

character. Went through some bad patch but true to his name bounced back. Wife Stella and a couple of kids survive him. Stella was a good supporter of the hashmen from all the chapters but more so with Seletar.

Snake Eater is one or a kind. He had found his calling in the Army and had served with the best for a long time. I had known this dick head when we were both about 20 years old. We were both Cpls and were on a course. It was a tough course but both of us completed it and went our separate ways. We used to meet once in a while at military functions and at the NCO club down Beach Road. One day during a NDP thank you dinner, I ran into MWO Sam Choo that incidentally was his official rank and name. It was a Tuesday and I was also the hare for that run. I had finished all the work and my co hare, Opto, was holding the fort. It was also an eat out at some joint at Boon Lay. So after the thank you party, I invited Sam over for the eat out. He came and was quite impressed at what he saw and heard. I remembered seeing Juicy and a few other Chinamen with Sam just before I left close to midnight. I did not see or talked to Sam after that. Come next Tuesday, I was pleasantly surprised to see him on the run! He stayed for the run and the full 10 yards. All who were there fell in love with him. The noisiest arsehole there both on the run and in the circle. Whip was Mad Dog and I had to share the ice with this idiot, as I was responsible for bringing him there. MWO was a true blue soldier and had been the RSM of the toughest and the best unit and formation in the SAF, so I could not imagine how he could fit in with such a motley bunch of guys, who by nature give any ranking person a hard time. But Sam captivated us with his antics and his reports of the run, which usually sounded like a classified military operation!

He was a natural hasher. Going out stations run was always fun but with Sam around it was more than fun, it was interesting and educational, to say the least! I remembered his hash christening. It was a Sam classic. There he was on ice awaiting his baptism, as usual with his mouth on over drive and his famous words "Name me anything you want but idiot". Hell there was one big thunder "IDIOT" from the circle and whatever name the Whip had was gone and Sam became the Idiot! The arsehole did not what hit him! He walked around for a few weeks like a zombie, later I learned from a friend that he wants to resign because of this name. I spoke to Idiot and yes it was true, so we went back to the Whip, Rainbow, and then gave him the name that he actually wanted, SNAKE EATER. And Snake eater it was.

There never was a happier hashman than Snake Eater. He had converted his office to a hash store! Working hours were used for hash projects, like sign boards, key box and so forth. He later retired and joined a garbage-recycling factory and he was bringing stuff that had been thrown away by companies that did not meet their standards and gave them to hashmen. Things like shaving cream, he gave me enough to last me a couple of years, track shoes, hell he even