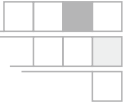


2nd M. B. ACT I — EPILOGUE

VOICE

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Though we can now sit for examinations in the Loke Yew Hall without green gowns on our backs, our troubles do not end there. You must not have the notion that you can now go anywhere you like with a clean shirt, a neat tie, decent trousers, socks and polished shoes. There are still times when you will meet unexpected interference. Not too long ago, some students taking borderline vivas were reprimanded for not putting on a jacket. We never expected a hearty welcome with open arms or a red carpet but such an opening slap is really too much for one under tension. To be challenged by such a viva is torment enough by itself. If such attire is good enough for the Loke Yew Hall, it should also do for vivas. It is in every way respectable. The university authorities should define what is acceptable for examinations — written and viva. It is unfair to leave the decision to individual lecturers who may well happen to be in a nasty mood. We are attending pre-clinical vivas, not the governor's garden party or the Annual Ball. All these don't apply to the females who may dress like Paris models and yet never picked upon. Would you still say they are the inferior sex?

On the whole, the examination questions this year are quite reasonable. At least there are no major shock surprises like Mathematics papers. Some questions are godsend to those who depend on fluke. Some questions are so difficult to interpret that they make the English Language much more difficult than it really is.

Most of the 3rd year students who survived the examination are busy finding recreation or at least giving their poor brains a hard-earned rest. A few who would tolerate no disruption of their routine life are still digging their way into their books every minute of the hour, every hour of the day, every day of the month and every month of the year. Some junior surgical clerks are racking their brains trying to figure out some way to kill the hours. They simply have too much time at their disposal — in contrast to the pre-examination period when they wished that they could do away with sleep (which some students nearly accomplished).

As is universally known, the Thursday clinic is packed with thrills, suspense, fun and excitement but do you know that its very name has a greater impact than a Japanese alarm-clock? There is a chap who used to be so reluctant to get out of bed that nothing short of a needle prick will bring him to his feet. However, he admits that there is a sure-fire way of doing it — just whisper in his ears “Young man, its Thursday!” This will make him leap sky high.