

# THE LITTLE GREEN FIRE TRUCK

As told by 'Chups'

*Editor's note: About once a month I meet up with two mates for a round of golf and the same for drinks. 'Chups' and 'Pickels' are their nick-names and that is how I will refer to them, for what ever reason they wish to stay anonymous. These two are funny fellas and between them can spin one or two great slightly embellished yarns. Chups was a carpenter with 21 Engineer Support Troop and Pickles was a clerk with HQ Troop 1 Fld Sqn. Being an ex Kiwi Chups couldn't say 'chippy', only 'chuppy' and this was soon shortened down to Chups. Pickles, well that explains itself, it was the state he was in whenever given the opportunity.*

First let me tell you how I got my army license. I was in Holding Troop at SME waiting to start Corps Training. On parade one morning they asked if anyone knew how to drive a truck. I put my hand up as my old boss had a 2 ton Bedford truck in which he taught me how to drive. Later that morning they gave a few of us a bit of a try out around SME and then gave us a DRIVE ONLY license. Apparently this was to be used on the odd occasion during Corps Training.

So I find myself posted to 21 EST at Nhui Dat and because I had a truck license put in charge of the one and only official FIRE TRUCK for the whole of Nhui Dat. It was an ordinary Mk 3 water tanker with a red flashing light stuck on the roof and red letters on the side saying FIRE TRUCK. There were never any fires so the truck got used pretty much as a run-around for anybody who needed wheels. It had just come back from a RAEME service when, there really was a fire. The rubbish tip fire at Luscombe Field had set the scrub alight and this was heading towards the big SIGNALS complex near by. I jumped in and headed off, boy was it flying I thought to myself "bloody hell what have they done to this thing." When I got to the fire there were already half a dozen or so water trucks in attendance. But I was the official FIRE TRUCK, I jumped out and started the Briggs & Stratton pump on the back and got all of about one minute of water out of it. Stone motherless empty, no wonder it went so fast getting to the fire. I rushed back to the water point, spent 15 minutes filling it up and as per normal sluggishly made my way back to the fire – it was out. I had missed my one big moment. It turned out that one of the sergeants had used it to water a new veggie patch he had just started, and then forgotten to refill it.



*Rubbish Dump fires at Luscombe Field looking backFrom the Post Office*