

RGT's POW DIARY



Preface

Dad served as a navigator with the Royal Air Force Heavy Bomber Squadron No. 158 during the Second World War. He flew six operational missions; three to Hamburg and one each to Nuremburg, Milan and Munchen-Gladbach. It was on this last mission that his Halifax II aircraft was shot down by a night fighter and crashed 4 km south of Eksel, Belgium (21 km north of Hasselt). Dad and two others of the 'U for uncle' crew survived. After hiding out in a haystack, he was captured and taken to Stalag IVB in Muhlberg-on-Elbe, Germany. The four that died, were buried in Heverlee War Cemetery near Brussels, Belgium.

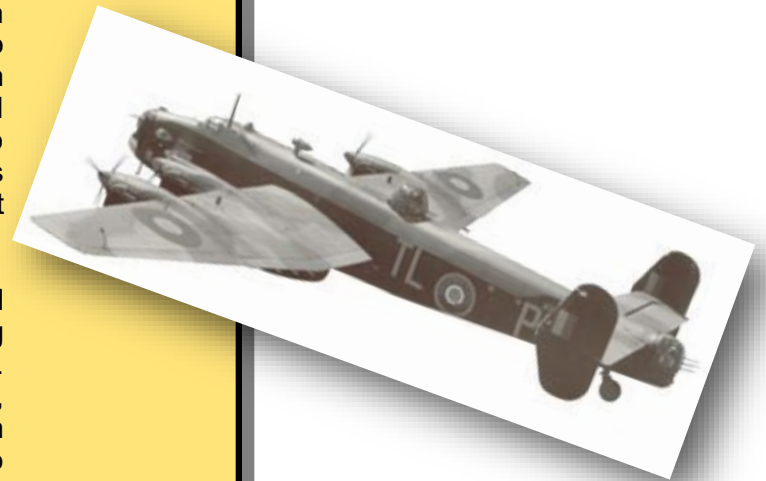
Dad's original Prisoner of War Diary, his ID tags, his Bomber Command Operations Book, regarding missions, and his Flight Log Book, regarding training flights have been donated to the National Airforce Museum of Canada. In 2015 we participated in a very moving ceremony at Stalag IVB in Muhlberg, Germany. They had requested the original diary. We didn't want to leave them with that, but their request led to the idea of reproducing it in this fashion to complement the original. A good solution because it ensures anyone reading it will have no problem trying to decipher the handwriting.

Dad didn't talk about his time as a POW. Ron, Peter, David and I didn't even know this book existed until Dad died in August, 1998. Beyond being thrilled to read his account, we were most surprised to find out he was known more commonly as Garfield and "Sugar" than as Robert. You'll need to read this story to find out more about that! The focus of his diary is on the entertainment he was part of providing to his fellow prisoners and captors rather than on the horrific experience of being a prisoner.

While we didn't learn much from Dad about this WWII experiences, his love of theatre and music was well known to us. His choice to focus on this passion during his time in Stalag IVB is quite fitting and it's clear from his diary that he was working with many like-minded people which would have pleased him.

As part of our research in producing this document, we were able to glean information from various archives. This has been included as an appendix.

Jane Townley Dekkers



Robert Garfield Townley

August 14, 1945





Stalag IVB

Forward – The Purpose In Mind

This log is primarily used to represent the work I did in this camp IVB, concerning entertainments that I took part in and other theatre shows that we had.

Prisoner-of-war life affects many changes upon its victims and I decided to use what small talents I may possess in order to entertain and pass the time away for all of us, including myself. As I recall everything I am now putting into these pages, I don't think I or any of the other entertainers have failed in this sometimes gigantic task. We have had setbacks and diversions but always we have tried to provide "something different" and always the best. Needless to say I am enjoying most of it but it doesn't take the place of "civvy street" and "home".

Study in the academic sense has been prohibitive to most of us and I think entertaining is as good if not better method to keep our minds lively and active. I regret nothing and look forward to these pages, plus the pages of my mind to recall our efforts to put a bit of color into the drab life of a P.O.W.

I have met all kinds of people in this life and have gained many fine friends. Let us hope that when we look back on this "period" of our young lives we will remember the happy times and not the "other times" which are plentiful enough.

Robert Garfield Townley



After being shot down, RG Townley was one of three survivors of the "U for Uncle" crew.

Bomber Command - ACF Eason

Then outward bound they set, these dippers of a new-born age,
 To write fresh deeds of Valour, with crystal pen, on His ship's deathless page,
 On silver Galleons they set out, "Strange Ships, and wondrous men are these!"
 who plumbed the Unknown starlit depths of God's Celestial seas.
 True Sons! whose ancestors in bygone days - vanquished the
 Spaniard and his seaborne might
 (Young) England's skyborne fleet set sail - "Armada of the
 Cloudless Night!"

the twinkling stars in swonder watch - as through cloud
 and moonlit haze
 Each silver ship sails gracefully by - past phantom
 capes and star-filled bays.
 The Captain and the crew of each, imbued with but one
 single thought -
 'Their England ne'er shall feel those chains which
 though well knowing as their gallant ships,
 alien hands have wrought.
 the Tempest's fury beane
 the Harbour which perchance they'll find -
 lies 'yond the silent grave.

The Navy of the sky sails on! Their decks awash with cloud
 Swift Galleons of Celestial seas, of whom we're justly proud.
 Stern guardians of our Empire's heart patrolling high above
 Determined that no harm befall those whom they
 dearly love.
 How proudly do they sail - those ships! - out over the
 azure blue
 well knowing that though many sail -
 those who return are few!

(over)

4 we need no day, we earthbound folk -
 no hours set aside
 on which to turn our thoughts to them -
 and those of them who died!
 no Cenotaph need we erect to assist us to recall
 How many of these silver ships with gallant
 crew did fall!
 Their memory shall be ever seen - borne
 on the evening breeze
 which murmurs softly o'er the world
 - "Strange Ships! and wondrous men were these!"

@ ACF Eason
 1944

copy right apparently held by ACF Eason but
 verbally he gave me full use of his poem and
 allowed me to use it at any time in any
 matter that I saw fit. I thoroughly enjoy
 both his poem and his fine gesture
 that went with it.

Robert Garfield Lowmyer
 1944.

Used in a program Riff Raff Revue
 that Denis Auld and I co-produced
 in Unit 34A. Stalag IIB Muhlberg, Germany

I should like to have the above poem
 reproduced with all profits to be directed
 to the Red Cross Organization if possible.
 R.G.L.

Bomber Command

Then outward bound they set, these Vikings of a newborn age,
To write fresh deeds of valour, with crystal pen, on History's deathless page,
In Silver Galleons they set out, "Strange ships, and wondrous men are these!"
Who plumbed the unknown starlit depths of God's Celestial seas.
True Sons! Whose ancestors in bygone days – vanquished the Spaniard and his seaborne might
(Young) England's skybourne fleet set sail – "Armada of the cloudless night"

The winking stars in wonder watch – as through cloud and moonlit haze
Each silver ship sails gracefully by – past phantom capes and star-filled bays.
The Captain and the crew of each, imbued with but one single thought
Their England ne'er shall feel those chains alien hands have wrought.
Though well knowing as their gallant ships, the tempest's fury brave
The Harbour which perchance they'll find – lies 'yond the silent grave.

The Navy of the sky sails on! Their decks awash with cloud,
Swift Galleons of Celestial seas, of whom we're justly proud
Stern guardians of our Empire's heart, patrolling high above
Determined that no harm befall those whom they dearly love.
How proudly do they sail – those ships! – out 'ver the azure blue
Well knowing that though many sail – those who return are few!

We need no day, we earthbound folk – no hour set aside
In which to turn our thoughts to them – and those of them who died!
No cenotaph need we erect to assist us to recall
How many of those silver ships with gallant crew did fall!
Their memory shall be evergreen – borne on the evening breeze
Which murmurs softly o'er the world – "Strange Ships! And wondrous men were these"

ACE Eason, 1944

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The Empire Theatre

Jan 10, 1945

In December 1943, we received permission to have a camp theatre. The conditions by the Germans being that we build it ourselves and that we maintain it. By Xmas 1943, the barrack 47b, my original barrack began to resemble something between a shambles and a theatre. Midnight Mass was held and celebrated on a sand floor, a rough pit and much scaffolding. Two huge Xmas trees lighted by candles and the High Altar hid most of the ugliness and was a success. During January, the first two shows were getting in every one's way by rehearsing in every inch of the place. It was quite cold and nearly every one was a stranger to his fellow entertainers but all pulled together to make it a first class show house with first class shows. "Mullberg Melody of 1944" finally opened on January 25, 1944 and the transformation effected and the good quality of the show really sent us off on a top note. At the official opening by the German commandant and his staff the next day, our host told us that the theatre was ours so long as we gave consecutive and good performances. The German people will never stand in the way of culture as they recognize it

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as probably the most important part of any community. The British are intelligent and knowledge seeking race and they are glad to see it. May you have good success and your stay here in Germany be not long but that your stay here be accompanied by good entertainment.

And so we went on our way to give the many shows and presentations that I have attempted to record in the following pages. They are not complete because usually on Sunday afternoons we were given band concerts, lectures, discussions, soloists etc. and on Sunday mornings and evenings we had C. of England and F. of C. church services presided over by 3 padres and the R. Catholics held their services in the chapel and French Theatre.

Full run shows ran about two weeks (10-15 perf.) while special symphony or chamber music shows ran 1-5 perf. and then E. F. C. shows ran for usually 1 day only - Sundays.

I have some very happy memories in my theatre associations and met some fine fellows on the stage, back stage and around the camp. Perhaps that is why I am willing to bide my time in this manner until the curtain rings down on the Victory show.

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RG T

Empire Theatre Staff



RGT's Stage Name was "Garfield" and after playing the role of "Sugar" he earned that as a nickname.

To Sugar:-

With Greasepaint and Powder,
It's "Sugar" we get,
But it's the boy underneath
Who I like the best

All the best, Sug,
Maurice.

Maurice Corbridge,
c/o M^{rs} Corbridge Ltd.,
139 Cemetery Road,
Sharrow,
Sheffield, "11,
Yorkshire,
England.

Cwt' fa' now't, do it fa' thi sen!

A bit a bee Yorkshire,
Sug.



Hi Sugar!

Jan/45

Mark of Cain Radio play around the huts.
 all Canadian cast, originally produced for Christmas in our own hut 34A, and then toured the camp for 15 perf's. Jan 6-Jan 25/44. closing due to illness in cast.

Harry Queen	- Harry Waret.	Calgary.
Inspector Queen	- Wally Massie	Edmonton
Inspector Queen	- Walt Prussia	"
"Dude" Cain	- Earl Warner	Rebo.
"Sugar" Cain	- Garfield Townley	Monte
"Killer" Cain	- Tom Mackay	Victoria
"Old Man" Cain	- Mel Diebel	North Bay
Murdoch	- " "	"
Lawyer	- Tom Mackay	"
Black	- George Halverson	Endbury

**Mark of Cain, Radio play around the huts
January, 1944**

All Canadian cast, originally produced for Christmas in our own hut 34A and then toured the camp for 15 performances Jan 6- Jan 25, 1944 closing due to illness in cast.

"Double Exposure" a skit
 Toured with Mark of Cain. - a very funny opener.

Mr. Barker	- Bert Henry
Mrs. Barker	- Garfield Townley
Inspector	- Reg Fox
I. Spappem	- Tom Nelson

**Double Exposure, skit toured with Mark of Cain
A very funny opener**

Green Coupe Radio drama
 produced by Garfield Townley
 a neat show.

Bill	- Geoff Taylor
Anne	- Garfield Townley
Fred	- Dick Mainprice
narrator	- Reg. Fox
effects	- Bert Henry

also. "The Green Coupe" with original cast.

**Green Coupe, Radio drama
Produced by Garfield Townley
February, 1944**

A neat show.

Desire Under The Elms O'Neill
 Radio play.
 an experiment in modern drama. Some found it confusing
 - but perhaps my bad cutting was to blame.

Father	- Joe East.
New wife	- Arthur Jones
Son	- Denis Aked
Narrator	- Roland Hall
Sherriff & Farmer	- Garfield Townley

**Desire Under The Elms, Radio play
Produced by O'Neill March, 1944**

An experiment in modern drama. Some found it confusing but perhaps my bad cutting was to blame.

"24 Hours a Day" Radio show. 11
Comedy with music
played first in Campana
Radio Theatre N.Y.

Very humorous and successful. - Ran 2 perf's.
adapted & produced by Garfield Townley

Bill - Gordon Alex MacLeod.
Betty - Garfield Townley
Fadder - Reg Fox
Scientist - Ray Wall
Landlady - Ernest Coster
Minister - Roland Hall.

**24 Hours a Day, Radio comedy with music played first
in Campana Radio Theatre, NY.**

**Adapted and produced by Garfield Townley
March, 1944**

Very humorous and successful. Ran 2 performances.

Submarine Zone - O'Neill
Radio Play.
casting good. audience said it was too short so that's good!

Yank - Alex MacLeod
Scottie - Jack Ritchie
Stranger - Fred Heathfield
Cockney - Tom Nelson
Irish - Ernest Coster
Jack - Garfield Townley
Mel Disher

**Submarine Zone, a Radio play produced by
O'Neill - April, 1944**

Casting good. Audience said it was too short so
that's good!

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CANZASA
(Canada, Australia, New Zealand, America, South Africa)

produced by Neville MacAlary
and Pete Farrow

Toured the huts for 7 performances - was taken
off because 5 of cast moved to a Canadian Camp
and this was immediately followed by isolation
and ban of touring entertainments for the period.
Very well received and considered by many as
one of the best shows ever. We were all Dominion's
fellows in the show. (except Alan Deane).

1. National Air- dach- under Alan Deane
2. Casting Office Skit
3. Accordioniana
4. Garfield Townley - Pilot Packin' Mama
5. Rejuvenation Skit.
6. Canadian Thrush - Teddy Wood
7. Love Blue Harold Skit.
8. Song Argentine Brownie.
9. "I'll never kiss" Skit
10. Orchestra
11. "Walter Winchell" Robertson
12. Lighthouse Drama Skit
13. Men's tel Days.
14. Robo and Bone
15. Final.

CAST

Geo Langton - Victoria B.C.
Walter Howard - N.Z.
Ted Culveray - Toronto.
Geo. Robertson - "
Garfield Townley - "
Shanty Brinkell - St Cath.
Les Hart - Calgary.
Jim Simpson - Australia
Pete Rhythe - S. Africa
Doug Arsenau - S. Africa
Syd Watson - S. Africa
Bernard Canning - S. Africa
Shain Canaan - S. Africa
Gordon Stoski - Australia
Pete Rhythe - "
Pete Farrow - Toronto.
Teddy Wood - Vancouver
Alan Deane - Manchester Eng.
Douglas Bae

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"Riff Raff Revue" Revue.
produced by Denis Auld
and Garfield Townley

Canzasa Orchestra,
Vivian Hammett, Jack Russell, Jerry Parry, Denis
Jack Russell, Bob Balster, Alex MacLeod, Butch
Fier & Deizic Choir, Andy Smith, Green Ward,
Les Mansden, John Kirkby, Fred Clark, Garfield Townley
"Bonker Command" by A.C. Eason.
Short & snappy but a headache in production

**Riff Raff Revue, produced by Denis Auld and Garfield
Townley – June, 1944**

Short and snappy but a headache in production.

"Friday Night at 6" - Radio Varieties
Hammond, Tim, Ron Linage, Reg F. & Jerry Parry,
Tom Stevens, Green Ward, Roland Hale, Garfield Townley
Ray Marquet, Slim Dressler. etc. from the 1st
written by - Roland Hale
produced by Roland Hale and Garfield Townley

Ran for 9 editions and was highly
successful. So much so that it was renewed

**Friday Night at 6, Radio Varieties written by Roland
Hale,
Produced by Roland Hale and Garfield Townley –
Spring, 1944**

Ran for 9 editions and was highly successful. So much so
that it was renewed this winter 1944-45 under the title of
Variety Hour and small changes of context.

Dancetime – May, 1944

Dancetime - Jug Wilson, Johnny Daly and
myself. with
12 Beauties and 12 Beasts.
Canzasa Orchestra.
May/44.

England vs Scotland – May, 1944

England vs Scotland - Football finals -
London Blue Supporters parade.
I turned up as a synthetic "lady
Cynthia" type
May/44

Jungle Drums – June, 1944

Jungle Drums - Jug Wilson, Dinky Shaliter and
myself with
12 Beauties and 12 Beasts -
Canzasa Orchestra
June/44.

Danscopation – July, 1944

Danscopation - myself as M.C.
Orchestra under Ray Marquet
Guests - Alastair MacDonald (Lorraine Sheldon)
Shain Cavaan and his wife
Gordon Stoke - the flute peddler
Teddy Wood the Canadian Thresh.
the 2 Scotch Gentlemen
Juniors and Escorts.

Shortly after this show, Teddy Wood died. We sure miss
Teddy and his wonderful voice. I have known him for a
couple of years so I felt his loss more than most of us here.

**Bang on Revue, Music comedy featuring the Whizzo Chorus. written and produced by Tug Wilson
May, 1944**

Lots of fun and bags of music made it a good show. The costumes and makeup were excellent. By gosh it was hot work.

**Heather Club Social,
Concert party in the theatre – June, 1944
A nice meal was what we played for!**

Heather Club Social
in the theatre.
concert party consisting of
Bill Lee, Joe Penn, Nat Hoffman
Garfield Townley, Joe Doughty,
Ron Randi, Harry Bennett, "Son" the juggler.
a nice meal was what we played for!

"Bang On Revue 1" music comedy
a story of the A.T.S. featuring the Whizzo chorus
written and produced by Tug Wilson

Capt. Gay	- Tug Wilson
C. S. M.	- "Mitt" Pritchard
Batman	- John Daly
P.T. I.	- "muscles" Taylor

The Whizzo's
Pat - Garfield Townley
Annette - Nipper Brown
Rene - Stan Brown
Sonia - Ray Cole
Olive - Paddy Stewart
Lona - Alastair Macdonald

lots of fun and bags of music made it a good show. the costumes & make up were excellent.
By gosh it was hot work.

Oct 1/44.
"Scrapbook of 1944." Radio show
put on Xmas night by the Hut. we
recalled in Flashback form all the
hut incidents, grave & gay of the year. Songs
from the "Empire" shows, and excerpts from
the plays
written by Roland Hale
Produced by Roland Hale and myself.
all the old artists and a few new ones.
It was well received. Then at 11:30pm we
had an informal show on the floor and
carried on till 'lights out'

**Scrapbook of 1944, Radio show written by Roland Hale and
produced by Roland Hale and Garfield Townley – Christmas, 1944**
Put on Xmas night by the hut, we recalled in flashback form all the hut incidents, grave and gay of the year. Songs from the Empire shows and excerpts from the plays. All the old artists and a few new ones. It was well received. Then at 11:30pm we had an informal show on the floor and carried on till 'lights out'.
New Year's Eve Dance 55B. New Year's Night Ball 16A

The Empire Presents 17
 produced by Les Mundy
 and Phil Remington

We celebrated the Empire's first birthday by doing excerpts from all the "run" shows that had been presented during its first year of operation. The flash backs on the plays were done by means of 'radio' with the microphone back stage. The variety and music bills had the actual artists repeating just what made the certain shows memorable.

unity- Trio, Lionel Baker, Scotch Dancers.
 Bill Rae, Jack Bowers
 George Maunders
 Jack Bowers and Bill Baker
 'Sugar' and Trio.
 Ron Tittley.

for C.H.S. - see the original bills and recall the

The Empire Presents, produced by Les Mundy and Phil Remington – January, 1944

We celebrated the Empire's first birthday by doing excerpts from all the 'run' shows that had been presented during its first year of operation. The flashbacks on the plays were done by means of 'radio' with the microphone backstage. The variety and music bills had the actual artists repeating just what made the certain shows memorable.

This was really the coldest day of the winter and it was a strain smiling through the frost of our breaths but it was an excellent show of reminiscences.

"Funf For All" 35

a variety show given in the French theatre mostly by the boys who came up from Italy and were anxious to start entertainments going as soon as possible. Most of the material was "old" stuff and the standard hadn't as yet reached a high standard but it went down well with us RAF chaps who had spent 2-3 months here without any "real" shows.

Oct./43.

Funf For All – October, 1943

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Egerton Gardens Club
Y.M.C.A.
23 Egerton Gdns
London
England.

May 31st, 1945.

Folks

Dear Bob:

I like those folks who always try
To look you squarely in the eye,
Whose hand-clasp always seems to say,
"I'm mighty glad I passed your way."

I like those folks who play the game,
And win or lose, it's just the same,
Who always smile, and say, "Well done!
It really was a lot of fun."

I like those folks who always grin,
And take their troubles on the chin,
Then, when you're down they understand,
And come and lend a helping hand.

Thomas Grant.

Sincerely,
Corinne Glass.

Folks

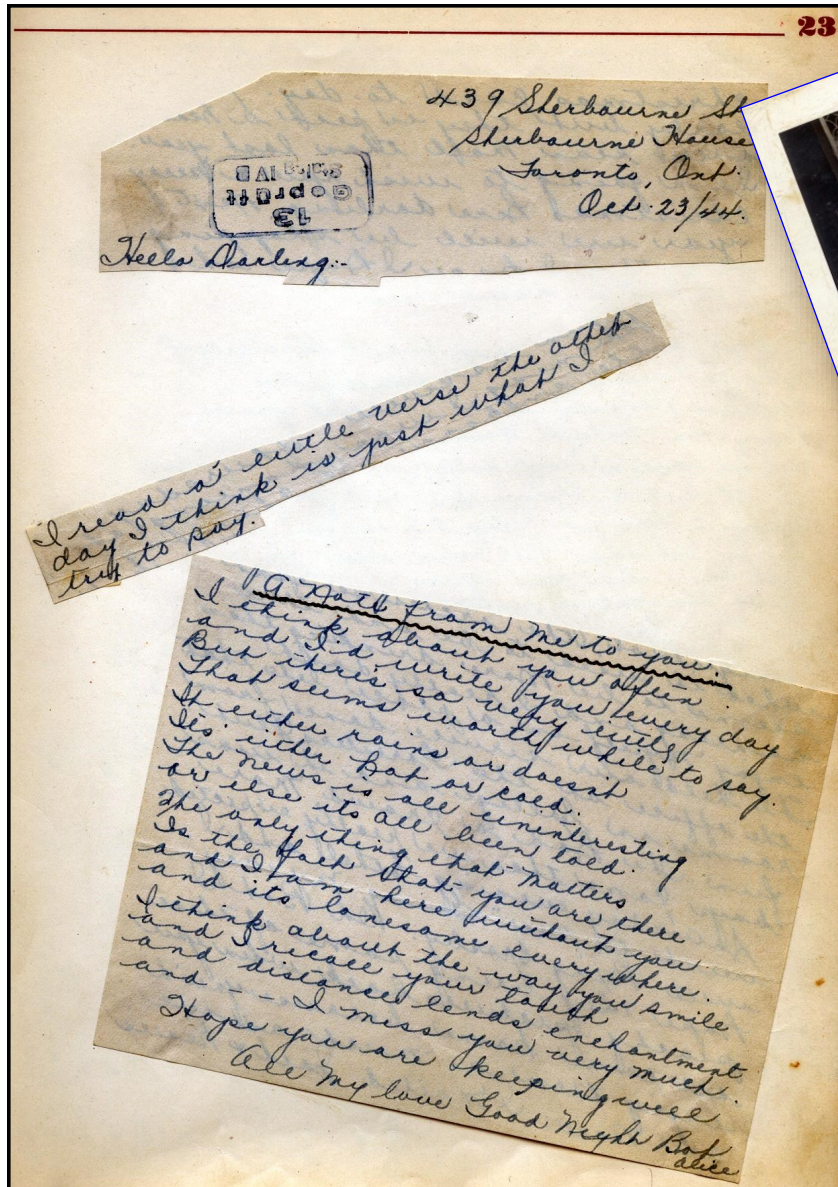
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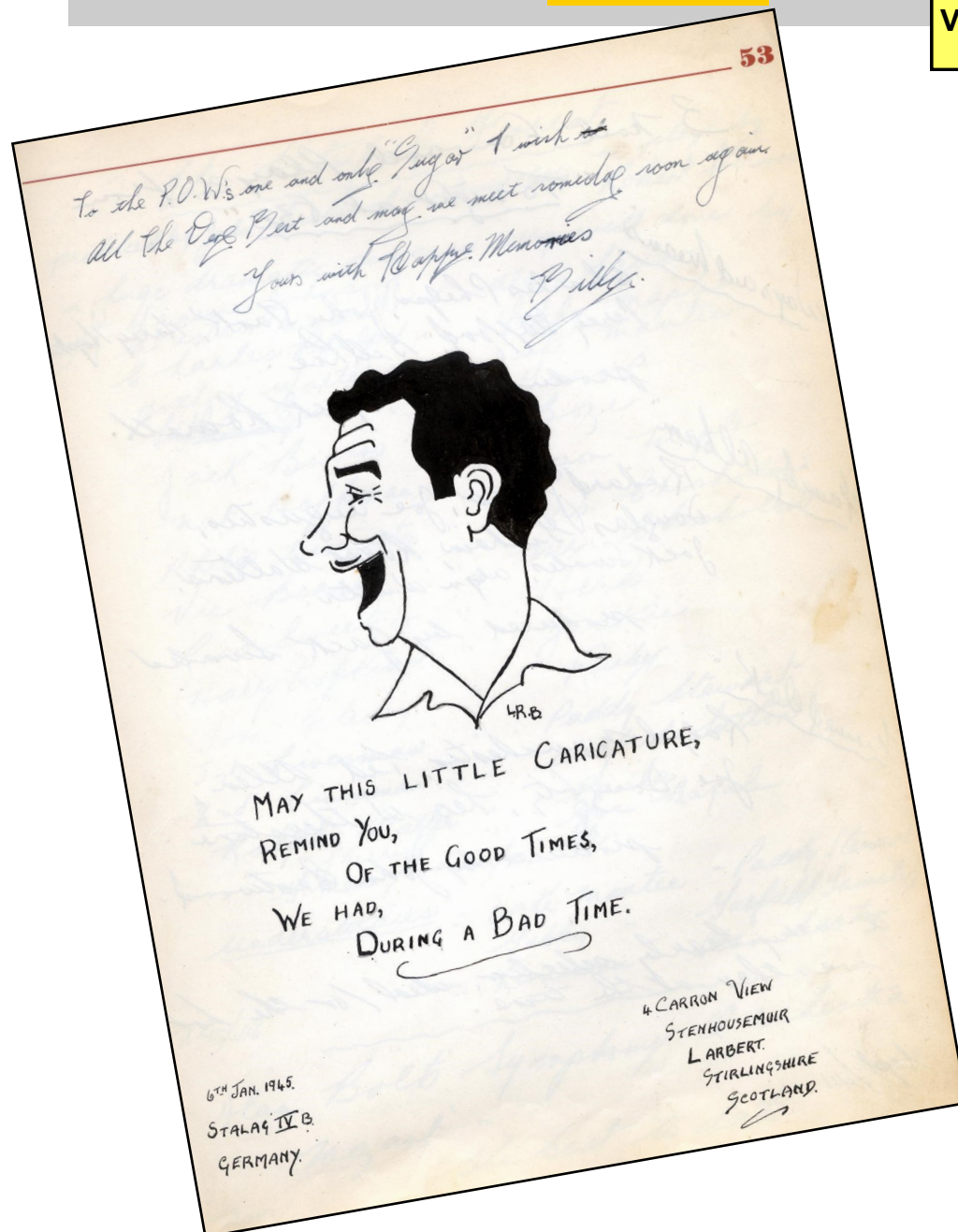
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And come and lend a helping hand.

Thomas Grant

ALICE





Variety, Radio and Stage Shows that Toured the Camp

Radio Plays	Stage Plays				
Journeys End	- C.A.S. - radio play.	drama			
Hay Fever	- " - " - " - "	comedy.			
First and the Last	- " - " - " - "	drama			
Hewers of Coal	- " - " - " - "				
Taboo	- " - " - " - "				
Cage me a Peacock	- " - " - " - "	also a visual play comedy			
Roads of Destiny	- " - " - " - "	drama			
Prisoners of Zenda	- " - " - " - "				
any Port	- " - " - " - "				
Mark of Cain	- " - " - " - "				
Tale of Two Cities	- " - " - " - "				
Count of Albany	- " - " - " - "	comedy			
Green Gables	- " - " - " - "	drama			
Druid's Rest	- " - " - " - "				
Nuts and Wine	- " - " - " - "				
Variety Hour	- " - " - " - "	comedy			
Guest Night	M.V. stage show	variety			
Raffanville	- " - " - " - "				
Two Show	- " - " - " - "				
Let's Go Sledding	- " - " - " - "				
Canyasa	- " - " - " - "				
Piccadilly Madness	- " - " - " - "				
Downbeat	- " - " - " - "				
Discards	- " - " - " - "				
all for you	- " - " - " - "				
an hour or so	- " - " - " - "				
Stand By for Fun	- " - " - " - "				

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Dutch Swing	M.V.	stage show	band show
Radio Show	- " - " - " - "	Radio show	variety
Nuts and Wine	- " - " - " - "		
Radio Variety	- " - " - " - "		
Hello Again	- " - " - " - "	radio revue	
Cheerful Careful	- " - " - " - "	band show & guests	
Informal Entertainment	- " - " - " - "	and guests	
Again Hello Again	- " - " - " - "	radio revue	
Jack of Diamonds	C.A.S.	radio play	farce.
More for you	- " - " - " - "		

26 Midnight Rendezvous Bill Beal
written for Doug Aracuan in the show 'Discards' P.O. 44

Midnight and once again I'm dreaming
While moonbeams wave patterns in my room
Waiting and hoping that you'll come once more
Knowing you'll lighten my gloom.
Each night darling I've waited for you
Each night sweetheart you came
And faithful to the promise that you made clear
We shall meet in dreams again.

Chorus
Lonely at midnight, dreaming beneath the starlight
Hoping you remember to be dreaming too
Breathless I wander to worlds out yonder
Keeping our Midnight Rendezvous.
Once we made a vow, which we'll keep somehow
We will meet in dreams, so I wait for you now
Longing to hear you, long to be near you, just to cheer you
Kiss you and swear I'll never desert you
Never more hurt you again
Keeping this Midnight Rendezvous of pain.

slow F.T. *VERSE*

CHORUS



Midnight Rendezvous

Midnight and once again I'm dreaming
While moonbeams wave patterns in my room
Waiting and hoping that you'll come once more
Knowing you'll lighten my gloom.
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Longing to hear you, long to be near you, just to cheer you
Kiss you and swear I'll never desert you
Never more hurt you again.
Keeping this Midnight Rendezvous of pain.

Lyrics by Bill Beal

"The Old Man of IVB"
music by Ray Marqust, words by R.G. Townley

Hand me down my old lasso
And my zootie Stetson too,
I'll ride the range in a roadster too,
Says the old man of IVB

As I go across the sage,
From the movies I'll steal a page
I'll tour the land with my own swing band,
Says the old man of IVB

Nowadays in the West
New methods came to stay
Swing has made it, something to see
Where the deer and buffalo play

Bounce the rhythm, don't get stuck,
Bucking broncos no longer buck
They just rear up and start to truck
Says the old man of IVB

Yes he came here lookin' good
Feelin' fat and full o' food
But after one year you should see
The old man of IVB

Even tho' invasion came
Conditions stayed about the same
See him play 'The old ball game'
The old man of IVB

There he goes on his way
No cares what you say
Parcel bashin', English or bulk
It's all the same to him

When the gates are opened wide
You'll find him waitin' there inside
Waiting for the home free ride
The old man of IVB

56 "The Old Man of IVB"

Hand me down my old lasso,
and my zootie Stetson too,
I'll ride the range in a roadster too,
Says the old man of IVB
as I go across the sage,
From the movies I'll steal a page,
I'll tour the land with my own swing band,
Says the old man of IVB
nowadays in the West
new methods came to stay
Swing has made it, something to see
where the deer and buffalo play.
Bounce the rhythm, don't get stuck
Bucking broncos no longer buck
They just rear up and start to truck
Says the old man of IVB

parody
yes he came here lookin' good
feelin' fat and full o' food
But after one year you should see
The old man of IVB
Even tho' invasion came
conditions stayed about the same
See him play 'The Old Ball Game'
The old man of IVB
there he goes on his way
no cares what you say
Parcel Bashin', English or bulk
It's all the same to him.
When the gates are opened wide
you'll find him waitin' there inside
waiting for that home free ride
The old man of IVB

- music by Ray Marqust
- words by R.G. Townley.

Basa di Dolore ²⁹ *house of sadness.*
by Bill Beale

Love has gone and Basa di Dolore
seems oh so empty and bare,
Once it was Basa D'Amore.
but that was when you were there
watching passers-by every hour,
hoping that one might be you
tending your favorite flowers,
telling myself that you're true.
It could be my Basa D'Amore,
no room for doubt or fears,
come back dear to Basa di Dolore,
Basa of torment and tears.

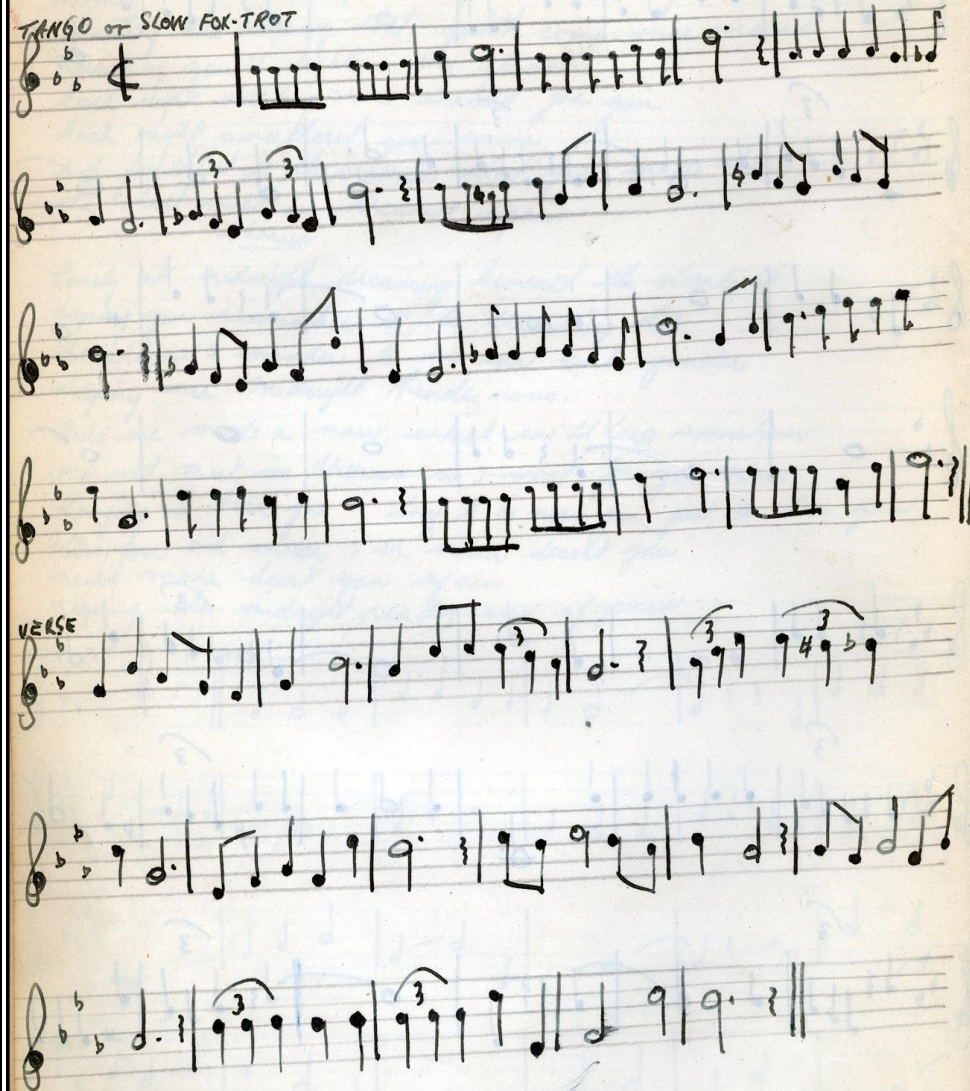
VERSE.

Joy and happiness banished,
Birds never sing any more,
beauties that thrilled me have vanished,
will they return once more,
Still I dream that to-morrow
I shall see you return
and still the morrow, only brings sorrow,
while I yearn.

28

Basa di Dolore *by Bill Beale.*

TANGO or SLOW FOX-TROT





HEY! SUGAR

LOOK WHAT IVE DONE!



Best Wishes
Harry Hopkins
HARI

125

Strictly Left Hand. R.G. Townley.

on some sudden silly idea one night I wrote this
for Eric. when I made the comment that my
poem wasn't exactly "Hurst" I fully expected the
retort "Thank God!" - oh well, here it is -

Strictly Left Hand. 12/2/45.

I've read all the popular authors
like Shakespeare and E. Allen Poe;
So how I can glory in an Eric Hurst story,
is more than I'll ever know.

I've scanned all the popular poets
like Wordsworth and Browning and Burns.
Why I can't refrain from a Hurst quatrain
- a person like me never learns!

I've argued with most every body
from Voltaire to George Bernard Shaw.
(But if I gave credit to his New Times Edit
I'd be an exception to prove a law.)

I've criticized musical comedies
by Gershwin, Berlin, and their kind,
But I love the seduction of a Lone Fang production.
- My God! I must be out of my mind!

Well anyway Eric was amused.
- or is tolerant the correct word?

R.G. Townley.

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Eric. When I made the comment that my poem
wasn't exactly "Hurst" I fully expected the retort
"Thank God!" - oh well here it is -

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- or is tolerant the correct word?

R. G. Townley

38
 "Muhlberg Melody" variety
 - produced by Leo Mundy.
 This show opened the theatre for us. For a raw company in a raw theatre working in raw winter weather it was a commendable show. It lacked the spontaneity and polish that experience can give but for entertainment starved Kriegies it certainly opened our theatre life in an adequate way.
 cast -
 Lionel Baker, Charlie Stivers.
 Ron Lloyd, Graeme Johnson
 Ray Smith, Topper Brown, Ted Allen
 Jack Bowers, Bill Baker, Bill Oxley,
 Leo Mundy, The Scotch Dancers,
 George Huntington, Lemmy and Hooney,
 etc.
 I can't now remember all the finer details that I would like to record,
 (initials)
 Jan/44

Muhlberg Melody – Variety produced by Leo Mundy January, 1944

This show opened the theatre for us. For a raw company in a raw theatre working in raw winter weather it was a commendable show. It lacked the spontaneity and polish that experience can give but for entertainment starved Kriegies it certainly opened our theatre life in an adequate way.

**Boy Meets Girl – Comedy produced by
Philip Remington and Anthony Walter – February, 1944**
 A comedy of Hollywood. The first play in the theatre and it overcame many difficulties of costumes, scenery, and lighting to become a brilliant success. Gosh it was cold weather too.

39
 "Boy Meets Girl" - comedy
 - Sam & Bella Spewack
 produced by - Philip Remington and
 Anthony Walter.
 A Comedy of Hollywood. The first play in the theatre and it overcame many difficulties of costumes, scenery, and lighting, to become a brilliant success. Gosh it was cold weather too.
 cast -
 Susie - Ron Lloyd
 C. F. Friday - Bernard Greenberg
 Benson - ~~George~~ Norman MacKee
 Law - Sid Emerick
 Rosette - Alfred Sutton
 Larry Thomas - David Cleary
 Miss Crows - Ralph Walters
 Green - Stan Carter
 Blade - Bert Brodie
 Colored - Anthony Walter
 the "extra" LEAD - John Stark
 Cutter - Stan Spencer
 Manicurist - Tom Swallow
 Radio Announcer - George Robertson
 Voice of K.N.X. - Garfield Lawbury
 Voice of B.K. - Philip Remington
 Feb/44.



Outward Bound – Play produced by Nehler Abrams April, 1944

Different entertainment for Kriegies, better enjoyed than I anticipated because of the antiquated and hackneyed plot. Personally I was not too keen on it probably because this was the fourth version I have seen and not the best.

Knee Deep Variety
 a fill in show by the "Mudlarks". Ran 4 days. Originally a hut show but doubled when illness caused Outward Bound to close after 8 perf. Show had some very good material in it. Inclined to be blue and sometimes the pace faltered. Let's see some more of this company.
 credits to - Joe Penn, Mickey Peal.
 - Noel Hurst, Joe Cox
 - Bruce MacDonald, Les Kelsall
 - and Smith and his band.
 April/44.

Knee Deep Variety – a fill in show by the "Mudlarks" April, 1944

Ran 4 days. Originally a hut show but doubled when illness caused Outward Bound to close after 8 performances. Show had some very good material in it. Inclined to be blue and sometimes the pace faltered. Let's see some more of this company.

40
Outward Bound - play
 - Sutton Vane
 produced by Nehler Abrams
 Different Entertainment for Kriegies, better enjoyed than I anticipated because of the antiquated and often hackneyed plot. Personally I was not too keen on it probably because this was the fourth version I have seen, and not the best.
 cast
 Mrs. Glevinden - Banks - Philip Remyington
 Drunkard - Pat Harrison
 Henry - Anthony Walter
 Anne - Charles Phelps
 young minister - Bruce Coombs
 old minister - P. H. Ashworth
 Scruff - Sam Pawley
 Businessman - Sam Arthur



**Music In The Cage – a musical extravaganza with script,
music, lyrics, and production by Eric Hurst, directed by
Frank Lazzari and Leo Mundy – April, 1944**

Sets perfect, accepted as an A1 show and with more added could prosper on a civvies stage. Ending a bit weak because of difficulty of tying up the sequences. All songs and especially lyrics deserve praise. Bedalia chorus was my doing.

Music In The Cage

Music In The Cage 43

Songs

- Eric Hurst

- * "Cairo Calling You"
- * "The P.B. Infantry"
- * "Sweetheart in Spring"
- * "Head in the Air"
- * "Dear Miss Patricia"
- * "Bedelia from Ismailia"
- * "I am young"
- * "Saddle my Dreams"
- * "Trump's Song"
- * "Post. War Reconstruction"
- * "£40 a Week"
- * "London Town"
- * "Palace Hotel"
- * "Do you Love me?"
- * "Abdul's Song"
- * "Gentlemen Cadets"
- * "Lovely Lu"
- * "Your Heart and Mine"

all songs were worthy but the ones I
have marked with an asterisk were most
popular and best written.

script and music - Eric Hurst
Produced by - Eric Hurst
lyrics - Eric Hurst
Directed by - Frank Lazzari
Stedmundy

a Musical Extravaganza
orchestra under - Alan Bolt
arrangements by - Bill Diving
dancers by - Ron Lloyd & H. Lowery
- Set perfect, accepted as an A.I. show & with
more added, could prosper on a Civic stage.
Ending a bit weak because of difficulty of
tying up the sequences. All songs and
especially lyrics deserve praise. Bedelia's
chorus was my doing.

cast
Jim Daugherty
Jack Bowers
Les Withersone
Bob Diner
Bill Rose
Nat Hoffman
Dick Jones
Ron Lloyd
Kit Nelson
Peggy Stafford
Jack Lomath
Alastair MacDonald
Paddy Stewart
Jerry Brachet
Frank Lazzari
Foppe Brown

Philip Remington
Graeme Johnson
Miss Williams
Les Kirkham
Joe Cox
Jack Remonden
Lionel Baker
Ronny Hill
Milly Mumford
Plus Wannamake
Charles Hardman
Garfield Lowery
Bob Caragg
Ray Giller
Saff Williams
Doug Haigh

Music In The Cage

124

PROFESSOR'S SONG: "A Brighter Britain"
(from MUSIC IN THE CAGE.)

We're gonna fill the scenery with plenty of machinery
To build a Brighter Britain is the object of our plan
We're gonna turn each denery into a communal denery
And issue every body with a standard billycan
We're gonna start some tanneries to supercede the canneries
And pack your meat in leather while the cow is still alive
By linking up a Chillery with Worthington's distillery
We'll freeze the public houses out and start a cocoa drive
^{We'll put beer on top and start a Beer for Britain drive}
We'll give you all security and tons and tons of security
And lots and lots of vitamins that haven't yet been tried
Thermometers that are in height exactly sixty Fahrenheit
And fix the English climate like perpetual Whitecliffe
We'll clothe you all and feed you all, in short we hope to lead you all
Along the narrow path that leads to joy and happiness
And when we've been and planned it all, if anyone hasn't banned it all
We'll have a Brighter Britain - or will have a blooming mess.

VERSE

In case you can't guess, sirs, we're those smart professors
With brains well above normal ration
We've started to cater for what happens later
When war is no longer the ~~main~~ fashion
You might not believe it, but as we conceive it
The fruits of our organisation
We hope will permit of a regular bit of
A job on Demobilisation
A promise they made us the time they hurried us
For winning the last war has driven
Our minds to the scheme of an up-to-date dozen of
A land fit for heroes to live in.

Yes a land fit for heroes to live in

Whatever kind of a land
they do make for us to live in
I sincerely hope it's one that offers
you a future worthy of your talents

Harriet,
Northwood Ave.,
Leeds, Eng. land.

127

More Songs from
Music in the Cage
Eric Hunt.

Forty Dollars a week.
If Emily Post could see me now, I guess I wouldn't rate
Still I suppose the Joneses never did propose in state
So dearest please forgive me if I cannot quite express
my feelings with the power of Lincoln's Gettysburg address
my heart and hand I proffer
Besides which I can offer:

Only a flat that's furnished "never-never"
Only a hat you'll have to wear for ever
Weekdays the flicker of five de-lights
and Garko and Gable on Saturday nights
Only a voice for Bathrooms and hoosaying
No big Rolls Royce, we're lucky Chevroleting
Do some quick arithmetic and then you'll plainly see
It's only forty dollars a week and me!

Only a sight when we go window pricing
Only a dry red cake beneath the icing
Broadways on birthdays and Fourth of July
and otherwise Brooklyn if we're to get by
may be some day there'll be a cute addition
We'll have to ask the pay cheque's kind permission
That's all I have to offer dear and yours the office
It's only forty dollars a week and me!

Music In The Cage

128

Patricia Waltz

Eric Hurst.

I'm a part of the show like the light and the props
 But I'm never on stage when the overture stops
 For I'm just a Tim Pan alley guy
 I turn out the times that the leading man crosses with a sigh
 and while the lucky devil holds her in his arms and sings
 I'm condemned to whisper from the wings:

Dear Miss Patricia, I'm the guy who wrote
 the lyrics and the music of a song
 played on my heart things every sing to note
 that's where love's melodies belong.

Dear Miss Patricia, please forgive my cheek
 venturing to bother you but then
 how you expect me not to up and speak
 when it's being sung to you by other men.

Dear Miss Patricia, you're a famous star
 I'm just the sort who get along
 just another fellow from the backroom hall
 who fell in love and put you in a song.

Bairo Calling You.

Eric Hurst.

If you've an urge in your blood
 that's more exciting than good
 and you keep doing the things you shouldn't do
 a certain spice in the air
 a naughty vice in the air
 that's Bairo calling you
 an old Egyptian design
 concerning women and wine
 is quite the latest in 1942
 so if you're wanting to dial
 a number near to the tick
 to call a Bairo-cute
 calling Bairo means it's calling you!

129

Too Young

Eric Hurst.

Too young for made up faces
 Too young for going places
 Too young for air force ace's tall
 We're far too young to be in love at all.
 Too young for ~~the~~ mild flirtation
 Too young to know temptation
 Too young to raise a nation we
 are far too young to live hap-happily.
 Our folks have got a notion we are strangers to love
 Ah! if they knew what emotion we are capable of!
 Too young to sleep at Deagen
 Too young to go on stages
 Too young to earn Sin's wages. Fine
 is too far young an age to be alive.

Too young for hearts in spring time
 Too young for sex and romances
 Too young to do Ling-Ling time, say
 We're far too young to know the time of day.
 Too young for love and liquors
 Too young for slinky knickers
 Too young for city slicker's eyes
 We're much too young and much too small a size
 We'd like to make good reddance of the fable we're kids
 Don't count the Kate-decks - and check on the Katy-decks.
 Too young for daily dippers
 Too young to be tease-stippers
 We wear suggestive zippers, fine
 is far too young an age to be alive!

Music In The Cage

Too Young

Eric Hurst 129

Too young for made up faces
 Too young for going places
 Too young for air force ones tall
 We're far too young to be in love at all.
 Too young for ~~house~~ of mild flirtation
 Too young to know temptation
 Too young to raise a nation we
 are far too young to live hap-happily.
 Our folk's have got a notion we are strangers to love
 Ah! if they knew what emotion we are capable of!
 Too young to shop at Deages
 Too young to go on stages
 Too young to earn Sin's wages, fine
 so too far young an age to be alive.
 Too young for hearts in spring time
 Too young for sex and summer time
 Too young to do Ling-Ling time, say
 we're far too young to know the time of day.
 Too young for love and liquors
 Too young for dainty knickers
 Too young for city slicker's eyes
 We're much too young and much too small a size
 We'd like to make good riddance of the fable we're kids
 Don't count the Kate-didn'ts - and check on the Katy-did.
 Too young for daily dippers
 Too young to be tease-strippers
 We wear suggestive zippers, fine
 so far too young an age to be alive!

130

London Town

Eric Hurst

It isn't a village or mines town
 It isn't a Harlem or Chinatown
 The place that's come from int' pictures or pretty
 It's only the heart of the world's largest city.
 So long to be back with the folk who can take it!
 Whose spirits so tough the huffwaffe can't shake it!
 So roll on the day when the bells in each steeple
 Ring out in the howetown of eight million people!
 It's the biggest place on earth for wit and courage,
 For joy and mirth
 and just to crown it all, it's London Town!

Head in the air

Eric Hurst

I've got a method of keeping gay
 I've got a secret to share
 You'll never know it's a rainy day
 If you walk with your head in the air.
 Only one side of a cloud is grey,
 Why choose the worse of the pair
 You'll raise your eyes to sunny skies above,
 If you walk with your head in the air.
 We live in an age of big inventions, and good intentions,
 Still I must say
 Although at times it's needed, no professors yet succeeded
 In abolishing a rainy day.
 But tho' the weather may induce a gloomy mood
 I can't endorse that gloomy attitude.
 I've got a method of keeping gay
 I've got a secret to share
 You'll never know it's a rainy day
 If you walk with your head in the air.

Music In The Cage

Abdul Long

131

Eric Hurst

I'm Abdul Abdul El Emad El Din
 a son of the prophet, the profit I mean
 which comes out of using a natural bent
 for leaving a margin of ninety per-cent.
 I'm Abdul Abdul the shirt with the bint
 a poor working fellow as poor as the mint
 which all comes from living on other Ranks pay
 the Ranks who keep visiting my cabaret.

the sides I serve in the bar, I maintain
 as the finest stuff ever been sold as champagne
 and the difference in price helps to make both ends meet
 for at present I am only half of the street.
 and when the war's over I've to retire
 and spend my remaining old age by the fire.
 the fire I mean which will stand on the day
 when I've fully insured this superb cabaret.

I'm Abdul Abdul a cunning old man
 I treat and retreat troops according to plan
 the drunker they are, I am happy to say
 the less they will question what their asked to pay
 as here war is upon us, life's risky you know
 and business a matter of home and quick go
 to fellows like me have to act pretty fast
 for nobody knows just how short it will last.

I'm Abdul Abdul El Emad El Din
 I've never been known to do anything mean
 which is due to the motto in which I believe
 if the eye doesn't see then the heart doesn't grieve.
 Oh I'm Abdul Abdul when all's said and done
 wherever you go you must pay for your fun
 and surely you'll never begrudge what you pay
 if you have a good time, at Abdul's Cabaret.

132

Your Heart and Mine

Eric Hurst

your heart and mine are just a dancing pair
 in harmony with music gay.
 your heart and mine go out romancing ~~to~~ ^{supper}
 champagne and light turn all our night to day.
 your heart and mine agree in Pleasureland
 but when our song and dance are through
 will we ever find a magic treasureland
 in love itself Oh! Will our hearts be true?
 Darling, will your heart and mine be true?

Lovely Lu

Eric Hurst

Lovely Lu, here's a gang that is very fond of you
 tho' they knew every day it's someone new
 to whom you're true, lovely Lu.
 in your eye tho' you smile at an Army Corps or two
 every man gets an individual view
 of Paradise, lovely Lu
 you're a power to command every heart, every head
 even more than a Brass Hat can do!
 lovely Lu, when we're all back in Blighty
 there'll be few who will ever forget the way they'd
 to look at you - lovely Lu!

P. B. I.

Eric Hurst

We're the P. B. Infantry
 we're the single soulful squaddies of the line
 we're a typical selection, who's a cissy life connection
 with the Thames, Lee, Tweed and Tyne.
 we're the R. T. illerees
 and we're looking with disdain upon the rest
 but the tanks
 and long range groupers

Music In The Cage

133

and the Army's special snoopers
all privately believe themselves the best
all privately believe themselves the best.

It's the last night so if we're tight
Remember when we're rolling like a log
there's no drive destination than a dusty desert station
Populated by a camel and a wog.

It's a long trip to Tripollee
and they tell us that it's very nearly due
to we're very busy making up a memory we're taking
to console us in the blue
to we're very busy making up a memory we're taking
to console us in the blue.

Tramps' Song

Eric Hunt

We're a stick-in-the-mud set
an up-to-no-good set
a hail fellow well met
a never-do-well set
of fellows. But tho' we are tramps still we know we can lie
Every night in the ditches and count all the ~~rich~~ riches in the sky
Tho' we beg for a living
It's we who are giving
and you who are taking
The magic we're making
A room star dust and moonlight a country side time light and gay.
In our hearts it is beating and ready for greeting the day
we show you how to be light-hearted, why be light-hearted in any
we show you tho' we've got no money, life can still be sunny
tho' we haven't a stiver, we still keep alive a if you try
practical knowledge you don't learn at college
That everything's gonna turn right.
of the lesson we taught you
is one that has brought you
a new kind of rose-coloured light
and a good-bye to sorrow, a joy in tomorrow tonight!

134

Gentlemen Cadets

Eric Hunt

all - We're temporary gentlemen and officers to be
We're not such terribly mental men but still we're O.T.C.

- c1 - I'm the youngest son of a belted Earl
- c2 - I'm father's blue-eyed priceless pearl
- c3 - my mother was a misguided girl

all - We're gentlemen cadets, gentlemen cadets!
We're going to get our pips because we're the leader type
We've got our O.T.C. trips because we've got a bullet hit stripe
In addition to which

- c1 - I've a lot of dough
- c2 - and I've got a fearsome mustache
- c3 - And mother was good to my old C.O.

all - We're gentlemen cadets, gentlemen cadets!
We'll have to mind our etiquette when dining in the mess
On Ladies' night each petticoat may be a rich heiress

- c1 - we'll never use mugs - just a cup or glass
- c2 - to show we belong to the upper-class
- c3 - Good-bye to the Fried-Fish-Supper class

all - We're gentlemen cadets, gentlemen cadets.

and when we get commissions at the passing out parade
we'll toast our new positions and get drunk on lemonade

- c1 - I'll be bad as a fellow can be
- c2 - you won't be half as wicked as me
- c3 - I'll even swear in the nursery

all - We're gentlemen cadets, gentlemen cadets.

We're temporary gentlemen and officers to be
We're not terribly mental men, but still we're O.T.C.

- c1 - We'll play our parts with charm and grace
- c2 - upholding the pride of the British race
- c3 - at dinners and daven way back at the Base

all - We're gentlemen cadets, gentlemen cadets.

Music In The Cage

Swallow in Spring 135 Eric Hurst

What do you bring to cheer me, swallow in spring?
 now tell me, what do you bring to show she cares?
 Say can you sing from your rafters of love and of joy and of laughter
 Or was it a blunder, the typical nine day wonder of other ^{affairs?}
 Have you a casual message light as your flight in the breeze
 Or visitor is it a call low and mellow as true as your own melodies?
 Oh! What can you sing to cheer me, Swallow in Spring
 Please tell me the message you bring in hers.

Here's what I bring to cheer you, sweetheart in spring
 I'll tell you here's what I bring to show I care
 Birdies can sing from the rafters of life and of love and of laughter
 For this is no blunder no typical nine day wonder of some short affair.

I have no casual message light as a flight on the breeze
 The call of my heart is a call low and mellow as loaves run
 Oh, that's what I'll bring to cheer you sweetheart in spring
 Please tell me the love that I bring you'll share.

Palace Hotel Eric Hurst

Let me advise you to stay at the Palace Hotel, Sadie
 You couldn't hope to obtain a more proper address
 Yours is the kind of career to be done on the swell, Sadie
 You must start at the top if you want to become a success.
 Pay no attention to those who describe your profession by means of
 Sleets the law and the crowded first floor and you'll end up in May fair
 Let me advise you to stay at the Palace Hotel, Sadie
 Business men all over London are tired and blue
 and there's nothing more ^{clay than swinging your chassis} ^{winning than casual rousing}
 among the correct clientele
 So be advised Sadie, and live like a lady and work in the ^{Palace Hotel!}

Saddle my Dreams 136 Eric Hurst

There used to be a time
 when a lay-de-oh-dee-lay-ee
 was a prairie lullaby
 and not a radio relay-ee
 But things are getting different
 and you'll find that in the west
 For work to do or songs to sing,
 they get a button pressed or
 I wish my wishes could be granted
 in a ten-cent store
 But dreams I want to see come true
 I must work hardest for.

I'm a long long way from the folk at home
 and I long to be heride'em
 But I know I've got to saddle my dreams
 Before I get to ride'em.
 and if got a gal and she's waitin' there
 at the place they groom and bride'em
 But I know I've got to saddle my dreams
 Before I get to ride'em.
 For it's no use just a dreamin'
 or playin' make believe,
 you can't leave all your schemin'
 to Santa Claus on Christmas Eve.
 Tho' my break's a long time comin' round
 and the times are bad I'll bide'em
 For I know I've got to saddle my dreams
 Before I get to ride'em.

Music In The Cage

Bedalia from Ismailiah 137

Eric Ka

I'm Bedalia from Ismailiah, I'm the Fighting Forces Pal
 I'm the reason for the traffic on the Suez Ship canal.
 Half the Navy's got my number half the army like my style
 and I do a lot of trade with half the army of the Nile.

Chorus: Still you'll always find me willing
 Five Pinafores make a shilling
 I'm Bedalia from Ismailiah
 the Fan-Dance Girl
 (and repeat chorus tous ensemble))

In the Cabarets you'll find me where I do a kind of stunt
 wearing nothing on behind me and some cellophane in front
 and to judge by their expressions when I occupy the floor
 every manjack in the army's in the Observation Corps.

Once I met a bomber pilot who was very much impressed
 and said I looked just like the target area at Brest
 just to prove he wasn't joking he obtained an ice cream cone
 and he dropped the blooming contents on my military zone.

When the other night an air raid caught me half-way
 somebody used initiative instead of using their my act
 I was really most embarrassed when they turned on
 for I was wearing K.D. shorts and a major wore my tight.

I'm Bedalia from Ismailiah, I'm the cutie with the fangs
 I'm the type the match committee likes to see before it bans
 and altho I guard my virtue with a firmness that's unique
 for a small consideration, I am willing to be weak

Perceval
Elvira
138Do You Love Me? One Hunt.

P. Do you love me or is it just me glamorous?
 Do you feel that passion what the French keep calling
 Do you get that certain thrill about the truth I plight you?
 Or is it just the Brasso on me Brasso most excites you?
 Or do you love me each minute of the hour
 Or am I just a stand-in 'cos you can't get Tyrore lower?
 If I was ordinary, say like Einstein or Piccard
 Would you love me quite the way you love a
 Coldstream guard?

E. Yes I love you, you thrill me to the marrow.
 You've got more polish on you than Elton or than Brier.
 But even if you lost your job and ad to earn your living
 I'd overlook the comedown and try hard to be
 forgiving.
 Yes I'd love you tho I admit it heartily
 If you was forced to broadcast with folks like
 J.B. Priestly
 and if you lost your uniform, altho I'd take it hard
 I'd love you just the same as if you was a Coldstream
 Guard.

P. Do you love me, or is it just me Bernstein?
 E. I'd simply love your bare skin, it's a perfect summer
 wear - skin!
 P. So that's the big attraction?

E. Well I didn't think you'd pumble
 P. I thought you meant my hat at first but now I think I
 trouble

E. Do you love me?

P. Well souther, kind of sort of
 There's angles to the matter that I kind of hadn't
 thought of
 E. Forget about the angles, do you find my curves so
 hard?
 Both - yes! That's the way to win the heart of any
 Coldstream Guard!



Muhlberg Light Orchestra
 an enjoyable program of popular classics
 - Boal's London Suite
 - Elgar's Pomp and Circumstances
 - Light Cavalry Overture
 - Der Fliegende Holländer
 - Score of "Quaker Girl"
 Alan Bolt, orchestra and chorus
 May/44

Muhlberg Light Orchestra – May, 1944

An enjoyable program of popular classics.

Muhlberg Light Orchestra #2

– Directed by Alan Bolt with
 the
 Muhlberg Singers
 July, 1944

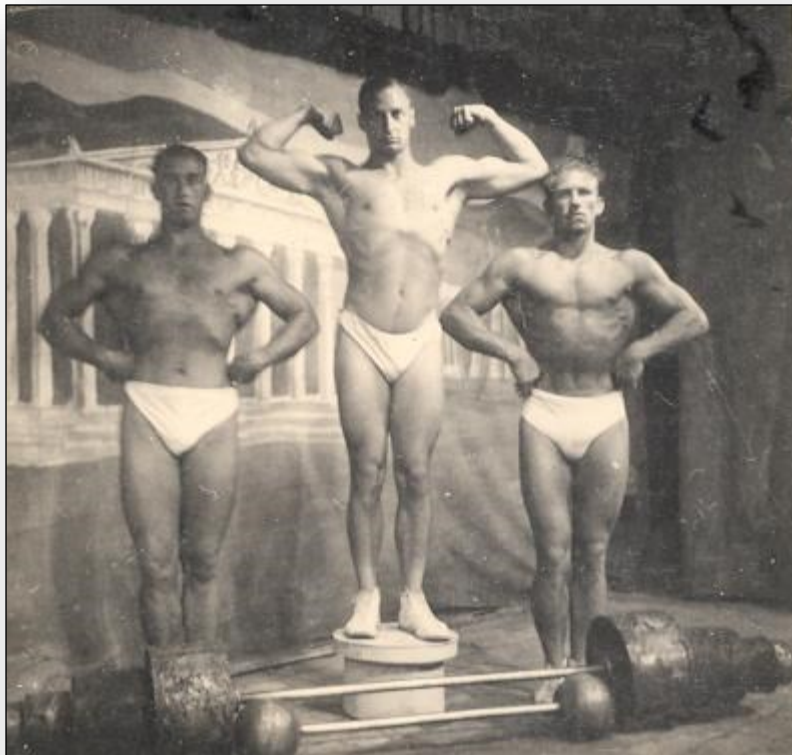
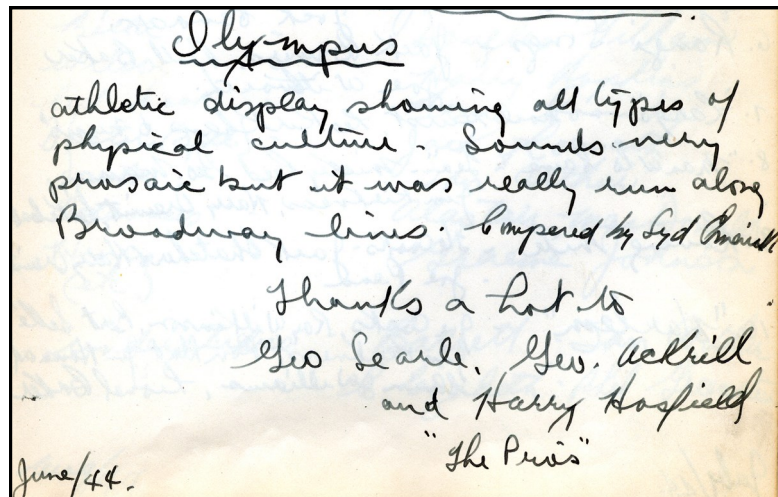
This show not as good as first one but still mighty good for a Kriegie Camp. Daring and progressive but a little too much so for our conservative (still) tastes.

"Band Show"
 Les Whitmore and his dance orchestra
 conducted & composed by Bill Rae
 - a good modern orchestra in a clever setting. Some effect lost because the show lacked variety numbers and turns to spot the music.
 March/44.

"Band Show" Les Whitmore and his dance orchestra Conducted and composed by Bill Rae – March, 1944

A good modern orchestra in a clever setting. Some effect lost because the show lacked variety numbers and turns to spot the music.

Muhlberg Light Orchestra
 #2
 - Directed by Alan Bolt with the Muhlberg Singers
 This show not as good as first one but still mighty good for a Kriegie Camp.
 * Symphonies in Blue
 * "Pastoral"
 * Back to Back in D
 * Barbara of Seville overture
 * novellas, Dancing Years
 Selections from "Pinafore" with chorus.
 Daring & Progressive but a little too much so for our conservative (still) tastes.
 July/44.



**Olympus – composed by Syd Emerick
 June, 1944**

Athletic display showing all types of physical
 culture. Sounds very prosaic but it was really run
 along Broadway lines.



"Let's Rave a Laff" - Bill Rae Show.
- La Cave Parisienne!

"Let's Rave a Laff" - variety
- Bill Rae & Gus Harrington

a huge cast of 45 but we all caught our cues if even by miracles. It was essentially built for entertainment and we took full advantage of it. During the run, the Invasion came along and it made the audiences even merrier.

Just after this happy show "Emma" Joe Brown was shot by a guard when we was picking strawberries when he should have been on parade. Even so it was all so unnecessary. I will never forget the way he had us all in stitches when he burlesqued an opera singer rendering "Away" - bon spirits cum fabretto.

The full cast & program is in the programme in the centre of this log.

June 44.

Let's Rae's a Laff**Variety by Bill Rae and Geo Harrington – June, 1944**

A huge cast of 45 but we all caught our cues if even by miracles. It was essentially built for entertainment and we took full advantage of it. During the run, the Invasion came along and it made the audiences even merrier.

Just after this happy show, "Emma" – Joe Brown was shot by a guard when he was picking strawberries when he should have been on parade. Even so it was all so unnecessary. I will never forget the way he had us all in stitches when he burlesqued an opera singer rendering "Away" in spirited cum falsetto. The full cast is in the program in the centre of this log.



Let's Rae's a Laff

Full Company

46

The Man Who Came to Dinner

Kaufman & Hart.

produced by Billy Bergson and

Sid Emeric.

another sensational comedy that broke every conceivable record at the theatre. A very polished performance by all the players which carried small roles and the big players - Sheridan Whiteside, Maggie and Lorraine. Nat Hoffman did swell as understudy of Whiteside too. These 4 really carried all the hard work.

Sheridan Whiteside -	David Barry
Maggie Butler -	Charles Phelps
Lorraine Sheldon -	Alastair MacDonald
Mrs. Stanley -	Watson Copeland
Mr. Stanley -	Bernard Greenberg
June -	Philip Greengarten
Richard -	Wilfred Sutton
Harriet -	Harold Johnson
Two Harpies -	Fred Knight and Tom Swallow
John -	Bruce Boorbs
Sarah -	Jack Howarth
Miss Preen -	Anthony Walter
Bob Jefferson -	Ralph Walters
Doctor -	Paddy Stewart
Expressman -	Jack Neil
Sandy -	Ross Swartz
Beverly Carlton -	Harfield Lowndes
Boys -	Philip Remington
(etc)	Sydney Emeric

detectives, officers, wardens, radio men, choir boys.

June 44

The Man Who Came to Dinner- Comedy by Kaufman & Hart, produced by Nehler Abrams and Sid Emeric June, 1944

Another sensational comedy that broke every conceivable record at the theatre. A very polished performance by all the players which carried small roles and the big players - Sheridan Whiteside, Maggie and Lorraine. Nat Hoffman did swell as understudy of Whiteside too. These 4 really carried all the hard work.



"The Man Who Came to Dinner" - Kaufman & Hart.



44

Dover Road a Comedy
by A.A. Milne

produced by Sydney Emerick

a polite drawing room comedy well presented. Paul White on the scenery excelled himself by duplicating a medieval castle room for a setting for the play. Performances were all extremely good but special mention & credit must go to Jack Lomath, Don Evans, and Bernard Greenburg.

cast.

Mr. Latimer	-	Jack Lomath
Anne	-	Don Lloyd
Nicholas	-	Ellis Evans
Bennard	-	Jack Neil
Eustasia	-	Don Evans
"Major Jones" Dominic	-	Bernard Greenburg
maids	-	Joe Doughty (Bill Kelly)
	-	Alastair Macdonald
partimen	-	Thorne Johnson
	-	Berton Kane

may/44



**Dover Road – A Comedy by A.A. Milne
produced by Sydney Emerick – May, 1944**

A polite drawing room comedy well presented. Paul White on the scenery excelled himself by duplicating a medieval castle room for a setting for the play. Performances were all extremely good but special mention and credit must go to Jack Lomath, Don Evans, and Bernard Greenburg.



Splash! – Variety by Joe Penn and Nicky Read
July, 1944

A very entertaining and well presented show. Outstanding scenery by Paul White. Costumes were not new but ok. I'm afraid I preferred "Let's Rae's a Laff" though.

48

"Splash!" variety

- Joe Penn & Nicky Read
a very entertaining and well presented
show. Outstanding scenery by Paul White.
Costumes were not new but ok.
I'm afraid I preferred "Let's Rae's a Laff" though:-
RGT

Compère & Comnière - Joe Penn and Bernie Macdonald
(Daphne).

1. Theatre Foyer - Elvin Williams, Joe Withworth,
Jim Sanger, Paddy Allen.
2. Dentist - Mally Donovan
3. Coffee Stall - Lionel Baker, Nicky Read, Jack
Thatcher, Joe Cooks, Geo Muncey,
Ron Hainle, Bill O'Leary.
4. at Kappa Kappa - Fakie and Co.
5. The Goldbergs & Cohen - Syd Nelson, Ron Hainle,
Jack Bavaas.
6. Range Songs - Jack Baines, Bill Baker,
Joe Withworth.
7. "Largo" - Noel Hurst, Les Kirkham & Huns
8. "Mammas Have to Sea" - Nicky Read, Geo. Muncey,
Jim Kirkness, Harry Oremitt, Lookaball
9. Rowing Mite - The Cooks - Jack Thatcher & Harry Oremitt
- Joe Penn.
10. "Harlem" - Joe Cooks, Ray Wilkinson, Bert Selby,
Jim Kirkness, Ron Hainle, Jim Hanna and
Elvin Williams, Lionel Baker

July/44

18 *a Real Radio Revue.*

"Again, HELLO again!"
 produced by Leo Mundy.

new bullet paced radio-revue.

featuring - Sunday Best
 - Vincent Sarnalbas
 - Raving Mike
 - Meet the Composer
 - Puggle Corner
 - adapted from the French - skit.
 - Out of the Band Box - Tommy Lane
 - Eight Years Back
 - Chestnut Corner

cast

Talking - Ellis Evans
 - Graeme Johnson
 - Fairfield Howarth
 - Leo Mundy
 - Woody Fisher
 - Ralph Manchester

Singing - Tommy Lane
 - Eric Leach
 - George Flanagan
 - Wally Woodbridge

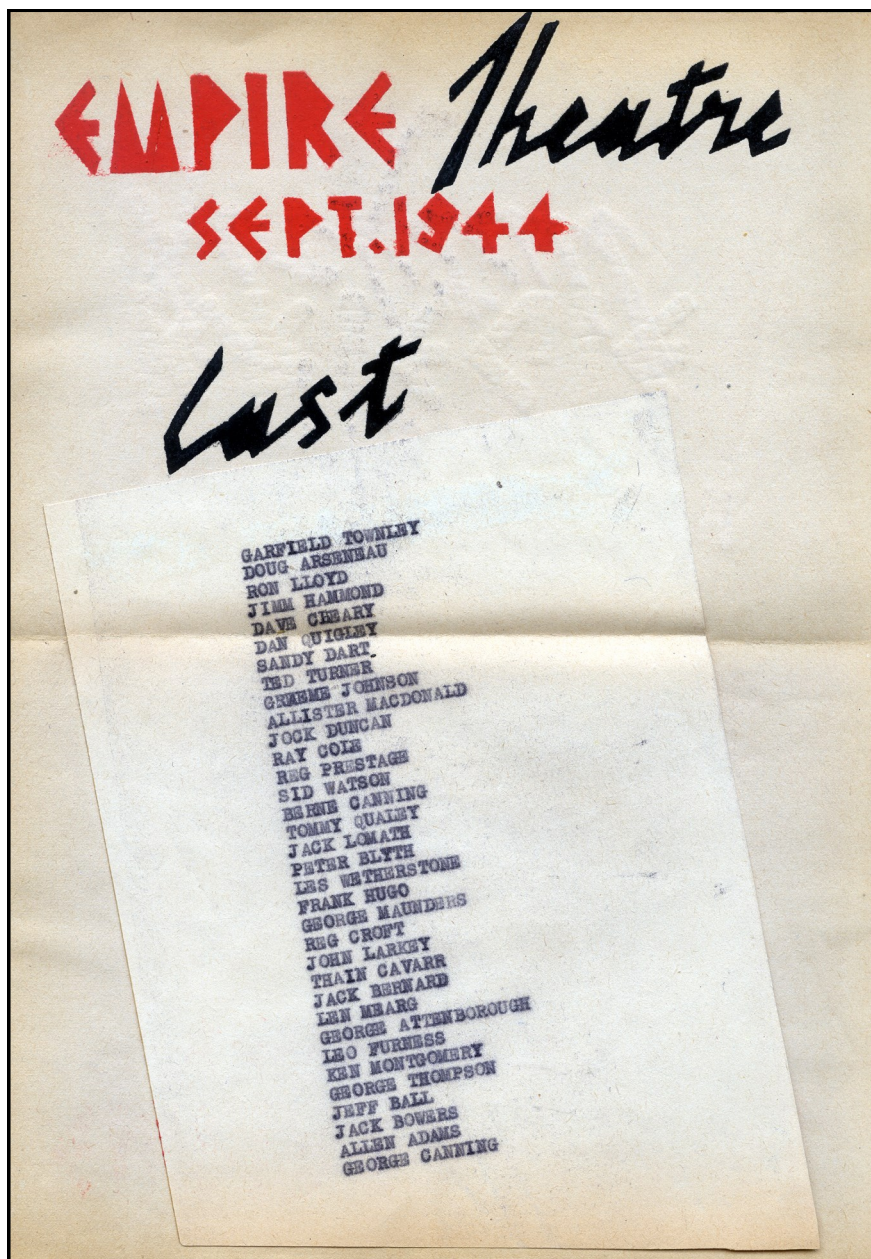
Playing - Naram Diddley
 and his accordion
 - George Thompson
 - Alan Adams

a lot of fun with a good company.
 well appreciated even if done in a 'bad' time.



**Again, HELLO Again!, new bullet paced Radio Revue
 Produced by Leo Mundy – March, 1945**

A lot of fun with a good company. Well appreciated even if done in a 'bad' time.



50

Kriegie Kocktail variety. produced by Mac Alary and Nicholson.

a very good show enhanced by beautiful presentation, costumes and novel settings.

1. Opening - Irving Berlin Cocktail - Doug Arsenau, Sugar, Ron Lloyd, Jim Hammond, Genevieve Johnson, Allister MacDonald, Reg Prestage, Ray Cole, Dan Quigley, Jack?
2. "Craps" - Who and Bono - Sid Watson & Bernard Canning
3. "Ghosts" - Hammond & Lloyd, Jack Lomath
4. "Sugar" - Sugar, Hammond & Lloyd, (Hil West Door, Sugar)
5. Devil Dancers - Quigley & Co.
6. "Gentlemen at the Empire" - Ted Turner & Sandy Dart
7. "Hawaiian Serenaders" - Monty & Co. - Jeff Ball & Ray Cole
8. "Chamber of Horrors" - Who Bono and Co.
9. Clarinet Jack. - Smoky
10. China Town - George Maunders, Lisa, Quigley
11. Customs Rackets - Peter Blyth, Les Wetherstone, Sayer
12. "Ship Inn" - Doug Arsenau, Jack Lomath, George Maunders & Reg. Croft.
13. Finale - "Homeward Bound": Full Company.

I really enjoyed this show mainly because it was the cast who really produced the results.

Sept/44

Kriegie Kocktail – Variety Produced by MacAlary and Nicholson – September, 1944

A very good show enhanced by beautiful presentation, costumes and novel settings. I really enjoyed this show mainly because it was the cast who really produced the results.



KRIEGIE KOCKTAIL

32 *The Girl Next Door* Eric Hurst

slowly

CM F7 CM F7 CM F7

CM F7 Bb7 Eb G dim

1st 2nd

CM F7 Bb CM F7 Bb

Bb7 Eb C7 FM

A7 Eb E7 F7 C7 F7 Bb F7

CM F7 CM F7 CM F7 CM F7 Bb

Bb7 Eb G dim CM F7 CM F7 Bb

"The Girl Next Door"

music and
lyrics by
Eric Hurst

57

verse -

When I was very young, I used to go
Regularly to a picture show.
I fell for a Western gal under a Western moon
Every marvelous Saturday afternoon.
But canned Romance began to bore
The day I first set eyes on the girl next door.

chorus

eh I dreamed of Nazimova when I still believed in pixies,
Went and captured Clara Bow from twenty Richard Dixies
But who was the little what-have-you
That I finally floundered for?
The popular press gave the name and address
of the girl next door.

I've dated all the stars of Mr. Laskey's Famous Players
Even broke the lion's heart at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
But who was the little what-have-you that I
finally floundered for?
The popular press gave the name and address
of the girl next door.

In a cinema my senses and defenses were destroyed
By something far more solid than a strip of celluloid.
An educational feature in a fancy kind of frock
That stopped my circulation.

with a Western Electric shock.
I've played with Pompadour
and left a crying Cleopatra
Even stole the fans of Jay Jay, Groucho Marx,
and Frank Sinatra!
But who was the little what-have-you, that I
finally floundered for?
The popular press gave the name and address
of the girl next door.

The Girl Next Door

words and music by Eric Hurst

Verse

When I was very young, I used to go
Regularly to a picture show.
I fell for a Western gal under a Western moon
Every marvelous Saturday afternoon.
But canned romance began to bore
The day I first set eyes on The Girl next door

Chorus

eh I dreamed of Nazimova when I still believed in pixies
Went and captured Clara Bow from twenty Richard dixies
But who was the little what have you That I finally floundered for?
The popular press gave the name and address of the girl next door.

I've dated all the stars of Mr. Laskey's Famous Players
Even broke the lion's heart and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
But who was the little what have you that I finally floundered for?
The popular press gave the name and address of the girl next door.

In a cinema my senses and defenses were destroyed
By something far more solid than a strip of celluloid
An educational feature in a fancy kind of frock
That stopped my circulation with a western electric shock

I've played with Pompadour and left a crying Cleopatra
Even stole the fans of Taylor, Groucho Marx, and Frank Sinatra!
But who was the little what have you that I finally floundered for?
The popular press gave the name and address of the girl next door.

58 "Hey, Sugar" Eric Hurst

Chords: F, C4, F, Gm, C7, Gm, G7, C7, F, Gm, F, C4, F, Gm, C7, Gm, C7, F, Dm, E7, A min, F7, Dm, E7, A min, F7, Gm, G7, C7, F, C4, F, Gm, C7, Gm, C7, F, C4, F, Gm, C7, F.

59 "Hey Sugar" words and music by Eric Hurst

Verse - Hey Sugar, you're very nice,
Just a piece of sugar-spice.
What a divviness - bless her.
Hey Sugar, you're sorta dear,
What the doctor ordered dear,
What a pretty miss. - yes sir!
You've got the local laddies all at ripples and rived,
and every Sugar daddy's seeing Seventh Heavens.
Hey Sugar, for what you've got
(wine) hotter than a Hottentot
- That's mighty hot,
For we like spicy Sugar quite a lot.

Sugar - Say fellows, you're awful sweet,
Handing me a Sugarbeet.
Candy is my yen, yeah man!
Say fellows, you've got a style
standin' out a mile
Ten me up again, yeah man.

Girl - You've got a chassis, classical scribers are
fond of describing
you've got the curves that swerve a copper
better than bliking

Sugar - Say fellows, say it again.
Keep it up and I'll say when -

Girl - - 10 out of 10
So shapely Sugar's figure in this pen.

B. Both "Hey Sugar" and "The Girl Next Door" were written
for me by Eric when ^{was to} appear in "Kriegie
Kocktail" at the Empire Theatre, August, 1944.
Both songs were immediate successes.
Thanks a million Eric Hurst.

"Hey Sugar" – words and music by Eric Hurst

Trio - "Hey Sugar, you're very nice,
 Just a piece of sugar – spice,
 What a daintiness – bless her
 Hey Sugar, you're sorta dear,
 What the doctor ordered dear,
 What a pretty miss – yes sir!
 You've got the local ladies all at sixes and sevens,
 Hey Sugar, for what you've got
 (We're) Hotter than a Hottentot
 That's mighty hot,
 For we like spicy Sugar quite a lot.

Sugar-Say Fellers, you're awful sweet,
 Handing me a sugar beet,
 Candy is my yen, yeah man!
 Say fellers, you've got a style,
 Standin' out a mile
 Gen me up again, yeah man.

Trio- You've got a chassis, classical scribes are fond of
 describing
 You've got the curves that serves a copper better
 than bribing

Sugar-Say fellers, say it again,
 Keep it up and I'll say when

Trio- 10 out of 10
 To shapely Sugar's figure in this pen

NB Both "Hey Sugar" and "The Girl Next Door" were written for me by Eric when I was to appear in Kriegie Kocktail at the Empire Theatre, August, 1944. Both songs were immediate successes. Thanks a million Eric Hurst.



49

"Barrett's of Wimpole Street"

a very well done drama of 1850 period with special attention to authentic period costuming and setting. An excellent show that could better have been played in cooler weather. We liked the acting of Barrett, Elizabeth, & Browning & Henrietta best.

- produced by Roy Goodhind

Papa Barrett -	Bernard Greenburg.
Elizabeth -	Alan Parr.
Robt. Browning -	Philip Remington
Henrietta -	Charles Phelps
Isabella -	Watson Copeland
Harry Bevan -	John Castropo
Kella -	Douglas Gilham
Watson -	Harry Hopkins
Capt. Cook -	Bruce Goombs
Doctor (Spec.) -	Jack Lomalt
Doctor -	Jan Arthur
Octavius -	Alastair MacDonald
Henry -	Greene Johnson
(etc.)	
understudies -	Barrett - Jan Arthur
	Elizabeth - Phil Greenstein

Aug/44



Barrett's of Wimpole Street
Drama produced by Roy Goodhind
August, 1944

A very well done drama of 1850 period with special attention to authentic period costuming and setting. An excellent show that could better have been played in cooler weather.

We liked the acting of Barrett, Elizabeth, Browning and Henrietta best..



Blythe Spirit – November, 1943

The first presentation by the Dramatic Society. It was prepared in Italy and showed on the French Theatre stage after two rehearsals here. It was an excellent play but needed a lot more rehearsing. But these pioneers deserve a lot of credit. After two performances the company almost in bloc left for Zeitung for two months with many other army boys – but it was a start.

"Blythe Spirit"
 The first presentation by the Dramatic Society. It was prepared in Italy and showed on the French Theatre stage after two rehearsals here. It was an excellent play but needed a lot more rehearsing. But these pioneers deserve a lot of credit. After two performances the company almost in bloc left for Zeitung for two months with many other army boys. - but it was a start!
 The players as far as I can remember were also Bob, Harry Hopkins, Jack Hill, Phil Cunningham, Nicky Mumford, Tom Moscroft, Frank Lappin.
 I remember that Bob and Lappin were first-rate.
 Harry 1943

Nightingale Waltz
 Lyrics by Eric Hurst
 August 1943

There's a Golden mist around the moon,
 And Perfume of Rose in the air,
 From over the way comes the haunting tune
 Of Nightingales singing there;
 To the tune of the birds, let my heart put the words
 And in case all my whispering fails,
 There's a Golden moon, the scented air
 And the song of the Nightingales.

**Nightingale Waltz**

There's a Golden mist around the moon,
 And perfume of Rose in the air,
 From over the way comes the haunting tune
 Of Nightingales singing there;
 To the tune of the birds, let my heart put the words
 And in case all my whispering fails,
 There's a Golden Moon, the scented air
 And the Song of the Nightingales.

Lyrics by Eric Hurst 1943



You Can't Take IT With You!

Play by Kaufman & Hart

produced by Sid Emerick and Wilf Sutton – October, 1944

A huge success but I'm afraid the slapstick in it overshadowed the psychology in the plot. It "laid 'em in the aisles".

51

"You Can't Take It With You!"
 play by Kaufman & Hart.
 produced by Sid & Meriet
 and Will Sutton

a huge success but 5'm afraid the slapstick in
 it overshadowed the psychology in the plot. It
 "laid 'em in the aisles".

Ernie Vandenberg	Frank Lazzari
Perry Lycamore	John Castwood
Paul "	David Barry
Boris Barmichael	Charles Phelps
Ed "	Jack Bowers & Ralph Saunders
Alice Lycamore	Douglas Wilkams
Tony Kirby Jr.	Alastair MacDonald
Mr. Kirby	Bernard Greenburg
Mrs. Kirby	Philip Remington
Holinkoff	Bruce Coombs
Henderson	P. Alan Schwartz
Gay Wellington	Garfield Tarnally
Grand Duchess Olga	Tom Monocraft
Mr. de Pinna	Joe Augustus
Donald	Ross Sweetser
Rheba	Lon Lloyd
Ed. Man	Paddy Stewart
Detectives	Berton Reese
	Will Sutton

Oct/44.



**Three Noel Coward Plays from "Tonight at 8:30"
September, 1944**

'Ways and Means' produced by Jack Lomath
'Family Album' produced by Jack Swales
'Fumed Oak' produced by John Eastwood

A very hearty selection, ideal for the hot weather at the time.

54

3 Noel Coward Plays from
"Tonight at 8:30"

Ways and Means
Charles Phelps, John Stark, Harry Hopkins,
Percy Stafford, Bill Roe.
produced by Jack Lomath.

Family Album
Richard Jones, Joe Augustus,
Douglas Gilham, Ralph Walters,
Jack Swales, again winter.
produced by Jack Swales.

Fumed Oak
Ralph Manchester, Ted Allen,
Joe Doughty, Les Witherstone.
produced by John Eastwood.

a very hearty selection, ideal for the hot
weather at the time.

Sept/44

55

"The Petrified Forest"
 produced by John Eastwood and David Cleary. a play by Robert Sherwood
 a huge dramatic success very well done
 eternated Graeme Johnson
 1. Alastair Macdonald as Alan Squier
 2. Charles Phelps "Sabby" Maple
 Anthony Walters "Duke" Mantee
~~Life~~ Emerick "Gramp"
 Jack Bowers "Boze"
 Nat Hoffman "Jason" Maple
 Philip Remington "Mrs. Chisholm"
 Vic Beard "Mr. Chisholm"
 Ross Sweetzer "Herb"
 Harry Hopkins "Jackie"
 Tom Henry "Rudy"
 1st. Linesman "Paddy" Stewart
 2nd. Linesman "Wilfred" Sutton
 Ralph Waffer "Paula"
 Sheriff "Joe" Bagala.
 S. men, Sheriffs, etc.
Understudies - Duke Mantee - Paddy Stewart
 Sabby - Garfield Lowrey
 Linesman - Stan Carter.
 Alan Bolt's Symphony Orchestra
 'Mozart' - the best to date.
 Nov/44



"The Petrified Forest"

The Petrified Forest – Play by Robert Sherwood,
 produced by John Eastwood and David Cleary
 November, 1944

A huge dramatic success very well done.

Spring Song For Jennifer

60

"Spring Song For Jennifer"

Nov. Dec. 44.

a musical comedy written by Arnold Savin
in Italy 1942. This version by Phil Remington,
Mel Sable, Eric Hurst, Tom Pickard and Sid Emerick.

music - written by Peter Green.

additional music by Eric Hurst

lyrics " " " Tom Pickard

and Mel Sable
plus two German folk songs.

produced by Sid Emerick.

Synopsis -

Aunt Milly and daughter Agnes going on a
trip book at Cook's Travel Office decide to
visit Silder Valley in the Austrian Tyrol and
her nephew-errant Henry. Other nephew Michael
overhears this and goes there too to warn him
of aunt's intentions. Mrs. Silver and his mistress
Claire Stephens go there too to visit Henry. From
Jennifer who is Silver's wife decides to go to the
Tyrol to check on her husband-errant.

Henry is having a wild party at Silder
Valley and on Michael's warning decide to deceive
Aunt Milly by dressing his guests as peasants attending
the Lomavade festival. Count Wilhelm with his German
presence helps to create the illusion. The Count
a Kleftomanias steals Aunt Milly's necklace and
she is very angry but not so when she discovers
nephew Michael posing as an Austrian captain - max
huber. She threatens to close the chalet.

61

But a Mr. + Mrs. Skent formerly of Cook's rescat the
retrieved jewels. Meanwhile Aunt Milly falls in
love with the Austrian Count and is willing
to forgive and forget as long as her jewels are
returned. Jennifer and Michael fall in love and
she reveals herself as Mrs. Silver. She changes
from her staid school marm outfit to a
sophisticated woman. Michael and Henry find
the jewels and after telling Aunt Milly a
highly improbable tale of their recapture everything
is settled amicably. So we have Henry and
Agnes, Aunt Milly and Count S., Jennifer and
Michael, all going to be wed but Claire
Stephens and Richard decide to carry on in
their roles of man and mistress.

Comment

Perhaps the play should have been called
"Spring for Aunt Milly". The settings were
superb, the authentic Austrian costumes, which
were rented, were sensational, and the
music directed by Peter Green himself was
quite excellent. Some of the music was
really beautiful and all of it was good.
I hope to hear more of it after the war.

The show ran to 15 performances and
broke all booking records to date. Showed
to a total audience of 6,900 people.

The cast sang and played well even tho
only two of the cast are "singers".

An excellent ~~of~~ example of what
prisoners of war can do in prison camps.
Our theatre in camp is adjudged the finest
in Germany and this show certainly must
strengthen the belief.

Spring Song For Jennifer

Spring Song for Jennifer, Musical Comedy written by Arnold Davies in Italy, 1942.

This version by Phil Remington, Mel Sable, Eric Hurst, Tom Pickard and Sid Emerick. Music written by Peter Green, additional music by Eric Hurst, lyrics by Eric Hurst, Tom Pickard and Mel Sabre plus two German folksongs. Produced by Sid Emerick.

Comment

Perhaps the play should have been called Spring Song for Aunt Milly. The settings were superb, the authentic Austrian costumes, which were rented, were sensational and the music directed by Peter Green himself was quite excellent. Some of the music was really beautiful and all of it was good. I hope to hear more of it after the war.

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Spring Song For Jennifer

62

ACT I

Scene I - Cook's Travel Agency.
 " " - On board ship going to the Continent.

ACT II

Henry Pinkney's b-halet - the drawing room

ACT III

Scene I - a Back Garden - "The Sonnenuende"
 Scene II - same as Act II.

CAST

in order of appearance.

Mrs. Hunt - char -	- Joe Sanghty
Mr. Albert Hunt - porter -	- Bill P. Cassett
Book's manager	- Bernard Greenburg
Aunt Milly	- Philip Hemington
Agnes	- Phil Greenstein
Michael	- Sid C. Merick
Blaise Stephens	- Garfield Townley
Richard Silver	- George Evans
Jennifer	- Charles Phelps
Henry	- P. Alan Ashworth
Mr. Reid	- Anthony Walters
Count von Salzenheim	- Peter Blythe
Anne	- Joe Whitworth

Ladies of the chorus
 - Richard Jones, Emrys Evans, Bill Orley, Ron Bryant
 - (Dancers) - Dan Simpley, Joe Whitworth, Ron Hanks

Gentlemen of the chorus,
 - Frank Faggari, Bill Ross, Alec Slatter, Sam Pickard,
 - Jim Supper, Bill Jones, Arthur Stephenson, Ron Littley,
 - (Dancers) - Jim Hammond, L. Simon Hammett, Cliff Khan, John

ACT I, sci.
 open chorus.
 (curtain)

Leave it all to Books! - by Peter Green.

Heading for a Holiday,
 Tell us what you plan to pay
 We can send you on your way
 Leave it all to Books.

anytime you'll Pleasure want
 Let us have your luggage sent
 winging round the continent
 leave it all to Books.

troubles fall behind leave 'em all behind
 wander out in the sun
 Be irrational, international
 Take to Europe for fun

Let us take your tour in hand
 show you some exotic land
 everything is neatly planned
 leave it all to Books

→ TANGO DANCE

when the hustling, noisy bustling
 crowds are getting you down
 life is dreamy in lands Bohemian
 try an apstream town
 before the roaring London din
 till a gypsy violin
 lets Vienna's magic in
 leave it all to Books

→ ROLEAN WALTZ

on the other side, there's another side
 to the temple of play
 they've got rhythm there, when you're with 'em there
 Broadway begs you to stay
 lights and laughter, lusty give
 say Manhattan's speed and drive
 wakes you makes you, feel alive
 leave it all to Books.

→ RHYTHM TAP DANCE

Travel prettily down to Italy
 up there, Holland and France
 where it's easy in Gay Parisienne
 nights to find a romance
 anybody can afford, travel like a belted lord
 see us when you go abroad,
 leave it all to Books.

Spring Song For Jennifer

64

(cont)
 I made s.e.i. - just they are on pleasure bent
 chorus and principals. Here they know just what we meant
 now they know just what we meant
 to leave it all to books.
 cheerfully we can provide
 anything that you decide
 let the editors be your guide
 leave it all to books.
 now they're set to go, in a jiffy to go
 set and letting off steam
 if they'll let us there, books'll get us there
 lords of the land supreme
 (they may see your bags are lost
 steer you wrong and down the coast
 but fees are paid and now sheep's breed
 to leave it all to books! (curtain))

(Claire + Silver) We're Flighty Folk - by Peter Green
 we're flighty folk, we're upper crust
 you watched our smoke, and ate our dust
 since the fallen arch of blisters on the mouth of time
 we changed a lot, we saw the light
 and now we got a goal in sight
 now we got ambition, got a mission in our prime
 a mighty cause the work wire of us,
 ambassadors of love and laughter
 if the European seeing what we have to give
 SILVER - I've set my sails, I'm fully dressed
 on top of tails, and all the rest
 S + C - To show the continental gentlemen how Britons live
 CLAIRE - my tracks are dreams, my huts embassies,
 the latest schemes in shops of Paris
 S + C - leading lady menage, Venice to the River Nile.
 we're set to take the world in stride
 when on the mate, were England's pride,
 were the cream of Britain, hitting our crusade
 in style

65

(Jennifer) The Teacher's Song - by Peter Green
 teaching's a funny game, believe you me,
 kids never satisfied with A B C
 and all the things they learn
 in the years they are at school.
 shy little laddie with his schoolgirl lass
 neither in thinking of the history class
 and little hearts can burn
 in the years they are at school.
 try to teach them 2 and 2 make 4
 then explain what Archimedes saw
 there are questions that you can't avoid
 things you'd rather leave to Dr. Freud.
 you'll find the boys are growing year by year
 many's the parent who'd be glad to hear
 about the years they are at school.

ACT I
 scene ii
 SILVER SINGING
 IS CLAIRE

"Simply 3 Dunno" - by Eric Hurst
 the subtle way in which you differ from 50 million girls or so
 can't be revealed by photographing, to make it clear your way of
 laughing
 it's simply 3 Dunno
 no explanation could be harder, but still I'll have another go
 you've got a something very fetching
 that can't be captured in an etching
 it's simply 3 Dunno
 maybe if I took up novel writing, or if I developed second sight
 I would find why you are so exciting, and maybe then
 again, not quite,
 so if I hand the problem over to Mr. Jeanyan and Co.
 it's with a feeling that they'll miss it
 for every single time I kiss it,
 it's simply 3 Dunno.

Spring Song For Jennifer

66

parody
(Mrs. Hunt to
Mrs. Hunt)

'Simply 3 Durns' - by Eric Hurst

- MR. H. I've heard a lot of yarns from sailors
about the terrors of the deep
But when it comes to deep-sea creatures
you've got 'em licked for facial features
Enough to make me creep.
- MRS. H. You ain't no blinking picture gallery
You're Mother's got no cause to groan
Her faith in you was quite unshaken
and why she didn't have you drowned
I simply do not know.
- MR. H. Just to think a little steady drinking
Put me in so terrible a plight
- MRS. H. Whatcha mean a little steady drinking
You've been at it all the blinking night.
- MR. H. Well if I promise moderation
Would you be nicer to me & lo
- MRS. H. You don't believe I'd listen to you
Now use your noodle Albert do you
- MR. H. Well may be dear
- MRS. H. - tell no!

ACT II
(chorus & dancers)When We Are Dancing - by Peter Green

When we are dancing, with you close to me
There's a gleam in your eyes so inviting
When we are dancing, like waves on the sea
There's nothing could be more exciting
Step this way then that way, now away with the swing
Of the music the orchestra's playing
Now step together, take one, two, and three
Till you find a new rhythm to dance.

Ron Hitley
and chorus."Champagne" - by Peter Green

Laughter leapt in the sparkling glass at midnight
For romance bubbles in old champagne
Morning skies, laughter dies,
Sparkle leaves the wine
And only memories now remain.
Raise the glass when the midnight music fades
And you'll taste only remorse and pain
For romance lives in our hearts
One glorious moment
Then died like sparkle in old champagne.

(chorus and dancers)
Final act II"Dance and Sing" - by Peter Green

We'll dance and we'll sing to the life so gay
If troubles come they'll fly away
Forget all your cares let the wine flow free
Be happy and live today.

The hours are fleeting and chasing away
All traces of trouble so live for today.

We'll dance and we'll sing to the life so gay
If troubles come they'll fly away
Forget all your cares let the wine flow free
Be happy and live today.

(curtain)

Spring Song For Jennifer

68

ACT III
Scene I
"Sonnewende"
choristers.

Drink be Gay by Peter Green

Drink be gay on our holiday
'Tis the Sonnewende feast, drink your
sorrows away
Dance and sing, let your laughter ring
make your life a happy song while you may.
maiden shy and sweet - fond lovers die to meet
while there's a moon above, singing their tune of love
Drink be Gay on our holiday
'Tis the Sonnewende feast day today.

Gold und Silber old German
folk song.

(Sonnewende
choristers)

Gold und Silber hatt ich gerne
Konnt es wohl gebrauchen
Wunschte mir ein ganzes meer
mich hinein zu tauchen
Braucht ja nicht gepraecht zu sein
Dennoch hatt ich's gerne
Sei's der mander silber schein
Sei's der glanz der sterne

Gold and Silver

English by Peter Green

(")

Gold and Silver, precious here, will be mine hereafter
Gold that lights your lustrous hair Silver in your laughter.
Gold that lights your lustrous hair Silver in your laughter.
as a miser counts his hoard
finding all his treasure
so I count thy charms adored
these, my greatest treasure.

69

ACT III
(Scene II)

(Henry and Agnes)

In The Spring by Peter Green

Hen. - In the spring a young man thinks about love dear
and I'm no exception to this law
when I first met you my heart soon began to flutter
and it was such a well behaved heart before.
Think what the world would be without love dear
like a lane where wild flowers never grow
Darling look in my eyes, surely you realize
that I'm falling head over heels in love with you.

Agnes - In the spring I get an amorous yearning
I don't feel at other times of year.
If you're smart you'll guess why my heart is burning
you dear it's true, it's just because you are near.

Hen & Agn. - Love's in season, that's the reason for Spring songs
birds up in the trees all feel it too,
spring seems to tell us to, seems to impel us to
sing songs.

agn. - Heavens above

H & Agn. - I'm falling in love with you

I'll Take Your Name by Peter Green

(Henry, Agnes
and Michael)

Agnes - I'll take your name, in business like fashion.

Henry - I'll stake a claim devoid of all passion

Michael - The matrimonial state is not exciting
that ends at half past ten with a grim good-nighting.

Agnes - I'll take your name, but none of your kisses

Michael - That you could claim if she were your mistress

Hen - I'd much prefer a clench with more surrender

Agnes & Mich. - we can't agree with sinning despite the splendor.

Agnes - I'll take your name, but mind you no larking

Michael - Don't try the game of petal and spangling

Hen - a contract like this is too full of strain

All 3 - Yes I can see {you'll} be taking {your} name in vain

Spring Song For Jennifer

70
 (Michael and Henry) "a Sad Prospect" - by Peter Green

H. a Sad Prospect of life in a garret
 M. " " " like Browning and Barrett
 H. I'll spend my life in a dismal suburban quarter
 avoiding all the wiles of the landlord's daughter
 a Sad prospect of pennies in meters
 M. " " " noisy soup eaters
 H. and the toast will burn to the end of eternity
 H+M - It's a sad, sad, prospect for me.
 H. a Sad Prospect of Sundays in Hackney
 M. " " " quirkails and acne
 H. and I'll squirm in pain on the grain of a
 horsehair sofa
 to hear that Flo has married the neighbor's
 chauffeur.
 M. a sad prospect of slowly succumbing
 to rice pudding and audible plumbing
 H. and the Tudor bedroom has a headroom
 of 4 ft. 3
 H+M - It's a Sad, Sad prospect for me.
 M. - a Sad Prospect of mottled china
 " " " photos of Dinah
 H. - of whom I've got no less than a dozen poses
 It's who she thinks she's trying to be - Mad Kussner
 M. - a Sad Prospect of lounges so polar
 the cold gets in your sensitive molar
 M+H - In short it's only a prelude of perogatory,
 It's a Sad Sad prospect for me.

72
 "Lady Will You Stay" - by Peter Green

Michael and Jennifer

M. Lady Will you stay with me
 sequestered in the mountains high
 Lady Will you stay with me
 and let me love you till I die
 Can't you see my love is true
 Stay with me and love me too.

J. Captain bold are you sincere
 Promiscuous love will come a-mine
 Captain bold are you sincere
 Or do you seek the casual Kiss?

M. Can't you see my love is strong
 as the plading in my song?

J. Captain bold, you're not sincere!
 Reluctantly I must insist
 Captain bold you're not sincere!
 These overtures you must desist!

M. Lady will you stay with me
 at my side where you belong

M+J - yes my dear I'll stay with thee
 Our life will be one happy song

Spring Song For Jennifer

73

The Cash and the Count - by Peter Green(Aunt Milly
+ Count)

ant - you've got the castle, you've got the fame
I've got a parcel of cash to my name

A+C - and when we are married how happy will be
The count and the cash and the castle me.

c - my poor old schloss is out of repair
Poor Papa's losses at Chemin de Fer

A+C - and when we are married how happy
we'll be
The cash and the count, & the castle and me.

A - I'll see the place is properly staffed
my plan embraces your overdraft.

A+C and when we are married how happy
we'll be

c - the cash for the count

A - and the castle for me.

Finale
A+C"Fling Away" - by Peter Green.

Full Company

fling away all fettering things
find a way of bettering things
shatter whatever spoils your endeavor
to keep your life gallant and gay.
let us scheme impractical schemes
let us dream romantic dreams
just give romance the half of a chance
if things impede you, fling them away.
cast aside conventional schemes
let us reside inside of our dreams
shatter whatever spoils your endeavor
to keep your life gallant and gay.

74

let's compose theoretical themes
self-repose in poetical dreams
just give romance the half of a chance
if things impede you, fling them away.

(Curtain)



"Sunewende" - Peter Green



Book's Office scene - "Spring Song for Jennifer"



KEEP IT DARK

NO TIME FOR COMEDY



75

"No Time For Comedy"

*a conversation play by
J. S. Berhman.*

Produced by Charles Phelps.

Linda	-	Charles Phelps
Gaylord	-	John Stark
Armanda	-	Alastair MacDonald
Mr. Smith	-	P. Alan Ashworth
Pym	-	Ralph Manchester
Maid	-	Ted Allen

An E.T.G. presentation prepared for a single performance. Its appeal was sufficient to extend the run to 8 performances in all. a polished performance - Congrats. to all the cast but special mention to Charlie who captivated his audiences by his superb acting ability.

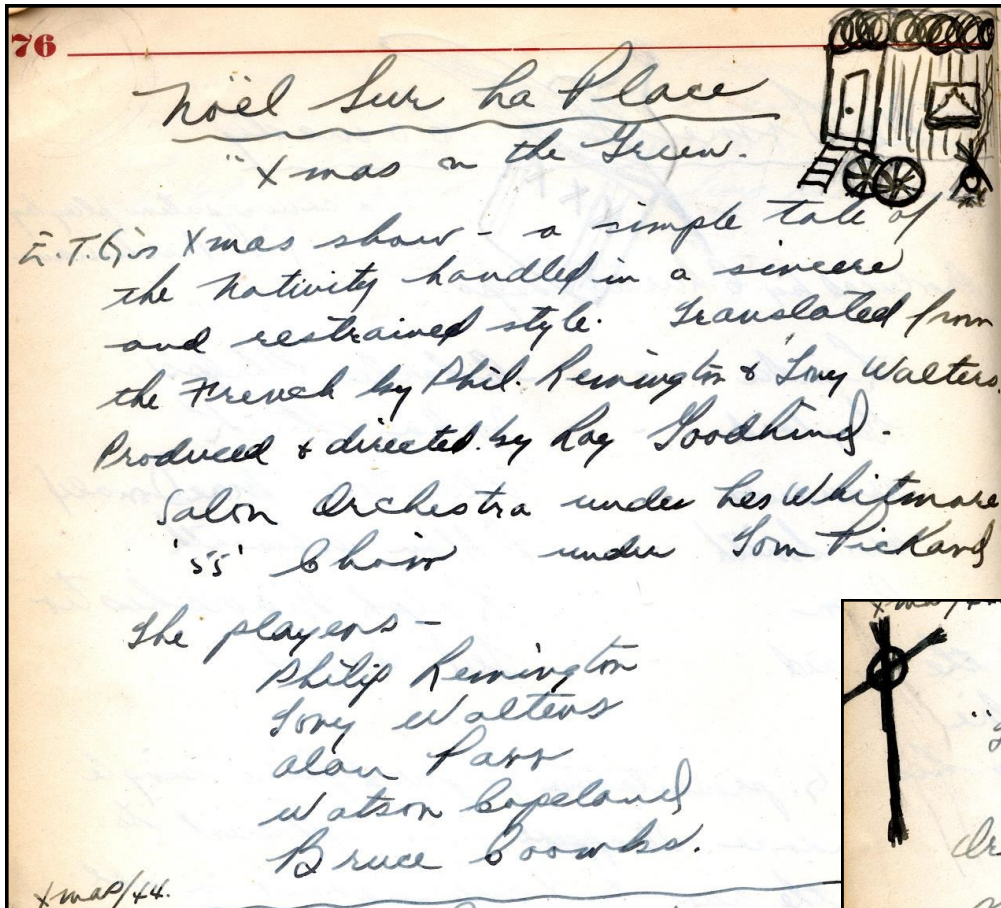
Dec/44

No Time For Comedy
A conversation play by J. S. Berhman
produced by Charles Phelps
December, 1944

An ETG (Experimental Theatre Group) presentation prepared for a single performance. Its appeal was sufficient to extend the run to 8 performances in all. A polished performance. Congratulations to all the cast but special mention to Charlie who captivated his audiences by his superb acting ability. RGT.



"No Time For Comedy"

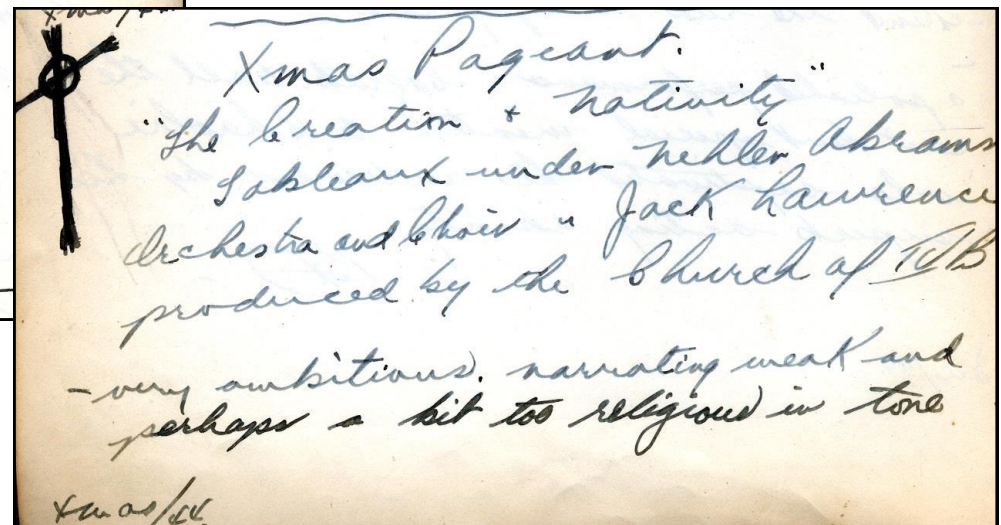


Noel Sur La Place – Xmas on the Green
Produced and directed by Roy Goodhind.
Xmas, 1944

ETG (Experimental Theatre Group)'s Xmas show – a simple tale of the nativity handled in a sincere and restrained style. Translated from the French by Phil Remington and Tony Walters.

Xmas Pageant
"The Creation & Nativity"
Tableaux under Nehler Abrams.
Orchestra and Choir - Jack Lawrence
Produced by the Church of IVB
Christmas, 1944

Very ambitious, narrating weak and perhaps a bit too religious in tone.



Keep It Dark!
Revue – non-stop in 12 scenes
Written and devised by George Miller,
produced by George Miller
and George Harrington.
January, 1945

A smart show, well dressed and decored but I'm afraid not up to our usual high standard even though it was well received by our new friends in the camp – The Yanks.



"Keep It Dark" Full company on Victoria Station.

Keep It Dark!
 a revue - non-stop in 12 scenes
 written and devised by George Miller
 produced by Geo. Miller and Geo. Harrington
 a smart show, well dressed and decored,
 but I'm afraid not up to our usual high
 standard even tho it was well received
 by our new friends in the camp - The Yanks.

cast -

Harry Day -	Bill Rae
"Punkin" and Joe Back -	Mickey Read.
Diana Rolfe -	Gayfield Lowmley
Betty Day -	Jim Kirkness
3 ugly Bridesmaids -	Joe Doughty
	Ralph Walters
	George Murrey
Ed Avery -	Ed Turner
Sandy Mist -	Sandy Sart.
Hans & Knees -	Bill Beal and Spot Martin
and Vivien Hammerl, Reg Prestage, Jim Sanger	
Eddie Payne, George Peckham, Bill Forscitt	
featuring: Jim Vaalten and his Dutch Band	
noel Hurst, "Gloria", Geoff Ball.	
Les Whitmore.	
fit orchestra under Les Whitmore.	

Jan 11/45

78

E. T. G. experimental Theatre Group
directed by Anthony Walter and Phil Remington

The purpose is to show short plays, or excerpts with limited appeal and portray new & old methods of playwrights, direction, scenery, costuming etc. So far they have been very successful. The actors on the camp appreciate the plan as they can learn by watching as well as taking part. I can't remember the casts completely but the presentations were:-

I. Synopsis

1. scenes from Oedipus Rex - Sophocles
2. scene " Marcus Welles - Mel
3. We got by them - 1 act play.

June/43.

drama about the ages.

II. Contrast

July/43.

1. Round Towers - a creaking melodrama of 50 y ears ago.

- ✓ 2. Waiting for Lefty - a melodrama of this age.

III. Drama

Sept/43.

- Ibsen's "Ghosts" - under-rehearsed and not as well done as we'd hoped for.

IV. Modern Society Comedy

Dec/43

- no time for comedy -

V. Xmas Festival Play

Dec/43.

- Noël sur la place.

VI. The Play is the Thing

1/44.

- Our Town - wilder

E.T.G. Experimental Theatre Group
Directed by Anthony Walter and Phil Remington
June, 1943-Dec, 1944

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79

Rope a drama 

A fill in show due to the cold weather. I'm afraid it was rather under-rehearsed. The play itself demands some concentrated acting that at times the plays weren't up to and so the psychological turn of it was vague. Outstanding were Bernard Greenburg and John Stark. Entertaining play but not first rate.

Cast.

Brandon	- Anthony Walters
Granillo	- Pat Harrison
^{Russell Badell} Mon. About-Turn.	- John Stark
Leila	- Charles Phelps (alternating with Joe Whitworth)
Playboy ^{Huntleigh}	- Bill Rose
Sir Han. Hodley	- Bernard Greenburg.
Sabat	- Jack Lomath.
Mrs. Hobington	- Ralph Walters

Rope**A drama****January, 1945**

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American Swing January, 1945

Anglo-American dance band made up of old Englishmen and new Americans here. A top brand of swing well done. Conducted by trombonist Bill McMann featuring Myers and Goodman on trumpets. Compiled by Bill Rae.

80

American Swing

anglo-American dance band made up of old Englishmen and new Americans here. A top brand of swing well done.

conducted by trombonist Bill McMann featuring Myers and Goodman on trumpets. compiled by Bill Rae.

Guest Artists

vocals - Tommy Lane

Greenburg & Pickard - comic duets

Larry Martel - Boogie Woogie

Tap Dancers - Jack McEwan

The new numbers were not as well received as the old favorites such as

"Take the A train

"King Porter Stomp

"920 Special

"In the mood

"American Patrol

"Sun Valley Jump

just to name a few

52 Love's Melody from Mexican Gold

Just let this music tell you,
 Something I can't express,
 This is the message it brings you,
 a message of love's tenderness.

This song will be a sweet chorus
 telling that we'll never part.
 Let the memory of this melody
 linger in your dear heart.
 Each note I sing is a kiss dear
 sealing my promise true
 So let us sing it together now
 leading with I love you.

**Mexican Gold,
 Musical comedy
 with music and lyrics by Bill Smith
 Produced by Joe Cox
 February, 1945**

The best dressed show to date and Paul White's scenery and Harry Watson's lighting truly exceptional and worthy of civvie street. The songs were often good and singers sang them. Robert Musquin's sensational dancing is to be remembered. The plot and script was vague and thank heavens negligible. Too bad that it wasn't worthy of the rest of the show.

51 Mexican Gold musical-comedy.

music by Bill Smith
 lyrics by Bill Smith
 libretto - Joe Cox
 produced by Joe Cox.

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Cast

Ray - Arthur Stevenson	<u>Dancers</u>
Marquerita - Taffy Evans.	Female - Jim Sawyer
Bill - Joe Penn	Jim Kirkness
1st. Wife - Tom Moorcroft.	Ben Apps
2nd wife - Joe Whitworth	Bliff Green
Guacho & Pancha - Sandy Dant & Ted Larned	Male - Jim Supper
hangover - Nat Hoff man	John Lavers.
Sheriffs - Jack Bowers & Bill Baker	Jeff Williams
senor alvarez - George Maundour	B. Sutton
singer at Frieto - Noel Hurst	
Dancer at Frieto - Robert Musquin.	
and Sheriffs chorus.	

Feb 1945

84

Tumble Down Town

Bill Smith

They talk of New York
and Broadway's bright lights.
They talk of London's glare
I know a place with far better sights
One day I'm going to take you with me
there

You'll lose the houses in each tumble down
street
the crazy market where the people all meet
you'll find the parson, the cop on his beat
in Tumble Down Town.

You'll find a smithy and a bridge by the mill
a church that nestles on the side of the hill
you'll find a porebury for Jack and his Jill
in Tumble Down Town.

It's just a simple place
where folks say "Howdy"
as they pass you by.
An empty cottage stands just off the road
It's just the place for you and I.

The local lock-up has a rickety door
They won't admit you after quarter to four
It doesn't matter there is no law
in Tumble Down Town.

Mexican Gold

Sheriff - Jack Banus
Bill Bagg - Joe PennCasanova

Bill Smith 83

Sheriff. You're a Casanova,
You're a bluebeard too,
You're a guy who's got to know a thing or two
Bill. Oh you exaggerate
Sorry to relate
I'm a normal English bespeckled husband
5. Tell me all your worries
Don't hesitate to say
Maybe I'm the chap to help you in some way
8. It's not a simple matter
a case of bigamy
and I'm damned if the way out I see.
5. There's a famous case in history
of a man who had six wives
8. Please don't complicate the problem
I've got this
That will do!
So what do you advise?
5. Take the better looking
Let the other scum
make your way to Reno and don't give
a damn.
8. Really Mr. Sheriff
I'm surprised at you
For an officer of the law
that won't do!

Ridin' on air

I'm hitting the trail for happiness vale
I'll soon be arrivin' there
I sorta guess my gal said yes
That's why I'm ridin' on air.
I'll wear a smile for every mile
I aint got a single care
I calculate I've met my fate
That's why I'm ridin' on air.
We'll ride thru life together, tho it's tough and hard
We'll share all stormy weather, & she will be my pard
Right soon my bride, will be at my side
Ridin' the old grey mare
She boys will yell, she aint she swell,
That's why I'm ridin' on air.

85

Bolt Symphony

Once again Alan Bolt proves his mastery of music and gave us another excellent program. His orchestra - international in aspect worked beautifully together - all 35 of them.

Bill Irving as soloist gave a performance worthy of any concert hall. His touch was airy yet confident. The Bolt Singers turned to church chorals of the 1780-period and were - in a word - powerful.

To my mind, the high spot of the evening was Alan's new orchestration for his own Pastorale. Its depth and simple majestic beauty can now be fully enjoyed. He tells me there is nothing new or modern in it, but the brass passages that opened and closed the opus certainly belie his statement. I hope to hear this work when I return to Canada.

Overture "Gloria Tanti"
Concerto in C Minor for piano
(Soloist Bill Irving)

Mozart.

Mozart.

Bolt Singers -

Ave Verum

Kyrie Mass in D

Mozart
Hayden

Pastorale

Bolt.

Feb/45.

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alan Bolt International Orchestra Dec/41

"THE TALE OF A TOWNLEY"

Dear Bob,

No matter what I do,
You won't relent – and it appears
That I must fall a victim to
Your mania for souvenirs.
And so, perhaps I might do worse
Than trace your stage career in verse...

I met you first in "MARK OF CAIN"
And soon we were to meet again
In "BOY MEETS GIRL" – your C.A.D.S.
debut- (the voice of KNX - was you!)

And then, in 'MUSIC IN THE CAGE'
As odalisques we took the stage
With swaying arms and hips a-wiggle
We tried our damndest not to giggle!

'LET'S RAES A LAUGH' made you
reveal
A lot of things in dishabille
(The wardrobe added to their stock
That ever-green old evening frock!)

Then, changing sex quite cleverly
As Sandy and as Beverley
We acted in that sure-fire winner –
The famous 'MAN WHO CAME TO
DINNER'.

Then 'KRIEGIE KOCKTAIL' came
along
And on a startled camp there burst
"Hey Sugar!" – and that immortal song
Of homage from the pen of Hurst.

Next, 'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH

YOU' makes
A drunken harridan of you –
A Wellington who sees the snakes
And promptly meets her Waterloo!

With you as Claire and me as Millie
'SPRINGSONG' was certainly a "wow"
Our singing may have sounded silly,
But we enjoyed it, anyhow!

If 'KEEP IT DARK' was not so hot
(Nor was the weather", George
explains)
At any rate you should have got
The Arctic Medal for your pains

And now 'THE WOMEN' is in the air
And you and I will soon be fighting
We'll pull each other by the hair
And I shall even get to biting!

But, till our "prison sentence" ends
We'll always be the best of friends.

Yours sincerely,

Philip Remington
25-11-45
c/o Barclays Bank Ltd,
Pall Mall East,
London, SW

86

"THE TALE OF A TOWNLEY"

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London, S.W.1

Philip Remington

25.11.45.

The Women
Produced by Roy Goodhind and Ian Arthur
March, 1945

A well produced show to say the least – clever. As for me, I thoroughly enjoyed working in it. The audience put an immediate stamp of approval on our efforts. In three acts and 11 scenes and that called for a super effort from the stage manager Bruce Coombs, Paul White and his staff, make up artists, wiggies, costumers and dressers. It was amazing that everything went off with no hitches and scene changes taking only about 1 ½ minutes each.

"The Women" - Clare Luce Bostock 87
 produced by Roy Goodhind
 + Ian Arthur.

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Mary	- Charles Phelps
Sylvia	- Philip Remington
Edith	- Jack Lomath (due to illness of Watson Copeland)
Nancy	- Alan Winter
Crystal	- Alastair MacDonald
Miriam	- Garfield Townley
Countess	- Frank Leggari
Little Mary	- Douglas Hillman
Peggy	- Alan Parr
Mary's Mother	- Les Potter
Jane	- Harry Hopkins
Lucy	- Jack Lomath
Alga	- Les Witherspoon

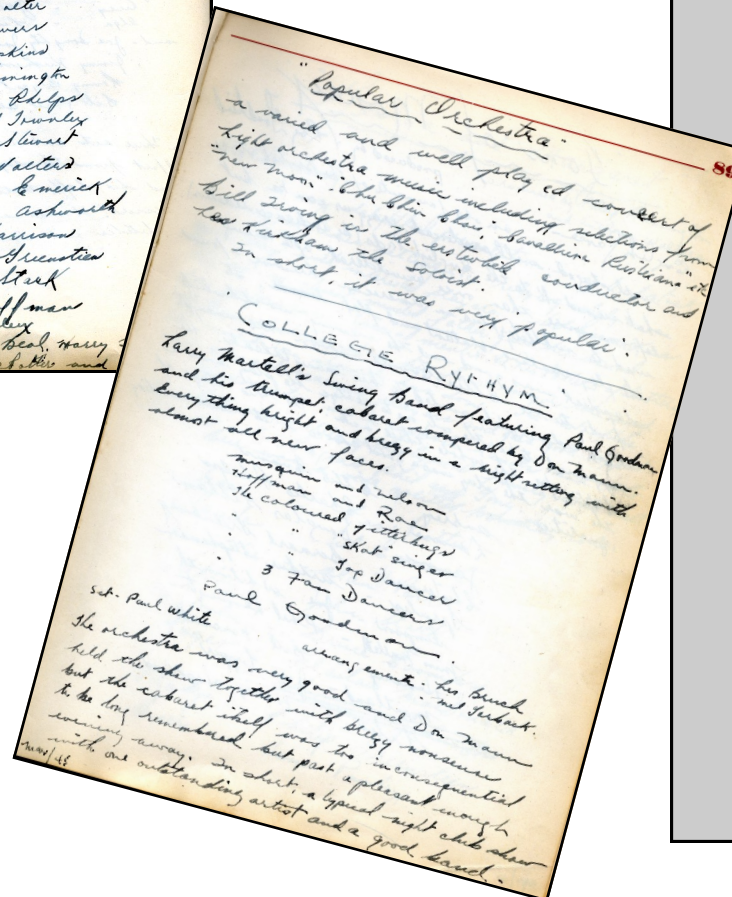
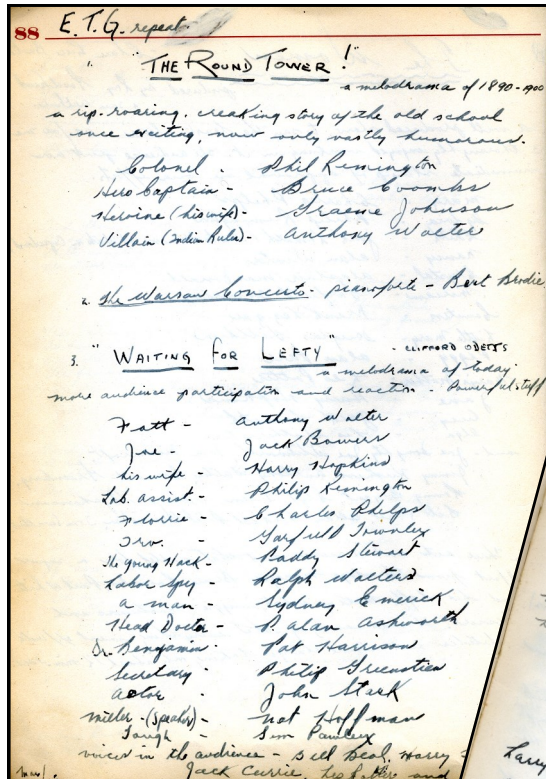
and - Joe Longley, Joe Whitworth, Tom Monncroft,
 Jimmy Kishner, Anthony Walter, Bernard Greenberg,
 Ronny Bryant, Cliff Green, Arthur Stephenson,
 Bill Rose, Allan Backell, Phil Greenstein, Tom Swallow.

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hand/45



"The Women" full cast.



The Round Tower

A melodrama of 1890-1900 a rip-roaring, creaking story of the old school once exciting, now only vastly humorous.

The Warsaw Concerts

Pianoforte Bert Brodie

Waiting for Lefty

A melodrama of today. More audience participation and reaction. Powerful stuff.

Popular Orchestra – May, 1945

A varied and well played concert of light orchestra music including selections from New Moon, Chu Chin Chou, etc. Bill Irving is the erstwhile conductor and Les Kirkham the soloist. In short it was very popular.

College Rhythm – May, 1945

Larry Martell's Swing Band featuring Paul Goodman and his trumpet, cabaret composed by Don Mann. Everything bright and breezy in a bright setting with almost all new faces.

The orchestra was very good and Don Mann held the show together with breezy nonsense but the cabaret itself was too inconsequential to be long remembered but passed a pleasant enough evening away. In short a typical night club show with one outstanding artist and a good band.

Tons of Money
An English farce produced by Roy Goodhind
April, 1945

An old favorite of the British stage. Well staged, well produced, crazy as can be, but what seemed ok to the English lads (by audience reaction) left me more than once bewildered, after being used to subtlety plus in American humor. I found the play creaking, blatant and flat. Its slapstick was good and the viewing worthwhile if only to see Ellis Evans clown his way through a role admirably suited to his many talents. He appeared to be the only one to realize the play was a farce for the whole three acts. At this stage of the war the play was a good choice in its undemanding qualities.

90

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Aubrey	- Ellis Evans
Louise	- Charles Phelps
Jean	- Douglas Williams
Whisterman	- Bernard Greenberg
Sprules	- Arthur Stephenson
Simpson	- Joe Whitworth
Miss Mallett	- Phil Remington
Stanery	- Bill Forscutt
Maitland	- Jim Supper
Giles	- Harry Hopkins

apr 45

"George and Margaret"

91

produced by Philip Remington
and Anthony Walters

English comedy.

a very delightful presentation in spite of stock scenery, costumes, setting etc., relying solely on a good play with interested players. Sid Emerick as the not-so-absent-minded father gave his usual fine performance. Special mention to Les Potter's fluttery mother considering it is his first major role and the second run show he has done. The rest of the cast were all seasoned players and gave good support.

The production was in capable hands and the homelike atmosphere of this typical family was well brought out. Congrats Phil and Tony.
Beer was a side splitting supporting role.

Alice	-	Les Potter
Claude	-	Sid Emerick
Frankie	-	Alan Parr
Dudley	-	John Stark
Malcolm	-	Bruce Coombs
Roger	-	Alastair MacDonald
	-	Therese Johnston
Gladys	-	Philip Greenstein
Beer	-	Sam Pawley

op 2/45

George and Margaret An English comedy produced by Philip Remington and Anthony Walters April, 1945

A very delightful presentation in spite of stock scenery, costumes, setting etc., relying solely on a good play with interested players. Sid Emerick as the not so absent minded father gave his usual fine performance. Special mention to Les Potter's fluttery mother considering it is his first major role and the second run show he has done. The rest of the cast were all seasoned players and gave good support.

The production was in capable hands and the homelike atmosphere of this typical family was well brought out. Congrats Phil and Tony.

Beer was side splitting for a tiny role.

92 This Is The Camp!
Victory Show Variety
 written by Eric Hurst.
 produced by Leo Mundy
 musical arrangements- Bill Irving
 chorus arrangements- alan Bolt.
 orchestra conducted by alan Bolt.
 / Irving.

93
C.A.S.T.
Variety
 Bill Roe
 Nat Hoffman
 Nigel Slater
 George Saunders
 Hank Holscher
 Geoffrey Tunnell
 Tommy Kane
 Norman Siddons
 Ron Lloyd
 Jim Hammond
 Mickey Read
 Sandy Bart
 Ted Turner
 Joe Pann
 Joe Whitworth
 Paul Goodman
 Gus Vaalter
 Bernard Greenberg
 Tom Rickard
 Harry Brewitt
 Woody Fisher
 Leo Mundy
 Snowshoe Meyers
 The Scotch Dancers
 The Scotch Pipes
 The Page Boy
Chorus
 Leo Kirkham
 Joe Cox
 Bernard Greenberg
 Peter Green
 Mickey Mumpford
 The Atterbury
 Frank Haggart
 Arthur Stephenson
 Leo Ford
 Ron Fitchy
 Jim Supper etc.
B.A.S.
 Charles Phelps
 Philip Remington
 Anthony Walters
 Bernard Greenberg
 Broome Johnson
 Sidney Emerick
 Frank Haggart
 Jack Rosenthal
 Bruce Brombal.

This is the Camp

Victory Show Variety
 Written by Eric Hurst
 Produced by Leo Mundy
 Musical arrangements by Bill Irving
 Chorus arrangements by Alan Bolt
 Orchestra conducted by Alan Bolt and Bill Irving
 April, 1944

"Old Folks"

Lord, keep the old folks safe from fear
 At home, while I am over here;
 I pray that you would let them know
 I wear their hearts where e'er I go;

Let war and death be, in their eyes
 A thing of heroes' paradise
 May they not feel the naked rain
 Nor guess the actual hurt of pain,

Do blind their hearts to thirst and cold
 For, Lord they are so sweet and old.
 Tell them I stride with vig'rous breath
 They need not know the weight of death

Nor need they sense the truth of strife
 They have so little left of life.
 Lord bless tonight the ancient beds
 Where wakeful toss their dear old heads

And tell them not to worry for
 I'm coming back someday from war
 Do comfort them and pleasing Thee
 Keep them alive, Dear Lord—for me

By: Frank Stebbing, P.O.W.

96

"Old Folks"

Frank Stebbing
 P.O.W.

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Do comfort them and pleasing Thee -
 Keep them alive, Dear Lord - for me.

112

The French Theatre

The French on the camp (about 800 strong) have their own theatre built solely for that purpose. Designed and executed by them. It seats 350 approx and is of intimate size. The stage itself is fairly narrow but of a good depth, fronted by a deep wide orchestra pit. The decor is usually of a high standard, striking and 'frenchy' in its mold which is at its best in period settings and ultra modern ones.

The guiding figure and female lead is M. J. Lacombe who has presented in four years a good many excellent plays of all types. His artistry is in and free flowing and he surrounds himself with very good supporting casts.

M. Gallandier usually takes male roles. M. Despiere is an experienced actor and fine portrayal in character roles. M. St. Laurent, an always good standby.

Plays are presented about 4-8 perf. run, and variety is staged but of an ordinary calibre. I am sorry I can't name the shows but I for some in the centre of the

113

Italian Shows

Took place in the French theatre. every six months. Colorful, breezy, but nothing new due perhaps to the 'Cytos' moving in and out constantly. Jori the juggler is very clever and the swing band entertaining but most of the casts seem unsure of themselves.

Dutch Shows

In the French theatre approx. every three months. Suur Vaalten and his orchestra are very good but work mostly in the 'Empire' or around English hits. The shows themselves are very dull and slow moving. Their version of the man who came to dinner - Stunk.

Polish Shows.

In French theatre, are of a more serious classical nature. Their music is excellent, singers too but the other artists are only fair with the exception of Jan the 'harmonic queen'.

Russian Theatre

The Russians converted one of their barracks into a reasonable theatre. Decor and warmth is lacking usually in the scenery but the often brilliant talent overhauls these shortcomings. Their performances are sprightly and sincere. Their singing is soloist or in chorus. Famous here as well as all over the world. Russian dancing clever and musicians excellent.

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The décor is usually of a high standard, striking and 'frenchy' in its mold which is at its best in period settings and ultra modern ones.

The guiding figure and female lead is M Jean Comeau who has presented in four years a good number of excellent plays of all types. His artistry is immaculate and free flowing and he surrounds himself with very good supporting casts.

M Gallandier usually takes male leads and M Vespierre who is an experienced actor always give a fine portrayal in character roles.

M Heu, M St. Laurent, and M David are always good standbys.

Plays are presented about every five weeks for a 4-8 performance run and variety is rather rare, well staged but if an ordinary caliber.

I am sorry I can't remember many of the names of the shows but I have souvenir programs for some in the centre of this log.

RGT

Italian Shows

Took place in the French Theatre every six months. Colorful, breezy but nothing new due perhaps to the Italians moving in and out constantly. Toni the juggler is very clever and the swing band entertaining but most of the casts seem unsure of themselves.

Dutch Shows

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The Beginning of the End

100 The Beginning of the End!

Friday 13th. General alarm given by the Germans. Warned us of the approach of Allied forces and the camp was to remain running normally. Discipline of the camp was placed in the hands of the senior combatant British Officer, Lieut. H. Jessop.

Then came a strained week of intense waiting. Proof of the nearness of our forces was displayed daily by almost constant air activity by American aircraft train busting, strafing, bombing, often within a mile from the camp. One strafing unfortunately resulted in the deaths of 4 British, 1 Russian, and 1 German guard. German air opposition was notable by its complete absence.

Friday 20th. At a meeting held by the German Commandant with all the Men-of-confidence representing every nationality in the camp, the opportunity was given to evacuate to the Western side of the Elbe River in view of the fact that the Russian forces were rapidly approaching this immediate vicinity. The British and Americans strongly opposed the suggestion and were then supported by all other nationals with the exception of the Polish who hurriedly vacated the camp.

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Saturday 21st. Explosions and fires in the distance.

Sunday 22nd. Lights and water in the camp were off. 5,000 evacuated P.O.W. arrived in this already congested camp from areas already over-run by the Russians. The tenseness now in the air was accentuated by explosions in the area caused by the German demolitions. The food situation very acute. As darkness fell we felt the tenseness mount. There was very little sleep for any of us with artillery barrage close by, machine gun fire and light flashes streaking a leaden sky. The room's darkness gave back many red glows from depleted cigarette

The Beginning of the End

stocks as the fellows awaited the liberation they knew was coming they knew not how soon.

Monday April 23rd – the day. Early morning we were all awake listening to rumors that the Germans had left the camp. Orders came in that the camp was now in charge of a Russian POW Lieut.-Colonel and we were to have our usual 7 am parade – Germans or no Germans.

We had just got on parade when we heard a fusillade of shots and were treated to the sight of 4 Russian horsemen, the Russians looking as wild as their mounts, swept down the main road of the camp. Everybody ran to the road after a premature dismissal and gave our liberators a warm welcome. The feverish excitement that was being stored up in us had at last broken out in a feeling of intense relief. To the south of the camp could be seen Russian cavalry, troops, tanks and armored cars on their way to the town of Muhlberg itself.

In less than no time flags of the different nations were flying proudly about the camp. We were told to expect the Americans between 10 am and 1 pm and so we settled down to wait for them by wandering about and making brews in order to fill in the time.

The Russians in the camp all left during the morning to make their way back through their lines or join the troops around here. Many British took the opportunity of exploring the countryside for themselves.

P.S. Today is St George's Day.

Tuesday April 24th Still no Yanks. A good majority of the camp are out finding food and by the look of things having

good results. Still sounds of battle around about. Theatre carries on with "George & Margaret" and "This is the Camp" victory shows playing to ½ full and disinterested houses. Most people just content to fill their stomachs for the first time in a year or two or more and enquire "where are those damned Yanks"?

Wednesday, April 25. Just the same as yesterday except that the theatre closed down and the entertainers relaxed too. Then at 9:05 pm a Jeep and a Yank Tank pulled up to the gate and then paraded through the camp midst loud cheers of jubilation by all of us who now at last felt that we were really "free". Our fellows clambered all over the Jeep and followed it like an idol or a magnet they were so happy. Needless to say most of us stayed up quite a bit later eating and drinking and just talking over old subjects that now magically took on a new light.

We were told to expect the main force soon and intimated that we should be on our way out of Germany in a couple of days. We will see and let's hope we do start soon.

Tuesday May 2nd. This morning all the Americans were moved to a place 17 km from here and across the Elbe River. We were told that all the British Empire troops are leaving tomorrow morning for the same place. Now there is a frenzy of packing meager packs and then just waiting once more wondering if we really are going to be on our way at last.

Sunday May 6th. At 11 am we were told that we were to leave the camp so at 3 pm we passed through the gates of the camp for the last time. We were on our way to Riesa. Our orderly columns soon broke up as each individual struck his own pace

The Beginning of the End

and we more or less made our own way here. The Elbe was crossed at Strehla and this was a highpoint to us – another step towards freedom.

It only took us about 3 hours to do the 20 km walk and that was very good for most of us hadn't walked that far in years.

On our arrival at Riesa there was much confusion and overcrowding at the barracks (ex-SS school) so Doug and I who were alone decided to seek our own lodgings. We soon found one and were joined by Jack Goldwhite and "Clem". The next day Harry Green turned up. The German family cooks for us and leaves us to ourselves so we don't do too badly at all. Our biggest efforts are to "scrounge" food and await developments concerning our going home.

Tuesday May 8. This morning we heard at long last, the war is over. Not much cause for us to be really elated though – it came more as an anti-climax. We all thought though how much better it would have been to be in London or New York (or Toronto) midst the festivities and celebrations.

In honor of the day, the Germans kept telling us how wonderful we were. Our Frau brought in help and cooked us a big meal. At night we visited around the neighborhood, drank apple-cider and ate our own concoction of "wasser-puddink mit rice". All night long there were continual gun shots and shells etc. exploding. We wondered if the war really was over.

Wednesday, May 9. The Russians continued their celebrations all day singing and drinking. We spent our time sun-bathing and enjoying this ideal summer weather. The officials tell us once more that "it won't be long now", but we

are as usual skeptical. We are all supposed to return to barracks to live but we will hold onto our civilian billet as long as possible.

Thursday, May 10. Another perfect day spent walking and visiting but our impatience grows quickly. We decided to go our own way to Oschatz and then to Leipzig if the Americans haven't appeared to take us there by transport by next Monday.

Monday May 14. Yesterday we did the rounds and said our goodbyes. We said our last ones at Friedl and Hannay's place over some brandy (after having rabbit for dinner with them). We planned to leave at 6 am today but we decided to go to barracks first for gen (which was not forthcoming) and we finally set out from Riesa shortly before noon. On the road to Oschatz we met a Russian supply driver who had been a gefangeman for 3 years in Berlin. He gave us bread, cheese, cigars and wine which we drank there, the rest was for the journey.

When we got to Oschatz around 3 pm we met a Dutch lady who advised to take a different route to Leipzig more to the south where we would be nearer the American lines so we went with her. One of our two bikes broke down hopelessly so we put some of the baggage on hers, carried a suitcase and then proceeded to walk 16 or 17 kilometers more to here (Neusarnzig).

By golly were we tired. My left foot was swollen badly and the sole covered with blisters so our overnight stay may develop into a few days. As long as we can get plenty of eggs and milk though it won't be too bad. At least the four of us are getting

The Beginning of the End

our fill of adventure walking across Deutschland!

Tuesday, May 15 Today we visited around, had dinner out. At night we visited some evacuees in Sarnzig (the next village) and had a sing song. The women had lovely natural voices. They sang us songs and parodies against the Hitler regime that only now can they sing openly. Bob, a kid of 14 there speaks very good English and is a fine lad too. At 11 pm I was very tired so I took our bike and made my own way back to where we stay. The others rolled in after 2 am so they must have enjoyed themselves.

Wednesday, May 16 We woke up late this morning to find that our bike had been stolen by the Russian kriegies traveling through and sleeping by the barn so that was a bit of bad luck. The others were out all day and tonight we moved to a house in Sarnzig that is very nice. They are going into Mugeln in the morning to get a pass for traveling and we hope some means of transportation because my foot is in very bad shape still. If not we will go village by village as we see fit.

Thursday, May 17 We saw the Russian commander in Mugeln this morning and were given the freedom of the town, rations and four bicycles and we decided to leave tomorrow because of business tonight in Sarnzig.

Friday May 18 We left Mugeln by train (no less) loaded with refugees and got to Oschatz where we dined with some Polish women who have spent five years in concentration camp. This evening we got the train to Wurzen and crossed the Mulde with no trouble at all. Made contact with the Americans who gave us food and drove us to a reception camp at Polenz for the night. We feel really free now that we are with the Americans

who are treating us well and talk our language. Meanwhile the bulk of the Muhlberg fellows are still in Riesa under guard. Our holiday in Deutschland is nearly at end now and are we ever glad to be on our way home at long last.

Saturday, May 19 We had a top-hole breakfast in Polenz (airdrome) this morning and now (noon) we are waiting for transport to Halle and a plane to France or England. Well we stuck around today and are having a swell time. I guess we will move on tomorrow. We had white bread (no less) for the first time in three years and some delicious beer and scanned several magazines while enjoying good American music from a Gerry G.I. radio.

Sunday May 20. Instead of going to church this morning, we hopped aboard a Jeep and took in a movie in the camp. It was pretty boring but we stuck it out because it was such a novelty.

We left Polenz in the early afternoon and were taken to Leipzig, had dinner, and some good beer. Then last night we were brought here to the airdrome at Halle. Both of these cities are sure messes.

The camp here is great for everything and we've met many of our old friends here. Planes come in fairly often to take us on our way and there are many facilities to keep us happy here and we are happy too. Even more cigarettes than you can smoke.

Monday May 21. A holiday camp no less for we have nothing to do but amuse ourselves and eat—neither being a bit of trouble as both facilities are excellent. Three hot meals a day, movies, reading etc. make this life easy to take.

The Beginning of the End

Tuesday May 22. A lot more fellows in today and several went on their way home. Our turn should be coming up soon. Still enjoying the food and movies. Wrote Alice, Mom, Dad and Dot Kerr today.

Doug and Jack and Harry and I are living in a nice room of our own and I'm not so sure but that we don't think we are in heaven. We are very much looking forward to going home but meanwhile we are content to enjoy ourselves here. I think the four of us are happier than we have been for a coon's age.

It sure is swell to be with such good friends or perhaps "troopers" would be a better word; because everything is always ok with us even if things aren't really right. I won't like leaving any of them when we finally get to our homes. You get to know a fellow pretty darn well in a couple of years.

Wednesday May 23. Exactly a month now since we were liberated. It seems like a year sometimes. This afternoon we saw our first show "Fiesta Time" put on by U.S.D. and it was a good one, a real pleasure to sit back and be entertained for a change. Even so the old bug kept nipping me as I watched. Tonight 500-600 fellows came in from Riesa at last and we can expect the rest very soon they say.

Thursday May 24. I especially thought of home today because of the holiday and as usual the weather proved pretty grim for the races at home or for any movement here.

Friday May 25. Today was a big day for us. This morning around 11 am we were told to get a move on and get ready to leave. To back up the statement the air was filled with Yank Oklahoma's (C47). Around two we took off with 25 to a kite.

Three hours later we found ourselves at Nivelles near Brussels. Noticed several Canadian ground crew there. Tea and biscuits and cigs again. Then we were motored to Brussels, had a good meal, drew five pounds; a good bed and we set out to do the town. It is a wide open place with bags of night clubs but is the liquor ever lousy – tastes like hair tonic must. I was out by midnight so back to my bed I went. What a lousy bed.

Saturday May 26. Got a civvies haircut and then went back to our hostel for "gen" and we got it – we were moving immediately. Jack Goldwhite was nowhere around so Doug and I left Harry there too. Hope we meet up with them soon again. We went to another drome and flew in Lancasters with English crews to Oakley in Oxfordshire and had more cigs, food, etc. Driven to another camp for the night and here we are not doing too badly either (almost think we were heroes the way everyone is so considerate – how long will it last?). Tomorrow we expect to go to London and Bournemouth for rekitting etc. Sent telegrams home to announce our long awaited return to England. Now everybody should be happy. Incidentally, English beer still has that vague quality it had a couple of years ago.

Sunday May 27. Came straight to Bournemouth and it looks as good as ever it did. We didn't get finished routine till around 8 pm but I still had time to see a few old friends and I am afraid celebrate by having one too many. A lot of boys who have been on leave start going home this week I am told but we should get leave first.

Monday May 28. Brand new battle dress today and does it feel good too. Bags more routine, good meals and best of all I

The Beginning of the End

met my old friend Norm Scott who I spent five months with here two years ago. We made an evening of it and did we ever do some chin wagging.

Sailed for Canada - July 8, 1945

Arrived Halifax - July 13, 1945

Arrived Toronto - July 17, 1945

nowhere around so Doug & I left Harry there too. Hope we meet up with them soon again. We went to another drome and flew in Lancaster with English crews to Oakley in Oxfordshire and had more cigs, food etc. and a welcome of disaffection plus WAAFs and A.S. etc. Driven to another camp for the night and here we are not doing too badly either (almost think we are not doing too badly either). Tomorrow we expect to go to London and to announce our long awaited return to England. Now everybody should be happy. Incidentally, English has still has that vague quality it had a couple of years ago.

Sunday May 27.
Came straight to Burnmouth and it looks as good as ever it did. We didn't get finished routine till around 6pm but I still had time to see a few old friends and I am afraid celebrate by having one too many. A lot of boys who have been on leave start going home this week I am told but we should get leave first.

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sailed for Canada - July 8/45

arrived Halifax - July 13/45

arrived Toronto - July 17/45



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This is Roughly How it Looked —

KEY

- 1 German Offices
- 2 Post Offices
- 3 Post and off-duty Barracks
- 4 French Theatre
- 5 Main Office - (Men of Confidence)
- 6 Search Layer
- 7 French Garden House
- 8 French Barracks
- 9 French Canteen and University
- 10 School, Library, and English Chapel
- 11 French Chapel
- 12 Old Rice Hut (since demolished!)
- 13 Records Building
- 14 Russian Barrack Theatre
- 15 "The Empire" - British Theatre
- 16 new cooler
- 17 machine shops etc. Red Cross stores
- 18 shoe repair and clothing repair shops
- A. main Gate
- B. Post and Lookout Post
- C. X-Ray Hut (Demolished by fire)
- D. Padre's Rooms.

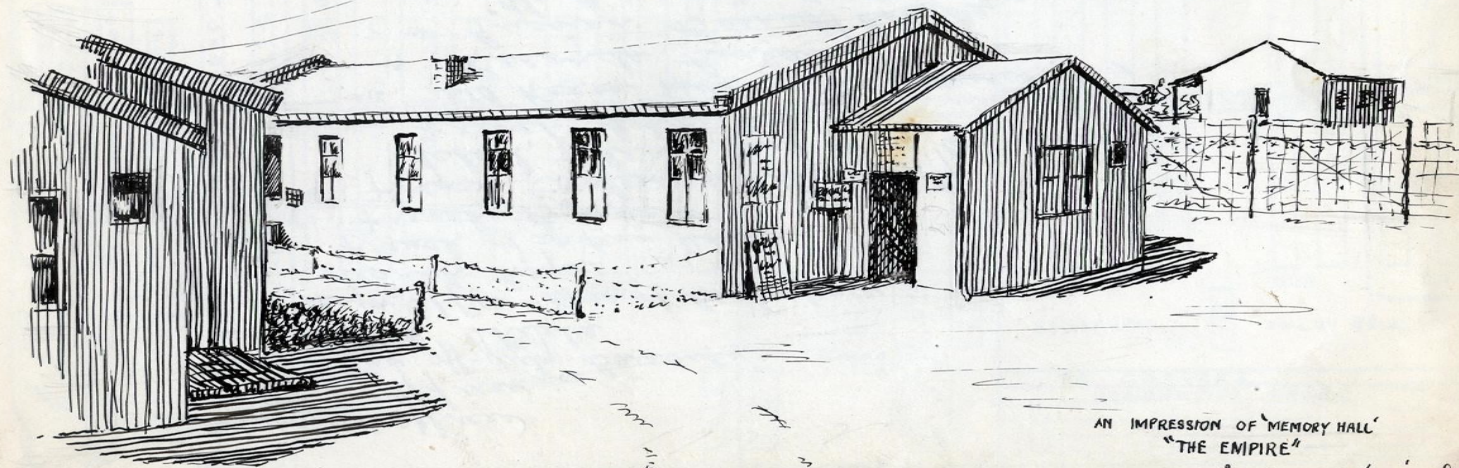
To a fortunate few out of we thousands of prisoners here, the phrase "IVB" in the future will mean simply the old Empire so aptly depicted opposite. You and I are amongst that lucky few Sugar. The strange truth is that the Empire has provided us with many riotously happy hours during a period in our lives which according to convention and popular assumption should have been packed with misery only. Often we shall think of it – and quite often we shall yearn for it. Such is the grip of the stage even behind barbed wire.

Very sincerely

Charles Phelps

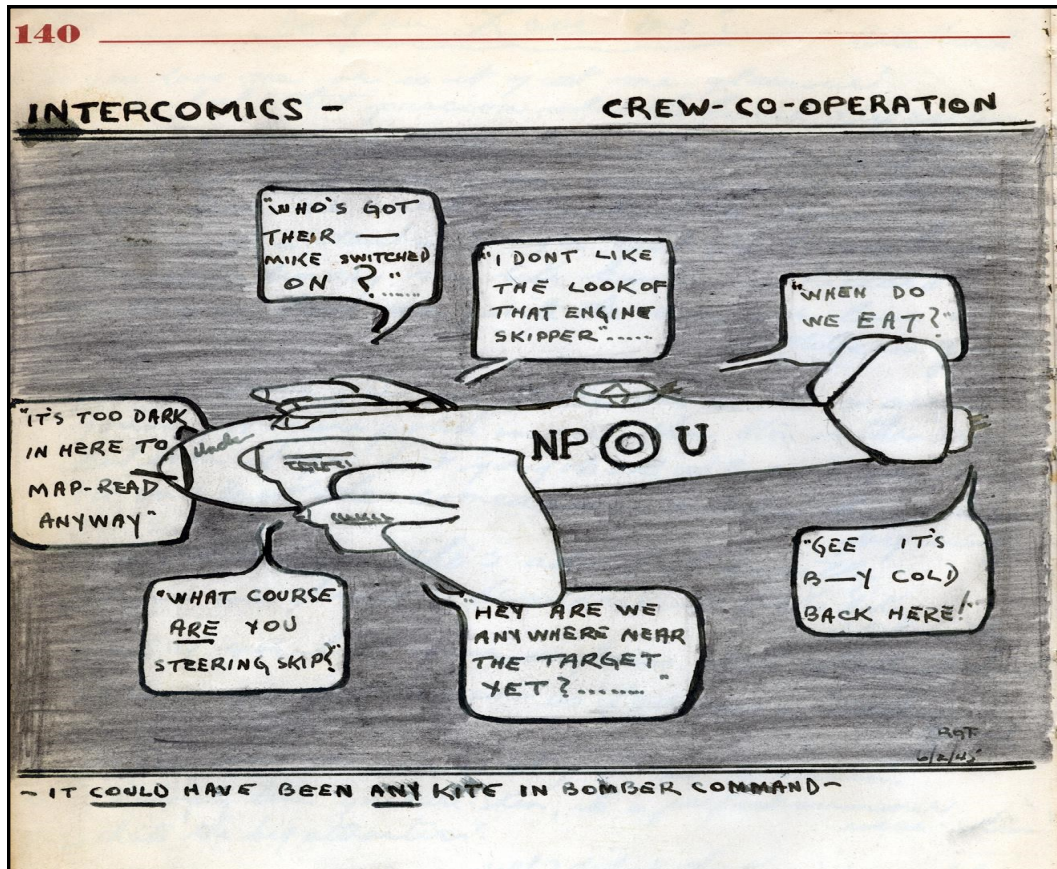
February 23, 1945

Muhlberg/Elbe, Germany



AN IMPRESSION OF 'MEMORY HALL'
"THE EMPIRE"

*All Luck and Happiness
H. Russell*



Canadians everywhere join me
in sending to you heartiest Christmas
greetings and the best of good wishes
for the New Year.

W. Mackenzie King
Prime Minister

1944

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Addresses!

- Clayton Christmas* - Hamilton Ontario
- * Joe Doughty - 23 Selborne Hdns. Perivale, Middx. England.
- * Phil Remington - 10 Barclay's Bank Bldg. 1 Pall Mall E. London SW1
- Sraeme Johnson - 20 Standard Bank Kkstad C.P.S.A. Africa
- (or) Mayfield Lodge, Haslemere, Surrey, England.
- Charles Phelps - 62, Westbury Road, Ipswich, England
- Jay Arseneau - Newcastle near Brunswick Canada
- * Ralph A. Walters - 10 Guildford Rd. St. Albans, Herts. England
- Wilfred Sutton - 46 Taff Embankment Gwenttown, Cardiff, Wales
- Bruce Goombs - 20 Standard Bank of SA LTD. P.O. BOX 946, DURBAN, NATAL, S. Africa
- * Paddy Stewart - Dodder Rd. Geraldville, Rathgar, Dublin, Ireland
- * Alastair Macdonald - 5 Walnut Tree Close, Huddersfield, Yorks. England
- 35 HAM 1299 * John Bastwood - Englefield Lodge, Englefield Green, Surrey, England
- Ross Sweetzer - London Canada
- Ron Haude - S. Africa
- Jim Hammond - 10 Highbury near Park. Stoke Newington, N.E. London England
- Eric Hurst - Montreal Avenue, Leeds, Yorks. Eng.
- Tom A. Mouscroft - "Rose Cottage" station Rd. Lydiat N.E. Liverpool, Lancs.
- Pierre Pecqueur - { 3 Rue de Chohars Quimperle Finistere France
3 Rue du Docteur Noël Boulogne-sur-Mer P.D.C. }
- Jan Quigley - Australia
- Norman Mackee - R.R. #3 Beamsville, Ontario, Canada
- Bolin Gardner - 37 Warton Rd. E. Molesey, Surrey, England
- John Partington - Walsall, England
- Art. Green - 291 Greenwood Ave. Toronto, Ont. Canada
- John Scott - 258 Glen Home Ave. W. Toronto, Ont. "
- Robert Gillham - 30 Grove Ave. Ottawa, Ont. "
- Becil F. Manning - 51 Heathfield Ave. West. Ewell, Surrey, Eng.
- Larry Ramsden - 48 Kaye Lane, Almondhury, Huddersfield, Yorks.
- Davis Johnson - 76 Kingwood Rd. Fulham SW6 London Eng. SWL 7257
- * Archibald M. Bowe - 311 Bilsland Drive Ruchill Glasgow, Scotland
- * Ron Limage - 10 Hedgesmans Rd. Heathway Essex, England
- David Kreischer - 44 Burners Rd. Skewen North Wales.

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- Jim Kirkness - Dyneley Arms, Pool Bank, Yorks. England.
- Cliff Green - 21 Queens Drive, West Derby, Liverpool 13, Lancs.
- * Roy C. Woodhams - 161 VAUGHAN RD, HARROW, MIDDLESEX. BYRON 2848
- Harry Hopkins - 103 Warwick Rd. Spark Hill, Birmingham, England
- Anthony W. Feeney - 424 West Clinton St. Elmira, N.Y. NY
- Bob (Patsy) Vance - 528 West 9th Ave. Vancouver B.C. Canada
- Geo. Halmeron - 14 First Avenue, Compton, Ont. Canada
- N.D. McAlary - 79 Henry St. Tighes Hill Newcastle N.S.W. Australia
- Jimmy James - Box 993, Grande Prairie, Alberta, Canada
- J. J. Hopkins - 2675 W. 41 Ave. Vancouver B.C. Canada
- Stan Barnes - 33 Edwin Ave. Toronto, Canada
- Bill Beale - 45 Ambrose Hdns. London Rd. Isleworth, Middx. Eng.
- E. Harrell - Passy Sound, Ontario, Canada
- Mark Flanagan - 719 S. College Ave. Chippewa Falls, Wis. U.S.A.
- Jim Cantlin - 54 Mechanic St. Lebanon N.H.
- Donald Barker - 14 Kendig St. Worcester, Mass.
- Bob Hall - 387 Lyons Ave. Newark N.J.
- Leonard S. Sturms - 214 East 5th St. Welland, Ontario, Canada
- Jay R. Hamenthal - 1673 Pratt Blvd. Chicago Ill.
- Glean V. Wiswander - Box 2 Box 224 Salina, Calif.
- Johnny Malcolm - 22 Park St. Newton, Mass.
- Phil Bridland - 920(?) Manning Ave Toronto
- Louis Joyce - Olds, Alberta.

144

Albert Marteau, 83, rue d'Echiré, NIORT.
(Deux Sèvres). FRANCE.

Jack W Goldwhite 65th Penhurst Johns Edgware, Middlesex
EDGWARE. 2495.

Harry Green 6, St. Anne's Well House,
Farm Road. Hove, Sussex.

Friedrich Lölke, Gailshausen

(Frankfurt / a. Main)

FRIEDRICH BOLKE
GULDENDORF

Johanna Phattschneider
Riesa / Elbe, Grenzstrasse 6. G.D.R.

Herr Robert Breitbach
Köln - Zollstock (neusamzig)
Vorgebirgstrasse 197

G. Monon
2, Rue des Vieux
Bideford
Devon

145

Cliff Garrett
Larry Sound Ont.

Jack Sandford
191 Park Ave.
B rantford, Ont.

Bud Rice (brother of Jack)
92 Hammersmith Ave.
Toronto, Ont.

Jack Rice
Bowmanville, Ont.

"Jack" Joe Tumulty
1478 Lewis Ave.
Niagara Falls, Ont.

phone
3698R

148

Mr. Harry Hadari (Postachewitch)
% Dr. Ch' Margolin
Tel Aviv
16 Shenkin Street
Palestine.

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Luft 6.

J.B.R. Barry	114	mancton Rd.	Toronto.	nan
P.W. Benson	166	Spadina Rd.	"	u.s.
L.E. Edwards		Birchcliffe Heights	"	nan.
Hoffberg.	16	me Carl St.	"	B/A
W.R. Matheson	65	Indian Cres.	"	A.G.
W. Read	126	Spring garden Ave.	"	A.G.
H.B. Seables	7	Humber Hill Ave.	"	A.G.
R.J. Stinson	491	Indian Grove.	"	A.G.
Les Hart		St. Catherine's Dist.	"	
Harold Knight	640	Glebeholme Rd.	"	
F.E. Ferrier	46	albermarle Ave.	"	
A. Hague	14	Elwood Blvd.	"	A.G.
F.V. Houston	134	McGonigal St.	Orpington	
F.J. Hughes	1236	Queen St. E.	Toronto	nan.
G.J. Keighan	55	Hocken Ave.	"	pilot
J.D. Tomlin	384	Alcker St.	"	B/A
A.H. Tamers	1331	6th St. Regina	"	nan.
x Carl Boal	1141	Roe St. Regina	"	w/Man
A.M. Wilson	435	Russell Hill Rd.	"	nan

Stalag IV B

R.A.F.

S. Barnes	R136089	Toronto
A.W. Baker	R112703	"
Bickl. Barry	R193039	"
D. Burns	R112912	"
P.L.R. Collins	R65016	Halifax
Lloyd Christinas	R84416	Hamilton
W.R. Case	R184772	anyone
W.C. Conlin	R140885	London
X.R. Cox	R156329	Toronto
Gridland	R188096	Humber Bay
R.K. Jriannan	R147689	Regina
R.B. Daughtry	R144338	Toronto
E.H. Fallow	R80566	"
P.G. Gillham	R161649	30 Grove Ave. Ottawa
A.C. Green	R127747	291 Xgreenwood Ave. Shonts

Johnny Hayes

J.M. Johnson	R188474	Toronto
Karmyle	R85041	Regina
G.M. Little	R88821	Toronto
K. Lees	R83606	Port Hope
J. Law	R161452	Hamilton
W. Martin	R189035	Toronto
A.N. Mudduck	R120679	Clahawa
J. Pappas	R160484	Toronto
B. Quinn	R182365	Willeia
C. Rice	R93361	Bacouanville
J. Scott	R127945	Toronto
G. Sanders	R196577	"
Sandford	R169992	Brantford
J. Steele	R112780	Toronto
Vansant	R119108	Newmarket
B. Walters	R102128	Regina
W. Williamson	R116700	London
B. Ross Sweetz	R183705	London
J.E. Maclean	Black River Bridge	N.B.
E.H. (Pete) Yarrow	49 the Queensway	Toronto 147
Best Boas	40 Gleichen	Alberta
Miss S.M.		
Mr. Sam Riley	268 Dymington Ave.	Toronto
	(Leslie Riley nephew).	

(Hughie)

W.W. Henson. - Niagara-on-the-Lake

Harry K. Ward. - 1122 West Pender St. Vancouver, B.C.

No. 27

Canada

All the way best of. May we have plenty more good times in Canada

"LET'S RA E'S A LAUGH"

OPENING SCENE

- (1) THE LOVELIES
SWING SINGER.GARFIELD TOWNLEY "SUGAR"
2 JITTER BUGSMURRAY COHEN & BILL BARRY.
2 IN WALTZ TIMERONNIE NAUDE AND JERRY BALL.
- (2) THE FUN RACKETEERS. . .GEORGE HARRINGTON &
FRANK LAZZARI
- (3) AGE OF CLUBS.TONY
- (4) ROMAN SCANDALS.BILL RAE,NAT HOFFMAN, &
BUD CHORLEY.
- (5) TRIUMPH OVER NATURE..JOE DOUGHTY, LOFTY WEEKS,
JACK LAWRENCE & "WINDY",
- (6) KINGS OF THE IVORY. . .WILL JOHNS & JOCK McARTHUR.
- (7) GLORIOUS DEVON.GEORGE MAUNDERS, REG CROFT,
& BILL OXLEY.
- (8) THE ONLY SCOTCH JEW IN CAPTIVITY. . .NAT HOFFMAN.
- (9) GAY PAREE
WOMEN OF EASY VIRTUE. .BILL OXLEY, VIC HUNT, LES
WITHERSTONE.
THEIR FAVOURITE BOY FRIENDS. . .BUD CHORLEY,HARRY
DREWITT, JOE BROWN.
ACCORDIANIST.WILL JOHNS
ENGLISH TOURISTSFRANK LAZZARI, JOE DOUGHTY,
TOMMY MOORCROFT,JOCK NEIL.
APACHE DANCERS.TOMMY MILNER, SID NELSON.
WAITERS.JACK LOMATH, PAUL WHITE.
THE LOVING COUPLE.BILL RAE & GEORGE HARRINGTON.
- (10) HE AIN'T GOT NO BODY . . .STAN BACKHOUSE WITH HIS
TRUMPET.
- (11) PUBLIC ENEMY. . .NAT HOFFMAN,JOE DOUGHTY,LOFTY
WEEKS, & JACK LAWRENCE.
- (12) ORIENTAL PHANTASY. .JACK WARNER - ASSISTED BY
TOMMY MILNER & WILL JOHNS.
- (13) ONE OF US IS DUMB. . .JOE DOUGHTY & BOB DUNN.
- (14) LONELY NIGHTSJOE TURNER.
- (15) SHIPWRECKED.JOE DOUGHTY, LOFTY WEEKS, /
& JACK LAWRENCE.

...../over

- (16) BILL RAE WILL BUY THE THEATRE, LOCK,
STOCK AND BARREL, "ESPECIALLY THE BARREL"

THEATRE MANAGER.BOB DUNN
PAGE BOY.HAROLD WOOLDRIDGE
PROGRAMME GIRL.BILL OXLEY
CHOCOLATE GIRL.VIC HUNT
2 LADIES.TOMMY MOORCROFT & DAVID DAVIES.
THEIR HUSBANDS.JOCK NEIL & HARRY DREWITT.
SHE STRIPS TO TEASE.....GARFIELD TOWNLEY "SUGAR".

The Show Commences

PRIMA DONNA.JOE BROWN
ALMOST AN ACROBAT. . .SAMMY RODWELL
BRIGHT AND BREEZY. . .JACK LOMATH
IN SEARCH OF A HORSE. . .BUD CHORLEY
HORSE LAUGH.LES WITHERSTONE
PANTO'S PRIDE.FRANK LAZZARI
GUESS WHO.?

....oOo....

- (17) FINALE - Entire Company.

.....

BAND LES WHITMORE'S AUGMENTED DANCE ORCHESTRA
CONDUCTED BY BILL IRVING.

oOo

SS, LIGHTS, ETC., BY
E STAFF.

THEATRE
IV B
Elbe
ANY



Appendix - Bomber Command - Operations Record Book

R.A.F. Form 540		OPERATIONS RECORD BOOK		Page No. 50.																								
para. 2349, and War Manual, Pt. II, chapter XX., and notes in R.A.F. Pocket Book.		of (Unit or Formation) No. 158 SQUADRON.		No. of pages used for day.....																								
Place	Date	Time	Summary of Events	References to Appendices																								
LISSETT	25.8.43 (contd)		Notification received today from R.A.F. Station, Ford, that body of 1395112 Sgt. Sheehan, L.L. was recovered from the sea on 24.8.43 (missing 10.8.43).																									
	26.8.43		Flying: one air test detail. Local flying and air to sea firing. Seventeen aircraft detailed for operations and subsequently cancelled.																									
	27.8.43		Weather: fine becoming cloudy with occasional showers. Moderate SSW'ly wind. Visibility moderate. Flying: three air test details carried out. Twenty-two aircraft and crews detailed for operations, twenty one took off. Aircraft "M" (P/O J. Y. Clarke, Aus.415119) missing. Five returned early. Weather: cloudy becoming fair. NW'ly wind 5-10 m.p.h. becoming SW'ly. Visibility moderate. Notification received from Air Ministry that P/L J. C. Bridger, D.F.C. (103516) missing 9/10.7.43 is prisoner of war in Germany.	"A" pages 256 to 261 narratives 1 to 21.																								
	28.8.43		Flying - nil. Weather - mist at first, then continuous rain, ceasing late afternoon. Wind S-SW 8-12 m.p.h. Visibility moderate or poor.																									
	29.8.43		Flying - nil. Weather: intermittent slight rain all day. Light SW'ly wind. Visibility moderate. Notification received from Air Ministry quoting German information that 1467551 Sgt. Green, G.A.F. dead, classified missing believed killed in action.																									
	30.8.43		Flying - twenty one aircraft detailed for operations. Twenty took off; aircraft "U" (Aus.420332 Sgt. Wildman, R.S.) missing. One day cross country detail and local flying.	"A" pages 261 to 265 narratives 1 to 20.																								
	31.8.43		Weather: cloudy, becoming fair, and fine at night. Fresh to strong W'ly wind, visibility good. Flying - nineteen aircraft and crews detailed for operations, and took off. Four aircraft missing - "C" 148180 P/O E. James, "P" 3/L W. H. Elliot(40094), "Z" 1096827 Sgt. Kidd, W. and "R" 1385787 Sgt. Ward, K. Local flying. Notification received from Air Ministry that 1382125 Sgt. H. L. Barnes, 1384833 Sgt. E.W.J. Bennett, 649870 Sgt. G. Goodfellow, J.16978 P/O A. E. Taylor, J.16427 P/O C.W. Gebhard, are classified missing believed killed in action. Weather - fair all day, visibility good becoming moderate in the evening. Wind light W'ly becoming E'ly in the afternoon and calm late.	"A" pages 265 to 270 narratives 1 to 19.																								
			TOTAL FLYING HOURS for the month of AUGUST, 1943.																									
			OPERATIONAL FLYING: Night - 1211 hours 18 mins. OPERATIONAL TRAINING: Day - 44 hours 17 mins. OPERATIONAL TRAINING: Night - 46 hours 16 mins. OTHER FLYING: Day - 81 hours 45 mins.																									
			<u>DECORATIONS AWARDED TO SQUADRON PERSONNEL.</u> <table style="width: 100%; font-size: small;"> <tr> <td>A/S/Ldr. R.C. SMYLIE, D.F.M.</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> <td>P/O T.J. MARTIN (J.8628)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>1314207 Sgt. W. J. BARBER</td> <td>Awarded D.F.M.</td> <td>P/O R.J. CLARK (J.17004)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>1087496 Sgt. J. W. E. LAWRENCE</td> <td>Awarded D.F.M.</td> <td>P/O L.W. CURTIS (139644)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>P/O J. HEATON (J.16801)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> <td>P/O D.C.M. GALLOWAY (51691)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>P/O J. R. LAWS (J.16669)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> <td>P/O E.E. MORGAN (J17009)</td> <td>Awarded D.F.C.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>1286189 Sgt. W. GINGER</td> <td>Awarded D.F.M.</td> <td>1285725 P/Sgt. C.F. HATCH</td> <td>Awarded D.F.M.</td> </tr> </table>		A/S/Ldr. R.C. SMYLIE, D.F.M.	Awarded D.F.C.	P/O T.J. MARTIN (J.8628)	Awarded D.F.C.	1314207 Sgt. W. J. BARBER	Awarded D.F.M.	P/O R.J. CLARK (J.17004)	Awarded D.F.C.	1087496 Sgt. J. W. E. LAWRENCE	Awarded D.F.M.	P/O L.W. CURTIS (139644)	Awarded D.F.C.	P/O J. HEATON (J.16801)	Awarded D.F.C.	P/O D.C.M. GALLOWAY (51691)	Awarded D.F.C.	P/O J. R. LAWS (J.16669)	Awarded D.F.C.	P/O E.E. MORGAN (J17009)	Awarded D.F.C.	1286189 Sgt. W. GINGER	Awarded D.F.M.	1285725 P/Sgt. C.F. HATCH	Awarded D.F.M.
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1286189 Sgt. W. GINGER	Awarded D.F.M.	1285725 P/Sgt. C.F. HATCH	Awarded D.F.M.																									

Appendix - 158 Squadron "U for Uncle" - Flight Details

27/28 July	HALIFAX II "U" JD249	Sgt. Wildman R.W. " Townley R.G. " Bryden W.E. " Partington J. " Browne W.J. " Clenton J.S. " Gardner C.C.	Pilot & Capt. Nav. B/A W/OP W/C R/C F/Eng	22.36	04.17	TARGET - HAMBURG. Primary. Load 2 x 1000 lb. G.P.T.D. 025 600 x 4 lb. 30 x 4 lb. "X" type 48 x 30 lb. I.B's. Target was attacked at 0124 hrs. from 19,000ft. heading 005° M. Slight cloud haze and smoke over target area. Saw first track markers but not second. Green T.I. on target, fires visible from coast. Bombed green T.I.s in bombsight cascaded 0122 hrs. Attack well concentrated but some bombed short, fires were all over target area, smoke up to 20,000ft. Captain states: "Good attack well concentrated."	Page 45
29/30 July	HALIFAX II "Y" HR945	Sgt. Wildman R.W. " Townley R.G. " Bryden W.E. " Partington J. " Browne W.J. " Clenton J.S. " Gardner C.C.	Pilot & Capt. Nav. A/S W/OP W/C R/C F/Eng	22.38	04.13	TARGET - HAMBURG. Primary. Load 1 x 1000 lb. 37E Pistol 1 x 1000 lb. I.C. TD. 025 600 x 4 lb. 30 x 4 lb. "X" type 48 x 30 lb. I.B's. Target was attacked at 0111 hrs from 20,000ft heading 171° M. Some haze but fair visibility, very little cloud. Target identified by green T.I.s. Bombed green T.I.s in bombsight, cascaded at 0111 hrs. Fires appeared to be somewhat scattered. Captain states: "Thought not to have been such a good show as previous Hamburg raid. Fires less concentrated."	Page 45
1/3 AUG	H.R. 755 'X'	Sgt. Wildman R.W. Sgt. Townley R.G. Sgt. Bryden W.E. Sgt. Partington J. Sgt. Browne W.J. Sgt. Clenton J.S. Sgt. Gardner C.C.	Pilot & Captain Navigator Air Bomber W/Operator Mid Gunner Rear Gunner F/Engineer	23.43	05.22	TARGET - HAMBURG. Primary. Load 1 x 1000 lb. G.P.T.D. 025 1 x 1000 lb 37E Pistol; 600 x 4 lb 'X' type, 48 x 30 lb I.B's Attacked target area of river at 02.37 hours from 15,000 feet heading 005° M. I.A.S. 163. Over target area 8/10 cloud, base 13,000 feet. Orbiting presumed area, came down to 13,000' and picked up network of river & saw glow of previous fires in east part of town. No PFF markers seen. Bombed in general dock & river area. Bombs seemed to be bursting every- where from coast to target on way in, also North & North-West of target.	Page 50
10/11 AUG	J.D. 260 'S'	Sgt. Wildman R.W. Sgt. Townley R.G. Sgt. Bryden W.E. Sgt. Partington J. Sgt. Browne W.J. Sgt. Clenton J.S. Sgt. Gardner C.C.	Pilot & Captain Navigator Air Bomber W/Operator Mid Gunner Rear Gunner F/Engineer	21.43	06.16	TARGET - NUREMBERG. Load 1x1000lb M.C. T.D. 025. 420x4lb 30x4lb 'X' Type, 40x30lb I.B's. Target was attacked at 01.09 hours from 18000 feet, heading 160 M. Over target area, 10/10 cloud. Saw fires on way in and glow through the cloud. Bombed on T.I.A. Attack seemed scattered. Captain states "Straightforward trip, defences very light but because of cloud attack seemed scattered."	Page 50

Appendix - 158 Squadron "U for Uncle" - Flight Details

12/13 AUG	H.R. 739 'U'	Sgt. Wildman R.W.	Pilot & Captain	20.59	06.49	TARGET - MILAN. Primary. Load, 1x1000lb M.C. T.D. .025. Page 50.
(10)		Sgt. Townley R.G.	Navigator			420x4lb, 30x4lb 'X' Type, 40x30lb I.B's.
		Sgt. Bryden W.E.	Air Bomber			Target was attacked from 18000 feet at 01.26 hours, heading
		Sgt. Partington J.	W/Operator			105 M. Fairly clear over the target but cloud and thunderstorm
		Sgt. Brown W.J.	Mid Gunner			N.E. of target. Red, yellow & green T.I's seen over target
		Sgt. Clenton J.S.	Rear Gunner			Bomb on green in bombight. Whole town a mass of flames
		Sgt. Gardener C.C.	F/Engineer			and fires, well concentrated on the target area.

<u>SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS CARRIED OUT ON NIGHT OF 30/31 AUGUST, 1943.</u>						
<u>TARGET - MUNICHEN-GLADBACH.</u>		<u>DUTY - BOMBING</u>		<u>OPERATIONS ORDER NO. 54</u>		
No. of aircraft detailed - 21.		No. of aircraft attacked primary - 19.		No. of aircraft failed to take off - 1.		
No. of aircraft returned early - Nil.		No. of aircraft missing - 1.		No. of aircraft landed away from Base - Nil.		
<u>BOMB LOAD - 42 x 1000 lb. HE and 1008 x 30lb., 12,600 x 4lb., 630 x 4lb. "X" Type I.B.</u>						
<u>WEATHER - A thin layer of 8-10/10 cloud with tops below 10,000ft. at first tended to obscure target but this disappeared as the attacks developed, and left the target area clear.</u>						
<u>RESULTS OF ATTACK - Early bombing was hampered by cloud over target and a slight scattering of T.I. markers which drew the attack southwards. A heavy concentration was obtained later and good fires developed around the aiming points. The glow of fires could be seen 120 miles away and numerous heavy explosions were reported. Ground defences were moderate but enemy fighters were very active. Photographic results. All attacking aircraft attempted photographs - 17 of which were successful</u>						
30/31 AUG	HR 739 "U"	Sgt. Wildman R.W.	Pilot & Capt.	23.49	--	TARGET - MUNICHEN-GLADBACH. Primary. Load 2 x 1000 lb. Page 52.
(1)	✓	Sgt. Townley R.G.	Navigator			T.D. .025, 48 x 30 lb., 600 x 4lb., 30 x 4lb. "X" Type.
		Sgt. Bryden W.E.	Air Bomber			Aircraft took off at time stated and failed to return.
		Sgt. Partington J.	W/Operator			Nothing has been heard of aircraft or crew.
		Sgt. Clenton J.	Mid Gunner			
		Sgt. Browne W.J.	R/Gunner			
		Sgt. Gardener G.C.	F/Engineer			

Appendix - In Memory

*In memory of Ron Wildman,
the pilot of "U for Uncle",
Dad named our Ronald William
after this Ronald William.*

**In Memory of
Pilot Officer RONALD WILLIAM WILDMAN**

**420322, Royal Australian Air Force
who died age 23
on 31 August 1943**

**Son of Harold Ethelbert Wesley Wildman and Jean Bella Suttie
Wildman, of Killara, New South Wales, Australia.**

**Remembered with honour
HEVERLEE WAR CEMETERY**



**Commemorated in perpetuity by
the Commonwealth War Graves Commission**

Appendix - 158th Squadron Aircraft U Mission

The next few pages refer to letters sent to Grandma Townley and to the family regarding the night Dad was shot down and the days following.

The first is an airgraph, from the mother of John Partington, a fellow crew member of squadron 158 "U" for Uncle sent to Grandma Townley in December, 1943. It gives an understanding of the stress the families were under as they struggled to get news of their sons. Banding together, even across oceans, was a source of support for them. Dad and John Partington were both POWs as a result of their plane being shot down.

The next letter from Maurice Fredette of Sturgeon Falls, Ontario was sent just after the war to fulfil a promise he made to the Belgian family that owned the farm where Dad landed and that initially took him into their home. By the time this letter arrived Dad would have been safely home but neither Mr Fredette nor the Belgian family would have any way of knowing this.

The postcard is from one of the Belgian students that first found Dad in a tree and alerted the family that owned the farm where the tree was. It is touching that so much effort was made to let family members at home hear about their loved ones.

The map shows the small farming village where U for Uncle was shot down and the target for that fateful night in August, 1943.

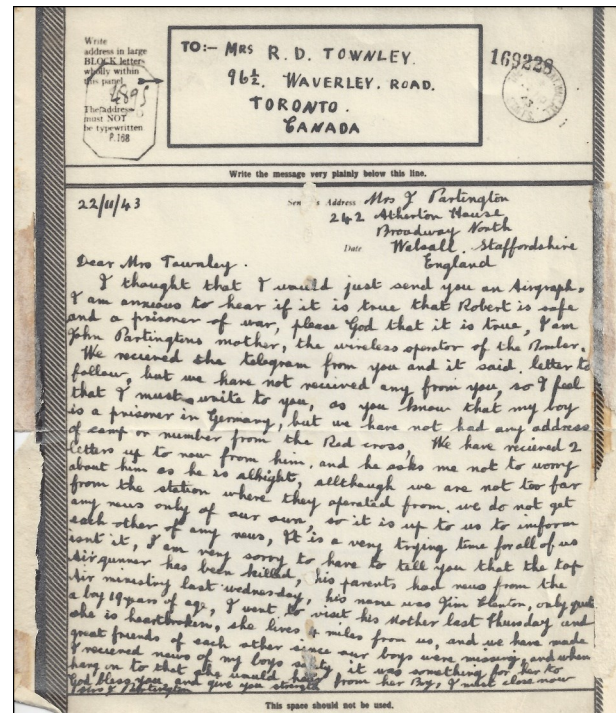
To: Mrs R. D. Townley
96 ½ Waverley Road
Toronto, Canada
22/11/43

From: Mrs. J. Partington
242 Atherton House
Broadway North
Walsall, Staffordshire England

Dear Mrs Townley,

I thought that I would just send you an airgraph. I am anxious to hear if it is true that Robert is safe and a prisoner of war, please God that it is true. I am John Partington's mother, the wireless operator of the bomber. We received the telegram from you and it said letter to follow, but we have not received any from you, so I feel that I must write to you. As you know that my boy is a prisoner in Germany but we have not had any address of camp or number from the Red Cross. We have received 2 letters up to now from him and he asks me not to worry about him as he is alright. Although we are not too far from the station where they operated from, we do not get any news only of our own so it is up to us to inform each other of any news. It is a very trying time for all of us isn't it. I am very sorry to have to tell you that the top(?) air gunner has been killed, his parents had news from the air ministry last Wednesday. His name was Jim Heaton(?) only just a boy 19 years of age. I went to visit his mother last Thursday and she is heartbroken. She lives 4 miles from us and we have made great friends of each other since our boys were missing and when I received news of my boys safety it was something for her to hang on to that she would hear from her boy. I must close now. God bless you and give you strength.

Mrs. J. Partington



Appendix - 158th Squadron Aircraft U Mission



Appendix - 158th Squadron Aircraft U Mission

Mr. Robert Gartfield Townlge
96 ½ Waverly Road
Toronto, Ont

Sturgeon Falls Ont
24-9-1945

Dear Sir or Madam,

I'm writing these lines to fulfil a promise made to a Flemish family in Belgium. About 9 months ago I was stationed in Belgium and made friends with a Flemish family and they asked me to deliver a few photos who might be welcome by the man concerned himself – or his wife – or perhaps his family.

Here's the story – first I got to use the name given to me with the address – hoping that the man himself is alive – if not some of his close relation gets this now. During an air battle over Belgium this man Robert Gartfield was shot down and according to that family was severely wounded in the legs and back. He parachuted down and fell in a big tree (photo no 1). This Flemish man and his son found him there according to what they told me and hid him in a haystack (photo no 2). He stayed there for a couple of days while that family stritely(?) (pro allied) was trying to find a doctor – but none was to be found so they moved him on a big farm (photo no 3) where they knew the Germans were going at the time and would find him. That was his only hope to be doctored. After a short while this family says he was taken away.

I also got another post card showing the home and the tree which if it interests you I'll send on to whoever gets this letter. Also if you are interest I could get the address of that family – this man – son speaks and writes good English. I'll sign off now hoping that this letter reaches the man himself.

One willing to help,
Maurice Fredette
Sturgeon Falls, Ont.



Appendix - 158th Squadron Aircraft U Mission



To Robert Gartfield Townlige (or ?)
96 ½ Waverly Road
Toronto Ontario
Canadian Friends,
Eight or ten Belgian students have seen your Robert after the fall with his flyer. Your Robert, a friend of us all, who has help to liberate us. We are liberated and he is made prisoner of the Germans. He is wounded, he is a prisoner of war but he shall be liberated... Belgian soldiers are fighting to liberate him fighting side by side with soldiers of Canada, Amerika, England....
Your Robert is wounded but not dangerous. With the best of good wishes for a bright new year: one of your Belgian friends
Antoon Eerdeken, Student
Groote Baan, Houthalen Belgium



Canadian Friends,
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Antoon Eerdeken, Student
Groote Baan, Houthalen Belgium

Appendix - Bomber Command Bar and Toronto Star

Bomber Command

As a navigator with the Royal Air Force Heavy Bomber Squadron 158, Dad was eligible to receive the **Bomber Command Bar**, created in August, 2013 for veterans of this small group.

It took 70 years from the time the fighting stopped to finally honour their contribution to bringing the war to an end, so sadly Dad (and most others) will not even know he was finally recognized. In the early days following the war this branch was effectively shunned due to its nature. It was the first time bombing had been a feature of war and the high civilian casualty rate, particularly in Dresden where as many as 25,000 civilians were killed, was an uncomfortable truth the upper ranks preferred to ignore. About one-half of all who flew bombing missions didn't return.

In order to claim the Bomber Command Bar either the veteran or their eldest living child needed to apply for it. I was sad to fit that bill! First step was to prove Dad had been awarded a Canadian Volunteer Service Medal as this was a prerequisite to going any further.

My enquiry with Veterans Affairs indicated he was awarded several medals and badges:

1939-45 Star
Defence Medal
Canadian Volunteer Service Medal
War medal 1939-45
General Service Badge
RCAF Reserve Badge

On November 12, 2013 – ever so close to Remembrance Day – his bar arrived.



Toronto Star Review

In Summer, 1999 Mom got a request from **Linda Diebel** of The **Toronto Star** asking for Dad's POW diary to keep for a few months and also for the opportunity to interview her for a story on Stalag IVB that she was working on for the Remembrance Day coverage that November.

Martin and I joined Mom for this interview. Linda's father was a POW in the same camp as Dad was. It was a very moving experience listening to Mom and Linda.

As a memento Mom was sent the pictures that photographer **Boris Spremo** took during the interview.

The following 7 pages show the newspaper article that resulted. It is a small font but as retrieved from The Star newspaper's archives.

Appendix - Toronto Star November 7, 1999



WARTIME MEMORIES: The family of Stanley "Think" Kerr fondly preserves his uniform, and Wartime Log and other memorabilia from the time he spent as a POW.

The men of Stalag IVB

During World War II, hundreds of young Canadian airmen forged lasting friendships in a German prisoner-of-war camp



BY LINDA DIEBEL
 STAFF REPORTER

BY SEPTEMBER 1945, Stalag IVB is at its peak. It's a German prison camp, about 80 kilometres southwest of Berlin, and there are 15,000 British, Canadian and American prisoners, as well as thousands of starving Russians.

It sinks. You can smell Stalag IVB from the railway station at Muhlberg, a few kilometres away. The camp is a maze of barbed wire, topped with the latrines and built away the extreme on a horse-drawn cart to spread over farmers' fields.

One day, the Germans discover an escape tunnel. They make the Russians fill it with sewage from the latrines.

At this point in World War II, Allied POWs are mostly airmen from Nazi Germany. There are, among other nationalities, Czech, Polish, Dutch, French, Danish, Norwegian, Serb and American prisoners.

Stalag IVB by the end of the war in 1945, they are farm boys and kids from the cities who signed up because their generation felt a sense of duty.

The Germans treat the Russians like dogs. They don't get food. Cross parcels like other POWs and they fight for potato peels and bread. The camp is a maze of barbed wire and diphtheria, and the guards toss their bodies into mass graves, like so much offal.

More than 2 million Russians, captured during the war, died in German camps. In the end, Russia will be his nemesis. Like Napoleon before him, Hitler will be defeated on the Russian soil.

Case, both 20, arrive here in mid-September. They are among five survivors of the last flight of B-24 Liberator in the war. The plane was shot down over Berlin on Sept. 1.

What they endured that night, what they will endure over the next 22 months, will make them legends.

Their British crewmates are also here: John Giblin and Johnnie Chisholm, both 19, and George Dauby, 22, skipper. Ken Simpson, 19, and rear gunner, Douglas Houghton, both Australian and 22, died that night. Simpson gave his life for his friends.

Every day, more young airmen from RAF Bomber Command bases all over Britain, survivors of raids and other accidents, are sent to Stalag IVB from the railway station at Muhlberg.

Here, in this prison camp, men will meet and become friends; they will share their food and their lives. Together since the beginning of the war, they will meet and become friends: Canadians Tommy Cousineau, Ted Dwyer, and Johnnie Chisholm; and Hugh Watkins; and Americans Rupert Coler and George Owens.

Diebel is a skinny Northern Ontario farm boy, 19, who is sent to the camp to his parents, Ted and Dwyer, who are also in the camp. "Don't worry about anything," he says. "I don't have feather beds, but it could be worse. 'Scratch 'Boots' for me," he writes about his dog.

Cousineau, 25, from Windsor, winds up at Stalag IVB after a raid over Munich in his Halifax heavy bomber on Sept. 7. The Canadians boys are flying in British squadrons, Cousineau is a wireless operator/air gunner with Canadian Squadron No. 428, based in England. By the end of the war, there will be 15 Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) heavy bomber squadrons operating under RAF Bomber Command.

Tonight over Munich, Bill Brown, from Prince

Canada's century



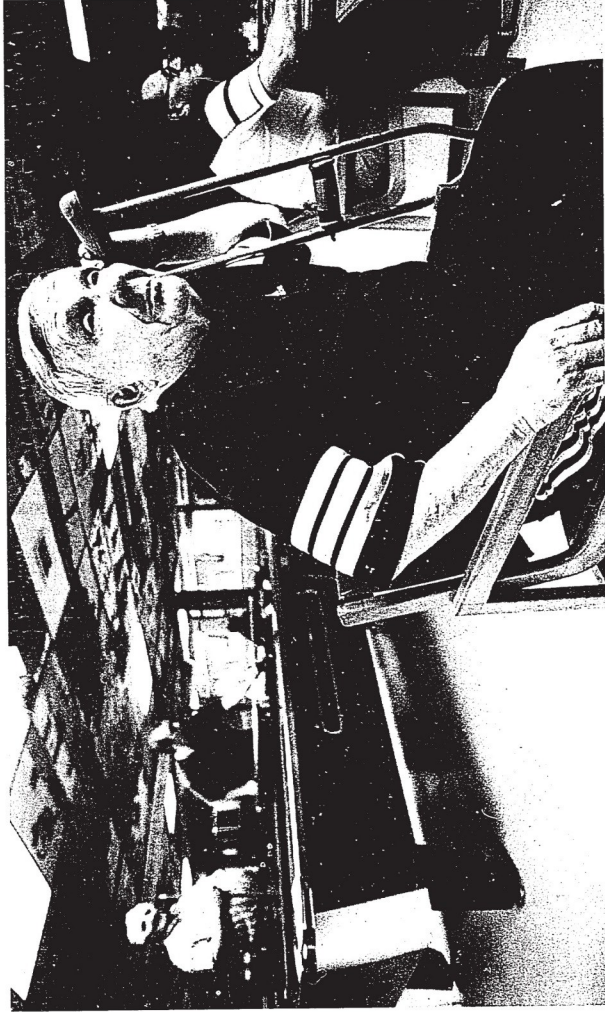
As part of The Star's series on the millennium, reporter Linda Diebel looks at Canada's century through the eyes of a few Canadians who lived through it.

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Appendix - Toronto Star November 7, 1999

B2 THE TORONTO STAR Sunday, November 7, 1999
CANADA'S CENTURY



MEL DIEBEL: After arriving at Staling IYB, Diebel, B-Baker's navigator, wrote his parents in Copper Cliff, Ont.: "Don't worry about anything, I don't."

'For you, the war is over'

Continued from previous page

Rupert, D.C., in piloting Squadron 429's N-Nun. The N-Nun was a Jimmy Hendon, Squadron's buddy from Hamilton.

They drop their bombs and turn for home. But N-Nun takes a lot of ock-ack, and three of her four engines are shot out. Brown flies west on one engine, with his crew heaving out everything they can to lighten the load. They're going to try and ditch in the English Channel. They're going to try and ditch in the English Channel. Barely able to maintain altitude, Brown manages to keep his plane in the air for almost 800 kilometres, making it as far as Dieppe, on the French coast, before he is shot down. Brown is killed. The other six, including Cousineau, walk away.

The Germans are waiting for them. They've been told that the plane was shot down. "If you'd been 25 feet higher," one of the Germans tells Cousineau, "you would have made it."

Back in Canada after the war, Cousineau receives a letter from his son, William McIntosh Brown, was two weeks shy of his 22nd birthday when he was killed.

"Dear Tommy," Ellen Brown writes Cousineau on Feb. 8, 1945. "I have also heard from (cousin) Harry Brown. It was a relief to hear that you both thought Bill went without time to suffer. So we will just have to wait for that."

On the same September night in 1943 that Cousineau is shot down, Froust, 22, is cooling his heels in Dulgait at Oberursel, near Frankfurt, a German town where he has been sent to wait for his plane to be repaired. He has almost made it home.

On July 25, Froust and his crew from RAF No. 620 Squadron are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission.



... Jones (left), N-Night engineer, B-Baker

before another man catches up and puts a hand on his shoulder. He doesn't speak English, but he's smiling. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

God, I'm going to be getting back to England," Froust says. He's taken into a forest. Two men from the Dutch Underground interrogate him, then lead him to a safehouse. Three days later, with false ID papers, he's back in England. He's back in England. He's back in England. He's back in England.

A few days later, Froust, along with a downed RAF squadron leader, are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission.

Just across the border, two men driving a North American Ford sedan pick them up and take them to Brussels. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

An English flier, badly wounded when he was picked up by the Germans, is taken to a safehouse. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

He will never learn what happened to the South African or the Englishman. Much later, at Staling IYB, Froust and his crew are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission.

His friend, Pilot Patterson, 23, from St. James, Man., didn't bail out in time and was killed. He saved his crew. All six (including Froust) made it out and were sent to a POW camp. He records their names in a diary. He records their names in a diary. He records their names in a diary. He records their names in a diary.

At Dulgait, on route to Staling IYB, captured B-Baker engineer, John Glinin isn't playing it smart. For three days, he's been interrogated, dragged back and out of solitary, treated roughly, treated nicely (usually by the same man), and through it all, he's done what he's trained to do: name, rank and serial number.

Glinin, nicknamed "Lolly," because he's short, knows he's about to be transferred out of Dulgait to a prison camp. RAF intelligence briefs aircrew thoroughly about what to expect in the not unlikely event of capture. Still, he's a bit nervous. He's a bit nervous. He's a bit nervous. He's a bit nervous.

In due course, he's taken to a reception camp and given shoes, cigarettes and a meal.

Then, to his horror, four guards appear with an officer. The officer is a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

Meanwhile, in another cell, Welshman Owen Perkins, 21, a navigator, is taken to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission. They are sent to a training mission.

to the same railway catcars bound for Staling IYB as the rest of these men, but right now he's not sure he's going to get out of Dulgait in one piece. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

He had just stood up from his navigator's table to stretch when his table was shelved. The pilot is dead; the plane is on fire.

"It's a funny thing when you reflect on life, you wonder why — and there aren't any answers really," Perkins says. "Many years have passed since then. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

The night he's shot down, Perkins knows he's flying on borrowed time. "It was suicide in '43," he says. "Deep within yourself, you know you're going to die. You're going to die. You're going to die. You're going to die."

A few weeks before his last doomed mission, he survives Operation Hydra, the raid on Peenemünde, off Germany's Baltic Coast, where the Nazis are developing their V-2 rockets. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German. He's a German.

"It was a brilliant, moonlit night," says Perkins. "You could see the people moving about. They were trying to light smoke fires. I remember thinking to myself, 'Their time is limited. A terrible thing to do.'"

The Germans thought, initially, the first wave was coming into Berlin. Peenemünde was north of Berlin and the idea was to go to the town and burn it down. We were the first group, and the last lot to bomb were Lancasters and by then, of course, the Germans had realized that Berlin was not the best target. They were down on the way out."

The raid seriously damaged the German rocket program, but at a high price. Forty per cent of the No. 6 Group, made up of several RCAF squadrons, lost 20 per cent of its crews.

Now, in September, 1943, at Dulgait, 6, German in the Black Forest, looking up and listening to the bombers flying above, thinking, "You lucky devil, you. You're all going back to England."

Perkins isn't frightened. He's damned annoyed. And there's nothing he can do to help the poor Canadian, whose fate he never fears.

Continued on next page

Your son is a prisoner of war

This September, another Weiskman, Hugh W. Weiskman, will be getting his wings from RAF No. 619 Squadron, also known as the "Dogs." The dog's name, Squidron, is proud to be a flier. He likes the bravado, the adrenaline rush of flying on guns and a prayer into the enemy night.

He lives with the terror, too. His mates not to show it for fear his mates will think he's got a yellow streak in him. But the Air Force officially calls it. Lack of Moral Fi-
lms.

Sold, he's seen things that will write him up in a still, sweat-soaked, screaming, 70-years-to come.

One night, his crew returns from a Bomber Command mission over Germany, and they find the Atlantic along the south coast of France and out over the Aegean Sea. They see the light of the moon and the stars, tracking the radio beam and turning north to England.

But the Lancaster bomber makes it home. And the Germans are jamming radio navigation signals and many crews, knowing they've only got 30 miles of fuel to get back to England, miss the signal to turn and keep flying out over the Atlantic, or make the turn at the wrong time. The Lancaster can make the turn at the wrong time if fuel and you can hear them, shouting over their intercoms, "Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!"

You press a buzzer, but they're going down so RAF Control can get a fix, but they're done for. They've got no chances of being picked up, and they know it as they're falling.

Working is shot down Aug. 31/Sept. 1 — the same night as B-Baker — on the mission to Berlin. Only he doesn't make it that far.

A German fighter scores a direct hit on his Lancaster over the Dutch-German border. Pilot F.G. McEntee, who would be awarded a posthumous Distinguished Flying Cross for his gallantry in saving his crew, ordered Monica (radar that warns of approaching aircraft with a continuous beep) turned off because it's getting on his nerves. He thinks it's malfunctioning. It isn't.

They don't even see the fighter. It comes up from below; within seconds, the plane is burning. Watkins is sitting in his bucket seat in the mid-upper turret.

Suddenly, looking down, as if in a dream, he sees a grossly fat and a hand come up out of nowhere and pull the pin locking in his seat. It flies free, propelling him out of the airplane. Moments later, his chute opens with a violent jerk, and he's drifting to Earth.

He is the only survivor. Who saves him, he'll never know.

Watkins is wounded. His head is bleeding, and he's know. got a piece of shrapnel, like a black horn, sticking straight out of his forehead. He'll wear this little decoration for the duration of the war.

Blasted in the Luftwaffe doctor tells him. Probably sterile. Best leave it.

Early one morning, Luftwaffe guards escort Watkins and other fliers, all still in their flight suits, from Dulagluft to the train station in Frankfurt for the trip to Stalag IVB.

German civilians press in on these enemy airmen — especially the strange little man with the devil's own horn — screaming obscenities and spitting.

"*Luftraubers* (air gangsters)," they shout. "*Terrorfliegern* (terror fliers)." "Ter-

Shortly after 11 at night, Aug. 26, 1943, the phone rings in George and Sude Kerr's farmhouse kitchen in Milnor, a southern Ontario farming community. Their second boy, "Tank," 23, is serving overseas as an air fitter in RCAF No. 428 Squadron.

Jack Baker is on the phone. He's station agent and telegraph operator on the line at Bonarville. He reads a telegram from RCAF Headquarters in Ottawa.

"Regret to advise that your son, 05117, Sgt. Wil-

"A few days later, a letter arrives. 'Your son took part in the raid on Berlin ... Unfortunately, nothing has been heard from him, or any member of his crew,' says the letter from Korz's squadron, dated Aug. 28.

"This was your son's seventh operation and he had proven himself to be a most competent air gunner," writes Commanding Officer D.W.M. Smith. "And he was flying with a very capable pilot. There is always the possibility that your son may be a prisoner of war ...

"Your son was a very keen lad and a skillful gunner. His quiet manner, constant willingness and obvious ability has endeared him to us all and made him a most valuable member of the squadron. We do miss him badly . . ."

Nearly a month later, on Sept. 23, at 2:30 in the morning, the phone rings again. For a second time, it's station agent Baker with a telegram.

"Pleased to advise International Red Cross, quoting German information, states your son, William Stanley Kerr, is a prisoner of war. Stop. RCAF Casualties Officer."

Kerr's Halifax bomber, H-Harry, is hit over Berlin. The wireless operator is killed; four crew members bail out safely. They include Kerr and Leo Bates, 21, H-Harry's Canadian navigator, from Newfoundland, whose brother, Bill, 25, a lighter pilot, had been shot down and killed a few weeks earlier. Bates' little brother, Mike, 20, an air gunner, would be reported missing in action, and presumed dead, on June 29, 1944.

H-*Harry's* pilot, Allen Read from Medicine Hat, Alta., badly wounded with a spinal injury, manages to fly the crippled plane to Sweden. Over neutral territory, Read and his navigator, J.J. "Scouty" McQuade, bail out and are rescued.

At the Kerr farm in Marmora, it doesn't take long for news to arrive from Tink. It comes, as will scores of letters and postcards over the next 22 months, with the familiar stamp of German prison mail.

"Dear Mother and all," says the card from Prisoner No. 226861, in Stalag IVB. "Hoping by this time that you know I am a prisoner of war... A few days later, there's a further word...

Like other prisoners, Kerr writes almost every day. The POWs have clear rules on correspondence, posted by Stalag IVB's "man of confidence," the ranking British officer:

The censors wish to point out the following: Refrain from using ink . . . when writing . . . Refrain from using XXX as a measure of conveying love and kisses . . . Do not mention anything of a military nature, for instance, camp strength, arrivals and departures of POWs . . . Do not write anything that will be detrimental to Germany.

"Letters not in compliance with the above will be heavily censored. . .

"Warrant Office J. Meyers, British Man of Confidence."

(Jack Myers, nicknamed "Snowblows" because he's Canadian, is chosen by the men. They respond in kind.)

In letters, Kerr requests cigarettes ("please send 1,000 at a time"), asks for news of his RCAF promotions and urges his dad, "Don't be working near as hard."

He inquires about the family's old Model A Ford and says he "sure hopes I'll be home for the fall fair next year . . . I hope to be seeing you all on the big George Kerr farm shortly."

Of course, he won't. He won't be home until the

"Dear Mother and all," he writes just after Christmas, 1943, "Just received your letter. I was sure the happiest man in camp for I read it 15 times and then other boys from Canada read it, too."

And on Feb. 8, 1944: "If there is ever any bad news, don't let me know. Some of the boys receive bad news and just about go crazy."

100

Sadie Kerr throws herself into her own war effort. She joins the Canadian POW Relatives' Association, she writes the *Marmora Herald* for news of local boys, she clips letters and she saves every last scrap of paper in a Lady Beth history book that will one day smell of mothballs. She corresponds with her son-in-law Gordon Devolin (his daughter Pete's husband), who's in the Canadian army. On July 13, 1944, Devolin writes her from somewhere in France. "I see by the paper that a lot more of the Marmora lads are overseas," he writes.

"Sometimes I wish I was a small kid again, or small enough that I could burrow myself down in the ground in a few seconds like a mouse. Oh well, I guess what is to be will be."

(Devolin comes back to Marmora at war's end)

From Stalag IVB, Tink Kerr frets about his friend, Walt Ross, 21, a navigator with RCAF No. 4119 "Moose" Squadron. Ross disappeared July 26, 1943, "Moose" Squadron. Ross disappeared July 26, 1943, "Moose" Squadron. Ross disappeared July 26, 1943, "Moose" Squadron.

"Haven't heard any more about Walt Ross, but will likely find out if he is a prisoner of war," Kerr writes from England before his final mission.

"Walt Ross wasn't as lucky as I was, for he is R.I.P.," Kerr writes Oct. 17, from Staling IVB, having learned from other prisoners that Ross was killed in a collision with an RAF bomber over the target.

On Mar. 28, 1944, Mary Ross writes Sadie Kerr from her home on Roxborough St. in Toronto.

"I would so much like to know where he [Tink] went," she says. "The pilot of Walt's plane, Leslie R.I.P.," she says. "The pilot of Walt's plane, Leslie Chapman, is a prisoner of war (the only member of the crew that is known to be alive) and I wondered if

"You will understand the anxiety and torture I have gone through and how I would like to know something definite."

something definite.

"I wrote my 10, 1944, arrives in Stanley's letter. Thank you so much for sending on Marjorie's letter," writes Mary Cass. She knows her cat can't speak, but she knows her mother can.

"I feel that I should give some information to you about the things that had happened here, but the uncertainty of wondering what he suffered and what he went through is just terrible, and there are so many things going through these same thing, and so many mothers going through these same thing, was any bad news not to tell him, I cried. Those poor boys."

She writes last time on Sept. 6, 1944.

"Do hope, Mrs. Kerr, that your son will come home. I hope that your son will come home. I hope that your boy home again. Only a mother that is going through this terrible anxiety and suspense can know what other mothers are suffering, and know what other mothers are suffering."

"I hope that your son will come home today. He is so brave."

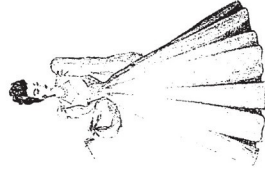
is only 10. Please see 'I was, B

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a man with glasses, smiling and holding a small model airplane in his hands. He is wearing a watch on his left wrist and a watch band on his right wrist. The image is oriented vertically, with the man's head at the top and his arms extending downwards.

RIGHT HERE: John Giblin, B-Baker's flight engineer, points out some features of the Stirling bomber at his home in Kent, England. Like the other survivors of B-Baker's raid on Berlin, Giblin spent about 22 months as a prisoner of war.

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Appendix - Toronto Star November 7, 1999

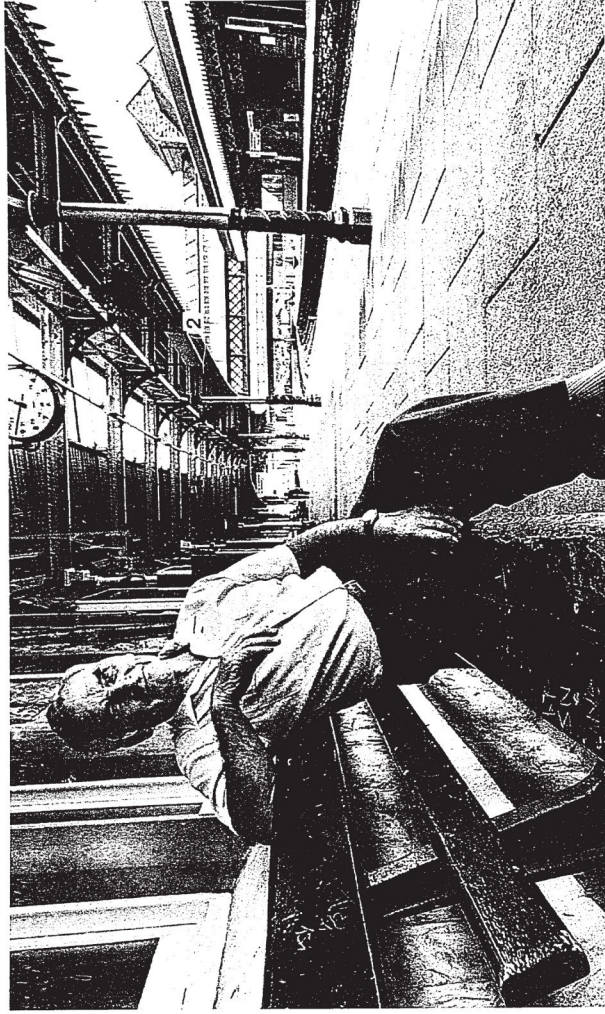


**MAURICE
COMMUNGER,**
in tribute to Robert
Garfield Townley,
childbed Sugar, in
drawing, below, by
Robert Musquin.
Townley was an urban
from Toronto who
organized and starred in
urban ethnic musicals

"With Greasepaint
and Powder/
It's "Sugar"
we get/But it's
the boy
undereameath/Who
I like the best"

**MAURICE
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Appendix - Toronto Star November 7, 1999



HUGH WATKINS: Watkins' bomber was shot down the same night as B. Baker. The Allied bombing may have "furthered the war effort a little, but not much," he now says.

'I was fighting for my country'

Continued from B3

In Staling VLB, Allied prisoners subsist on a starvation diet — thin gruel with unidentified floating lumps, potatoes, and a little meat or coffee made from turpentine. Food becomes the focus of life, the stuff of dreams. Men fantasize about meals they'll have when they get home. They keep detailed notes on the contents of Red Cross parcels, debating the merits of Canadian vs. English vs. American packages. They expound on the value, taste and metabolic efficiency of various items. They are not allowed to trade or barter, but each shipment in their ledgers.

A Canadian Red Cross parcel contains: 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. biscuits, 8 oz. sugar, 3 oz. prunes, 4 oz. chocolate, 3 oz. sardines, 1 lb. jam, 8 oz. sardines, 4 oz. Spam, 4 oz. tea, soap.

His arrival is cause for celebration. From his friends and family, Diabel probably gets more cigarettes than anyone. By 1945, he will have received 40,000 cigarettes from Canada. He gives them to his fellow prisoners. He doesn't barter them. Doesn't feel right.

Cigarettes buy anything from the guards: pairs for a radio or a book the other way while a couple of prisoners will trade a pair of shoes for a pair of socks. They are resold at a steep discount.

Some of the guys figure that for 2,000 cigarettes, they'll land a plane right in the compound and take joy in the English.

Never happens, though.

The Canadian YMCA sends black ledgers with a single pencil on the cover — a Wartime Log — to Canadian prisoners. Enclosed are little packets of mounting corners for photographs.

For these Canadian men, and the generations to come, there will be no photographs of their war, and of their times. Pages will turn yellow and smell musty with age, but it won't matter.

They will be pored over and treasured by children. The logs are filled with autographs, drawings, cartoons, poems, essays, mementoes and photographs.

"Whatever you do, let it be a visible link between you and your country," says a note in the log. "Your thoughts are with you constantly," the YMCA says, in an accompanying letter. "If it brings you this assurance, the Log will have served its purpose."

"Canadians everywhere join me in sending to you the warmest Christmas greetings and the best of good wishes for the New Year."

"W.L. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister."

By 1945, 1943, and things will never be the same in Staling VLB. Sugar has arrived, and he will be come the bright light of the camp, its heart and soul. He's the Toronto boy who is Kate Hepburn. Betty Grable and the rest of the world.

His name is Robert Geoffrey Towmley, 24, navigator on RAF No. 188 Squadron's U-Uncle, blasted out of the skies over Germany in August, 1943. He is the only survivor of his Halifax crew of Austins and English.

"We'll take you to your comrades," the Germans tell him, after he is picked up. They do.

All six are lying dead in a row.

Sugar always plays a woman — and what a gorgeous girl he is!

The Mark Of Cain, by Elery Queen, opens in Hut 34A at Christmas, 1943, with an all-Canadian cast. The story is about 10 performances. It closes due to illness in the cast.

Warren, "Sugar" Cain — Garfield Towmley (hence, the name). "Dude" Cain — Earl.

Sugar is immortalized in VLB. He's drawn by cartoonist J. Hammond in full RCAF (Women's Division) attire, black hair piled high, eyelashes curling like smoke, wearing a black dress, silk stockings and a big old pair of army boots.

Roy Newell, the English gunner captured in North Africa who will one day be famous for his Staling VLB portraits, is him. In the foreground, a Red Cross parcel and a matching snow to hold his chignon.

Towmley's Wartime Log overflows with dedications from fellow POWs.

Roy Newell draws An Impression By The French Dancer, and inscribes it, "four elle (for her)..."

Wassington's Sugar wears a swagging green gown with a white belt and a white necktie. He is swept up like Bette Davis in The Little Foxes, cigarette holder held just so, ruby lips and long red nails.

Maurice Corbridge dedicates a poem to Sugar: "It's Sugar we get."

"But it's the boy underneath who I like to see," he writes. With You, Towmley plays Guy Wellington, a drunken actress in '30s Manhattan, complete with marcelled waves, little white gloves and black suede pumps, with open toes and ankle straps.

Let's see a little of the world, and a tragic ending. Let's see a little of the world, and a tragic ending. Let's see a little of the world, and a tragic ending.

"Just after this happy show, 'Emma/Loe Brown' was shot by a guard when he was picking strawber-

ries. He was shot in the back. He was shot in the back. He was shot in the back.

"Often we shall think of it — and quite often we shall yearn for it."

On the home front, in 1943, Alice Daniel, 24, writes to Towmley.

She met the handsome alien when they both went to the University of Toronto. She met him in the mail-order department on the seventh floor, and much later, he will get a kick out of calling her his "mail-order bride."

She writes him letters in her delicate hand, sending him verses and snippets in pictures with her letters. In the end, she shares dreamily at his photograph on the mantelpiece.

But Alice can't say yes. Not yet. She wants to wait. She wants to wait. She wants to wait.

Towmley's girlfriends are wearing beautiful diamonds from their boyfriends overseas. Too many girls get bad news.

One girl from Burlington, working in Simpson's, had a date with Alice, crisis for weeks after she hears

her fiancé was killed in action.

It's Oct. 20, 1943, and Staling VLB inmate Tommy Corbridge is in the middle of a performance of Field Marshal Hermann Goering, Luftwaffe commander-in-chief.

"That was scary," says Cousineau, in Cobourg, who was in the camp with Corbridge and later's an force chief wants Allied airmen to see it.

"They took us by train from Staling VLB to Munich. We stayed at a Luftwaffe base there and they took us to see the damage we did, the women and children killed. People threw stones at us, and everything. That was a scary trip, but I didn't regret (my thing). That was a scary trip, but I didn't regret (my thing)."

The whole planning was to try and break the German resistance, in the factories, in industry — and in the morale of the German people," he says, at home in British Columbia.

We bombed in our thousand-bomber raids as quickly as possible on to one target to get the whole bombing over in as short a time as possible. Some of the German raids (during the war) were longer. We got man raids (during the war) were longer. We got man raids (during the war) were longer.

RAF Halifax navigator Gwyn Perkins understands the whole planning was to try and break the German resistance, in the factories, in industry — and in the morale of the German people," he says, at home in British Columbia.

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"When I joined up, along with thousands of others, it was a challenge. It was either them or us. In the coldness of life, as you get older, you have an opportunity of reflecting (on) many decisions you might have taken other than the ones you did. I obeyed orders, but I wouldn't want to hide behind that. I joined up because I wanted to. It was an adventure and I was fighting for my country, and I was 18 years old."

— GWYN PERKINS, Bomber navigator shot down over Australia, Germany, 1943

John Giblin, B. Baker's flight engineer when it was shot down, was also a bomber navigator.

His wife, Etie, remembers as a schoolgirl being along a country lane. There were dogfights overhead. Britain was fighting for survival.

"You just accept (the bombing)," says Giblin, trail of his wife's hair. "You just accept (the bombing)." says Giblin, trail of his wife's hair.

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Continued from previous page

In November, 1943, at Staling IVB, Canadian gunner Cousineau begins a diary, *Staling Review*, in his logbook:
NOV. Staling IVB settles down, freshly stocked with Red Cross food parcels and ex-Italian prisoners.
DEC. Christmas in captivity! Huts garlanded with homemade decorations. Two parcels and 150 fags per man. Curfew extended to 1 a.m. Christmas and Boxing Day. Volunteer artists give non-stop entertainment.

Staling Review continues:
MAY Whit Monday brings a heat wave and a race meeting. Bookies cry (out) cigarette odds on model horses moved by dice throws. Through the tote passed 16,000 cigarettes.

JUNE The long expected Invasion raised the spirit of the POWs...

JULY Brought more heat and sunbathing and the camp's first rugby game with the Yanks trimming the Canucks 15-3 on Independence Day

His successor, Piccolo Pete, spends most of his time searching for the radios that smart boys like "Marconi" have rigged up to catch the nightly BBC news.

Canadians Ted Froats and Bobby Case share a hut. They form a foursome with two "good" boys from the American South, Rupert "Eggall" Coker, from Laurens, S.C., and George "Eggall" Owens, from Laurens, S.C.

Eggall is a street-smart kid, who's basically illiterate and probably a genius. Froats likes to say he's "got more nerve than a poop-house rat."

He gets his nickname, pronounced Bee-Owall from the way he talks, throwing the word in whenever he pleases. Everything is "eggall" to him, whatever that means. (Maybe it's from the French for equal.)

Fisher is a funny little guy, with an accent thick as

Years later, Perkins remembers his generosity. "You're all in a predicament in the camp," he says. "You've got to make the best of what you've got, and took that."

It's spring at last, 1945, and the mood brightens in

A few days later, on April 30, 1945, as Russian troops close in, Adolf Hitler puts a revolver in his

Continued on next page

TOMMY COUSINEAU: As a POW, the Windsor native was taken by the Germans to see the effects of Allied bombing on Munich: "That was a scary trip, but I didn't regret (my missions)."

Appendix - Toronto Star November 7, 1999



GEORGE DAUBY: After 22 months as a prisoner of war, B-Baker's wireless operator was nearly killed by drunken Russian soldiers after Staling IVB was liberated in 1945.

'He was good and honest and true'

Continued from previous page

below ground in the Chancellery in Berlin. His bride, Eva Braun, is dead at his side, his dreams of world domination destroyed." Franks writes in his logbook, "On April 23, after a company of Cassacks rides into IVB, and plagues the Soviet hammer and sickle flag in the Russian compound."

"The Russians order the POWs to stay put. But they are not to get out until June. Most German guards have already slipped away. Unhappy ones are slain and mutilated by Russian soldiers."

A Cassack races through the camp on horseback, dragging the body of a dead guard.

The Russians order the POWs to stay put. But they are not to get out until June. Most German guards have already slipped away. Unhappy ones are slain and mutilated by Russian soldiers."

"One guy's got this Lager, a big, huge automatic — must have got it off a dead German — and he pulls it out. My God, it's a .303. I can see his finger on the trigger. He rolls up his sleeve, and he's got all these wristwatches all the way up his arm."

"He gives them another couple of whinches, and chases them, then asks us to pick up the Lager and give it to him — he knew we were prisoners of war — and I had it in my mind then that I'd been 5½ years at war, and I was going to get killed on this day. It was all over," says Dauby, at home in Menziesville, near Lunenburg, N.S.

His face is wrinkled like a road map. But when he smiles, he's that same English lad's man from 1943.

Staling IVB empties out. Men make their way to the lines of the U.S. Ninth Army, camped just west of the River Elbe.

They ride on a Russian tank, operated by female soldiers. The Americans give him his first glass of beer in two years, and put him on a plane for England.

"Pleased to advise your son, Warrant Officer Class One, William Stanley Kerr, previously prisoner of war, who was captured in the Chancellery, Berlin, and is now in the RCAF Casualties Office."

On July 13, 1945, after Daniel walks at the CNE puts a ring on her finger and, a month later, they are married at St. John's Norway Anglican Church.

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She wears white satin and carries a bouquet of stephanotis.

It's V-J Day (Victory in Japan) and they think the horns are blowing for them. Three months after V-E Day, they are married at the Chancellery in Berlin. The war is over at last.

Townley puts his memories behind him. He doesn't talk much about the war and the friends he lost.

For many, Diebel jokes about the war. He teases his wife about the POWs. He takes him more than half a century to talk about Simpson and the last flight of B-Baker.

These things that happened to these boys, we can never understand," says Alice Townley. "They were boys... they were boys."

For the rest of his life, Townley is proud of his company. He cringes when he thinks of the war. He is a home and school project, and Townley plays U.S. tennis champ Gussie Moran.

"Townley died in August, 1968, after a brief illness. He was 68. He was a very good man, a very good man. But, then again, everybody didn't have a girl like me to come back to."

In 1946, Diebel, weak and malnourished like a lot of the boys, is released from Christie St. Hospital in Toronto.

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would have had places of burial. All we have had from Air Board was "Presumed Dead."

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"Could Ken be wandering Europe and not know who he is? If he was killed, I pray to God it was sudden and he did not suffer. He was such a good boy, and the best son in the world."

"I am very upset tonight. I must try and accept things. I am sure I could if I only knew."

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Appendix - Identification



Above: ID picture at time of enlisting
 Right: German prison camp ID
 Below: Post war RCAF ID

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT—

No. R-125497 Rank W.O. LCBO, 1945-46

TOWNLEY ROBERT GARFIELD
 (insert full name in capital letters and underline surname)
 whose personal description, photograph and signature appear hereon, is serving in the
R.C.H.F.

Changes in rank or appointment to commissioned rank are to be indicated below. All entries must be made in ink by an officer. Signatures or initials are not required.

New Rank	Effective Date	Reference of official authority for change in rank and date of authority

Personal description of holder

Height 6'1" Build MED

Colour of eyes BLUE Colour of hair BROWN

Date of birth 15-10-19

Signature of holder R. G. Townley

Signature of Issuing Officer E. J. MacDonald

Rank F/L Date 14 June 1945

CARD No. 1975530

Dulag-Luft. Kriegsgefangenenkartei.

Erkennungsmarke (Gefangenen Nummer) Nr. 222791/18

Dulag-Luft Eingeliefert am: 4.9.1943

NAME: Townley

Vornamen: Robert Garfield

Matrikel-No.: R. 125 497 Religion:

Geburstag: 15.10.19 Ort: Canada

Staatsangehörigkeit: Britisch/Canada

Zivilberuf: Geschäftsmann

Vornamen des Vaters:

Familiennamen der Mutter:

Abschluß am: 30.8.1943 bei: Gladbach Flugzeugtyp:

Gefangennahme am: 31.8.43 bei: Beverloo

Dienstgrad: Le. OKW - 1st Lt. Warant - Officer's rank Funktion: Navigator

Command Group Squadron Flight Station

Verheiratet mit:

Anzahl der Kinder:

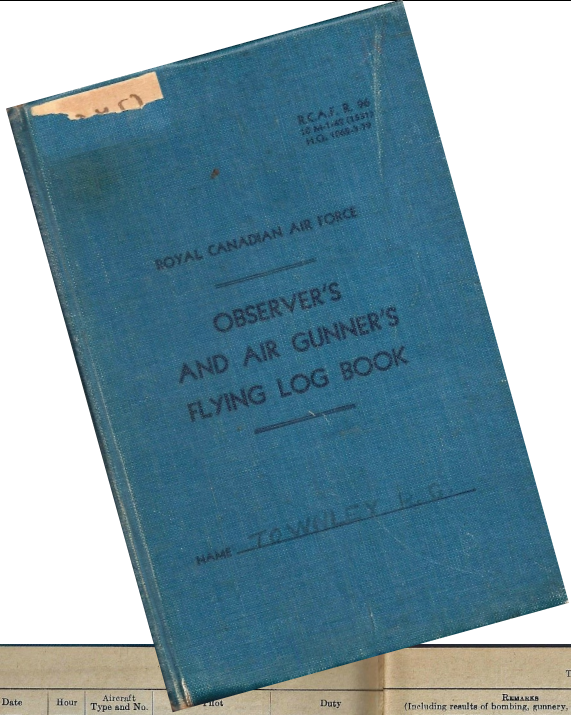
Heimatanschrift: Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Nähere Personalbeschreibung

Lichtbilder	Figur	Größe	Schädelform	Haare	Gewicht	
					am	Ko
	kräftig	6/1	lang	blond		72
	Form	Gesichts-	Farbe	Augen	Nase	
	Fingerabdruck des rechten Zeigefingers	Bart	Gebiß	Platte		
	Profil					

Besondere Kennzeichen:

Appendix - Flight Training



TOWNLEY 1-KTS 30-7-45
AIR NAVIGATORS COURSE

Held at No. 3 AIR OBSERVER SCHOOL, REGINA.
From 11-8-42 To 11-9-42

Subjects	Marks	
	Possible	Obtained
Navigation (Air Work)	700	538
Photography (Air Work)	100	73
Elements of Navigation	500	398
Magnetism & Compasses	100	73
Instruments	50	48
Signals (Practical)	100	100
Signals (Written)	50	41
Maps & Charts	50	31
Metorology	100	67
Photography	50	47
Reconnaissance	100	76
Aircraft Recognition	100	96
TOTALS	2000	1588

Total Flying Time 104/05
Remarks - Passed.

Certificates of Qualification
(to be filled in as appropriate)

1. This is to certify that R128497 Townley R.G.
has qualified as Air Navigator
with effect from SEP 1 1942 Sgd. [Signature]
Date SEP 1 1942 Unit # 3 A.O.S.

2. This is to certify that _____
has qualified as _____
with effect from _____ Sgd. _____
Date _____ Unit _____

3. This is to certify that _____
has qualified as _____
with effect from _____ Sgd. _____
Date _____ Unit _____

4. This is to certify that _____
has qualified as _____
with effect from _____ Sgd. _____
Date _____ Unit _____

RECOMMENDED FOR:
A. Flying to 30,000 ft. or more
B. Flying to 25,000 ft. or more
C. Flying only to 25,000 feet

ALTITUDE TOLERANCE TEST. Date 25-8-42
No. of 2 hrs. 1 nil on 1 runs
tests at 2 mild on 1
30,000 feet 3 moderate on 1
severe on 1

Time carried forward-					Flying Times	
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Day Night
15/5/42	0600	ANSON 6806	MR. WALKER	2ND NAV.	EXERCISE 1 CANCELLED	1 00
16/5/42	1300	6899	MR. THORN	1ST NAV.	REGINA-SASKATOON-WATROUS-REGINA	3 00
19/5/42	0800	6713	MR. BOWMAN	2ND NAV.	REGINA-ELBOW-PARTHAS-REGINA	1 45
21/5/42	1300	6997	MR. BOWMAN	1ST NAV.	REGINA-JUNIPER-SASKATOON-REGINA	1 05
26/5/42	1300	6642	MR. FINLAYSON	2ND NAV.	REGINA-WYNARD-DIMMERS-REGINA	3 30
26/5/42	0800	6642	MR. WALKER	2ND NAV.	REGINA-ROSETOWN-REGINA	3 20
SUMMARY FOR MAY 1942					AIRCRAFT TYPES - ANSON	
UNIT #3 A.O.S.					TOTAL	15 10
DATE 1/6/42						
SIGNATURE [Signature]						
Certified Correct [Signature]						
Chief Supervisory Officer No. 3 A.O.S. - REGINA, SASK.						
					TOTAL TIME	15 10

Time carried forward-					Flying Times	
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Day Night
15/6/42	1300	ANSON 6699	MR. AVSTIN	1ST NAV.	REGINA-SHAUNAVON-REGINA	3 15
5/6/42	0800	6997	MR. MEES	2ND NAV.	REGINA-MEESON IN - WADENA-REGINA	2 55
9/6/42	0800	6900	MR. McKENNA	1ST NAV.	REGINA-SOUBERTIV-ASSINABOIA-REGINA	3 20
14/6/42	0900	6942	MR. ELEY	PHOTOGRAPHY	REGINA AREA	0 25
13/6/42	1300	6466	MR. MCGRAW	2ND NAV.	REGINA-DAKESFORD-RIVERHURST-REGINA	3 40
18/6/42	1300	6626	MR. WILLIAMS	1ST NAV.	REGINA-RUSSELL-WYNARD-REGINA	4 15
23/6/42	1300	6857	MR. HADDON	2ND NAV.	REGINA-SASKATOON-CHEVIST-REGINA	2 35
25/6/42	2200	6713	MR. THORN	1ST NAV.	REGINA-WATROUS-WYNARD-FTQUAPPELLE-GR	2 10
SUMMARY FOR JUNE 1942					AIRCRAFT TYPES - ANSON	
UNIT #3 A.O.S.					TOTAL	30 25 2 10
DATE 1/7/42						
SIGNATURE [Signature]						
Certified Correct [Signature]						
Chief Supervisory Officer No. 3 A.O.S. - REGINA, SASK.						
					TOTAL TIME	35 35 2 10

Appendix - Flight Training

Time carried forward—						35	25	2	10
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Flying Times			
						Day	Night		
1/7/4V	0800	ANSON 6466	SGT. MYSOL	1st NAV.	REGINA - OAK LAKE - SPANISCHGRABEN - REGINA - QR.	3	05		
5/7/4V	1300		694V MR. MENSELL	1st NAV.	REGINA - WHITE LAKE - AUGATHEN - LUMSDEN - QR.	3	10		
7/7/4V	0930		6V13 MR. BUTLAF	PHOTOGRAPHY	LINE OVERLAP IN REGINA AREA		30		
8/7/4V	1300		6730 W/L DAVIS	2nd NAV.	(SQUARE SEARCH) - QR - CHAPLIN LAKE - BELLEFLO - QR.	3	05		
9/7/4V	2000		6900 MR. HADDON	2nd NAV.	REGINA - WATKINS - MELVILLE - BALGONIE - QR.			3	55
14/7/4V	0800		6558 MR. BECKER	1st NAV.	(SQUARE SEARCH) - QR - CHAPLIN LAKE - BELLEFLO - QR.	3	05		
18/7/4V	0800		6076 SGT. HOWARD	2nd NAV.	REGINA - WAKAW LAKE - TARNOPOL - QR.	3	10		
20/7/4V	1300		671V MR. LINTNER	1st NAV.	REGINA - MADDELAKE - PELLY - REGINA	3	00		
23/7/4V	0900		649V SGT. KENWORTHY	PHOTOGRAPHY	HAND HELD CALIBRES - SOUTH OF REGINA	3	50		
24/7/4V	0800		690V MR. OLAFSON	2nd NAV.	REGINA - OUTLOOK - LIMERICK - BALGONIE - QR.	3	45		
29/7/4V	1300		634T MR. BUTLAF	1st NAV.	REGINA - LAMP MAN - ROCKELEN - LUMSDEN - QR.	3	15		
SUMMARY FOR JULY 194V									
UNIT						3 A.O.S.			
DATE						1/8/4V			
SIGNATURE						[Signature]			
AIRCRAFT TYPES - ANSON									
TOTAL						25 05 55			
Certified Correct									
[Signature]									
Chief Supervisory Officer									
No. 3 A.O.S. - REGINA, SASK.									
TOTAL TIME						60 40 5 05			

Time carried forward: 60 40 5 06							
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Flying Times	
						Day	Night
6/8/4V	1300	ANSON 6854	MR. LOUIS	2nd NAV.	QR - CEEPEG FERRY - LEMAY - LUMSDEN - QR.	Y 55	
8/8/4V	0130	6V13	MR. BECKER	1st NAV.	QR - BALGONIE - MELVILLE - ESTEVAN - QR.		3 05
11/8/4V	1300	6V13	SGT. DRAPER	1st NAV.	QR - MAREFIELD - CRITCHTON - PENSE - QR.	3 10	
13/8/4V	0100	6498	SGT. MYSOL	2nd NAV.	QR - ASSINABOIA - SWIFT CURRENT - LUMSDEN - QR.		3 10
19/8/4V	0130	6951	MR. PARKS	1st NAV.	QR - KAMSACK - WYNNARD - QR (D.N.C.)		1 40
19/8/4V	2100	6900	SGT. HOWARD	1st NAV.	QR - SASKATOON - DINSMORE - LUMSDEN - QR.		3 10
25/8/4V	0900	6451	MR. ROSEITER	PHOTOGRAPHY	LONG LINE OVERLAP - REGINA AREA	55	
31/8/4V	2030	694V	MR. KREMER	2nd NAV.	QR - ROSE TOWN - SASKATOON - QR.		3 15
SUMMARY FOR AUGUST 194V							
UNIT				* 3 A.O.S.			
DATE				1/9/4V			
SIGNATURE				[Signature]			
AIRCRAFT TYPES - ANSON							
TOTAL						2 10 14 30	
Certified Correct							
[Signature]							
Chief Supervisory Officer							
No. 3 A.O.S. - REGINA, SASK.							
TOTAL TIME						67 50 19 35	

Time carried forward:-						67	50	19	35
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	REMARKS (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Flying Times			
						Day	Night		
3/9/4V	2030	ANSON 6347	MR. THORN	1st NAV.	REGINA - REDBERRY - LUMSDEN - QR	3	05		
4/9/4V	0900	690V	MR. PARKER	PHOTOGRAPHY	LONG LINE OVERLAP - REGINA AREA	50			
5/9/4V	0100	6857	MR. SHERRISON	2nd NAV.	REGINA - SWIFT CURRENT - PENSE - REGINA	2	10		
6/9/4V	2030	6676	MR. CROSSLEY	1st NAV.	REGINA - OAK LAKE - BALGONIE - QR	3	50		
9/9/4V	2030	6459	MR. FINLAYSON	2nd NAV.	REGINA - SHANAVON - REGINA (A.D.C.)		55		
10/9/4V	2000	6466	MR. CROSSLEY	2nd NAV.	REGINA - SWIFT CURRENT - RIVERHURST - QR	2	55		
11/9/4V	0100	694V	MR. ROSSITER	1st NAV.	REGINA - REDBERRY - LUMSDEN - QR	3	20		
SUMMARY FOR SEPTEMBER 194V									
UNIT						3 A.O.S.			
DATE						11/9/4V			
SIGNATURE						[Signature]			
AIRCRAFT TYPES - ANSON						TOTAL			
						50 15 50			
Certified Correct									
[Signature] F/O									
Chief Supervisory Officer									
No. 3 A.O.S. - REGINA, SASK.									
TOTAL TIME						68	40 35 25		

Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	REMARKS (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Time carried forward—	
						Day	Night
						68	40 35
						Flying Times	
						Day	Night

Appendix - Flight Training

Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Time carried forward:	
						Day	Night
10/3/43	1430	B-24	ROSE	1st NAV.	MAP READING N. WALES AREA M.I.	1	50
11/3/43	1330	B-17	DAHL	1st NAV.	MAP READING & PHOTOGRAPHY - N. WALES	2	35
15/3/43	1500	DR804	TAYLOR	1st NAV.	NO6. BASE - CARDIGAN - PIMM - BASE	1	55
27/3/43	2130	K-618	RHODE	1st NAV.	NO9. BASE - DOUGLAS - SHREWBURY - BASE	3	05
Total 5 940 A.F.U.						6:20	3:05
"61 Course							
Held at 9(0) A.F.U.							
2-3-43 - 29-3-43							
FLYING TIMES ANSN 001 - 6:20							
NIGHT - 3:05							
TOTAL - 9:25							
REMARKS: Very keen, above average							
29/3/43							
- 5:00							
Total Time						7:50	3:30

Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Time carried forward:	
						Day	Night
19/4/43	1030	B-24	MOON	2nd NAV.	BASE - MACOFF - KELSO - CERNIAIS - BASE	3	10
23/4/43	1030	B-24	MAHMENT	2nd NAV.	BASE - HEXOM - MACOFF - BASE	5	15
27/4/43	2205	B-24	WRIGHT	2nd NAV.	BASE - CERNIAIS - HEXOM - BASE	3	30
28/4/43	2205	B-24	WRIGHT	2nd NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	5	10
30/4/43	1030	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	4	15
2/5/43	1000	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	6	00
3/5/43	0945	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	6	25
5/5/43	1430	B-24	GURRING	2nd NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	2	40
12/5/43	2315	B-24	SCRASS	2nd NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	5	15
14/5/43	1015	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	4	00
14/5/43	2345	B-24	CARDER	2nd NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	4	25
26/5/43	1445	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	2	15
26/5/43	2345	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	5	10
26/5/43	2245	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	5	50
27/5/43	2345	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	6	50
28/5/43	2330	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	4	15
30/5/43	1515	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	1	50
30/5/43	2230	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	5	40
3/6/43	1510	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	1	25
3/6/43	2315	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	4	00
4/6/43	1830	B-24	WILDMAN	1st NAV.	BASE - TRES - FLANNAN - CAPWORTH - BASE	4	00
Total Time						115:20	85:45

Time carried forward:—						Flying Times	
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	REMARKS (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Day	Night
							</

Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	Remarks (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Time carried forward:	
						Day	Night
1/7/43	0845	B-24	BLVTHE	2nd NAV.	LOCAL FLYING - EVASIVE ACTION	2	20
2/7/43	1100	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	CIRCUITS + LANDINGS + LOCALS	2	40
2/7/43	1545	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	CIRCUITS + LANDINGS + LOCALS	2	45
3/7/43	1100	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	CIRCUITS + LANDINGS + LOCALS	2	45
3/7/43	1600	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	CIRCUITS + LANDINGS + LOCALS	2	45
4/7/43	0930	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL FLYING	1	25
5/7/43	1530	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL FLYING	2	40
8/7/43	1330	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	BASE READING - CERNIAIS - OLNEY - BASE	5	20
11/7/43	1000	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL FLYING - A/F EXERCISE	3	45
13/7/43	2200	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	NIGHT X-COUNTRY - IR - EXERCISE	1	50
15/7/43	1100	B-24	WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL - A/F - F/A	1	50
Total Time						25:55	5:45

RAF. RICCALL - 1658 CU.
HOURS FLOWN DAY - 25:55
HOURS FLOWN NIGHT - 5:45
TOTAL TIME 31:40

[Signature] S/LDR O.R. A FLIGHT

Appendix - Flight Training

158 SQUADRON					Time carried forward: 14:15 91:30		
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	REMARKS (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Flying Times	
						Day	Night
19/7/43	1435	HALIFAX HR906	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	X- COUNTRY	5	05
21/7/43	1438	HALIFAX JD249	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	Y- COUNTRY (PARTIALLY D.N.C.)	4	00
27/7/43	2235	HALIFAX JD249	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	OPS. - 1- HAMBURG	5	40
29/7/43	1035	HALIFAX HR905	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	AIR TEST	45	
29/7/43	2235	HALIFAX HR905	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	OPS. - 2- HAMBURG	5	35
TOTAL FLYING TIME JULY 1943 DAY 9:50 NIGHT 11:15 TOTAL 21:05 Signed <u>P. J. Macneil P.M.</u> FOR ^{1/2}DR O.C. FLIGHT						9	50
						11	15
TOTAL TIME...						151:05	102:45

Time carried forward: 151:05 102:45							
Date	Hour	Aircraft Type and No.	Pilot	Duty	REMARKS (Including results of bombing, gunnery, exercises, etc.)	Flying Times	
						Day	Night
2/8/43	2305	HALIFAX HR731	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	OPS - 3 - HAMBURG	5	40
4/8/43	1435	HALIFAX JD249	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL FLYING + BOMBING	15	
7/8/43	1100	HALIFAX HR945	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL + FORMATION FLYING	00	
10/8/43	2145	HALIFAX JD260	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	OPS - 4 - NUREMBERG	8	35
12/8/43	1420	HALIFAX HR739	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	LOCAL FLYING	45	
14/8/43	2100	HALIFAX HR739	Sgt. WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	OPS - 5 - MILAN	9	50
30/8/43	2330	HALIFAX HR-	P/O WILDMAN	NAVIGATOR	OPS - 6 - MUNICHEN-GLADBACH	2	50
						shut down	
						missing 30-31/8/43	
TOTAL TIME...						154:05	129:40
combined						total flying time 283:45	

Appendix - Theatre Poster



(16) BILL RAE WILL BUY THE THEATRE, LOCK,
STOCK AND BARNEL, "ESPECIALLY THE BARNEL"

THEATRE MANAGER. . . . BOB DUNN
 PAGE BOY. HAROLD WOOLDRIDGE
 PROGRAMME GIRL. . . . BILL OXLEY
 CHOCOLATE GIRL. . . . VIC HUNT
 2 LADIES. TOMMY MOORCROFT & DAVID DAVIES.
 THEIR HUSBANDS. . . . JOCK NEIL & HARRY DREWITT.
 SHE STRIPS TO TEASE.....GARFIELD TOMWILEY "SUGAR".

The Show Commences

PRIMA DONNA. JOE BROWN
 ALMOST AN ACROBAT. . . SAMMY RODWELL
 BRIGHT AND BREEZY. . . JACK LOMATH
 IN SEARCH OF A HORSE. . . BUD CHORLEY
 HORSE LAUGH. LES WITHERSTONE
 PANTO'S PRIDE. FRANK LAZZARI
 GUESS WHO. ?

....ooo....

(17) FINALE - Entire Company.

.....

BAND LES WHITMORE'S AUGMENTED DANCE ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTED BY BILL IRVING.

....ooo....

COSTUMES, STAGE SETTINGS, LIGHTS, ETC., BY
THEATRE STAFF.

.....

EMPIRE THEATRE
 Stalag IV B
 Muhlberg on Elbe
 GERMANY

Appendix - Stalag IVB - 70 Years Later

In 2015, we spent a very special day in Muhlberg, about 160 Km south of Berlin at the site of Stalag IVB, where RGT was a prisoner.

Several months ago we were invited to take part in a memorial event for the approximately 3,000 people that died in Stalag IVB, have a tour of the prisoner-of-war camp, and to visit the newly opened museum in the town. Our group of six plus a Polish fellow, Piotr Mizera, whose grandfather was a POW here, were the guests of Uwe Steinhoff and his wife Heike. Uwe and Heike are active members of a 'memory' group called Lager-Muhlberg.

The first part of our visit was at the cemetery, in Neuburxdorf where a cenotaph and several memorials exist for those who died in Stalag IVB. It was here the service was held.



We were welcomed by the Mayor, minister and representatives from Initiativgruppe Lager-Muhlberg the group responsible for this annual event.



For the first time, this annual memorial event was held in both German and English. That was especially for us and very touching. Clearly speaking in English was stressful for some so the special effort was very much appreciated. Two students read from the diary of a POW – one in English then the other repeated it in German. This was a Saturday before school was in for the year but the students and their teacher were there to participate. All students in Germany study the events of the 20th century starting in primary grades – part of Germany's efforts to learn from history.

Along with others, Piotr and Jane were asked to take part in the service by laying a wreath.



From the cemetery we drove a short distance to the camp site. It is on a 30-hectare compound. The occupancy rate fluctuated but as at the last count made on January 1, 1945 there were 25,052 prisoners – more than double the plan. On April 23, 1945 the prisoners were liberated by the Russian army.

The Russians stayed and the camp became Special Camp 1 and housed Germans considered to be a threat to the new occupiers. This camp ran from 1945-1948. Conditions for the German prisoners was even worse and more than 6700 of the 21,000+ prisoners died. These bodies were thrown in mass graves outside the gates of the camp.



Today there is a central memorial for these prisoners and the families of the dead have put up crosses where the mass grave was found.



This was farm land but thanks to the insistence of the families it was reforested, and the crosses were allowed to stay. A makeshift stretcher shows the number of dead thrown on the mass grave.

While the memorial service for those that died in Special Camp 1 took place, we had a tour of the grounds. No buildings are left, only foundations, and it has gone from no trees to lots of trees, so it is difficult to imagine how it was during the war. The main road in has been maintained and all along the way they have pictures and commentary about various buildings or camp facts.



The main gate is also gone. Pictures and descriptions in Bob Townley's diary give a better idea of what it was like so a good thing we had this to work from.

While walking the grounds we met a German man who was imprisoned in Special Camp I as a 16-year-old. He and his buddy were shooting at a target and picked up by the Russians as a risk. He spent three years at this camp before moving to another camp, Buchenwald for another few years. It was nice to talk to him.



Pictures showing prisoners generally show them smiling and apparently happy. These were staged photographs and used as propaganda by the camp management for reporting to those checking on prisoner well-being as per the Geneva Convention of 1929.

Propaganda also explains why the Germans let the prisoners carry on their elaborate stage plays with proper sets, costumes, music, and posters. That wasn't particularly easy to hear. However, if making the camp seem a more decent place than it was meant the prisoners were given this chance to bring a small bit of joy to each other, lucky them.



We finished our tour about the same time the second service was ending. All of the people there for both the Stalag IVB portion and the Special Camp 1 portion had lunch together.

We drove over to Muhlberg to see their new museum and also to give the archivist a copy of RGT's diary.

It was a very emotional day. We were welcomed with open arms. I think my Dad would have been happy to hear about this visit.

We were so impressed with the commitment the organizers here in Muhlberg have to ensuring history is not forgotten and that understanding of what happened is expanded. The effort to welcome us and have so much English solely for our benefit was amazing. We felt very special but very humbled at all they do all over Germany to face history in order to learn from it. During the few weeks we were in Germany the news every day was about the thousands of refugees desperately fleeing tyranny in Iraq and Syria. Arenas, schools and other large buildings are set up all over Germany to unconditionally welcome these people. Surely the work being done by groups like Uwe's is helping to promote this spirit of support for humanity. Our American friends commented that the US could learn from this spirit. Certainly Canada could too.



Appendix - Portraits of a Prison Camp

One of the fellow POWs that ended up in Stalag IVB was an artist who learned that he could barter his sketches for cigarettes and food. It also gave him sanity from the horrible conditions the POWs were living under.

The following pages describe his journey to Stalag IVB and includes the infamous picture of RGT as "Sugar".

PORTRAITS FROM A PRISON CAMP

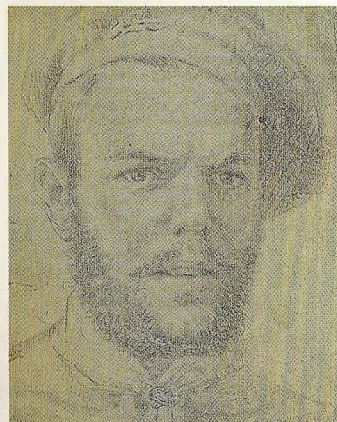


In 1942 a young art student, Ray Newell, was serving as an artilleryman in North Africa. Following the fall of Tobruk he was captured and spent the rest of the war in Stalag IVB, a prisoner of war camp at Muhlberg, in South Germany. Many years later, following a successful career as a graphic artist, Ray was working as a curatorial volunteer in the Royal Armouries at the Tower of London and in discussion revealed that he had created a series of portraits of fellow prisoners, mostly with scavenged materials and often in very difficult conditions, during his time in the prison camp. The Royal Armouries is very pleased now to publish these remarkable portraits for the first time and to show them in specially prepared exhibitions in Leeds and at Fort Nelson.



ROYAL
ARMOURIES

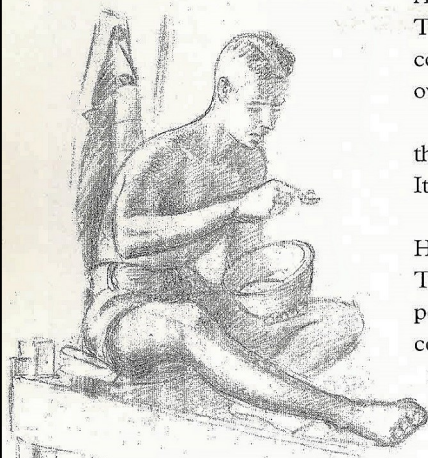
PORTRAITS FROM A PRISON CAMP



Above: Self-portrait done using a driving mirror which tended to warp the image. First attempt at millinery from a scrap of blanket.

Benghazi 1942

Below and Right: Sketches from Campo 85. Dining area, sitting area, storage area. *Tuturano 1942-3*



Most of these some 100 portrait sketches were made between 1943 and 1945 in Stalag IV B Muhlberg on Elbe, Germany. The camp housed about 20,000 men from numerous different countries separated into national compounds – French, Dutch, Danish, British, Yugoslav, Russian, Indian, etc.

When we first arrived in the camp in October, no communication was permitted between the different compounds. But pressure on the Wehrmacht by the Red Army meant the despatch of more and more German troops to stem the breakthrough, and consequent depletion of prison guards and relaxation of Internal Boundary Policing. They kept the external boundaries fully manned however.

As an art student I had joined the Artillery in 1940 and was posted to the Middle East in early 1941. After travelling through Palestine to Syria and back, I landed up in the Western Desert soon after Christmas.

When Tobruk fell in June 1942, I was acting as rearguard artillery above Halfaya Pass to protect the retreating forces descending the Pass. We dug in again at Mersah Matruh and when the Germans outflanked us to the south we attempted to break through to re-establish defence lines at El Fouqua but got blown up on a minefield. After running around for a few hours we were eventually captured by an Afrika Korps column somewhere well south-east of Mersah Matruh. The Germans took us back through Bardia, being shelled by an Italian column on the way, to Tobruk and, with profuse apologies, handed us over to the Italians.

I had never put much credence in the stories of antagonism between the Axis allies until I witnessed it as a POW. The Germans despised the Italians who really hated them in return.

The Italians transported us back through Derna to Benghazi. Here they dumped us in a desolate wire enclosure in the desert. They issued us with two Italian Army groundsheets between three people and some metal rods but little else. By joining in with a couple of companions one could button the two ground sheets together and so make a crude tent. Sanitation arrangements were non-existent until we dug some trenches but Army Form Blank never materialised. As dysentery became prevalent it was pretty unpleasant there.

Rations were tight and both food and water very irregular in arrival. We could spend hours queuing for the water ration only to have the supply run out before getting any.

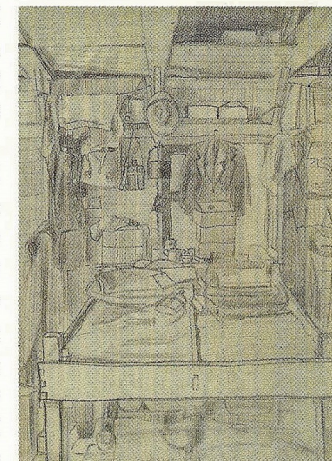
After some weeks of shocked inactivity I started sketching for something to do and to relieve the boredom. I soon found that my bearded companions in misery would pay a couple of cigarettes for a souvenir sketch. Cigarettes were the recognised currency for nearly all transactions in prison camps and remained so for all the time I was incarcerated. As a non-smoker I had been giving my cigarettes away until I found their true value, after which I started using them for bartering.

The sketches were drawn on fly-leaves of Bibles, Pay Books or novels or any other scraps of paper that had not been used for other purposes. I used the cigarettes to barter for pencils, crayons, paper, etc., but more importantly – for food! This meant an improvement in my living standard. Even so I weighed well under eight stone by the end of the year.

After the battle of Alamein and the Eighth Army advance the Germans ordered our evacuation, first to Tripoli, then in December to Italy, to a permanent camp and official registration as prisoners of war – Campo Concentramento 85 at Tuturano near Brindisi.

In Italy I sold my sketches to any bidder and managed to get a few commissions from the Italian medicos for portraits in crayons. They paid for them in extra food, so by stretching out the drawing time, I could eat for a couple of days for each drawing.

Previously a group of us had joined together to produce a news-sheet-cum-magazine in wall magazine format called *Benghazi Forum* and we continued it as *Tuturano Times* in Italy. We even managed to secure 'Employed Person Status' which meant double rations and that, coupled with occasional Red Cross parcels, meant things began to look up.



However, nearly all the sketches done at this period were sold for extra comforts – a towel, pair of socks and a second shirt, etc.

In July, Sicily having been successfully invaded, we were moved north eventually to Fermo, inland and south of Ancona. I had lost a few things in the looting when we were searched in transit, but managed to keep my pencils – so sketched on.

September saw the end of Italy's participation in the war. We were free! Ha Ha! Orders were issued by the Senior British Officer in the camp that we were not to leave camp and to enforce those orders, an armed guard of British ex-POWs was mounted until the Germans took over. A week later they packed us in cattle trucks, and after three or four days, journeying through northern Italy and Austria, we arrived at Jacobsthal Concentration Camp, carrying all the Red Cross food parcels and bread that we could manage.

We were told that we would stay there until space could be found for us in an official Stalag or prison camp for Army personnel. German POW camps were separately named – Stammlager abbreviated to Stalag, for Army, Luftlag for Air Force, Marlag for Navy and Oflag for Officers.

Certainly, Jacobsthal was no holiday camp! Our compound had held thousands of Italians who had chosen internment rather than join Mussolini's Neo-Fascisti Army. They suffered accordingly, living in most insanitary conditions. We soon collected a goodly supply of body lice, fleas, etc., a scourge we had not endured since early Italian times.

The next compound housed hundreds of Russians in various stages of malnutrition. The more fit mooched around the dividing fence dressed in long striped nightshirt-like garments.



We tossed over scraps of bread and food until the German Guard drove them off with rifle butts. We could afford to be generous as we still had our accumulated Red Cross goodies!

At the end of October we moved to Stammlager IV B Muhlberg and met up with 'True Teutonic Efficiency' – mass-production de-lousing. We showered, then lurched past a horse-clipper manned by a morose Russian, who clipped every vestige of hair from our person. Then past an equally miserable one, who smeared us with an evil-smelling tar-like substance. Having had our clothes fumigated, we were duly photographed and registered Kriegsgefangenen.

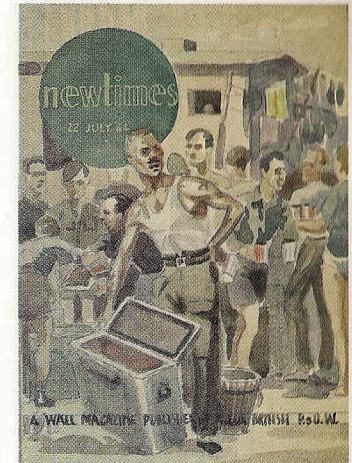
We entered one of the huts – 53B – two hundred men sleeping in three-tier bunks. A central brick chimney with hot plates served for heating and cooking, fired with coal briquettes made in the camp from mud and coal dust. We shared a wash-house with 53A, concrete troughs with cold water only. Each hut had a night latrine because after dark the huts were locked and the compounds had dogs and guards roaming about.

Stalag IV B was very well organised as far as Red Cross and YMCA comforts were concerned. I started an art class and, as the registered art teacher, was very soon on the list for parcels of art materials and books.

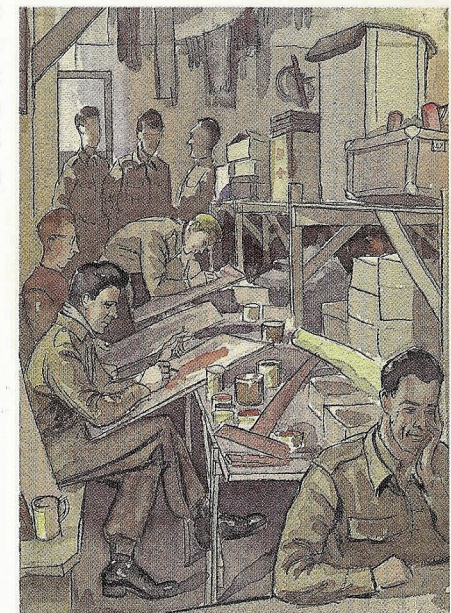
With teaching, sketching and producing the magazine I kept pretty busy but soon started this collection, in all about forty different national types. As I persuaded each model to sit I paid him in cigarettes for his trouble. If he wanted the sketch he had to sit again for free, or pay in some other way. As the session progressed, I tried to find out about his pre-prison life and made notes on each sketch, conversing in a mixture of Italian, French, German and English, but mostly English.

Left: The way in to Stammlager IV B, fashioned from larch poles.

Right: The newspaper office in the corner of 53B with Arthur Bennett, Sandy Hughes and Co. hard at work. The Magazine consisted of about a dozen to fourteen boards about 30 in. x 20 in. in size placed in each compound in turn. It was all hand written and hand-illustrated and included camp sports reports, theatre show reviews, articles, snippets from letters containing interesting news items, poems and short stories. It became so large and unwieldy that in inclement weather it couldn't be moved quickly, so the large format was postponed and a smaller weekly 6,000-word edition replaced it. This meant more work for us because of the shorter production time.



Above: 'Skilly up' outside the huts – it came up in a type of hot-box and we each received about two-thirds of a pint – contents unknown but usually vegetables with a suspicion of unidentifiable meat.



National Air Force Museum of Canada, Trenton, Ontario

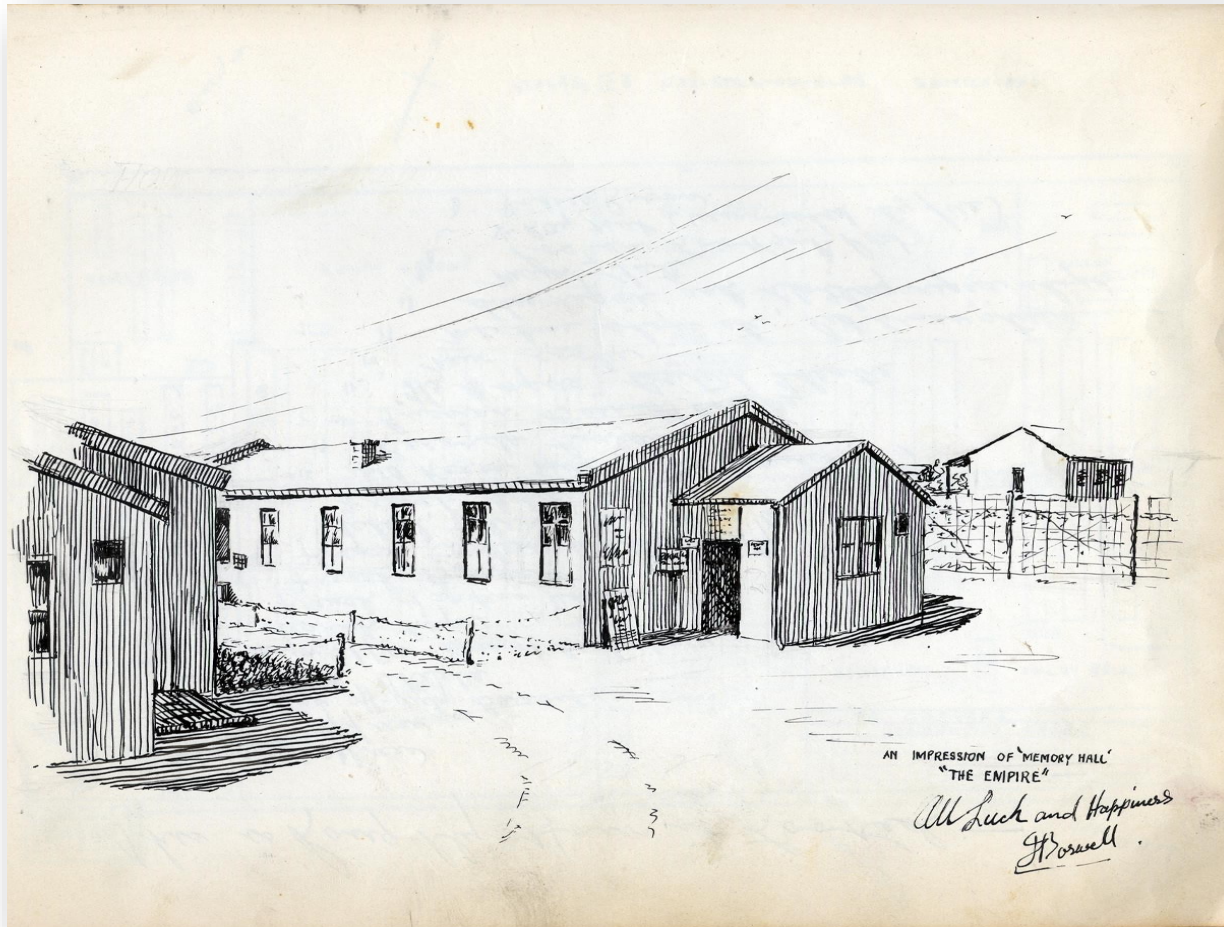
On March 20, 2019, Jane donated the original Robert Garfield Townley POW Diary, along with other related information she has gathered over time, to the National Air Force Museum in Trenton, Ontario. It will go on display with the many other Air Force related historic artifacts they have and continue to gather. So nice that these treasures will live on.



National Air Force Museum of Canada, Trenton, Ontario



A later model of the "Halifax", the plane Robert Townley was flying in when shot down.



The Empire Theatre

RGT'S POW DIARY