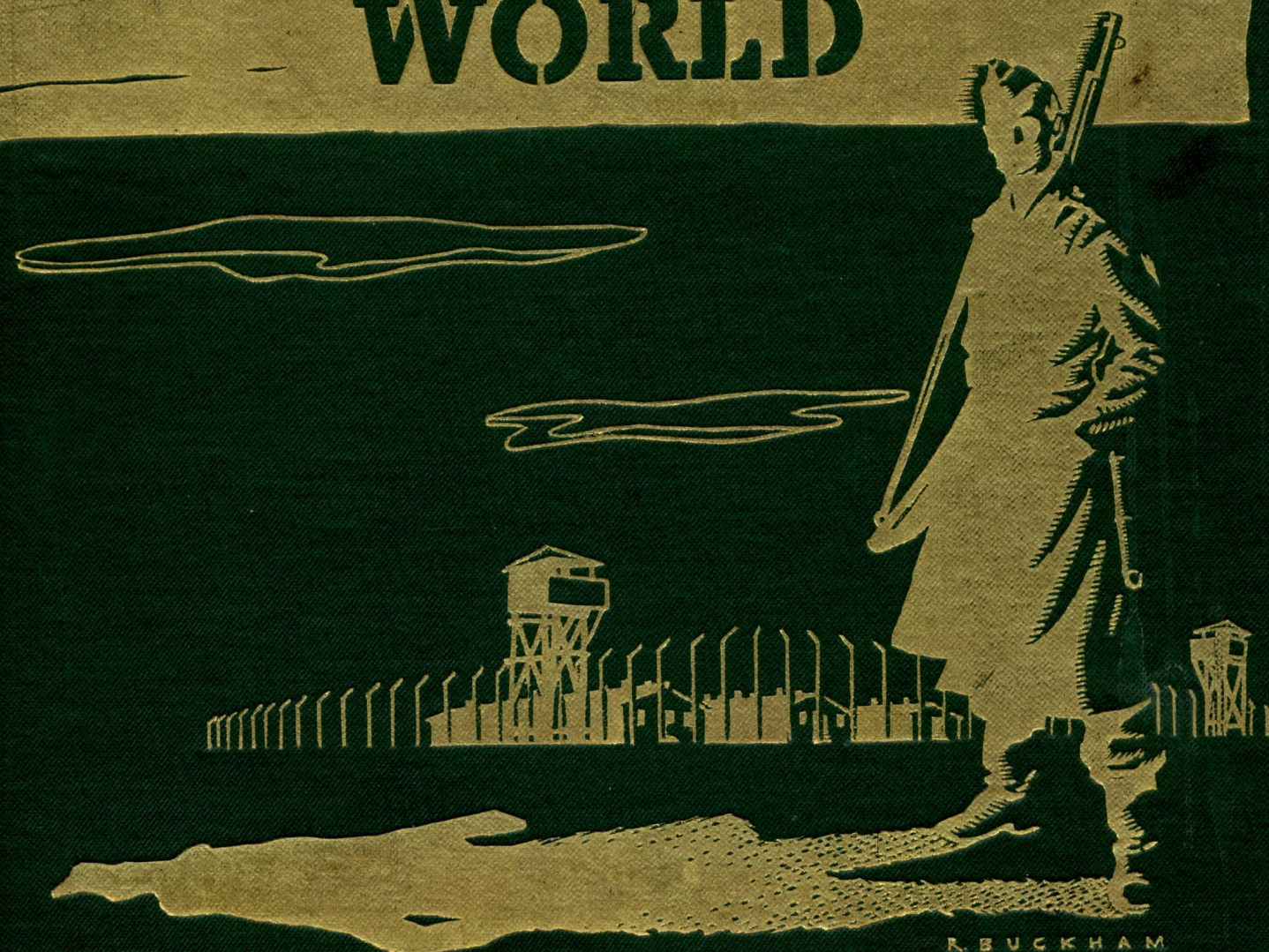


WIREBOUND WORLD



R. BUCKHAM

STALAG LUFT III

INTRODUCTION

"Wire Bound World" was not like other books, conceived in the mind of its author as a possible best seller, nor was it intended in its original form to be printed and bound as a book.

Originally "Wire Bound World" was to have been the reproduction of two Albums of Photographs, one covering aspects of P.O.W. camp life, and the other a pictorial record of the Sagan Theatre productions. The photographs were to have been reproduced photographically and the prints distributed to the interested parties, or upon request and suitably mounted in an album.

After repatriation it was discovered that the original idea was impractical due to, firstly the acute shortage of labour, and secondly the impossibility of finding sufficient bromide paper to reproduce thousands of prints.

In order that the demand for these prints be satisfied it was decided to publish them in the form of a book.

A book without a text however is very much like a man without a tongue so I have endeavoured to give "Wire Bound World" its tongue and in so doing I hope I will save my fellow prisoners of war many long hours of explanation.

March 7th, 1946.

H. P. CLARK.

WE MAKE OUR ENTRANCE to a WIRE BOUND WORLD

Everyone made his entrance to "Wire Bound World" in a manner peculiar to himself. Although it may be generally stated that the citizens of this world were those of another, who at some time in their careers as operational Air Crew flew too close to German A.C.H., A.C.H., or Fighters.

Before it dawned on the new citizen that he had lost contact completely with the outside world he was whisked smartly to "Dulag Luft" the reception camp for all Allied Air Force prisoners of war.

Dulag-Luft was staffed and controlled by the Luftwaffe as separate from Army Camps. Here the prisoner was interrogated by fair or foul means depending on whether the Germans thought he had any information that might be of value.

The usual procedure consisted of leaving the prisoner in a cell for a few days with only his meagre ration of Ersatz Coffee and greasy soup. With nothing to read, no cigarettes nor anyone to talk to it was very difficult for him not to welcome the interrogation officer when he appeared with a packet of Players and a cunning smile.

"Do have a cigarette old man," he would say, stressing a well cultivated English accent. Then

he would proceed to draw you into a conversation or an argument on politics which he cleverly led around to the information desired.

In the meantime lying on the table was a Red Cross Form, "Just fill in this form old man, and everything will be all right."

"I'm sorry I can give you only my name and number."

"But we must have this information for the Red Cross, they need it for their records, and if you won't fill the form in I'm afraid you won't be able to have letters or parcels from home."

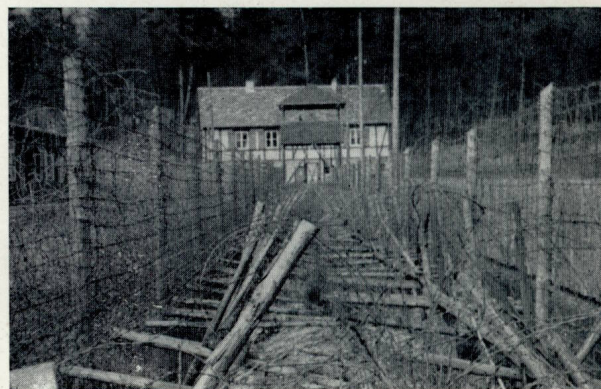
If this didn't have the desired effect he would ask if the prisoner knew a certain other prisoner. If he got an answer he would suggest, "The other prisoner had completed the form so why can't you."

Eventually after acting dumb until he was breaking to say something and then telling deliberate lies when he did speak, the P.O.W. was allowed to join his fellow prisoners in the compound.

The stay at Dulag-Luft however was short lived for within two or three weeks or even days he was purged to a permanent camp.



"KOMMANDANTUR DULAG-LUFT
Nr. FRANKFURT ON MAIN"



"JUST TRY CUTTING YOUR WAY THROUGH!
IT HAS BEEN DONE!"

The arrival at the permanent camp was an amazing revelation in more ways than one. There the party of New prisoners always found hospitality, and a friendliness awaiting them that never ceased to surprise.

"We're all in the same boat old Boy," was the attitude and this attitude became a tower of strength during many dark days of the war years.

New arrivals were usually split up into pairs and put into rooms with older prisoners. In a few days they learnt who was who and the do's and don't's of Prison Camp life.



"READING NOTICE BOARDS HELPED PASS THE TIME"

The first initiation into the boring routine of camp life usually came with the call "On Parade," or "Appel." Twice and sometimes four times a day the camp was put on parade and counted by the Germans. These parades could with the prisoners sense of humour become very amusing, an instance follows :—

"THE COLD SHOWER"



It was an old German custom that when an Officer took a parade, the parade after being brought to attention was addressed in this manner.

German Officer : "Good afternoon gentlemen."

Parade, (in unison) : "Good afternoon Herr. Pieber."

After this form had been imposed on the prisoners against their will, Pieber got a sudden surprise one afternoon when an American Officer led 150 fellow Officers in a style befitting an American Football Stadium. "GOOD - AFTER - NOON - HERR - PIEBER" went roaring across the compound to the Kommandantur.

Orders were received the following day that in future German Officers would not address the parade, but would take the salute only.

After the morning parade it was the usual practice to read the notice boards. Here was posted the latest gen, on the parcel situation, lists of parcels to be collected by the luckier ones and lists of banned books to dampen the spirits of others who had been waiting for months to bury themselves in the world of their favourite author.



" WHERE BUCKETS QUEUED "

Although much of the day was taken up by reading notice boards, playing games or working with the X (for escape) organisation, there were many personal duties to attend to, and one of the most important, and perhaps longest to be remembered was the weekly laundry at the end of a Dhobie stick.

The buckets had to be placed in a queue the night before to ensure that a fair share of hot water would be available. The last man in the queue might just as well have taken his water from the cold tap.

One main difference between queueing in a prison camp and queueing at a stocking counter is, that the wall was usually covered with little notices of lost and found, wanted, for sale, etc., or perhaps you might be interested in the camp football pool or the Soft ball League.

Eventually having arrived at the window the bucket was taken in, filled with water and passed out the next window, and so the queue crawled on.

Back in the wash room of the barrack block soap was cut into the water, and then in went the week's laundry, socks, towels, shirts and under clothing were piled into the bucket.

The Dhobie stick was a great labour saver although not quite automatic in operation. Nailed to the end of a four foot stick were two tins, one slightly larger than the other. All that had to be done by the operator was to move it up and down rapidly in the bucket for from thirty to forty-five minutes. Then came the rinse and the weekly laundry was on the line. Tattle tale grey wasn't in it !



" FOR DHOBBIE WATER "

THE NEWS COMES IN

With the washing on the line and a tea jug in another queue, time is taken off to listen to the news broadcast in German.

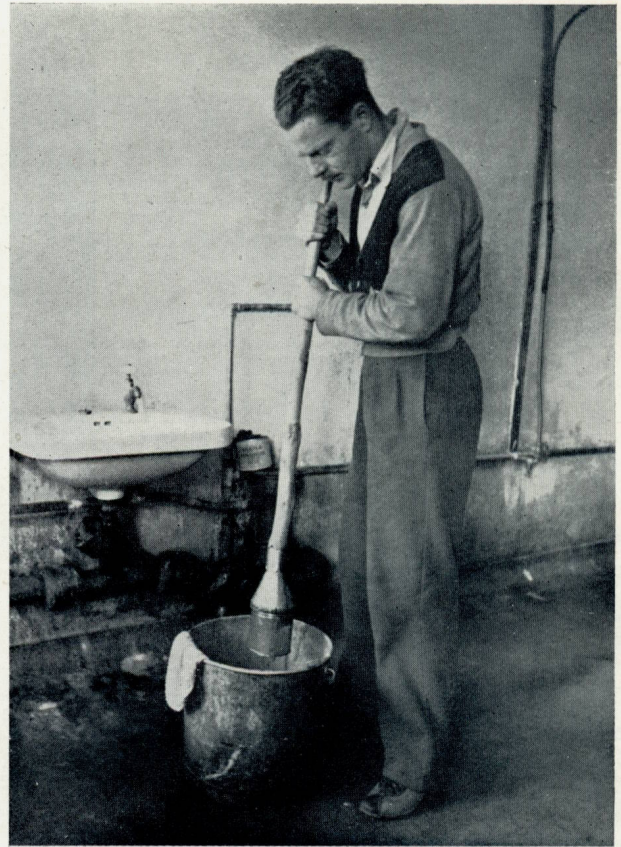
In front of the kitchen gather the German speaking part of the population, note books and pencils at readiness to take down the German news. Beside each German speaker stands a member of society who has decided that German is a dead language. He reads over the other blokes shoulder.

"Achtang Achtang." came the voice of the most excited announcer.

"British forces by Sea and Air are attempting to land in Normandy." (I'm looking over his shoulder.)

As if the full force of the D day attack had been concentrated on the group, it exploded, and within fifteen seconds every member of the camp knew it had come at last. "The (long talked of) Invasion."

The German radio was not the only means of getting the news however, for tucked away in walls three radio sets were already in operation.



"THE DHOBIE STICK"

"RESULTS"



These sets designed and built in the Camp had every component made by hand with available materials.

Variable condensers were made from old biscuit tins, cut to shape and insulated by melting down gramophone records, paper formers held coils wound to match the condensers, while a piece of paper with a pencil line acted as a resistor.

The valve was the only component of a complete receiving and transmitting station that wasn't manufactured in the camp, without tools or special appliances.

The news received on these sets however was top secret and it was read to small groups throughout the camp under cover of every possible security measure.

Duty Pilots (look outs) were posted throughout the compound and a system of signals allowed the paper containing the B.B.C. news to be hidden or destroyed should capture threaten.

The German news however was openly discussed and a room was set aside in the education block where a large scale map covering one complete wall carried all the latest information as received via the German wireless and newspapers.

This was known as the ops map and very few prisoners failed to visit it daily and discuss the tactics of the ever changing fronts.



"WAITING FOR THE PIPS"

"DEPRESSING ? NOT WHEN YOU KNEW HOW TO LISTEN"





“ PARCELS UP ”

“ PARCELS UP ”

The story of Red Cross Parcels is a long one and anyone who had the misfortune of being without them will realize that he owes his life and health to-day to this meagre ten pound parcel.

Without the Red Cross Parcel the prisoner would have received the following rations daily :—

- 4 slices of black bread approx. $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick ;
- enough Margarine to smear two of them ;
- enough Jam to cover one slice ;
- enough cheese to cover $\frac{1}{2}$ slice ;
- 3 small potatoes (egg size) ;
- 1 dish of greasy vegetable soup at mid-day ;
- as much nut coffee as he could drink.

His food parcel then was the food that kept him alive.

“ Parcels Up,” resulted in a mad dash down the corridor of the block to the parcel Officer’s room where a complete parcel was issued, per man per week. Then back to the room to see whether he had been lucky and had received marmalade, or would have to eat jam again for another week.

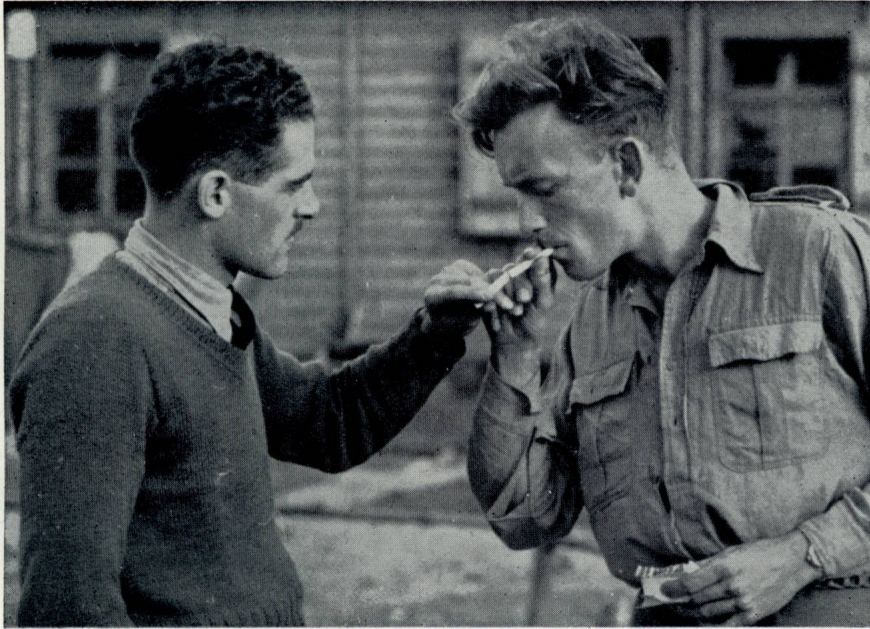
The parcels varied only slightly in content although, there was quite a difference between the parcels of different countries. No prisoner would say that the Canadian Parcel was better than the American Parcel or that either of these topped the British Parcel, but rather, that the three together gave a greater variety of food.

Parcels were not eaten as they arrived but rather treated as a housewife treats her weekly groceries. From these simple parcels came such dishes as : Apple Tart, Toad-in-the-hole, Welsh rarebit, and a host of others. Christmas however taxed the ingenuity of many a budding chef until at long last Christmas 1945 brought the first turkey anyone had tasted for years.

The food however became very tiresome and after long years of bully beef and spam a juicy steak often held it’s own as a topic of conversation

“ A CANADIAN RED CROSS PARCEL ”





" COMMON "

A habit formed after a few months in a prison camp was that of offering a cigarette if asked for a light.

To ask a fellow internee for a light if he hadn't a cigarette going was an unheard of thing. For one box of matches per month had to be used rather carefully.

To overcome the match shortage, tiny oil lamps were built from cheese tins, and boiled margarine supplied the fuel. These could be seen in the corridors of every barrack block, and from these tiny flame tapers were lighted and carried to the rooms.

As more and more raids were carried out, the flow of prisoners increased accordingly, until the German organization which supplied the newer and bigger camps, became so far behind, that they gave up trying to cope with the situation.

The Kriegie (prisoner of war) stepped in and three tier bunks were constructed from the normal issue of two tier bunks. This brought the strength of a twelve by twelve foot room up to twelve people who lived, slept and cooked in the tiny space left in the centre of the room by the bunks which had been built into the wall.

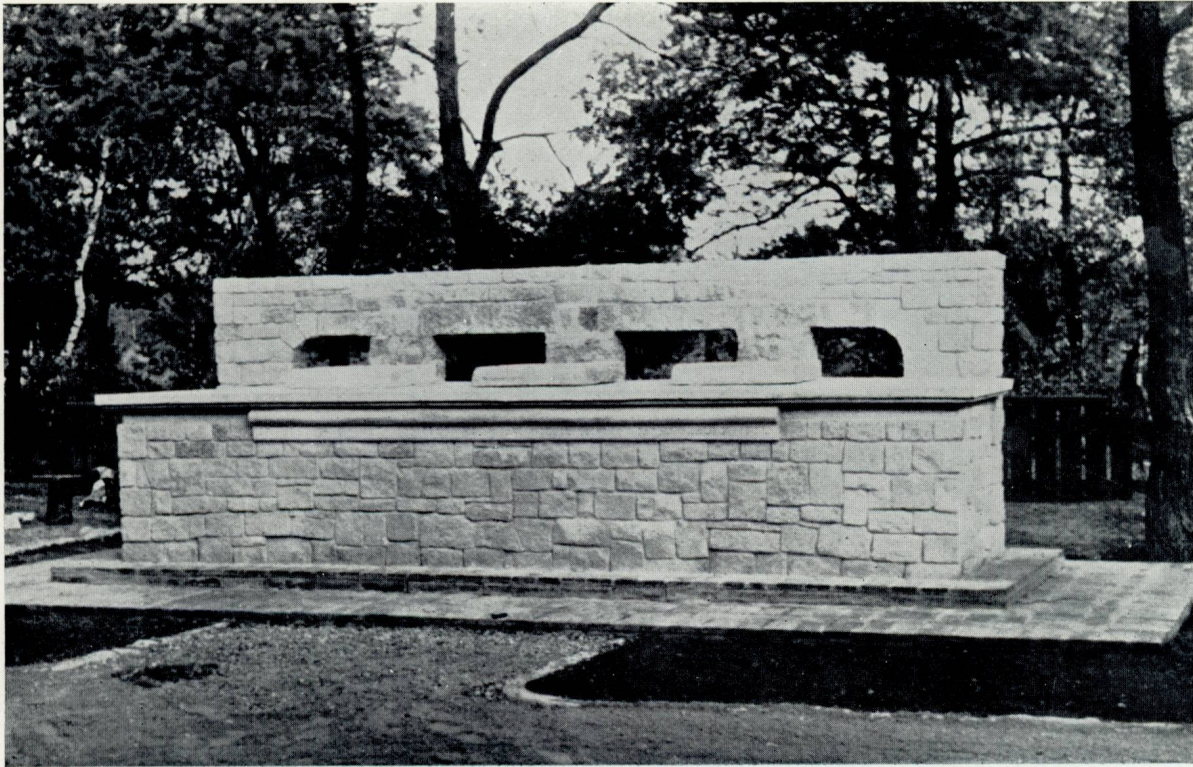
And so life went on until on the 24th of March, the tunnel and all Hell broke loose.

One year's work on Tom, Dick and Harry, had resulted in the biggest prison camp break in history when eighty Officers escaped in one night.

The organization behind the break of this tunnel was as complete and complex as that of any big business and over 750 Officers worked just over a year in this organization. The success of which resulted in one of the worst War Crimes of our history, the shooting of Fifty Officers of the R.A.F.

" THREE TIER BUNKS
UNDER CONSTRUCTION "

This is a photograph of the Unfinished Vault, designed by F/Lt. Todd, himself a prisoner of war, for the Ashes of the Fifty Officers who were shot by the Gestapo, after their escape on the 24th of March, 1944. The Vault as it now stands has three granite scrolls rising from the granite slabs seen in the picture on which are engraved the names of these Officers.



In Memory of

THOSE OFFICERS WHO PAID THE EXTREME
SACRIFICE AFTER ESCAPE ON THE NIGHT OF
MARCH 24th 1944

"Per Ardua Ad Astra"

MESSALINA

ACT I · CLAUDIUS' HOUSE AT ROME
 MORNING OF OCTOBER 17th. A.D. 40.

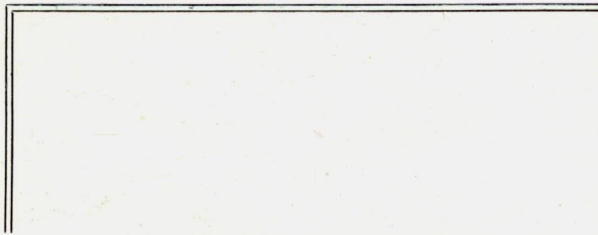
ACT II · IMPERIAL PALACE AT ROME
 EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 23rd. A.D. 48.

PROLOGUE TO ACT III · THE FORUM AT OSTIA
 LATER THAT NIGHT

ACT III · ATRIUM OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE
 NEXT MORNING

NORTH CAMP THEATRE

SAGAN



THE THEATRE

The Sagan Theatre is a story in itself.

In 1942 when the Germans intimated a move to another Compound, then commonly known as the new Compound, those in the camp who were interested in entertainment or Dramatics put their heads together and dreamed of a real theatre.

This was purely a dream but we had hopes.

The Germans surprised every one by putting a hut at our disposal for recreational purposes and from this hut came thousands of hours of entertainment.

Firstly the site had to be cleared, hundreds of tons of sand taken out to make the sloping floor.

Thousands of bricks went into the foundation, the Projection Room and the fire Wall.

On top of this was set the prefabricated hut.

The interior was then decorated with distemper, the stage lighting (reflectors, etc.) made from tins, and lots made of paper.



"THE FOUNDATION"

"INTERIOR DECORATION"



And the seats for the auditorium from Red Cross Crates.

The Lighting was put in by two R.A.F. N.C.O.'s who's ingenuity gave them permanent jobs as the theatre electricians.

With biscuit tins, pieces of wood, tar and salt water, dimmers were constructed which gave professional control to all stage lighting.

While a little bribery with Tobacco went a long way in getting switches etc., for the control board.

A year later this crude equipment was abandoned for real resistance switches etc., supplied by the international Y.M.C.A.

The Auditorium though not large had a seating capacity of three hundred and fifty, which was large in the eyes of a Kreigie.

From Canadian Red Cross Plywood crates the individual theatre seats were constructed complete with arm rests, the backs sloping to a comfortable degree, made the theatre the most comfortable place in the Camp.

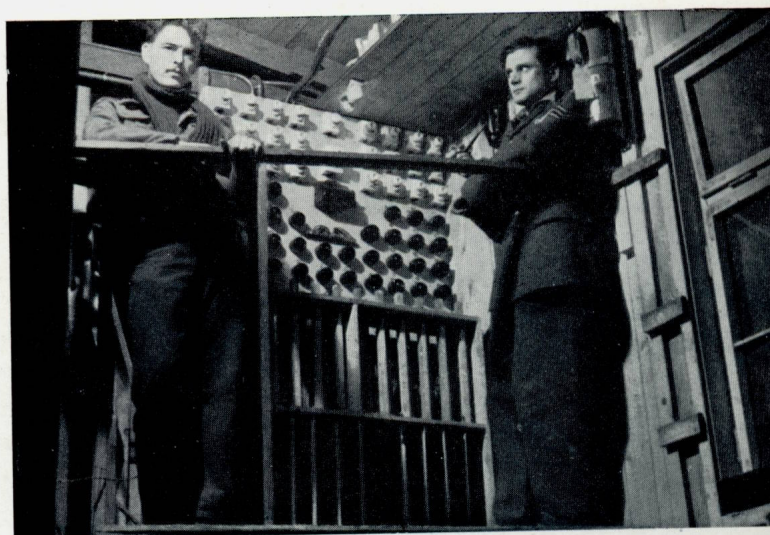
Indirect lighting gave the auditorium the perfect atmosphere, and when the lights went out all the expectancy of the West End could be felt in the Auditorium.

Speaking of the West End, one P.O.W. arrived in the Camp with a ticket for "Arsenic and Old Lace."

He had hoped to see it in London, but the Germans changed his mind and he used his ticket at Sagan.

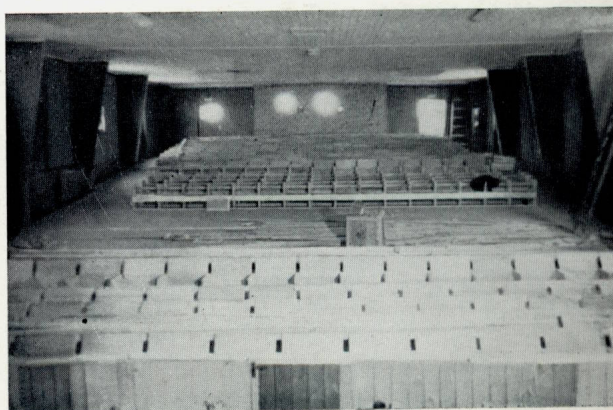


"SOME OF THE OFFICERS WHO DID IT"



"THE SWITCH BOARD"

"UNFINISHED AUDITORIUM FROM THE STAGE"



THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES

Before we go on to the men behind the Scenes we must mention the Man behind the Men behind the Scenes.

A popular W/Commander took on the job of providing entertainment and under his control the theatre became one of the greatest assets to the Camp.

As a guitarist W/Commander Lackin was no mean entertainer, but as an organizer of entertainment, he became a wizard.

Under his keen and enthusiastic organizing ability, the Luft III Theatre grew from occasional concerts in 1942, to the production of current West End Plays in 1944.

The other Great name in the theatre taking second place to no one was Kenneth McIntosh, Producer Actor and Theatre Director. His patience and tact kept the road smooth for the fortnightly production.

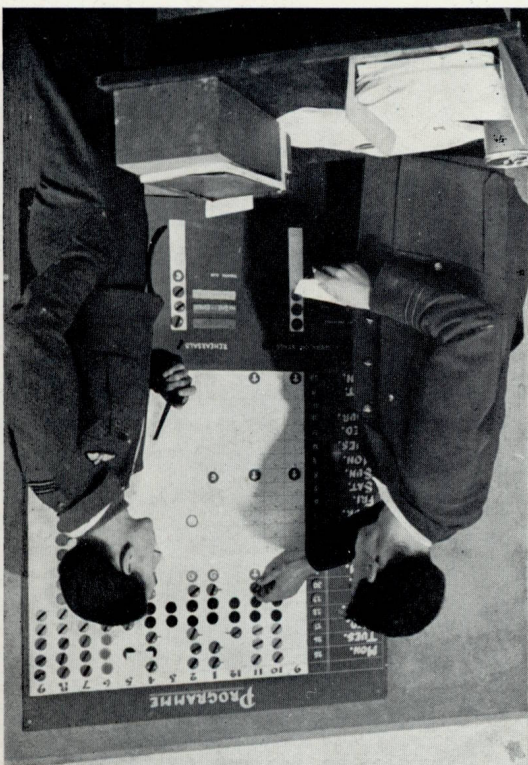


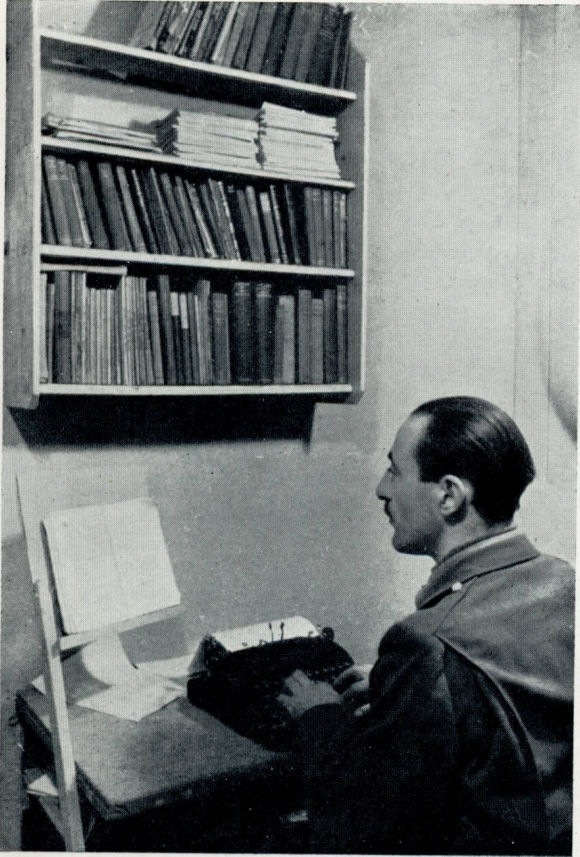
"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"



"THE MAN BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES"

"F/LT. MACKINTOSH FINDS TIME FOR REHEARSAL"





"F/LT. ROTHWELL POUNDS OUT THE SCRIPT "

And his name on the credit title either as producer or actor, became a password to the best in the Theatre.

T. N. E. Rothwell, Actor, Comedian, Playwrite, Musician and Artist, whose versatility knew no bounds, spent many hours on a typewriter both writing his original script and copying for other plays.

It took him over two years to get his typewriter but he made good use of it.

The Wizard with the Blow-lamp, Lt. MacKay, produced everything in metal work from Candle Sticks to reciprocating Steam Engines.

However his work went mainly on to the stage.

From this tiny room back stage, under the careful supervision of F/Lt. Smallwood came the beautifully dressed Chorus, The Street Singer, or a period Creation.

From old Shirts, pyjamas, handkerchiefs or what have you.

" COSTUMES "

" THE BLOW LAMP "



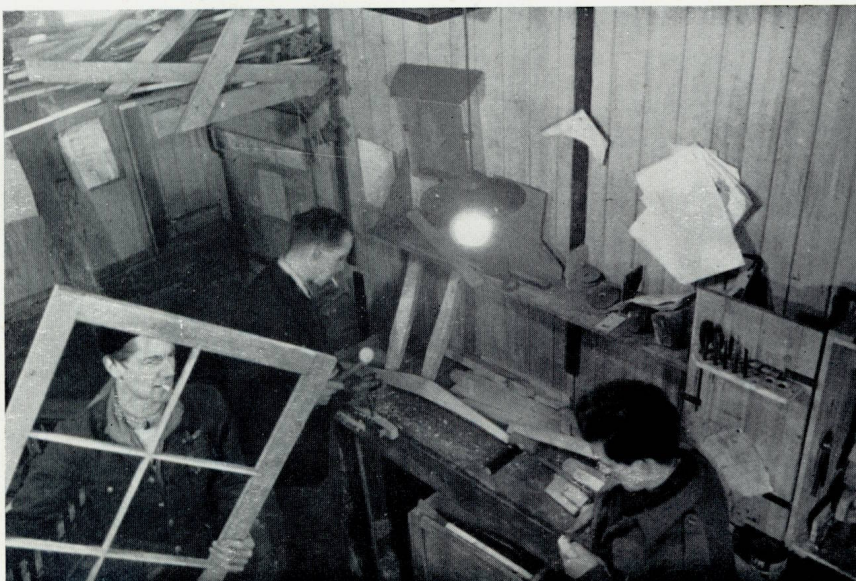


“ CARDBOARD CREATION ”

This beautiful wrought Ironwork is the design of F/Lt. Plant and F/Lt. Abbott more commonly known as Pappy and Abbott and the Ironwork is a cardboard creation.



“ THE SET PAINTERS ”

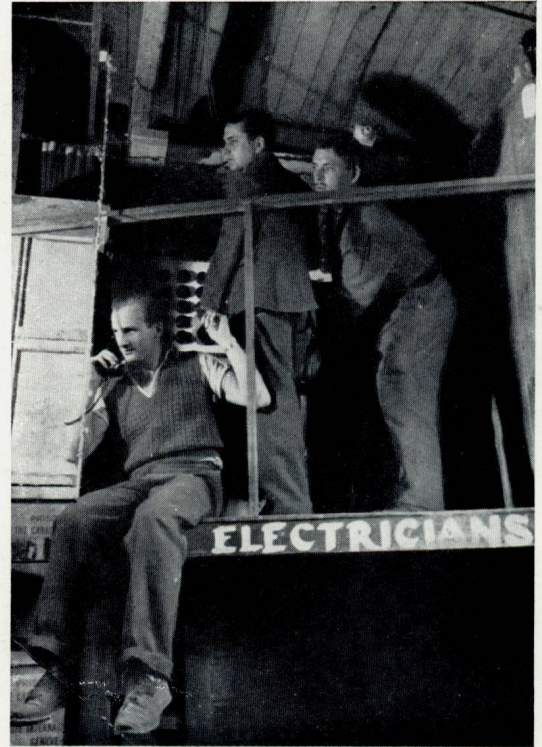


The Carpenter shop was responsible for the upkeep and repair of the theatre as well as all the furniture used on the sets.



"GIRLS IN THE MAKING"

The Wardrobe became the dressing room where R.A.F. Officers become Stage Favourites.



"CURTAIN"

From their perch at the switchboard the electricians and the Stage Manager keep a careful watch on the Stage for their cue.

The curtain goes up!

“GEORGE AND MARGARET”

By : GERALD SAVORY

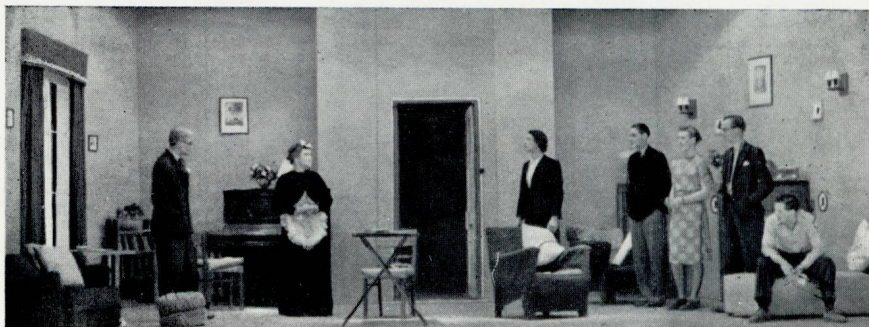
Produced by : KENNETH MACKINTOSH

CAST

Alice Garth Bander	VIVIAN KELLY
David	ROGER BUSHEL
Claude	ANTHONY HUDSON
Dudley	DOMINIC PAGE
Frankie	JOHN DOWLER
Gladys	PETER GATES
Roger Frampton	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Beer	PETER BUTTERWORTH

Decor : PETER BUTTERWORTH

“BEER, THE COCKTAILS PLEASE”

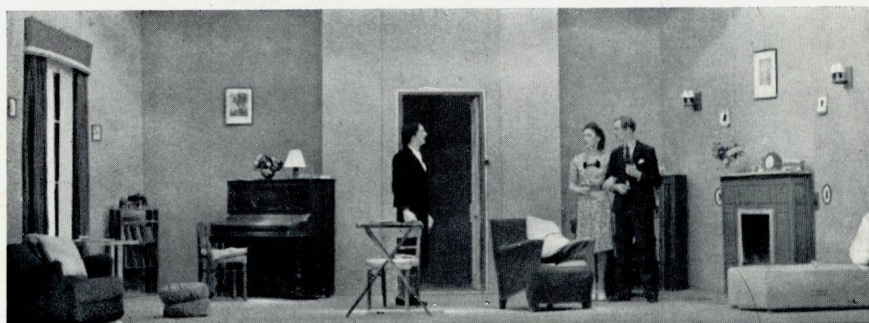


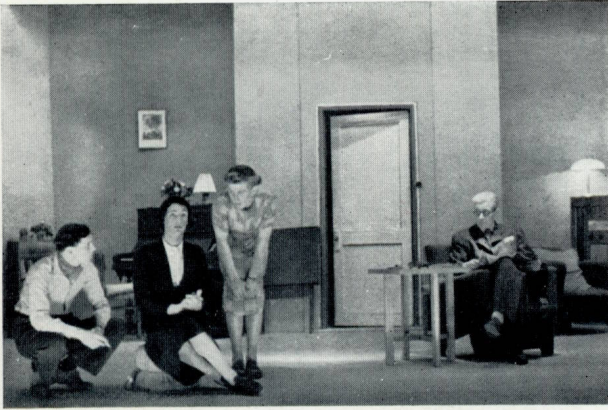
“SHALL I TELL YOU A STORY”



“YOU MAY CALL ME MOTHER”

“FRANKIE”





" I WORK AND SLAVE MORNING NOON AND NIGHT "



" BEER "

" DON'T LET ME STOP YOU PLAYING "



“ DESIGN FOR LIVING ”

By NOEL COWARD

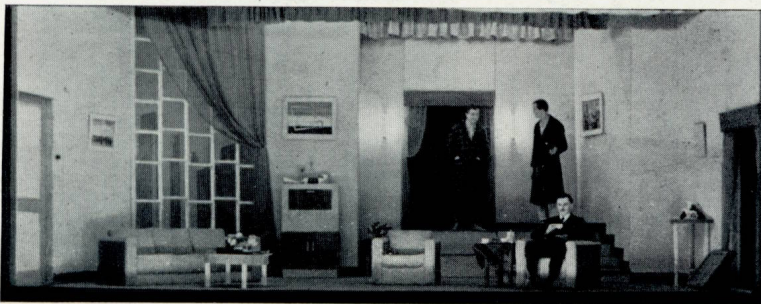
Produced by VIVIAN KELLY

CAST

GILDA	DAVID McCORKLE
ERNEST HUGH MORGAN
OTTO... RUPERT DAVIES
LEO ANTHONY HUDSON
MISS HODGE EDWARD FAIRBANK
BIRBECK WILLIAM LEPINE
HELEN CARVER PETER ALLAN
HENRY CARVER WILLIAM GEIGER
GRACE TORRENS TONI SAUNDERS
MATHEW WILLIAM BRODERICK

Decor : ROBERT BUCKHAM

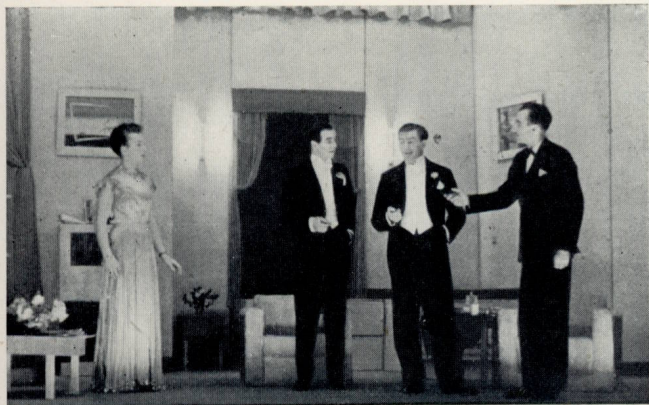
“ GILDA ”



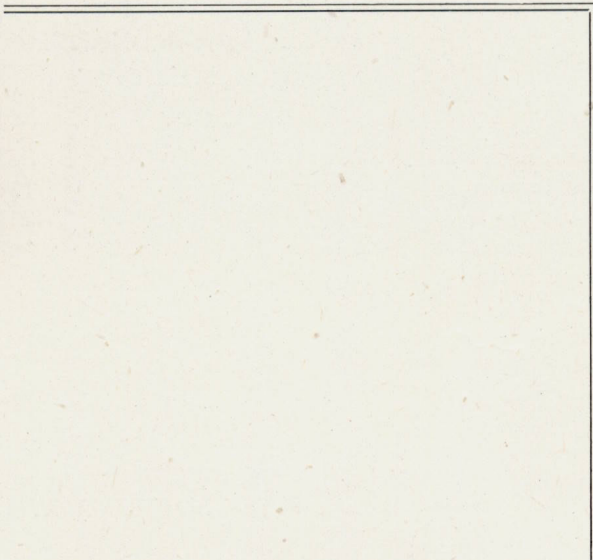
“ BLESS MY SOUL IT'S DEAR LITTLE ERNEST ”

“ DO STOP SAYING MY WIFE ERNEST IN THAT COMPLACENT WAY, IT SOUNDS SO ABSURD ”

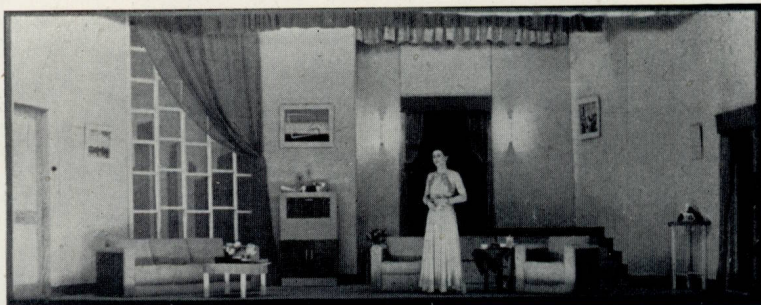
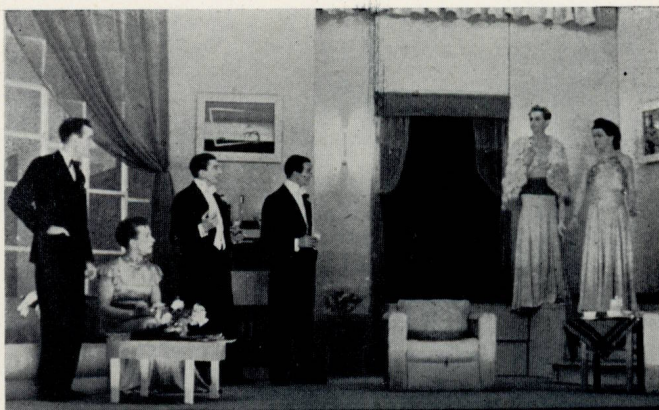




“ WOULD YOU CARE FOR A DRINK ? ”
“ PASSIONATELY ! ”

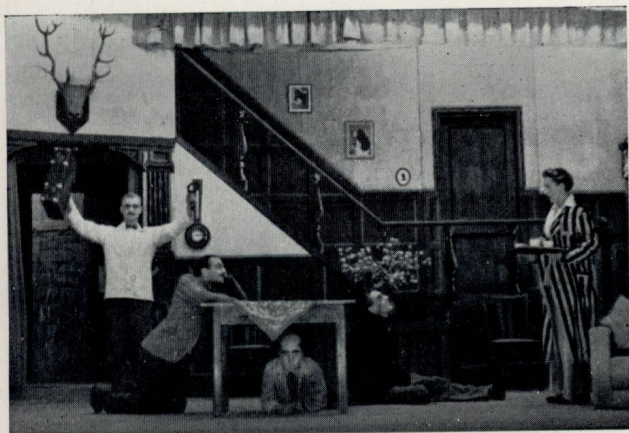
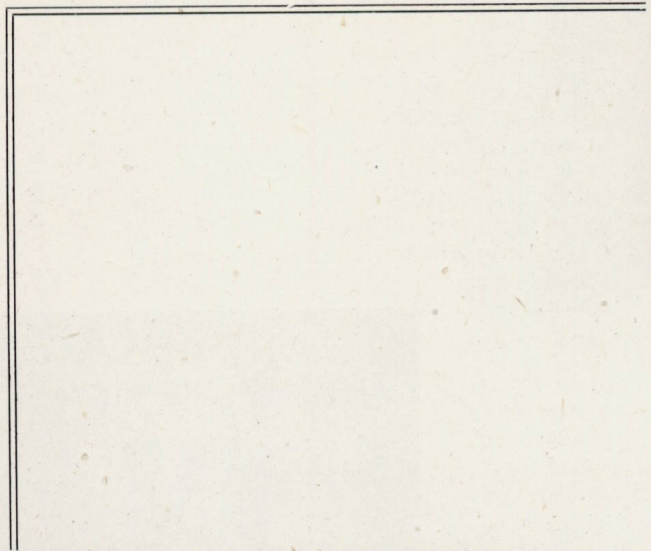
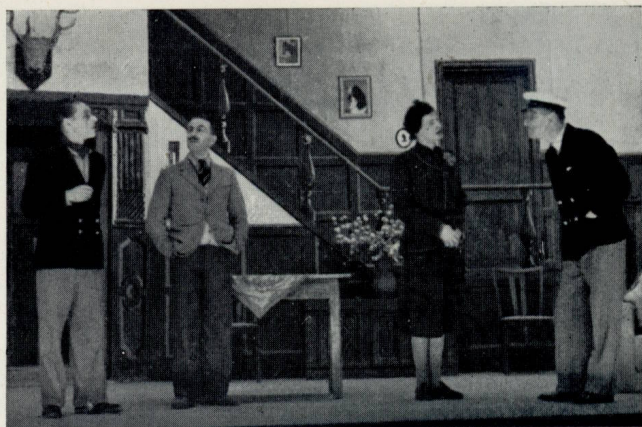


“ EXCUSE THE STATE OF UNDRESS, WE’VE
JUST COME OFF A DUTCH CARGO BOAT ”

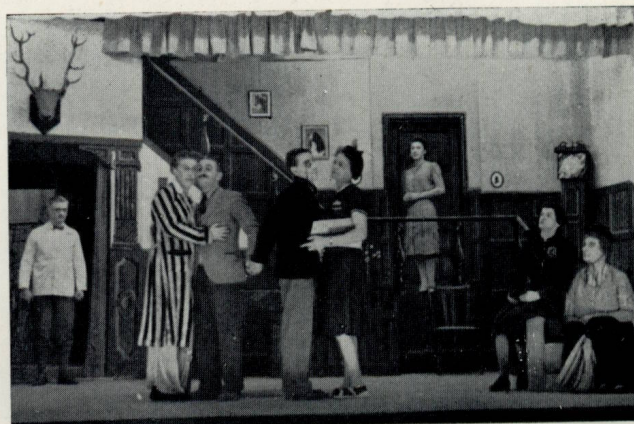


“ ALONE ”

"I'VE COME TO TAKE THE GIRL. THANK YAH!"



"I VIN! I VIN! I VIN!"



"FINALE "

"MACBETH"

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Produced by : JOHN CASSON

CAST

Duncan	PAUL VAILLANT
Malcolm	LESLIE SPELLER
Donalbain	JOHN DOWLER
Macbeth	RUPERT DAVIES
Banquo	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Macduff	JOHN CASSON
Lennox	PETER ROBERTS
Ross	JOHN MADGE
Angus	JOHN RUSSELL
Caithness	WILLIAM LEPINE
Menteith	LAURENCE REAVELL-CARTER
Fleance	PETER ALLAN
Siward	PHILIP RUNNACLES
Young Siward	MICHAEL ORMOND
Seton	KENNETH JONES
A Doctor	HUGH MORGAN
A sergeant	NATHANIEL HEARLE
A porter	ANTHONY FFRENCH-MULLEN
An old man	TIMOTHY FENN
Murderers	RICHARD LONG, GEORGE MORGAN and NATHANIEL HEARLE
Lady Macbeth	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Gentlewoman	TONI SAUNDERS
The Three Witches	MALCOLM FREEGARD, DAVID BARRETT and EDWARD FAIRBANK
Servants	PETER SEWELL and JAMES MARLEY
Soldiers	FRANK DAY, TIMOTHY FENN, MARK WINSTON and PHILIP WARCUP

Decor : JOHN RUSSELL



"GLAMIS THOU ART AND CARDOUR"

"WHAT! QUITE UNMANNED IN FOLLY"



" BY THE PRICKING OF MY THUMBS SOME-
THING WICKED THIS WAY COMES "



" CONDUCT ME TO MINE HOST "



" YOU KNOW YOUR OWN DEGREES,
SIT DOWN FIRST AND LAST A
HEARTY WELCOME "

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, Mr. STARR"

Written and Produced by : TALBOT ROTHWELL

CAST

Mrs. Mole	PETER BUTTERWORTH
Rev. Austin Nunnich	HARDY McHARDY
Raymond Gilbert	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Clemence Trust	MALCOLM FREEGARD
Charles Hapgood	ANTHONY HUDSON
Patricia Garnett	PETER GATES
Bella Parish	WALTER KERRY
Mr. Starr	EDWIN FEWTRELL

Decor : PETER BUTTERWORTH



"WE'LL ALL STAY"

"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU"





"I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW
THE TIMES OF THE SERVICES"



"BELLA! AFTER ALL THESE EMPTY YEARS"



"CURTAIN"

“ TONY DRAWS A HORSE ”

By LESLIE STORM

Produced by RUPERT DAVIES

CAST

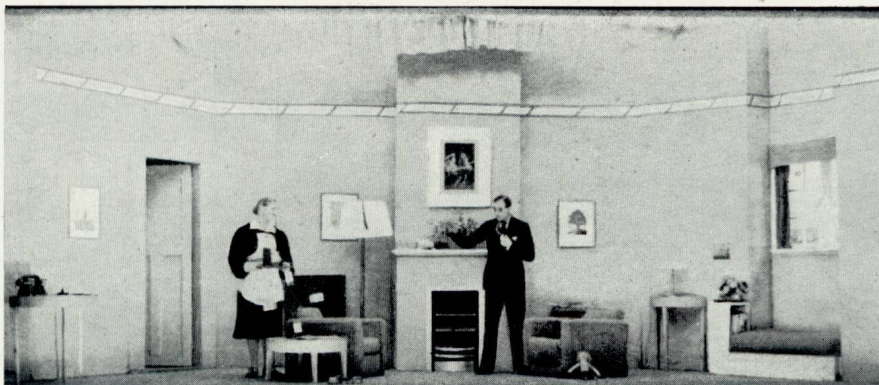
Mrs. Smith	MALCOLM FREEGARD
Tim Shields	ANTHONY HUDSON
Clare Fleming	PETER MOFFATT
Dr. Howard Fleming	PAUL VAILLANTT
Grace	GEOFFRY CORNISH
Grand-Pa	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Elsie Parsons	KENNETH GRANT
Mrs. Parsons	JOHN MADGE
Alfred Parsons	PHILIP RUNNACLES
Agnes	ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN
Pschenschynoff	JAMES WATSON
Waiter	ROGER DE WEVER
A Customer	BOBBY LAUMANS
Miss Burchall	ANTHONY PENGELLY

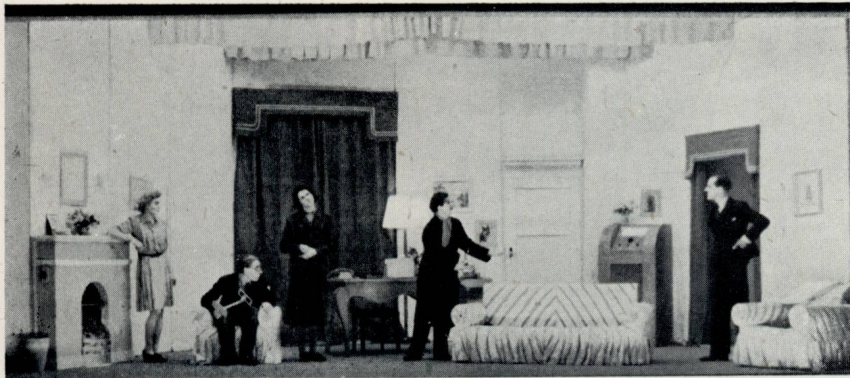
Decor : ROBERT BUCKHAM



“ GO!! AND HAVE OTHER CHILDREN THEN—”

“ LISTEN ; LIKE GOODS TRAINS SHUNTING ”





"BALDERDASH? VOLTAIRE!!"



" BUT I, I'M JUST WAITING TO BE CROWNED "



“ BETWEEN OURSELVES ”

A REVUE

Produced by PETER BUTTERWORTH

CAST

BOBBY LAUMANS	HARDY McHARDY	TALBOT ROTHWELL
MICHAEL ORMOND	JOHN DOWLER	PETER BUTTERWORTH
LOU PEETER	ROLAN EVANS	PATRICK GREENHOUS
TONY SAUNDERS	VIVIAN KELLY	ANTHONY PENGELLY
PETER SEWELL	ANTHONY HUDSON	PETER MOFFATT
JAMES WERNHAM	HARRY ASHLEY DOWDING	PETER ALLAN
MAX SMITH	KENNETH MACKINTOSH	RUPERT DAVIES
	RON BIRCH AND BAND	

Decor - - PETER BUTTERWORTH



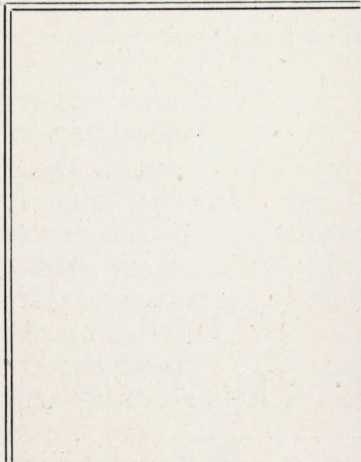
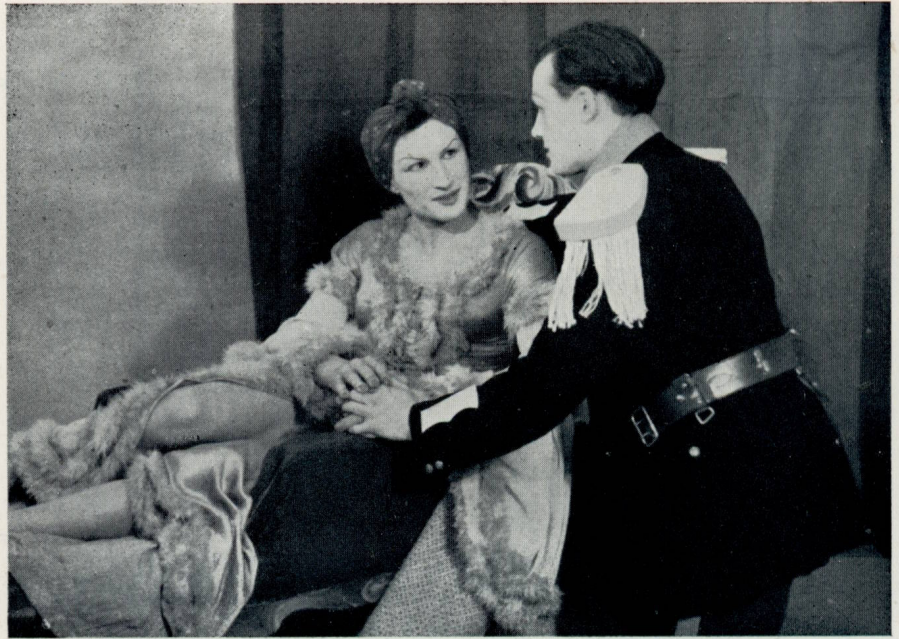
“HELLO, HELLO—MISS SUNBUD SNOWFLAKE HERE ”

“ COME ON, RING, ITS MIDNIGHT ”

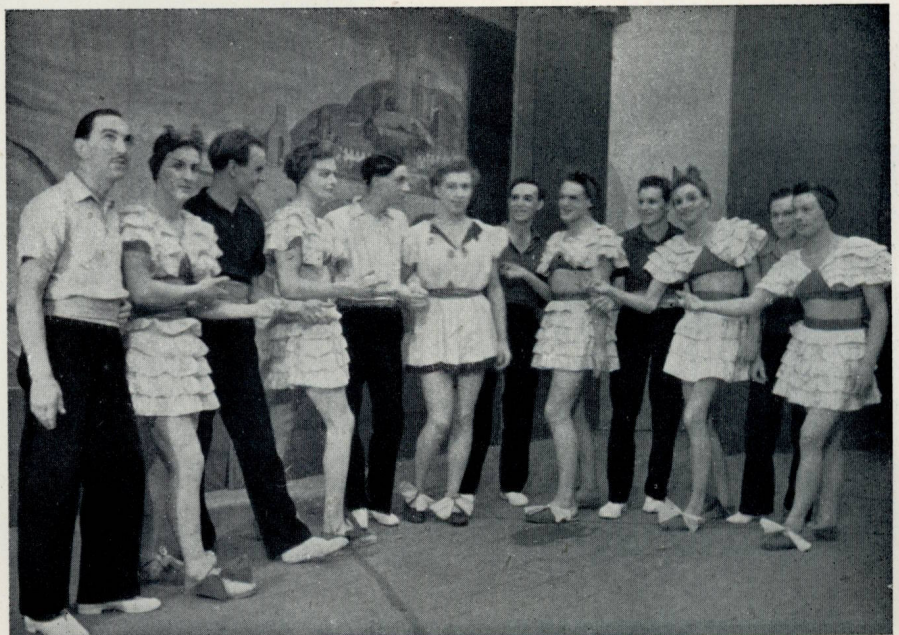
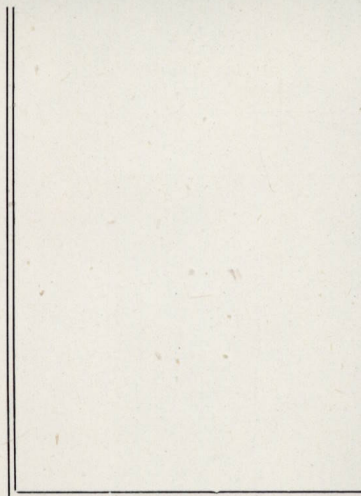


“ TORCH SINGER “

"AND WE HAD A LOTTERY
AND I WON. . ."



"UNHAND HER YOU CAD"



"SUR LA PONT"

"ESCAPE"

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Produced by PATRICK GREENHOUS

CAST

Matt Denant JOHN MADGE	His Wife PETER MOFFATT
The Girl of the Town PETER GATES	His Sister JOHN DOWLER
The Plainclothes Man ... TALBOT ROTHWELL	The Man in Plus Fours PHILIP WARCUP
The Policeman KENNETH JONES	His Wife ANTHONY PENGELLY
The Other Policeman FRANK KNIGHT	The Dartmoor Constable GEORGE IMESON
The Fellow Convict JAMES BUCKLEY	The Labourer FRANK KNIGHT
The Warder RONALD JESSOP	The Farmer WILLIAM BARRETT
The Other Warder ... MALCOLM FREEGARD	The Little Boy ROBERT SACHS
The Shingled Lady JOHN DOWLER	Miss Grace DAVID BARRETT
The Maid PETER ALLAN	Miss Dora JOHN WILLIS-RICHARDS
The Old Gentleman VIVIAN KELLY	The Parson JOHN CASSON
The Captain RUPERT DAVIES	The Bell Ringer MALCOLM FREEGARD
The Shopkeeper PETER BUTTERWORTH	

Decor : JOHN RUSSELL

"THE SHOPKEEPER AND HIS WIFE WITH THE CAPTAIN"



"FINALE SCENE"



"THE FARMER - THE SHINGLED LADY - THE GIRL OF THE TOWN - THE OLD GENTLEMAN"



"THE FELLOW CONVICT - POLICEMAN - PARSON - THE OTHER WARDER - THE LABOURER"

“ ARSENIC AND OLD LACE ”

By JOSEPH KESSELRING

Produced by ANTHONY HUDSON

CAST

Abby Brewster	MALCOLM FREGARD
Rev. Dr. Harper	PHILIP RUNNACLES
Teddy Brewster	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Officer Brophy	PETER SEWELL
Officer Finnigan	JAMES MARLEY
Martha Brewster	HARVEY VIVIAN
Elaine D'Argent	BOBBY LAUMANS
Mortimer Brewster	JOHN MADGE
Mr. Gibbs	WILLIAM LEPINE
Jonathan Brewster	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Dr. Einstein	...	JOHN CASSON	
Officer O'Hara	...	VIVIAN KELLY	
Lieutenant Rooney	...	ROBERT COSTE	
Mr. Witherspoon	...	ALAN STRATFORD	

Decor : PETER BUTTERWORTH



“ GO TO BED AUNT MARTHA ”

“ NOT THE MELLBOURNE WAY JOHNNY ! ”



“ CHARGE ! ”



" JUST YOU LOOK IN THE WINDOW SEAT "



" AND JUST TO THINK WE PLANNED IT ALL "

" THE SCORE STANDS EVEN 12 TO 12 "



“ PYGMALION ”

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Produced by KENNETH MACKINTOSH with PATRICK GREENHOU

CAST

Eliza Doolittle	DOMINIC PAGE
Professor Higgins	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Colonel Pickering	ALAN STRATFORD
Mrs. Higgins	PETER MOFFATT
Alfred Doolittle	RUPERT DAVIES
Mrs. Pearce	GEORGE MORGAN
Miss Eynsford-Hill	JOHN WILLIS-RICHARDS
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill	EDWARD FAIRBANK
Freddy Eynsford-Hill	PETER SEWELL
A Parlour Maid	WALTER KERRY
A Taxi Man	JAMES MARLEY
Citizens of London	ESMOND PERRY, BILLY WILLIAMS, NEVILLE SMALLWOOD, DAVID BEVAN-JOHN, DAVID PORTER and RONALD JESSOP

Decor : PETER BUTTERWORTH and KAZIK ZAKRZEWSKI



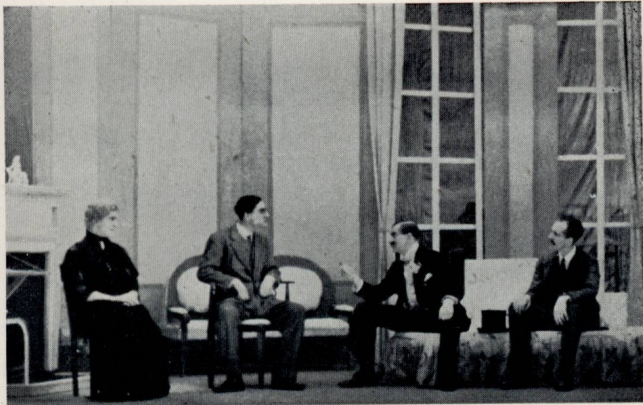
“THAT AINT PROPER WRITIN I CAN'T READ THAT ”

“ ELIZA ”

“ WELL GUV'NOR ”



“SLIPPER, I SHOULD HAVE THROWN
THE FIRE IRONS AT YOU”



“THATS MIDDLE CLASS MORALITY FOR YOU”

“NOT HER! GIN WAS
MOTHERS MILK TO HER”





"TINY TOTS"



"LIGHTNING ARTISTS"

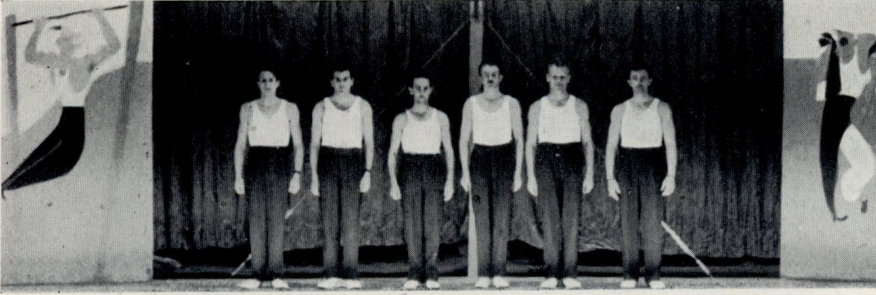
MUSIC HALL
MK. II

"SAXTETTE"



"MONKEY BUSINESS"





"SIX TO THE BAR"



"PALM BEACH"

"KRAKOVIAK"



“ BLITHE SPIRIT ”

By NOEL COWARD

Produced by DAVID PORTER
Asst. Producer : PETER BUTTERWORTH

CAST

Edith	KENNETH POLLARD
Ruth Condomine JAMES MARLEY
Charles Condomine	ANTHONY HUDSON
Dr. Bradman	GORDON SAUNDERS
Mrs. Bradman	DAVID BEVAN-JOHN
Madame Arcati	PETER BUTTERWORTH
Elvira	MICHAEL ORMOND

Decor : PETER BUTTERWORTH

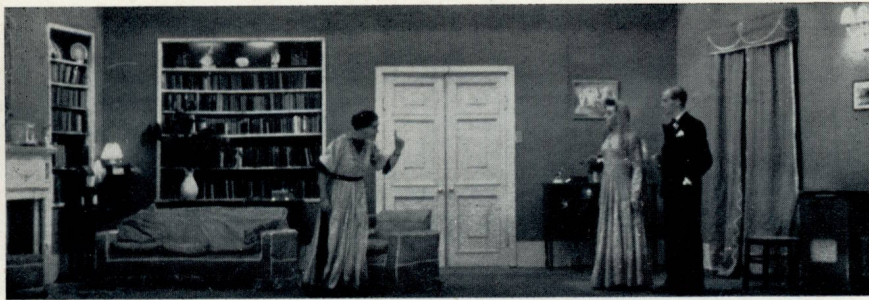
“ PLACE YOUR HANDS FACE DOWNWARDS ”



“ THERE'S MEAT BUT I DON'T EXPECT IT WILL BE VERY RED ”

“ NOW EDITH LOOK AT ME ”





"I SMELL ECTOPLASM "



"A GENTLE BREEZE. WELL THATS BETTER
THAN NOTHING "

" CURTAIN "



“The Man Who Came To Dinner”

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART

Produced by JOHN MADGE

CAST

Mrs. Stanley	MALCOLM FREGARD
Miss Preen	EDWIN FEWTRELL
Richard Stanley	WILLIAM LEWIS
John	GEORGE MORGAN
June Stanley	GORDON KING
Sarah	LLOYD ADAMS
Mrs. Dexter	ANTHONY PENGELLY
Mrs. McCutcheon	PETER MOFFATT
Mr. Stanley	ROBERT COSTE
Maggie Cutler	JOHN DOWLER
Dr. Bradley	HOWARD LARKIN
Sheridan Whiteside	RUPERT DAVIES
Harriet Stanley	DAVID BEVAN-JOHN
Professor Metz	PETER BUTTERWORTH
Bert Jefferson	DONALD SMITH
The Jailer	FRANK DAY
The Convicts and Express Men	A. H. COMBER and JOHN OLSEN
Sandy	ANTHONY PENGELLY
Lorraine Sheldon	RAYMOND GIBBON
Beverley Carlton	PETER MOFFATT
Westcott	DOUGLAS THOMSON
Radio Technician	HUBERT CLARK
Banjo	DENYS FERRY
Deputy Sheriffs	PETER WIMBERLEY, RONALD JESSOP
The Man	FRANK DAY

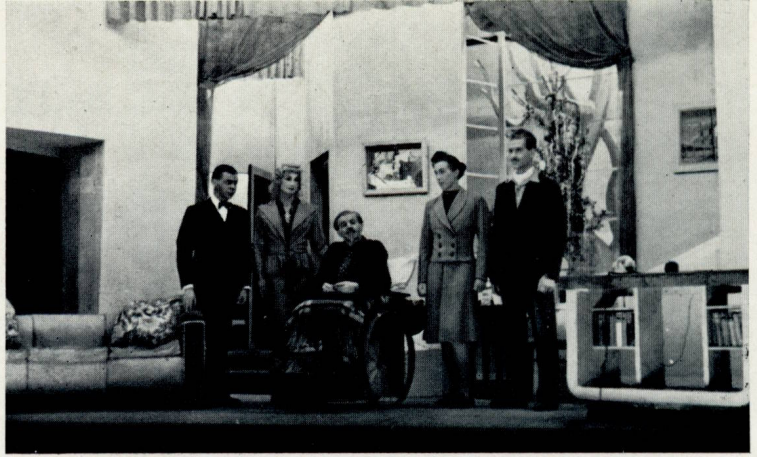
Decor : ROBERT BUCKHAM



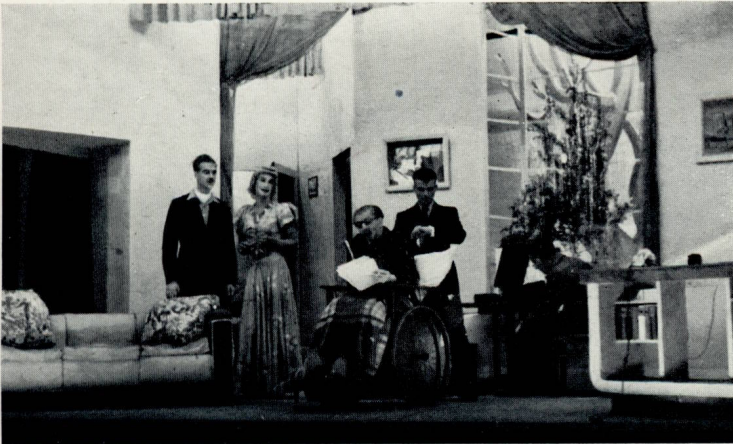
“ I SAW THIS HOLLY FRAMED GREEN
AGAINST THE PINE TREES ”



“ JUST A MINUTE MR. JEFFERSON,
WOULD YOU REPEAT ”

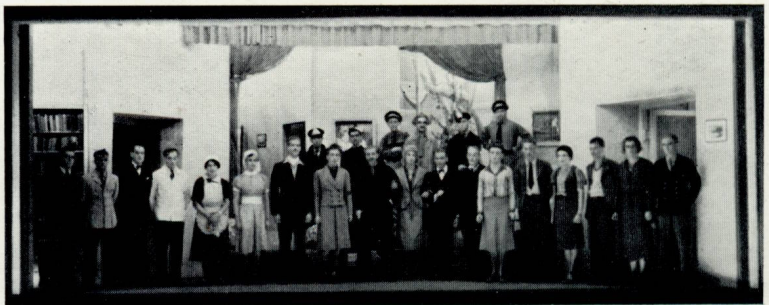


"WELL BANJO?"



"ON THIS EVE OF EVES
WHEN ALL THE WORLD..."

"CURTAIN "



" I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE "

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Produced by JOHN CASSON

CAST

Sally Pratt	PETER MOFFATT
Sam Shipley	ROLAND STAMP
Dr. Gortler	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Oliver Farrant	HUGH ROWE
Janet Ormund	MELVILLE CARSON
Walter Ormund	ANTHONY HUDSON

Decor : PETER BUTTERWORTH



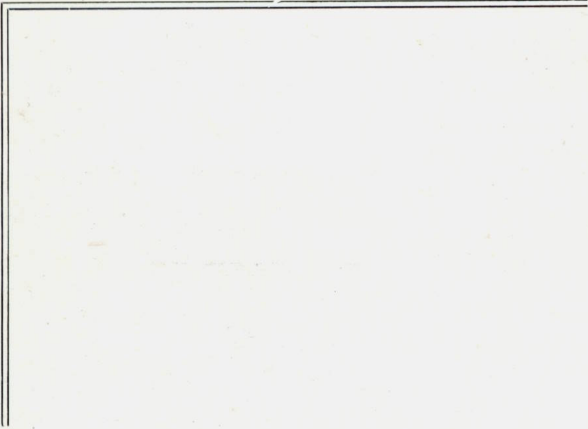
" DARLING "

" I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE "

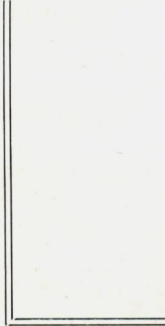


" THAT IS NOT THE TYPE OF REMARK WE APPRECIATE, FROM A STRANGER "

“ I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT GOERTLER ”



“ YES, THAT WOULD BE WORTH HAVING AGAIN ”



“PALINA PANIC”

MUSICAL COMEDY

Book by D. A. FRENCH NULLER,
GEORGE PELLING and TALBOT ROTHWELL

with Music by
WYLTON TODD, etc.

Produced by DAVID PORTER

CAST

Tony	RUPERT DAVIES
Anabella	MICHAEL ORMOND
Hardcastle	PETER BUTTERWORTH
Senor Vespucci-Ramirez	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Jose	BOB COSTE
Pedro	GEORGE MORGAN
Juanita-Ramirez	BOBBY LAUMANS
Miss Fisk	MARCEL OLIVIER
General Shrimpsworthy	GEORGE PELLING
Prince Carlos Cortocope De La Palina	NEVILLE SMALLWOOD
Baron Brabisson	JAMES WATSON
Ships Officer, etc.	PETER MOFFATT
Postcard Vendors, Reporters, etc.	WYLTON TODD, BILLY WILLIAMS, DENYS FERRY and BEN BROADLEY
Special Dances by	TONI SAUNDERS, BOBBY LAUMANS and HARRY ASHLEY
Chorus	TONI SAUNDERS, LLOYD ADAMS, MICHAEL GOODCHAP, IAN STEWART, KENNETH JONES, DON EDY, DON HUNTER, WALTER KERRY, DAVID BEVAN-JOHN, MICKEY KOWALOWKA, RALPH JOHNSON and JACK FERGUSON

Hotel Splendore *HEPCATS* Directed by RONNIE BIRCH
Theatre Orchestra Conducted by ARTHUR CREIGHTON

Decor : A. H. COMBER and WYLTON TODD



“REMEMBER WHEN”

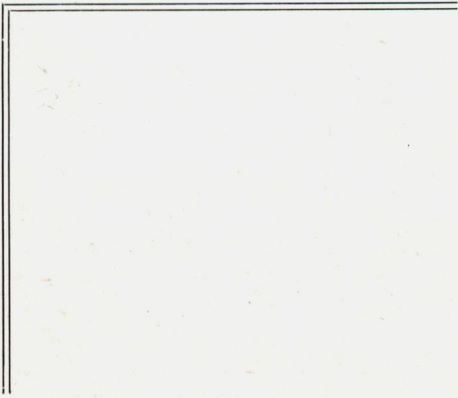
“WAIT A MOMENT SIR—WHILE I GET MY DICTIONARY”



“ITS THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE THAT COUNT”



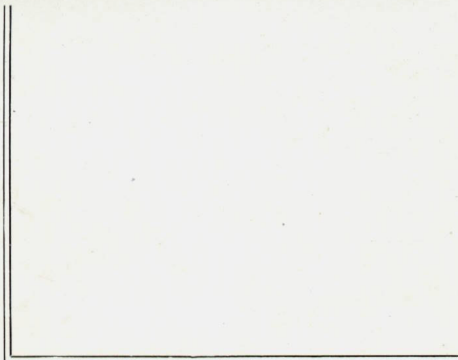
" THE CONGO "



" I'M HOT PANTS HETTY FROM TAHITI "



" IMPOSTER "



" THE NIAGARA - FOUNTAIN PEN
MAKES EVEN THIS A PLEASURE "

“ RON BIRCH’S BAND ”

<i>RHYTHM SECTION</i>	Piano	RON BIRCH
	GuitarHARDY DEFOREST
	Double Bass JOCK PATERSON
	Drums BILLY WILLIAMS
<i>BRASS</i>	Trumpets	ART CREIGHTON, ROY WILKINS, TWEEDLE and MAXIE WILSON
	Trombones	BECKINHAM and LES LUCAS
<i>Sax Section</i>	... HARVEY FRASER, ART DEACON, NORMAN SAVILLE, HAPPY GEDDIS and DON ARMSTRONG	



“ RHYTHM SECTION ”



“ SAXOPHONES ”



“ BRASS ”



“ RHYTHM IS OUR BUSINESS ”



“ THE SWING CLUB ”

The Band Leader and Trombone Soloist ... LES LUCAS
 The Rhythm Section HARDY DEFOREST, KEIF JOHANNESSEN,
 BOBBY LAUMANS and RONNIE BIRCH
 Brass ... As in RON BIRCH'S BAND
 Saxophones ... As in RON BIRCH'S BAND
 Compere ... BILL HODENOT
 Turns ... MARK WINSTON, WILLIAMS & GAGNON
 KENNETH POLLARD and ED. KEMMERRAR
 Soloist ... DICK WARREN

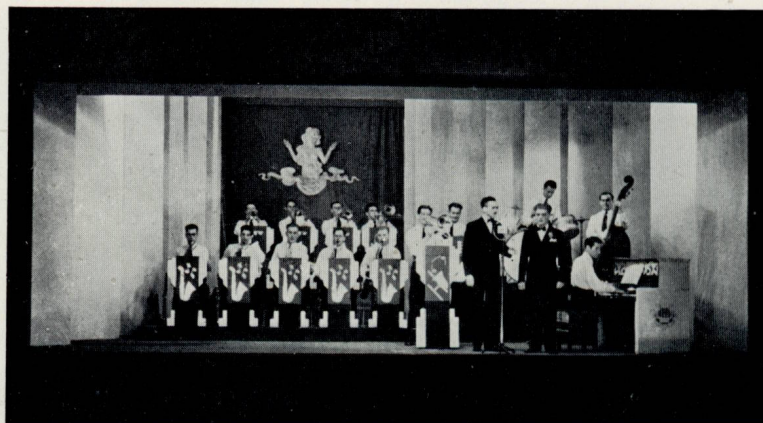
Decor : LEY KENYON

“ POPULAR SOLOIST ”



“ JAZZ SESSION ”

“ DICK WARREN TAKES OVER THE MIKE ”



“ MESSALINA ”

OPERETTA

By DAVID PORTER Produced by THE AUTHOR
 Music by WYLTON TODD

CAST

Messalina	JOHN DOWLER
Claudius	GEORGE MORGAN
Calpurnia	PETER MOFFATT
Silius	BILLY WILLIAMS
Vitellius	PETER BUTTERWORTH
Caligula	MICHAEL ORMOND
Agrippinilla	BOBBY LAUMANS
Fabius	PETER SEWELL
Caesonius	DON EDY
Slaves	MICK HOW, SAM HOLLOWAY, MICHAEL GOODCHAP, PAT HENDON, JAMES CADE, DON HUNTER, CHARLES REYNOLDS and SANDY STARK

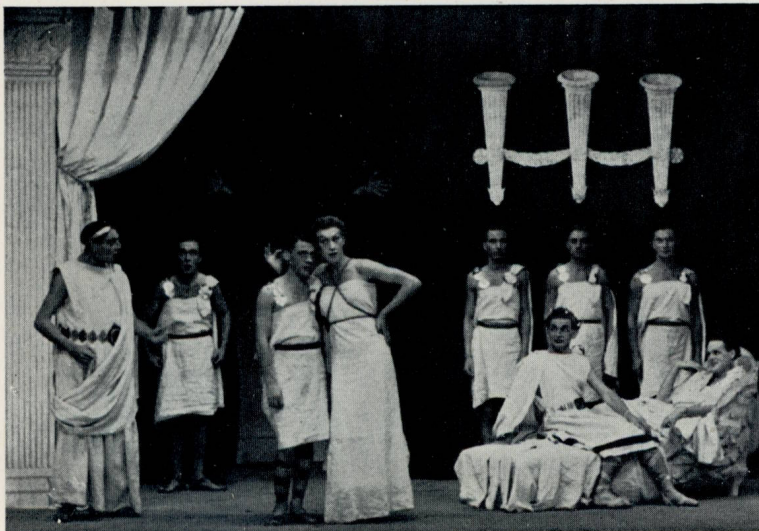
Bearers ROBIN THOMAS and ALASTAIR KENNEDY
 Guards VICTOR SAUNDERS and BOLO PIWOWAREK
 Special Dance TONI SAUNDERS and RALPH JOHNSON

Decor : WYLTON TODD



“NOW CHILDREN DON'T BE CHILDISH ”

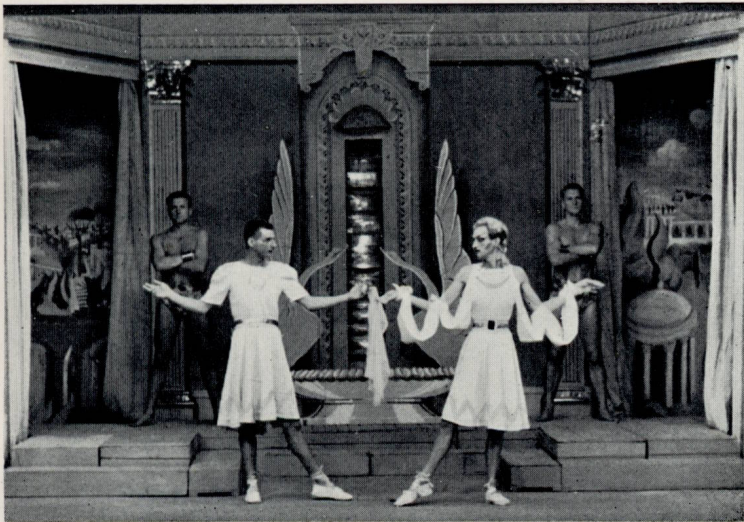
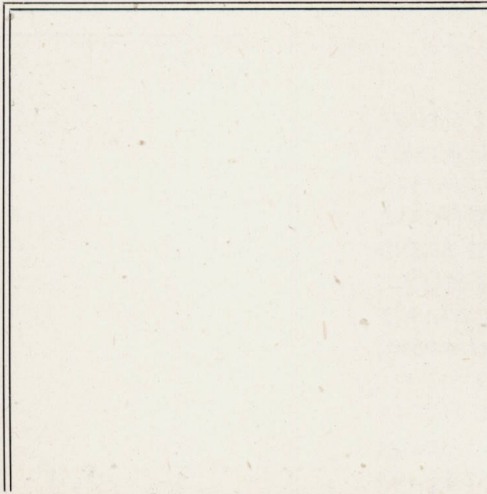
“ LOVES DREAMS ”



“ YOUR FINGERS IN YOUR EARS ”



“ SOMETHING TELLS ME ”



“ PAS DE DEUX ”



“ WHEN WE FINISHED THE FOOD ”



“ CURTAIN ”



“ SAINT JOAN ”

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Produced by JOHN CASSON

CAST

Robert de Bawdricourt	LESLIE SPELLER
His Steward	EDWIN FEWTRELL
Bertrand de Poulengey	JOHN CHERRY-WATSON
Joan	MALCOLM FREEGARD
Archbishop of Rheims	ROSS BELDIN
Duc de la Tremouille	GEORGE PELLING
Page	GEOFFERY WILLATT
Gilles de Rais	DAVID BEVAN-JOHN
La Hire	PETER SEWELL
The Dauphin	DAVID PORTER
Dunois	ANTHONY HUDSON
Earl of Warwick	RUPERT DAVIES
John de Stogumber	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Warwick's Page	ROBIN THOMAS
Monseigneur Cauchon	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
The Inquisitor	HARVEY VIVIAN
Canon d'Estivet	CHARLTON BASTIAN
Brother Martin	JOHN RUSSELL
De Courcelles	JOHN TURNER
The Executioner	ANTHONY BETHEL
An English Soldier	ROLAND STAMP
A Clerical Gentleman	TIMOTHY FENN

ROGER FULLTON, KENNETH EDWARDS, HUGH HEARN,
GEOFFERY WILLATT, MICHAEL GOODCHAP, DON EDY,
KENNETH JONES and DOUGLAS SMITH

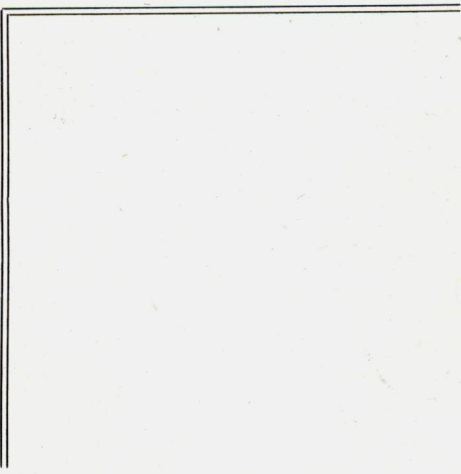
Decor : JOHN RUSSELL



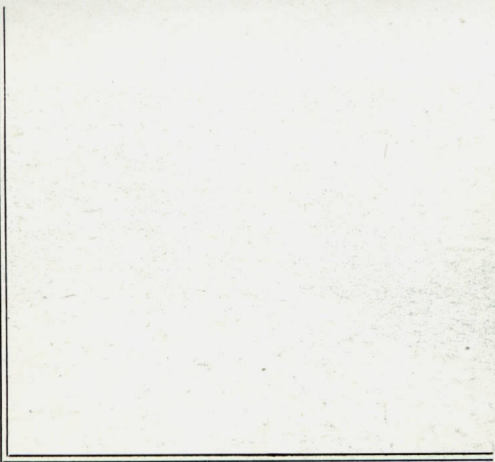
“ COME JOAN YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF PRAYING ”

SAINT JOAN

- Sc I VAUCOULEURS
- Sc II COURT OF CHINON MARCH 1429
- Sc III ON THE LOIRE NEAR ORLEANS
- Sc IV EARL OF WARWICKS' TENT
- Sc V RHEIMS CATHEDRAL
- Sc VI ROUEN 30th MAY 1431
- EPILOGUE CHARLES' CASTLE JUNE 1456



"HOW LONG OH LORD, HOW LONG"



"THE CUNNING COUNCILLORS PRAISE THEE"

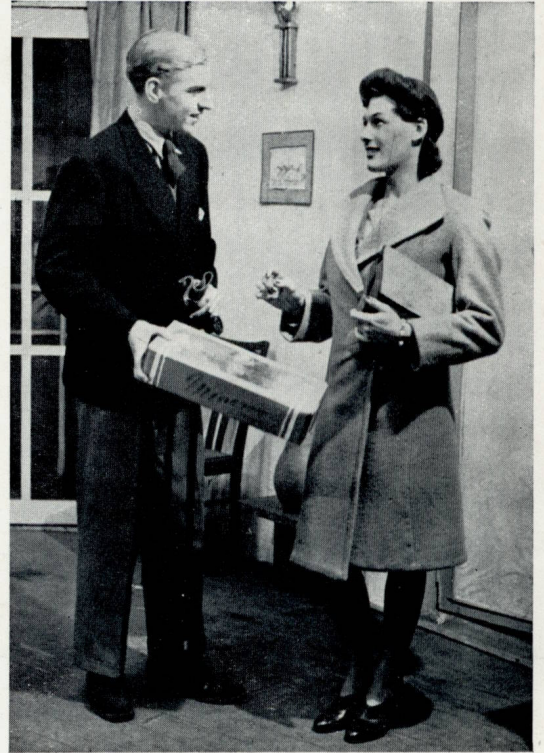
“THARK”

By BEN TRAVERS
Produced by JOHN MADGE

CAST

Hook	PETER BUTTERWORTH
Warner	GEORGE NEWTON
Cherry Buck	BOBBY LAUMANS
Lionel Frush	PETER SEWELL
Mrs. Frush	BILLY WILLIAMS
Sir Hector Benbow	TALBOT ROTHWELL
Ronald Gamble	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Lady Benbow	PETER MOFFATT
Kitty Stratton	JOHN DOWLER
Jones	JOHN CHERRY-WATSON
Whittle	DESMOND NEELY

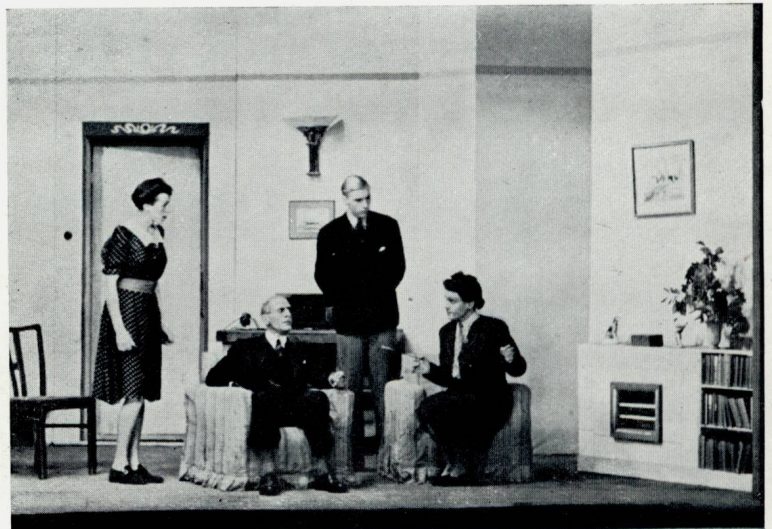
Decor : LEY KENYON



“I REALLY OUGHTN'T, WHAT TIME SHALL I MEET YOU?”

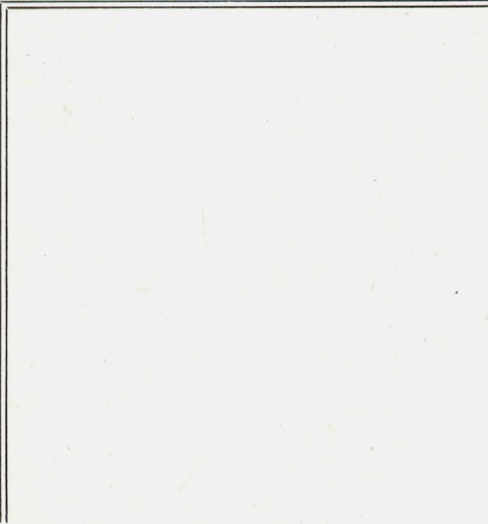


“WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU TOOK AUNTY TO DINNER ”

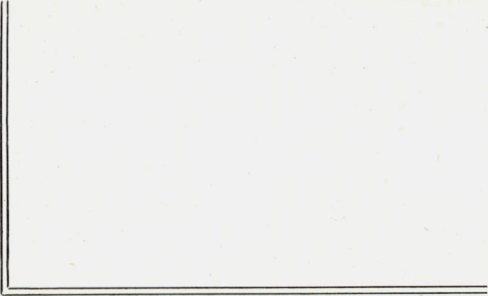


“IT'S 'AUNTED! OUGHTN'T IT? OUGHTN'T IT WHAT?”

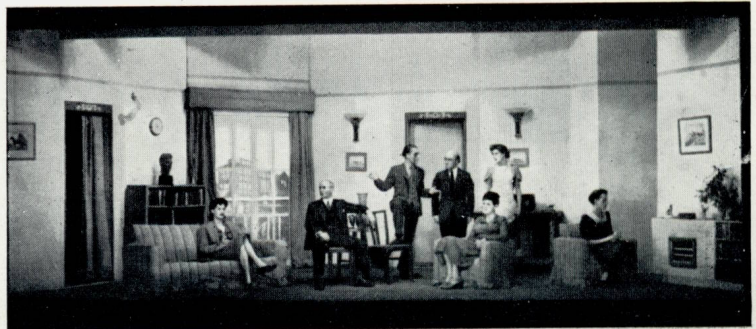
"SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED—"



"DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING?" "ONLY WIND" "DON'T BE RUDE"



"NOW HOOK YOU ARE OF AMERICAN ORIGIN
ARE YOU NOT?"



“ THE FLASHING STREAM ”

By CHARLES MORGAN

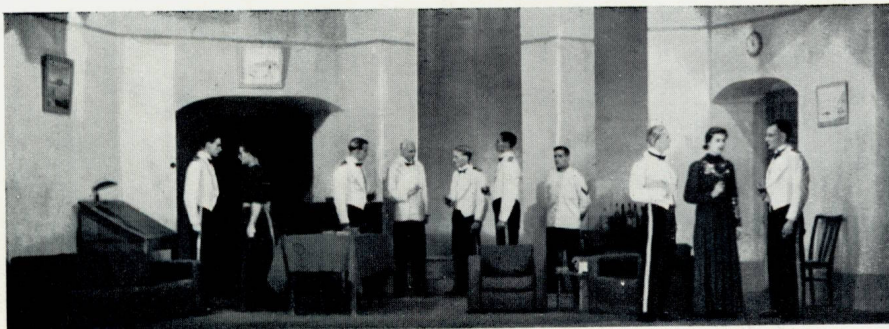
Produced by PATRICK GREENHOUS

CAST

Commander Henry Carr, R.N.	JOHN CASSON
Corporal Denham	RONALD JESSOP
Lt. Commander Peter Brissing, R.N.	ANTHONY HUDSON
Commander Edward Ferrers, R.N.	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
Lt. Commander Richard Sandford, R.N.	DESMOND NEELY
Lady Helston	EDWIN FEWTRELL
Rear Admiral Sir George Helston, Bart., C.B., R.N.	E. G. L. PELLING
Rt. Hon. Walter Harrowby, P.C., M.P.	JOHN RUSSELL
Karen Selby	MICHAEL ORMOND
Captain Winter, D.S.C., R.N.	LESLIE SPELLER

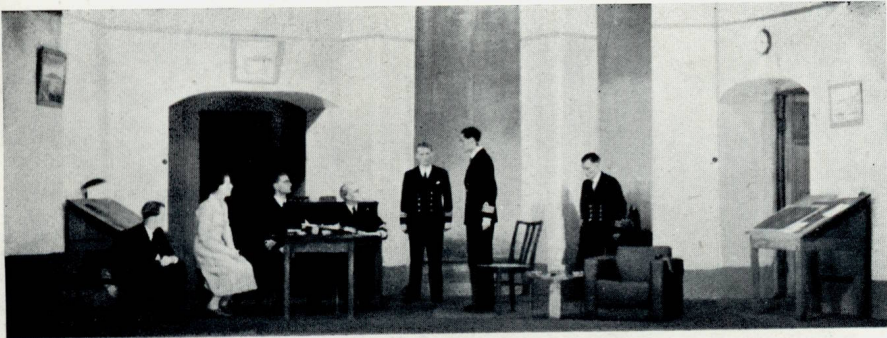
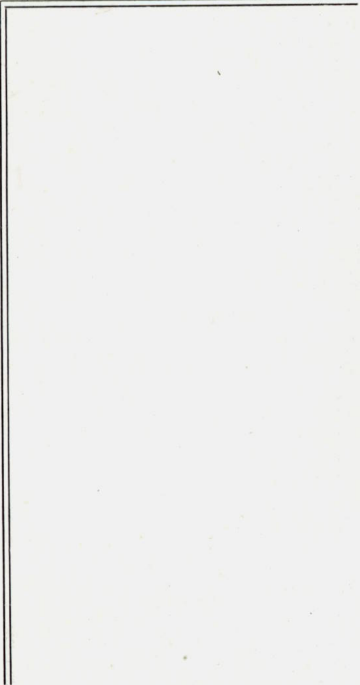
Decor : JOHN RUSSELL

“ YOU DO KNOW HOW TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE I’LL GIVE YOU FULL MARKS FOR THAT ”

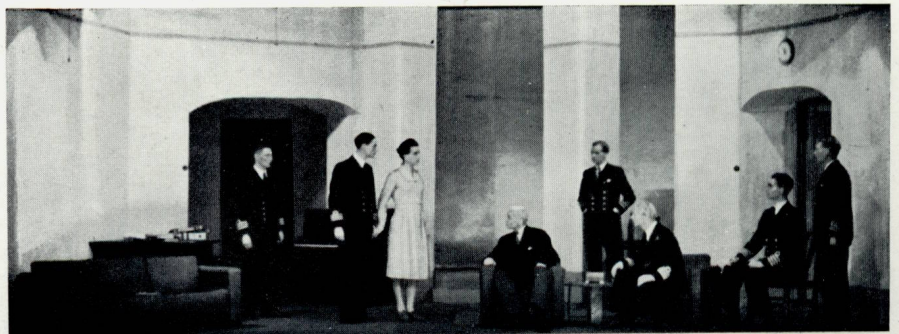
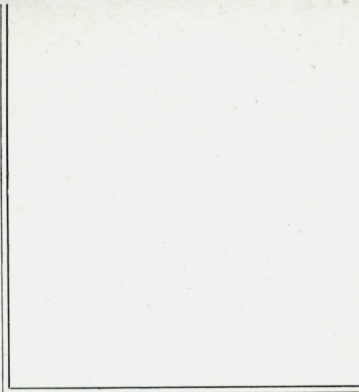


“ YOU ARE EDWARD FARNS ”

"THROUGH ALL PARTING"



"A POSSIBILITY THAT YOU MAY BE WRONG"



"I'VE FOUND A DEFECT IN THE BASIC FORMULÆ"

" AT HOME "

AN INTIMATE REVUE

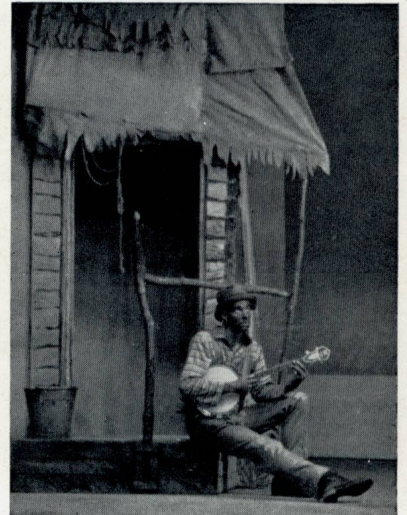
Produced by PETER BUTTERWORTH

CAST

TALBOT ROTHWELL	DON EDY	WALTER KERRY
RUPERT DAVIES	RALPH JOHNSON	KENNETH POLLARD
PATRICK GREENHOUS	WYLTON TODD	MICHAEL ORMOND
DAVID PORTER	GEORGE MORGAN	BOBBY LAUMANS
PETER MOFFATT	CHARLES REYNOLDS	PETER SEWELL
JOHN DOWLER	MICKIE KOWALOWKA	JAMES WATSON
RAY MARTIN	ORVILLE SPENSE	BRIAN HODGKINSON
WILLIAM MCKINLEY	BOB SHUTER	DIXIE DEAN
PETER PETERDIL	IAN STUART	RAYMOND GIBBON

LES LUCAS and HIS SEXTET

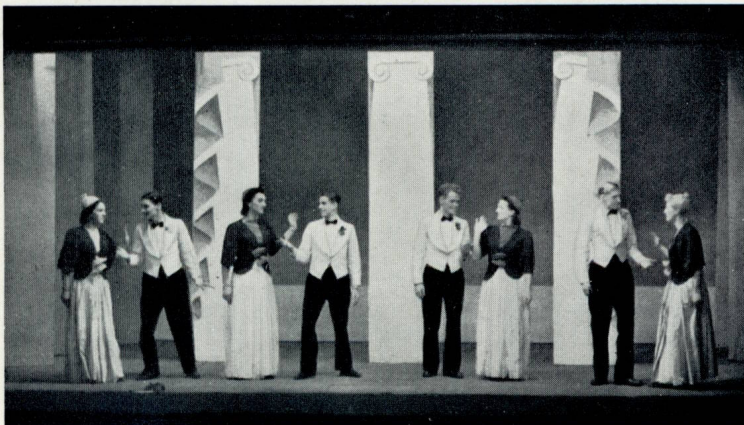
Decor : LEY KENYON



" I STILL SUITS ME "

" DANIELLE "

" WE'RE AT HOME TONIGHT "





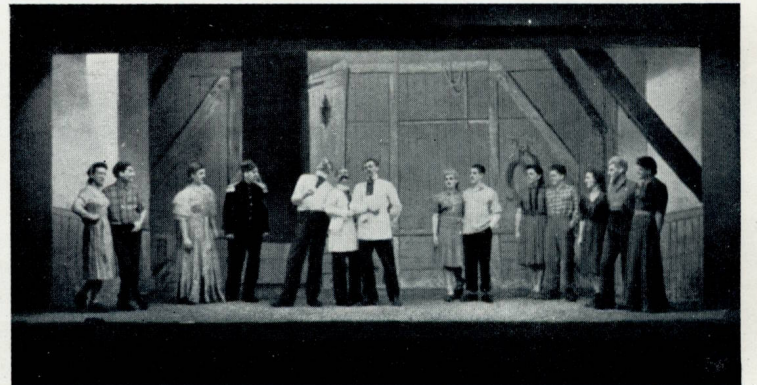
"HAD ANY BAD DREAMS LATELY"



"BOOGIE DREAM"



"SH SH BABY, YOUR DADDY'S OFF TO THE SEVEN SEAS"



"THE DOORS SWING IN, AND THE DOORS SWING OUT"

"CURTAIN"



“The Importance of being Ernest ”

By OSCAR WILDE

Produced by DAVID PORTER

CAST

Algernon Moncrieff	RUPERT DAVIES
John Worthing	PETER MOFFATT
Gwendolyn Fairfax	JOHN DOWLER
Cecily Cardew	DOMINIC PAGE
Lady Bracknell	MALCOLM FREEGARD
Miss Prism	EDWIN FEWTRELL
Dr. Chasuble	PATRICK GREENHOUS
Lane	HARDY McHARDY
Merriman	ROBERT EYRE

Decor : WYLTON TODD

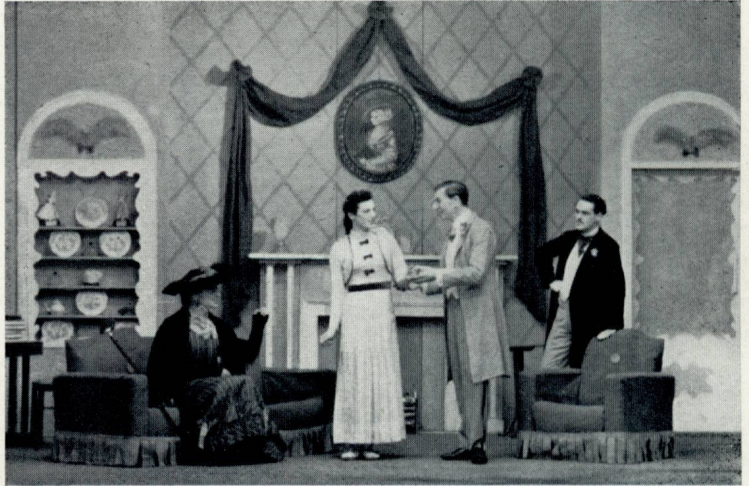


“THAT CIGARETTE CASE WAS GIVEN ME IN THE COUNTRY”



“GWENDOLYN WILL YOU MARRY ME ?”

"I DON'T CARE A DAMN FOR SOCIAL POSSIBILITIES"



"PRISM, WHERE'S THAT BABY?"



" CURTAIN "

“ THE DRUNKARD ”

By W. H. SMITH and A. GENTLEMAN

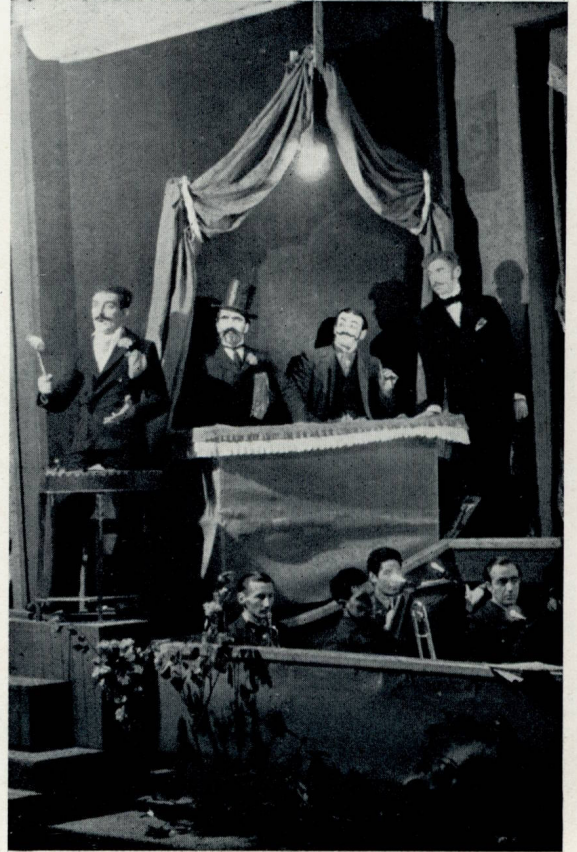
Produced by BILLY WILLIAMS

CAST

Lawyer Cribbs	KENNETH MACKINTOSH
William Dowton	GEORGE PELLING
Edward Middleton	JOHN MADGE
Mary	JOHN WILLIS-RICHARDS
Julia	BOBBY LAUMANS
Agnes	DAVID BEVAN-JOHN
Miss Spindle	ROLAN EVANS
Mr. Rencelaw	MARK WINSTON
Mrs. Wilson	MALCOLM FREGARD
Farmer Stevens	NEVILLE SMALLWOOD
Gates	GEORGE D. WOOLEY
1st Loafer	NEVILLE SMALLWOOD
2nd Loafer	GEORGE D. WOOLEY
Policeman	KENNETH EDWARDS
Bar Keeper	ROSS BELDIN
Old Johnston	GEOFFERY WILLATT
Sam Evans	KENNETH EDWARDS
Patience	KENNETH POLLARD
Village Maidens	LLOYD ADAMS and	MICKEY KOWALOWKA	
Chairman	JOHN CASSON
Box Patrons	PETER BUTTERWORTH and	TALBOT ROTHWELL	

Musical Director : ROY WILKINS

Decor : WYLTON TODD



“ PLEASE GENTLEMEN, PLEASE.
HOW CAN THE SHOW GO ON ”

“ I PERCEIVE YOU HAVE A HEART TO FEEL FOR
THE UNFORTUNATE LAWYER CRIBBS ”



“ AH—GO IT OLD GIR ”





"GET YOU GONE OR THUS"



"TRAPPED"

"HAIL, HAIL OH HAPPY PAIR"

"CURTAIN"



THE CLASSICAL ORCHESTRA

Conductor : ARTHUR B. CREIGHTON

Last Orchestral Concert at Sagan, Novik, October 28th 1944

1st Violins :

MELVILLE CARSON
C D. McCLOSKEY

WILLIAM ORR
P. F. WALKER

Z. FRACKIEWICZ
C. VAILLANCOURT

ARNOLD RUMSEY
ELTING WELLS

2nd Violins :

N. F. TRAYLER

LEY KENYON

H. J. KING

H. R. TRAIN

R. J. ARMSTRONG

Violas :

R. J. L. LAUMANS
ROLAND WILSON

'Cellos :

J. V. SILVERSTON
W. R. GLEN

Trumpets :

MAX WILSON
R. TWEEDLE

Basses :

H. J. PATERSON
A. FINCHER
A. BARRALET

Trombones :

L. T. LUCAS
A. W. THOMPSON
DAVE KAY

Percussions :

LEIF JOHANSEN
KENNETH EDWARDS
BEN SOUR

Flutes :

JOHN MARSHALL
H. J. HENRY

Oboes :

R. A. NICHOLSON
R. P. BAINES

Clarinets :

H. N. FRASER
B. BOWLER

Saxophones :

NORMAN SAVILL
STAN SCHMUTZ

Horn :

A. W. CORTNER

Bassoon :

S. G. LONG

Soloist :

ROLAND STAMP

Piano :

MICHAEL ORMOND

Tuba :

WM. HODDINOTT



“KRIEGIE SPORT”

Before outdoor sport became a daily pass-time, a number of obstacles had to be overcome.

Firstly, the sports field was a field of large stumps, as the camp had been literally hewed from the forest.

With the aid of old picks, axes and shovels, Officers worked in relays for weeks clearing the sports field.

When cleared it looked more like a battlefield than a sports field as the holes from which some of the stumps were taken reminded one of Bomb craters.

The Y.M.C.A. came to our rescue on our greatest problem, that of equipment.

Footballs and Volley Balls were supplied while Officers waited for rugger shorts and boots to be sent from home.

It was not long however before Sunday afternoon games were events to which the whole camp looked forward.

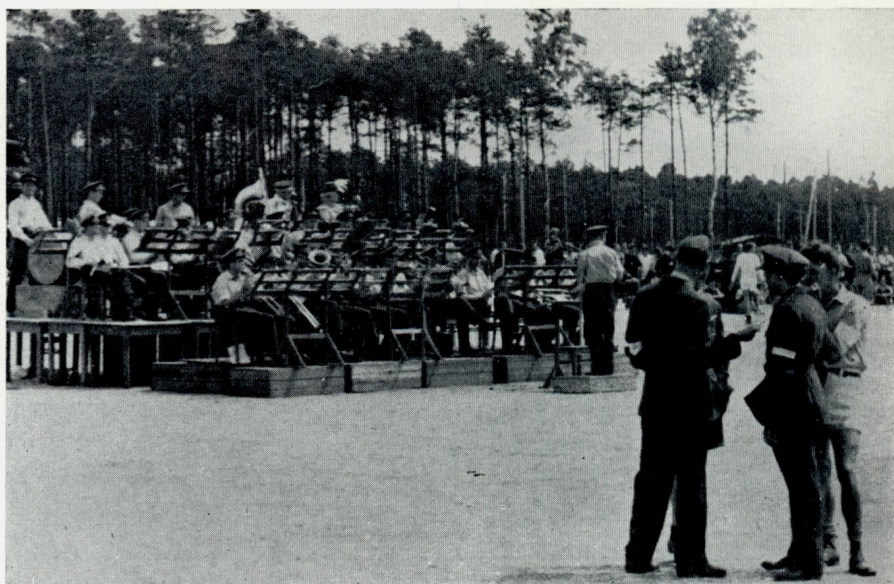
After the Rugger and Soccer the most popular sport was American Soft Ball. Introduced to the camp by Canadians in 1942, it started out with a home made ball and bat, and by 1945 one Compound alone had three Soft Ball Leagues vying for top honours.

When winter set in the weather sometimes was cold enough for outdoor skating rinks to be constructed.

Hopes and fears ran up and down with the thermometer until a good foundation of Ice covered the selected area.

Ice Hockey then took the camp by storm. The games of the novice teams being as well attended as those of players who had names in Canadian Junior League Hockey.

Here was a rink where you could learn to skate and play without embarrassment, and every one did.



" . . . AND THE BAND PLAYS ON "

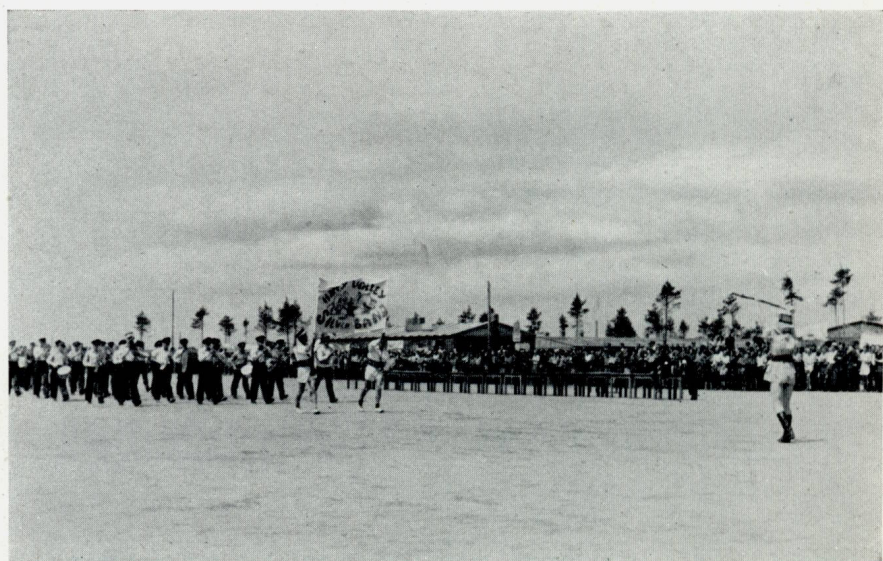


TAKING THE HIGH JUMP "

SPORTS DAY

May 1944 saw the biggest and best of many Sports days. Complete with a band and parade of the competitors it stands out as being one of the big days in our life at Luft III

" THE " HAPPY VALLEY " SILVER BAND "





“SENIOR BRITISH OFFICERS TAKE A KEEN INTEREST IN THE JUMPING”

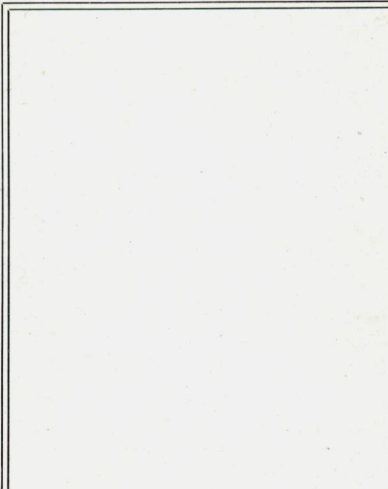


“COMPLETING A WELL TIMED LONG JUMP”



“ THE DISCUS ”





“ A MINIATURE MONTE CARLO ”



“TEN CIGARETTES PLEASE!”

CIGARETTES BECOME CURRENCY ON THIS MIDWAY

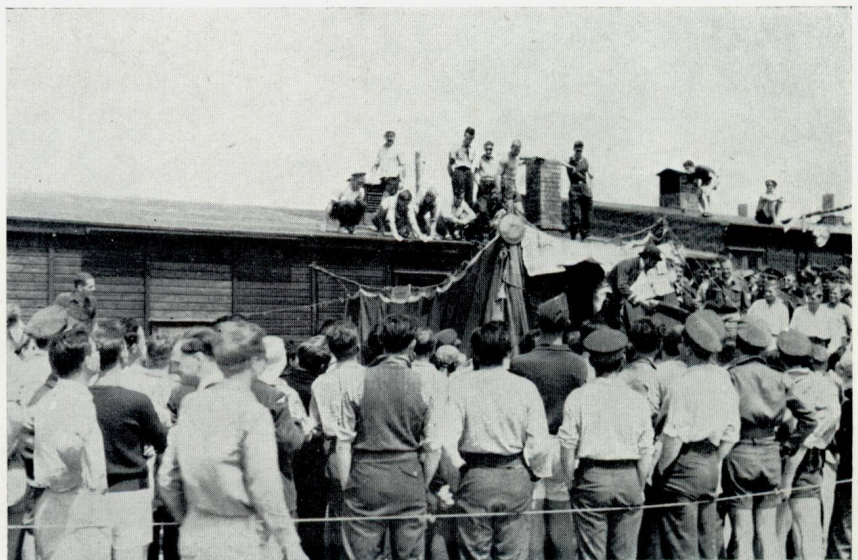
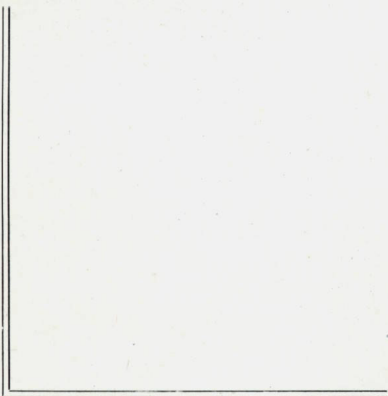
There are other things commonly associated with the Sports Day. Yes, a Midway. Games of chance, side shows and everything that goes with the fair.

The games were played for cigarettes and all profits were sent to the American Compound where a shortage of cigarettes existed.

The enterprising showman shown below took thousands, for behind the blankets were Hula Hula girls. (How did you know?)

The Day was brought to a close by a concert from the Camp Orchestra, at which time prizes were awarded and the lucky winners of the horse races paid off.

“IT COSTS NOTHING TO LOOK DOWN ON THE WORST SIDE SHOW IN THE WORLD ”





PROVEN POPULARITY
of
ICE HOCKEY

FAMILIAR FACES FROM THE RINKS



The last photos taken at Stalag Luft III. These games were being played as the Russians pounded Breslau only 20 miles away.

“ WE MAKE OUR EXIT ”

In making their exit from “Wire Bound World,” although a few succeeded via escape, by far the greater number were taken out by the army after release.

With the sound of the Russian guns at Breslau and the lightning advances on the eastern front approaching nearer day by day, Stalag Luft III hoped and dreamed of release by our Allies.

This dream was short lived when down the corridor one night came the shout

“Thirty minutes to prepare to March.”

It was ten-thirty p.m. and orders had just been received at the Kommandantur that all prisoners were to be evacuated from the area by morning.

The maddest march of time was thus begun, within a couple of hours more than ten thousand British and American prisoners found themselves trudging through the snow. For thirty-six hours with infrequent halts the column moved on, to throw itself into a bed of straw under the shelter of a barn and its out-buildings at the end of the day.



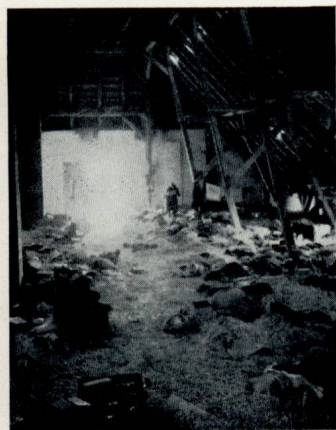
“WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND US”



Another day followed even more soul destroying than the first, the sound of guns in the distance had long since been silenced by distance and the hope of freedom was vanishing with every footstep. However this depressing state of affairs was made up for slightly by luxurious accommodation at the end of the day.

This took the form of a pottery, two steam heated stables and a riding school, this warmth spelt luxury after two days on the road.

With a three day halt at Mausek came a frenzy of sledge building. The workshop was swamped with parties turning out sledges of every conceivable design. Some were equipped with handles with which they could be pushed along the road, others were dual purpose efforts with wheels attached to carry the load should the snow disappear, the latter though clumsy in appearance proved most satisfactory, for as the third day wore on a bright sun turned the snow into slush, while on the hills nothing was left for the runners but long stretches of bare Macadam.



“WE SLEPT SHOULDER TO SHOULDER IN THE LOFTS”



“WOODED SHELTER”

This was the greatest blow fate could have dealt the marching column for before the first mile had been left behind the sledges had to be abandoned and forty to fifty pounds had to be lifted on to backs which were unfit to take the weight.

The rest of the eighteen mile march was a nightmare, time after time prisoners fell out to be sick with exhaustion and the guards at the rear used their rifle butts to keep up the stragglers. At four o'clock in the morning too tired and too sick to care they threw themselves into beds of straw and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

They were roused from their sleep the next morning and marched a further twelve miles to be shut into goods wagons, where there was not enough room to straighten their legs when seated.

Two days and two nights in the bumping banging goods wagon brought the party to Bremen where they were marched to another "Wire Bound World."

At "The Milag" the new camp near Bremen over a thousand sick and exhausted men tried without heart to build another little world. Recently evacuated by interned Merchant Marines the camp was polluted with bed bugs, and many prisoners preferred to sleep out



"BREAKFAST FOR FOUR"

"It will be three weeks before we can take you out" said the Army



"OTHERS TOOK UP THE LAKE FRONTAGE"



of doors, rather than put up the nightly struggle with these little brown fiends.

The long month spent at "The Milag" was perhaps the hardest experienced by many prisoners. Reaction from the hardships of the march set in and the camp became a sick bay, those who could drag themselves about attending the others, and many who were too ill to be out of their blankets helping in every way they could.

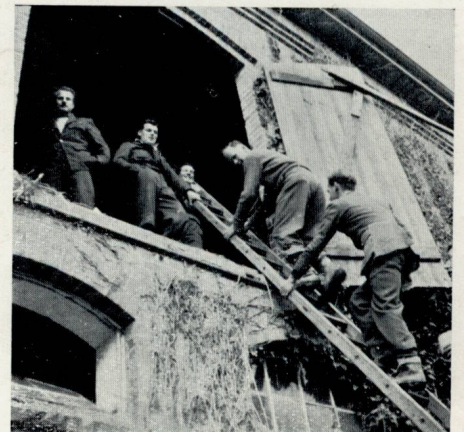
Towards the later part of March 1945 the camp came to life again as the sound of artillery crept nearer and nearer from the south and west.

"You March Tonight."

Once again came the dreaded order, but this time the Germans found their prey prepared. The S.B.O. had promulgated a movement order, which was to take effect in the event of another forced march.

The intention and object of the movement order was to form an organised front of passive resistance to forced marching, which it was hoped would allow our forces to overtake the party before it reached its destination. The other consideration was the maintenance of health and stamina throughout the march.

"NO ONE DARED PASS ON THESE STAIRS"



The object was accomplished in that ten miles became the maximum distance covered in any one day whilst six to seven miles was more common. Compared with the eighty miles covered in three days of marching from Sagan the effect of this resistance is appreciated,

Walking slowly by day and sleeping in the fields at night the party crawled towards Lubeck. Parcel depots had been organized by the Red Cross at various places along the route at distances corresponding to one weeks marching. During this march the prisoners fed better than they had ever done in captivity. Eggs were to be had in exchange for a bar of soap or a couple of cigarettes. At first the guards objected to the bartering, but when they discovered that they could reap the profits, they spent their off duty time gathering, eggs, meat and vegetables for the prisoners.

As the column neared Lubeck the S.B.O. was informed that all camps were full and the only accommodation that the Germans could offer was so small that the Officers would have to take turns lying down. An epidemic of typhus had broken out among the thousands of prisoners already there and Lubeck seemed to spell certain death for many should another thousand be moved into such appalling conditions.

Through the Red Cross representative the S.B.O. obtained permission from the general commanding the area to keep the prisoners out of the city and a days scouting around produced an ideal site for an encampment.

A large Tobacco plantation at Trenthorst with large empty barns for shelter and an artificial lake to afford washing facilities became the last camp to be known as Stalag Luft III. Sleeping space was

allocated in the lofts of the barns and small groups chose sheltered sites in the woods around the camp for cooking and eating. Those who could not find adequate shelter built it from willows woven into a latticework and covered with straw. Thus encamped the Kriegies settled down to await the end.

They had not long to wait for no sooner were they settled in their new camp than the army crossed the Elbe proceeded by an artillery barrage that shook loose the tiles from the barn which was almost sixty miles away.

When the B.B.C. news was read the next morning the prisoners said very little, there had been too many disappointments along the road to raise their hopes too far but, underneath this calm rode a wave of excitement. The end is drawing nigh.

On the 2nd of May 1945 the first of many German stragglers appeared in the camp. Without guns, ammunition or food the remnants of the retreating German army were making their way back to the last city in Germany to surrender.

"Tommy Kommt" they said, as they shuffled by in groups of five or more.

That afternoon machine gun fire could be heard from behind the hill on the other side of the lake.

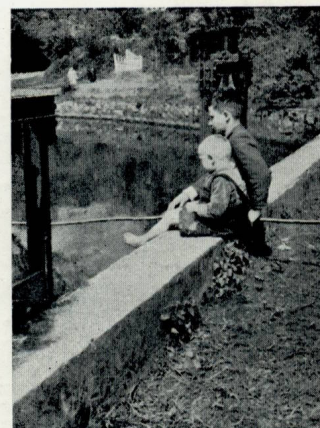
"This is it chaps."

"I don't believe it until I see it" were the remarks that one heard coming from small groups around the camp. Then came the real buzz. "Someone says we have been surrounded, our troops are only a mile down the road." The small groups grew larger as the rumour spread and then it happened!

"GEN UP"



"Born in Slavery, this little Russian Boy is taught how to Fish"



Over the hill came a British scout car careening through the mud through the camp it sped a P.O.W. on the top and thousands cheering it on its way. Arriving at the camp headquarters the car had hardly stopped before it was swamped with Ex P.O.W's. From every part of the camp they came to assure themselves that this wasn't just another dream,

"Hello H.2. Hello H.2. X35 Calling, have just released second P.O.W. camp. Standing by."

The grinning driver removed his headphones and stood up to be cheered by a thousand voices who put a heart into the cheer as never before.

At last freedom was theirs and whilst many rejoiced in their newly found freedom, others who had spent years in captivity could not shake off their chains so easily they just went back to their brews.



"NO WATER RATION"



"UNKNOWN TO THE GERMANS THESE SIGNS WERE PAINTED AND POSTED OUTSIDE THE ESTATE"

On the same afternoon an Army Colonel arrived and standing on a wagon in the farm yard addressed the still cheering prisoners.

"I can promise you, you will be in England within ten days."

This was the first time that a definite time limit had been given for their stay in Germany, but to those who had spent five or six years behind the wire ten days seemed like a prison sentence of ten years.

Sitting on packs that had been carried from Sagan, burdens which had changed overnight into comfortable seats, the lorry loads of prisoners moved off the next day on the first stage of their journey home.

In the mind of every man was the picture of his wife, his sweetheart, or perhaps just a little old country lane that was a part of England. Others were dreaming of far away lands for representatives of every nation of the British Commonwealth were among these prisoners.

"A British newspaper, the first for five years in the case of this P.O.W."





"ON THE ROAD "

The convoy was to have delivered its cargo at an Aerodrome the following day but the day passed and no Aerodrome appeared on the horizon. After a night in a transit camp it was learned with some distress that a mistake in routing had been made and the Aerodrome had been passed. The high spirits of the Ex P.O.W's fell with a thud, and the depressed and sullen young men who arrived at the reception camp that night could never have been taken for the cheering crowd that had been released forty-eight hours before.

The reception camp not unlike a prison camp was even more depressing. A message was received to the effect that as some thirty thousand prisoners had arrived at the reception camp ahead of this party they could not expect to be cleared for at least two weeks.

This turned depression and despondency into action. Two Officers immediately paid a visit



"THE AERODROME "

"HOMEWARD BOUND "



"A LANCASTER TAXIES UP TO TAKE OUT THE FIRST LOAD "

"British Nurses make a hit with X-P.W.'s at a reception centre "



"GOING OUT ON RUBBER "

to the local Aerodrome where the story was given to the R.A.F. An aircraft took off immediately for England and a call for Volunteers went out that night.

It was the day before V.E. day and a signal was received during that same night at the Aerodrome that Lancasters would be there the following day, hundreds of crews had given up their holiday to bring back their comrades in arms.

There were no clouds in the sky at twelve o'clock on V.E. day when the first lorry loads of Kreigies arrived at the Aerodrome. Mæ Wests were strapped on and load after load took to the air at two minute intervals. England and home first stop.

As the bombers roared westward out of Germany across the flooded wastes of Holland and out over the Channel the Prisoners of Stalag Luft III left behind them forever, the ravages of war and their "Wire Bound World."



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