

HASHING THROUGH THE EYES OF A TRULY RETIRED SOLDIER, MK 4 Or 5, what the hell, can't f##### remember, lah - Fatimah

It's being quite a while, since I had put pen to paper. Met Opto at the 50ies run, big bloody mistake, and the old bastard twisted my arms to come up with an article for the mag.... was pretty hard to say no to the pathetic looking doctor.

A lot has happened since I wrote the last article. I have not being coming regularly, ever since the accident. This is personal and I have the Club to thank for being at my side when everything looked so bleak and useless. Ben, that's the son was involved in a near fatal accident, some 2 and a half years ago. He was in the hospital for the better part of a year, with a major part of it in the ICU and high dependency ward. A lot of the guys and their families came to see and support the family and me at the hospital.....to you guys my heart felt thanks. The committee swung into action and Ben becomes the charity for that year. Thanks guys, I wish I could name you guys, but it would be near impossible.....as all ways Seletar went over and beyond...I will forever be indebted to you, guys.

Now as the far as the club is concerned, it has also gone through the mill. There was the passing of 3 illustrious members. Mohammad Ali, Snake Eater and Nonok. I remember all there guys very vividly and it was with a heavy heart that I heard the loss of each of them.

I did not know how to remember them by and when Opto asked me to pen another one in the series, I decided to dedicate this to the three fallen but not forgotten hashmen.

When I first joined Seletar, in the eighties, I saw Ali, the only Malay guy and he was playing the guitar, only later I knew that he was the Bard, I recognized him. I was in the Army, at Nee Soon Camp, and there was a fire there one night along the row of shops. The alarm was raised and before the Fire Brigade could come, I had activated my ah kows and we were trying to contain the fire. I was at this shop selling sporting goods and its owner; a Chinese lady was trying to retrieve some papers. But the fire was getting a bit too hot for her and I got my ah kows in to the shop and get the stuff for her. Later the firemen came and we left. The next morning I saw the aftermath and I also happen to see the same Chinese lady. This time she was with a Malay guy; this was Mohammad Ali. I introduced myself and we became good friends. He wasn't good at running and his guitar work wasn't all that great but he was great company. Helped him lay a run sometime ago with his " brother" Perut Besar. We ran into a pack of dogs kept by this farmer. They were barking like hell. Me and ah kows ran like the wind with Perut behind, Ali was nowhere to be found. I went back to look for him and was shock to see him singing some shit to the dogs! Ali was quite a