



PERSONALITY PARADE : NO 12.

T. P. H. BUCKLEY.

(by major sucker.o.b.e)

he was born in 1909 at herbert, north otago, and educated in new zealand's centre of culture, christchurch; worked as an engineer repairing bull dozers and the like, then changed his job and became a motion picture projectionist. the best picture he remembers showing was " lives of a bengal lancer " * * * when i interviewed him in the services lines he blinked at me, his pipe in his mouth. he gave me the history of his own and other peoples' families, told me how to cook ants and spiders and cure rheumatics. unfortunately he didnt tell me how to keep out of the army. it was not till i sat down to write that i discovered i had got little relative information from him. * * * during the projectionist period of his life he had many exciting experiences (so he told me) including the incident which happened before the perfecting of sound synchronisation. they were featuring " feeding time at the zoo " and " loves sacrifice " on the same programme. the former gave exhibitions of the noise animals make when being fed, the latter contained a good deal of the noise lovers make during a passionate embrace. the records were mixed (by mistake i hope) so that when the keeper poked half a sheep into the lion's cage, it whispered " its too much darling, and in any case you cant leave me in this condition " * * * he likes ronald coleman's acting almost as much as jeanette macdonald's figure - or was it voice ? * * * " but " i said, " you haven't mentioned that famous canadial stugh mixture your grandparents patented. there must be large profits in that " * * * " honestly i dont get a cent out of it " he answered me. * * * he didn't think he had buckley's chance of getting into the personality page but some of those whose lives he endangered at waiouru thought otherwise. at that time they considered him public enemy no. 1.

we had to leave our " clean old man " # " bunny " spencer too, was left to
 behind. in our absence he is settling ** his own devices. how are they getting along,
 down to smoke his four hundred yards of ** " bunny " ?
 cigarettes. for. forit george. **