



THE WAR BABIES OF WORLAND: ORAL HISTORIES FROM THE CLASS OF 1960



SHARON CHAGNON FRISBEE

Extended conversation after videotaping

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This transcript expands from the video due to additional conversations.

Hi, Sharon! I am **Joyce Spence**. I was Joyce Taylor when we knew each other long ago in Worland. And I'm here today, it's October 10, 2022. I'm in Oregon, and you are in Worland, and we are going to be talking about your memories of being and growing up in Worland, Wyoming.

So to start off, I'd like to ask you what your official name is, and secondly, how you and your family got to Worland, Wyoming?

CHAGNONS MOVED TO WORLAND IN 1947

Sharon Chagnon Frisbee: My official name is Sharon Lee Chagnon Frisbee. We were living in Havre, Montana, and my dad had an opportunity to buy into the Triangle [Meat] Packing Company in Worland. So he did, and we moved from Havre down to Worland in 1947. We lived in a house that was in the spot where the Pinnacle Bank drive-through is now.

CHILDHOOD: SIGHTS, SOUNDS, SMELLS

Joyce: So what are your memories about that first house, when you first moved down there?

Sharon: Oh, it was fun. The wind would blow and the linoleum in the house would buckle, just kind of like a wave. My mother would say, "Go, stomp it down." So, my sister Linda and I got to stomp down the linoleum. The house had two bedrooms and a bathroom behind this wall. You could go around that wall, it was like a runway, and we ran it. [Laughs] We chased each other all over the place.

We lived next door to Dr. and Mrs. Farling – he was a dentist. Since my momma and daddy moved me from my grandma and grandpa in Havre, I asked the Farlings if they could be my grandma and grandpa. And they said, "Okay." So, Dr. and Mrs. Farling were my grandma and grandpa in Worland. The Showalters lived on the opposite corner as the Farlings. He had his photo studio at one end of his house. We'd play with his daughter Joan—she was in my class at school.

We would walk around the corner to Reed's Drugstore, even though we were just across the alley because they didn't want us coming in the back door. We'd get ice cream and sodas there. The Style Shop next door to the Kirby Theater had ice cream too. Mother would give each of us a quarter and let us go to the movies sometimes, and of course, my sister and I would sneak in every once in a while.

My sister loved to run away, so Mother tethered her to the clothesline. Then there was the time Mr. Reed called my mother and said she needed to come and get Linda. "Please come to the back door because she is naked." Her clothes were in the backyard with the rope attached to them.

Then we moved to Thomas Avenue and Eighth Street. Mr. Thomas had a beard, just like Santa Claus. He would play Santa at Christmas time. On May Day, we'd put spring flowers on his porch — May 1 is when you'd surprise someone you liked with flowers on their porch, knock on their door, and run! If they caught you, they'd get to kiss you. We'd run as fast as we could, but he always caught us. He was the fastest man I ever saw when I was little.

Peggy Steele [a classmate] lived across the street from us. And Cathy Healy [another classmate] lived across from us on Eighth Street.

Then we bought some ground a little farther south on Eighth Street – at 908 — and I helped my dad build the house. I was my dad's little boy. So that's the extent of where I lived when I was a kid.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL: 1947-1954

Joyce: What do you remember about starting school?

Sharon: We started the first grade in the basement of the high school. It wasn't a deep basement. There were only eight steps going down to it, so most of the "basement" was above ground. We had regular windows that you could lift up. Cathy was there too. And so were the twins – Mary Lea and Marilyn Cote – and Vicki Brownell. We had Mrs. Dyer as our first-grade teacher. We had fire drills a couple of times, and we'd get up on Ricky Hake's desk and climb out the window. But then, one time, we decided to pretend we didn't know how to do it. We let Mrs. Dyer show us how and she got stuck in the window, and we laughed. So, we went out the door, and they got her out of the window. You know, that wasn't very nice of us, but that's what happened.

My dad would give me a bad time and say, "It took you 12 years to get through high school," because we started there and finished there. After first grade, we went to the Watson Building. And then, when we got to fifth grade, we went to the South Side.

Joyce: Who were your best friends during those years, as you were growing up?

Sharon: I had the Code twins, Mary Lea and Marilyn Cote, Vicki Brownell, Janet, and Jolene Henry. Then Jeri and Judy Baker moved to Worland and they joined our group. They were twins, or like twins, so Vicki and I decided that we were twins too. We are all still close friends. We still keep in contact and make sure that everybody is okay and knows what's going on. We call each other at least once a week.

Joyce: Isn't that special that you still have those friends that you knew when you were little kids getting in trouble?

Sharon: Yeah, we did get into a little bit of trouble. My mother had the cleanest windows on 8th Street because every time my sister and I got into a fight, one of us was on the inside, and one was on the outside washing windows – I always got stuck washing on the outside. Eighty-one windows in that house. I hated windows, but you know, we learned our lesson not to fight.

JUNIOR HIGH: 1954-1956, HIGH SCHOOL: 1956-1960

Joyce: When you got into middle school and high school, what sorts of activities were you involved in?

Sharon: I played the coronet in the band until my ears started collapsing, so I switched to the steel guitar. June Collier put together a “wire band” and we’d go to nursing homes all over the Big Horn Basin and would play. And I was in the high school choir. I did some track — short as I am, I even jumped hurdles, and I did basketball, but at that time, we didn't have any competition for basketball. We just played with each other. That's what I was involved in.

Joyce: Do you have any special memories of teachers who were important to you or that you especially liked or disliked?

Sharon: Yeah. I loved June Collier. He was the band and chorus instructor. He was the sweetest man that ever walked; he helped me with a lot of problems. He’d listen and give good advice – most of it was “What do you think it should be?” That was good advice because you had to use your head and think about it.

We were getting ready to go on a band trip and we were all lined up by the bus getting ready to go, and the principal told us June Collier had passed away that morning. Everyone cried. I bawled and bawled. He wasn’t even sick. It was heartbreaking. The choir had to sing at his funeral. It was “Amazing Grace.” Every time I hear that song, I start to cry because I think of June.

I also liked Joe Kienlen. He lived next door to my mom and dad. He was a sweetheart. I had him for math, and I also liked Mrs. Chastain for typing and shorthand. Those were basically my favorite teachers.

YOUTH ACTIVITIES: HI-JINKS: “EVERYONE NEEDS TO LAUGH MORE.”

Cathy: Sharon, when you were growing up, I remember you as sort of mischievous.

Sharon: Oh, yeah, I was, but I got caught two times, and I got in trouble. So then I kind of got out of it.

Cathy: So tell us a couple of the mischievous things you did because we've been hearing how you are such a model adult and shaping these kids on your school bus to be model adults, and I'm just wondering if you were such a model child. [Laughs]

Sharon: Well, I had a biology class, and when we were dissecting frogs, there were some girls in there that were, “Eooo, oh, I don't want to touch that!” So I called my dad — remember he was out at Triangle Packing –, and I said, “Can you bring me some eyeballs?” So, my dad put some calf eyes in a plastic bag. I brought them in and set them on the teacher’s desk, and oh, you should have

heard those girls screaming. They were hollering! “ I thought you were one of those girls, Cathy.”

Cathy: Me? Heck no! I’m a ranch girl.

Sharon: And so then, one day, they had just butchered a cow. And I said, “Okay, Daddy, we need a heart in here.” Well, the heart doesn't die once the cow dies, it beats a little bit. So Daddy brought it in, and it was still beating. Girls were running out of that room upchucking. The boys thought it was neat, and I thought it was funny.

You never knew what I was going to pull. I was careful. I didn't do damage to people's places or anything like that, but if I could pull a practical joke on somebody, I would. What's life if you can't laugh – you know there are too many downhearted people. Everyone needs to laugh more. It takes fewer muscles to laugh than it does to frown.

YOUTH ACTIVITIES: DRAGGING MAIN

Sharon: Do you remember dragging Main and racing from stop light to stop light, from Wilson’s Drive-In on 14th down to the railroad tracks and flipping a U? The town used to put up a Christmas tree there, and we’d go around really, really slowly and reach out and take a bulb off the tree. We’d give them back to the police officers. Let’s put it this way, my dad took them to the police. He was the police commissioner the whole time we were in high school.

Did you guys do “Chinese fire drills,” where you’d get out of the car at a red light, run around the vehicle, and get back in before the light changed?

Joyce: You know, I didn't do that.

Sharon: Oh, we did good, we did. Then there used to be a tennis court between the South Side school and where the hospital is now. Vicki had a 1947 Chevy. They were having a dance over at the tennis court and Vicki said, “Let's go.” She headed right across that field. Well, there was a big hole in the field and the whole front end of the car fell in. So we walked over to the tennis court and asked the kids if they could come help us get the car out. The football kids that were there, most from our class, like Sonny Shearer, came over, lifted the front up, and pushed the car out. We drove around that hole, went to the dance, and had a gay old time.

Cathy: Well, at least you didn't drag Main backwards like Ray Gotfredson and his buddies did.

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Sharon: Yes, they did. Scared the devil out of everybody. Here, you'd see this car coming backwards down the road, and the lights are going the other way.

My dad said: "Don't go out of town," and gave me his vehicle. I put 46 miles on that vehicle, just dragging Main My dad said, "How in the world can you put 46 miles just driving up and down that Main Street?" I said, "It's not hard."

Cathy: [Laughs.] My dad started the Worland Machine Company, and they started selling Chrysler cars as well as International Harvester farm equipment. One time when we were in high school, we got a new DeSoto station wagon. One night we were sitting in the living room, and my father said to my mother, "You know, the rear tires are looking kind of worn on the station wagon. I don't know how that could be, they're new tires." I just sat there with my head down like I wasn't there. Of course, the tires got worn because I'd peel out from the lights on Main.

Sharon: I did that with my mom's Wildcat Buick. I went out to the A&W Root Beer on 10th — I worked out there. [It was rebuilt as Stogie Joe's.] They'd just spread fresh gravel in that parking lot. I stepped on the gas to leave, the Buick spun out on the gravel, and I hit the back end of the building with the car. Larry, the owner, came out laughing. I was scared to death. I had to call my mother, and she said, "Oh, God! Let me get somebody to help me get down there." So she got Joyce Shaw from across the street to bring her. Do you remember the police officer, Tiny? Okay, he came to the A&W. He said, "Let me see your driver's license." For the life of me, I could not find that driver's license. We had little purses, like wallets, then. He told me when you find it, come down to the police station, and we'll get this written up.

My mother said, "Well, we can't drive this car," and Tiny said, "Sure you can." He reached down and pulled the bumper out. He said, "Now, you can get it home, Jean." I knew I was going to be dead then because I knew my Dad was going to kill me. But all he did when he came home for lunch was look at me and say, "Well, did you learn your lesson?"

"Yessssss." He said, "Yeah, well, get ready for work. "I don't want to go back — everybody will know that I hit the building. He said, "You're going to work." And I did. I was so embarrassed that I never peeled out again.

Cathy: Sharon, you're maybe you're the best storyteller in our class, and I had no idea!

Sharon: Oh, I had an interesting life. One time Mary Lea, Marilyn and I walked out to my dad's packing plant. It was a hot day, and we didn't feel like walking back to town. There was a freight train coming, and it had slowed way down because there was another train trying to go onto the side track so the freight train could pass. So we jumped on a box car. We were going to ride it to town, but the train

didn't stop. It sped up and didn't slow down until it stopped in Greybull. I had to call my dad, and he came and got us. He said, "You will never, ever, ever do that again!" We got a lecture all the way back to Worland.

Cathy: Wow! I love these stories. You were a wild one, Sharon.

Sharon: I was. [Smiles.] Like I said, I wanted to learn everything I could possibly learn. I wanted to see what I could see, and I did, and I'm still learning to this day. But, you know, you can't ever learn enough. You've always got more to learn. My life is not over yet!

Joyce: Did you have any special interests while you were in high school that you liked as far as the classes you took?

Sharon: I loved typing. I set a goal for myself to type really fast and correctly. Mrs. Chastain was really proud of me because I could type over 100 words a minute. I had nimble, nimble fingers, you know, from playing the trumpet and the steel guitar, so I could do that.

WORK FOR WOMEN: 100 WPM TYPIST ESCAPED TO BEING A MECHANIC

Sharon: I went to college in Denver for business. I learned how to do machines like teletype and dictaphone – they don't even have them anymore. People don't even know what they are now. But I got a degree in all of them. Well, that degree is thrown out the window.

Joyce: That's for sure. Did you make your living using your typing skills after you graduated from business school?

Sharon: Yes, for a little while in Denver. I hated being a secretary. Then I moved back to Worland. I went to work for Ma Bell as a night operator. When they closed their Worland office, I was done with that job.

Give me something to do with my hands, and I'm happy. I worked for 11-and-a-half years as a certified nurse's aide. I worked building drop buckets for helicopters to carry underneath their bellies to dump on wildfires. The pilot would fly over a lake or a body of water, and the flippers in the bottom of the bucket would open and let the water go in, close to hold the water, and then go drop it on the fire. This was in Greybull.

Also, I helped change the motor mounts that hold the bolts on the PB4Ys – those WWII airplanes they used. Hawkins & Powers in Greybull bought those old planes from the Air Force. They flew them to Greybull from where they'd been stored in

Arizona. They had turrets for machine guns still on them. We had to take those off and cover the holes with the metal that covers airplanes and turned them into slurry bombers loaded with firefighting retardants. Then I worked 36 years as a school bus driver for Greybull, Basin, and Worland. I was just a jack of all trades.

Cathy: Sharon, do you feel your experiences show how our generation lived the transition between women being secretaries-teachers-nurses to having many jobs open to them? Remember how Jacque Hampton, Gayle Swan, and Laine Bailey were good in math and science, so they were told they should major in home ec in college?

Sharon: Opportunities for girls and women have opened up a lot since we were kids. Women can do a lot of men's jobs better than men, and men can do women's jobs.

Joyce: You've had an amazingly interesting life. We talked earlier about some of your adventures as a school bus driver – we can't wait to get them on video.

SHARON'S SCHOOL BUS: SANCTUARY, HOLIDAYS, POPSICLES & SQUIRT GUNS

Sharon: I had more fun with my kids on the bus! First of all, I started it at the Now Cap (summer school for the beet field worker's kids), and I trained all those bus drivers. I told them to be sure and check their buses before the kids got off. Do not leave a child there! Well, I had to fire one because she did leave a little girl on her bus. She was on there for three hours, and that poor baby was crying, and crying, and crying. Thank God, someone walked by the bus and found her.

I told that driver, "You know, I told you when we first started you get one chance on that, and one chance only." I said, "Those kids are important." At Now Cap, I went through nine hours of training to learn how to order buses and what was needed in the engines, the chassis, seats, and seat belts for the kids.

Then I went to work driving a school bus for Greybull and later for Basin. I had a five-hour route – two-and-a-half hours in the morning and two-and-a-half in the evening – I had to leave home at 5:30 a.m. to go get my bus.

In Basin, I had the Hyattville route. There'd be times I'd go on that run, and by part way up the mountain, the snow would be up above the bumper. We'd blaze the trail, and then pretty soon the highway department would come with snow plows, following in my tracks on the main road into Hyattville, and then the county would plow the sideroad going into Medicine Lodge. I'd go in there to pick up one kid.

Cathy: Why didn't you drive to Worland?

Sharon: Worland didn't need me at the time. Now, they still want me, but they didn't need me at the time. So, I just went to work where I could. And I'm pretty proud of my record. When the kids on my bus turned 16, I said, "Okay, you've got to break my record on tickets." "Oh, how many tickets did you have?" I said, "I had one overtime parking ticket in Worland. I've never had a ticket since." "Oh, okay, I can break that," they'd say. Well, I had a kid come back to me, and he said, "Sharon, I didn't break your record." I said, "What did you do?" I got picked up for speeding." I said, "Why?" "Well, I was in a hurry." I said, "Did it help you to be in a hurry." "No, it cost me money." I said, "Then you don't need to be in a hurry."

I had some very interesting kids on that bus, and I had a good, good rapport with the parents. They were just pleased to death that I treated their kids as young adults.

I had one little boy get on the bus, and he said, "Sharon, I've got something to tell you." I thought maybe it was going to be like one other time when he told me about his mom and daddy fighting. And I said, "What is it?" He said, "I can't tell you with my sisters here." And so, I sent the sisters to the back of the bus looking for a pin that somebody had lost. When they were gone, I said, "All right, what is it that you want to tell me?" He said, "I'm going through puberty." I about ripped the steering wheel off the bus because I did not expect anything like that to come out. I wasn't expecting that at all!

The kids on my bus, all 63 of them, felt they could tell me anything. I had one little girl who wouldn't get on the bus. And I said, "What's the matter?" And she said, "I don't want to go to school. There's a boy who's hurting me, and I said, "Is he bullying you?" And she said, "Yeah." I said, "All right, get on the bus." And her momma said, "What are you going to do?" And I said, "I'm just going into the office with her and have a talk with the secretary." And she said, "Okay, I'm good."

So the girl and I went into the school. I told the secretary, "We have a problem. There's bullying out on that playground. They're throwing rocks at these girls. That should not be allowed out there."

"No, no! Who is it?" Well, the little girl told her, and so the kid got punished.

I decorated my bus for every holiday. I didn't care what it was. For Saint Patty's Day, I made little green nests, put candy in them, and hung them from the racks up above the seats, and the kids could look in the nests, but they could touch them.

But when it was Saint Patty's Day, they got the nest. It was theirs. I did treats for Valentine's Day. I did it for Easter. – I made little Easter bunnies and slit the back of them, and stuffed them with candy. I bought little six-inch stockings at

Christmas time, and I would stuff those stockings with something every day from the first of December all the way through until they went home on their break. I had kids on that bus from kindergarten clear through senior year. Even my seniors would sit there looking up at their stockings, and I'd say, "You can feel, but you can't peek." Or, they'd be feeling it and say, "I think I know what that is, it's—" I would then say, "No, that's not what it is." "It isn't?!"

You know, curiosity just sometimes kills a cat, but these kids just enjoyed the fun. The day they got to go home on their Christmas vacation, they were all lined up to get their stockings. If they didn't ride home with me that day, they'd be outside the bus, waiting to get their stockings. I did this for years. Some of my kids see me today and say, "I still have all those stockings." I say, "Good." I made the bus trip a fun bus trip because they had to go clear outside of Hyattville. I always met them with a smile and a good greeting because you don't know what they have at home.

The last day of school, I'd pack popsicles into coolers, and I'd bring along a ten-gallon jug of water and dollar squirt guns. After they finished those dripping popsicles, they got to play cops and robbers with the squirt guns. That got rid of all the stickies. All I had to do to clean up the bus for the next school year was to mop up the water. There was a method in my madness. [Laughs]

Learning Respect as Kid Led to Number One Rule on Bus

Joyce: Right, Right. Well, that leads me to another question, Sharon. It sounds like you were an amazing influence on many, many kids. So, my question: what do you think you learned growing up in Worland that produced this warm and generous person that you turned out to be?

Sharon: Respect. Respect everybody. Not everybody is perfect. We had so many different kids on the bus, kids with Down syndrome, kids with MS (multiple sclerosis), and kids who couldn't speak and had to communicate with hand signals. I told my kids on my bus, "I have a number one rule, and it's over and above the school's "If you can't say anything nice about someone, you don't say anything at all." And they would tell the new kids when they got on, "Sharon has one rule."

I never had any problems with the kids because I loved them, and they knew it. I was there if they needed me. I would go to their programs. I would drive them all over for their sports games. I would take them to Rock Springs in one day, going over South Pass in the winter. I'd drive them on the Shell highway over the mountain to Sheridan and Ranchester with snow up to the bumper on the bus, and the bumpers are pretty high. None of the other drivers wanted to do it.

Joyce: That's a great story, Sharon.

IMPACT FROM WORLAND: LIFE-LONG FRIENDSHIPS

Joyce: I love the idea that you, Cathy, the Cote twins, and all these people grew up together. I didn't have that opportunity when I was growing up, and I think that those experiences for you all being part of a group, that you've known one another for almost 80 years — that is just so special. I would think that you probably feel the same way

Sharon: I do. I do. Oh, and we had Jeri and Judy Baker, too, who were with us; they are twins too. And now we have Mary Elise White in there. And so, you know, we've just gained a lot.

Joyce: Well, it sounds like Sharon, that you learned how to listen and have respect from your friends and your family there growing up in Worland.

Sharon: My mother was very, very fun, and very religious about the fact that you respect everybody regardless of color, race, you respect them all. And you treated them as you would want to be treated. We girls didn't have anybody that we hated or pushed aside. We tried not to because God put them on this earth for a reason. They're people, and you respect them

Joyce: Well, that's a lovely, lovely attitude. I'm wishing that more people had that, especially these days. Is there anything else, Sharon, that you would like to share for this historical project? If you had a child or grandchild watching this, what would you like to be saying to them?

Sharon: I've told my grandkids and great-grandkids you just have to be the best you can be, and they all know it, and they are. I have eight grandkids and five great-grandkids.

Joyce: Cathy, do you have anything you'd like to add to this great conversation with Sharon?

RETURN TO WORLAND AS A WIFE AND MOTHER

Cathy: Sharon, how did you end up going back to Worland? The last we heard you were in Denver, and you did the business course, and then you worked for the phone company.

Sharon: Yeah, I worked for the phone company in Worland. Then I got married in 1963 to Ken Frisbee and I had my son, Kevin, in 1964. Ken moved around because he was in construction. So I moved in with him. We ended up back in Denver, and then Broomfield, Colorado, which is where our daughter, Kimberly, was born.

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Then we moved to Rock Springs, then Greybull, and finally back to Worland. He passed away on April 19th, 1999. I lost nine members of my family in that year + one day.

Cathy: Oh! Horrible year. Was Ken from Worland?

Sharon: His parents were Clyde and Ethel Frisbee, who lived at 809 Culbertson. Ethel worked for the Washakie Hotel as a waitress and Clyde worked for the BLM. He drove the BLM grader.

Cathy: Did you know I used to live at 809 Culbertson before we built our house on 8th Street, down the block from where your family built its house?

Sharon: Yeah, I knew that.

Joyce: I lived on Culbertson too, on the corner of Tenth in that house on the corner, right down from the high school.

Cathy: Right across the street from where my grandparents lived.

Joyce: Oh, is that right? I didn't know that.

Sharon: Small world.

IMPACT OF WORLD WAR II

Cathy: Here's another question: Did World War II impact your life? Most of us were conceived before Pearl Harbor or right after Pearl Harbor.

Sharon: Yeah, it affected our lives. My dad went into the service. He applied for the Navy, but after they swore him into the Navy, they came into the room and said, "We need five volunteers for the Marine Corps." And they went, "You, you, you." So they discharged my dad out of the Navy and swore him into the Marine Corps. He was in Guadalcanal and Okinawa. He was a radio man with a tank force.

My mother and I moved down to Ogden from Havre, Montana, to be with her twin sister and her two kids. Aunt Betty took care of her two girls and me while my mother went to work in a canning factory. They put her in charge of some Japanese POWs who were working there. She said it didn't take them long to understand what she said, even if she didn't understand Japanese. She was only 4'11," and a couple of them thought they could walk right over the top of her. Well, it didn't work. My mother was like dynamite with a very short fuse. Her area was the most productive in getting the cans out.

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There was rationing because of the war. I can remember standing in line and waiting with our coupons for our stuff like sugar and flour. My mother didn't have a car, so she traded her gas and rubber coupons for more sugar coupons because Aunt Betty loved sugar; she'd put three or four tablespoons in her coffee.

Cathy: Do you remember when your father came home?

Sharon: He came home on leave in about June of 1946. I don't remember exactly the date when he got out of the Marines. I was five years old. After Daddy got home, Linda came along. We lost a baby boy — he died two days after he was born — and then Kathie came along after we moved into our new house at 908 South 8th.

Cathy: Was it a shock to have your father home?

Sharon: Yeah, it was. I was a curious kid, and I'd ask him, What happened? What were you doing? And he said, "Sharon Lee, we do not talk about it." "Okay." So, he would not talk about the war at all. He was a little different, he had a lot of anger issues, but he managed with my mother's help. I think he might have had PTSD. They talked it out, and he came back to being Daddy. But it was hard. I could see it, you know. He was working in the meat market at Buttery's in Havre, and when he got the offer to buy into the Triangle Parking Company, he was very happy.

THANK YOU ON BEHALF OF THE WASHAKIE MUSEUM

Joyce: Well, thank you, Sharon, for joining this oral history project. It's been wonderful to hear from you, and thank you, Cathy, for organizing all this.

Cathy: You know this has been so joyous, hasn't it been, Joyce? It's so interesting to hear everyone's stories.

Sharon: Oh, I bet! I can hardly wait to go over to the Museum and listen to them all.

Joyce: Yes, they're amazing. And because the reality is, when we're young and in school, we're really just thinking about ourselves and our situation and our immediate friends, and we're not very open to getting to know other people well, and we're not really mature enough, either.

Cathy: Bye-bye. Thank you, thank you both.

Sharon: Okay, bye, have a good day.

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