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Summer 2000
Eleanor Wend: Mrs. Heller, when did your family first come to Montana?

Mary Heller: In about 18...1881, I think I’d say...No, it would be before that.

EW: 1878?

MH: 1878.

EW: And how did they happen to come?

MH: Well, my father was a missionary minister with the Presbyterian church—graduate of Union Seminary in New York, which is part of Columbia now—and he was sent out here to Missoula, and that’s where he started, and then he came to the Flathead Valley.

EW: Could you tell us the story of what happened in Missoula, and how he happened to change and move up here?

MH: Well, he started the Presbyterian Church there, and there was supposed to be twelve members, but only six showed up. And then he wanted to build a stone church, and he found the stones, which could have been poured very easily, but the six in the congregation objected to a stone church. So he came up to the Flathead on a hunting trip—his two brother-in-laws lived here—and so he came up on a hunting trip, and he loved country. There were no churches here at all, not even the Catholic church. Father Ravalli came up from the reservation about once a month, and that was all there was. And so, he decided that this valley needed a church more than Missoula, because there were other churches in Missoula. So we came up here.

He bought a hundred...I don’t remember just exactly whether it was 320 or a 160 acres of land from this man. I can’t remember what it was called, but it wasn’t a homestead. It was his homestead, but he bought it from him. They lived in this funny little log cabin in the middle of the ranch—right on 5th Avenue West in Kalispell—and with a dirt floor. Said it was the dirtiest building that he had ever been in his life. It was so gritty. But they lived there until...Then, of course, the railroad came through, and they bought his ranch. So he stayed in the Flathead then.

EW: And what was his name?

MH: George McVeigh Fisher (?).
EW: And what was your mother’s name?

MH: Mary Elizabeth Swalley (?) was her maiden name.

EW: And you weren’t born yet?

MH: Oh, no.

EW: Were you born in that cabin?

MH: No, I was born in the house that I live in now.

EW: Really? Wonderful. And when were you born?

MH: 18...what did I say? 1898.

EW: And he was still with the same church that he had built then?

MH: Yes, yes.

EW: And did he stay with that same church through his whole life?

MH: Yes, yes.

EW: Could you describe an ordinary day in your childhood? Maybe your first memory of living in the Kalispell—

MH: All I can remember about it was how muddy the streets were when it rained, and they had crosswalks of dirt.

EW: How did you come to be a teacher in those days?

MH: Well, there really wasn’t very much else that a girl could do. She could clerk in store, she could be a stenographer, or she could be a nurse, but that’s about all. So I became a country schoolteacher.

EW: Will you tell me of your mother’s feelings about the occupations you could participate in?

MH: To be a teacher was about the only genteel thing my mother thought a girl should do, so that’s what I did. Not that I particularly wanted to, but it was because...well, I needed a job, and that was the most available.
EW: You mentioned that you were interested in nursing. Can you tell me how you came to be interested in nursing?

MH: Oh, I just was...like children are. They decide what they want to do. I thought that it would be interesting, but my family objected. So I took the easiest way out. I became a school teacher.

EW: Was your mother a teacher?

MH: No. My mother was trained to be a concert pianist.

EW: Really! Did she play the piano in the church?

MH: Oh, some. Yes.

EW: And did she play sometimes in concerts here in Kalispell?

MH: There wasn’t any such a thing as concerts in Kalispell in those days.

EW: So, you did have a piano in your home?

MH: Oh, yes.

EW: And did she teach you children how to play the piano?

MH: To some extent.

EW: Did she also sing?

MH: Beautifully.

EW: Where did she learn to be a concert pianist?

MH: She went to the Conservatory of Music in Pittsburgh.

EW: Did she start young with that?

MH: Yes, I think so. About four or five, probably.

EW: That’s very young. Did she talk to you much about that?

MH: Yes, yes.

EW: And did she enjoy being a concert pianist?
MH: Oh, yes.

EW: Did she give concerts when she was back in Pittsburgh?

MH: I don’t really know. She was quite young when she came to Montana in her early 20s.

EW: She was a Presbyterian, also?

MH: She was after she married my father.

EW: After she married your father? She wasn’t raised a Presbyterian?

MH: No, I don’t think so.

EW: Let’s see, we wandered a little bit. Could you tell us, also, about your older sister, and how she found a job in the architect? You mentioned that she had found a job—

MH: Well, she never did. She could have, but my mother wouldn’t agree to it, so...She wasn’t of age, and she couldn’t do it. She could go in this architect’s office as a draftsman.

EW: Oh, had she learned drafting?

MH: Well, no. She would learn it there, but she was very good at that—at drawing.

EW: Did she continue drawing?

MH: No.

EW: Could you tell us how you eventually came to be a teacher? What kind of schooling did a teacher have?

MH: I just had what I got in high school when I started out. That’s what most of the country school teachers were, just a high school graduate with probably a summer—one or two summer schools to help them along. I tell you, it was run different. You didn’t know anything about it [laughs]. You did the best you could. And the first school that I had was up in a place called Thompson Falls. It’s about 50 miles up the road to Libby. It’s between Libby and...It was cattle country. There were three cattle ranches in about 30 miles, you know. That’s about all there were. It was a long, narrow valley, and there three ranches—about three ranches houses there. Three or four is all.

The first school was a little white schoolhouse with a standard school sign on the front, and it was terrible. It had a round, weird stove that some enterprising salesman that gone through all
the valley—all the country schools there—and sold. They were terrible. You couldn’t get a good
fire in them until noon. You froze, even if it was lighted at six o’clock in the morning. Why
then...and it wouldn’t hold a fire all night. That was really a problem. There were only five
children in the school, and they would not speak above a whisper. I couldn’t get them to speak
above a whisper. The oldest boy’s mother talked that way, so he did and, so, all the children
copied him. I screamed. I did everything, but I couldn’t get those children to speak above a
whisper [laughs]. Ot was terrific.

The people would go by. There was nothing on both sides but timber—on both sides of the
schoolhouse for miles. Everyone would stop and ask me where the children came from. I’d say:
“Oh, you just ring the bell and they come out of the brush” [laughs]. Well, I was town girl, and
they had nothing but country girls as teachers. But surprisingly, they didn’t know how to ride,
and you had to ride in that country. But I knew how to ride. I was pretty good at it. We always
had horses. So when they found that out, at first, they’d ask me to go alone, because they knew
I just loved to get out over the weekend. Then, finally, they got so if they needed an extra hand
I was that. So, I did deal with that.

There was a series of valleys and the one about 30 miles from there didn’t have the good hay,
like that they had in the valley where I taught. So they would bring the cattle in there in the
winter and keep them over the winter and feed them. Then when it broke up in the spring—
about the first of April—they’d take them back. Well, they were going to take the cattle back.
And oh wanted to go! Oh, I was just dying to go on this trip to take the cattle back across. You
had to take them over a—not too high of range of mountains—but a range of mountains. So,
nobody said a word to me about going. I thought, well I won’t get a chance. Then one of the
men who were supposed to help them couldn’t go...or just didn’t want to go. So they asked me
if I would like to go. “You won’t have to work Mary. You won’t have to work at all. We just want
you for company” [laughs]. I hazed my string of cows clear across those mountains.

We started out early in the morning, oh, but before daylight and took them to evening to get to
Lost Prairie—that was the next range—about 30 miles. Oh! I was tired. We got there, and we
had dinner and I asked our hostess if she would show me my room. She said, “Oh, do you just
want to clean up.”

I said, “Well, no I want to go to bed.”

“Oh,” she said, “you can’t go to bed. I told everybody the schoolteacher was coming. We’re
going to have a dance.” So we had this dance. The top floor of this house was...had a beautiful
floor in it, but there was nothing else in it but a chimney going up through the middle of it. So
that’s where we had the dance. I danced, and I danced. I danced until four o’clock in the
morning. Oh! Then we had to get up at about six and start across the next range of mountains
to the Dawes Ranch (?) in Pleasant Valley. Then when I got there, it was nice house with
electricity and a bathroom, and I got a bath.
The silly thing that I did—I didn’t bring a dress with me. Now, at that time girls were wearing pants but not up in that country. You wore a divided skirt, and if you know what a divided skirt was...It came clear down to my ankles and it was full, and it probably smelled bad because I had worn it all winter and that’s what I had to wear all the time. It was green [laughs], and I never got so sick of anything in my life. So I didn’t have any clothes to change to. I danced all night long in that terrible divided skirt. At that point I got to the Dawes Ranch where there was a girl there visiting from Minneapolis, and she was my size so she loaned me a dress. I felt like a different person after a hot bath.

Then on the way home...Why, of course, that didn’t take near the time. We got to Marion and then moved on. It was marvelous. We just sailed along. And I had a real good horse, because the horse that I road to school. Well we respected each other, but we didn’t like each other. He was a buckskin. I suppose you’d call him a palomino, but they just called him a plain, common, ordinary buckskin horse. I don’t know whether I should tell this or not. But he was cut proud. Do you know what that means? Well, that means that he was a stallion, but had been a poor job, so. He was rather hard to handle, but I could do it, and he minded me. He was rough. He just went like that when...but he was a good horse. But I didn’t have to ride him on this trip. I had a real nice oh, beautiful horse—a gray horse—and just as happy as could be. So, that was that trip.

EW: What kind of music was at the dance?

MH: Violins, mostly. There’d be two or three people that would play the fiddle and maybe an accordion. No piano, hardly ever. Just violins and maybe an accordion.

EW: And everyone came from all around?

MH: Oh, everybody came. They brought their babies, and they rolled them up in blanket and put them down on the chairs. And if you weren’t careful you sat on a baby [laughs].

EW: [laughs] Flat babies.

MH: Oh, they came from miles.

EW: And they’d organized the dance if the schoolteacher was coming?

MH: Yes, because the schoolteacher was coming. Oh, I couldn’t go to bed. You see, there were very few girls in that country. Lots of men, but very, very few girls.

EW: You must have felt like you had quite a choice then.

MH: From what there was I suppose there was a choice. Oh, I enjoyed that year. It was very different. Now right by the house, just down a little hill was a river—the Thompson River. I
remember, I’d come home from school, and Mrs. Sales would say. “I guess we’ll have fish for dinner tonight. Will you set the table?” So, I’d set the table and peel the potatoes. She’d get a branch—a branch with a fish line on it—and get something, some meat, venison or whatever she had out. She didn’t have a refrigerator but she had a cold...oh, a root cellar, and she’d get it out and that was the bait and come back with a great big cutthroat trout that long.

EW: Wow!

MH: All she had to do was put a line in and out came a trout.

EW: A good fisher to be able to do it like that.

MH: Their meat was mostly...It was a cattle ranch, but I don’t think I ever tasted beef. We had, oh, a lot of our chicken. We had grouse, pheasant, and then we had venison.

EW: And so, there was a lot of hunting that went on?

MH: Oh, yes.

EW: Well, did all the big cattle go eastward or somewhere?

MH: They had their own ranches and then they had the forests range too. And that country up there had been surveyed by the Union Pacific Railroad, and they owned a lot of the land, and they just used that for pasture. A lot of what it was what they called side-hill prairie—beautiful trees—but it was more like a park. No underbrush, and there were deer and the cattle there. Sometimes in the spring I would see, going to school, there would be...There was a salt lick not too far the school, and sometimes there would be ten or 15 deer around there, and they would be on these side hills just by the way the cattle were. There were so many there then.

EW: How long did you teach at that school?

MH: Just one year.

EW: Just one year. And then where—

MH: Then I went off. Then I went back to school. I didn’t want to teach. I really didn’t like to teach in the country. It was all right, but it was boring to me—this teaching part. The rest of it was very interesting.

EW: So, that was the year right after you were out of high school?

MH: Yes, yes.
EW: Then you went for the summer to Bozeman to the normal school?

MH: Yes, yes. Then the next year, I went down to North Carolina with my sister. They were all at...went to school down there.

EW: Oh, to the university there?

MH: No, it wasn’t a university there. It was a girl’s school.

EW: Oh, I see.

MH: And I won’t name it, because I just don’t want to.

EW: Did you study teaching there?

MH: No, just the general course.

EW: So, when was the next time that you taught?

MH: Oh, at that year and then I went on with teaching, and I went over to Cut Bank and taught there in the first grade.

EW: Just the first grade you taught?

MH: Yes.

EW: Did you like teaching better there?

MH: Oh, yes. I loved it. It was entirely different.

EW: How so?

MH: Well, for one thing it was a beautiful building—the nicest building in town—and my principal was a wonderful man, very easy to work for. We got along just beautifully, and everything was different—different entirely.

EW: Who did you work for when you taught at Thompson...in the Thompson River...Falls?

MH: It was Thompson River.

EW: Was there a principal around there or someone who—
MH: Oh, no. No. I was just the only one. It was just five...There was just the five children, two boys and three girls.

EW: And how many children did you have in the first grade in Cut Bank?

MH: Thirty of them.

EW: Thirty?

MH: There were two first grades.

EW: And you taught both?

MH: No, there were two first-grade teachers.

EW: Could you describe Cut Bank in those days?

MH: It was quite a town. You couldn’t see the town from the depot then at all. You were just bussed—oh, funny old bus that came to pick up the people to take them into town. I was on the train with a girl I knew, who was going back to school, and we stood on the platform and talked, and the bus left. So there I was stranded.

There was this other funny, little girl that was going to teach a country school over there, and she was scared to death. She thought we were lost out there on the prairie—you couldn’t see anything. So this ford drove by, and this boy came over and said, “Would you girls mind riding in the bus with baseball team from Shelby?”

We said, “No.” So, we got in. I don’t know how we did, but we got in this one little old Ford with the baseball team from Shelby—with our bags—and they took us to Cut Bank. I went into this hotel—it was a red hotel. It had that corrugated iron. What is it? Corrugated tin, I guess, that they used on freight trains. It was covered with that and painted red. Came in there, and I wanted a room. That was all right. Then the proprietor came out. She seemed to be a huge woman—red-headed—and she said, “You’re our new school teacher, aren’t you?”

I said, “Yes.”

She said, “Well, you can’t stay here.”

I said, “Well, where can I go?”

“Well, you can stay all night, and then you can go over to the annex.” The next day, I went over to the annex and stayed.
EW: That was an annex to the school?

MH: No, annex to the hotel. Yes, that was just a little wooden building, but it had nice rooms. They were nice. It was nice and clean. It had bathrooms and all those things, and I stayed there. A doctor in the town married one of the schoolteachers that night, and they had a shivaree. So the proprietor of the Red Tin Hotel shot the plate-glass out of the hotel where I was staying that night.

EW: For what reason?

MH: Oh, it was just...They were having a shivaree, and they was just a little bit drunk, I guess, so he just did it for fun [laughs].

EW: Like that. Easy [laughs].

MH: Just for kicks.

EW: And you heard that?

MH: Oh, boy! Did I hear it! It sounded like thunder. It was a great big window—lovely window. Of course, he had to pay to have another put in. But I guess it was worth it. He seemed to think so [laughs].

EW: Well, he did it.

MH: Oh, Cut Bank was a nice town then—free and easy. No one had an awful lot of money then. Afterward, in a few years after that, they struck oil, but they hadn’t then and they were poor. But they were happy—young and happy. Didn’t have enough sense to be anything else.

EW: You said that everyone in the town was under 40?

MH: Yes, the sheriff was 40, and they thought he was falling apart.

EW: Where did you come to live in Cut Bank? Did you have a house?

MH: No, I lived at the hotel because everybody lived at the hotel. There were a few very nice houses, but they wouldn’t take teachers and none of the other ones had bathrooms, so I had to...You stayed where there was a bathroom and electricity.

EW: Why wouldn’t they take teachers?

MH: Oh, they didn’t want to. They didn’t have to. They were the people with the money in the town: the druggist and the man that ran the hardware...that owned the hardware store.
EW: Were there many teachers?

MH: Yes, there was a high school and a grade school. That was about 1921.

EW: And you met your husband in Cut Bank?

MH: Yes.

EW: And what was his name and what did he do?

MH: James Heller.

EW: And what did he do?

MH: Well, there in Cut Bank he was the clerk and recorder. It was a new county, and he had helped organize it after World War I.

EW: And when did you get married, then?

[End of Side A]
MH: This proprietor—who wouldn’t have me at the hotel because she had so much trouble with schoolteachers the year before—but we finally both moved. The teacher and I moved back into the hotel because she like us, and she became one of my very best friends. She was for years until she died.

EW: Did she tell you what kind of trouble it was?

MH: Oh, I suppose they made too much noise, and they kept everybody awake at night and in the daytime coming home. Railroaders worked all different hours, and it was supposed to be quite, but we weren’t...But she forgave us, she liked the two us, so she—

EW: Did she run that hotel all alone?

MH: No. Her husband was the man that shot out the window of my—

EW: Did they have a bar or saloon?

MH: No, there wasn’t anything like that. No, no. You see, that was during Prohibition. There was plenty of speakeasies.

EW: Were there?

MH: Oh, yes!

EW: Did you ever go to any of them?

MH: No, no. No, no. Girls didn’t do things like that, then.

EW: Oh, well I thought maybe sometimes they did anyway.

MH: No, no. Not there. We knew them though. We danced with them at the dances—the bootleggers.

EW: Everyone knew who they were?

MH: Yes. Oh, sure.

EW: Well, I guess I have an image of the speakeasy with both the men and women going in and—

MH: Oh, there were lots of those, yes. But Cut Bank was a very small town.
EW: Not like Chicago or someplace?

MH: No, or even Great Falls. We went into Great Falls to buy clothes and—

EW: Did you go to...for any entertainment like plays or music?

MH: Yes, yes. They had good things come to Great Falls. Great Falls, really at that time, I think was a more sophisticated town than it is now—probably a better town. I’m not sure, but maybe they haven’t done anything.

EW: Did you have an opera house or anything like that in Cut Bank?

MH: No, anything that came was...any play, or anything like that, there was at the schoolhouse. They had nice auditorium in there and a stage, and that’s where they had the plays. Not too much came there.

EW: Did you ride horses around there?

MH: No. There were lots of horses, but I didn’t get ride.

EW: Did you have horses later in your life?

MH: Well, we always had horses at our house.

EW: How did the Chinese happen to come to Kalispell?

MH: They came with railroad as...for help, just common labor on the railroad. Then when they were through with that, why, most of them became cooks, houseboys for people. The same thing happened in Missoula. They came in there and became people’s...Everybody could have a cook.

EW: And you had a Chinese cook?

MH: We had a Chinese cook, yes.

EW: Were there any Chinese women?

MH: Yes, there were some Chinese women. I remember my sister telling about...We used go into Chinatown. We didn’t go very much, but we went to buy Christmas presents and things like that. They had lovely things—just beautiful things—because I still have some of them and they’re fabulous. You’d pay an awful lot, and maybe you pay a quarter for them or something
like that but that’s all. We’d probably have a dollar and buy all our Christmas presents. She said that this beautiful girl was standing in the door in one of the shops.

EW: That she saw?

MH: Yes.

EW: So did the women mostly run the shops?

MH: Oh, no. No, you never saw them in the shops. Oh, no. They weren’t supposed really to be there. I don’t think.

EW: Women weren’t allowed in the shops—

MH: I don’t think so, because I never saw one. I never saw a Chinese woman.

EW: Oh. And they didn’t have a laundry or anything like that?

MH: Oh, they had a big laundry on the corner.

EW: But that was run by men?

MH: Yes. Chinese laundry, and then there was Chinese...All the restaurants were run by the Chinese in town and—

EW: Which area of Kalispell is the area?

MH: It was on 2nd Street and 2nd Avenue West, and it was on the right side of the street and on the left side of the street was the red-light district—right across the street from us.

EW: What happened to the Chinese?

MH: Well, I suppose most of them either went back to China to die. They got old, or they moved out. There wasn’t anything for them to do. Most of them weren’t married, so they drifted to the coast. I imagine they went to Seattle...Not to Seattle, because there weren’t very many there, but they went to San Francisco.

Well when I was there, there was this one dining room in the other...There were two, three hotels in Cut Bank, and this other hotel was run by...the dining room was run by Lu Lac (?), that had been a cook at our house.

EW: The same person?
MH: And I remember this girl said to him, “How old is Mary?”

He said: “Oh, I suppose 18.” [laughs]

EW: And you were a little more than that?

MH: Oh, quite a bit more [laughs].

EW: That’s what he remembered you as.

MH: Yes. “She’s about 18.” Yes, he was awfully nice to me. Always doing special things for me, so that made it nice—awfully nice to be friends with the cook in the hotel.

EW: He would feed you well?

MH: Yes, yes. He knew I liked lemon pie, so always on Sunday he had lemon pie for me. Oh, and he made this luscious lemon pie. He was a good cook—a wonderful cook.

EW: They had specific occupations that they did. Then, they did learn to speak English?

MH: Oh, yes. They spoke English.

EW: And there were Chinese all during the time you were growing up in Kalispell?

MH: Oh, yes, yes. Great big Chinatown.

EW: And so they were—

MH: Now they are all gone. I don’t think that there are any Chinese left.

EW: I don’t either.

MH: There might be. There were a couple...I don’t think that they are there anymore.

EW: Was there ever any problems with the Chinese?

MH: Well, if there were I didn’t know about them. I liked them. We liked them.

EW: Did they have churches, or did they?

MH: They had nothing. But out in the old cemetery—it was the mortuary’s cemetery—there was a Chinese burial park that was just for Chinese. They had this brick...oh, it was a build-up thing, kind of an oven affair—it looked like to me. It had little shelves around with brick sticking
out, big enough to put a plate or something on. When we’d go out there, there would be food that they brought out: lychee nuts and that type of thing, and that white candy that they...You’ve seen that—that awful white candy.

EW: Very sweet. Oh, but there weren’t really many Chinese children?

MH: No. Later there were some, but not then. No, there were just the Chinese laborers. I don’t suppose they had enough money to bring their wives over. Probably later they did. I don’t know. They probably moved away or else they went back. They made a stake and went back to China. That’s probably what most of them did. It’s funny how you just don’t ever follow up anything like that. I didn’t know. Chinatown just disappeared, and that was it.

EW: And I’m just curious. I was asking you about the entertainment that you had in high school.

MH: Oh, well that was mostly high school plays at that time.

EW: Were you in some of the high school plays?

MH: Oh, yes, and I loved it.

EW: You enjoyed the theater?

MH: I loved it.

EW: Did you go on and do that later, in any way—

MH: No.

EW: —when you teaching or anything?

MH: Oh, yes. But that’s what I loved about it—training the children. I guess I was a regular Simon Legree, because I wanted it to be perfect. And they were good at it. But, I think when I look back on it, I think I was kind of hard on them about that.

EW: About their plays?

MH: Yes. But they were pretty good.

EW: Can you remember how you celebrated holidays and special occasions, such as birthdays, or was there any really big festival in Kalispell?
MH: Oh, on the Fourth of July they always had parades and trimmed everything with buttons. Then, in the real early times, I remember they had these high wooden sidewalks and they stand, you know, stand up about that high, and...Oh, it was muddy, when it rained you had to have them high up like that, because they’d be covered with mud if they hadn’t been. Usually, there were no trees—no trees in the town at all. It never had been any trees there. People think now that those trees are native that are there, but they were all planted. They would go out and cut down evergreen trees and bring them in and nail them to the end of sidewalks, so there would be some shade. So people could stand in the shade and watch the parades.

EW: Oh, because it would get so hot.

MH: Oh, it was terribly hot, yes. But, Fourth of July parades are the ones that...are the only ones that I remember very much about at all.

EW: Would you be in the parade?

MH: No.

EW: Not even riding horses?

MH: No. We weren’t allowed to be in the parade.

EW: Oh. That was one of the—

MH: We didn’t.

EW: Oh. Your mother was fairly strict with your family?

MH: She wasn’t strict at all, but there was certain things that we just couldn’t do and we knew it.

EW: It was just a very understood—

MH: Yes. It was understood that people didn’t do those things.

EW: So, then maybe, then she was just very firm. It sounds like she was a very strong woman.

MH: She was.

EW: And she raised the kids very—

MH: She was a very calm woman and a beautiful woman, but—and a gentle woman—but she had her ideas and we followed it.

Mary Heller Interview, OH 049-023, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
EW: Did she minister to people in any way if they...Do you remember her being very active in the church activities?

MH: Well, she was active in a way. Lots of people came to her and told her their troubles. Seems to me that they were always doing that. But you know, a child doesn’t remember those things.

EW: I know. Oh, sometimes you—

MH: We thought she was perfect, so I guess she was.

EW: Did she talk to you a lot—

MH: Oh, yes.

EW: —about the world?

MH: Yes. She made up stories and told them to us, read to us, played for us to dance. We had an enchanted childhood.

EW: So you did have a childhood. That’s good.

MH: Oh, yes. But there were just certain things that we didn’t do because we were minister’s children.

EW: Oh, that other children might do.

MH: Other children could do them, but we couldn’t.

EW: But later on when you were...Do you think you changed? Do you think you explored certain things?

MH: Oh, yes, yes. We all did.

EW: I think we all do.

MH: Yes.

MH: Is that all?

[End of Interview]