biggest damn perch I ever seen in my life. I kept on across, taking them out. Finally, I had around two bushels. Right along in the middle....

End of First Side of Tape.

Dodds:

You never did go after Terrapin, or anything, then.

Plutchak:

No.

Liener:

Do you think we'll ever have the rock back like we used to?

Plutchak:

We got a hell of a sight more than they think we got, now. The rivers are full of them; the Choptank, the Miles, and everywhere; big stuff. I know, last spring, Sawyer from Oxford, he and his wife got a little aluminum skiff with a 15-horse outboard, been catching these small rock right in front of their wharf. Every time we go by we catch one or two. They said "we'll slip out there and catch 8 or 10, come on up, and clean them up, and have them for lunch." I said "Ok." which we did, and I was sitting there "well if you're not ready to quit, I got one spot at the mouth of Trappe Creek; I would like to go over there and see if those rock are in there." I went back, and I give him the marks to run, and he did, and every time we went over that spot, his wife and I each hooked a rock. We went over it five times, and had nine rock and a dowdy. Beautiful fish; it was a damn shame that we had to throw them back.

Liener:

I wonder how that dowdy slipped in there.

Plutchak:

I don't know. Unless she was letting it out too fast, and...

Liener:

It dropped down on the bottom.

Dodds:

Did you ever catch anything else when you were fishing?

Plutchak:
Some of those damn bluefish. Now and then a trout.

Liener:
I take it you didn't care too much for the bluefish.

Plutchak:
I don't care for them at all.

Liener:
I'm the same way.

Plutchak:
Yes sir. I've got no room for them.

Dodds:
Gus spends part of his time in the Higgins Yard now, keeping an eye on the operation down there.

Liener:
Did you make wooden jaws for your gaff, Gus?

Plutchak:
The first one. Then after that I made brass ones.

Liener:
Un-huh, like he's got drawn there. You used to have a duck blind over in the Wye Narrows, didn't you?

Plutchak:
No. Mine's up at Kirby's Wharf, just below Cambridge Bridge, inside Dixon Bay. I'll admit, we baited, like everybody else. We had the ducks; yes sir, canvasbacks and redheads, plenty of them. We never shot until 10:00 in the morning, and at 4:00, we were done. We would get out of there and put our corn out. By that time they were ready to come and get it. They were landing outside, waiting for us to get out of there, so as they could get that corn (laughter). Can I smoke?

Dodds:
Sure. We'll get you an ashtray. You smoke?

Liener:
No, thanks.

Dodds:
What were you shooting with?

Plutchak:
I was shooting with... I can't remember his name.

Dodds:

I was talking about the gun. What gun were you using?

Plutchak:

I shot a 1950, when they first came out, automatic. In fact about 2 years ago, I sold it. A man, he had two of them, he liked them so. But they were hanging up. Mine, it never did hang up. I told him that. He wanted her, and I told him "when I get ready to sell it, I'll let you know." Which I did, and he was tickled to get her. He said he shot her that whole fall, and she never did hang up.

Liener:

Was that a Remington, or a Browning?

Plutchak:

Remington.

Dodds:

I noticed by your license tags that you started shooting around... I think 1936 was the earliest one there.

Plutchak:

I don't know when I did get the first one. I used to know, but not now.

Dodds:

What made you decide that you wanted to get the first license every year?

Plutchak:

I don't know. It was Tom Faulkner, was the one that was looking out for me. He knew I wanted number 1, and they'd come in the first of July, and nobody ever thinks about hunting licenses in July, and he'd lay number 1 away for me; fill it out and lay it away with the rest of them. Boy, he did that for years. That's when I got number 1.

Dodds:

When did you stop shooting, Gus?

Plutchak:

I went once in two years, and that was doves. I used to look forward to go dove shooting the first of the season. Damn if I didn't go and ask Bert Wheeler, the game warden, "when does dove season start?" "Hell, it's been over for four days." Here I shot it for 60 years, and forgot the first day (laughter). It really got me. Had a farmer come in one evening, said "I just started cutting my corn down there next to the woods, I got about 75 yards from the woods cut. Every time I go back and forth, a lot of doves go flying. Come down there in the morning. Then you can shoot them in

the morning." I said "I'll be there." I went down. Twelve was the limit. I got 12, and all the time I was waiting for him to come by this damn squirrel was chattering, and raising hell down in the woods there, just inside the woods. So, I had my 12, and i went down there, and the brush was about as high as this ceiling. On the ground there was no brush. It was clean. I could walk right through there, and I came right out to this big tree. I looked up to the top of it, and there were squirrels everywhere. And I started shooting. I started from the tree trunk out, as they come to the trunk and go down, I'd knock them off. I killed six straight, and missed a seventh coming down the tree trunk. He was practically falling out, he was coming down so fast. I went home with 12 doves and 6 squirrels.

Dodds:

Do you clean, and they'd eat the doves?

Plutchak:

No.

Dodds:

What did you do with the doves?

Plutchak:

I gave them to the boss, Curt Larrimore. He always had them cleaned. I have heard him say a number of times "people say you can't eat a quail a day for 30 days, they're too rich. That's a damn lie. Because I know I've eaten them for 30 days."

Dodds:

Have you ever eaten a dove, Joe?

Liener:

Oh, ya.

Dodds:

What do they taste like?

Liener:

Like a pigeon.

Plutchak:

Dark meat.

Dodds:

Ya. Do you get much out of them?

Liener:

There's two good-size chunks of breast meat; a little bit on the legs, not much.

Plutchak:

That's about all you get, breasts and two legs.

Dodds:

What was your favorite bird for eating?

Plutchak:

Quail.

Dodds:

Quail.

Liener:

How about pheasant?

Plutchak:

Didn't care too much for them.

Liener:

No?

Plutchak:

No. I had a man who said "come on down. I have a covey of birds right in my garden. Bring your dog down, and we'll see if we can kill some of them. I want to thin them out a little bit." I said "ya, I'll be down there." I went down there, and we killed about 15, something like that. I gave them to him, and I came back to town, and went to work. Then he come in the barber shop with 5 \$100.00-dollar bills, and said "I want that dog." I said "Man, I can't sell you my dog." No way in the world. I wouldn't think about selling him. He said "I can't blame you." Curt Llama had the front chair. I had the second one. When the man got out the door he turned to me "you the dumbest son-of-a-bitch I've ever seen in my life; turned down \$500.00 for a damn dog." I said "Man, you don't know what a dog means to me."

Dodds:

What kind of dog was it?

Plutchak:

Just a setter. I got a puppy out of her. And the first day I took the puppy out I was hunting this dove that lit on the other side of the branch, and I saw her stop, throw her head up and sniff. She kept sniffing; didn't know what to make of it. I walked up to her. She wouldn't move. She just kept sniffing. Well, I stepped in the brush, and out went a whole covey of bird. I didn't expect no bird out of a puppy only about 7 months old. And just as one went over the top of a sycamore tree, I clipped it. I didn't know whether I hit it or not. I'm pretty sure I did, but I cut off a lot of leaves. And he fell on the other side of the tree, and I couldn't

see. I walked over there, and called the dog. She come over there, and she saw him on the ground. She yipped and stood there looking at it. Finally I got her to go to it and pick it up, which was what I wanted her to do. She gave it to me, and I put it in my hunting coat. A covey of birds went right across the branch. We went right over there after them. Got right into them, killed one or two. Got into another covey. They went up the branch where the other ones went. When I came out of there, with that puppy, I had 15 maybe 18 birds. She never broke the stand. She stayed right there until I told her "fetch." Then she'd go to the bird. Next time I took her out and I shot, and the bird fell, she was gone. She got me that bird, and came right back. I don't know why, but the first time I took her out, the whole day, she stopped and never broke the stand, but after that she'd break at the shot of the gun. Which is alright. The quicker you can get the dog to the bird, you're more apt to find him. Man had an expensive dog he just bought. He gave me a great big pointer. He said "now give it to him, because he's going to spoil my dog. He won't hold a stand. He won't honor the other dog. He's going to go ahead, and they keep moving up. Finally they get so close, they flush the covey. He's going to ruin my dog. I'll give you the damn pointer if you want him." I said "ya, I'll take him." That fool was so damn big he never got into a canter. He'd just walk with his head up in the air. My God, he had the nose; find every damn bird there was. A man from South Carolina came down there, and heard about me killing a lot of birds, and he wanted to go birding with me. So, I took him. He left the next day to go back south. That's when my dog left. Son-of-a-bitch come around my house that night and stole him.

Dodds:

Is that right?

Plutchak:

That's what he did.

Liener:

How in the dickens did he get ahold of him?

Plutchak:

I don't know. I had him right in my workshop, right next to the house. He just opened the door, I guess, and went in there. That was a pretty damn dirty trick. I know damn well that when he got him home, and I know he had other dogs at home, when my dog, that damn big pointer, wouldn't honor his dogs, he'd shoot the hell out of him.

Liener:

That would spoil him for good.

Plutchak:

No. He'd been shot so damn much that it didn't make any difference. I didn't shoot him. I wouldn't shoot him for nothing. But I know he'd been ... Clayton got him. Sheriff had him. Deputy sheriff had him. And somebody else had him before Clayton got him. they gave him away because he wouldn't honor the other dogs. And he did the same with me.

Dodds:

Do you still have a dog?

Plutchak:

No. I can't walk. About all i could do **is** to go from here to up where I was on foot. Then I would have to stand still and let the blood circulate through my legs, before I could go again.

Dodds:

Gus, do you want to go down to the museum, and have a look around? I know you haven't been there before.

Plutchak:

Ya, I've got nothing else to do.

Dodds:

Joe, you want to come down with us?

Liener:

Ya.

Dodds:

Ok.

End of Recording.