## "On Sidi Reszegh"

ROADCASTING his "Salute to Greece" from 4YA on Friday, July 16, Professor T. D. Adams said: "Her very soil has now become sacred to us because of our precious dead whose bodies are buried there. How many of us there are who remember our friends, our relatives, who are now a portion of the loveliness which once they made more lovely. Only vesterday I heard of the death and burial in Greece of one who, on Sidi Reszegh on the night before he was seriously wounded and taken prisoner, had composed a poem which I received and immediately broadcast just a year later. Its sincerity and simplicity and poetic feeling were immediately recognised by several discriminating listeners, and I am confident that it will find a place among the best poems of this war. This young New Zealand sheep-farmer. Don McDonald, of 'Glendonald,' Ngaroma, has expressed what might have been the feelings of many a New Zealander in the African desert. These are the three stanzas of his poem, 'On Sidi Reszegh' ":

CHILDREN are born in the land of the green grass springing,
Knowing the voice of the streams and the

rain's caresses,

Knowing the scent of the flowers, and the lark's sweet singing,
Feeling the West wind, cool in their bright
young tresses.

BUT this is the Desert-Earth's bones to the

old Sun lying,

A fit place this for the ancient passions'
burning:

And men who were children in sweet green
lands are dying.

Bone of their bodies to bone of the Earth

returning.

BARE belief their bodies through steel hail

He self their books through steel than urges;

It need be, here I'll die, my spirit braving The darkness; but ah, how the child in my heart upsurges,

Yearning for streams, for the larks, and the green grass waving.

## Items From The ZB's

O you get time out in the evenings? Or are you one of the many who are tied either to a job or to a family that can't be left. Whichever it is, you may appreciate the break that the ZB's provide in their new programme Time Out with Allen Prescott. Allen Prescott provides 15 minutes of cheerful music, songs, and anecdotes at 6.30 p.m. on Fridays from

LISTENERS will be interested to learn that John Batten, brother to Jean Batten, and an announcer at 1ZB, has been temporarily released from the R.N.Z.N.V.R. to appear in the film For Those in Peril, which is now being made at Ealing studios. The story is by the late Richard Hilliary, author of The Last Enemy. Batten is serving in the R.N.Z.N.V.R. as a dental mechanic.

STRANGE ADVENTURES is now heard each Tuesday at 7.45 p.m., from 2ZB. This programme consists of stories actually told by members of the World Adventure Club, Each member is bound by the rules of the club to relate at least one of his experiences, and these tales, whether they are short or tall, make good listening.

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An Appreciation

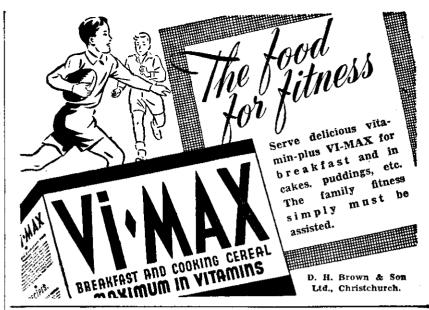
## Flying-Officer Kingi Tahiwi

LTHOUGH we had known for months that Kingi was "missing on air operations," we still hoped that he would return and that some day we would again be hearing his voice on 2ZB's breakfast session. Now his death has been "officially presumed," and New Zealand broadcasting has lost one who will not be easy to replace.

Kingi joined the Commercial Broadcasting Service almost at its inception, and his voice had been heard at different times from all the ZB stations in practically every type of session. Who could forget his breakfast session with "Aggie" in the early days of 2ZB, or his lovely "Tales From the Forest of Tane"? We remember, too, his fine BBC broadcast a little before his last flight, which, though we heard it with pride, made us fear that London might induce him to remain after the war.

One of my most pleasant associations with Kingi was during the trip to Waitangi, when we broadcast the Centennial Celebrations. On this occasion he was not only an efficient broadcaster, but a most pleasant and interesting companion, and I especially recall the pleasure of the Maori people when he met them.

Kingi will be sadly missed by those to whom he belonged, and somehow I think that this means just about all of us, for by the power of radio his voice was familiar in all our homes, and the sorrow of his relatives is shared by every \_K.W.K. listener.







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