



HUMAN BULLET BOOT

LENARD WILLIAM BOOT, better known as the "Human Bullet" is our Engineering Surveyor. "Of the few things I can be sure," he said, one is that I was born in Christchurch 1908. Asked why he was so sure, he replied "because I was there". His early childhood was quiet and placid; no evictions, murders, divorces, or bankruptcies. :::: He learnt (barely) to read and write at the Addington School. There were other things he learnt on the sly (such as the first three verses of his favourite song, the W of J.) but he is very modest on the subject of his somewhat precocious childhood. After leaving school he entered the Lands & Survey Dept. Here he first displayed the characteristic that has marked his subsequent career: his developed gift of speed. (He can walk from his tent to the showers in a quarter of an hour) From 1925 when he sped into the Lands & Survey the years raced by until by peaceful penetration he landed in the Forestry Dept., Lands & Survey were left far behind. Here he remained ten years. "Yes, ten long years passed and I didn't know. The buggers", he says, kept me inside when I was so keen to get out into the open spaces. Why, my hobby was tramp-ing and deer stalking! I once very nearly got into trouble when I went out to get on a deer. However, trouble or no trouble, the "Human Bullet" broke in^o the the P.W.D. in 1937, the "year of the Great Boom". The great-est Dept. in the N.Z. Public Service. "And we do a Public Service; making roads, bridges, hydro-electric schemes, huge buildings and railways (which the Railways Dept. kid they make). Only in Works Service N.Z.E. does he find the zest for Public Welfare exceeded. "The way the CSM gets me out into the parade in the mornings shows that he too is a highly spirited public thinking man, and if I'm going to make the grade, I'll have to pull my finger out. There are many other interesting facts of my life, but I must go, I must - the 'Old Man' knows how I move and I don't want to let my reputation suffer! And that reputation is summed up in ..." THE gong goes, then simultaneously an impenetrable fog of dust issues from tent 5 H.Q. lines. As the dust clears, a statue like figure is seen at the head of the Parade - that's Lenard William Boot, "The Human Bullet" (Drawing by S/Sgt. Jim Craig)