In 1959 I didn't own a camera, so sorry no photos. I have one memory that sticks in my mind that might bring a smile to some faces. It was a New Years Eve, and because I knew that I was on duty at 7.30 a.m the next morning, had decided that I should not risk going out and celebrating. Therefore having in my possession a bottle of port wine I decided with a couple of friends to do my own celebrating. You can imagine the state I was in the next morning! I reported for duty at 7.30 as I should have. After an hour, feeling very sorry for myself, Sister Joyce (ward 5) cornered me in the sluice, and asked me what I thought I was doing. I was looking very green and not at all myself. I had to come clean. She told me in no uncertain manner that I was of no use to man or ornament and to remove myself from her ward. I wanted the earth to swallow me up. Happy New Year 1960!

June Hamilton nee Carroll. P.T.S. April 1959.