

ORAL HISTORY FILE 08 – MARGARET McLAUHLAN

Scottish Margaret McLauchlan left Northumberland and came to Australia as 5 year old with her 6 year old brother Frank in 1938. Originally they were sent to the Northcote children's home in Victoria but were moved during the Second World War with 38 other children to the Fairbridge Farm School at Molong in 1944. Margaret left Fairbridge as a 17 year old in 1949.

This interview was recorded in Margaret's home in Sydney on February 8, 2006.



Margaret McLauchlan (left) and Christina Murray

HILL: Margaret, can you recall how old were you and why did you come to Australia?

McLAUHLAN: I can remember when I was about three, my Father and Mother, they weren't married, but they had all us children.

HILL: How many?

McLaughlin: I'm not quite sure how many at this stage, I think there was one, two, three – I was the third one – two boys and myself. And my Father and Mother, as not being married, they never got on the best, I was put into an orphanage by my Father. My Mother went back home to Scotland to where she had her family.

HILL: Where were you at this stage?

McLAUGHLAN: At this stage, I was living in a place called Green Lane in Northumberland, just outside of Ashington. And then my Mother and Father got back together again and they had another child but at this stage, my Father had a block of ground and he used to grow vegetables and so on and he also had pigs. And I can remember as a three and four year old lassie, the pig pen, because my Father used to tie my brother and I up to the pig pen so that he could get on with his work and we wouldn't wander, but it some sort of charity people whoever – and told him you mustn't tie us up again. He had to look after us properly else we'd be taken off him.

So, when I was four, my brother Frank, and I, were sent down to Newcastle-on-Tyne to an orphanage. Well, after so long, I can't remember exactly, but my Mother came to seek us and brought us back. Then she had another child, another daughter. Well, it was getting a bit too much for my Father. But going back a little bit, when I was due to be born, my Mother and Father had a bit of a split up, so my Mother went up to Aberdeen in the country to some of her folks, I never got to find out who they were, but that's where I was born, by midwife, who helped with the birth, and I was born in Scotland in Aberdeen. And then, after a short while, I came back down with my Mother to Green Lane in Ashington. Well at this stage, my Father had gone and registered me – he'd heard about my birth – he'd registered me at Morpeth as saying I was born at Ashington because we lived there. So, on my Birth Certificate, it says I was born in England, which I wasn't I know, because my other family has told me this story.

So, taking it from there, I was five and my Father couldn't look after us anymore so he decided he'd put us in an orphanage. At this stage also, my Mother had gone back to Scotland to be with her family because my Mother and Father – they weren't married as I said earlier – and my Father had found himself another lady who ended up being my Stepmother. But, he put us in an orphanage down in Birmingham and I can remember as distinctly as anything, it's very clear in my mind, my Father taking my brother Frank, and I, on the train. And, as little kids, we argued who'd want to sit near the window of the train to look out. So anyhow, he took us to this orphanage at Birmingham and he just left us at the door and a Matron or some lady came to seek us from the door and I started to cry and I said, "Why are you leaving us, Daddy?" And he said, "You'll be all right here, I'll be down to see you shortly. You'll be all right." And we never saw him from that day to this. And here we are now . . .

HILL: And your Mother?

McLAUGHLAN: My Mother, she'd gone back up to Scotland to her family. She didn't know what Dad had done with us children. And she'd looked for many, many years to find us and he wouldn't tell where we were. He didn't even know we were in Australia.

HILL: When did she find you?

McLAUGHLAN: She never ever found us. My Mother never ever found us. Many years she asked different ones, "Do you know what Frank ever did?" because my Father's name was Frank – Francis Story – and my Mother by Rebecca McLaughlan. And he would never tell her or anyone where we were. He just said, "They've gone away." And this is where we were, at this orphanage. We were there for quite a while, I just can't recollect how long we were there.

HILL: Roughly, what age were you?

McLAUGHLAN: Four, not quite, I was just coming up to be five.

HILL: And you brother?

McLAUGHLAN: My brother would have been six. He was just one year older than me. Actually, he was nine months older than me to be correct.

HILL: And how did you end up coming to Australia?

McLAUGHLAN: Well, then we stayed at this orphanage for a wee while and they said to us, "How about if you'd like to go to Australia?" And I said, "Oh . . ." I suppose my words were, "That would be nice". It would be grand to go away. But we thought Australia was just around the corner or up the street – had no idea it was the other side of the world.

HILL: What year was this?

McLAUGHLAN: That would be 1938. And my brother and myself and a lot of other young children who were at the orphanage with us, came out. We were put on the ship called the "Jervis Bay". I was five at this stage.

HILL: Do you remember seeing the boat?

McLAUGHLAN: Yes. I can remember the boat. A lot of the children were sea-sick. I was the only one who wasn't sick and at this stage, they told me my birthday was on 24th December, at the orphanage. I had no idea when my birthday was. And, not having any stable family life, I didn't know who, or where or what. But I was given a birthday doll, a little black doll, which I thought was just beautiful. The first and only doll I've had in my life, and anyhow, another lassie, Mavis I'll call her, I won't say her other name, Mavis, and she was on the ship with us coming out, and was he jealous because she wanted a little black doll too. So she pulled the arms and legs off it and of course the

dolls are made of a bit of elastic and in a minute, the head fell off. So I cried and got upset and I said, "Well, I don't want a half a doll," so I threw it over the ship.

But I was the only one who wasn't sick so I was allowed to wander around, the other children were all in sick bay, even my brother. And that was the last time my brother and I really had a lot of time together because when we were brought to the orphanage . . .

HILL: Where did you get off the ship.? Do you remember when the ship left?

McLAUGHLAN: It left in November at the end of November 1938 it left and then we had I think six or eight weeks it took. In those days, it was a long, long time.

HILL: Do you remember if you came through the Suez Canal or around the Cape?

McLAUGHLAN: I think we came around the Cape. I don't think the Suez was sort of . . . it was closed there for a long time. I think we came around Perth and stopped at Perth and this was still 1938. Then we came around to Melbourne and that's when we put our foot down on Australian soil, which was 6 January 1939. And I can't see in my mind's eye what actually transpired at that stage, but I know we were put on this rattly old train to be sent out to a place called Northcote, and it was outside of Geelong, and we went to the "Lady Northcote Children's Farm School". And we were there 'til the war got really bad. Our ship went back to the UK with a fleet of other ships, the "Jervis Bay", and it got sunk and then we lost all our Australian and New Zealand servicemen and everybody.

Then when war broke out, they couldn't use the ships to bring the migrants out, so they had to decide, the Government or those in the know – they thought they were doing right – brought from Northcote up to Fairbridge.

HILL: Do you know why that happened?

McLAUGHLAN: Well, because they said they couldn't, they were using all the shipping lines and the ships for the servicemen, back and forth, back and forth . . . well, the older ones were leaving and they didn't have the money to keep both the orphanages going, or homes, as you want to call them. So they decided that they would close Northcote down and bring us up to Fairbridge, to NSW.

HILL: Roughly, how many kids went from Northcote to Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: I think there was about forty all up.

HILL: And, can you remember when you got to Fairbridge, how many roughly were at Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: Well, that would be hundreds.

HILL: Do you remember the journey from Northcote?

McLAUGHLAN: The journey from Northcote up to Fairbridge was terrible because we had to get the old steam train and we were lying on the carriage floors and everywhere it was a long, long, horrible, rough old journey. And we were only young children still.

HILL: And this is in 1940?

McLAUGHLAN: About 1942.

HILL: Of course, it was very difficult to get any transport during the war.

McLAUGHLAN: There was very little transport and the train was the only way to shift a lot of young children up. We had a couple of adults with us to look after us.

HILL: Did you have [unclear] carriages?

McLAUGHLAN: No, just ordinary carriages. We were laying on the floor and up the corridors, everywhere. It was a rough old trip. And then we got up to Sydney and then from Sydney we got another train up to the country at Molong. And then they brought a little cattle truck out to Molong Railway Station and took us out to the Village of Fairbridge Farm School.

HILL: And what are your recollections of arriving at Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: When we got to Fairbridge, I was rather sad because I thought well, we'd left our lovely little compact village of Northcote and we've come out to this rambling place out here in the bush and it was a long way from anything and we weren't really accepted for a long time. We were treated as outcasts by the other children, but only for a little while, and by the staff as well. "Oh, they're the Northcote kids, we're Fairbridge – they're invading our property".

HILL: Do you remember what Cottage you went to first?

McLAUGHLAN: First they put us in the smallest Cottage, which was Red Cottage, and it was up on the hill and that's where we stayed for quite some time and then we were put into a larger Cottage called Molong Cottage. I was there in Molong Cottage then until I left when I was seventeen.

HILL: So you were there from what age to what age?

McLAUGHLAN: From twelve I think, twelve to seventeen.

HILL: So you'd spent quite a few years at Northcote?

McLAUGHLAN: Yes, because . . . I'm not sure when the first party came out after the war, but I think that was '45, '46 – '47. It might have been 1947. So we were there until about '45 down at Northcote. It's a long way back to remember.

HILL: Did you go at all to the primary school on Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: We had the school at Fairbridge on the village proper. We went to the school there, we had to walk down to school and walk home. Came back up into the main dining hall at midday for lunch and had our lunch in the main dining hall with all other children and the staff, and then we walked back to the school again. But we used to have to get up at six o'clock in the mornings.

HILL: Tell me about a typical day as you recall it. What woke you up?

McLAUGHLAN: My typical day, the old bell ran everything. It told you what time it was, what you had to do at this time and where you had to go and everything. So, the bell would ring at six o'clock. You'd have to jump up, very smart too, turn your bed down, pull your pyjamas or nightie off, run in and queue up under cold showers – rain, hail, shine, snow, whatever – you had a cold shower in the morning. And the so-called Cottage Mother, the lady who cared for you, would stand there and make sure you washed from top to bottom. And then you'd go into the dressing room, dress yourself, get dressed. You'd go out and do what we called the muster. You'd all have to line up on this footpath and you'd be checked to make sure you were all there. And you'd be set duties to do. You might have to go back to your Cottage and do cleaning up or help make beds or you'd have to go down to the dining hall and set tables and organise for the meals, the plates to be sent into the kitchen. Various jobs we had to do. We had to rake paths.

Then another bell would go at seven o'clock. That meant you downed your tools or whatever you were doing and you'd go back and you got washed and dressed again, washed your hands if you'd been out doing dirty work, and you'd all race down to the main dining hall for breakfast. So then we'd all get into the dining hall with all the boys and the girls and we all had our own tables, each Cottage, and we the top part called the stage, and the Principal and two children would get up there and we'd say prayers. And everyone had to join in.

HILL: Can you remember Grace before?

McLAUGHLAN: "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

HILL: Well, it stayed the same.

McLAUGHLAN: Yes it did. The girl read a verse out of the Prayer Book, then the boy read a verse out of the Prayer Book, then Mr Woods said the same prayer over and over.

I think he had about two different prayers he would read. Then we'd all have to say Grace. Then, if I was doing prayers – because they'd change the children about from time to time – when I was on, I've have to walk over to the piano and press Middle C on the piano as a keynote for everyone to sing Grace. So then we all sang Grace. I had to walk back and stand with Mr Woods, who was our Principal, and then when that was all done, I could go back to my table and the boy went back to his table.

And one of the older girls would stand up at the head of the table and serve out your cold porridge, with the maggots floating on the top of it and – yuk! And the jug of skimmed milk would be passed around – you never had sugar, but you could have Golden Syrup sometimes. Never honey. Never saw honey for many many years.

HILL: What did you have as well as the porridge?

McLAUGHLAN: A piece of bread. Bread and dripping.

HILL: When we got there, we had bread and honey. And we used to mix the butter and honey.

McLAUGHLAN: Yes, we did that, years later. Yes, that's right.

But for my Christmas, we had a list sent to us, every Christmas, just before Christmas, and these things that you were allowed to choose from, what you would like for Christmas. It didn't mean to say you were going to get what you wrote down, but you could choose two things. And then Mr Woods and his wife went into Orange . . .

HILL: Can you remember what you asked for?

McLAUGHLAN: Yes. Sometimes I asked for a jar of honey because I loved honey. I still do. And then I asked for some material to make myself a nightie because I loved sewing. I'd done a lot of embroidery and fancywork and that sort of thing, and I asked for some material and some coloured threads so I could do some fancywork. So I got that one year, but that wasn't until I was about fifteen or sixteen. Sometimes we'd just get a pair of socks if we were lucky and we might get one or two sweets or an apple or an orange in the bottom of our stocking and that was our Christmas.

Pocket money, we used to get a halfpenny while we were little, a halfpenny a week pocket money. Then it gradually went up until you got two shillings a week. But that was when I was working on the Farm. I'd left the school at fifteen . . .

HILL: So you went to Molong School for a while?

McLAUGHLAN: Yes we did. After we'd finished, I went to my Intermediate Certificate which was 9th Class, at Molong.

HILL: That was unusual, going that far? Didn't a lot of the kids leave at fifteen?

McLAUGHLAN: Oh, a hell of a lot. It was only that I wanted to go because I always wanted to go Nursing and you either had to have your Intermediate Certificate or you'd go and do your Nurses' Certificate.

HILL: You used to get the bus after breakfast into Molong School?

McLAUGHLAN: Get the bus into Molong School.

HILL: And you have those two sandwiches for lunch? They were terrible, compared with the town kids?

McLAUGHLAN: No, we never had two sandwiches, we only had the one sandwich. And we never had a drink like the children of today. I think we just went to the tanks and we had our tin mugs and we used to put them under and get the water. And I mean, all this fluoride and everything they put into the tanks today, we never had anything like that. We used to have beautiful teeth and skin and we never had colds or anything like that.

HILL: Because we never ate any sweets.

McLAUGHLAN: Or rubbish. Honey's a natural thing. It's a natural food.

HILL: So, you became a trainee after your Intermediate? So you stayed for another couple of years?

McLAUGHLAN: I was a trainee while I was doing the schooling as well.

HILL: What did you do as a trainee. Tell us some of the work you did as a trainee.

McLAUGHLAN: We used to have to look after the dining hall and make sure it was clean and learn how to set tables properly. And serve people their meals when Old Fairbridgians or the staff were there, we used to have to serve them meals. We worked in the laundry with the laundry lady and learned how to do washing properly. Then we'd go down to the Principal's house, Mrs Woods, and she'd teach us how to sew and mend clothes and how to serve when they special guests, or the Fairbridge Committee would come up from Sydney and they'd have them as guests at the Principal's house. We used to have to look after them and make sure their rooms were made properly, we were taught how to make beds properly and how to serve them and be courteous.

And then we'd work at the hospital with the Nursing Sister and learn how to bandage and put dressings on and just general sort of work. I think that was basically, just general women's domestic work. Nothing fancy, nothing posh – just hard yakka.

HILL: Now, looking back on it, what do you think were the best things about Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: The best things I can think was having the comradeship of your foster brothers and sisters – and there's a lot I dearly love even today. A lot have gone, my brother, who I dearly loved, has passed away. He's buried in the RAAF Section of the Darwin Cemetery, my brother Frank. And I think just knowing that, when we first left Fairbridge, we could always go back for a free weekend's lodging and a holiday, take your children back as I did when my children were born. We used to go back and we'd all join in together. We always went back for Christmas, like for a few years, until you sort of got more established in your own life. And you'd go back because you wanted to – it was your home – it was the staff I didn't like, because they were cruel.

HILL: Let's just deal with that. What were the worst things?

McLAUGHLAN: I think the worst things about Fairbridge, in my opinion, was the way the staff treated us. They were sadists. I can remember being stripped naked and put over the bath and belted with a plimsoll on the backside. And that was cruel.

HILL: How old were you when that happened?

McLAUGHLAN: I was about eleven or twelve. And this woman, she's dead and gone now and you can't talk bad of the dead, but she was a cruel, cruel lady she was.

HILL: Can you remember what Cottage you were in?

McLAUGHLAN: I was in Red Cottage and then I shifted down to Molong after another lady, who's passed on now was our Cottage Mother, and she wasn't very nice either. I used to get accused of a lot of things that I never did or did things that I was told I never did and that I was supposed to do. I think they were sadists and a lot of them were very cruel and you never got a cuddle. No-one ever in my whole life put their arm around me and said, "You're a good girl Maggie, or Margaret, and we do care for you and we do love you." I was never told I was loved until I got married. Other than my brother, my brother always used to give me a cuddle but that was long after I left Fairbridge. Because a man doesn't cuddle a lady or do those sort of things, or a boy.

And so I think the way I used to get belted - I got flogged many a time because I didn't do things correctly - and I suppose I was a little bit of a rebel because I used to try and speak up for myself and I'd stick up for the other girls, and I got belted by Mr Woods with the cane, the old broken hockey stick, flogged and flogged many times. It was hard and you weren't allowed to cry, you had to grin and bear it. You'd cry afterwards because the pain was terrible. But they were a lot of bad things but I used to love our Socials when a Fairbridge child was leaving to go out into the world. We'd have a dance and everyone used to join together and those parts I liked.

HILL: Is that right, because we didn't have that by the time I got there. Maybe there were too many kids?

McLAUGHLAN: I used to love that. And we used to have a lady from Molong who married a Fairbridge boy, she used to come out and play for our socials, and when she couldn't, I used to. I used to play the piano. And I begged and begged Mr Woods could I go to Molong with one of the Cottage Mother's children, and learn the piano. I dearly wanted to learn the piano because I love music, even today. - Now I get up in the morning and my radio, my wireless, goes on straight away and just love music and I love my dancing and all that.

So Mr Woods said no, I wasn't a good enough child to go and learn. It's only the privileged few who could learn. So I taught myself. If I could sing a song – and I'm not much of a player – but I just love music, I've got a pianola out there now. I play by ear. And this is why I wanted to learn. My Mother played the piano. But I just love music, whether it's my CD's, my tapes, my wireless here, I mean, that's an old one as you can see – I've had that for many, many years. But I play my records – I just love music. And that was the part I liked about Fairbridge, our socials, our dancing, because I loved to dance. I still do today.

HILL: What was life in the Cottage like?

McLAUGHLAN: Life in the Cottage was pretty grim really because we had our evening meals in the Cottage and whoever was on duty to do kitchen work, had to cook the meals. And the Cottage Mother never showed you how to cook, you just had to use your own imagination. I was never ever shown how to cook other than Nan Austin when I was in the dining hall. She's say, "Put your potatoes, put that much salt in Margaret McLaughlin," or, "when you're making your pastry, you put this much dripping in and rub your flour together." But only very, very basic things. You just learned as you went along

But in the Cottage it was nice with the girls but the senior girls were kept there and the junior girls were kept here and it wasn't a very loveable or affectionate – there was never any affection. You only had each other to talk to and I mean, we had no outside interests, so there was really nothing to talk about other than school or working around the Farm. We'd be out raking, or you might say someone's sick or so and so's left or just very small talk.

HILL: What happened when you left Fairbridge. You were seventeen?

McLAUGHLAN: Yes, when I was seventeen, they gave me a party and a farewell dance at Fairbridge and I left, actually just before my seventeenth birthday.

HILL: And roughly, what year was this?

McLAUGHLAN: About 1949. And when I left I went into a private home, for a Mr and Mrs Fred Lay in Orange.

HILL: So, you worked as a domestic there?

McLAUGHLAN: A domestic first, yes. And I reared their little girl. They had adopted a little girl called Margaret and I worked for them for a long time, for a few years, and I thought there's got to be something better than this, so I went to work . . .

HILL: Where is your brother at this stage?

McLAUGHLAN: My brother was at a place called Yeovil, on the farm. So he worked there on the farm.

HILL: Were you in touch with each other? Did you find it lonely, leaving Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: I did because I missed the companionship of all the other children you'd grown up with like in a big home and you've got twelve or fourteen other children and you're all of a sudden put out in the world all on your own. And the people you work for, they were just people of the street, you didn't know them and they were total strangers. Beautiful people, mind you. But they were total strangers.

HILL: Did you feel at all embarrassed that you'd been at Fairbridge?

McLAUGHLAN: Many times I did, to think that, because I've got reports – they're in my cupboard there – from when I'd left England to come out to Australia, and the reports from the management and Matron or Principal or whoever they were at these orphanages - that we were just little urchins, my brother and I. No one wanted the McLaughlan kids. No one wanted to own, nobody wanted to adopt him or her. So they might as well go to Australia. And I cry every time I look at them. That's very, very sad. Nobody wanted my brother and I and, after reading these reports many years later, it really distresses me to think that we are all God's children, and it can happen to absolutely anyone. And it happened to hundreds, many a thousand children went through that orphanage that I went through, the two of them. But I've sort of grown up through my life . . .

HILL: After working in Orange, what happened then?

McLAUGHLAN: After I left there, I went out to the Mental Hospital, Bloomfield, and did my Nursing. And I was there for three years and I left Bloomfield Hospital after I got my Certificate and I went to work at a Private Nursing home, I think it was called "Calare", in Orange. And there were three Sisters – and they were sisters – they ran the hospital and then I didn't stay there terribly long and I went to a hotel and I worked a little bit there and I didn't like that, and I went out to Woolaroi Boys College when it was a boys' college, and I used to work in the laundry there.

And then I came back to the hospital, Calare Hospital, and I was there for a while and that's when – and I used to go dancing every night of the week and get home sometimes at six o'clock in the morning just in time to start work, just get changed and go to work.

And then I got married and lived in Orange with my first husband, and then I had one son and then we moved down to a place called Cranebrook outside of Penrith, at the back end of Penrith, and bought a poultry farm, and I had another two sons and a daughter. And then my husband and I, we divorced and has since passed on, and then I married again and I shifted into Penrith and I married Jack and then, after seventeen years, he died and then I was seventeen years on my own, but after he died I had a pretty rough old time with his family, and been thrown out of the house for the second time, and I worked hard, really really hard, and saved every penny I could until I could pay cash for a little cottage up in the mountains.

And, over the years, I just kept working while I was still healthy and well, and redid the house up and made it nice. But through these years with my sons, they're all in their fifties now, and my daughter's forty-seven, I've got twelve grandchildren – they are my riches – and I've got ten great-grandchildren. And they're all boys.

And I've married again, to my third husband Allan, and he was born in Aberdeen. We both love anything to do with Scottish history and we're great Burns' people. Allan does the Address of the Haggis all over everywhere. Goes up in the country and he was very fortunate when they did "Scotland the Brave" at the Opera House a few years ago, he was invited to do the Address of the Haggis there and we've got the video of it all and he's very proud of his Scottish heritage and so am I, even though I was brought back over the border into England, the North-East, and I was reared there - well I was there until I was put into the orphanage and sent out here. But we love anything to do with Scotland, and we both love our dancing, we're both ballroom dancers.

And this is my third husband. Mind you, I think it will be my last! I'm going on for seventy-five now, and I just feel well, my home is always open. I've always had an open door. I don't care who knocks at the door.

HILL: Well, what do you make of it now, when you look back on it?

McLAUGHLAN: Well, I think it's made us, being at Fairbridge and going through lots of the traumas that I went through as a child, I think it's made me a stronger person. I've been fortunate enough that I've been able to cope with a lot of sadness and a lot of ups and downs since I've left there. I mean, I had a lot of sadness there at the Farm, but losing my second husband was a terrible tragedy for me – I lost him through cancer – and I was sad even with my first marriage breaking down, because it wasn't my intention of getting married and finding somebody else. And that was the sad thing for me. I've got photos of all my husbands around me.

HILL: But the Fairbridge thing, you wouldn't want it to happen to your kids or your grandkids?

McLAUGHLAN: I would never ever think of my children going into an orphanage or a home and to have to put up with what we put up with because it was a very, very sad, traumatic time for me.

And I'm finding now, as I'm getting older, that all these things that I've put into the recesses of my mind, and I really thought I'd forgotten them, they're all coming back. And sometimes I'm at home on my own, all these things come flooding back and I get very distressed. And then I think, "The Good Lord's put me here for something and it's to try and be kind and happy, as much as I can and I've always made people welcome in my home and so they accept what I've got to offer them, and all the best of the hospitality I can give, because we never had any love or affection and I'm a very demonstrative person myself. And I really care for people and I love people, possibly because I never had any love in my young life as a child. Never had anyone to cuddle me, as I said earlier.

HILL: It's a sad, but beautiful story, your life. It's a beautiful story . . .

McLAUGHLAN: And I still keep in touch with so many of the Fairbridge folks and I just love them all. I just love people.

HILL: And I suppose that camaraderie that you started talking about – about one of the good things about Fairbridge – it's interesting how that survived all these years later.

McLAUGHLAN: I've met some of the Fairbridge folk I haven't seen for forty and fifty years and it's as if we've never been apart. Just, "It's so lovely to see you, you haven't changed, you old bugger!"

HILL: We'll end on that note.

-End-