[Snap Judgment]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** You know, I'm reading a book, like you do, building strong families and everything. And this book says that one characteristic of strong families is that they know their history. Know their history. So, I get my kids together, I sit them down to tell them the history of their family, of my family. And they sit, waiting, expectant for the knowledge to drop. But then, I start considering that history and what I really know. At best, the most charitable way to put it is that there's a creative interpretation gene burned into our family DNA. Truth, lies, wishes, hopes, dreams, all assume the same status. To give you just the smallest window, apparently, my grandmother sometimes collected kids who needed a place to live. Sometimes, they stayed. Sometimes, they didn't. And it's wonderful. I love her for that. But over the years, who's who gets mixed up, and I have four uncles, that I am just now learning, I'm not technically related to. And did my grandfather really spent three years of his childhood, mostly living in an actual teepee with Cherokee relatives? It seems unlikely when you say it out loud. But that's gospel. That's sacred family lore. So, I tell my kids, what I know.

I told them that, "Your great, great grandfather led a slave revolt and drowned his captors into the sea, before turning the ship back around." I tell them that, "I remember the shine of tears on my grandmother's eyes when she recalled that three days after her baby, Eddie, was born, that he disappeared from the bassinet from where she had just laid him. And all of her relatives, and eventually, all of our community searched for this missing infant from sunup till sundown. It was not until she prayed to her ancestors and to her Jesus, that she thought to cut open the red squash. And when she pried open the gourd, there slept baby Eddie, my uncle.

I tell them that, "Your great, great grandmother discovered the moon." I tell them that, "You are born of these stories. Remember them like sacred text. They are better than true. They are history."

[upbeat music]

Today on Snap Judgment, we explore the family secrets that bring us together, and those that tear us apart. We're calling it The Family Name. My name is Glynn Washington. And sometimes a lie and the truth are the same thing, when you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

Understand, those secrets we hide to protect our loved ones can never truly be cast aside. The first story begins from Julie Lindahl who was growing up in the 1970s. She loved visiting her grandmother's apartment. It was a peaceful place that felt like another world.

Sensitive listeners should note, this story does contain graphic imagery.

**Julie:** It was the quiet. To me, it was as though whenever I went in there, the carpet absorbed sound. The windows were very thick, so no sound from the outside road came in. One of her favorite poems by a poet called Uhland. He said, "Quiet is best." It was one of her favorite lines. Everything around her said that quiet is best.

[somber music]

**Erika:** In the column of her grandmother's apartment, Julie would sometimes leaf through old family photos. One of the albums had a photo of a man in a dark overcoat standing in a field, looking down, his face a black and white blur. This was Julie's grandfather. He was a mystery to her. He died when she was young, and the only thing she knew about her grandfather was that he'd been a farmer. That's because nobody really talked about him. And somehow, she knew not to ask. Any mention of her grandfather was met with silence, hostile silence. And whatever this thing was that made everybody stop talking had kind of broken everyone. Julie dealt with it by shutting down, but her sister coped in another way.

**Julie:** Well, my sister dealt with it. She would run into the room next door, shut the door, and get out a crayon and paint her face with it and write all kinds of expletives on it, and looked at herself in the mirror just to get it out of her system.

**Erika:** As kids, Julie and her sister were afraid to bring it up further. But over the years, every once in a while, Julie would think back to that man in the photo with the blurry face. It wasn't until she was an adult that she got the courage to ask the question she'd held on to for so long.

[somber music]

**Julie:** It was an extraordinary moment, in which my father and I were alone. We'd had very nice day together. When it started to rain, we got on a public bus to go back to my small apartment. I thought I'd just have to ask him. We were sitting on this bus, and I said, "You know, dad, who was my grandfather?" Oppa, as I called him. And my father's hand started to shake. He didn't even look at me. He looked almost blue in his face. And my father just said, "You must never look into this. Never ask these questions and never look into this." Immediately, I felt awful. I just felt like I had to retreat from that and not touch it, ever.

**Erika:** Julie never raised the topic again. Until her father died.

**Julie:** His last words to me were, "Look after my grandchildren." And I thought, "Oh, God, to look after your grandchildren, I have to do something you forbade me to do."

**Erika:** She had to do it, because Julie didn't want her own children to grow up like she did, under the weight of an oppressive secret. She wanted everything out in the open.

Part of me wonders, why didn't you just go to your grandmother and ask her?

**Julie:** Because I realized from the very beginning that nobody else in the family was going to help me with this, because they had tried to live their lives, forgetting about it.

**Erika:** That's how she found herself in Berlin in the German Federal archives, watching as an archivist pulled out a stack of information, about 100 pages. He was holding the answer she'd wanted her whole life.

**Julie:** And I said, "Well, what's in them?" And he said, "Well, as far as I can see, it's mostly their application documents to marry to get into the SS." And I said, "What?" The SS was Hitler's elite.

[somber music]

**Julie:** What went through my head was a scream.

**Erika:** When she finally looked at her grandparents' marriage application, it started to sink in. Her grandfather was a Nazi.

**Julie:** They had to present evidence of their racial purity, physical examinations, images of themselves taken from all kinds of angles, family trees. I had known my grandmother for so many years, all my life, [chuckles] of course. This image of this woman standing there, holding me as a baby and rocking me, and bestowing her love upon me was there. And I just couldn't square it with this picture of her laughing and smiling and looking happy and ecstatic about her application to be an SS wife, because she was in there too. I could see her signature everywhere in these documents, and I remembered all the birthday cards that she'd sent me that had the same handwriting in them. My grandmother has not told me the truth.

[tense music]

**Erika:** The truth was that Julie's grandparents had been stationed by the SS in Poland during the war. Germany had taken the farms, deported the landowners, and were essentially enslaving local Poles to farm for them until ethnic Germans could come take their place. Her grandfather's job was to oversee the farmers' estates. He had complete power over them, and he used it.

**Julie:** He was a fanatic. And he was a completely convinced, ideologically convinced Nazi who acted on all of his impulses and all the propaganda that he was pumped full of.

**Erika:** That old blurry photo of her grandfather in a field, that was him on captured farmland. The people in the background were the Polish farmers he oversaw. And Julie now knew why her grandparents had fled suddenly to Brazil in 1960. They had to escape war trials in Europe.

**Julie:** I didn't go to see her after that.

**Erika:** How long after that was it that you visited your grandmother again?

**Julie:** Well, I don't think I'd seen her for a couple of years. I was in Germany, and I thought, "Well, I'm here, so I should go see her." And she was very happy to see me, always very happy to see me. And I could see that she had changed a lot. She had grown quite a bit older, and she had much more difficulty moving, and her hair had gone completely white. I didn't want to hurt this elderly woman who had otherwise been fairly kind to me.

[somber music]

So, I told her I'd been in Northern Germany. I'd visited these different places. And she was very curious about that. And of course, it launched her right back into memory. She swung between describing the beautiful life and very much from the perspective of everything they had lost, because that was a phrase she repeated over and over again. "Oh, child, all that we lost," she always said that. To me, it ends up being a very heartless thing to say, given the suffering and murder that was going on everywhere there. I was getting more and more upset. But eventually I interrupted her and asked her, "Was your husband in the SS? Were you an SS wife?" She said something like, "Well, that's just preposterous. I don't know where you got that from."

I felt like someone had taken a sledgehammer to my head. And she didn't want to stay there, obviously, because she very quickly moved on from the topic. My head was hurting so much. So, I just kind of sat there and nodded and I could barely look at her anymore. All I could do was sit there and feel this horror and terror at not being able to acknowledge the truth.

**Erika:** Julie used to talk to her grandmother on the phone every week. But after that day, she started avoiding her calls. Julie understood that if she wanted answers, she'd have to find them on her own. So, she went to the next logical place, Poland. It was in Poland and another archive that she found three folders of statements by witnesses from when Poland was prosecuting war criminals. Each of the three folders had her grandfather's photo on the cover.

**Julie:** To me, he looked pretty glassy eyed, it was as though the feeling had gone from his eyes.

**Erika:** Inside the folders were statements for Polish farmers. They called her grandfather, "A devil to the people."

**Julie:** All in Polish, of course, so I couldn't read them. So, I sat there staring at this. But, of course, for me it was just to see this and see his face on the cover of these folders, and to know that there were all these eyewitness accounts, and it was mortifying. This young historian sat there and he could see that I was just beyond myself. So, he came in and he said, "Can't you come and have a cup of tea with me in the kitchen?"

**Erika:** And the two of them sat down to tea. Julie explained what she was doing. And the historian, whose name was Robert, said he'd help. He translated some of what the witnesses described.

**Julie:** There were horrendous accounts of the things that were used to torture people and very specific with what types of tools, whips and other horrible things that he used. Some of these people were permanently unable to get up after. People just lived in a complete state of terror.

[somber music]

**Erika:** After they'd read it, Robert looked at her.

**Julie:** He said, "So, what are you going to do next?" I just spit out instinctively that, "I'm going to hire a car and I'm going to drive out into the countryside. And I'm going to find these people, the people who had testified in these documents." And he said, "Well, you don't speak any Polish. So, how are you going to do that?" And I said, "I don't know. But I just have to do it." And he said, "Well, I'll come with you."

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** When we return, Julie Lindahl is headed to find the man who suffered at the hands of her grandfather decades ago, when Snap Judgment, A Family Name episode continues. Stay tuned.

[pensive music]

When last we left, Julie Lindahl and Robert were headed into the Polish countryside to find the men who had called her grandfather "A devil to the people."

[pensive music]

**Julie:** The next day, he and I jumped in the car and we drove.

**Erika:** They drove out of the city and into the Polish countryside, flat farmland, dotted with small houses and airy remnants of the past.

**Julie:** One of the estates that my grandfather had held, one could actually see the ruins have a gigantic brick barn that he had built.

**Erika:** The first witness they were looking for, they didn't have much to go on. Just a town and a family name. Julie doubted the man was even alive. And even if he was, most of the roads didn't have street signs. Then, Robert spotted someone in a nearby field.

**Julie:** He took the papers in his fist and got me to stop the car and ran into the middle of this field, held the papers up to the farmer who stopped his tractor. And the farmer said, "Just drive over there and you'll find the family."

[somber music]

**Erika:** When Robert and Julie went down the road and knocked on the door of a small dilapidated house, a timid woman in her 60s answered.

**Julie:** Robert explained in Polish why we were there, and she said, "Yes, that is my husband's testimony you have there, that's his name. Please come in." The husband was sitting in a chair when every time you move slightly, the kind of rusty springs could be heard. He looked pale on his face. The shirt was partly open, so you could see his ribs sticking out. It was clear that he was very sick. Robert shook his hand and explained, but the man wouldn't shake my hand. I just sat down to the side.

**Erika:** Robert and the man started talking in Polish. Back when Julie's grandfather was overseeing the farms, this man had been a teenager.

[somber music]

**Julie:** He had very blue-grey eyes, and this look of a fury in his eyes. These people were kept in sort of near starving conditions.

[dramatic music]

**Erika:** The idea was basically to keep them going as long as they were needed. And then, they could be dispensed with.

**Julie:** This is what he had endured during his teenage years. He'd say something to Robert and stop, and then he would look over at me again, and just shoot these furious looks at me. And to me, it felt like, "Please let me take this. Please, just shoot it all at me. Just go on, because that's why I'm here."

**Erika:** The man with the blue eyes did not want to talk very much. And it wasn't long before Robert looked at Julie and just said, "I think we need to go."

**Julie:** At the end, I just thought whatever I do before I leave this room, I must try to shake this man's hand, because I want him to know that whatever his feelings are, that's okay with me. He can have those feelings. So, we were about to leave and he shook Robert's hand, but he didn't shake mine, and I took his hand and just say goodbye and thanked him. And he looked at me in the oddest way, as though he just didn't really understand, as though there should still be some rivalry between us.

**Erika:** Robert and Julie kept going down the list of names. When they pulled up to the driveway of the next house, they found the second man already outside. He looked like he was in his 90s. He'd lost most of his teeth. And he was sitting on a tree stump, carving some wood with a pen knife.

**Julie:** He was just sitting quietly, kind of talking to himself a little bit. And then, there were two young people, I think, in their late 20s or early 30s, who were fixing a bicycle. Robert talked to the younger people who were very kind and just said, "Absolutely, you can talk to our grandfather." And the granddaughter went over and took him by the arm and brought him inside the house.

**Erika:** When they all sat down at the table, Robert started asking questions. The man's granddaughter would repeat each question in his ear so he could hear them. But the man had dementia. And he didn't understand exactly who Julie was.

**Julie:** He kept asking, "Who are we talking about? Who is this?" And eventually, the granddaughter shouted my grandfather's name into his ear.

[somber music]

**Julie:** And then all of a sudden, the man, you could see something was coming to him in his mind. And suddenly, he had sort of his hands over his head like he was protecting himself from something. He said, "I'm in a lineup of people who are going to be shot," and he was in this barn, and he was crawling around, trying to hide somewhere and it was like somebody who was being tortured. It was almost a kind of wailing. This man was clearly actually having a flashback. I just said, "Stop. We just have to stop this." And the granddaughter sort of calmed him down and took him outside again. And very quickly, he reverted back to his old situation. He was there and sitting there and carving this piece of wood and became calm again.

What came to me after those first two meetings when I was in the car with Robert was, we were hurting people. We were bringing back memories that were better left alone. And so, I actually said to Robert, "I don't think that this is a good idea. I think we should stop doing this now". And I think somewhere, he understood the importance of this in a way that I had not comprehended. He just continued, he said, "No, we have to go on." In fact, he just got in the driver's seat and stepped on the pedal.

[car drives away]

**Erika:** Over the Polish country backroads, they wandered from house to house. Robert jumped out at each one to ask for directions, until they found the house of the third man.

**Julie:** Eventually, we pulled into just outside of a home. It was very, very isolated. What struck me was that there was this beautiful cherry orchard in front of the house. A man came out, a man in his 80s and he had actually been informed of our arrival in advance.

[somber music]

**Julie:** He was smiling. And you could see that he was looking at me in a very intense way as though he was trying to make out whether he would recognize any of my features. I noticed a big gash over one of his eyes. He welcomed us in his house, and we sat in his dining room. His daughter and his wife came and served us cherries and drink. And Robert started to ask him questions. He had obviously a very strong need to get the story out.

**Erika:** The man had been 10 years old when his parents worked on her grandfather's estate. And he had clear memories of that time.

**Julie:** This gash over his eye had been from a blow delivered by my grandfather to his head, because he hadn't doffed his hat when my grandfather had walked past him.

**Erika:** There was one thing he was insistent on talking about, the gardener who worked at her grandfather's house. He explained that Julie's grandfather used to ride the fields on a white horse with a revolver and a whip. Then at the end of the day, he'd come home, and the gardener would be there.

[tense music]

**Julie:** And the gardener was the object of whatever he hadn't unleashed on people in the field, he unleashed on the gardener with his batons and whips. I had big pools of tears on my face all the time. There was no other way to be. This guy could see that, and he took my forearms into his hands, and he kind of shook them a bit. Then, he said, "You didn't do anything, and you need to remember that it's not your fault." He told me that if I was like my grandmother, I must be an angel. And I said, "Why?" And he said, "Well, because your grandmother called the apothecary when people were beaten."

**Erika:** Julie tried to make sense of this. It wasn't exactly how she pictured her grandmother during the war. And since she'd also found out that her grandfather had abused her grandmother, Julie wasn't sure how to feel. How complicit was her grandmother in all of this?

**Julie:** I went outside to wait for Robert before we left. So, I was just standing in front of the vegetable garden and amid the cherry trees, trying to look around and get some air and collect myself. I was looking at these rows of very beautiful-looking vegetables in this plot. And suddenly, I felt a physical presence. The man came out with his wife and placed themselves on either side of me, very close to me so that our hands were touching. I think really what I could hear was our own breathing. I'll never forget.

**Erika:** It was only later as Julie and Robert drove away that day that Julie realized who that man was. He was the gardener's son. It was obvious that Julie had to talk to her grandmother.

**Julie:** She was over 100 years old. Therefore, I felt like I don't know if I can tell her and ask her about this. Is this the kind of thing you do to an elderly person who when you were younger bestowed love and affection upon you?

[somber music]

**Julie:** I talked to my husband about it. And he said, "Well, you know something? This is about you. How are you going to feel about yourself if she passes away, and you have never told her what you know?"

**Erika:** So, Julie went to meet her grandmother in Germany, in that same room with a thick carpet and the thick windows.

**Julie:** I wanted to be very close to her because I realized it was going to be a very difficult moment. So, I sat sort of a bit below her on a footstool. I took her hand into mine, because I knew that she was calmed if someone stroked her hand. So, I did that. And I just said, "I think we just have to be open about the fact that grandpa was in the SS." And I thought that she would argue with me and deny it and all this. And then, she just sat back and finally decided that there's no way to argue with this. And she said, "Yes, you're right. He was."

All the time, I was trying to keep the door open for her, for her to say, "Yes, this happened. And yes, I regret it. And it was a terrible thing. And it was awful." And that would have been enough. It would have been enough for me. But we never got there because she went on for a long time several hours defending their actions, which I could barely believe. I was so completely out of my wits.

[tense music]

**Julie:** She believed that the world was out to get Germans, and the Holocaust was an invention by the international media to keep us Germans down. I don't know with the years, if she actually started to believe this, because you can repeat something so often that it becomes your truth. There was no way she couldn't have known, because after all, they were right in the middle of it all. I mean, an hour away from one of their places was the first place in Poland where they gassed people in trucks. She knew all these things. So, I thought, "How can you defend this stuff?" But that's what she did. Her eyes were absolutely wide open.

**Erika:** Was there a moment when you realized that your relationship had changed?

**Julie:** Yeah. This might sound outrageous, but I did love my grandmother to the end. People can say whatever they like about that, you shouldn't love someone who's like that. I have to say I did because she was a good grandmother to me when I was young, and that doesn't leave me. I didn't want her to have a heart attack or something because I had confronted her. So, I called her later on to see how she was and she was very, very angry with me. She basically turned the tables and said, "You are the problem in this family, not anyone else. You are the problem, because you have dug up this story." And I thought it's over. There's nothing left to say. She was snapping at me through most of that conversation, but she ended up by saying, just calmly, this favorite line of hers, "Quiet is best. Quiet is best."

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Big thanks to Julie Lindahl for sharing her story. Julie has written a book about this experience. It's called *The Pendulum: A Granddaughter’s Search for Her Family’s Forbidden Nazi Past.* And a version of this story was originally produced for the podcast, Kind World. You can find Kind World in any podcast app, more details on our website *snapjudgment.org*. The original score for that piece was by Leon Morimoto, production assistance from Liz Mak, and it was produced by Erika Lantz.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** When Snap returns, winter is coming, for real. The Family Name episode continues in just a moment. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** From Snap Judgment's underground lair, welcome back to Snap Judgment, The Family Name episode. My name is Glynn Washington. And through the magic of radio transmogrification technology, we now take you to the Snap Judgment Live stage, where you've got the best seat in the house, and I've got a little story of my own. Snap Judgment Live.

[rock music]

[applause]

[audience cheering]

**Glynn:** Okay, when I was a little kid, my parents decided to move us to the middle of Northern Michigan, nowhere. And we got our dilapidated, old, crazy, rickety, single-wide mobile home. And it looked like what would happen if right after the wolf had blew and blew with the little pigs.

[laughter]

And that was cool because Pops was doing the best he could. He really was. But I still had to go to school every day. And we're the only black family for 100 miles and I was going to get it no matter what. But we handed it to him on a silver platter. I get on the school bus, and in unison, they say, "Negro, negro. What's the matter with your house though, negro? Where does the rain go? [chuckles] I bet it's so cold." Hmm. You've got to take it, right? You've got to take it. And I get home and I'd be a little bit grumpy. My dad's like, "That make you tough That's what life's all about. You've got to be tough." My mother, she is like, "I don't like it when you're hunched over when you're a little kid. It's not right."

[laughter]

"It's not good. And I don't think that's a good idea." "Well, y'all need to fix something." What I didn't understand was, they had no plan. They were stretching their credit past the breaking point. They were looking around. And one day, mama came up and said, "It's moving day." I'm poor kid wary. We don't like change when you a little poor kid. You don’t like change things up. "What do you mean it's moving day?" We get in our car, and we roll over, and we see it is 80 acres of prime Michigan swampland. And right on the hill, it's a brand-new double-wide trailer.

[laughter]

What? It's still wrapped in the plastic. And I can't believe-- I can't believe what's going on. I can't believe that we run around, they've got the [unintelligible 00:39:32] the wood paneling. NPR, y'all don’t understand the leap from a single wide to a double wide. Y'all don't get it. You don't get it at all. Michigan, rural Michigan, they got it. This was moving on up, to the east side, to a deluxe apartment in the sky. We were happy. I knew I couldn't ask my parents for nothing for two, maybe three years. No birthday presents, no shoes. We did not care. Didn't care. And we're rolling up in there, and I'm chilling in a way that I've never relaxed. The faucets work, the toilet flushes, the lights, come on. It's awesome.

And in Michigan, it's not a fantasy novel thing, winter is coming. Winter is coming, and you've got to get ready. And what everyone does, because we didn't have a foundation and insulation money, what you do is, you put some hay bales underneath your spot. Voila, insulation. That’s what we did. Put some hay bales underneath there. And I'll tell you, first of all, when I get on the bus, that first day I get on the bus and they're ready to start singing, they're ready. "What? What? I can't hear you. Double wide." And then, when they pull a seat over to let me sit down, no, I'll sit my damn self. Double wide.

I'm at home one day. I'm watching *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang,* drinking some hot chocolate, and I'm loving life. And until winter come. And I don't care. Nice, toasty, and warm and carrying on. But then, one day, I wake up and go to turn on the water faucet, and no water comes out. My brother, he comes and he's like, "Dad, the water pipes are frozen." "Uh-huh. Don't worry. Mom's down underneath the house with the torch, unfreezing the water pipes." Again, I'm a little kid weary. All right, "Okay. I get it. She's unfreezing the-- with a torch, mama? All right." And I wait a minute and he's playing stupid. So, I have to say it first. "Brother, do you smell smoke?" Around the house, my brother, "Mama, mama." We see dark smoke coming up from underneath our trailer. "Mama." And she comes out, "Boys, boys." And I run back in to get some water for this fire, but the pipes are frozen. And I run back out and we start trying to push snow underneath our house at this monster, which by now has got orange fingers looking out, trying to destroy our home. And we're working together as fast as we can. But this monster is too much. And it's consuming our little bit of hope in this Michigan wasteland.

I see it all going away and this little boy hearing, I sense something, and I run into the house. "Where are you going?" I get to the faucet, first it was a trickle, and it's running, because the fire has unthawed the pipes. And we get cups and pitchers in bowls and aluminum cans and we're trying to throw fire underneath this house. And finally, finally, the smoke turns to steam. And we lay out on this tundra, barely believing that we are still there, that our little bit of hope is still there. It's cold, I can barely move, my skin is clogged from my fingers. And my mother says, "The school bus is going to be here any minute. "

[laughter]

We run back in the house, try to get clothes on, something shirt, whatever, run, barely make it to school bus. And the boy sitting next to me said, "What happened to you?" And I'm thinking he's talking about the fact that I have two different kinds of shoes on, my hair's not combed. But he's pointing over at the house. And there's a black, oily mark on our double-wide mobile home. It takes the kids about three days. "Negro, negro. What's the matter with your house though, negro? You burned it down though." Everybody's singing.

[laughter]

When I got home, my mother, she says, "Don't worry about anything. We're going to get this place fixed up as good as new. As good as new." I know, I know we don't have fixing mobile home winter money. I know this. "Son, are you okay. Are you okay?" [scoffs] I was like, "You know what? Mama, don't even trip. Nobody even noticed."

[applause and cheers]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Snap Judgment Live. Such good times touring around this amazing country of ours, and know this, Snappers are everywhere. Everywhere. We're just back on the funk of Bells Atlas. And Bells Atlas, they've got a brand-new album coming out. You can get it. It's at *bellsatlas.com*.

Now then, this story might be over, but more storytelling awaits where this came from. Get the amazing Snap Judgment Podcast. Get it right now, before it's too late wherever you get your podcast. Snap is brought to you by the team that always, it's always building a little bit of family history. Please give a care for the uber producer, Mr. Mark Ristich.

[upbeat music]

Pat Mesiti-Miller, Anna Sussman, Leon Morimoto, Liz Mak, Nancy López, Eliza Smith, Teo Ducot, Flo Wiley, Renzo Gorrio, Shaina Shealy. My name is Glynn Washington.

And even though this is not the news, no way is this the news. In fact, you could uncover the secret records containing your grandfather as the true author of Hanson's megahit, *MMMBop*. And after burning said records, you would still, still not be as far away from the news as this is, but this is PRX.

[upbeat music]