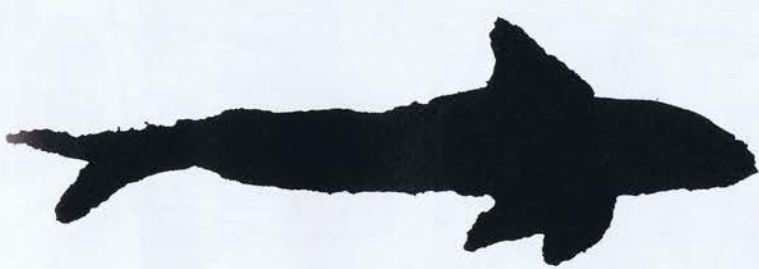


NICHE



*NICHE — This endearing nook;
this beloved cranny; this palisade
of our inner sanctuary; this sun-
blanched, light-ensanguined
abode we call home...*



THE CREST

The crest's main features are an orchid, an eagle and an open book.

The orchid, a Vanda Miss Joaquim and the national flower of Singapore, is a hardy but delicate flower symbolising stalwart Eusoffian traditions of loyalty, dignity, integrity and honour to hall and nation, balanced with harmony, beauty and grace. The retention of the orchid reminds Eusoffians of the origins of the hall's traditions in Eusoff College.

The eagle symbolises the indomitable spirit of all Eusoffians, as well as an indefatigable desire to attain honour and excellence in all their pursuits.

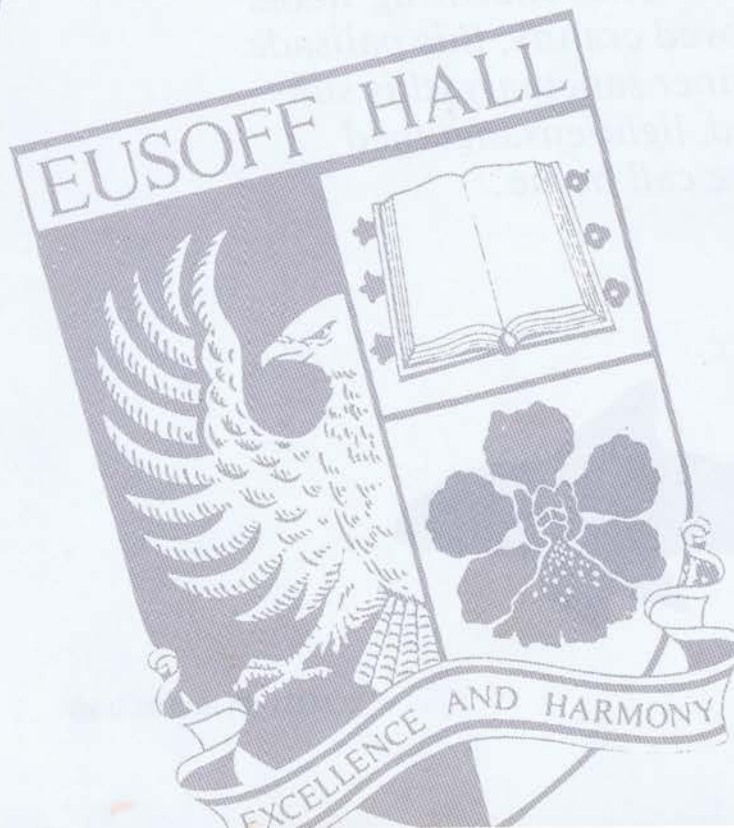
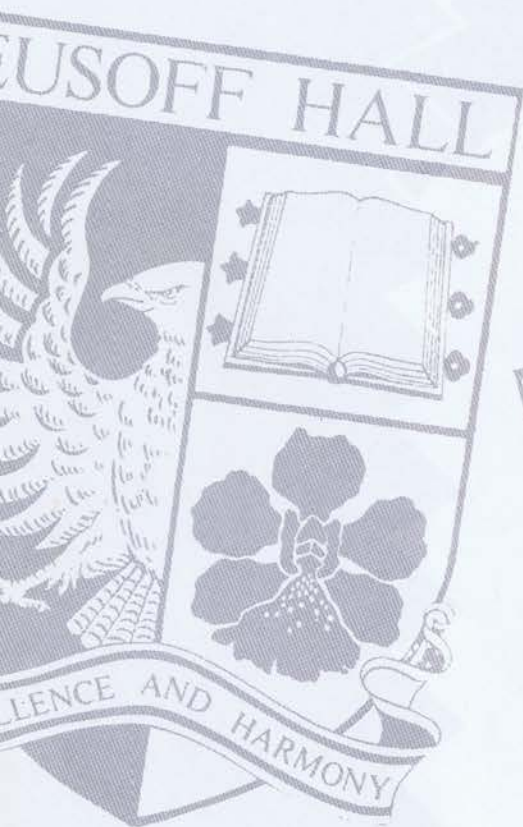
Finally, the open book symbolises the unquenchable thirst for knowledge and academic achievement which all Eusoffians seek, a conviction in keeping with the aims of the University.

The colours of the crest are maroon to signify courage, gold to signify magnificence and white to signify sincerity.

An important feature of the crest is the Hall's motto Excellence and Harmony, which is explained below.

THE MOTTO

Excellence and Harmony describes the desire of all Eusoffians to aspire to achieve excellence in all their endeavours, be they academic pursuits, community work or cultural and sporting activities. Yet, the motto is also a reminder that these aspirations are to be accomplished in harmony with the people we work and live with; in harmony with nature; and in harmony with the world we live in.



EUSOFF HALL ANTHEM

Joe Peters

♩ = 116



Eu - soff our Hall. U - ni - ted we will stand. With our



might, un - dy - ing flame we'll be bright and for - ev - er strong.



Eu - soff our Hall. In har - mo - ny we live. And with

FINE



ex - ce - llence we strive to lead all a bright and shi - ning star. (When)



du - ty calls we an - swer with pride. Per - fec - tion is our



goal With de - ter - mi - na - tion true. Stead - fast to o - ur Glo -



ry.

MESSAGE FROM THE MASTER

1988 was a landmark for Eusoff. It was the year we shifted into Kent Ridge. We moved into new buildings and great facilities. The environment was unfamiliar, but the Eusoff spirit remained the same — strong and vibrant.

Our theme for 1988/89 was "A New Chapter.... Write On... Write well!"

We have written well, indeed, and have made our presence felt in the campus. The pages of this yearbook describe all the happenings in this eventful year. I am sure they will bring pleasant memories of the year gone by.

All that we have achieved would not have been possible without the contributions of the JCRC, Resident Fellows, SCRC and active residents. I wish to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have contributed to the hall in one way or another.

Happy reading!

Assoc. Prof. Andrew Tay

Master

Eusoff Hall





PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Many great and memorable events have taken place at Eusoff Hall this year. It certainly seems a paradox; while the paint on the corridors of our Hall is still very 'fresh' and 'wet' our spirit and tradition have withstood the test of time. We're indeed associated with a unique Hall.

Almost at ease, Eusoffians immersed themselves in activities of the Hall thus ensuring that their alma mater stands out among all the other Halls in Kent Ridge. A bee-line of functions and events such as the Freshmen Orientation, Cultural Week, Grand Open House, Inter-Hostel Games, Dinner and Dance and Annual Project were organised throughout the year.

Yes, indeed it was certainly a hectic year for Eusoffians, but then again this is what Hall life is all about. The Hall is probably the most conducive place for one to grow and to have an all-rounded education. This can only be achieved, if every Eusoffian plays his or her role actively in the Hall, be it in the area of sports, culture or social interaction. This is what differentiates us from other fellow undergraduates.

We have taken our rightful place in campus and have perpetrated the Eusoff spirit around us. We can be assured that Eusoff will continue to spread her wings into a new era with renewed confidence and vigour to excel in all fields.

Amidst all these, the Hall is crying out for new blood to come up with new ideas to meet the challenges ahead. This is the only way to further enrich the proud tradition that is ours. Therefore it is of paramount importance to the Hall, at her stage of infancy, that new talents be tapped from within the Hall to ensure that Eusoff Hall stays as dynamic as ever. And this, I believe, could be our greatest challenge.

To end, I would like to convey my sincere gratitude and appreciation to our Master, Assoc. Prof. Andrew Tay, members of SCRC, staff of Eusoff Hall and fellow Eusoffians, especially members of JCRC 88/89 for making my term in the JCRC – the second time around, a truly fruitful and enjoyable experience.

Yap Soon Pen
President JCRC 88/89





MASTER: A/P ANDREW TAY

RESIDENT FELLOWS:

BLOCK A: DR TONG CHEE KIONG
 BLOCK B: MISS LIM CHENG GEOK
 BLOCK C: DR LIM KAH BIN
 BLOCK D: DR LIM TIT MENG
 BLOCK E: MISS LIM BEE LUM

NON-RESIDENT FELLOWS:

MRS GOH POY SIANG
 A/P LIEW AH CHOY
 PROF. GLORIA LIM
 DR EVELYN LIP
 DR VIOLET PHANG
 DR KIRPAL SINGH
 DR S VASOO
 MRS JOANNA WONG
 DR ONG CHIT CHUNG
 DR FRANCIS PAVRI
 MISS TAN YEE LAY



President: Mr Yap Soon Pen
Vice-President: Mr Chow Peng Loy
Honorary General Secretary: Mr Tang Hangwa
Finance Secretary: Mr Wong Car Wha
Sports Secretary: Mr Chong Kao Hsiung
Social Secretary: Ms Leong Siew Ching
Recreation Secretary: Mr Johnson Fam
Welfare Secretary: Ms See Swee Lan
Culture Secretary: Mr Gregory Vijayendran
Asst. Hon. Gen. Sec.: Mr Richard Tan Ooi Boon
Asst. Welfare Secretary: Ms Corrina Chua

N

I

C

Into our own world of teeming life
we lay ensconced in this cradle
that houses our selves and soul
enbalm'd in mirth and merriment
sharing newborn friendship
strengthening the sinews of brotherhood
— in a place we call our own

Spilled lives
flow and commingle in a single niche
swept away by alacritous joy
swirling encircling essence of experience
aching into fusion
youthful virility angled before the tide
channelled into a whirlwind of whirling activities
to shape an affinity
and seal a fast bond of camaraderie
which churns and stirs the heart

For these alone
the token you left us
remains eternal
etched indelibly on the lacquered canvass of our minds
The fragments of fond memories
arranged in a collage of Matisian pattern
— mosaic of a vision locked in posterity



H

E

This Eusoffian enclave
 like a nest to fledgling birds
 like a perch to come home to roost to
 Glows red amidst the bright
 varnish of the morning dew
 Its vivacious glow, resonant sounds
 reverberating along valleys and dales of
 Eusoffian mindscapes.
 And every changing semester of the year
 Stamps on the scene its distinguished character.

Red brick upon brick
 like the Lord's anointed temple
 houses declamatory pride.
 Grey slades, cheerful
 windows, seen high on roofs
 set against the arching head of heavens
 oriel of our souls --
 This portrait of ourselves
 this chronicle of our joys.

As we stand now
 calm and deep peace, reliving our
 sweet adventure
 A sudden whiff of longing pang
 unlocks the sluice-gates of our memories
 releasing a deluge of nostalgia
 As we gaze at azure orbits heavenly-wise
 Twin tears well in those ethereal eyes
 only these memorabilia
 will help remind us how the heart endures.





"Skywalk of Eusoff Hall" by Linda Age: 9



...we lay ensconced in this cradle....



*"Communal Block & Block A" by Teo Poh Ling,
Age: 13*



*into our own world of teeming life
we lay ensconced in this cradle
that houses our selves and soul
enbalm'd in mirth and merriment
sharing newborn friendship
strengthening the sinews of brotherhood
— in a place we call our own*



DATE: June 1988

VENUE:

**Eusoff Hall,
National University
of Singapore**

EVENT: Moving in.

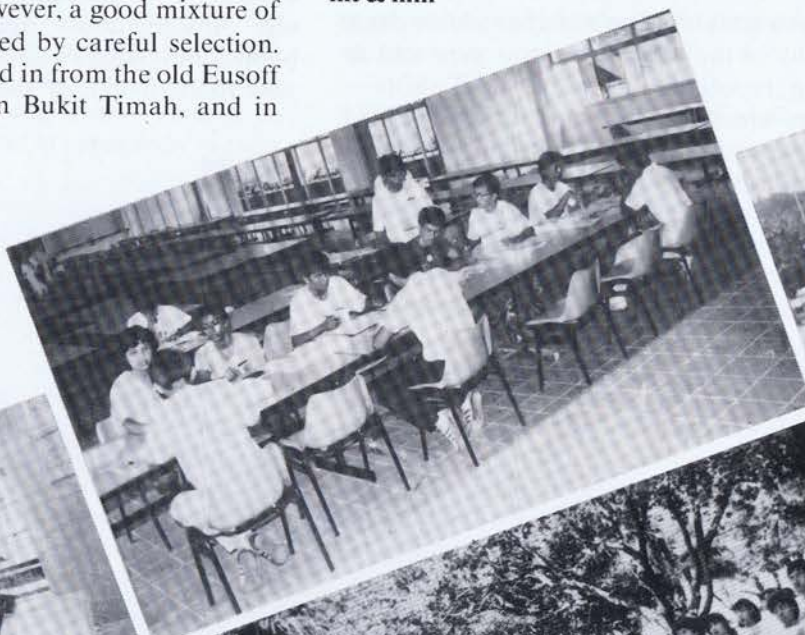
New hall opened on campus today. Its location near the Arts and Business faculties (not mentioning its proximity to the nasi lemak shop and the bus depot) contributed to the large number of freshmen who applied to the hall. However, a good mixture of students was ensured by careful selection. Many seniors moved in from the old Eusoff College premises in Bukit Timah, and in

their wake came the freshmen who were about to undergo the rigours of an invigorating orientation programme.

The new hostel houses 400 rooms and its own sporting and recreational facilities. When asked what he expected of hostel life, one young man said, "I want this to be a place where I can be comfortable — both with myself and the people who stay here — just like at home!"

Here's to hoping that each resident will develop to his fullest and find his own niche in Eusoff Hall.

mt & mill



STARTING OUT

Remember when I first set out as a fresh undergraduate living (for the very first time) on my own in Campus. I was, as you can imagine, very excited when I first received the Hall's "brochure" which made the Hall seem very much like a country club, well veritably! But I guess, well reading is un-believing! Many cardinal lessons were learnt when I finally did move in (or check-in, as the Hall's admin. insists on calling it). First of all, I realised, you cannot pay too much attention to the list of suggested items to take that the office sent you (together with the application form and 'brochure'). Typically it will advise you to bring things like slippers, formal shoes, toiletries, long-sleeved shirt and tie (formal dress for girls), shorts and T-shirts (plenty of them), several passport photographs of yourself, an alarm clock, etc. Instead make sure you have as many of the following items as you can take:

- a. rolls of soft toilet paper
- b. packets of bluetack
- c. three dozens of your most outrageous posters
- d. packets and packets of 'Maggie' instant noodles (these will come in handy, especially after you have got acquainted with hall "food (?)")
- e. more soft toilet paper
- f. a large ashtray

- g. crates of Campbell's soup of mushroom, alphabet soup, French onion soup, Minestrone, Irish stew, etc (for the reasons mentioned in (d))
- h. your hi-fi, equalizer, with 250W amplifier and bass enhancer
- i. another couple of rolls of soft toilet paper (the kind that you can't resist squeezing and hugging), just to be on safe side

If you don't smoke or drink or listen to music, you will soon have plenty of chance to do so. In any case you are supposed to be broadening your horizons, mixing with people of a wide range of interests, and catching things off them.

You certainly don't need an alarm clock or any of the other items you were told to bring (especially the shorts and T-shirts — these are the attire for torture. Plead ignorance and tell the FWOC members that you didn't bring any. It'll provide you with a good excuse not to participate in some of the torturous exercises/activities they usually have in store for you). Anyway — you can find out what time it is by playing "Desire" (U2) at full blast and waiting for your next door neighbour to invite you to go to bed,

reminding you that it's three in the morning. Lending your soft toilet paper to the alls and sundries who can't stand the institutional stuff will do wonders for your popularity.

Rather than take ordinary "common" hostelite staple food — namely "Maggie" mee — take a terms supply of canned "hor d'oeuvres" — lasagne, minestrone, spaghetti, hashed beef, Irish stew, and so on. By passing yourself off as a food connoisseur you not only gain points but also cultivate a sophisticated image.

One more thing to bear in mind: take something conspicuous and totally useless, a six-foot Chinese screen or a harmonium or a hatstand for instance, or turn your furniture upside down and arrange them haphazardly (that's what Anuar did!), to give your room that air of 'individuality'.

-adapted-





HOSTEL LIFE

The important thing about going to university and staying in a hostel is the experience. You can throw yourself into a wide range of things wholeheartedly in a way that is virtually impossible when you have a full-time job - things like debt, manic depression, and hostel food. But there are so many benefits - lots of like-minded people to mix with, some of whom may actually become lifelong friends, virtually no responsibility, and a lot of opportunity to enjoy yourself.

There are many reasons people give for going to university and putting up with hostel life:

1. It broadens the mind;
2. You make friends from a wide range of backgrounds;
3. Your earning potential is increased;
4. You get things out of going to university that will stay with you for the rest of your life.

Though it is often overlooked that :

1. Being surrounded by people of your age and studying the same subject broadens your mind almost as much as if you spent the 3 or 4 years with people of varying ages and academic backgrounds, i.e. in real life.

2. At hostel you can also make enemies from a wide range of backgrounds.

3. By studying at a hostel you lag behind the 18 year old school leaver of the same ability, who is on twenty grand when you start working, to such an extent that it can take you several years to catch up.

4. The sort of things you get out of hostel life that will stay with you all your life are things like herpes, stomach ulcers and manic depression. Considering the advantages or disadvantages of living in a hostel is one of the greatest preoccupations of the uninitiated undergrad. Here are some probably considered.

Disadvantage: A hostel (euphemistically known as a Hall of Residence) is a large building with a rabbit warren of corridors and thousands of identical pigeonhole—like rooms in which pets are not allowed (the *raison d'être* behind the policy is because the SPCA looks down upon ill-treatment of animals by breeding them in stifling places). Hall rooms are generally cramped, stuffy and uncomfortable. They are deliberately designed like this in the fond hope that it will encourage the students to go to the library.

Advantage: It is possible to wake up, put a cassette on, make a cup of coffee, make six slices of toast, and reach over to the desk for the morning's tutorial assignment, all without ever getting out of bed.

Disadvantage: Rents are generally kept high to ensure the university stays solvent because, as the administrators will patiently point out to you, it's a business, not an education concern.

Advantage: With any luck there should be some useful amenities close by, such as water heaters and squash courts. The great plus of the latter is not the capability for exercise but the often overlooked showers which are always empty on Sunday morning when they're queueing nine feet deep in the blocks.

Disadvantage: There is no rationale behind the location of the hostels: you could be quite near your lectures and your tutors, or you could be quite far from them.

Advantage: You could be a very long way away indeed from your lecturers and tutors.





Advantage: Living in a hostel is a splendid experience because it teaches you comradeship, the dynamics of how social groups interact in real life, and how to get on with people.

Disadvantage: This is accurately summed up by "if someone pinches your milk, you steal someone else's".

Disadvantage: Hostels (especially the old vintage ones) are often ramshackle and creaky. There may be so much penicillin in the mould on the walls you can only enter your room on prescription and that may be so insalubrious that you can put a saucer of milk on the inside of your window ledge and make yeast.

Advantage: This is a perfect excuse for:-

- a) not keeping your room tidy
- b) not inviting any guests to your room and thus saving a fortune on coffee and biscuits.

Food

Your options are to eat food served by the hostel mess or to cook your own food.

Hostel food comes in 2 types:—

1. The greasy fried variety, perfectly balanced

nutritionally, in that it contains no more of anything.

2. The dry sallady sort on paper plates - a lot of good nutrition, but unfortunately you can't eat the plates.

The alternative is to cook your own. Of course most of the time you just eat takeaways or make hors d'oeuvre of your 3-min instant noodles, but occasionally you should make an appearance in the kitchenette, wielding a spatula in hand and appearing busy concocting an exquisite cuisine. Student cuisine consists solely of:

- a) canned ham bolognese
- b) sardines a la bolognese
- c) simulated curry

If you cannot cook anything at all, become a vegetarian.

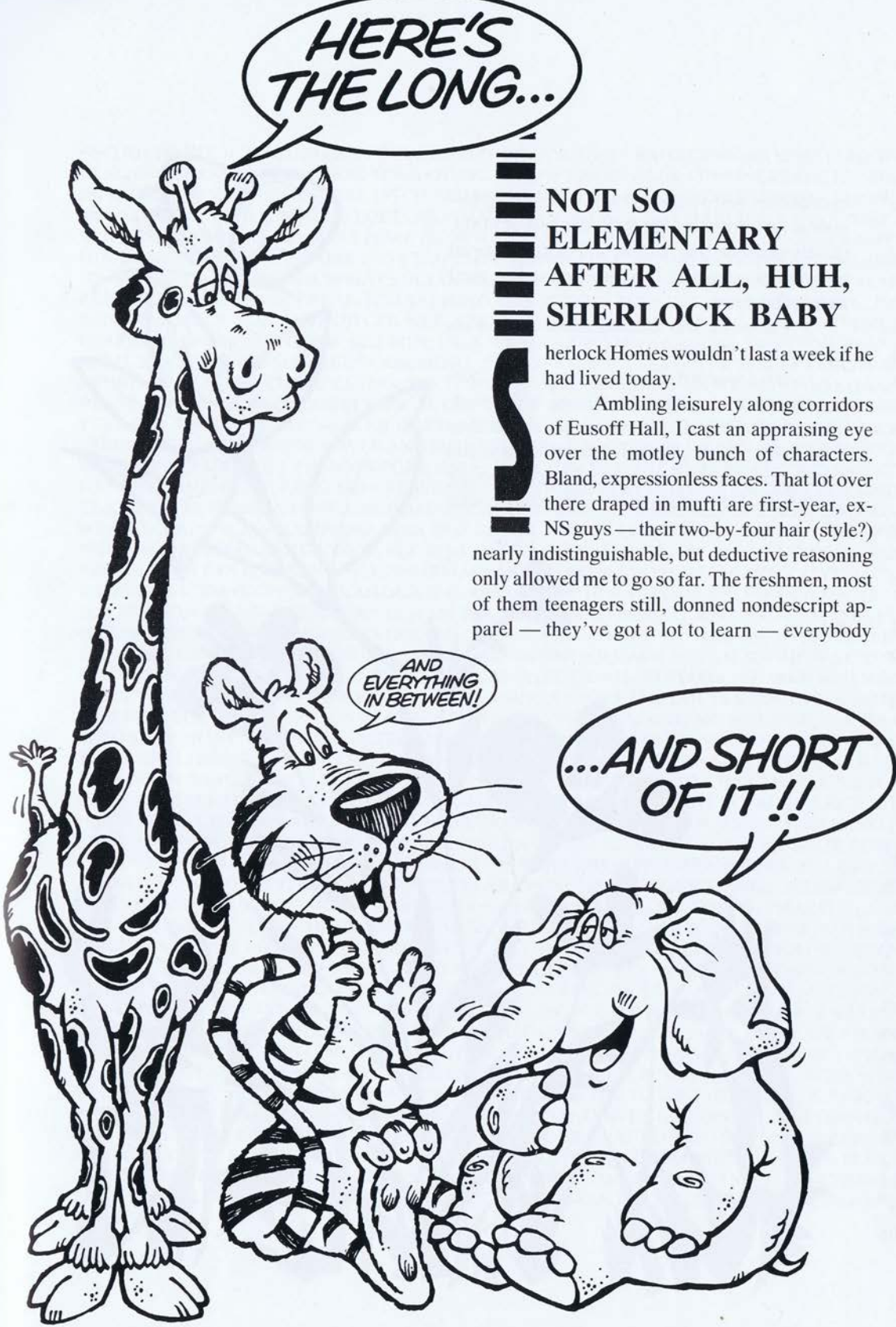
Image

Being recognizable as a hostelite is a challenge. You can usually tell the subject students are studying by the clothes they wear. Some are obvious — for example, chic trendy clothes are a sure sign of Arts students; tailored, custom-made pants and steel-rimmed glasses denote a medical or engineering student. The clothes a hostelite

wear reflect their subjects: literature devotees favour the intensely personal and bizarre; Law students will prefer the lightweight and casual; Philosophers, Psychologists and Economists go for anything old, heavy and dark; Computer Scientists will only be interested in safer and established concepts which have been around for years. In every corridor, in every Hall of Residence, there's the male student who always dresses 'smartly' in an ARROW collared and long-sleeved shirt, designer slacks and sensible shoes, all so carefully selected that each item manages to clash subtly with every other. These people always become dons or accountants and eventually go bald but persist in combing hair over the bald patch so that the parting gets lower and lower. They spend their last years complaining about the ridiculous hairstyles and clothes worn by young people.

Adapted from 'Bluff Your Way At University' by Robert Ainsley.





HERE'S
THE LONG...

NOT SO ELEMENTARY AFTER ALL, HUH, SHERLOCK BABY

Sherlock Holmes wouldn't last a week if he had lived today.

Ambling leisurely along corridors of Eusoff Hall, I cast an appraising eye over the motley bunch of characters. Bland, expressionless faces. That lot over there draped in mufti are first-year, ex-NS guys — their two-by-four hair (style?) nearly indistinguishable, but deductive reasoning only allowed me to go so far. The freshmen, most of them teenagers still, donned nondescript apparel — they've got a lot to learn — everybody

AND
EVERYTHING
IN BETWEEN!

...AND SHORT
OF IT!!

seemed to be rigged out in almost striking resemblance with everybody else! Bless me if they didn't have the same acne-marks on their faces!

Then there were the moonstruck, enamoured lovers pairing off like love-starved budgerigars, making their ubiquitous presence titillatingly-felt in every cosy nook and cranny. These love-birds are not novel to us anymore.

And of course the hunk in scarlet jeans with the tanned long-haired beauty — the "well-endowed" among the student body, enjoying "joie de vivre" to the fullest. In contrast to the quiet, low-profile white-shirted Mr Prim-and-Proper and his frilly peaches 'n cream girlfriend — the type that hold hands only in the privacy of the movie theatre.

Elementary, my dear Watson.

And yet, though we know the "category" people belong to, appearance — most of all, outward appearance, or what the French would call "demeanour" — doesn't count for everything. The pigeonholes we slot personalities into had expiry dates stamped on them. First impressions are seldom wholly accurate, because they are based on intuitive perception. We can only know so much from covers.

As time progresses, we should adjust, reclassify or reevaluate the slots in the pigeonholes and soon, revamp them altogether and accept people into our own lives as unique individuals. Living with preconceived ideas is not only inaccurate, it can be downright embarrassing, as yours truly here was soon to find out.

At the laundry-line for example. After a day of wandering at the engineering block, she was frustrated; she'd never want to set eyes on another company logo again! Steel, chemical or plastics — at every turn, they superciliously stared at her from the back of T-shirts. Good grief! "Why can't they wear something else? Something like what he's hanging out in....."

"Hey! Nice shirt — is it yours?"

A quick gleam of white, a smile. "Thanks; yes it's mine."

She gazed approvingly at the row of neatly pegged colourful shirts and designer slacks. "You can't be in Engin. Fac. then." She bent down to pick up another piece of wet clothing. "Those buggers think the world revolves around T-shirts and slippers." She continued pegging her clothes. "Boy, they are really way back in fashion-sense. Somebody ought to enlighten them, bring them up-to-date ..." she laughed.

No response.

He looked at her, dead-pan.

As he turned away, she caught a glimpse of yet another company logo. And each flap of his slippers deepened the embarrassed flush on her face.

And sometimes it may be damned painful.

"Hey, you'd better not touch that! Walter says it's very hot."

"Walter!" Tones of derision and scorn. "That wimp shrivels in sunlight. Let me at it!"

Grasping the handle of the pot.....

"Y E E E O W!"

Releasing the handle of the pot

"I told you so."

There are pleasant surprises too, and no more poignant is the discovery of the culinary skills of future engineers and architects.

Hands that work with test-tubes and wires are equally adept at juggling pots and pans. It's amazing what two hot-plates can produce — stews, broths, cutlets — marvellously-coloured and delicately flavoured. In fact, in a curious reversal of roles, I more often observe girls resorting to the pre-packed seasoning than the boys.

The "No MSG" protestation is as important as the "ode in France" label. One can see they really abhor the stuff.

I was innocently stirring my instant noodles one day when a member of the "Anti-MSG" zealots descended upon me. Fire shot from his

eyes and his voice trembled with unremitting fervour as he warned me about the dangers of MSG, closely examined my hairline and swiftly dumped my noodles in the dust-bag. I scoffed and laughed airily at his fears.

I hope he was kidding about that bit on brain erosion though.

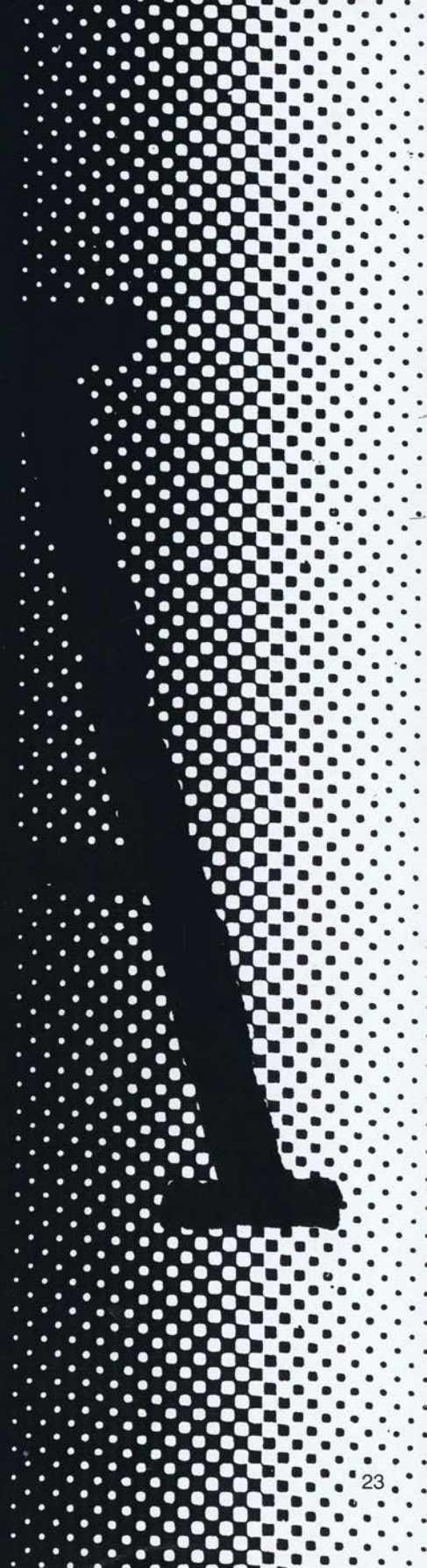
It is a wonderfully warm, funny and a thoroughly enjoyable experience living in the mad-cap world of Eusoff. No one is quite who they seem to be, yet it is always tempting to guess and ponder upon the personalities of the people living around you. Life is not quite so elementary... after all.

lcc



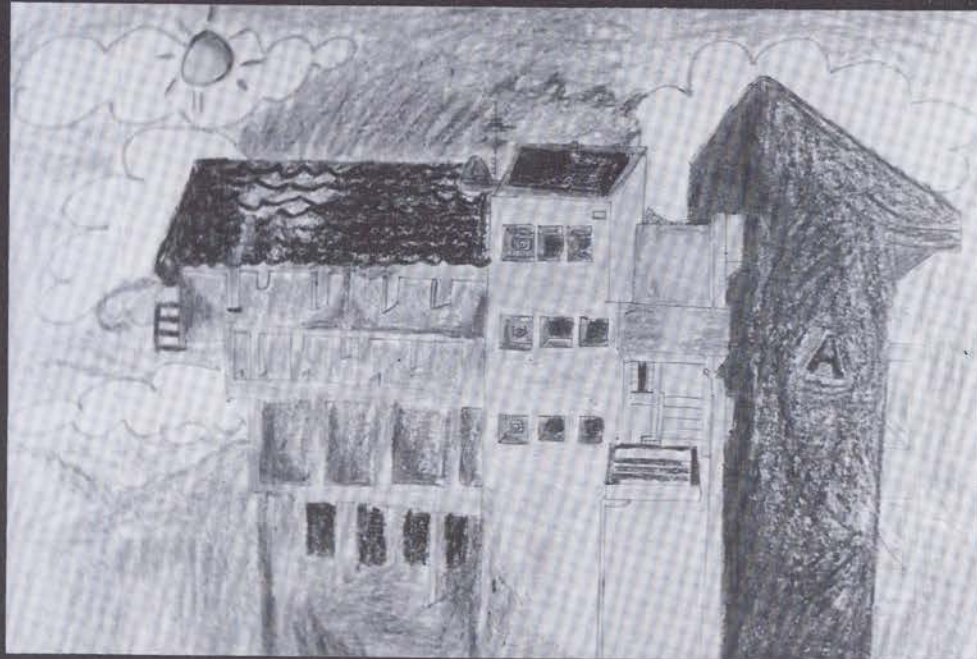
•NG RICHARD; 31, JLN DATO WAN IRISK G. MERDEKA 83000 BATU PAHAT JOHORE M'SIA •CHEW KOK WAI; 20, TMN. SERI LANGAT, JLN REKO 43000, KAJANG, SELANGOR, M'SIA • HENG CHIEW KHOON; BLK 4 UPP PICKERING ST #06-39 S'PORE 0105 • LEE SIEW FYE; BLK 697 HOUGANG ST 61 #07-44 S'PORE 1953 • TIO SII HEIH; 51 JLN BAMFYLDE 93200 KUCHING, SARAWAK M'SIA • LIEW CHOON BOON; BLK 306 ANG MO KIO AVE 1 #09-1171 S'PORE 2056 • LAM CHIAN PRONG; 31A CHARLTON LANE S'PORE 1953 • NG TJIAN CHERNG, GEORGE; BLK 218 TAMPINES ST 24 #06-10 S'PORE 1852 • PHUA LIAT KEONG; BLK 149 YISHUN ST 11 #08-83 S'PORE 2776 • TAY TIEN SIN; BLK 532 HOUGANG AVE 6 #10-311 S'PORE 1953 • TOH CHEE KEONG; BLK 561 ANG MO KIO AVE 10 #05-1818 S'PORE 2056 • FONG KIN FUI; W.D.T. 378, 9009 SANDARAN, SABAH, M'SIA • SULTAN REZA; 66 BAYSHORE ROAD #25-02 S'PORE 1646 • CHONG JIUN YEH; 176, 2ND FLOOR, JLN PASIR PUTEH 31650 IPOH, PERAK, M'SIA • CHING POY SENG; 2, JLN SULTANAH, 83000 BATU, JOHOR, M'SIA • LEE YIT SING; 23-C JLN BANDAR BARU, K.T., M'SIA • KOH CHI WEE, KELVIN; BLK 315 SERANGOON AVE 2 #05-206 S'PORE 0955 • LEE CHIA MENG; BLK 506 AVE 8 HOUGANG S'PORE 1953 • LIAW SZE MIN; 139, JLN RAJA KAM, TMN CANNING, 31400 IPOH, PERAK, M'SIA • CHUNG CHEE WAI; 93, KG. BARU, 32700 BRUAS, M'SIA • LEE SOOK MING, CINDY; 4 JLN SS2/17, 47300 P.J. M'SIA • TANG WANNEE; BLK 151E KING'S ROAD #19-20 S'PORE 1026 • LEONG CHING CHING; BLK 7 GHIM MOH ROAD #05-265 S'PORE 1027 • FOO SU SAN; BLK 117 SERANGOON NORTH AVE 1 #11-243 S'PORE 1955 • WONG MEI ENG, AUDREY; BLK 19 MARINE TERRACE #08-142 S'PORE 1544 • WONG MEAU EE; BLK 14 MARINE TERRACE #16-184 S'PORE 1544 • LEE BOEY GIOK; 3832 JLN HAMZAH 15000 KOTA BHARU, KELANTAN M'SIA • CHUA CHYE PING, CHRISTINE; BLK 624 #05-1078, AVE 4 ANG MO KIO S'PORE 2056 • TIEN GEOK HONG; 46A BENCOOLEN STREET #05-48 • TAY JULIE; BLK 340 JURONG EAST AVE 1 #10-1670 S'PORE 2260 • HOO CHIN YEE, VIKKI; BLK 149 HOUGANG ST 11 #08-120 S'PORE 1953 • KAM PENG HENG, YVONE; BLK 154 ANG MO KIO AVE 5 #03-3110 S'PORE 2056 • LI HWEE KWON; BLK 56 SIMS DRIVE #10-1089 S'PORE 1438 • TEO YEE KHIM; 3A TRACK 22 PONGGOL ROAD S'PORE 1954 • KOH SIEW MIEM, YOLANDE; 13 MARINE TERRACE #04-172 S'PORE 1544 • LAI WEE KEONG; 8-A JLN KAMPONG JAWA, TOP FLOOR 75100 MELEKA M'SIA • CHONG KHEK PIN; 9A JLN BERSATU, SELENG, SENAI, JOHOR M'SIA • CHAN SANG KONG; BLK E 12-8 RIFLE RANGE 11400 PENANG M'SIA • NG BOON HUAT; 83 LOR. MAAROF BANGSAR PARK 5900 K.L. M'SIA TAN ENG SENG; BLK 10 GHIM MOH ROAD #13-96 S'PORE 1027 • LEE SHY JYE, JACK; 30 JLN SS21/11 DAMANSARA UTAMA 47400 S'GOR M'SIA • KONDO TAKAHIRO; 52-62 ABRAGI-MACHI NAGASAKI-SHI JAPAN 7852 • CHU WAI MENG; 30 JLN PELANDOK SATU, SUNTEX GDN, BT JLN. CHERAS M'SIA • FAM BOON KEE, JOHNSON; 11 JLN CENDANA, TMN PERDANA, BATU PAHAT, JOHOR M'SIA • SOONG KIM FOONG, VERA; BLK 6 HOLLAND CLOSE #03-28 S'PORE 1027 • HNG POH HONG; BLK 57 GEYLANG BAHRU #02-3487 S'PORE 1233 • FANG GEOK SAN; 15 JLN DUKU 2, TMN RUMPUN BAHAGIA, MALACCA M'SIA • HOW SU YIN, PEARL; 1, AKYAB ROAD, AKYAB APT #02-02 S'PORE 1130 • CHEONG LAI PENG; BLK 62 MARINE DR #11-104 S'PORE 1544 • TAN SOH HOON, KATHLEEN; BLK 106 JLN DUSUN #02-19 S'PORE 1232 • SEOW SIEW KUAN; NO. 9 JLN SINGA S'PORE 1441 TAN YEE SOON; BLK 162 MEI LING ST. #12-357 S'PORE 0314 • TAN KEH MUI; BLK 101 SERANGOON NORTH AVE 1 #12-817 S'PORE 1955 • CHENG MEE LEE; BLK 256 ANG MO KIO AVE 4 #08-47 S'PORE 2056 • YEO SIEW MUEY; 43 MOH GUAN TERRACE #01-30 S'PORE 0316 • GOH BENG SIM; BLK 38 TOA PAYOH LOR. 5 #11-505 S'PORE 1231 • SEETOW SIEW LING; BLK 545 ANG MO KIO AVE 10 #15-2270 S'PORE 2056 • PHUA SOH KHENG; BLK 113 YISHUN RING ROAD #03-477 S'PORE 2776 • POON SANG ENG; BLK 727 YISHUN ST 71 #06-99 S'PORE 2776 • YEO KIM LAN; BLK 265 YISHUN ST 22 #02-202 S'PORE 2776 • ONG CHEE ANG; BLK 116 JURONG EAST ST 13 #24-394 S'PORE 2260 • ONG LAY PHENG; BLK 613 BEDOK RESERVOIR ROAD #04-1168 S'PORE 1647 • LIEW FENG CHUAN, KAREN; BLK 179 TAO PAYOH CENTRAL #07-464 S'PORE 1231 • LOI MING HIE; 4 BGNAN BANGKITA, LIMBANG, S'WAK M'SIA • GOH CHOR LENG, ESTHER; 556B JOO CHIAT RD S'PORE 1542 • TAN SOOK LING; 326 LURAH BILUT 28800 BENTONG, PAHANG M'SIA • LIM SIEW TIN; 72 JLN SONGKET S'PORE 1953 • TAN KIM ENG; BLK 173 LOR 1 TOA PAYOH #06-1276 S'PORE 1231 • TAY CHING CHING, JOCELYN; 4 LORONG PAYA LEBAR S'PORE 1953 • LEE GEK TIANG; 12 LIANG SEAH ST S'PORE 0718 • TAN GUAN HUAT; 7 JLN PAHANG, CANNING GARDEN IPOH, M'SIA • CONRAD MELVILLE CAMPOS; 1 MARPLE LANE S'PORE 1027 • CHAN SENG TAH; 338 TMN TABUAN DAYAK, KUCHING 93350 SARAWAK, EAST M'SIA • TAN LEE HUN, AYLWIN; 45 JLN ELOK S'PORE 0922 • KAN CHI LOONG; 20 JLN 9, AMPANG JAYA 68000 AMPANG, S'GOR M'SIA • GAN CHENG CHIAN; 7 SOLOK MEMPAT, OFF JLN TELOK GADONG 41200 KELANG, SELANGOR, M'SIA • CHIA HERNG PHONG, LESTER; BLK 75 WHAMPOA DRIVE #03-358 S'PORE 1232 • KHOH SU WEE; BLK 74 MARINE DRIVE #04-49 S'PORE 1544 • TAN OOI BOON; 49A LEBOH RAYA PARK, TAMAN MANSION, 30250 IPOH, M'SIA • HO HOCK HENG; BLK 27 TOA PAYOH EAST #01-200 S'PORE 1231 • NG SIMON; BLK 42 #10-193 TANGLIN HALT ROAD S'PORE 0314 • LOO YEE MING; 29 TMN SENTOSA 08000 SUNGEI PETANI, KEDAH M'SIA • PNG OON SEN, DANIEL; 8 KALIDASA AVE S'PORE 2678 • CHONG CHEE JECK; 2 LEBUH RAYA PERAJURIT (2), IPOH GDN EAST, 31400 IPOH, PERAK, M'SIA • CHONG CHOON YENG; 12 JLN DATO ABDUL MALEK, 70000 SEREMBAN, N. SEMBILAN, M'SIA • LIM KAY TECK; 620 JLN AIR JERNAEH, SETAPAK 53200 K.L. M'SIA • CHOY BOON HOE; 4, LOR SS3/59C, 47300 PETALING JAYA, SELANGOR M'SIA • KHOO KOK SING; 28 JLN DATO' TAHIR SATU, 42200-KAPAR, SELANGOR • TAN HOCK SENG, RICHARD; 228-B JLN GAJAH BERANG 75200, M'CCAM M'SIA • KUAN ENG KHONG; 33 WESTERN GDNS, P.G. M'SIA • WEE KIM CHYE; BLK 37 CIRCUIT ROAD #15-465 S'PORE 1337 • TANG TONG NGEE; 8(1ST FLOOR) JLN PUNAI, HAPPY VALLEY, KLUANG, JOHOR, 86000 M'SIA • HUI KEEN HOE; BLK 474 TAMPINES ST 41 #12-190 S'PORE 1852 • JANSEN JOSEPH MARIAN; BLK 110 COMMONWEALTH CRESCENT #09-284 S'PORE 0314 • YONG VOON CHEN; 29 JLN DURIAN DUA, TMN CHERAS M'SIA • LAM CHENG POH; 19 JLN TELOK PANGLIMA GARONG, 58000, K.L. M'SIA • LEE BENG SHING; 616/617 JLN TAMAN PERTAMA 16, 34000 TAIPING, M'SIA







ORIENTATION



"Eusoff Hall Block A" by Ho Yew Leong.
Age: 12



*Spilled lives
flow and commingle in a single niche
swept away by alacritous joy
swirling encircling essence of experience
aching into fusion
youthful virility angled before the tide
channelled into a whirlwind of whirring activities
to shape an affinity
and seal a fast bond of camaraderie
which churns and stirs the heart*



ORIENTATION

Fresh—m-e-n!! When you see a senior, you have to greet them by saying good morning 'senior lady' or 'senior gentleman'. There are several off limits areas like the T.V. room, the lounge and the reading room. You will report to the Function Hall

And so the rules went on, marking the start of a gruelling 3-week Orientation Programme for the First Years at Eusoff Hall. At approximately 5:30 am every morning, alarm clocks buzzed from every block, ringing in a new day of physical training sessions, meeting-the-seniors-and-members-of-the-JCRC-SCRC sessions, cheer-fight sessions and the most dreaded question—and-answer sessions where the names, room numbers and activities of the most prominent seniors had to be promptly and correctly given in lieu of 10 - 20 push-ups. Sporting wan faces and dark-rimmed eyes, the freshmen struggled on bravely. But there was more in store for the unsuspecting babies of the Hall, much of it interesting and fun - filled. In the middle of an "I can't hear you, Freshmen!" session, the FWOC would say, "Tomorrow, you will be going for an essential shopping trip. This is what you have to buy....."

There were of course, many highlights of the Orientation, one of the most memorable being the Island Trip to Sisters Island, where everyone got barely two hours of sleep, being engaged in an obstacle course, a Mr Eusoff/Miss Eusoff competition, Sandcastle - building competition or simply chatting the night away. Amidst the crickets chirping, the lapping of the waves, the mosquitoes and flies buzzing and the coldest showers some of us ever took, we came out unscathed, showing the world what a tough bunch of freshmen Eusoff had acquired in its first year on campus. All came back to the Hall excited (perhaps somewhat relieved) and extremely tired. Nonetheless, if asked today, many of the freshmen would look back and smile fondly at the night beneath the starlit skies, where friendships were forged and capabilities realized.

Another interesting event of the Orientation was the Talentime, in which all the groups had to put

up a sketch, a song and an instrumental item. Time had to be snatched from the strict regime and rehearsals were fastidiously carried out.

At the end, the winning groups had to prepare for the bigger- scaled Talentime involving all the halls on campus.

Eusoff's well - choreographed dance item staged at KE 7 was critically acclaimed, inspite of a little mishap involving a piece of a dancer's costume.

The annual Rag and Flag of the university saw currencies (even buttons) and prizes ringing in. Through the efforts of the illustrious freshmen and a number of keen seniors, the sum collected amounted to approximately \$19, 000. Team spirit was evident in the float presentation as well as in the collection for charity. Everyone returned with a heavy tin, heavy step, but a light heart.

One of the most exciting and invigorating, albeit sweaty event, was the Telematch which was followed by a raucous cheerfight amongst the various Halls of Residence. Eusoff emerged with the trophy, thanks to the dedicated freshmen who practised very hard for the games. When it was time for the cheerfight, Eusoff Hall again proved its mettle when, with linked arms and battle axes at the ready, surrounded by a fortress of seniors, we shouted ourselves hoarse. One even collapsed, but with great determination which was awe-inspiring, she carried on, thus pushing us to greater heights. Such was the case too, when KR 'invaded' us, forcing us to prove our worth to the Hall and its spirit.

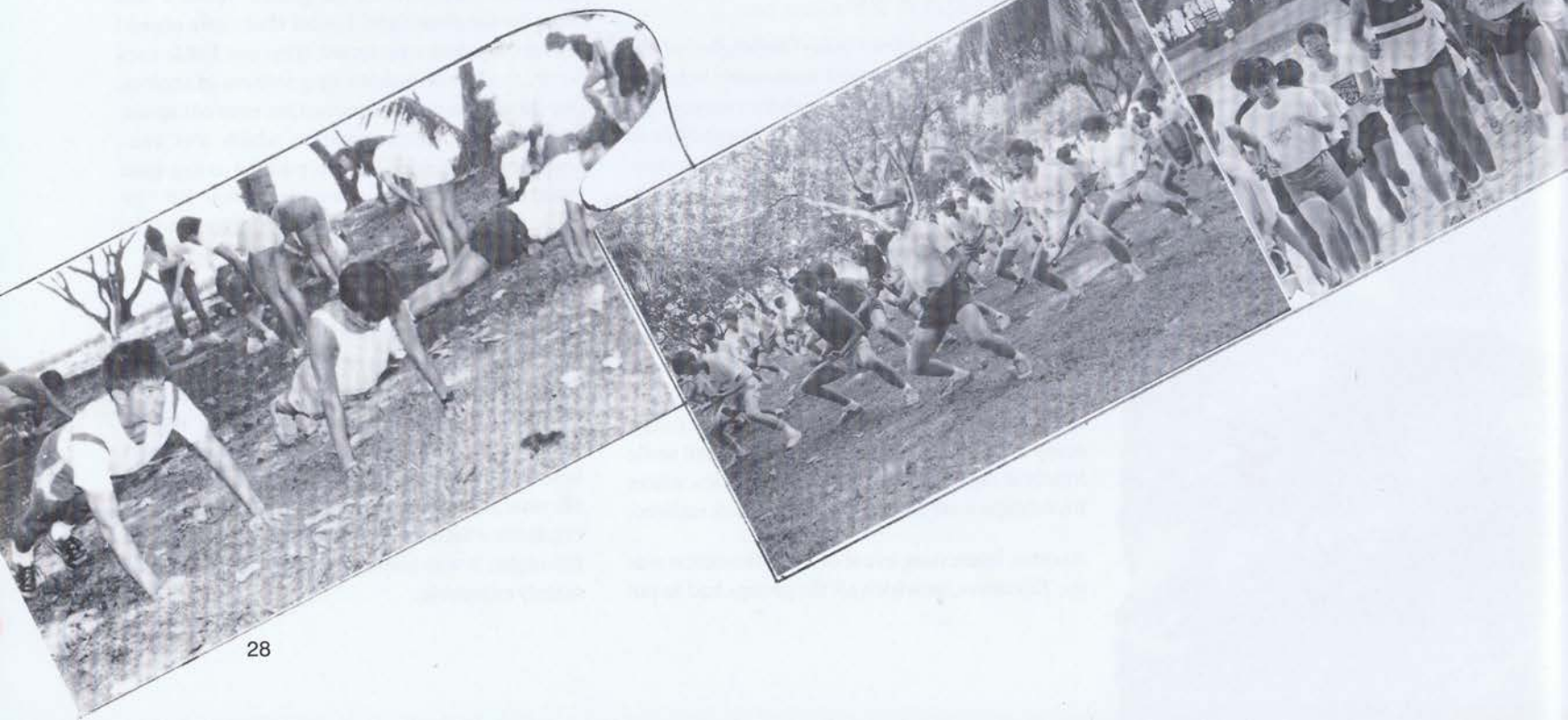
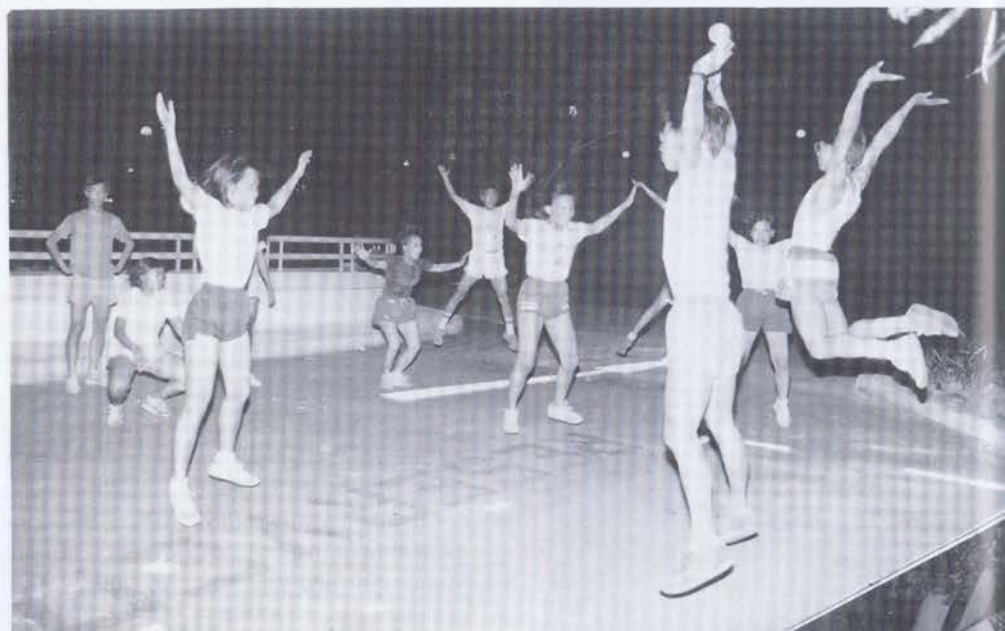
The Treasure Hunt proved another highlight of the Orientation Programme. Given a modified storyline from 'The Lord of The Rings' as a clue, packs of freshmen led by some seniors wandered off into the silent campus, encountering strange beings who made them do even stranger things before allowing them a clue which led to their ultimate destiny. Some were afraid of the awful creatures which shrieked suddenly in the quiet of the night; it was somewhat unnerving, but ultimately enjoyable.

There was, however, one aspect of the Orientation very much moaned and groaned about - general orientation, where freshmen had to chat up seniors into the wee hours of the morning to obtain a signature for an enormous card - either that or an endless number of sit-ups and push-ups. But it did serve its purpose, as more people became acquainted, and those with rings under their eyes were birds of a feather that had flocked together just the night before.

The last day of the Orientation was not any easier. In fact, it proved one of the most gruelling of all, when all the freshmen had to run around campus and were subjected to three rounds of training that left many gasping, "No sweat !" to the senior gentlemen's "Any sweat, freshmen ?"

After the candles were lit, the pledges taken and the wine tasted, the freshmen became full-fledged Eusoffians imbued with a sense of pride for having survived the orientation, as well as pride of the hall and all it stood for. Laughter rang out merrily from all corners of the hall that night, signalling a new chapter for our hall.

ma



Of DRAGONS, DRUID PEASANTS AND DETERMINATION

The sound of a distant thunder roll ushered in EH's float procession in the Rag-a-Flag with an impending storm's rifle-shooting, bull-horned, cloud-butting, thunder-hammering, rain-slapping, gale-scratching, rock-kneeing, dust-cuffing and wind-elbowing (...it was actually a rather windy day. But don't blame me if this account sounds too exaggerated. You would do the same thing too if you've got a nagging, demanding editor who exhorts you to add more verve in your writing. Well this is verve for you !!).

As the procession rolls its way onto seas of pulp-confetti strewn on the road, shades of...of...of...(what in the world is it!?!)...of what seems like a hybrid between the Loch Ness Monster and Tyrannosaurus-Rex-looking dragon, heaved in sight. The lorry upon which the whole float's "mise en scene" was constructed on, was creaking, squeaking, grating, chug-chugging, crank-croaking, gear-rasping strenuously under the intolerable weight (...by the way, the dragon looked pretty menacing and foreboding. That it was not immediately connected to the story line is another matter). By the roadside, the ecstatic, hoarse and delirious shouts, whooping, bawling, yelling, cheering, roaring and back-thumping ... yes, back-thumping, the back-thumping of those onlookers-cum-supporters who were either on-looking or supporting fanatically, had surpassed the frenzied level....

But the Medieval Druid peasants — (the personae which EH's float assumed) — their faces like Odyssean effigies, were wearing outrageous costumes enough to calm the furies of the Elements.

Their demeanours were out of this world (and epoch) — no doubt the product of their creator's highly fertile (steroid-induced) imagination.

There's one I couldn't forget. The face of the Chief Peasant. Vitreous eyes, brows like thick, black moustaches, teeth of silver-glitter, lime and carmine on his cheeks. Half-naked, with perspiring phosphorescent skin; a head like-the seed of a sucked-out mango, feet dragged in sauntering fashion; garb of smelly gunny-sack. The small, beleaguered eyes of his companion, focused closely on what was going on and averting familiar faces in the

crowd to avoid further post-Rag-&-Flag humiliation; his eyeballs rolled despondently upwards towards the sky, gave him the aspect, not of the peasant-hero he was supposed to portray, but of a little face made out like the hairy pit of a "kedongdong".

But everything was not all out of the extraordinary. The characters to play and act out EH float's "little drama" put up a rather gauche performance (although, to be fair to them, it appeared more like a pantomime most of the time....maybe they should've used the P.A.system). Anyway... I could be wrong. Because by then the beating drums that accompanied the mantra-sounding chorus were booming out my thoughts. Near and far, the cacophony of the other processions deafened me. Meanwhile, EH's Druid peasants continued to enact their plight-epic with dogged determination. Wooden drums, tunnels of Unending echoes, coupled with unintelligible and incoherent mumblings of some mystic language totally disorientated me.... Leather drums, bellies of resounding wind. Songs with a prophetic howl. Cane flutes, jingles, gyrating Arabian maidens and their intoxicating belly-dance ... (or were they from another float ... ?)

...And the Eusoffians singing, in trance-like euphoria, that Eusoffian spirit easy to recognise in its unmistakable presence, for on their faces could be seen the primeval spirit of *esprit de corp*...the Promethean flame burns unremittingly..... we did not win anything ... but that's not the point.

...A spectral hour. Is it daytime? Is it night?

The last golden cloud, the first stars, the last cantankerous float rolls by.

...and the start of an interminable and illustrious beginning !

(Editor's note: An exhilarating, inventive whirlwind account of the picaresque and the absurd — an intensely fictional portrayal of the Rag & Flag 88/89 procession by an inspired and inspiring writer gripped by unbridled imagination and overflowing artistic verve!)



HIGH TABLE DINNERS

It titter of giggles along the corridors, the boisterous shout every now and then, the wolf whistling among the guys or the accompanying cat-calls for the girls...This must be the prelude to every High Table dinner held this year.

It's that occasional chance to tog out in party clothes, where for once, the ubiquitous beach-shorts and T-shirts just don't make the grade. Perhaps more interesting is to anticipate what your certain heart-throb will be decked out in...Sometimes the results are (horribly) depressing, like white bell-bottom trousers, fastidiously worn with white creaseless, immaculate shirt, track shoes, and a tie that distinctively screams of the 70's!!

All dressed up, only to troop into the dining-hall (where else!?). Once in and seated, the long wait for the rest and the guest begins. In the meantime you are left to generate your own amusement. Some tend to toy around with the table decorations Chinese lanterns for the moon cake festival; candles for the Christmas dinner and an abundance of colourful streamers for the farewell dinners, while there are others who help themselves to the spread before them. Etiquette...what's that?!

The food, whether it be a whole roast of chicken, with fries and greens or a Chinese (sumptuous?) dish, is ALWAYS eaten cold. And second helpings are not encouraged...there's not enough provided for that. Girls are at a disadvantage especially when sitting at a table surrounded by guys.

The customary opening speech is delivered by the Master, A/P Andrew Tay — the end of which signifies (rather unceremoniously) the 'official time' to start eating.

After all and sundry have scrapped their platters clean, High Table Dinners are followed by performances appropriate for each occasion. The Mooncake Festival saw an impressive display of lanterns made by each block. A play — scintillating and rivetting in its own right, though sadly marred by its dialogue, (Only the actors and actresses could make head or tail out of it!)

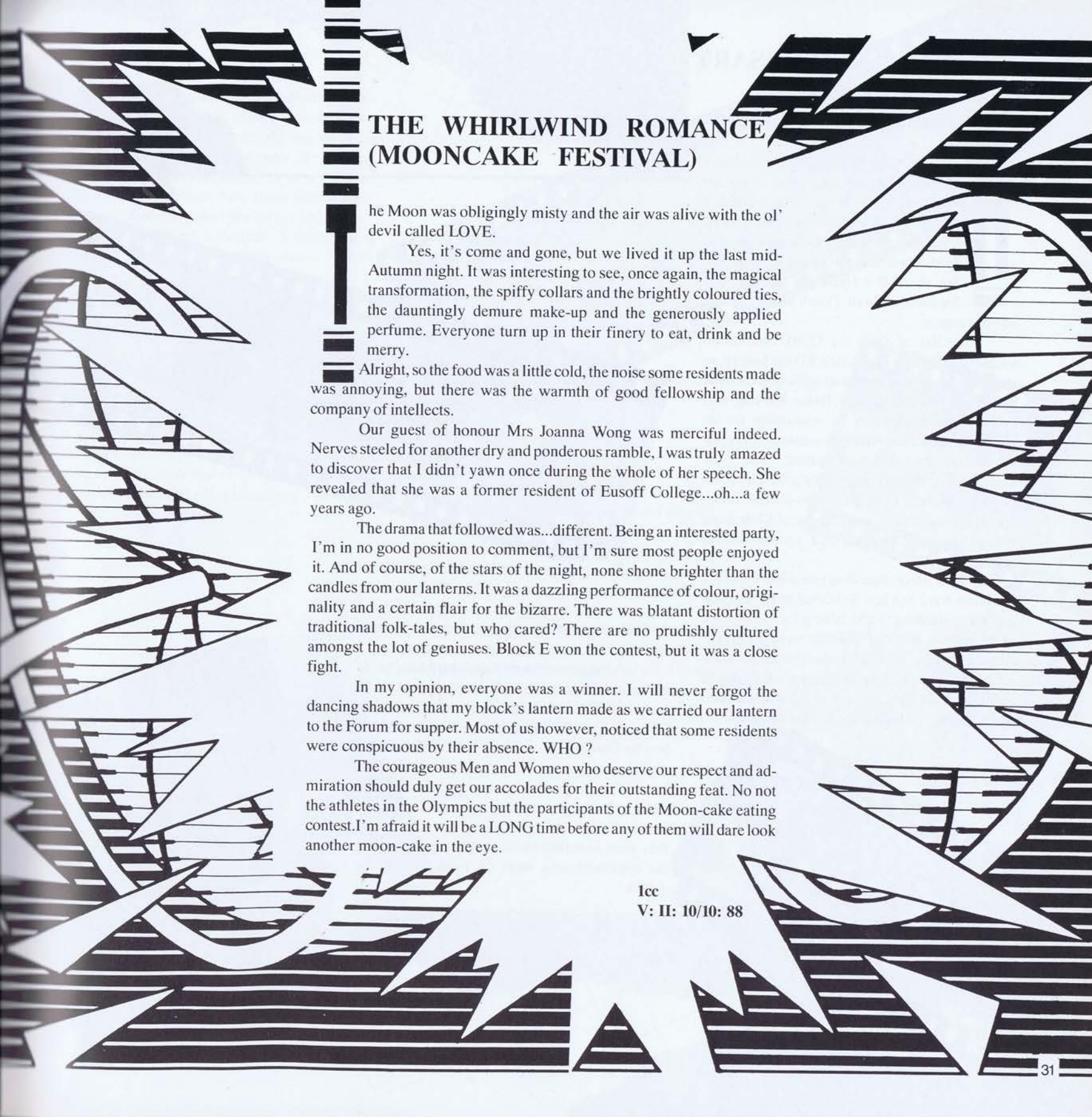
—was performed at the Christmas dinner. Needless to say (...But I am saying it all the same), we were all "advised" to assemble in the function room to participate in the goings-on.

Show-times like these provide excellent opportunity to show-off Hall talents (or the dearth of it!).

After the merriment has subsided, and the nerve-jangling anxiety and mouth-watering expectancy finally dissipated, all wearily trudged back to their respective rooms, leaving the Communal Hall quiet and empty, save the mess to be cleared up....

mill





THE WHIRLWIND ROMANCE (MOONCAKE FESTIVAL)

he Moon was obligingly misty and the air was alive with the ol' devil called LOVE.

Yes, it's come and gone, but we lived it up the last mid-Autumn night. It was interesting to see, once again, the magical transformation, the spiffy collars and the brightly coloured ties, the dauntingly demure make-up and the generously applied perfume. Everyone turn up in their finery to eat, drink and be merry.

Alright, so the food was a little cold, the noise some residents made was annoying, but there was the warmth of good fellowship and the company of intellectuals.

Our guest of honour Mrs Joanna Wong was merciful indeed. Nerves steeled for another dry and ponderous ramble, I was truly amazed to discover that I didn't yawn once during the whole of her speech. She revealed that she was a former resident of Eusoff College...oh...a few years ago.

The drama that followed was...different. Being an interested party, I'm in no good position to comment, but I'm sure most people enjoyed it. And of course, of the stars of the night, none shone brighter than the candles from our lanterns. It was a dazzling performance of colour, originality and a certain flair for the bizarre. There was blatant distortion of traditional folk-tales, but who cared? There are no prudishly cultured amongst the lot of geniuses. Block E won the contest, but it was a close fight.

In my opinion, everyone was a winner. I will never forgot the dancing shadows that my block's lantern made as we carried our lantern to the Forum for supper. Most of us however, noticed that some residents were conspicuous by their absence. WHO ?

The courageous Men and Women who deserve our respect and admiration should duly get our accolades for their outstanding feat. No not the athletes in the Olympics but the participants of the Moon-cake eating contest. I'm afraid it will be a LONG time before any of them will dare look another moon-cake in the eye.

Icc
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30TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Grand Open House Celebration

eld on the 15th October, 1988, the Grand Open House celebration had a twofold use. It was, on the one hand, a cordial gesture, inviting parents, relatives and friends to partake of an insight into the Hall. It was also an occasion inaugurating the Hall's transition from its old location at Bukit Timah and its inception at campus.

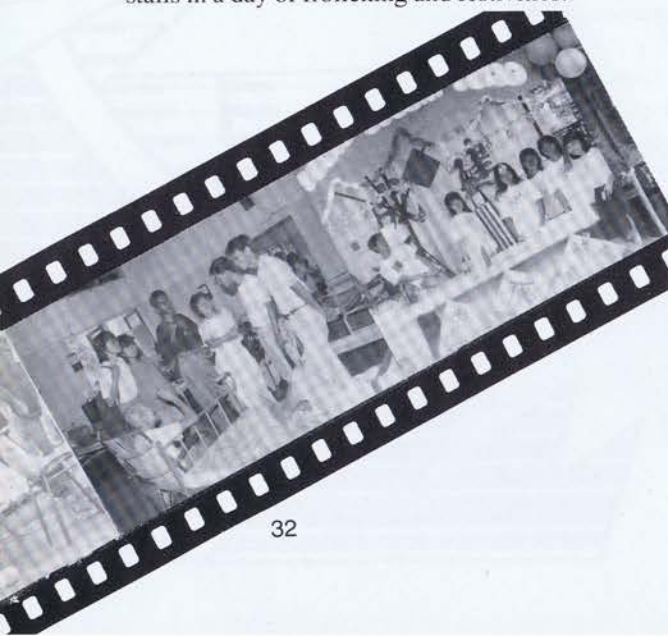
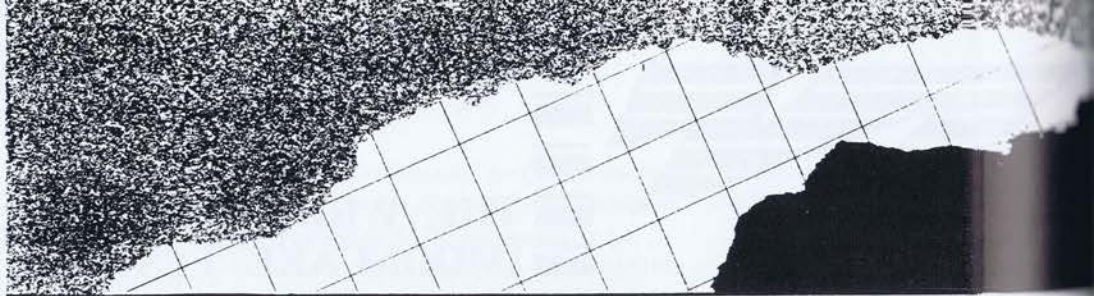
Mindful of this, the GOH celebration sought to reflect the Hall's rich 30 year history, as well as to forge new goals and achievements that will keep the Promethean flame burning and become the wellsprings of inspiration for an illustrious Eusoffian future. It was thus appropriate that the occasion was themed, "The Time Travellers" a theme encapsulating the Eusoffian eventful journey through a trans-spatial, trans-epoch time spectrum, over 30 years of felicitous history: amalgamating the past, present and future.

Other noble objectives prevailed; the day's activities were not just dedicated to indulgence and merry-making. Fund raising for the welfare of hostelites and for charity were included. Members of the EVC generously undertook the job of inviting and chaperoning underprivileged children around the myriad of games and food stalls in a day of frolicking and festivities.

The opening ceremony was graced by Dr Aileen Aw and accompanied by the pulsating, energetic rhythm of the lion-dance. From there, the Hall eased itself into the prevalent and ubiquitous carnival mood and began its merriment.

A long line of activities contributed to the aura of celebratory fiesta. There was plenty to be entertained by and to participate in. Games like limbo rock and the eating competition brought on howls of laughter as residents displayed their versatility, and somewhat strange, latent "talents".

Family games were also provided for, though the response was less enthusiastic (the reason being shyness rather than disinterest), they were nonetheless constantly encouraged by the compares who were on hand to host the games.



A touch of culture was added to the itinerary of all "Time Travellers" at the carnival. Drama, dance and music contributed to the sparkle of the day's events. More popular were the fashion show and the demonstrations. Held in the cool respite of the function hall, these events were more successful in drawing a larger audience.

Kids were not forgotten. A magic show was specially arranged for them, much to their delight.

The real highlight of the day was the food-and-fun fair that was held in the carpark. The numerous stalls, the flurry of activities, the impressive and enticing artifices adorning the entrance of the fair all served to lure the crowds.

Each block set up two stalls, and there resulted a myriad of edibles to savour and a host of games to indulge one's fancy. Judging from the crowd of relatives and throngs of friends that were present, a member of the GOH committee considered the celebration a success.



The revelry of the day continued into the night. The Hop in the function hall saw more joviality though participation by residents could have been better; those who were present had their fun and showed no end to their tireless energy.

When it was finally over, the day's celebrations came to an end. After a day of hectic and vivacious enjoyment, it was time to wind down and put up tired feet. Nonetheless, a quiet sense of achievement (and relief) settled over the Hall.

Cleaning up had to be done, but that could wait until tomorrow.

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SPEECH BY PROFESSOR LIM PIN, VICE-CHANCELLOR, NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF SINGAPORE, AT EUSOFF HALL 30TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

Saturday, 17.12.88

7.30 pm

Eusoff Hall

It is indeed a pleasure for me to join you in this celebration tonight. Even though the invitation requires me to earn my supper with a speech, I feel strangely attracted to the idea of dining with you and speaking to you. Perhaps it is the beautiful hall premises; perhaps the chance to meet some of the alumni of the University; or simply the Eusoffian power of persuasion; or, in language of the multiple-choice examination, all the above.

Any visitor stepping into your Hall for the first time would find it difficult to reconcile what he or she sees with 30 years of rich history and tradition. It is therefore important and appropriate that the 30th anniversary celebration be given the widest possible publicity as is being done, to emphasize the splendid heritage that lies behind this seemingly new born hall of residence.

The organisers are therefore to be congratulated for bringing back a good number of Eusoffians for the occasion and in particular for inaugurating the Eusoff Alumni on the same day – truly a landmark event in the history of Eusoff Hall.

At the Hall level, the existence and presence of a strong alumni body is invaluable, and indeed indispensable, for keeping alive the precious tradition that underlies the quality of hall life.

It must be acknowledged that many aspects of Eusoffian tradition are rooted in its long history, 26 years to be precise, of being a haven for ladies in the University.

Some of these customs and practices clearly need to be adapted to the present character of the Hall. But I am certain even the boys would wish to see such events as the Hen Parties preserved albeit with some modifications.

In more mundane terms, the alumni should prove to be an important source of guidance and assistance on such important matters as practical training in industry and employment opportunities.

They can also advise present Eusoffians on the ways of the world outside the University and help broaden the horizon of the young minds.

The Alumni as an organisation should help to foster the sense of belonging among the old Eusoffians and thus enhance their contributions to life in the Hall.

From the perspective of the University, the formation of the Eusoff Alumni is indeed a welcome development. It complements the current serious effort to bring the Alumni back to the University fold for mutual benefit. The University Alumni Department, soon to be set up, will update and store in computers the data on as many as possible of the 55,000 graduates of NUS and its predecessor universities.

It can serve as an information centre for alumni bodies like yours and support their activities. Regular publications containing news on developments and happenings on the campus will be mailed to all the alumni and hopefully this will sustain a high level of interest in their own alma mater.



Certain facilities in the University may also be made accessible to our alumni subject to available capacity. While Alumni will be invited to take part in some of the campus activities, the bulk of alumni meetings and functions are expected to be initiated and organised by the various alumni bodies.

Although it is not billed as such, I believe this evening's celebration is also to mark the first year in the new premises at Kent Ridge.

The modern facilities, the spacious and functional lay-out and the pleasing environment are a boon for the present Eusoffians.

They should be inspired to make the most of the opportunities, and building on the rich tradition of Eusoff, bring about a standard of hall life that will be the pride not only of Eusoff but also of the whole University.

Endowed with these physical assets and backed by a committed and enthusiastic Alumni body your chances of success I believe are indeed excellent.

There is much to look forward to in Eusoff Hall. It now remains for me to wish the Hall the very best in its striving for the best.

And thank you for inviting my wife and me to share this memorable and very enjoyable occasion.



30th ANNIVERSARY

Eusoff Hall may be a mere baby in that we have only recently moved onto campus but in terms of a Eusoffian tradition, we have 30 impressive years behind us. 1958 was the year in which Eusoff College opened in Bukit Timah and now, 3 whole decades later, here we are, newly named Eusoff Hall in the thick of campus life. It certainly called for a double celebration!

The Archives Committee Grand Open House paved the way towards the 30th Anniversary Celebrations by putting up a historical Exhibition of Eusoff College's development since 1958. Looking at all those old snapshots which captured hostel life gave one a strange feeling of *déjà vu*. Hadn't all this happened before? And of course it had — the hall may have different faces occupying its rooms year-in-year-out but the essence of hostel life remains. The comfortable feeling of living among friends shone in the faces of the Eusoffians in all those faded sepia-tinted photographs. A feeling we can identify with 30 years later, and which has managed to create a bond which overrides the lack of direct contact between the year-old Eusoff Hall and the 3 decades of rich heritage behind it.

On the days preceding the Big Day, EH quietly but steadily became more spruced up. Potted plants miraculously appeared, photographs of Hall activities were pinned up for scrutiny and a general feeling of excitement could be felt especially where the staff and RFs who had had strong bonds with Eusoff College were concerned. I must admit us freshmen couldn't quite get into the swing of things as yet, after all we didn't know Eusoff College...or did we?

Finally, the day was here. Mrs. Leow and Miss Jaya received past Eusoffians at the entrance of EH, checked their names off the long, illustrious list and proudly 'invited them in'. It was fantastic seeing so many old Eusoffians trooping back with really fond memories written all over their smiling faces. It was then

that something went 'click' and that bond talked of earlier came rushing back full force - these were Eusoffians, not strangers; which is an odd notion since we didn't really know any of them at all. We were told in no uncertain terms that the attire for that night's dinner was formal — it almost felt like being a kid again and having to be decked out in proper clothes in order to make a good impression on the visitors. Still, most of us complied meekly enough - I guess we wanted to show the 'visitor' that this generation of Eusoffians was worthy of the tradition.

Over dinner and speeches, former Eusoffians could be seen talking nineteen-to-a-dozen, no doubt catching up on each other's lives after years of non-communication. The old girls, especially, gave us a glimpse into their formidable reputation when they ragged the guest of honour with one of those oh-so-familiar cheerfight songs. They sang with gusto - all those women dressed in fine array and holding all manner of professional degrees. It was star-

ting, funny and ultimately very nice. Made one want to cheer as well. And when the huge birthday cake was wheeled in, we all stood to sing a very happy birthday and to salute dear Eusoff. It was enough to make the most hard-hearted of persons feel a bit sentimental honestly, listening to old and young alike wishing the home Eusoff has been to all of us at some point in our lives, many happy returns of the day.

The concert that followed wasn't disappointing, either. The choir especially was very impressive. Not to mention the impromptu speech 'session' the M.C. managed to cajole out of an ex-Eusoffian. Actually, her husband got the most laughs from regaling funny stories from the past.

All in, an evening to remember. This might sound namby-pamby but it was almost as if the elusive Eusoff spirit of which we hear so much about had been uncorked out of its secret hiding place and sprinkled all around. Sentimental, huh?

mt



EUSOFF E.O.G.M

The EOGM is something you should always contrive to avoid explaining or writing about (unless, of course, you're forced to...like I am now). The task of explaining what goes on in one, is apt to be a perilous enterprise. But you might like to get 2 things straight at the start.

Firstly, the EOGM isn't a meeting — it's a forum for cocky aspiring lawyers (which for some obscure historical reason seems to include law undergraduates residing in EH) to hone their forensic skills, tear each other's arguments to shreds, impeach upon other people's characters, show off whatever meagre legal knowledge they've acquired, and on the whole bore other non-law undergrads present to death. And secondly, the EOGM is a 'rialto' for the exchange of viewpoints by self-appointed spokesmen and spokeswoman for the various lobby groups to defend, justify, 'smoke' and back-stab to get the points they think their respective committees, or teams deserve to get (...it provides, in other words, the closest verisimilitude to the Political arena budding politicians could ever hope for).

The EOGM seems, to the casual observer taking a swift, cursory look around him, bewilderingly complex. Not least among its difficulties is the fact that participants, with a few honourable exceptions, find it quite impossible to speak a language comprehensible to the ordinary person, such as English. A hostelite fervently committed to the democratic process of the EOGM, will try to 'smoke' his way through, in the most confusing and convoluted way. Theirs is a flash of brilliance more blinding than enlightening.

The principal thing for the innocent observer, therefore, is to get at least a tenuous grip on the more arcane reaches of the technical vocabulary which is deployed in such a baffling way by the 'old-timers'.



One of the great pleasures for those who attended the EOGM is being able to watch members of 'The Culture Cult' fight it out with members of 'The Sports Sect' in the battle of points. The altercation between these two camps never failed to provide endless entertainment. The main thrust of the whole 'drama' of EOGM is, of course, how to argue for more points for the committees or sports teams that you're involved in. The difference between 'The Culture Cult' and 'The Sports Sect' is that the latter is concerned with the undermining, questioning and the casting of aspirations over the wisdom of awarding more points to committee members, whereas the former is all about accepting and supporting such proposals.

Because the nature of the EOGM itself is such, one could expect a lot of arguments and counter-arguments. The EOGM is supposed to be an orderly, constitutional, clear-headed activity, treating confusing, controversial and difficult matters in a logical, rigorous, lucid fashion (no really, it is). The truly great 'smoker' (which both camps would love to have on their side) is the one who can give the impression of doing this while in fact doing exactly the opposite; and an aid to this end is a ruse — which when employed tactically, could undermine the opponent's arguments devastatingly — itemisation. For example, to the point made by a proponent of 'The Culture Cult' that 'The Editor of EH's yearbook should get more points commensurate with the onerous duties and heavy responsibility that entail his position as the one person totally responsible for the production of the Hall's most important publication', a reply of 'That seems to me to raise at least 3 questions' is a good start, especially if it doesn't raise any at all. The more questions you can raise the better. In general, go for high stakes: 3 is a minimum, 4 adequate, and 6 or 7 questions have been known to wreak devastating destruction. Trust to luck and ingenuity to come up with them as you go along. In any case if there are enough of them, your adversary will lose count. Remember: always strive to complicate the essentially simple... Take it from me!

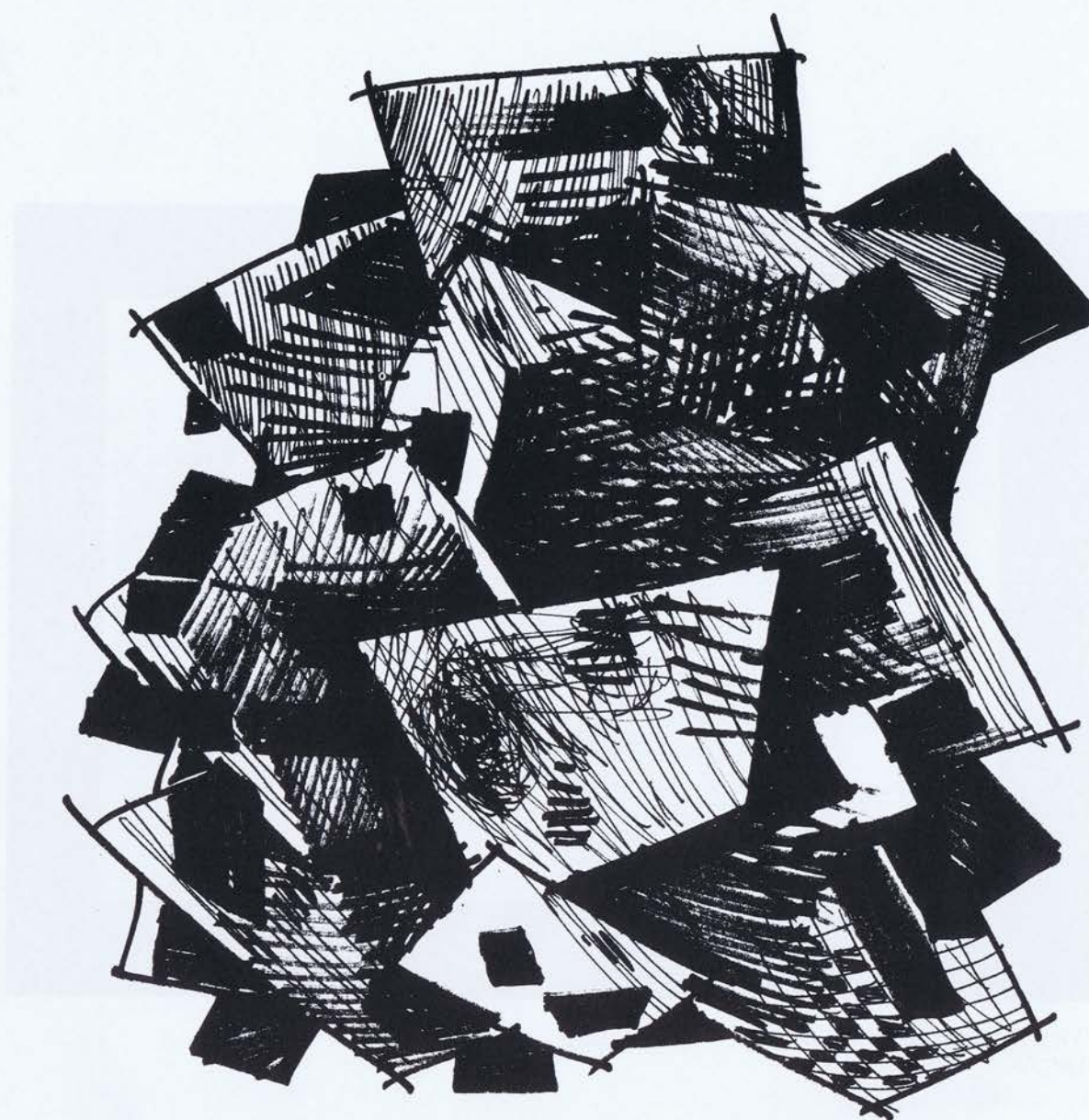
Old-timer







•LIEW KOK CHOY; 22, LRG CEKI DUA, TMN AMAN, BUTTERWORTH, PENANG, M'SIA •IKHWAN ANUAR; BLK 520 JURONG WEST ST 52 #02-191 S'PORE 2264 CHAN POH HUAT, JASON; BLK 1 TELOK BLANGAH CRESCENT #13-612 S'PORE 0409 •CHIAM YIAK JOO; BLK 703 YISHUN AVE 5 #12-254 S'PORE 2776 •CHEANG LIT REN; BLK 132 AVE 3 ANG MO KIO #11-1623 S'PORE 2056 •KERK KIM POR; BLK 17 TOA PAYOH LOR 6 #14-216 S'PORE 1231 •NG CHEE SIEW; BLK 324 HOUGANG AVE 5 #08-110 S'PORE 1953 •WONG SOON YEAN; BLK 319 SHUNFU ROAD #11-12 S'PORE LIM HAN MIN; BLK 693 HOUGANG ST 61 #13-118 S'PORE 1953 •GOPINATHAN A/L SADASIVAN; NO.9 JLN PJS 2C/11 KG. MEDAN 46000 P.J. M'SIA •LEE KONG MENG; BLK 102 JLN DUSUN 13-03 S'PORE 1232 •SUNIL SINGH GILL; 60 JALAN DESA MAJU 58100 K.L. M'SIA •CHIA SER WEE; BLK 166 TAMPINES ST 12 #08-357 S'PORE 1852 •NG GUAN SOON; 7 LORONG DUA SEBERANG JLN PUTRA ALOR SETAR 05150 KEDAH M'SIA •CHAN SANG WOOL; E 12-8 RIFLE RANGE FLATS 11400 PENANG M'SIA •TEOH KOK HEAN; 337 TG TOKONG ROAD, 10470 PULAU PINANG •CHUNG HONG HONG; BLK 339 BUKIT BATOK ST 34 #04-312 S'PORE 2365 •SINGH HARBANS; 36 LEBOH DINDING LIM GDN IPOH M'SIA •CHAN HON CHEW; 2732 TMN SEA JLN TAMPIN 70100 SEREMBAN M'SIA •LIM POH GUAN; 19 JLN KUANG S'PORE •YEO SU JUAN; 216 SERANGOON AVE 4 #11-76 S'PORE 1955 •KOO LI KHENG; BLK 348 UBI AVE 1 #08-106 S'PORE 1440 •SEE SWEE LAN; 104 JLN TERASEK DUA, BANGSAR BARU 59100 K.L. M'SIA •HO PENG HONG, CATHERINE; 123A JLN PASIR PELANGI DRAGON GEN JOHOR HARU M'SIA •GOH CHU TING, SHARON; 151 CAVEBAGG ROAD #08-159 S'PORE 0922 •SNG SOH FOON; 36 SPRINGLEAF GDN S'PORE 2678 •ONG SOH HONG; BLK 306 YISHUN CENTRAL #09-187 S'PORE 2776 •CHENG SHIAU LENG; 34 TMN SELAMAT S'PORE 1441 •TAN MENG KEE; BLK 517 BEDOK NORTH AVE 2 #03-139 S'PORE 1646 •YEO HUI KIANG; BLK 98 WHAMPOA DRIVE #12-130 S'PORE 1232 •NEO BEE HONG; BLK 109 TAMPINES ST 11 #09-281 S'PORE 1852 •TAN AI CHOO; 7 SIGLAP HILL S'PORE 1545 •SARALA D/O CHAKRAPANI; BLK 615 HOUGANG AVE 8 #08-388 S'PORE 1953 •KONG YEE TENG; BLK 130 POTONG PASIR AVE 1 #01-201 S'PORE 1335 •SNG SOH HONG; BLK 142 TAMPINES ST 12 #09-306 S'PORE 1852 •NG SHUH FANG; 1 JLN SONGKIT 12, TMN SENTOSA 80150 J.B. M'SIA •KOH AI LIN, SABRINA; 16 HARVEY AVE S'PORE 1648 •CHUNG FOONG PENG; 34 JALAN PARI DEDAP S'PORE •FOO CHOON HUAY, SERENA; BLK 305 SERANGOON AVE 2 #07-100 S'PORE 1955 •MOH LIAN NOI, CHRISTINA; BLK 205 TOA PAYOH NORTH #12-1151 S'PORE 1231 •CHIN CHEE; 15, JLN SS22/30, DAMANSARA JAYA 47400 SELANGOR M'SIA •TAY SIEW PENG; BLK 201 ANG MO KIO AVE 3 #07-1638 S'PORE 2056 •CHWA LIH HWNG; 41D HILLSIDE DRIVE S'PORE 1954 •NG MEI LING, MILDRED; 33 MAYFLOWER TERRACE S'PORE 2056 •NG YING YING; 21, SS2/39, SEA PARK 47300 P.J. SELANGOR M'SIA •NG POH KENG, MAGGIE; BLK 108 TOA PAYOH LOR 1 #07-290 S'PORE 1231 •TAN SYLVIA; 3A ST. PAUL'S DRIVE KUCHING 93150 SARAWAK M'SIA •TAY SOOT LING, FELIXIA FLORENCE; BLK 69 LOR 4 TOA PAYOH #05-357 S'PORE 1231 •ONG POON LEE; 13 JALAN SETIA S'PORE 1336 •LAW LEE VOON; BLK 810 TAMPINES AVE 4 #08-185 S'PORE 1852 •YAN YING YING; 83 JLN GELENGGANG S'PORE 2057 •TAN LAY LENG; BLK 467 NORTH BRIDGE ROAD #07-5037 S'PORE 0719 •YEO GUEK KIAN, FLORENCE; BLK 308 HOUGANG AVE 5 #04-343 •CHAN YI LING; 48 JLN ARNAP SINGAPORE 1024 •LIM MEI LEAN, MADELINE; BLK 87 ZION ROAD #23-172 S'PORE 0316 •KOH KWE HWA, VERONICA; 26 JLN KEMUNING S'PORE 2776 •YONG CHIN YEE, STEPHANIE; BLK 601 HOUGANG AVE #02-117 S'PORE 1953 •NG LEE PING; BLK 30 KELANTAN ROAD #01-97 S'PORE 0820 •SUN CHEW LIN, YOLANDA; BLK 927 TAMPINES ST 91 #02-413 S'PORE 1852 •CHUA SOK HIAN, CORRINA; BLK 203 TAMPINES ST 21 #03-1275 S'PORE 1852 •CHAN KEAN ENG; 27 STEWART LANE 10200 PENANG M'SIA •NG FOONG NGAN; 167A AMBER ROAD ROSE GARDEN S'PORE 1543 •KOH GUEK PHENG; 22 JLN JARAU TIGA, FMN PELANGI J.B. M'SIA •CHANG MEI MEI; BLK 306 AVE 1 ANG MO KIO #10-1165 S'PORE 2056 •CHAN BOH YEE; BLK 18 MARINE TERRACE #16-96 SINGAPORE 1544 •NG WEE CHENG; BLK 1 BEDOK SOUTH AVE 1 #11-905 S'PORE 1648 •LEE LI CHOON; BLK 269-B QUEEN STREET #05-275 S'PORE 0718 •WONG SHIT MEI, ROSEMARY; BLK 17 TOA PAYOH LOR 7 #17-214 S'PORE 1231 •MAURICE OON; 282 UPPER THOMSON ROAD S'PORE 2057 •PAK YEW HOCK, LAWRENCE; 97 JLN SATU TAMAN PERTAMA, IPOH 30100 PERAK M'SIA •CHIN LEE CHOONG; 8 LORONG THOMSON, OFF TIGER LANE 30350-IPOH PERAK M'SIA •HO MUN WAI; 40 JLN YEOH CHAI LYE IPOH GDN 31400 IPOH M'SIA •HO TEIK AIK; 5 JLN IVILA 7 TMN VELANGI 80400 JOHOR BARU M'SIA •LAI KOK LOONG; NO.63 JLN LIMA N/V RENGAM 86300 JOHOR M'SIA •LEE YU CHAI; 8573-C 9½ MILES REMBIA 78000 A/G M'CCA M'SIA •HONG CHU SEN/BOON SEN; BLK 467 NORTH BRIDGE ROAD #10-5261 S'PORE •LEE HONG CHEONG; 365B JLN TEMIANG 70200 SEREMBAN NEGERI SEMBILAN, M'SIA •LIEW MENG MENG, CALEB; 2-T LOR DELIMA 14, ISLAND GLADES 11700 GELUGOR PENANG M'SIA •THEAN CHONG JIN, DENNIS; 281-C JLN RUSA, BUKIT BARU 75150 M'CCA M'SIA •KOH ENG HEAN; 4 JLN HOCK AUN, HOCK AUN PARK 30010 IPOH PERAK, M'SIA •WON YUN SUNG; 120 JLN DATO' BANDAR TUNGGAL, 70000 S'BAN M'SIA •WONG KIM YIN YOUNG CHOANG; 4 ROYAL ROAD, ELIZABETHVILLE, TOMBEAU BAY, MAURITIUS •TAN KHEE HONG; BLK 15 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD #04-156 S'PORE 1232 •CHEN HAI JEK, GREGORY; 229 SERANGOON AVE 4 #12-39 SINGAPORE 1955 •HAU SHI YAU; 4 JLN SENTUL BAHAGIA, OFF JLN SELALUAN, SENTUL 51100 K.L. M'SIA •OHKI MASA AKI; 4171-Z KAGAMI, KARATSU-SHI, SAGAKEN 847, JAPAN •SIN KOK SHEONG; 107-B SIU LALANG JLN EUDAU, MERSING JOHOR 86800 M'SIA •FUKUDA TETSURO; 2095 CHUBU-HEI, ARITA-CHO NISHIMATSUUR-GUN, JAGA-KEN JAPAN 844 •CHONG KUAN KEONG; 41 PEKAN BARU, CHANGLUN 06010 KEDAH M'SIA •ONG KIAN NGEE; BLK 467 NORTH BRIDGE ROAD #09-5049 S'PORE 0719 •CHENG JEW KIEN; 66 JLN 21/24 46300 P.J. M'SIA •TAN CHYE YEOW, JULIUS; BLK 231 HOUGANG ST 21 #12-324 S'PORE 1953 •LIM THYE SIANG; 7 JLN 15/117A, TMN MULIA 56000 KUALA LUMPUR M'SIA •P'NG KOK WAH; 44, TAMAN AYER RAJAH, 10350 PENANG M'SIA



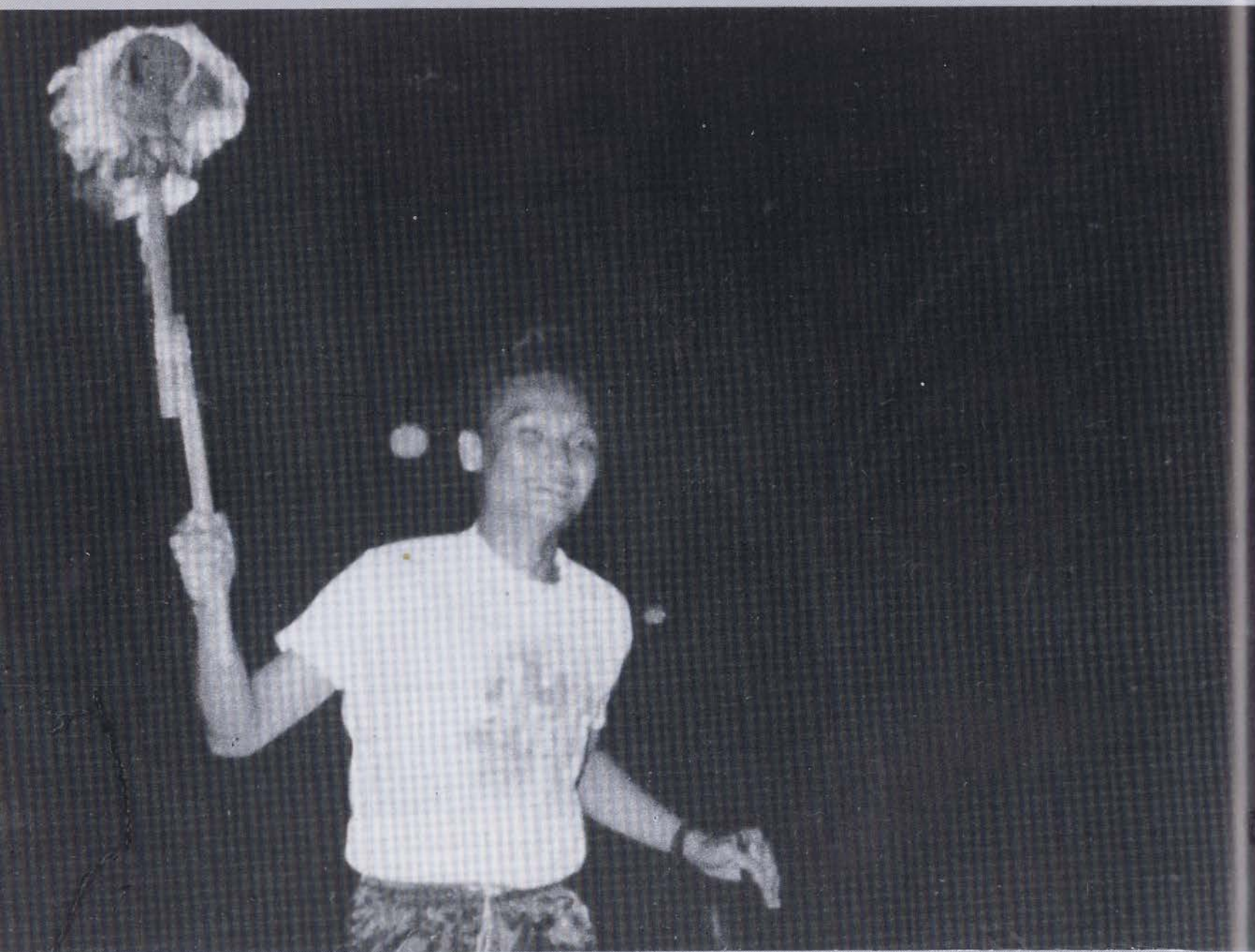
...fragments of fond memories...



"View from the top of Block E" by Wirja B. Buang
Age: 15



*For these alone
the token you left us
remains eternal
etched indelibly on the lacquered canvass of our minds
The fragments of fond memories
arranged in a collage of Matissian pattern
— mosaic of a vision locked in posterity*



Passing it on.....The saga continues.....

August 23rd

found out, much to my dismay, that the IBG was about to begin its annual and usual devastating course today. The range of games that are up for grabs never fail to overawe me - tennis, football, rugby, carrom, squash, badminton, netball, basketball, table-tennis, volleyball, swimming, tug-of-war, the list goes on and on and on.

As always I was met with the usual vague and remorseful murmurs of "No, can't play that game.", "Not my kind of sport sorry.", "Sorry, haven't played the game for ages.", "Oh ! (expletive deleted) No boots (or racket, shorts, balls, etc) and so forth.

I reflected aloud that at least it's a good way to forge esprit de Corp, camaraderie, and that kind of thing until someone told me, "Don't be fooled into thinking that it's done in the spirit of sportsmanship and that kind of jazz. The blocks are out to win. They will go all out for each other's jugular vein to grab the championship! It's gold all the way or bust (i.e. they'll bust your brains if you don't win !) I enquired sarcastically if winning was really the most important thing in the IBG.

This smart aleck replied, without any apparent awareness of my sarcasm, that it was indeed 'the most important thing' for the sports maniacs and their egos.

August 28th

Had my first taste of the IBG. Discovered that being good at sports is excellent for your image but something which is difficult to bluff; so the uncoordinated and 'kaki kayu' types should take up some curious and less demanding sport such as tiddlywinks, five stones, carrom or pocket billiard. For the more robust and hyper-active with a morbid craze for kicking people's legs or busting people's brains out, I recommend football or rugby. Anti-social types wanting to play some sport can always play chess, squash or alternatively individual men's pocket billiards - that way you have the least amount of contact with people.



September 5th

The closing ceremony of the IBG marked the end of relentless pursuits and desperate pleas by Block Games Captains in the week or two long IBG. On the whole it was a success. A fact that warrants closer observation was the fact that medals - were distributed among these groups of hostelites:

1.The enthusiastic and overzealous type, who all either end up as Block Captains or in the hospital beds. They spend their time making nuisances of themselves by pestering people to participate in their games; ever so keen on practices—the doctrinal aphorism: 'Practice makes perfect' being their sole motivation.

2.The born-again sports buffs

These are the people who are either flattered to pick up the sport, cajoled or threatened to join a team (for fear of being ostracized or, conversely, the fear of being the focus of too much attention...the latter being a much more frightening prospect than the former) and eventually excelling in them. Their fervour for the sport they pick up is equally, and sometimes even more intense than those of the first group (especially after being immersed — [literally!] in the 'baptismal' pool of mud in the the field!). These converts, after being proselytized by the sport zealots (of the type (1) kind) will staunchly cling onto the belief that there is in reality only one thing in life worth worshipping, according to sportheism (i.e.the faith of all sports maniacs) — a thing large, spherical, infinite, profound, eternal, inextricable.....BALLS!



3.The gifted, inborn-talented stars

They exude mega-star auras about them. They have girls clawing, gouging each other's eyes out, grovelling and throwing themselves at their feet (applies, of course, to male sports stars only, though the same has been known to happen with female sports stars, especially with the Martina Navratilova, Florence-Griffith Joyner types.) They are usually 6' 3" basketball players (or slightly shorter for the EH version) or hefty, hunky, tall, suave, silent types who have only to smile a lot, look professional and play skillfully to make people swoon or (if not) green with envy. The optimistic twerp who thinks that basketball, soccer, rugby, etc. are team sports where individual sparkle counts not so much as collective brilliance — which is palpable nonsense — has another think coming. Captains only say things like that to attract players who might have a democratic, egalitarian streak in them.

In actual fact, it is the star-studded sports



personality under this criteria, who seems to possess all kinds of colours, awards, and the myriad of sports honours that fall on their strong, muscular, athletic laps — like the national colours, state colours, zone colours, water colours — who will receive the preferential treatment, the best position in the team, made to be the most valuable player and the lynchpin to the team's success and make you, on the whole, feel as insignificant as the second hand on a digital watch.

rhb



WATER. WATER EVERYWHERE

A typical tropical Saturday afternoon perfect for blue pools and brown tan !! The pool at SRC was inviting. Sadly not many of us were tempted though. About 50 of us were game enough, but WHERE were the other Eusoffians?

Still, the ominous clouds and dark beginnings threatened but did not overshadow the mood. We were cheerful --- kidding about using the baby pool, since the competition pool would have overwhelmed our meagre number(s).

However, unsinkable spirits prevailed — Meng Kee was at her usual naughtiness/mischief, “saboing” everybody in sight. The guys made abortive attempts to get their own back, but she was finally saved by the whistle, from the life-guard that is....(party-poofer !!)

Apart from the clowning around things got off to a slow start — waiting around for instructions, watching the props being set up and of course, the invariable problem of arranging people into game groups again. From 5 groups we were reduced to having 2, prosaically named group A and B. Well, at least we could boast of having more people in one group than if we had had 5 groups.

While loitering around, tech squad personnel, Eng Guan dropped by to ask, “Nothing about tech squad, ah ?” (Ed’s note: Well guys, this is it)

Making a splash down at the pool, Yu Chai and gang seemed like they were having fun trying awkwardly to fit into rubber tubes several sizes too small (for more laughs, use your imagination !)

The 3 games went under way at last, with group B walking away with the prize: pseudo-wine (Sparkling Grape Juice) to which most of us commented, “Why so sour one?!”

The highlight of the day’s fun-and games was perhaps the Mr and Miss Water Carnival contest (Waka ! Waka !) In answer to the question “What would you do if your girlfriend of 2 years was pregnant ?”, our Mr Carnival — Gak Wee-said, “Get married and have 10 more !”



Shirley-Ann as Miss WC (Water Carnival, that is) was less uninhibited (Sex-starred ??!). All modesty and bashfulness, she declined to comment on a similar question.

So, while it wasn’t exactly Wet and Wild, everybody had their fair bit of fun and merrymaking. Could have been better if more of us turned up..... Perhaps next year.....

mill.



THE INTER-BLOCK GAMES CLOSING CEREMONY

The IBG Closing Ceremony was held on the 31st of August 1988 in the Function Hall. The prize-giving ceremony marked the end of inter-block rivalry – at least in the field of games. The block which swept most of the golds and ended up overall champions was Block E – it was definitely their night as later on they also won the Best Block T-shirt design (which consisted of dozens of letter 'e's tumbling out of a blue square against the background of a white T-shirt – your guess is as good as mine!)

The atmosphere throughout the event, which included speeches by Dr. Tay and JCRC president, Yap Soon Pen, was heady with a sense of happy relief that the games had progressed smoothly and finally come to a fitting conclusion. The first-years were struck with a sense of *déjà vu* because sitting on the floor of the Function Hall did recall certain memories...only difference was, this time the seniors were right there with them!

The gaiety of the event escalated hysterically when the block representatives modelled their T-shirts for the Resident Fellows and the Master to judge – our hall is not short of comic talent it seems. What added to the occasion was the fact that the Malaysian National Day was on that same day. The Malaysians patriotically sang 'Negeraku' before the cake-cutting ceremony and no doubt pangs of nostalgia were plucking at their heartstrings. To quote our JCRC president: 'Our physical bodies may not be back home, but in spirit, we are!'

The games had been fun but tiring – and no doubt Eusoffians were dying to hit the books again. Perhaps that was the main reason behind the disappointing turn-out for the hop later that night. Those who did make it had loads of fun and some great music though.

All in all, the IBG Closing Ceremony was a memorable one – what with Dr. Tong's (Block A's resident fellow) cheeky little son Jonathan, the vociferous cheering and all the prank playing – all these and more shall remain as one more good Eusoffian memory.

mt



FROM THE DESK OF THE SPORTS SECRETARIAT

When Carl Lewis snatched away four golds in the Olympics of 1984, almost the whole world knew about it. Four years later, another four-gold history was made...in the history of Eusoff. Though some of us may not realise its significance, I am sure most of the old Eusoffians can never forget this. Eusoff has never made such an improvement in the IHG before.

Well before the IHG, all our teams had started their training. As we have both court and lighting facilities, some teams even trained into the night. All the captains were trying hard, in one way or another, to shape up their teams. I would like to say that the effort made by the captains and vice-captains is very, very much appreciated.

All the golds we obtained, came none too smoothly. At carrom, we lost to RH in the prelims but won the remaining matches and emerged champions. It was the same for the ladies' table-tennis. Though they lost to RH in the prelims, gold was theirs when they defeated the KR in the semi-finals and RH in the finals. Those who were witness to the games were aware of the team's disappointment when one of our main players lost her game. However, we managed to beat RH in the end. For men's chess, we almost lost hope when TH insisted on playing on a day when we could not assemble the whole team. Finally, a compromise was reached. The first five boards were to be played while the remaining two boards were postponed to another day. Victory came when we managed to confirm a goal based on the five boards.

Though men's takraw, badminton, hockey and ladies' tug-of-war put up a good fight, the gold medal eluded them. Though KR had five varsity players in their team while we can only boast of two, we still managed to win



one game out of the three we played against them. RH's badminton team which had varsity players as reserves triumphed in the competition, we were however able to win a point out of five from them in the prelims. This was a feat that none of the other halls had equalled (N.B: We do not have any varsity players in our team). At hockey, while RH varsity players greatly outnumbered ours, we still managed to bring the final score down to nil-one only. As for the girls, without any 'bulldozers' (pardon me) in the team, our ladies' tug-of-war team was able to make a clear sweep over other halls until the finals. Bravo to all of them!

Two other teams worth mentioning are the girl's hockey team and the guy's rugby team. Until the end of the first term, these two teams virtually did not exist. Thanks to all players who strongly felt that Eusoff should not walkover victories in any games. Bravo! (For the record, our girls almost made it to the finals!)

Though our guys and girls did not emerge champions or runner-ups, I personally feel that we had achieved something else — unity among the residents. During the IBG held at the beginning of the academic year, I was afraid that another game event would drive our residents totally apart — by being too 'blockish'. It is great to know that this IHG has pulled us closer instead. So, let us sit back and wait for next year's IHG. Perhaps, more victories in future...

Kao Hsiung
(Sports Sec.)
V:V:2/1:89

INTER-HOSTEL GAMES

The Inter-hall Games was certainly an event to remember. Our various teams certainly provided us with some sporting moments to remember.

Our tug-of-war team. These able-bodied men and women trained in the late evenings (sometimes into the night) with sweat and weights. They have yet to pull down the tree though.

Our hockey team. They played scintillating hockey (when hockey was played) to soundly defend against our arch-rivals, Kent Ridge. Our guys weren't "greedy" enough for the gold and subsequently lost the final.

And what about our pioneer rugby team? Our home-fed hunks (not all well-fed though) may not have whipped their opponents, but they certainly played their hearts out! Needless to say, we would have got the gold if Dr. Tong had played.

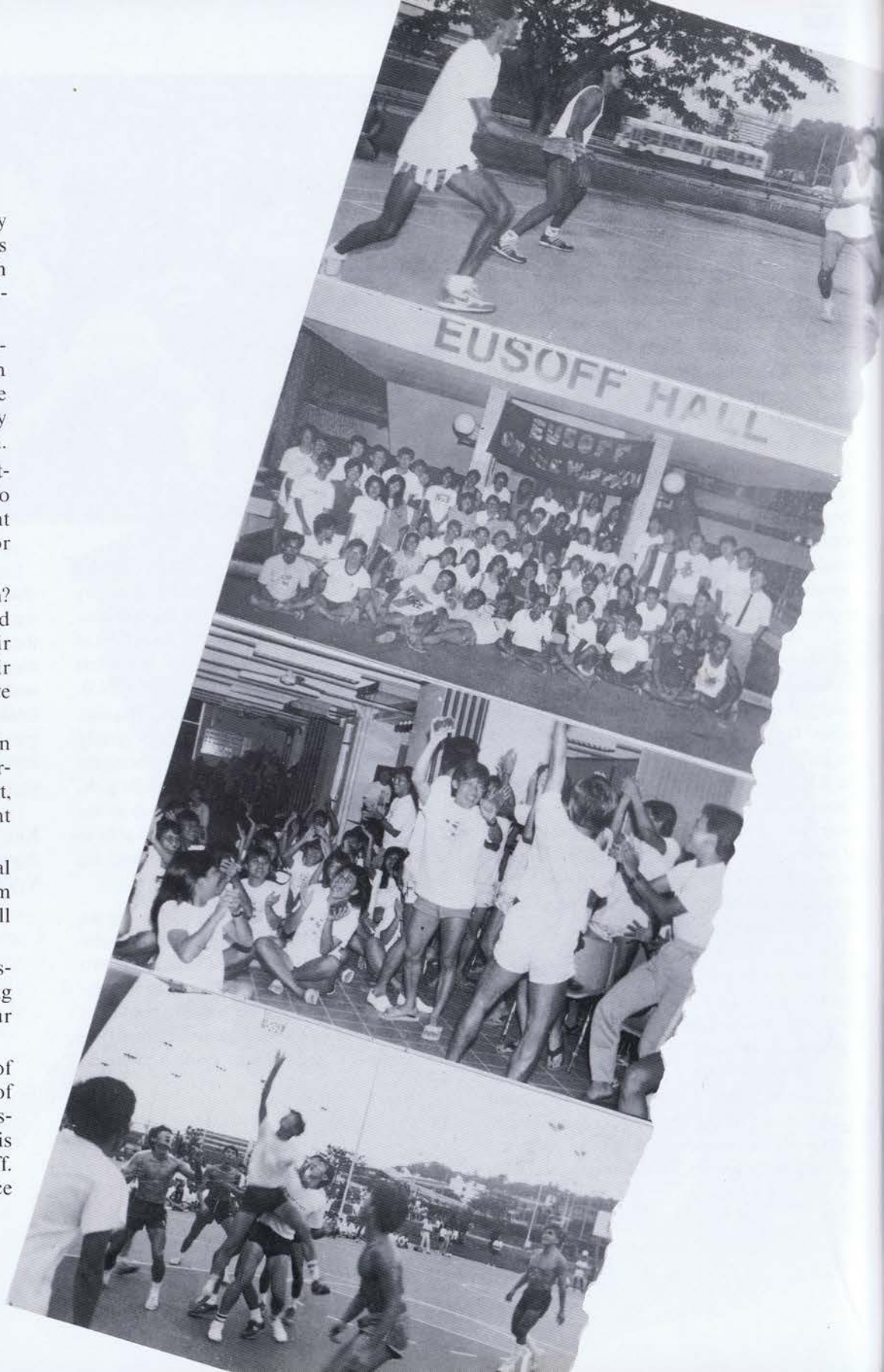
Our sepak takraw team — we didn't win the gold. But we certainly had lots of fun during training. Apart from learning the sport, most of the players are now pretty proficient in Bahasa Malaysia.

Our softball team. We lost our semi-final match in the last ten minutes. Still, the team unanimously had the best jerseys among all the other teams in Eusoff.

Our soccer team — remarkably consistent. Only thing was that we got on the wrong side of a four-nil score in both our matches.

Our IHG certainly had its share of horrors and woes. Special mention must, of course, go to our Gold-medal teams of basketball, carrom, chess and girls table-tennis team for bringing Golden Glory to Eusoff. For the other teams, IHG was an experience we would never forget.

kt
V:V:2/1:89





Merit Awards 1988/89

I. Sportsman of the year / Full Colour Award

Wee Kim Chye (Basketball)

2. Full colour

Richard Tan Hock Song (Hockey)

3. Half colour

Low Soon Song (Chinese chess)

4. Half colour

Harbans Singh (Hockey)

5. Commendations.

- a) Max Tsang - Carrom
- b) Yeoh Toon Keat - Carrom
- c) Lim Kay Teck - Volleyball
- d) Yap Say Peng - Badminton
- e) Chong Ngai Fang - overall contribution to sports
- f) Foo Meng Yee - Table Tennis
- g) Lai Kok Loong - Table Tennis
- h) Tang Tong Ngee - Band
- i) Gregory Chen - Choir
- j) Sin Kok Sheong - Hall Pub
- k) Leong Chee Kong - Hall Pub
- l) Puah Liat Keong - TOW
- m) Steven Quek - Road Relay
- n) Ng Eng Leng - Overall contribution
- o) Lester Chia - Badminton
- p) Low Peng Teong - Sepak Takraw



TABLE-TENNIS
(Ladies)

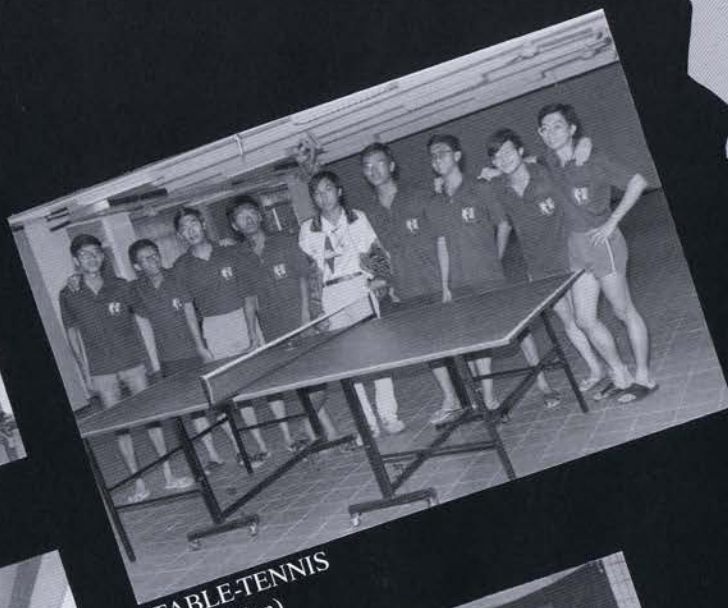


TABLE-TENNIS
(Men)



HANDBALL
(Men)

HOCKEY (Ladies)
Chan Yin Peng, Chin Huey Miin, Choong Ngai Fong, Chow
Lai Khum, Chua Mei Yoke, Han Swee Hoong, Ho Woon
Yee, Kuah Lay Hoon, Lam Ee Her, Lee Lily, Loh Pek Lim,
Ong Ling Lee, Sarala d/o Chakrapani, Tan Meng Kee, Tan Yee
Soon, Tan Shirley, Tang Sok Mei.



SQUASH



TABLE-TENNIS



RUGBY



NETBALL



SEPAK TAKRAW



CARROM



HOCKEY (Men)



ATHLETICS



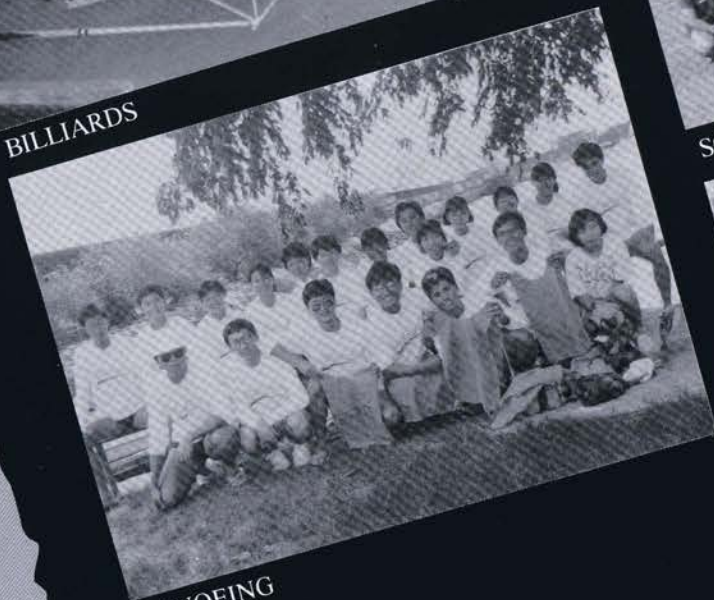
CHESS



BILLIARDS



SOCCER



CANOEING



SOFTBALL



BADMINTON* (Ladies)



BADMINTON (Men)



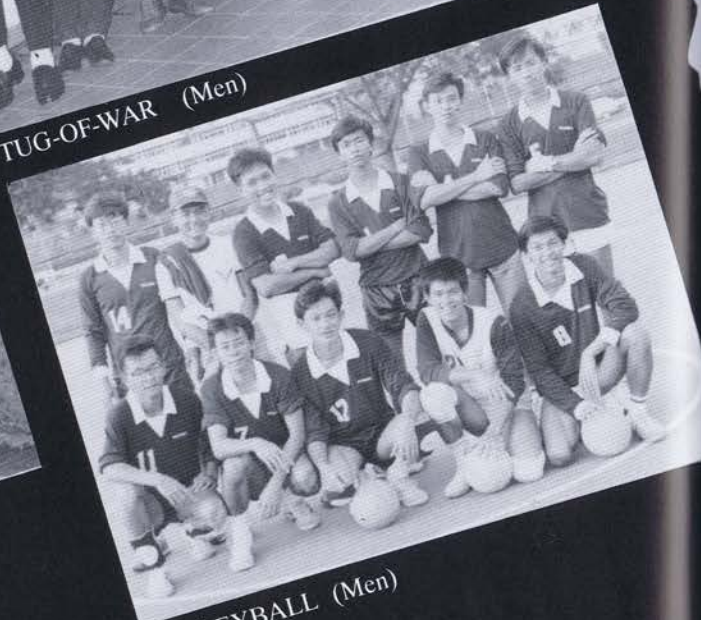
TUG-OF-WAR (Ladies)



TUG-OF-WAR (Men)



VOLLEYBALL (Ladies)



VOLLEYBALL (Men)



WATER-POLO



TRACK



BASKETBALL (Men)



HANDBALL (Ladies)



CANOE-POLO

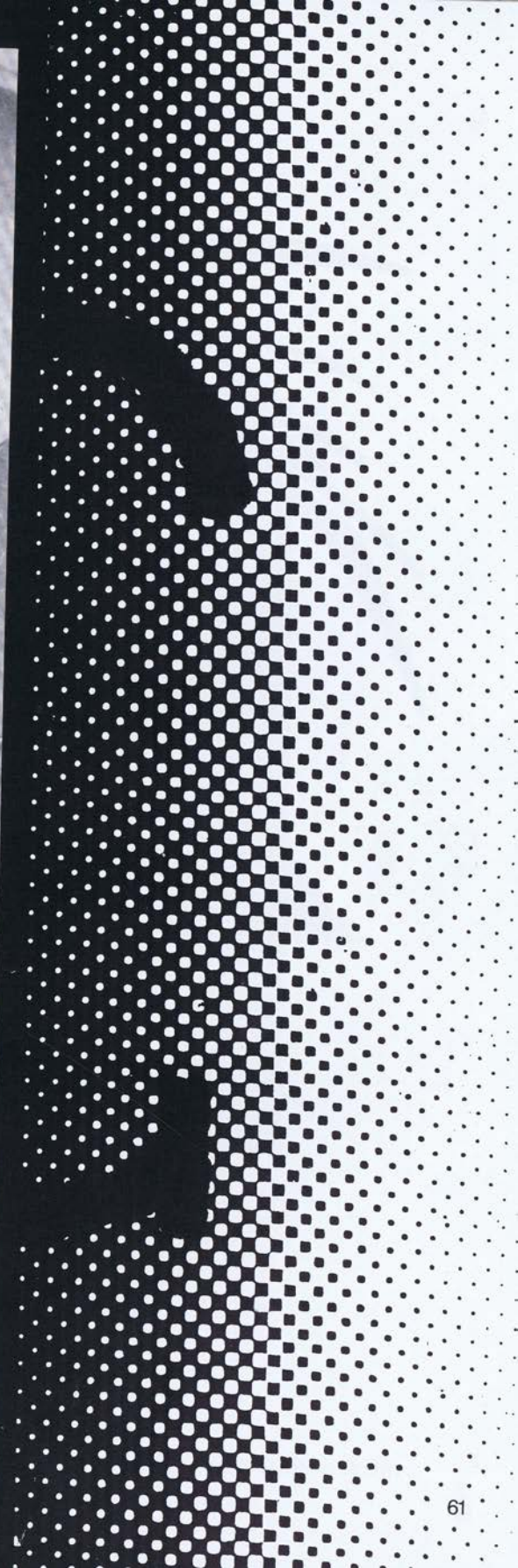


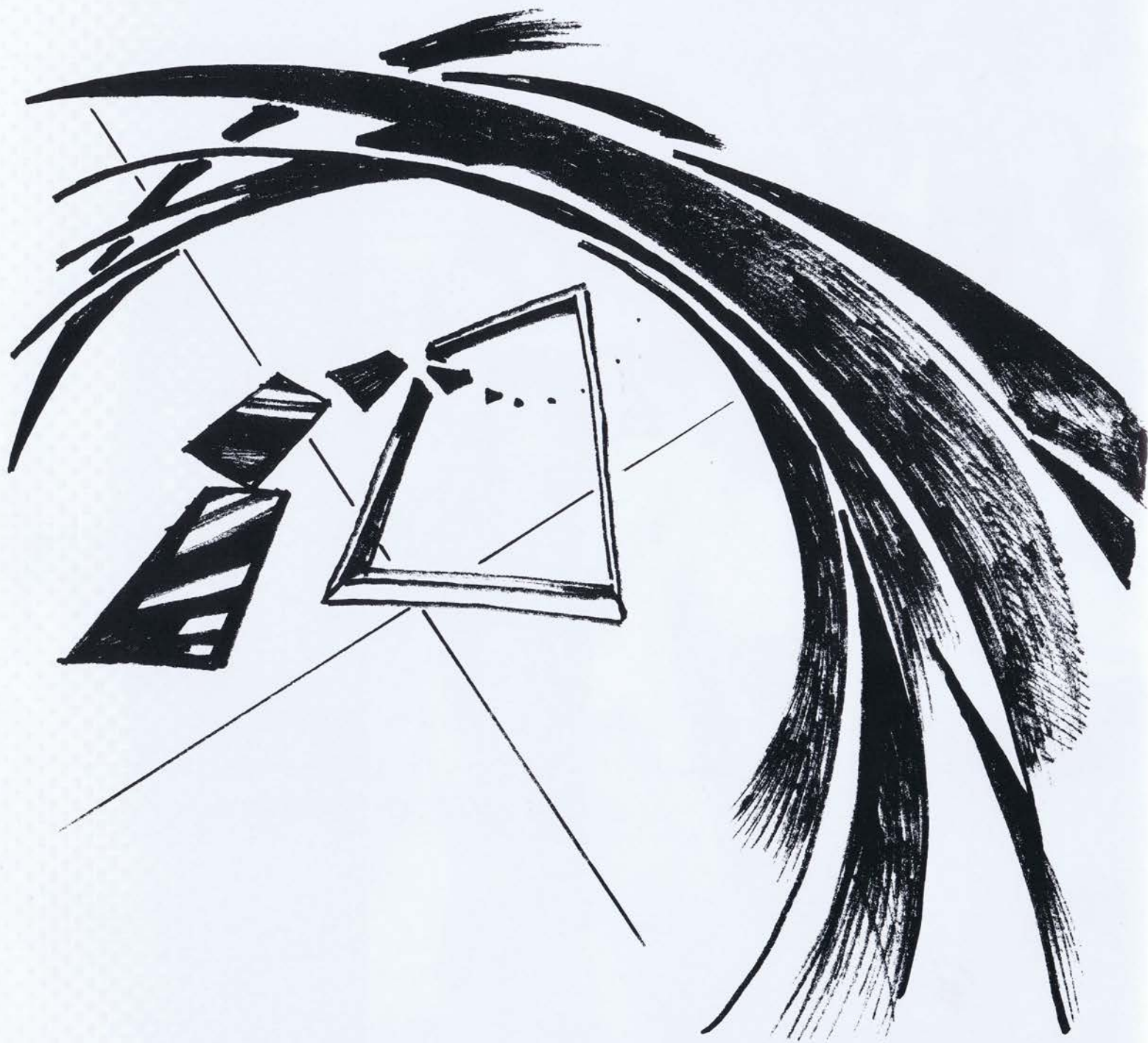
BASKETBALL (Ladies)



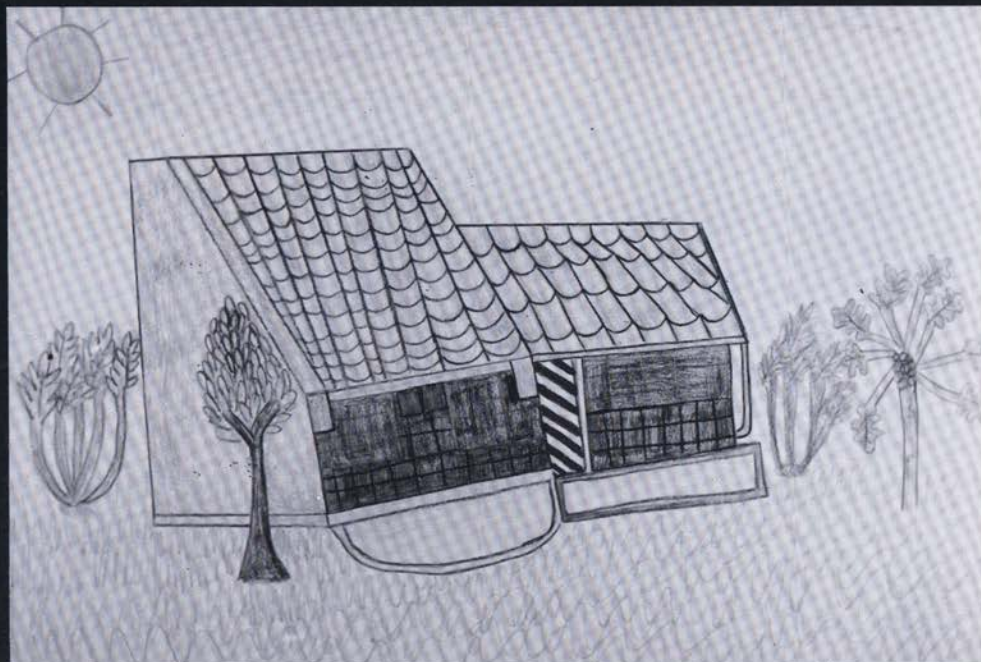
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 •YONG HOCK MENG; 75 PADANG MEIHA ESTATE 09400 PADANG SERAI KEDAH M'SIA •KOK POH FATT; BLK 217 YISHUN ST 21 #09-347
 S'PORE 2776 •ONG SWEE TAU; 1 JLN CONCORD 12 11200 PENANG M'SIA •PUAH KIA KIANG; 370-JUJONG PASIR, M'SIA •FOO SEE SOON;
 33 JLN MAHKOTA 25000 KUANTAN PAHANG DM M'SIA •NG CHENG AIK, WILFRED; 61 JLN CHANDERAI 2, LUCKY GDN 59100 K.L. M'SIA
 •POH TIAN KIM, JEFFERY; TRIANG ESTATE 28300 TRIANG PAHANG M'SIA •ONG KIM PONG; BLK 145 SERANGOON NORTH AVE 1 #01-
 381 S'PORE 1955 •HO SWEE SUN; 107 LOR H TLK KURAU ROAD S'PORE 1542 •CHIA HONG KIAT; 18-C SHELFORD SINGAPORE •CHIA
 TONY; BLK 229 ANG MO KIO AVE 3 #06-1274 S'PORE 2056 •TAN ENG SOO; 400 JLN JERING 42000 PORT KLANG M'SIA •TEO CHE ENG; BLK
 160 TAMPINES ST 12 #10-105 S'PORE 1852 •OHSAWA HIROYUKI; 5-6-21 SHINMORI ASAHI-KU OSAKA JAPAN •TANG WAI MUN; 93 JLN
 PERISAI TMN SRI TERAU 80050 JB •WAN YEE MING, STEVEN; C/O PHILIP WAN, SE5/320 B.S.P., SERIABRUNEI YEOW TIANG HOCK; 221-
 T JLN PARAMESWARA, 7500 MELAKA M'SIA •TEE TIONG SENG; 367 SOUTH EAST GARDEN 70100 S'BAN N.S. M'SIA •NG PEAK HWEE;
 BLK 2 HOLLAND AVE #17-90 S'PORE 1027 •TAN SIOK KEE; BLK 36 BEDOK SOUTH AVE 2 #14-409 S'PORE 1646 •OH AING NYEE, SHIRLEY-
 ANN; BLK 53 PIPIT ROAD #12-118 S'PORE 1337 •ONG LING LEE; BLK 540 BULIT BATOK ST 52 #06-519 S'PORE •HAYASHIKAWA NAOKO;
 14-7 KUMAGAI 4CHOME KOKURA KITA-KU KITAKYUSHU CITY FUKUOKA PREF803 JAPAN •TEH WEI LENG, CAROLINE; 76 JLN
 TERASEK DUA, BANGSAR BARU 59100 K.L. M'SIA •ENG CHAY SIAN, CHRISTINA; 74 COWDRAY AVE SINGAPORE 1955 •CHANG GEOK
 LAN; 40 LORONG POKOK SAKAT 41100 KLUANG SELANGOR MALAYSIA •LEE SOOK JING; 332 JURONG EAST AVE 1 #09-1770 SINGAPORE
 2260 •NG EE EE, JENNY; 45, SS2/16 P.J. SELANGOR MALAYSIA •K. KALAICHELVY; BLK 887 YISHUN ST 81 #06-285 SINGAPORE 2776
 •KWONG LAY PIN; BLK 24 HOUGANG AVE 3 #06-416 S'PORE 1953 •YEO MILLICENT; BLK 41 BEDOK SOUTH RD #08-735 S'PORE •LEE EE
 LIN; BLK 226 JURONG EAST ST 21 #13-839 S'PORE 2260 •HO WOON YEE; BLK 87 ZION RD #17-176 S'PORE 0316 •LEE PUAY HOON; BLK 861
 TAMPINES AVE 5 #08-579 S'PORE 1852 •NG AI LEEN; BLK 230 HOUGANG AVE 1 #08-224 S'PORE 1953 •TAN KIM CHENG; 45 TU FU AVENUE
 S'PORE 2678 •LOW GAK WEE; 106 JLN MUSTAFFA 83000 BATU PAHAT M'SIA •TEO WAH CHONG; 44 JLN GEMBIRA S'PORE 1336 •CHAI
 OON HENG; 864U UPPER THOMSON ROAD S'PORE 2678 •QUEK CHIN HWEE, STEVEN; 41A MOSQUE STREET SINGAPORE 0105 •NG
 CHOY CHOI; 21 JLN 14, TMN BUKIT KUCHAI, BT.8 JLN PUCHONG SELANGOR •POO KIAT GUAN; BLK 612 ANG MO KIO AVE 4 #02-1129
 S'PORE 2056 •MAH TUCK CHEE; 746 JLN 17/34 46400 P.J. SELANGOR M'SIA •TAN ENG HOCK; 18 JLN TEMBESU BATU PAHAT GDN JOHOR
 M'SIA •LIM SHU YING; BLK 85 MARINE PARADE CENTRAL #01-660 S'PORE 1544 •NEO YOKE LIN, PATRICIA; BLK 104 POTONG PASIR
 AVE 1 #09-412 S'PORE 1335 •TAN LIH ERL; 50 JLN HARIMAU KUMBANG, CENTURY GDN 80250 JB, M'SIA •YUKO AKITA; NAKASURU 3-1-17
 NAKAMA-SHI FUKUOKA JAPAN •SIAH PUAY LIN; K6 WALLER COURT 30300 IPOH M'SIA •LEE WEE YIN; BLK 196 BISHAN ST 13 #03-551
 S'PORE 2057 •THILAGARATNAM MEERA; 21 MURUGESU GDN JLN DATO SIAMANG GARAP 70400 N.S. M'SIA •LIAN CHUEN PEI; 42 LI
 PO AVENUE S'PORE 2678 •NG TZE BEE; 32 JLN CERMAT LIMA TMN PELANGI J.B. M'SIA •TSANG SZE MIN; 17 SHELL STREET 8/F 'B'
 NORTH POINT HONG KONG •WONG FONG YING; BLK 121 SERANGOON NORTH AVE 1 #05-187 S'PORE 1955 •TAN HWEE THENG; 4
 MARLENE AVE SINGAPORE 1955 •WONG HAN NGUIM; BLK 399 CLEMENTI AVE 5 #04-248 SINGAPORE 0512 •KUAH LAY HOON; BLK 54
 PIPIT ROAD #02-50 S'PORE •NG TZE HUAY; BLK 577 ANG MO KIO AVE 10 #10-1879 S'PORE 2056 •LIEW FOOK NYONG; BLK 1 HOUGANG
 AVE 3 06-308 S'PORE •CHIANG WAI FONG; BLK 220 ANG MO KIO AVE 1 #11-815 S'PORE 2056 •LIM SUET LING; 17 LOR BANDANG S'PORE
 1542 •LEONG STEPHANIE ANN; BLK 60 MARINE PARADE #08-58 S'PORE 1544 •TAN JOO LETT; 54 JLN SETIA KASIH SAFRI 50490 K.L. M'SIA
 •OH PECK LI JASMINE; 34 CARMEN TERRACE SINGAPORE 1545 •P. SUMITA D/O C. KOCHUKRISHNAN; 1142-B JLN LARKIN 80200 J.B.
 M'SIA •YAN BEE WAH; BLK 364 YISHUN RING ROAD #03-1596 S'PORE 2776 •HO TEIK GAIK; 27 JLN SULTAN IDRIS SHAH LUMUT 32200
 PERAK M'SIA •CHUA MEI YOKE; BLK 658 HOUGANG AVE 8 #06-453 S'PORE 1953 •LAM EE HER; BLK 146 HOUGANG ST 11 #04-24 S'PORE
 1953 •CHIN HIEY MIIN; BLK 172 STERLING ROAD #10-1061 SINGAPORE 0314 •CHUA ENG GUAN; 51 KUALA SAWAH 71200 RANTAU N.S.
 M'SIA •TEO CHEE TIONG, JONATHAN; BLK 55 MARINE TERRACE #06-17 SINGAPORE 1542 MAK YEU WEN; G20/3B LOR 2 SERIA
 BRUNEI •FOO CHECK WOEI; BLK 32 LOR 6 TOA PAYOH #06-276 S'PORE 1231 •CHOW PENG LOY; 23-4 BLK A JLN PERSIARAN LEMAK,
 TMN SEGAR CHERAS 56100 K.L. M'SIA •LOPEZ CLEMENT GERALD; 51 TMN SINN UJONG PASIR 75050 M'CCA •NG SENG SIEW; 6 JLN
 KUCHAI LAMA TMN GOODWOOD K.L. 58200 M'SIA •ABDUL WAHID ZAINOL; 60 LUCKY GDNS SINGAPORE 1646 •CHIM CHEE KAN,
 STEVEN; C-3 JLN KAMPAR 36700 LANGKAP PERAK M'SIA •LOO LEONG SENG; BLK 210 SERANGOON CENTRAL #01-264 S'PORE 1955
 •PEH CHONG YEOW; 9 TAI HWAN LANE S'PORE 1955 •HENG FOOK SHI; 30 JLN BENTARA 10 TMN UNGKU TUN AMINAH 81300 SKUDAI
 JOHOR M'SIA •LOK BOON KENG; 3 JLN CAMAR 8 TMN PERLING 81200 J.B. M'SIA •KHOO CHAI LAI; 348 TMN J/S UNION JLN SIKAMAT
 70400 S'BAN N.S. M'SIA •LIM HOON CHENG; BLK 50 A MARINE PARADE ROAD #08-03 •LAI MUN HONG; BLK 4 LOR LEW LIAN #09-94
 SINGAPORE 1953 •KOO KOK THONG; BLK 44 BENDEMEER ROAD #11-1468 S'PORE 1232 •LEW ENG CHOON; BLK 85C LOR 4 TOA PAYOH
 #12-370 S'PORE 1231 •RAZIF BIN BAHARI; BLK 62 CHAI CHEE ROAD #12-830 S'PORE •TAN BOON HING; 47-2A JLN TUN SAMBANTHAN 5
 50470 K.L. •SAM MOON THONG; BLK 248 ANG MO KIO AVE 2 #04-14 S'PORE 2056 •TSANG CHIN SHUEN JEAN MAX; 8A TEMPLE LANE
 BELLE-ETOILE BEAU BASSIN •YAP SAY PENG; 9 JLN DEDAP TMN PERDANA 83000 BT PAHAT JOHOR •THANKAK KRISHNAH; 21 JLN
 KOOP CUEPACS S/S BATU 9 43200 CHERAS S'GOR M'SIA •CHEE WENG LOON; 19 JLN SS21/9 47400 P.J. M'SIA •LAU CHEE CHUNG; 3 LRG 5/
 15D 46000 P.J. S'GOR M'SIA •YEW MUN CHEONG; 6 JLN KELANTAN CANNING GDN 31400 IPOH M'SIA •TOH KONG YEW; 10 PERSIARAN
 BRUAS K.L. M'SIA







... this Eusoffian enclave...



"Block E Resident Fellow's Flat" by Tan Seok Hua
Age: 14



*This Eusoffian enclave
like a nest to fledging birds
like a perch to come home to roost
Glow red amidst the bright
varnish of the morning dew
Its vivacious glow, resonant sounds
reverberating along valleys and dales of
Eusoffian mindscapes.
And every changing semester of the year
Stamps on the scene its distinguished character.*

EUSOFF D & D...

he hunt is on!

You will never be free from the call of the wild which beckons to you with its irrepressible urge.

Intense agony, excruciatingly painful effort and innocuous cunning all go together to produce the final product — acceptance or rejection, a death warrant either way.

Sound your challenge, time is running short! In no time at all, it will be Doomsday, the end of everything and anything you've ever worried for, the final test of your resourcefulness, the last page in the grotesque book of boy-chase-girl, the Dinner and Dance of Eusoff Hall.

Maybe you've noticed the signs of an ongoing mass campaign by certain underprivileged of our hall. Their objective: a girl. Nothing is too low or too embarrassing except maybe getting down on their knees and begging.

A haunted look about the face, dark rings under the eyes, feverish mumblings of name and well-tested pick-up lines. All these go hand in hand to ensure a night to remember.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen! The mating season is on again. Nobody wants to go for the Dinner and Dance without a date and so plans are being laid out, timetables drawn up, progress marked down and charted, graphs indicating up-turn (or otherwise) adorning walls. The pace is slowly but surely picking up.

One may sit down and consider, what is the use of all this? Just for one night? Do you really need all those weeks of toil (usually in vain)? Is romance so important? What happened to good, old-fashioned values like career, money, study? Horrors! Could there be some shred of human emotion left in NUS undergrads?

The truth of the matter is, love is a deadly serious business. You can't get something for nothing. Its against the laws of nature. Go ahead, brag about your abilities as much as you want because when it comes to the nitty-gritty basics, adamant pursuit is the best. Pester her until she agrees but take note of body-language. Signs that indicate she doesn't want you around could be things like a voodoo doll looking very much like yourself, a meat-chopper being twirled nonchalantly around her fingers and maybe a tightening of a rope around your neck.

The main problem of a D & D is not the rejection but finance. A fortune has to be spent on clothes, tickets and cab fare. It would not seem so bad if you get "positive results" but I would probably break down and cry if she turns

to me at the end of the evening, shakes my hand and says thanks!

Anyway, don't let my article get you down. As someone once said if you get rejected once, try again, if you get rejected twice, take a look in the mirror, if you get rejected three times, shift to a monastery. Keeping these words of wisdom in mind, I shall sign off now. I wonder if she's alone in her room...?

sg

V:III:1/2:88



THE MIDWINTER NIGHT AFTER

It was a night well worth remembering, a night well spent. Eusoff Hall's first annual dinner and dance at the Mandarin Hotel, with its twisted theme, 'A Midwinter Night's Dream', organised by our capable Dinner and Dance Committee may be termed 'a roaring success'.

By 5 pm, Friday the 25th of November, hostelites were in a frenzy, rushing between rooms and blocks to prepare themselves for the much talked about night. The sudden storm did nothing to quell anyone's spirit. Men and women alike were asking room-mates and neighbours, "How do I look?", screaming across hallways, "Lemme your hairdryer!" Then came the Exodus -- smartly dressed young men in various forms of suits emerged, approaching their dates' rooms cautiously, and when the doors were opened, one could almost hear "Waaah" issuing from both lips. Some went by the air-conditioned coach, others by some other mode of transport.

The guests at the Mandarin Hotel must have been a little awed at the sight of so many beautiful young men and women descending upon them at the lobby. One could feel their eyes upon them, hushed whispers of "What's happening?" "Must be some grand occasion..." The atmosphere sizzled, and with hearts beating, wondering what the night would bring, we took the lift up to that magical cavern prepared painstakingly for us.

The tickets said, "Please be seated by 7:30 pm" but we were unable to enter till much later. A passageway dark and mysterious was made all the more eerie by hanging threads of cotton, gold paper and synthetic smoke. Loaded with gifts for the night, everyone had to pass through, and when each emerged, they could be seen eagerly drinking in the decor and lay-out of the place. It was small, but cosy -- inviting conversation and intimacy. Slowly, the guests drifted in in their fine array of evening wear and yes, fancy dress. Wisps of conversation, "Is that so-and-so? Ooo-lah! She looks good, doesn't she?" could be heard from various tables. The stage was set, and the night was about to begin!

Our President of the JCRC, our Master Dr. Andrew Tay and Senior Minister of State for education, Dr. Tay Eng Soon spoke of Eusoff College and Eusoff Hall, commemorating hostel life and urging hostelites to make full use of what advantages it offers. After their speeches, the band took over and the food arrived, while guests looked eagerly to what would be on their plates. The food was palatable, the music loud, the general atmosphere cheerful. While everyone ate and drank, we were entertained with a slide-show of our hall presented by Ng Eng Leng; our singer extraordinaire Greg Chen and several games that the DeeJay from Trax created. Prizes were abundant, and when the lucky draw was announced, residents could be seen clutching their tickets, eagerly awaiting the number to be called out, then sighing, "Alamak! Missed by one number! Just my luck!"

our hardworking D & D Committee had to stay back to clear up the mess -- the ballroom looked as if a tornado had swept past it.

Did everyone have fun? A very subjective question, but I believe many will be back for more next year. Well done, Eusoff Hall! This is a tradition that should be kept up; it certainly was a marvellous dream for many!



After dinner, all inhibitions were thrown off -- the intoxicating beat of music drove us all to the dance floor, where different forms of gyrations and new dance steps were witnessed. Ear splitting music and a packed dance floor of sweaty humans did little for our nervous system, but I am sure everyone had fun. The music lasted way past 1 am, and when the deeJay announced, "That's it folks, g'night!" an almost audible sigh arose, but it was a contented sigh.

Guests dispersed in all directions, some to catch up on much needed sleep, others to seek other forms of entertainment for the night. But



ma
V:III:1/2

What visions have



DINNER & DANCE

The D & D had the ambience and the aura of the occult and the mystic, though no one understood what the verse on the programme was supposed to mean. I guess it is always a good idea to couch your remarks in verse form, particularly if you've no idea what you're talking about, as happened about 85% of the time in the minds of the D & D organisers. Thus you should prefer

"What thou seest
When thou dost wake
Do it for thy true love take
Love and Languish
For his sake.

to "Enjoy yourself with loved one.....The night is yours."

Select a few pieces of obscure, archaic Shakespearian verses you like the sound of; then flog them to death. And remember the Golden Rule: Never say anything in plain English if you can say it in some other language incomprehensible to the ordinary person. Till the next D & D, here's something to ponder "He who talks with the goldfish is too lucky to receive an answer."



LUNCHTIME PERFORMANCE -- ACT I, SCENE I

That was the ambitious name of our Hall's first ever lunchtime performance, presented to a rather full theatrette on the 23rd of November. 4 areas of culture took to the stage - in order of performance, the choir, drama, dance and band. Everybody involved had worked hard, no doubt on that aspect. The tense expectation, the jitters and the excitement were written all over each performer's face. The audience itself comprised a large number of Eusoffians - which was comforting, to say the least. Being the first of the Halls of Residence to start off the String of Lunchtime Performances this year, the performers were anxious to make a lasting impression. Did we succeed? Well, it's difficult to say. The concert had its ... ups and downs. The choir was the overall favourite, declared as being 'professional' by more than one person I talked to after the concert. They looked very impressive in their black and white outfits too — although one complaint was that they weren't acoustically powerful or confident enough - could it have been stage fright?

The drama was next. It too had its moments - the audience keeled over in stitches over Greg Chen's Southern pronunciation of 'Ice; the 'silent gun' (there was a mix up over who was to provide the appropriate 'BANG!s'); the corpse who tried hard to stifle her chortling...one thing for certain - the drama had lots of action. However, the choice of play was perhaps not appropriate for so short a performance.

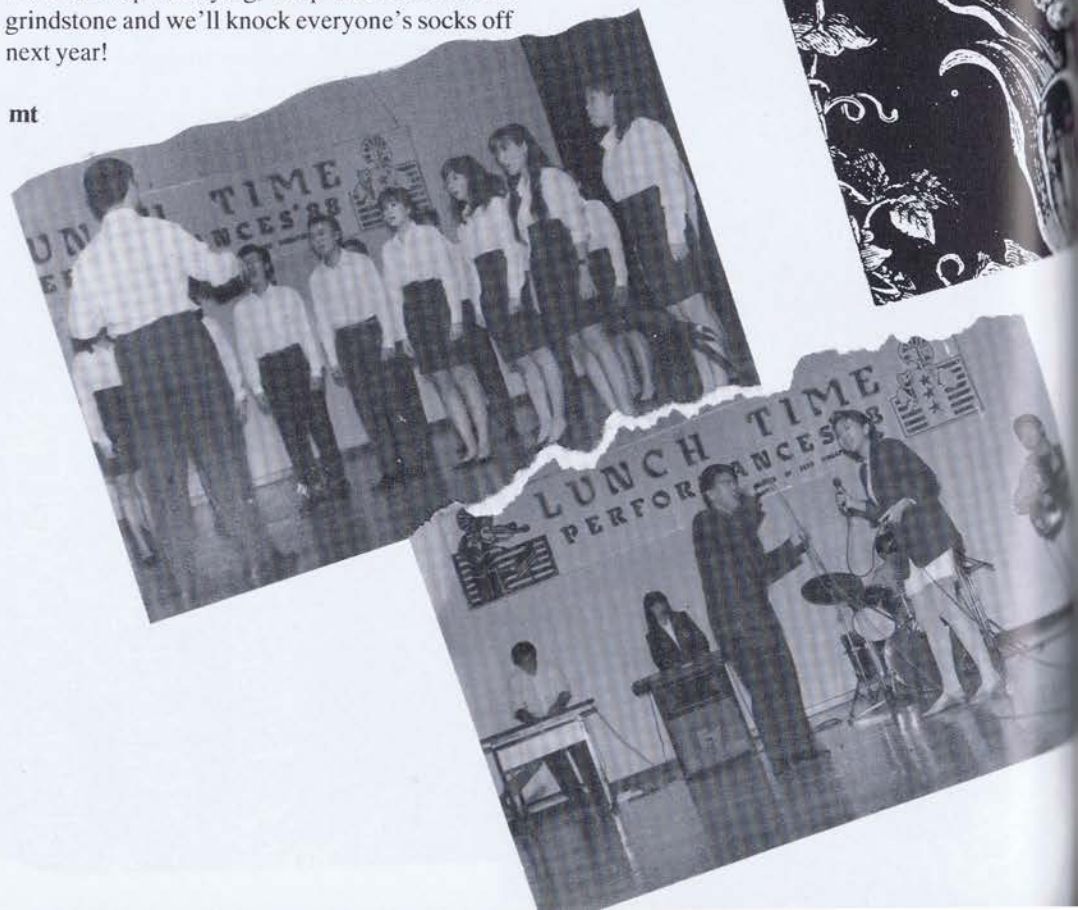
The dancers came on after that. Their performance too was a see-saw of sorts - beginning well, ending slightly ruffled. Not forgetting Mel whose suspenders snapped in mid-dance! Still the dancers show promise; more experience is all they need.

Finally, the band. We were almost past the allotted time by then, so some of the audience had to leave for classes. The singers - Joo Lett and Lawrence did a good job but the band tended to



drown them out occasionally. And of course that fantastic moment when the drummer lost one of his drum sticks..... the stuff good memories are made of! And that sentiment extends to the rest of the concert as well. It was our-first performance as a new hall and as such, none too professional. But the spirit was right, the enthusiasm there - we need to keep on trying, keep our noses to the grindstone and we'll knock everyone's socks off next year!

mt





CULTURAL WEEK

Cultural Week? What on earth's that? I mean, Orientation was something one easily understood and classified under Physical and Mental Torture. As for the events that followed in quick succession, namely the IHG and IBG, well, those two were none too high-brow either. Games, sweat, trophies. But culture? Were Eusoffians capable of song and dance beyond the strictly informal? What exactly does culture entail, anyway? I looked it up in Longman's:

[culture /'kʌltʃə/ [n] the customs, beliefs, art music, and all the other products of human thought made by a particular group of people at a particular time, etc, etc. (also 'culture shock' which didn't mean the feelings I was experiencing at the thought of Eusoffians indulging in culture, the stuff made for swan-necked beauties and musical maestros).

Hmm. Well, let's see what activities were lined up for Cultural Week - International Night, Mooncake Festival High Table, Story Telling and Pasar-malam.

Things began to look up. I could at least identify with the events and the local flavour they were liberally doused with - this seemed in line with the dictionary definition. Maybe culture could be Eusoffian after all. I decided to turn up for all events to make up my mind.

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

American, Japanese and Singaporean.

The Americans in bath towels 'singing' 'My Girl' out of tune, but endearingly nevertheless. It must be the American self-confidence that enables them to prance about half-naked and still be a hit. The Japanese matchmaking game - confusing, to say the least. Guys and girls (unsuspecting victims plucked out of the audience) connected with twisted lengths of string - a definite repudiation of Western no-strings-attached relationships. Asian culture. Maybe. What about the Singapore-Malaysia contribution? An excerpt from a Neil Simon play, a Western dance, the choir and band. Tricky, this. Could be a reflection of the cosmopolitan colouring of this part of the world. Well, said an inner voice, it is culture in the broader sense of the word. Yes, said my usual voice, but is it our culture?

MOONCAKE FESTIVAL

Aaah — this was more to my liking. All those luscious mooncakes brown or white-skinned, blackbean or lotus seed or...well you get the picture. Dinner was good — or as good as it could be after it goes cold listening to the usual speeches. All trooped into the Function Hall for the drama performance. Concubines and evil emperors. And mooncakes of course — of the Golden Lotus Seed variety and attached by suspicious means to the inside of one actor's garments. Quite funny it was. Then the judging of the block lanterns. Honestly, I never believed we had it in us. All that delicacy and painstaking detail; muted lighting and vociferous verbal introductions by block representatives. Yes, culture, our culture representing the Singaporean love of food although I suspect the competitors wouldn't look another melon seed in the eye for years to come. Then the romantic stroll in the moonlight...SDU?

STORY TELLING

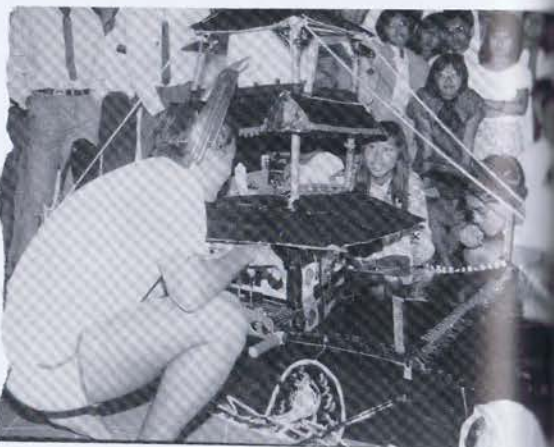
Long stories, short stories, rigmarole or straightforward, we heard them all. And suspicions were confirmed about the vocal capacity of certain residents. What stories were told — long-winded horror ones which one lost track of midway (but stuck it out anyway out of sheer admiration for the story-teller's zeal), jokes stretched to story-level, and so on, so forth. Well, the stories were told in original styles, anyway — and many represent culture of a sort. After all, story-telling traditions handed down from one generation to the next is Asian in origination, isn't it? All those legends and folklore told in the dimness of a single oil-lamp and feverishly lapped up by ardent listeners. Culture? Yes, I think so.

PASAR-MALAM

My idea of a Pasar Malam had hitherto been lots of little stalls set up on wet roads. (Don't know why but the roads always seem wet). Selling those queer little toys, weird herbs, rubber snakes, clothes. And food of course — remember those gooey pancakes filled with peanut and sweet-corn paste? Our civilized version was held in the versatile Function Hall. Residents kindly lent prized possessions to be put on display — you could have started a soft toy shop right there, really.

So, that was Cultural Week. Fairly innovative, sometimes puzzling, but best of all, never intimidating. After all, it was supposed to be our way of life that was being put on display and scrutinized. Which makes me think that, well...And my inner voice says, Go on, eat your words for ever thinking Eusoffians a flat-footed bunch only capable of swinging a hockey stick. And my usual voice can't quite reply because it's difficult to speak with your mouth full.

mt



ARTS FESTIVAL

taste of pseudo-Hollywoodism. A peek into the lives of NUS' rich and famous elite-young men and women brimming with confidence and talent too — sometimes. One almost had to remind oneself that this was an amateur - level drama competition and not a professional clashing of artistic giants.

Our Drama Club was among the four participants who stepped into the limelight and took to the Centre Stage in the World Trade Centre on the 14th/15th of October 1988. It was the first big public performance for the club and was therefore preceded by much nail-biting, teeth-gnashing and hair-tearing.

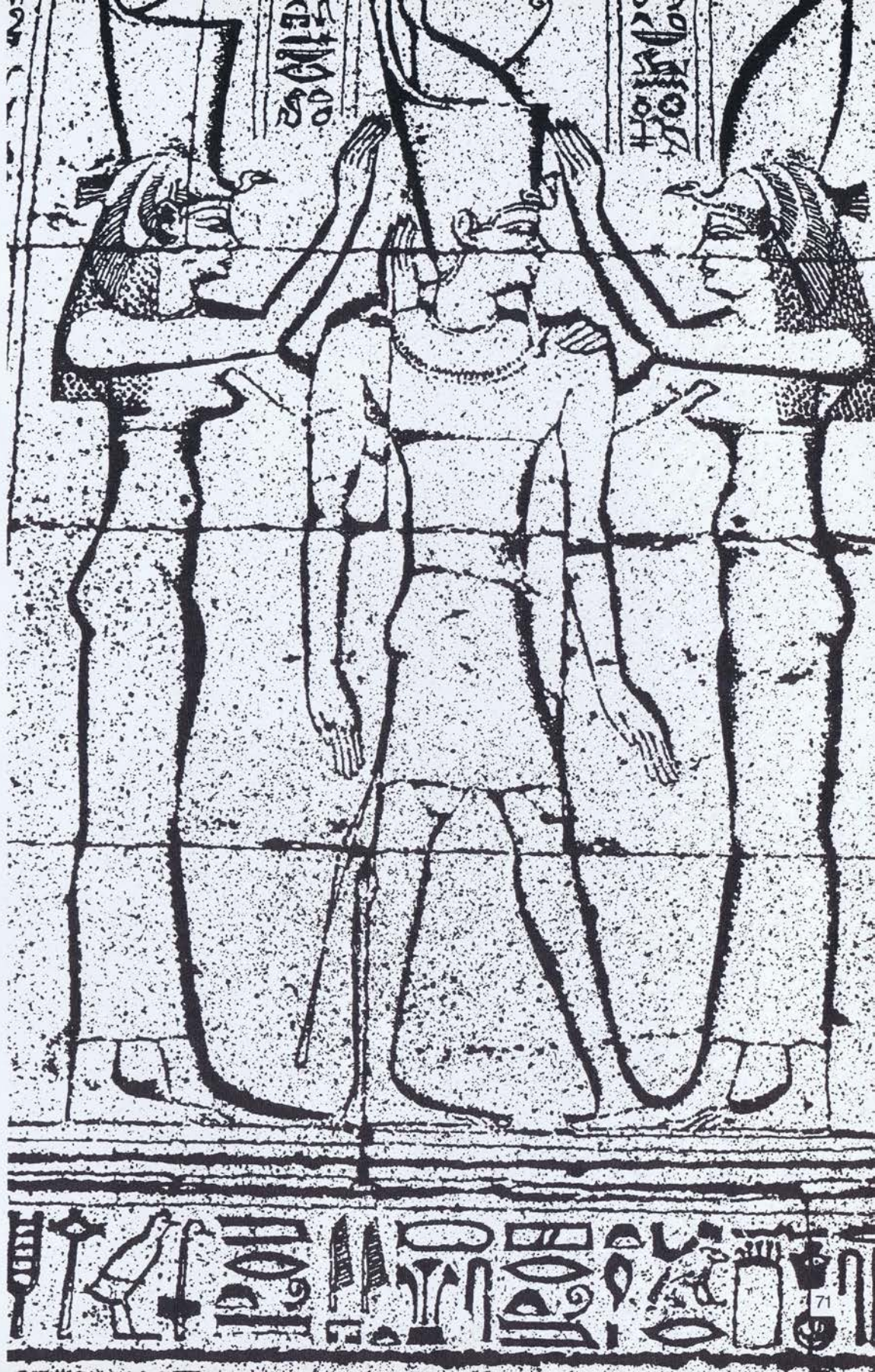
We did not exactly put up a full play - it was more of a revised excerpt of Neil Simon's 'Brighton Beach Memoirs'. The revision owing to the Censorship Board who deemed puberty a topic unfit for public consumption. As a result, the end-product was disjointed and rather un-Neil Simon-like. Still, the audience was a kind, civilized bunch who appeared to genuinely enjoy some of the jokes we pulled.

The distinction between our performance and that of the other competitors was too wide to be ignored, however. Just goes to show that prancing on stage requires a whole heap more than fluent line-delivery and some (unguided) practice. Loads of experience and well-springs of inherent talent would be a tad helpful, though. Minor but indispensable details like the correct choice of play, the authenticity of props and costumes, the smoothness of scene-transition also go a long way in ensuring a worthy play.

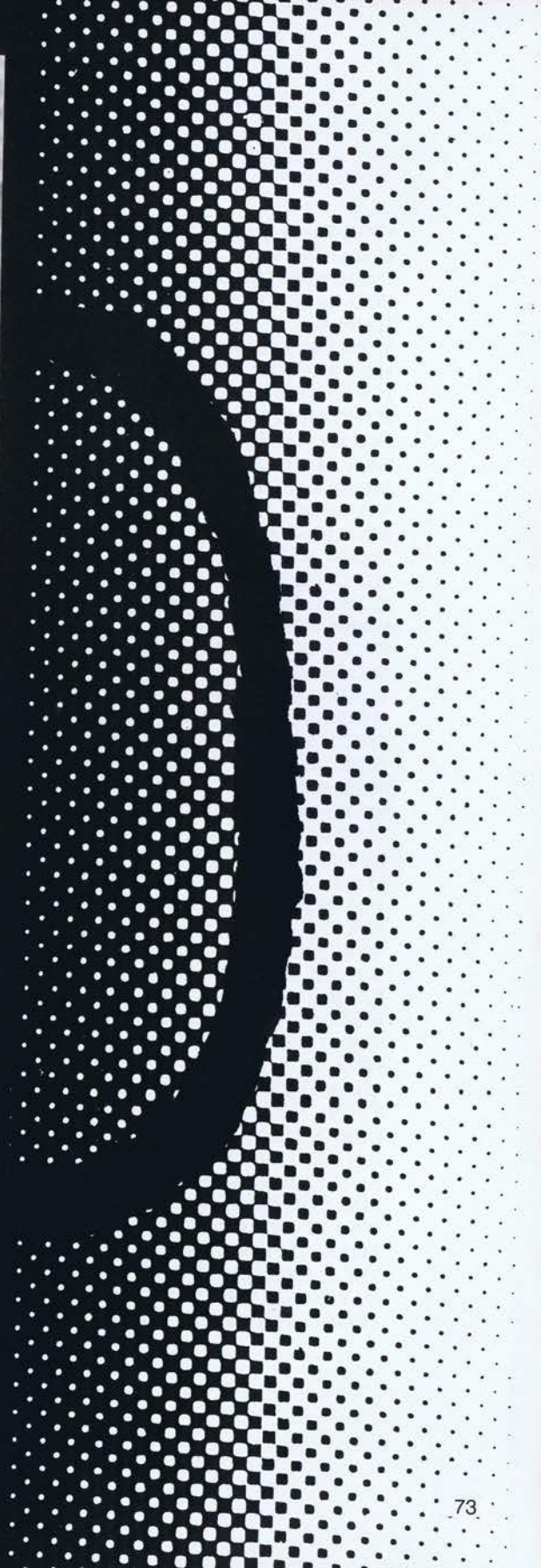
The winning play *PASSION* seemed to have hit upon the right combination of factors. It was satirical, witty and full of caustic ironies - befitting treatment of the subject it was on - nuclear war. The cast was very good; no rough edges were visible right down to the last, carefully articulated syllable. The other two plays owed much of their success to their principal actors. It might be interesting to see if the budding talent so evident in the Drama competition goes on to bloom in higher art circles. (On the other hand it might be depressing.)

As for us, the first Drama Club of Eusoff Hall, the whole experience was educational. Even if, like most learning processes, it was painful. Still, difficult lessons constitute experience. Now, to find some talent.....

mt







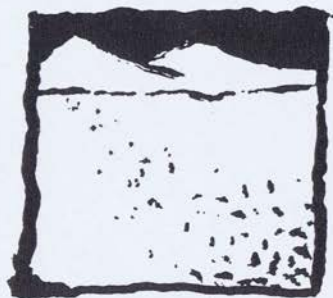
•TOH KIM SAI; 76 LIM LEAN •TOH KIM HOR; 76 LIM LEAN TENG RD 11600 PG •YEOH HOCK THYE; 55 GREEN CRESCENT 11600 PG M'SIA •TAN WUI LIANG, WILLIE; BLK 803 TAMPINES ST 83 #10-476 S'PORE 1852 •LEE CHIH HORNG; 79 ROSE GDN AMBER RD S'PORE 1543 •CHOO TENG YAM; BLK 6 BEDOK SOUTH AVE 2 #14-346 S'PORE 1646 •NEO KIM GUAN; 48 JLN MANDAR S'PORE 2469 •LAU GOON FOO; 46 LEBOH RAJAWALI, TMN BKT RAJA 41150 KLANG S'GOR M'SIA •YEOH THYE LYE; 23 PARLANG STREET S'PORE 0719 •TANG HANGWA; 27 JLN TEMPING TIGA 59100 K.L. M'SIA •OW YONG TUCK MENG; BLK 372 CLEMENTI AVE 4 #04-264 S'PORE 0512 •TANG YONG HUA; BLK 230 LOR 8 TOA PAYOH #09-180 S'PORE 1231 •LIM WEI PING; 2 PT. WARIJO 83400 SRI MEDAN BATU PAHAT JOHOR M'SIA •LEE BAN KHENG; 36 JLN KEMAJUAN M'SIA 1336 •YEW LIP SIN; 328 JENGARAM 42600 K. LANGAT SEL M'SIA •LOH KOK KIONG; 14 JLN KACANG 86000 KLUANG JOHOR M'SIA •LEE BUI CHIUNG; 2 BAU BASAAR 94000 BAY KUCHING S'WAK M'SIA •FOO CHEE HIN; F-4 JLN KEMPAS TMN SETAPAK 5300 K.L. M'SIA •CHANG CHAET SEAN; SOON LEE POULTRY FARM P.O. BOX 290 25730 KUANTAN MALAYSIA •KU SHAU HUNG; P.O. BOX 863 91008 TAWAN SABAH MALAYSIA •CHEW PIT LI; 25 CHANGKAT DUNBAN PG. MALAYSIA •KWEK SOK ENG, MICHELLE; BLK 304 ANG MO KIO AVE 1 #07-1147 S'PORE 2056 •LAU CHIN WEI, SHARMAINE; 9A JLN BRJAYA S'PORE 2057 •GOH MUAY HONG; BLK 68 DAKOTA CRESCENT #13-608 S'PORE 1439 •WONG CHWEE KEW, SHANDY; BLK 668 CHANDER ROAD #08-12 S'PORE 0821 •NG CHOR HWEE; BLK 697 HOUGANG ST 61 #11-24 S'PORE 1953 •ONG SAY MOI; BLK 543 BEDOK NORTH ST 3 #08-1312 S'PORE 1646 •LEMAN LINDA; 32E LETHOL MARTINUS LUBIS MEDAN-INDONESIA •TAN KIM GEAK, IVY; 42 MERRYNG AVE S'PORE 1129 •FOO CHAI LENG; BLK 607 HOUGANG AVE 4 #07-125 S'PORE 1953 •TIAN HUAY LING; BLK 46 BEDOK SOUTH AVE 3 #07-282 S'PORE 1646 •ONG KOON SUAN; 46-C BUKIT RAMBAI 75250 MELAKA •LIM TECK CH'ANG; 5753 PULAU SEBANG 73000 TAMPIN M'SIA •TAN ING HOW; BLK 532 ANG MO KIO AVE 10 #01-2479 S'PORE 2056 •CHONG YOON FATT; BLK 12 NORTH BRIDGE ROAD #03-3960 SINGAPORE 0719 •CHONG HOCK KEE, ALEX; 296 JLN TENCKERA 75200 MELAKA M'SIA •HOW WENG WENG, MEL; BLK 460 ANG MO KIO AVE 10 #20-1576 S'PORE 2056 •THENG KIM LENG; 62 JLN CAMAR 7 TMN PERLING 81200 J.B. M'SIA •YONG KHAI LEONG; J. 166 JLN GEMDITA 1 SALAK SOUTH GDN 57100 K.L. M'SIA •MOHMAD NOOR BIN ARIFFIN; BLK 570 ANG MO KIO AVE 3 #07-3323 S'PORE 2056 •TOH HAI YANG; 163 BUKIT BAKRI MUAR JOHOR M'SIA •LEE CHONG YIN; 03-7561948 •CHAN TIANG LEE; E 1352 JLN MAT KILAY 25100 KUANTAN M'SIA •LEONG SIEW HONG; 85 JLN TUN DRIVE ISMAIL SEREMBAN N.S. •KWONG QUEE LAN; 44 JLN PT BAKAR 84010 MUAR JOHOR M'SIA •TEOH SU-LING, LINDA; 49 JLN SUKACHITA S'PORE 1335 •CHOW LAI KHUM; 91-G TMN SENTOSA BUKIT BARU 75150 M'CCA M'SIA •LEE CHAU LIN; BLK 274 TAMPINES ST 22 #06-126 SINGAPORE 1852 •TAN SIEW HONG; BLK 711 HOUGANG AVE 2 #03-143 S'PORE 1953 •CHAN YIN PENG; BLK 63 KALLANG BAHRU #02-399 S'PORE 1233 •LIM PI LI; BLK 226 JURONG EAST ST 21 #10-833 S'PORE 2260 •WEE SIEW FONG; 101 KIM YAM RD S'PORE 0923 •LIM GIN SING; BLK 23 #01-206 ST GEORGES RD S'PORE 1232 •THIA HAR LIAN; BLK 143 #11-347 SERANGOON AVE 1 S'PORE 1955 •CHAN MEI LENG; BLK 109 TAMPINES ST 11 #04-275 S'PORE 1852 •HOW YEE LEE; 16 PEBBLE LANE S'PORE 1543 •NG LEE PENG; BLK 6 LOR LEW LIAN #05-118 S'PORE 1953 •S.SELVE; BLK 262 TAMPINES ST 21 #09-274 S'PORE 1852 •CHIA FUI LING; 63 JLN 16 O.U.G. 58200 K.L. M'SIA •KAUR SUKHRINDER; BLK 1 CHANGI VILLAGE ROAD #01-2048 S'PORE •LOH PEK LIM; BLK 23 TOA PAYOH EAST #06-211 S'PORE 1231 •WANG SIEW HOOL, CHRISTY; 57 JLN HICKS 50200 K.L. M'SIA •IMRA BTE MOHAMAD NOOR; BLK 236 TAMPINES ST 21 #07-599 S'PORE 1852 •LEONG LAI MENG; BLK 34 WHAMPOA WEST #04-15 S'PORE 1233 •AUDREY CHUA; 508 WEST COAST DRIVE #07-257 SINGAPORE 0512 •TEY SE SE; 681-11 JLN MERANTI KULAI BESAR 81000 KULAI JOHOR M'SIA •LIM SIEW WEE; BLK 2 TG PAGAR PLAZA #16-43 S'PORE 0208 •NG LEE CHING; 1 JLN NOVENA SELANTAN S'PORE 1130 •TANG SOK MEI; 42 CASSIA CRESCENT #10-208 S'PORE 1439 •KAUR SATWANT; 47 GENTLE ROAD SINGAPORE 1130 •TAN KHIANG MENG; 593 IPOH ROAD 51200 K.L. M'SIA •NG KUM YUEN; 64 JLN BUNGA RAYA NEW PASIR PUTEH 31650 IPOH PERAK M'SIA •TAN CHIN PENG; BLK 178 BOON LAY DR #03-366 S'PORE 2064 •KWOK KIAN YEW; 61 WATTEN VIEW S'PORE 1128 •LIM CHWEE TECK; BLK 248 HOUGANG AVE 3 #04-424 S'PORE 1953 •KAN MUN CHUN ALBERT; BLK 12 HOLLAND AVE #09-39 S'PORE 1027 •TAN JEE LIANG; BLK 35 #07-429 BEDOK SOUTH AVE 2 S'PORE 1646 •CHEONG CHOON PENG; BLK 28 KELANTAN RD #03-125 S'PORE 0820 •WONG CHEE HONG; BLK 5 SEMBawang RD #08-2043 S'PORE 2775 •CHEW KOK KIONG; BLK 310 CLEMENTI AVE 4 #09-297 S'PORE 0512 •LU WAI HANG; C/O LU SI KEE W.D.T. 329 90009 SANDAKAN SABAH M'SIA •EUGENE KHOO; 27 JLN RAJA KAM CANNING GDN IPOH PERAK M'SIA •BONG SIU NAM; 36 TMN THIAN GUAN JLN BATU LINTANG 93200 KUCHING SARAWAK M'SIA •CHEW LIAN HUAT; BLK 96 #04-467 ALJUNIED CRESCENT 1438 •LEONG CHEE KONG; 8 JLN BALDU 2 TMN SENTOSA 80150 J.B. M'SIA •QUEK TIONG HUAT; BLK 32 TELOK BLANGAH RISE #07-259 S'PORE 0409 •NG WEI LIM; 23 JLN 43 KEPONG BARU 52100 K.L. M'SIA •LAU KIEN FAH; 13406 BLK 13 RAZAH WAHSION K.L. M'SIA •YUE PIK KONG; 21 REGAT WAH KEONG DUA TMN WAH KEONG 31400 IPOH M'SIA •NG LAI HOCK, EUGENE; 131-A AMBER ROAD S'PORE 1543 •PHOON KAI FONG; 163 KUALA KUANG 31200 CHEMOR PERAK M'SIA •VIJAYENDRAN GREGORY; 14 JLN 4/33 P.J. 46050 SELANGOR M'SIA •TAN TECK ENG; 62A RASAH N/U 70300 SEREMBAN N.S. M'SIA •CHONG KAO HSIUNG; P.O. BOX 674 KUALA BELAIT 6006 BRUNEI DARUSSALAM •ROBERTSON NG JAMES; 'ROSEHILL' 44TH MILE 39000 TANAH RATA CAMERON HIGHLANDS PAHANG •TEOH OON TEONG, PHILIP; 25 JLN BESI 11600 PENANG M'SIA •LIU SHAW JIUN; KIM/2JLN STATION KLUANG JOHORE M'SIA 86000



..... Oriel of our souls



*"Skywalk & The Communal Hall" by Haniza,
Age: 10*



*Red brick upon brick
like the Lord's anointed temple
houses declamatory pride.
Grey slades, cheerful
windows, seen high on roofs
set against the arching head of heavens
.... oriel of our souls —
This portrait of ourselves
this chronicle of our joys.*



A potpourri - brewing with life...





A unique blend of people thrown in a cauldron.





Zestful buccaneering spirit of pioneers....





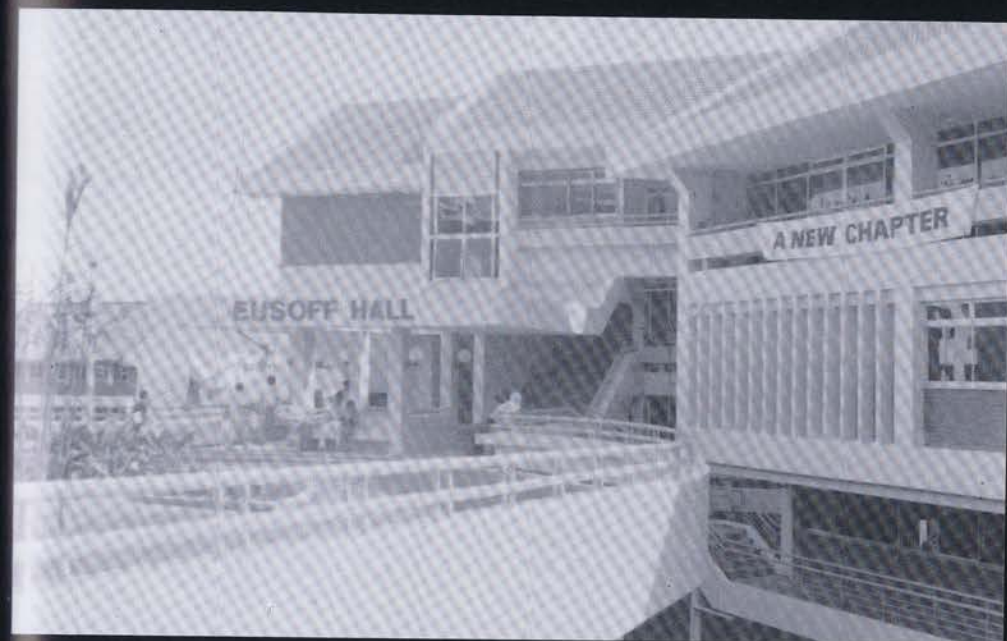
Vibrancy of talent and energy.





Camaraderie the abiding verity....





A great hall to be born.....





A niche....
well worth the travail of delivery.



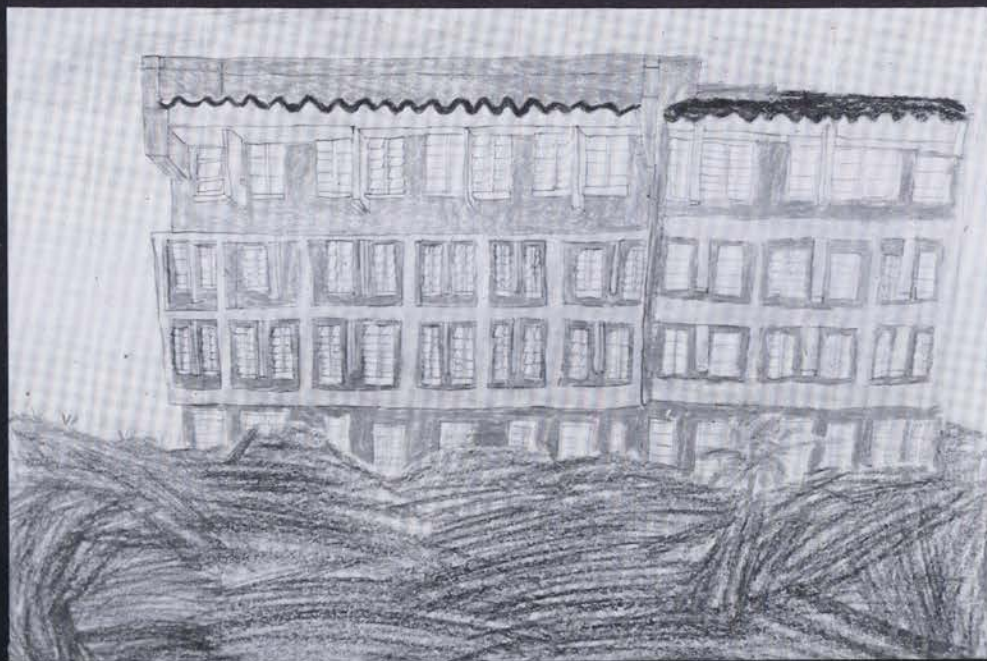
•LUM KOK WEI; BLK 103 CLEMENTI ST 14 #12-131 S'PORE 0512 •LAI CHEE KIEN; 71 ELLINGTON SQUARE S'PORE 2056 •TAN MIN YIH;
 BLK 294 TAMPINES ST 22 #07-602 S'PORE 1852 •TEH SU KUANG; K 4-5 TAMAN FREE SCH PENANG M'SIA •SEE CHO KAI, JAMES; BLK 806
 YISHUN RING ROAD S'PORE 2776 •TAN HENG KIAT, KELVIN; 50 KALIDASA AVE TEACHER'S ESTATE S'PORE 2678 •HEW CHUEN CHIET;
 48 JLN WONG KWAI KEE 1ST GDN 30100 IPOH M'SIA •CHOO WENG FATT; BLK 4 MARINE TERRACE #11-316 S'PORE 1544 •TAN HAI HSIN;
 BLK 132 ANG MO KIO AVE 3 #11-1621 S'PORE 2056 •NG KIANG MENG; 49 JLN KELULUT S'PORE 2880 •WONG NGEE LONG; 30
 MAYFLOWER WAY S'PORE 2056 •TOH THIAM CHYE; BLK 254 ANG MO KIO AVE 4 #07-149 S'PORE 2056 •OOI CAN SENG; BLK 53 TOA
 PAYOH LOR 5 #19-16 S'PORE 1231 •KON DAREL; 99 JLN LOKAM S'PORE 1953 •QUAH CHUNG MING; 2815-1 J.K.R. 77000 JASIN MELAKA
 M'SIA •LOW SOON SENG; BLK 153 ANG MO KIO AVE 5 #08-3084 S'ORE 2056 •QUAH SOO GEE; 7 TMN NG KVOK THAI S'WAN PERAK M'SIA
 •HUN LING HUA; 15-D RUBBER ROAD 93400 KUCHING SARAWAK M'SIA •LING KAY CHAN, PRAISE; 14 JLN NAGA SARI S'PORE 1128
 •BONG SIK WEI; 31 JLN CERMAT LIMA TMN MAJU JAYA J.B. MAJU JAYA J.B. M'SIA •TAN WEE HUI; BLK 81 MACPHERSON LANE #11-49
 S'PORE 1336 •SIM SEOK MOI, JESSIE; BLK 233 TAMPINES ST 21 #10-631 S'PORE 1852 •TAY GEOK CHEN; BLK 44 BEDOK SOUTH ROAD #11-
 759 S'PORE 1646 •LIM SAI FONG; 6 JLN USAHA CENTURY GDN 80250 J.B. M'SIA •LEE LAY PENG; BLK 50 CHAI CHEE STREET #12-831
 S'PORE 1646 •VAN KIT MENG; 16 JLN LIMA MANIS BANGSAR PARK 59000 K.L. M'SIA •PHAY YEE LING, ANGELA; 17 JLN SERANGOON
 KECHIL S'PORE 1954 •FOO SIEW JIONG; BLK 713 BEDOK RESERVOIR RD #04-3930 S'PORE 1647 •JOHARI SA'ADIAH; 16 TELOK BLANGAH
 CRESCENT #02-322 S'PORE 0409 •TAN AUN NEE; BLK 228 LOR 8 TOA PAYOH #02-154 S'PORE 1231 •WOO YOKE BING; 348 JLN SEPAKAT 7
 UNITED GDN 58200 K.L. M'SIA •SUZANA BTE SUKRI; BLK 120 TECK WHYE LANE #12-812 S'PORE 2572 •ABIDAH BIBI K.A. MARIKAR;
 BLK 810 TAMPINES AVE 4 #12-185 S'PORE 1852 •CHONG KIEN FEN, SONIA; 45 LEBOH ENGGANG OFF JLN MERU 41050 KELANG
 SELANGOR M'SIA •TAN SOK KIANG, CONNIE; BLK 181 BOON LAY DR #02-474 S'PORE 2264 •LIM THIAM HWEE, EVELYN; 38 NERAM
 CRESC SE 2880 •TAN SOO PENG; 489-B JOO CHIAT RD SE 15 •ANG BEE LIN, MARLENE; 48 MEYER RD #08-48 SE 1543 •ONG SWEE CHIN;
 BLK 52 KENT ROAD #08-18 SE 0821 •KAMEI AKEMI; 49 TANAUKU-CHO 1-CHOME TOKUYAMA-SHI YAMAGUCHI-KEN JAPAN •TAN LILY;
 2 MAYFLOWER PLACE SE 2056 •ANG SU-MIEN MICHELLE; 134 LOR SARINA SE 1441 •NOORIZAN ISMAIL; 47 JLN DAUD SINGAPORE
 1441 •LIM YENG YENG, LILY; 25 JLN BIRU DUA TMN PELANGI 80400 J.B. M'SIA •LEONG SIEW CHING; 610 YOON SENG GDN JLN TAN
 SRI MANICKAVASAGAM 70200 SEREMBAN •OI SEW KUAN; 10-D JLN RAJA PEREMPUAN MUZWIN TMN RISHAH IPOH •LEOW MENG
 LING; BLK 205 #03-1081 AVE 1 ANG MO KIO SE 2056 •CHOONG NGAI FONG; 31A JLN MERLIMAU OFF JLN KENANGA 55200 K.L. M'SIA
 •TAN CHYE HEE; BLK 537 ANG MO KIO AVE 5 #06-4058 SE 2056 •FOO MENG YEE; BLK 148 TAMPINES AVE 5 #08-292 SE 1852 •LEE YUEH
 FANG; 72 JLN BULOH PREINDU S'PORE 1545 •QUEK PHECK NGIN, WINNIE; BLK 611 YISHUN ST 61 #11-199 S'PORE 2776 •TAN MUI
 CHOO, SHIRLEY; BLK 655 HOUGANG AVE 8 #06-401 S'PORE 1953 •LEE LILY; 96 TMN TEMIANG JAYA 70400 S'BAN M'SIA •LIM PUAY SEO;
 BLK 53 TOA PAYOH LOR 5 #04-12 SE 1231 •FOO SOON JONG; BLK 76 MARINE DR #05-09 S'PORE 1544 •HO MEE LI; BLK 875 TAMPINES ST 84
 #06-04 SE 1852 •LIM LEE LEE; BLK 109 #08-1748 JLN BUKIT MERAH SE 0316 •HAN SWEE HOONG; BLK 20 HOUGANG AVE 3 #10-211 S'PORE
 1953 •TAN YANG CHEN; BLK 26 TOA PAYOH LOR 6 #11-170 SE 1231 •WONG YUH FENH, JOSEPHINE; BLK 68 GEYLANG BAHRU #04-3227
 SE 1233 •LEONG CHIN LING; 5000N MARINE PARADE ROAD #24-60 SE 1544 •YEO KIM LUI, RITA; 31 BRAEMAR DR S'PORE 1955 •TAN
 LING LING; BLK 102 TAMPINES ST 11 #08-101 S'PORE 1852 •TAN SOR PENG; BLK 706 CLEMENTI WEST ST 2 #04-375 SE 0512 •TAN GHIM
 LEE CAROLYN; 23 SIGLAP RISE SE 1545 •TOH LING LING; 40 SPRINGLEAF GDN SE 2678 •KONG SIA LING; BLK 185 BOON LAY AVE #07-
 168 SE 2204 •PECK SIU LIN; 14 JLN SUKACHITA SE 1335 •TO/TA/LEE LIAN; BLK 343 UBI AVE 1 #11-1115 SE 1440 •WONG CAR WHA; 860 JLN
 MERSING 86000 KLUANG JOHORE M'SIA •YEOH TOON KEAT; 465 PENANG RD 10000 PENANG M'SIA •TAN CHOON WEE; 11 LINTANG
 TEPI SUNGAI DUA JLN TEPI SG. 41100 KLANG S'GOR M'SIA •SOON YEW CHONG; 243 JLN DAMANSARA 50480 K.L. •CHUA KUANG
 CHUA; 478 LOR SEPAKAT PONTIAN 82000 JOHOR M'SIA •JAN TZE HONG; P.O. BOX 432 BSB 1904 BRUNEI DARUSSALAM •LOW PENG
 TEONG; 48-R JLN NONG CHIK 80100 J.B. M'SIA •YAP SOON PEN; 9A LOR SENTUL KECIL 51100 K.C. M'SIA •ENG SENG MENG; PH 756
 PEKAN NANAS 81500 PONTIAN JOHOR M'SIA •LIM HENG HAI; 64 JLN SS23/3 47400 P.J. S'GOR M'SIA •TAN THIAM SOON; 21 JLN DESU
 BARU TMN DESU BARU 75350 M'SIA •THOO CHIN CHOY; LOT 112 KAMPONG PASIR BATU 14 47100 PUCHONG S'GOR M'SIA •LIM SITA;
 BLK 526 BEDOK NORTH ST 3 #03-488 S'PORE 1646 •SUM KWOK YAN, RONALD; BLK 610 HOUGANG AVE 8 #14-488 S'PORE 1953 •TAN HIEN
 BOON; 143 JLN TUN ABDUL RAZAK 80000 J.B. JOHORE M'SIA •WU MARCO; 1 JLN ANGKLONG SE 2057 •NAM LIANG CHIA; 1 LRG KURAU
 9 TMN SG ABONG 84000 MUAR JOHORE M'SIA •CHAN MUN PAAN; 105 TMN SRI PETALING 72100 BAHAU N.S. •LEE YEOW HWEE; BLK 3
 DELTA AVE #04-18 S'PORE 0316 •NEO KAI TEE; 188 TMN CITY JLN KUCHING 51200 K.L. M'SIA •LOOI KIN WENG, CLARENCE; 3 SELETAR
 CRESCENT S'PORE 2880 •YEW KOK ONN; 113 JLN SELASIH KAW 6 41100 KLANG S'GOE M'SIA •NG ENG LENG; 26 JLN 27 DESA JAYA
 KEPONG 52100 K.L. M'SIA •HONG LING CHOW; 108 KG BARU 28000 T'LOH PALANG M'SIA •CHEONG CHEE KEONG; 45 LEBOH RAYA
 FIRST GDN 30100 IPOH MALAYSIA TAN CHEE SIONG; 113 LOR MAAROF BANGSAR PARK 59000 K.L. M'SIA •MALCOM LIONEL; BLK 10-D
 BRADDELL VIEW #02-13 S'PORE 2057







..... a sudden whiff of longing pang



"Eusoff Hall Block A" by Kheng Poh Age: 12



*As we stand now
calm and deep peace, reliving our
sweet adventure
A sudden whiff of longing pang
unlocks the sluice-gates of our memories
releasing a deluge of nostalgia
As we gaze at azure orbits heavenly-wise
Twin tears well in those ethereal eyes
.... only these memorabilia
will help remind us how the heart endures.*

EUSOFF'S 1ST YEAR: LOOKING BACK

It needed a historic occasion — Eusoff's 30th anniversary celebrations — to prompt me into pondering on what it means to be part of her history, participant and torch bearer of sorts of her long and rich tradition. Witnessing the spontaneous joy of past Eusoffians upon meeting one another, their laughter and rowdiness in long-remembered songs and stories was cause to pause and wonder if I were to return for Eusoff's 40th or 50th anniversary, there would be the same fondness and gaiety as those expressed by the ex-Eusoffians of yesteryear. I doubt that.

Sadly, a year in campus, has yet to yield the sense of togetherness among residents (believe me, there is a glaring difference between a Eusoffian and a resident). The best evidence I can offer for this lack of a sense of belonging to the Eusoff family comes from the anniversary night itself. The many empty tables testify to this. At \$3, there should be standing room only. It's really remarkable that for some people, nasi lemak and instant noodles hold greater attractions than a sumptuous buffet dinner. Surely, it's not difficult to put on a shirt, tie, skirt, blouse for dinner plus fun.

The Eusoff spirit does not come from joining the committees and games. It comes from within the self, that personal commitment to make a success in all that we do, the wish to render support to fellow residents who have worked hard to produce various items for our entertainment and enjoyment. It comes from sacrificing time and effort and yes, sometimes even that 'A' grade. It certainly does not come from the noisy talk while an invited guest is making a speech, nor from leaving immediately after having taken dinner to the point that the Social Secretary has had to remind all to be seated.

A 3-week freshmen orientation cannot convert a freshman into a Eusoffian. From personal experience as a freshman and as a member of the FWOC, I believe the freshman telematch and song-fights (even the cultural or "X-rated" songs), to the uninitiated, have more to do with imbibing the feeling of belonging to this hall and not that hall than the hours of practising the Eusoffian Anthem.

There is no denying that the cohesion within blocks is there. 'E' block is one fine example. If only this could be extended beyond the block's boundaries to encompass all of Eusoff. Maybe a short year isn't enough, but this being our first year, there should have been reason to set standards of excellence, to forge ideals for future generations to emulate.

I hope 'rich history and traditions' would not degenerate to a mere stale cliché to be repeated at appropriate times but rather that we be the living examples of Eusoff's glorious past. It is really up to us.

..j
extracted



THE PROS AND CONS OF HOSTEL LIFE (May I have a word?)

What ho! Onward to a new life! Excitement, maybe even delirium with new-found freedom! Onwards others, tell them about it! No time to smack on words! What a rum life!

That's what crossed my mind the first time I viewed my room and the rest of Eusoff Hall. With a silly grin plastered across my jawline, I passed the hallowed halls in a daze, wondering whether hall-life would be as they made it out to be.

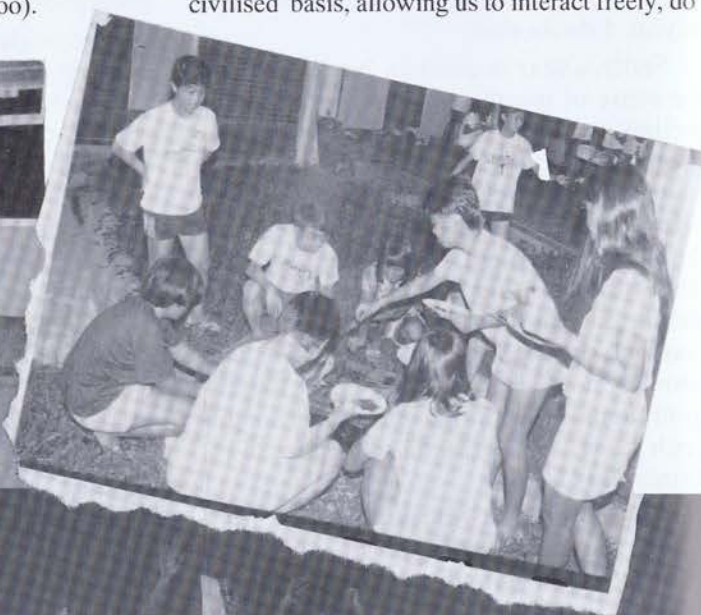
Proximity to our beautifully landscaped campus? Well yes, of course! What could be better, when the furthest faculty is only a pleasant bus journey away? A little brisk trot up the avenue

and we face the monumental structure known fondly to all, as the Arts Faculty. No infernal, hair-raising, goose-pimpling bus journey for us privileged — smile, fellow hostelites, for that's what we are!

"What a club-like setting!", I exclaimed! Indeed, though we are not fully facilitated as yet, still the amenities are astounding. From swimming pool to tennis courts to billiard table to television sets and compact discs to the very basic toilet- roll, we are indeed most fortunate. When darling younger sister heard of such gifts from the heavens, her it-can't-be-true-I-want—it—too expression was a sight to behold. And to cap it all off, we are a NEW hall, so the feeling of pioneer-ship is overwhelming, and it pushes many of us on to trying to excel for our venerable Eusoff Hall. But are we spoilt? Maybe, because what we want, we usually get at the snap of our delicate fingers (with a little effort in wrangling, too).

The Hall also has activities to keep us on the go. Each festival celebrated by our fellow Singaporeans calls for double celebration in the hall, with programmes put up by the various committees. Naturally those committee members die - lah, because we are such a multi-racial country, there are festivals on through-out the whole year. Still, the hall is marvellous in keeping us entertained and allowing young talents to blossom to maturity.

And now, one of the greatest advantages of living in the Hall - friends! Communal living! Love partners! Yes, our Social Development Unit must be infinitely pleased with the idea of communal living! Mind you, "communal living" here does not extend to the era of the 1960's when hippies gathered around an open fire in a lovely district in town, smoking pot and having mass orgies. Communal living here is one on a more civilised basis, allowing us to interact freely, do





our own 'thing' and having a fun time at that. Of course it doesn't mean that you closet yourself in your room - it is a sharing of experiences, of making new friends, friends for life, love matches. All it starts with is a friendly "'How-dee-do?'". It brings out the best (sometimes worst) in us, but we are learning, and we are learning to be full-bodied and better-minded people, not spectres of a sort, shimmering annoyingly in a world of reality. Hardly any one comes to this remote "hilly-billy" reunion of Singapore. If we didn't live here, would we ever have thought of traipsing down West Coast Beach or going to the nearby Pasir Panjang Bowl? So you see, living here does broaden our horizons and allow us to see Singapore from a different perspective from Orchard Road.

One of the first thoughts that crossed my mind when I read:

"We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Eusoff Hall..." was, "Freedom, at last!" No longer tied to mum's apron-strings, I rejoiced at the idea of having my own space in life, no longer having to depend on anyone else's decisions. But with that freedom came a lot of responsibilities. If I had been given such a lot of work when I was fifteen, I'd probably have fainted on the spot and remained infirm for the rest of my life. It is not only lectures, tutorials and games, for you have to do your own laundry, clean your own room, contribute in hall activities.....the list is

never-ending! But yes, it has helped me to mature, and I feel much invigorated at the thought of myself growing - it makes life all the more interesting, doesn't it? With all these adventures swimming in our heads, let me add one more: one of the most strange occurrences is that at certain times of the day/week/month/year, maybe throughout the stay here, we are all imbued with a sense of pride, a spirit never flagging, a patriotism for our country that has its roots here, in the hall. "This is barely like our patriotic songs" you may say, spasms coursing down your spine at the moment, but it is true. Reach deep down into your soul and tell me the feeling isn't there. Try, and I'll call you a poor fish.

Tally-ho! That takes care of some of the pros of living in a hall. You see, being all out for communal living, I seldom see the dirty side of it, but I must force myself to do it now, perchance my editor takes it into his head to take me by my trouser-leg and turn me upside-down, inside-out..

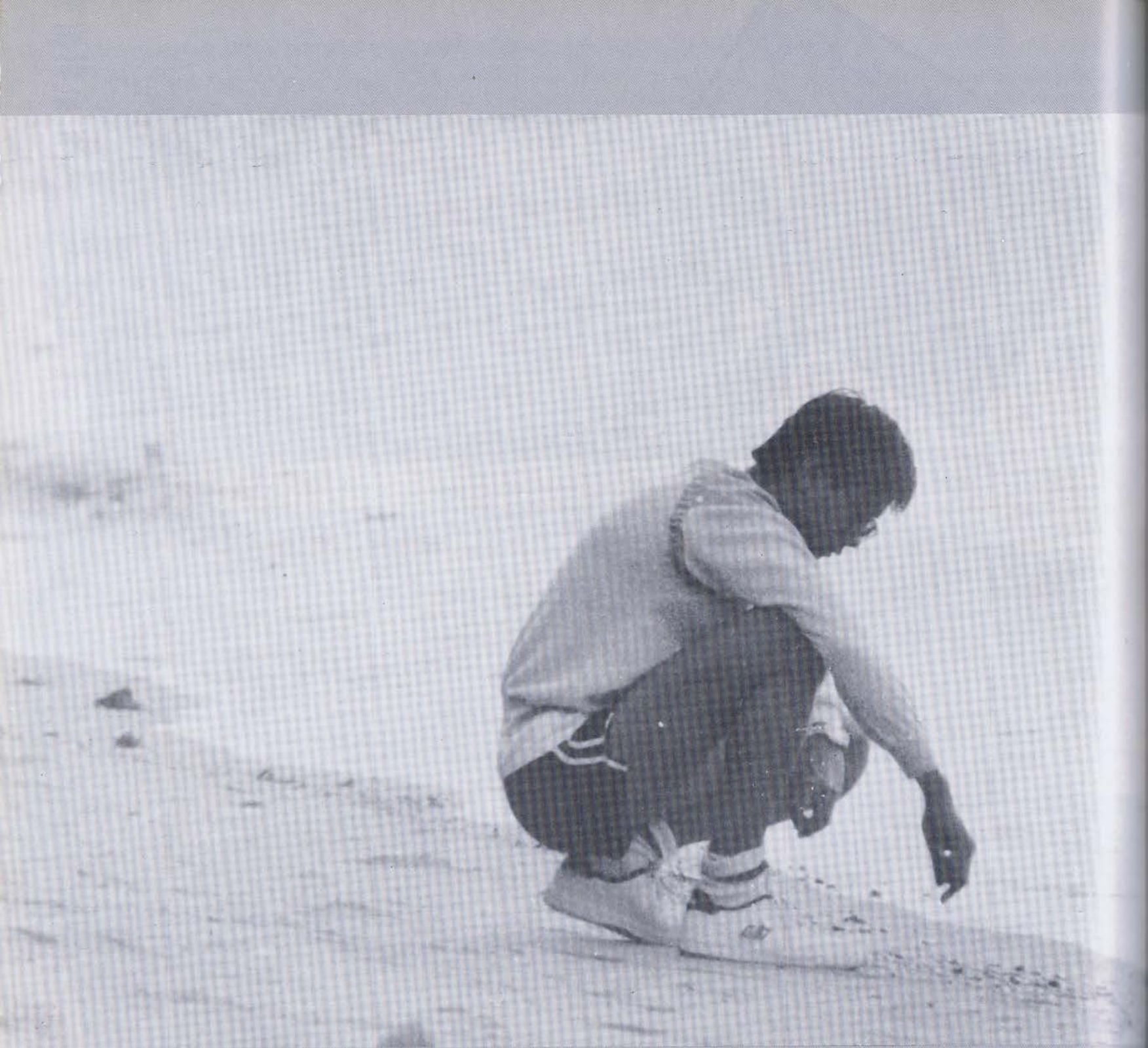
Privacy, do you want that? Why yes, once in a while, we do want a little peace and quiet, but one so seldom gets it here. Always, someone comes knocking on your door, threatening to blow it away on its hinges unless you open up and grant him his wish. And this may even be at three a.m. in the morning, when the unholyest of creatures are walking the earth and you are bleary-eyed with sleep. No wonder hostelites are fre-

quently seen with dark rings under their eyes and a gaunt, bloodless look on the face. It does the boys no good, much less the girls.

There must be a limit to involvement in hall activities. Many a time, people have said to me, with an agonised expression on their faces, "Good grief! How did I ever let myself into it?". They would shake and quake at the work involved, and let me tell you, I have done my fair share of shivering and sitting in a corner blowing bubbles. A balance must be struck, you say, and I quite agree, except that sometimes, we tend to think we are supernatural beings, and then end up feeling like the flea on the flea of a dog.

Remember, my fellow hostelites though this may seem like summer camp to many of you, we are here for a university education that will open up gigantic doors in our life-time. Enjoy the privileges offered, involve yourself to the best of your ability, feel for the hall as you would for a fellow human being, and when you look back at your life, you will be grateful for the chance given to you, and you will end up saying, "Coo — that was the life! These are my friends and I have lived life to the fullest!"

ma
V:II:10/10:88





A STROLL DOWN MEMORY LANE

Tomorrow is my last day here, the 31st of March. I'm sitting outside my room; the sun blurred through, at first a pallid crimson beneath the sky's bland skin and then, still pale, stood off without imprinting a shadow. I sit pensively, my feet propped up against the railings, crisp salted kuachis in my palm, my notebook, the opened mail, mouth busy cracking open the shells of these scrumptious seeds while the soft soprano breeze conspired to croon early morning blues that lulled me into wistfulness. The breeze stirs but doesn't move the pages of the letters, and I stare at them. There are two from my family, from my parents and from my grandmother, and in these letters are my past. There is also my notebook and this is my present. And there's the letter from the Registrar's office, asking if I'll be returning next academic year to do my Honours, and the answer to that will be my future.

"Your father and I are eagerly waiting in anticipation of your return. We are glad that you have finally completed your studies at NUS and will be proud to attend your convocation in June. We miss you, and think about you always. Love, mom —" and she is there in my mind as though I were dreaming her, there with all her mannerisms, her thoughtfulness, care and concern, the way she fussed over me like the way she always reminded me that I looked gaunt and scrawny each time I go back home, or the way that she admonished me for keeping a dishevelled mien, very unbecoming of an undergraduate. And I want to see her, too,

though the idea of going back to Bukit Mertajam, with its heavy-gaited pace of life, somnolent countryside and meeting old unfamiliar friends is an odd one, while at the same time not unattractive.

"—A place has been reserved for you in Eusoff Hall. If, however, you will not be returning in the next academic year, or if you plan not to live in any of the Halls in campus, please indicate this by checking the appropriate blank on the enclosed form...." I realized how completely and nostalgically Eusoff Hall is still there. I see the buildings, the lawns, close friends, boon companions, and indelible incidents — fond reminiscences called up by the neatly typed letter. And I see that though I've been pulled away from it by needs stronger and more lasting than those that made it attractive to me, I still want to be back there, still want the certainty of a position in the structure of work and play, of communal living and individual independence. I still want my simple but exciting life there, with no children and no woman to pull me out of my apathies, no real schedules like the schedules of a baby's hunger to force me out of my thoughts, but instead only the accommodating, unnoticeable time constraints of lectures at noon, of afternoons reading in the hard, uncomfortable PVC chair staring at the window looking out on a quiet quadrangle pockmarked by brown patches and the surly bunch of students trudging back wearily from lectures and tutorials, of evenings in the Hall with the undemanding, pleasant roommate who sleeps at strange times and who has talkative, noisy, poorly dressed friends, but who changes himself and doesn't wake up crying at three in the morning — simple, unemotional evenings sitting on the bed with a cup of Nescafe

classic strong, black coffee beside me and the pages of a clever if somewhat tedious essay spread out around on the bed, one clean sheet in the clipboard on my lap, or with two of the girls from downstairs, one of whom has a crush on me and the other whom I have a crush on, one of whom studies English like I do and therefore thinks we have much in common, and the other of whom studies biochemistry and doesn't think of me at all — with these two girls playing cards or chatting on the floor until one or two o'clock when the other-of-whom leaves to go sleep with her boyfriend, and the one-of-whom leaves, too, but only after a few highly ambiguous gestures like pretending to fall asleep on my bed for a few minutes and asking if I think she's attractive. Then, when she's gone, of staying up or going to sleep, reading a little, writing or listening to a cassette on the headphones, taking a shower, going down to the kitchenette to cook up a packet of instant maggi noodles or climbing into bed, thinking about my unscrutable and at the same time entirely obvious future, staring blankly at my Bruce Springsteen poster on the wall, thinking about what I've got to do the next day and planning to get up two hours earlier than I will, and then sliding into a dream, ending the simple, unemotional, busy evening — alone. This is the appeal, and as I look at the Registrar's letter and soak in the comforting precision of the language, hostel life calls out to me again, but with a far weaker voice, and from a far greater distance, than before.

old eusoffian

THE SACRED & THE PROFANE (PROFOUND?)

For some inexplicable reason or another, I've always suffered from a dread of English buffs. My irrational fear originated from the time I attended my first Senior Welcoming Dinner at the Eusoff Dining Hall (nothing spectacular about that, you might say)...Everybody seemed nice and polite but the delight was short-lived. The guests turned out to be (for the most part of the night) mostly students of the English Department; people who went into raptures talking about "the pathetic fallacy in the imperative mood" and the ethereal elements in the works of the Metaphysical poets or smiled patronizingly on discovering that I was floundering desperately in the dark and unable to conduct an intelligent discussion about anthropomorphism in Renaissance drama. Out of politeness (or mischief?) they tried to involve me in their conversations. What did I think of the "libido dominandi" tendency in the Marlovian weltanschauung. Surely it was a fine example of Freud's Id (or such and such)? Or then again, might it be so and so? What was my opinion? Before I could mutter helplessly that I had no opinion, barely knew Shakespeare's middle name, the know-alls would be gossiping away, finally excusing themselves but saying something I could hardly discern as English "the conversation, which I might tentatively venture to aver has not been without a degree of scintillating quality and even perhaps occasional gratification, is approaching the point of irreversible bifurcation and, to put it briefly, is in the propinquity of its ultimate regrettable termination." (!) At the first opportunity I slinked away with my proverbial tail between my legs.

The discomfort of that occasion remained etched indelibly in my mind — the silhouette figures of Gregory Chen, Razif, Julius, Clement and other members of their "intellectual discourse community" continue to haunt me in the most macabre of my nightmares. Smoke confounds and flusters me. Eusoff has its fair share of the

flamboyant and grandiose. A walk along the corridors of the fourth floor of C Block and a glance at the notice board there attests to this. There they have a Resident Philosopher whose job it is to write "thoughts of the day"; which range from the seriously profound to the well nigh drivel. On one occasion I found this written on the white board: "The Ultimate Road to Enlightenment, though Long and Hard, is Ultimately Traverseable."; another day something in Greek: "Ὁν οὐ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος" (Pronounced, [I was told]: Hon hoi theoi philousin apothneeskei neos. Translation: Those whom the gods love die young"; and yet still another day, some apothegmatic saying in Latin: Politiae rex est a populi voluntate, concilium representat matrem populi in foro conscientiae. (Translation: Government by

the will of the people, from the Mind of the people, in the face of conscience.)

Yes, truly Eusoff is never short of the gross and the macabre. Just the other day someone was remarking on the fact that we might one day be forced to call in the Ministry of environment, since the thickest, foggiest shroud of intellectual smog envelops the air above Eusoff Hall. Most of us here would probably not live up to the ripe old age of thirty. That wouldn't be surprising considering that we once had GOD residing in one of the rooms in C4; and scribbled on his walls were these apocalyptic words: "Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldst thou destroy thyself." (— Ecc. 7=16-) And the sign pointing to His room reads: "That way madness lies —".



AU REVOIR

Three years. How time flies! My feelings? Great? Oh yes, a great sigh of relief..Exams are all over! A bit sad too. Sad to leave the NUS and especially Eusoff where I've lived for the past three years. So many friends made. Few will be forgotten, I hope. Some feelings of regret also. Yes, definitely. It's like leaving home again: some kind of mixed feelings

Images of my first few days in Singapore are still so vivid in my mind. Time and again, they flash across my eyes. First, Changi Airport: so majestic, so efficient. Next, the weather: so hot and humid. It was far from the dry weather and lovely beaches back home in Mauritius but, I wasn't shocked, having done a bit of homework on Singapore and being mentally prepared to lead a life on my own. For the next few weeks, I was avid to learn and learn about almost everything: how the Singaporean lives, the house rules, the slang, the Singapore economy, the social problems ... So I observed and read a lot. I couldn't expect people to come to me, which would be nonsensical. I shaped first impressions which were reinforced throughout the months. The Singaporean, I notice, is generally a disciplined lot. Very supportive of and responsive to government decisions and policies. Guess it's partly because Singapore enjoys a reasonably high standard of living and the Singaporean feels contented with it. Seems to be a few people who are vocal about certain policies. They seem to be those educated ones and/or who have experienced living abroad, not as a tourist but for a few years or so. I'm quite sure that any government in the world would love to have such a responsive, dedicated, hardworking and disciplined people. No doubt. This is the strong point of Singapore and I cannot help but admire it.

The beginning weeks also brought certain disillusion. Culture shock. I didn't expect Singlish to sound so foreign to my ears which were so used to listening to Creole, French and English. It took me some time to get accustomed to that sort of English interspersed with Chinese and Malay and spoken with an Asiatic accent. My French-accented English didn't help either. But slowly, the

law of adaptation prevailed. Food, too, was a big problem. Blur like "sotong", and also because the names of the dishes were totally new, I seemed to be attracted to those chillihot dishes which proved too much for a change. It took me some time before I finally discovered the delicacies of the Singaporean cuisine. Being more adventurous as time went by, I started to appreciate chicken rice, hor fun, beef noodles, nasi lemak, nasi padang, steamboat and what not. Oh how I love beef rendang (Razif can testify to that)! But unbelievably, my palate is still repulsed by durian which seems to be a hot favourite among the locals. Sorry, I just can't get used to it. It's merely a matter of taste; my Mauritian friends, Paul and Eric, on the other hand, just adore durians!

I also remember the famous orientation. It was a shock to me. I was prepared for everything but not orientation! Never in my life could I imagine from the welcoming letter of the FWOC that life would be so miserable during my first 3 1/2 weeks. It was terrible! I was psychologically disappointed to be welcomed in such a way. Certain things were so ridiculous. Not to mention the over-zealousness of one or two people. Nobody likes to be shouted at and nobody likes to be made fun of when he cannot fight back. At least, why can't I make fun of you when you make fun of me? So disappointed was I that I regretted rejecting an offer from Grenoble University in France to do a Masters in Electronic Engineering. But luckily, there were some nice seniors around who helped me get back up on my feet. My orientation had its strong points. No doubt. But I still disagree with the way it was carried out though. I expected to be helped to integrate socially in university and everyday life and not to get involved in some perverse military camp. There was a Freshmen Welcoming Orientation Committee. I didn't expect everything to be done for me, but I did expect the committee to live up to its name and be more meaningful.

That was orientation. Life, however, in Eusoff is fun. So many activities; so many opportunities to express yourself, to make new friends. I couldn't imagine myself living outside campus. Wake up in the morning, go to the University,

come back, study and sleep. It would be so dull and meaningless. Living in a hostel is great fun and opens new horizons to discover one's own self. But it also exacts discipline. Discipline in order not to go overboard. The temptations are high. Laziness looms around the corner. But you get to train your mind and lead a disciplined life. You learn to prioritize your aims. It's one of the assets of hostel life.

Being independent. Being totally left to yourself. Controlling your own life. Regulating your blood pressure. My stay in Eusoff will always bring me sweet memories to cherish: hall activities, epic inter-block and interhostel games, running after an inter-hostel medal for three years and finally getting it, friends from all over the world (Kazuo, David Matterhoff, Fook Kheong, Jew Keng, Choonie, Kok Wah, Steven, Alice, Yong Por, Razif, Dr Randin, Meng Kee, Florence, Lay Leng, Jen, Bee Ling, ...). There were nice Resident Fellows I've got to know too! Dr Lee Kok Onn and Mrs Lee (so warm and friendly), Miss Lim Bee Lum (so helpful) and Lim Kah Bin who surprised me by speaking very good French.

Studying and living abroad taught me new things in life. Now, I don't regret it. Briefly, it has taught me to know myself, my strengths, my weaknesses, my capabilities and it has given me the opportunity to know a lovely place called Eusoff.

Oh Eusoff, "ce n'est pas un adieu; ce n'est qu' un au revoir !"

jmt



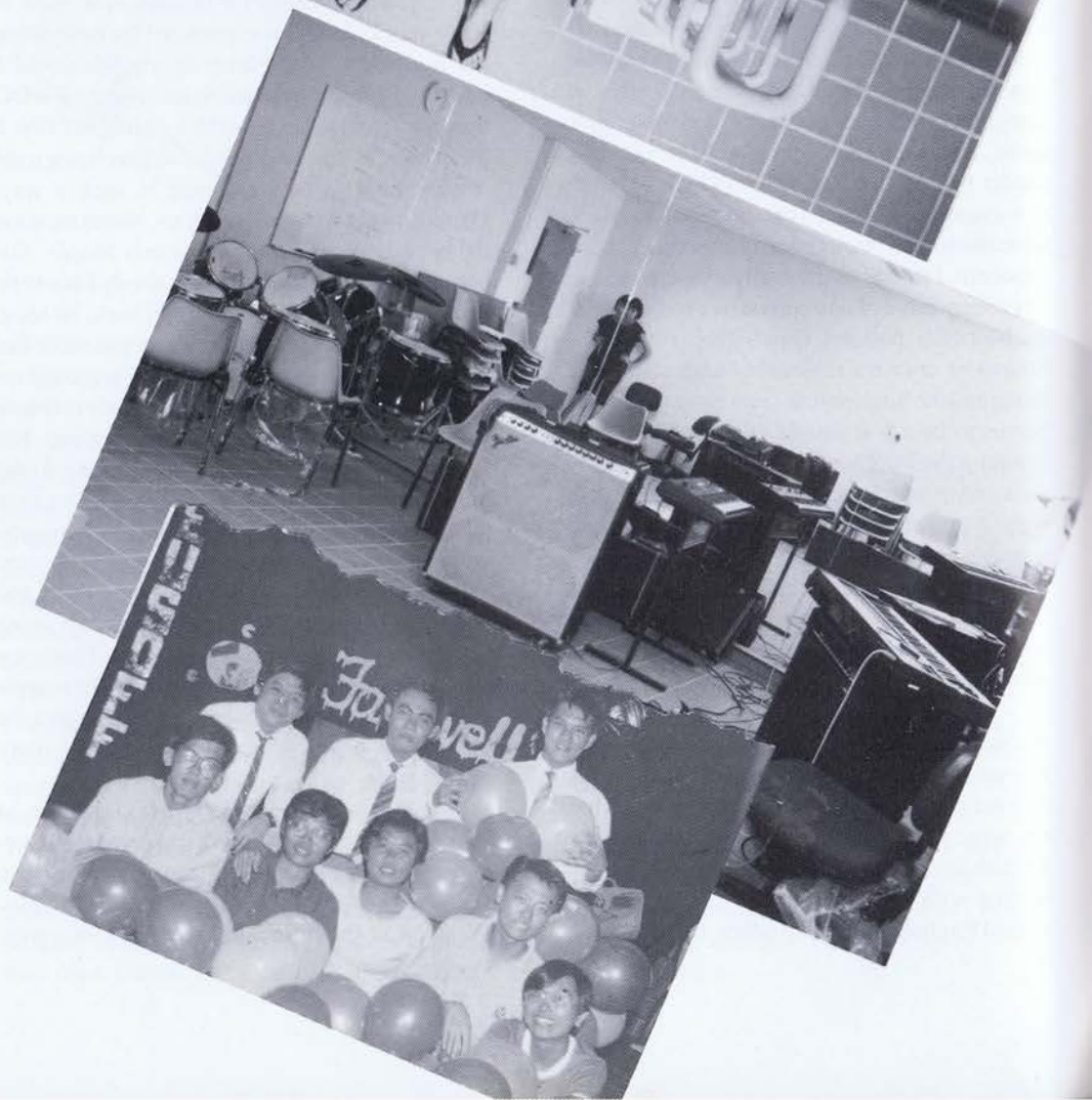
LEAVING

Packing up a room is really a disciplined art. Properly - done, one can actually see the room 'folding up' and returning to its original uninhabited state. I can't quite decide whether I find the emptiness a relief — all those clean bare walls and shelves have a certain charm - or a depressingly forlorn phenomenon. Something in between perhaps; the relief of 3 long months of holiday and the depression of leaving the home this place has been for the past 9 months.

Think what I hate most about the end of the academic year is the way people shift out without any ceremony whatsoever. I'll have to explain this strange statement Well, it's just that I'll never see so many of these people again (at least in the near future) and I think their leaving at least deserves a bit of song and dance — a banner cheerily proclaiming 'Bye !! We'll miss you' or something along those lines. Leaving has always warranted more attention than what it gets in the hall every year. The Farewell Dinner doesn't quite count because the seniors weren't exactly leaving as yet.

I suppose sentimental farewells have no place here. Constant change, strange faces, different rooms, new friends - all these are facts of hostel -life. Interesting and exciting certainly, but sometimes one just wished for some semblance of permanence. Perhaps that would replace the bug of restless expectancy with a calm acceptance of things as they stand. I think the hall feels rather gloomy as well with the prospect of having most of its rooms unoccupied. You can almost see it in the black dreariness of empty, shuttered rooms; feel it in the morose silence which is all -pervading in the corridors. Sad.

Have to admit I never dreamt of becoming so attached to this hall. The red-bricked, cream-walled building at first only represented a place to stay in - not somewhere I could actually live in, find my own comfortable niche. A measure of how much I have changed in relation to the hall is quite obvious from all that sentiment expressed above. Of course, the people make all the difference — I am comfortable living here foremost because there is no pressure to be someone you aren't. In short, it is a good place to be in.



LEAVING

The bags stand silently still
Beside the bare walls;
An uneasy quiet steals into the room
To touch an emptying compartment within,
Filling it again with raw sentiment,
And I grip myself to disallow
The overwhelming sea that threatens
To swallow me whole.
The last quiet moment as I survey
That which was my domain,
Within which chapters were opened and closed
For a select few to peruse.
Myself an extension of the room which is me.
Absolution which costs nothing but everything.

Now the bags are in the car
And from my vantage I view
Thousands upon thousands of red bricks
Grown from the plot of ground.
I breathe the breathing air,
Inhaling its life and I understand
The colour and feel of the warm bricks;
Exuberance counters melancholia-
The pages are printed and the first draft ended,
But a touch-up is required,
Bringing with it a taste and smell
Of the familiar architecture
That is the Hall, that is life.
I lengthen the epilogue,
Hesitate to start the new prologue,
But a fond farewell forever mirrors
A warm return, a fresh beginning,
And I sit content and serene
Upon a different pedestal
With the senses spread and absorbing,
To await my next kingdom.

michelle ang



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

On behalf of the Editorial Team, I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to the following people whose help, concern and advice constituted a tremendous contribution to the publication of NICHE. We are indebted to many people for the help received scrambling and scouring for materials for this yearbook. No acknowledgements here can fully express our gratitude.

I thank especially Richard OB Tan, Meera Thilagaratnam, Leong Ching Ching, Leong Teng Wui and Hun Ling Hua for the indispensable and invaluable help they have rendered. All were cooperative and sympathetic as we pestered and exhorted them for their assistance and understanding. We are deeply grateful.

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Finally, we would like to thank Mr Chu Tee Seng, Public Affairs Manager, Shell Eastern Petroleum and Aw's Caterer for their kind contribution to NICHE. Mr Chu, especially, should be singled out for his unremitting support and generosity towards Eusoff Hall.

There are others, tens of dozens, whose kind help and expertise made NICHE possible. Sheer weight of numbers, and my fallible (and failing ?) mind, precludes my thanking them all. Those who did help us know who they are and have our everlasting gratitude.

We hope NICHE will be a testament to the labour of love, whose seeds we so devotedly sow & now fruitfully reap.

Razif H Bahari
Editor



EUSOFF DANCE



EUSOFF BAND



EUSOFF CHOIR



EUSOFF DRAMA



MAKE-UP
COMMITTEE



CULTURAL COMMITTEE



SPORTS
MANAGEMENT



ELECTION
COMMITTEE



FWOC



CONSTITUTION
REVIEW



GOH



AUDITOR



COMPUTER



VOICES



WELFARE
COMMITTEE



WEIGHTS
COMMITTEE



RECREATIONAL
COMMITTEE



FINANCIAL
COMMITTEE



STAGE CREW



CREATIVITY
COMMITTEE



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