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The Inspector's Wife – by Sam Choo.

It was not all toil and sweat. We had our fun time too.

This very funny incident occurred in one of our freedom classed trampers. Trampers go anywhere to carry any cargo. We were in this exotic Central American port call Coatzacoalcos. Ours was the only freighter in this small port. A beautiful unspoiled "out of the way spot" with coconut trees fringing the river side, and roadside drinking huts by the mud tracks.

It took a long time to load the cargos. It was slow and easy. No rush! Remembering that in those early days we typically had to stay for one to two months in the same port. Thus some of us became friendly with the kids running the drink stalls. The poor kids had never seen scented soaps (like Lux), while we had our monthly rations. As we did not wash everyday and being greasy engineers that we were, we accumulated lots of surplus. Seamen are by nature simple and caring folks, we kindly gave some to the young girls manning the drink stalls.

In no time we became heroes to the villagers with every stall having its own Champion. I say, we could have got married, jumped ship, and run a bar for sailors! Ha!

In time the "people" came to know us and trusted our crew. The kids brought some of us to their home and introduced us to their families. That was where the Inspector of this small kampong lived. He was similar in rank to say a town mayor. He had a beautiful white-skinned wife who ran a pub in town. He was on tour to inspect the outlying areas. In no time the "bees" were drawn to the sweet nectar, cosy harems and drinks galore. The drinks were not the simple beer but mysterious concoction of herbs, pot, ganja etc. In short we were hooked! Nightly visits were the main hobby of the starved Champions.

Like all good times, this too must come to pass. The Captain had to set sail. The girls were sad knowing that the big spenders were going away. The Captain himself was sad too for he was no saint himself, getting his bites once in a while but on the sly. Hard as he might blow the whistle and horn, his crew did not stir from the nest. This insistent noise soon woke up the whole town.

What could the Master do if there was nobody to man the ship? Could the Chief Engineer run his engine on auto? Not in those days of old.

Since the night was falling, the Captain wisely set e.t.d. for early morning the next day. That night he went around town, hunting down his drunk and drugged sailors, and lugging them into his safe haven and home, the good ship "MV Coaz."

In the same night the Inspector returned home and learned of the wild parties. He boarded our ship brandishing his pistol, demanding that the "missile who had dared pierced" his sexy wife be brought before him! He searched like a mad man but fail to find his "intruder" who could have hid in the engine room or up in the funnel. Fortunately for him we sailed early the next morning.

Sam Choo

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Sam cl choo graduated from HM Dockyard Technical college, in 1967, after 5 years of indentured apprenticeship with the British Royal Navy.
Worked n study part time in the Spore Polytechnic.
Sailed with Straits Steamship NOL to attain 1st class mot , and thereafter worked ashore in various capacities in the marine industry viz supt , class n underwriter's surveyor n teaching in the Spore Poly .
Should have retired in 2000 , but got involved in oil n gas work till 2008.
Fully retired after last major platform installation in Mumbai Offshore.