

Dunera News



A publication for former refugees from Nazi and Fascist persecution (mistakenly shipped to and interned in Australia at Hay and Tatura, many later serving with the Allied Forces), their relatives and their friends.

No. 96 February 2016



Dunera Boys at the Melbourne Reunion Lunch 2015

Bern Brent, Henry Hirsch, Albert Meyer and Bernard Rothschild.



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The late Henry Lippmann OAM

Editorial responsibility:

The Committee of the Dunera Association

Letters and articles for publication are welcome.

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Many thanks to all the contributors.

Friends of the Dunera Boys

We invite you to take a look at our facebook page to see news from the Dunera community around the globe.

From: Robyn Fuerst

24 January 2016

Late last year I was accepted into the Masters program at Deakin University. My thesis is *Trauma and memory of Holocaust survivors and the second generation*. Before I apply for an ethics clearance, I would like to know if there are children of any of the Dunera Boys who would be willing to be interviewed as part of my research. Please let me know if you would be interested.

From: Henry Jack

24 December 2015

Reports on the status of the film project – *Franz Stampfl: A Life Unexpected*.

<http://alifeunexpected.com/2015/12/03/after-a-production-break-were-into-the-final-lap/>

<https://www.facebook.com/FranzStampfl/?fref=nf>

Email received 6 October 2015

Dear Rebecca

As always we have read with interest the newsletter you circulated (no. 95).

Although being so far away we still consider ourselves part of this large family, being the sons of two Dunera Boys: Dr Alfred Wachs and Dr Kurt Epstein.

On page 10 of the circular John Ebert spoke about where the Dunera internees went after being released from the camps. For some reason he forgot to mention that 80 of the internees went to Israel (Palestine at the time).

We wish you and your families Shana Tova!

Yoram Epstein and Michael Wachs



Rebecca Silk
President
Dunera Association

From the President

This time last year I foreshadowed the major events that we were planning for our commemorations of the 75th anniversary of the arrival of the Dunera internees. And what fantastic events they were! We had record numbers at the reunions in Hay and Sydney in September 2015, including various groups from Europe and the USA. Many friendships were made and renewed and I think everyone learned a bit more Dunera history.

Our reunion lunch in Melbourne, which is reported on in this issue, was memorable for the talk by Nicholas Gruen on his father, and the video link with Ben Lewin, producer of *The Dunera Boys* mini-series.



Our 75th anniversary events will conclude with a visit to Tatura on 10 April 2016. Please mark the date in your diaries and see further details on page 8.

After the annual general meeting last November, your committee has been refreshed and we welcome new Treasurer Geoff Winter. I am most grateful to outgoing Treasurer Ron Reichwald for his close control over our finances these last few years and I look forward to working with the new committee.

Also in this issue, we have tributes to Werner Haarburger and Herbert Baer, two prominent Dunera men who passed away in recent months. And don't miss the interesting piece on a "lost" bronze sculpture by Karl Duldig.

I am grateful to all who have contributed to this issue and encourage you to send items of interest or feedback to duneraboys@gmail.com. Also, you can keep up the conversations on our facebook page – Friends of the Dunera Boys.

I wish you and your families all the best for 2016.





75th Anniversary Reunion Lunch Melbourne

10 November 2015

This year our annual general meeting was followed by the 75th anniversary lunch which attracted an attendance of 98 people – almost a record attendance for the reunion lunches!

At the reunion were four Dunera Boys:

Albert Meyer, Bern Brent, Bernard Rothschild and Henry Hirsch.

Attendees were entertained by the Guest speakers:

Nicholas Gruen

The first guest speaker, Nicholas Gruen, spoke about his father Fred Gruen. Born Fritz Heinz Georg Grun to a Jewish family in Vienna, Fred was sent to England in 1936, where he continued his schooling. It was during this time that Fred learned of the death of his father from cancer. His mother was later to perish at Auschwitz.

While interned in Hay and Tatura, Fred began university studies and finished them at the University of Melbourne. Fred went on to an eminent career in agricultural economics. He died in 1997.

Nicholas described amusing features of his secular Australian childhood including “delicatessen” foods that his father sourced along with marzipan chocolate. Like many Dunera internees, his father did not speak of his wartime experiences and seemed puzzled when Nicholas became interested in the story.

Nicholas highlighted the contributions that the internees made as builders of prosperity in the countries they migrated to and/or remained. Nicholas surmised that, for his father and perhaps others, beneath their seemingly positive attitude to life was always the question of what might have been.



Ben Lewin

The second speaker, via Skype connection from Los Angeles, was Ben Lewin. Ben was the director and screenwriter of the mini-series *The Dunera Boys*.

Ben explained that his first Dunera connection was with Henry Talbot (Tischauer) while studying at the University of Melbourne. In 1975, when government documents about the period were released, Ben was able to continue his interest in the Dunera story. Ben’s research included meeting other internees as well as visiting Major Layton. After a false start, the mini-series was made and released in 1985.

Ben talked about the varying “expert opinions” provided by internees and witnesses. The same or similar experiences were remembered differently by different people. Ben said his aim was to provide “fictional entertainment” based on the stories he had heard.

Asked about the name “Dunera Boys”, Ben replied that it was the name that Henry Talbot used for his Dunera co-internees. Regarding the actors, Ben replied that Bob Hoskins and Warren Mitchell seemed to genuinely take to their characters, as did some of the amateur actors including Dunera Boy Max Bruch.

Ben thanked all the Dunera people involved in making the film because, he said, it provided him with many opportunities, both personal and professional.

Everyone had a most enjoyable afternoon, catching up with old friends as well as making new acquaintances, and sharing more of the Dunera story.

—Rebecca Silk

Editor’s note: Dunera Boy Werner Haarbarger has been a regular attendee at the Hay reunions and this year was no exception. Back in Melbourne only days later he entertained the audience when he spoke at the opening of the exhibition From Aliens to Australians at the Jewish Museum of Australia. Sadly Werner passed away on 16 September 2015. He will be greatly missed and the Association extends sincere sympathies to his family.



75 YEARS
DUNERA
ANNIVERSARY

More comments and pics can be found on facebook – 11 Nov 2015
[Friends of the Dunera Boys.](#)



75th Anniversary Reunion Tatura

10 April 2016

This year is the 75th anniversary of the transfer of the Dunera Boys from Hay to Tatura. This is a great opportunity to see the locations and remains of the camps, understand the mix of internees who were there, connect with Dunera and Singapore group families and friends, and enjoy Tatura's country hospitality.

Tatura is a 2-hour drive from Melbourne. Head towards Shepparton, take the turnoff to Murchison from the Goulburn Valley Highway.

For catering purposes please RSVP by 3 April 2016 to – duneraboys@gmail.com or call Selma Seknow on 0412 449 655.

TATURA REUNION 2016

Sunday, 10 April 2016

Tatura Wartime Camps Museum

49 Hogan Street, Tatura, Victoria 3616

Program

- 12.00pm Arrival and refreshments
- 12.45pm Welcome and introduction to the camps
- Update on Tatura projects
- Viewing of museum exhibits
- 1.30pm Driving tour of the camps
- 3.30pm Finish



Arnold Ernst Paul Rink

Vienna, Austria, 1922 – Milan, Italy, 2015

On 25 June 2015 the Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera* published a short obituary on Arnold Rink, founder of the company Ritrama, who had passed away recently. Not too many people know about Rink being a Dunera Boy.



Arnold was born in Vienna, son of Marta (nee Haas) and the industrialist Ernst Rink. Both parents died when he was still young, Marta in 1930, Ernst in 1936. His older brother Paul who lived in Bury, Lancashire, became Arnold's guardian and for some years Arnold attended school in Great Britain.

In Bury, Arnold was captured by British guards at the end of June 1940 to be interned on the Isle of Man and afterwards to be deported to Australia on board the Dunera. Arnold was interned in Camp 7 at Hay, then in Orange, and later in Tatura. One of his camp inmates, by the way, was his cousin Fritz (Fred) Gruen from Vienna who later became a very prominent economist in Australia. Both men remained in close touch until Fred's death in 1997.

Whilst Fred remained in Australia after his release from internment, Arnold left the country in September 1941. His childhood girlfriend Ada (nee Sugar), who had found refuge in Venezuela together with her family in 1940, had provided him with a visa for this country. Arnold started working in the textile manufacturing industry and in 1943 he married Ada. He became a successful businessman in various fields. In the end he bought his father-in-law's part in a large food processing company, which was later sold to PepsiCo.

Obviously for political reasons, the family decided to return to Europe in the early 1960s. Too young to retire, Arnold started a new business in a completely new field. In Milan, in northern Italy, he founded a company which produced self-adhesive materials. Starting as a rather small company in 1962, Rink Trading and Manufacturing (RITRAMA) became a big and successful family business with plants in different countries in Europe and overseas and more than 750 employees. Still existing, the company is run by Arnold's son Tomas Rink to whom I am very grateful for providing me with details on his father's life and career.

Looking back, Arnold has considered his life with very positive feeling: "I have been luckier than I deserve", he told Mike Sondheim in a letter dated 8 November 1997, "and I hope you like to receive a letter without complaints". And regarding Australia, which he had visited ten years ago, he stated: "It is a beautiful country with lovely people, and a pity it is so far away."

— Elisabeth Lebensaft

My VP – Victory in the Pacific Day

By Bern Brent

Dear Dunera News readers

August 5, 2015 was the 70th anniversary of VP Day. I served with the 8th Australian Employment Company (AEC), and 70 years ago we were on a Tocumwal railway platform waiting for the Melbourne goods train when a cloud of dust approached from among the distant eucalypts. It was the company staff car bouncing along on a corrugated track towards us. Helmut Neustaedter (later changed to Newton), the company driver, stepped on the brakes as he reached us. An unknown sergeant talked briefly with our sergeant and sped off again.

Our platoon sergeant turned to us: "She's on. Line up in threes, without step, forward march." He was referring to the free grog that was waiting for us. We had been told – talk of a Japanese surrender was in the air – that the wet canteen would lay on free beer once we knew the war was over.

There was plenty of space in the timber and masonite structure that served as the dry and wet canteens. Lunch could not be ignored but most of us drifted back to the wet canteen. I was within a circle of mates plus a couple of guys from another unit when we were told that 24-hour leave passes were available. It seemed a bit pointless. There was nothing near us other than the little township of Tocumwal.

But then I remembered that this was Tuesday, one of the three days in the week when the diesel train left Tocumwal for Junee. There one could catch the Sydney-bound Spirit of Progress. I had a girlfriend there. Neustaedter would surely meet the incoming diesel to collect the mail. He could give me a lift. Sandro Holper, a 'Singaporean' whose sister eventually married Dunera Boy Uwe Radok, and whose father was perhaps the oldest private in the Australian Army, agreed to join me.

We returned to our tent, changed into fresh clobber, threw a few things into our haversacks and looked for Neustaedter. Soon we were in the diesel rattling towards Junee where we caught the train to Sydney.

My heart sank when I alighted at Sydney Central early the next morning. Military police surrounded the exit barriers. My leave pass was valid but I could not possibly be back in Tocumwal on time. However, they were not interested in leave passes. They just needed uniforms for the victory parade in Martin Square. Three-ton army trucks were parked not far away.

We marched off in the appropriate direction but most of us just walked past the trucks and disappeared among the civilians crowding the pavements. I made a beeline for Roseville where there was a family with whom I had stayed previously.

I still have a photo of my then Sydney flame and her brother in merchant navy officers uniform at the Sydney Domain on whatever day VP Day was celebrated



there. I had decided not to rush back to Tocumwal. Since I could not be back in time, I thought I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb.

When I turned up in Tocumwal again I had been AWOL for five days. Driver Neustaedter at the station advised me to report to the orderly room. My section had replied: "Sir" when my name was called at morning roll call and while the sergeant had pretended not to notice for a couple of days, my absence had to be reported eventually.

The lieutenant in charge of the 8th AEC in Tocumwal – we were there only in platoon strength – sat at the head of the orderly room table as I was marched in to my court martial by guards with mounted bayonets. The lieut. listened to my story and then uttered his sentence, recalled verbatim after 70 years: "Well, soldier, I guess we don't have VP Day every day. Four weeks C.B. Dismissed." I saluted smartly, made an about turn and marched out with the guards.

This was a slap on the wrist with a wet rag. Apart from the weekly Saturday night hop in town, there was nowhere to go.

— Bern Brent

Julian Layton

1904 – 1989

By Herbert Baer – from Dunera News no. 24. June 1992

Had he lived, Julian would have celebrated his birthday as I am writing this on the 27th of April 1992. He was born in London in 1904, Julian David Loewenstein was the youngest of the seven children of Leopold and Caroline Loewenstein (nee Hirsch) who had migrated to England from Frankfurt in the 1890s. Julian passed away at the age of 85 in July 1989.

His was a full and rich life. Too young to serve in the First World War, he was educated in England, Frankfurt and Lausanne. It was in Switzerland where he developed a love for rock climbing and mountaineering. He climbed the Matterhorn as a young man.

In Frankfurt (the town of origin of the Layton and Baer families), Julian was apprenticed to a private bank, to learn the language and gain foreign market experience. He then joined the family's London firm of stockbrokers which he later headed for many years until his retirement in the early 1980s. He became a member of the London Stock Exchange in 1930 and served on its council for extended terms.

In line with the family's adherence to Jewish values and tradition, Julian, along with his siblings, involved themselves at an early age in Jewish social welfare work. They regularly spent time during weekends at work with the needy in London's East End – the girls often in the Mikvah, the boys wherever they were needed.



Julian Layton

Along with the late Mrs James de Rothschild, Julian worked for the Jewish Blind Society. He became president of the Central Jewish Fund, and served on the board of the Anglo Israeli Bank.



It was in 1933 that Julian, with Otto Schiff and others, set up aid organisations to assist Jewish refugees – first in Woburn and later at Bloomsbury House. In 1936 he made the first of many business trips to Australia. These trips came to provide contacts and valuable door openers in his later role as Liaison Officer between the British and Australian governments on the Dunera affair.

In 1938, Julian was involved in the establishment of the Richborough camp and travelled throughout Europe assisting refugees to migrate and later resettle. In November of that year he was warned by Eichmann, whilst negotiating for the release of some Jews, to stay off the streets in order to avoid the terror of Kristallnacht.

I first met Julian in Hay when I was a lad under 17 years old, growing out of ill-fitting scarce clothes designed to suit the boy who left home at the age of 14. Julian was a most handsome man, in the prime of his life, of splendid appearance in a Saville Row tailored uniform. He was a Major then, later became a Lt Colonel, and was awarded an OBE.

One of Julian's sisters was married to one of my uncles. My wife-to-be was his niece, daughter of another sister. Julian was the best man when I got married at his home in London.

In post war years we were to develop a close relationship. He became godfather to our eldest son. His sense of humour and charisma endeared him to all and he had many distinguished Australian friends including Harold Holt, Dame Mabel Brookes, Arthur Calwell, Sir Ian Potter and many more.

Gratitude is due to those in the British government who were responsible for appointing Julian to the task of cleaning up the unfortunate Dunera affair, and finding a solution that was reasonably acceptable to the Dunera internees – her unwilling cargo of human flotsam. His background, experience and connections combined with his natural persuasive skills proved ideal for this assignment.

Julian followed the affair of the Dunera and her inmates right throughout his life. It meant a lot to him to attend Dunera reunion meetings, the last one in London not long before his death. It became part of him, so much so that one could well be justified in suspecting that, of the many undertakings on which he left his mark, that of the Dunera was the most meaningful one – to him, his greatest achievement.

Thank you Major Layton.

—Herbert Baer

DULDIG STUDIO Lost head found

A bronze portrait bust modelled in Singapore in 1939 by the sculptor Karl Duldig and subsequently 'lost' during the Second World War was found seventy years later in amazing circumstances:



"... Hitler came to Vienna and in those few hours Karl Duldig, sculptor and sportsman, lost his career, his fortune and his home. He is now in Singapore literally carving out a new life for himself with his chisel, his long fingers and the clay he almost makes speak. ... The quietness and perfect control of this boy model amazed this sculptor who, most of his life, has been studying faces and the character behind them. ... People see with their eyes, but Karl Duldig sees with his eyes – and his hands." —R. McKie, *Straits Times*, Singapore, 22 June 1939.

In 1940 a young Englishman, Robert Payne, who was employed by the British Admiralty, commissioned a bronze of the Malay Boy head. (Payne became famous as a writer on history and biography, including books on Gandhi and Caravaggio.)

In September 1940 Karl, his wife Slawa and toddler daughter Eva, who held Austrian/German papers, were deported from Singapore as 'enemy aliens'. They were transported to Australia and together with approximately 250 other refugees were interned in Tatura (Victoria).

In 2006 the Duldig Studio, a museum and sculpture garden in Melbourne, Australia, received an email with an attached image of the Malay Boy sculpture clearly showing the signature of the artist. The following story emerged:

When the Japanese invaded Singapore in 1942, Robert Payne, along with other British nationals left in great haste. Morrison Joseph, who at the time was a driver for the British Admiralty, took Payne to safety outside Singapore. In appreciation Payne gave Joseph the 'Malay Boy' sculpture. Morrison Joseph has long since passed away, but the bronze portrait bust was kept by his family.



Eva subsequently arranged for a public museum in Singapore to acquire the sculpture. She was thrilled to see it for the first time when she was invited to attend the Gala Opening of the new National Gallery Singapore in the presence of the Prime Minister Lee Hsien Loong on 23 November 2015.

© Duldig Studio 2016
www.duldig.org.au

Sculpting a century and no reason to stop

By Dewi Cooke – from *The Age*, 7 November 2015

Erwin Fabian keeps a studio in London and one in North Melbourne. He produces enough work to exhibit every two years, travels regularly and after a recent trip to Mallorca, managed to stuff some olive tree branches into his luggage with plans to maybe one day turn them into sculpture. Erwin Fabian dreams of his art and on Thursday, Erwin Fabian turned 100 years old.



“He’s one of our great sculptors and not because he’s turning 100,” says Sasha Grishin, emeritus professor of art at the Australian National University and a Fairfax Media art critic. “He’s an elder, not because of his age but because of his wisdom.”

Grishin has known Fabian for more than 30 years, and over that time he’s accumulated hours of audio recordings with him, documenting a life that began in Berlin as the son of artists, surrounded by creatives. His father was the German expressionist painter Max Fabian and, “from the moment he could crawl, he was immersed in the art world,” Grishin says.

Fabian’s sculpture is made from discarded scrap – metal and other materials – willed and moulded into place.

He is famously circumspect about his work, preferring not to discuss the motivations or meanings behind it and leaving interpretation to the viewer.

“I find it difficult to say anything about a piece as done,” Fabian says.

But, Grishin says, there’s a human element to be seen within Fabian’s collection of tough, at times forbidding, sculpture. Though made from hard, often rusty scraps of metal, it reaches and twists with life and sometimes humour, too.

It is a quality reflected in Fabian’s own story, in which he fled the rise of Nazi Germany only to be interned in England, sent to Australia on the notorious troop ship HMT Dunera and, finally, detained in Hay with other European artists.

“There’s a sort of incredible wealth of experience,” Grishin says of Fabian’s history. “There’s so much suffering but great humanity in it.”

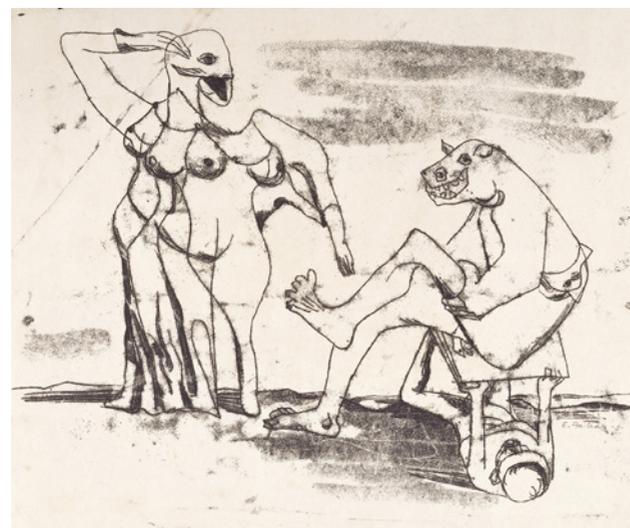
After the war he became acquainted with Sidney Nolan and John Reed at Heide and there was interest in his drawings and monotypes from as early as the 1940s. He returned to England for a period in the 1950s and had a successful career there as a graphic artist, particularly with publishing house Penguin where he created numerous book covers including, among others, Franz Kafka’s *The Castle*.

On his return to Australia in the 1960s, it was at the urging of a friend, Gordon Andrews, designer of the first run of decimal currency, that Fabian took to sculpture.

He had his first show at Horse Gallery in Sydney in 1965 and has rarely slowed. Work is essential and, as if to explain why, he recalls something his father used to tell his mother: “A day without painting is too much.”

A show of Erwin Fabian’s recent works opened this week on his 100th birthday. But his mind is already on to the next piece. “I hope I will be lucky enough to do some more work,” he says. “I mean that.” © Dewi Cooke / Fairfax Syndication

Erwin Fabian’s 100th birthday show was at Australian Galleries, Collingwood. November 2015.



Erwin Fabian

born Germany 1915,
arrived Australia 1940
Noon 1941-(c. 1946)
monotype
31.8 x 40.0 cm (image)
33.6 x 41.2 cm (sheet)
National Gallery of Victoria,
Melbourne
Purchased, 1997
© Erwin Fabian

Erwin Fabian’s work recently appeared in the provocative NGV exhibition, *Lurid Beauty: Australian Surrealism and its Echoes*, which explored for the first time the Australian story of the 20th century’s most revolutionary art movement and its powerful influence on contemporary art and popular culture.

Lurid Beauty presented more than 230 works traversing painting, drawing, collage, sculpture, fashion, film and photography.

Songs the People Love

Narrated and Illustrated by Eric Liffman

Written and published by Patricia and Kurt Liffman

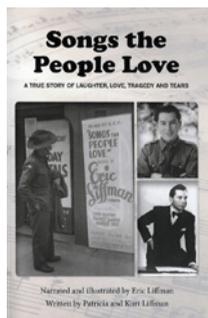
Born into a somewhat struggling middle-class family just five weeks after war broke out in 1914, Eric recounts his life's journey. It became evident at school that Eric had talent as a musician and this was to be a defining part of Eric's life.

Learning to play the violin triggered abilities to learn to play many stringed instruments. Whilst life was somewhat of a struggle for his family, Eric recounts many tales viewed through the eyes of a playful and mischievous boy. However, with the onset of the Depression, life becomes harder. Eric gains work as a window dresser which is a highly valued skill. His singing ability as a tenor is discovered and then nurtured through lessons and positive support leading to increasing bookings. But as his singing career takes off and he becomes engaged, so also does Nazi persecution. This early part of the book describes pre-war Germany.

Eric goes on to describe his flight from Germany to England including securing some work as a singer and dealing with inevitable obstacles in his way. Like other stories recounted by internees, Eric describes being rounded up and the time spent incarcerated before embarking on the Dunera. In only a six-page chapter, he describes in unembellished detail the trip and the horror treatment, only confirming what descendants have heard and read previously. The trip was awful but in a different perspective, he links the passage of the 2500 men as one of the last consignments under the British Colonial Penal Program to Australia.

Eric goes on to recount in detail his time spent in the Hay and Tatura camps. He vividly describes the vibrancy of the camps where internees managed themselves and the colossal variety of schools, drama classes and the like. Against a backdrop of hot and harsh conditions (heat, flies, dust), together with the underlying incomprehension as to why they were there at all, the classes and interest groups were a saviour. Eric talks about his release from camp and subsequently joining the 8th Employment Company of the AIF. It has often been said that as a result of joining up, these 900-plus men were 'Australianised', be it in learning 'Strine' to adopting an 'Australian' attitude, and everything from questioning authority to the pragmatic approaches to problem solving. Assuming the authors have been true to their subject, Eric's tales are framed in 'Australian' vernacular and in many cases, an underlying dry humour. And not unmissed is the tribute to the father-figure to all the men of the 8th Employment Company, Captain Broughton.

From here, Eric's singing career really takes off and he is in great demand whether



it be concerts or radio. The remainder of the book is about the developing platonic friendship with a lady. Early on, he is mindful of the fiancée he left in Germany and later, he travels to Germany in search of her and any relatives. Finding his fiancée, they both realise that life's travails have changed them. Eric returns to Australia and his friend becomes his girlfriend and later, his wife.

This book is a very good read as it is told in an anecdotal way, warts, sufferings and all. The book has many photos of Eric, his family, and people with whom he has had connection with in his life. Eric was in one way lucky – he never dismissed the sadness and treatment of family or himself but it seems to be an 'Out of the bad there comes the good' situation – he sees life as 'a glass half full'. He has an evident sense of humour and has lived a meaningful, full life.

Conversely and sadly, the last chapter is written by a sister, Ruth Triester, who ended up in America. As predominantly a positive and happy person as Eric was, this one chapter aches with sadness. "The childhood which was stolen from me, the parents I was deprived of, the terror, the fear, the pain ..." And this is after all these years – it dominates her daily life. You feel the pain and just want to reach out but there's nothing you can do. Damaged. But for Eric – amazing man and a good life!

Reviewed by Paul Haarbuerger son of the late Werner Haarbuerger. Werner knew Eric Liffman in camp. Werner said that when he was lecturing at Melbourne University there was a post-graduate student enrolled in his course whose surname was Liffman. He asked this student if he was related to Eric Liffman and was told, yes, he was his son. The son told Eric, who in turn contacted Werner, and some time later they met for coffee. Dad said he always remembered one thing Eric said to him: "If you can survive the Dunera, you can survive anything!"

Published by Vivid Publishing

– www.vividpublishing.com.au.

To listen to Eric Liffman's songs

– www.youtube.com/watch?v=ARG-rmK8au0



Eric Liffman and Lady Jacobena Angliss in 1944 planning a series of charitable concerts with the title *Songs the People Love*.



4. <i>Fairy Wood</i>			
Snow White	Snow White
Prince Charming	..	Pte. ERIC LIFFMANN	
Long Nose	}	Pte. H. Reiss
Wolf			
The Witch	..	Cpl. A. P. SCHMITZ	
5. <i>The Banquet</i>			
Queen	O. H. MAYER
Master of the Bedchamber		Sgt. S. LOHDE	
2 Ambassadors		Pte. S. Hochberger	
		E. Hutterer	
Wolf	Pte. H. Reiss
The Witch	..	Cpl. A. P. SCHMITZ	
Prince Charming		Pte. ERIC LIFFMANN	
Master of the Tappers			
Captain of the Guard		Pte. C. Beguch	

Herbert Baer 17 January 1924 – 20 October 2015

From the Dunera to the Stock Exchange and beyond Refugee, stockbroker, musician, sailor

– By Michael Macgeorge (excerpt)



A period of appalling suffering during his teenage years in Europe led to Herbert Baer finding his feet in Australia. As he looked back in his memoirs, written when he was 84, he was unsure whether to regard himself as having been born under a lucky star or, like millions of others, deprived of normality by the terrible events which tore apart civilised life in Europe in the 1930s and 1940s.

Herbert was born in Cologne in 1924 into a well-established and cultured Jewish family, with roots in Germany and branches beyond. His life had been a happy and sheltered one until the Nazis came to power in 1933.

One night in November, 1938, when the 14-year-old Herbert was at home with his father, five uniformed Nazi troops invaded the house around midnight, destroying its furniture, books, works of art and anything else they could lay hands on. When Herbert tried to ring the police, one of the stormtroopers threw him across the room and ripped the telephone from the wall. It was a night of mayhem against Jews across Germany; the night that came to be known as Kristallnacht.

Herbert's parents decided it was time for him to leave Germany and move to Amsterdam to live with relatives. But with Germany about to embark on a march of conquest over much of Europe, it became obvious that Holland was no longer safe. And so Herbert went to England to live with an uncle and aunt at Bournemouth. He never saw his parents or older brother again. His father died from a heart attack; his mother and brother died in concentration camps at Sobibor and Auschwitz.

At Bournemouth, Herbert attended the Collegiate College, a small private school, where he felt secure and was doing well. He was officially classified as a "friendly alien". In May, 1940, he was called to the headmaster's study, where two officials from the British Government told him that he needed to come with them for what they called "status identification". He was whisked off to an internment camp and it was 12 years before he saw Bournemouth Collegiate College again.

With security fears running high as Britain faced the threat of a German invasion, Winston Churchill had ordered a round-up of men of German and Austrian origin, who now found themselves treated as enemy agents.

While interned on the Isle of Man, Herbert, now 16, accepted, like many others, the option of being interned in Australia or Canada. In July, 1940, at Liverpool, he was packed aboard the troopship Dunera, bound for Australia, with 2500 other "detainees", most of them Jewish and strongly anti-Fascist but all now classified as "enemy aliens". The Dunera was shockingly overcrowded and conditions were poor.

Soon after the ship's arrival, the British Government conceded that the arrests in

Britain had been too widespread and carried out with almost reckless zeal; Churchill regretted "a deplorable and regrettable mistake". Those who had been classified as "friendly aliens" and who wished to return to Britain could do so. About 900 chose to remain in Australia, where they were already being treated with a degree of warmth.

Many of the Dunera Boys, as they came to be known, went on to make outstanding contributions to Australian life in music, art, law, science and commerce. Herbert, like many of his fellow internees, joined the Australian Army when he turned 18. In Melbourne, fortune shone brightly for him when he was taken under the broad wing of another family relative – his late father's cousin. Dr Hans Brasch had been professor of engineering at Berlin University before migrating to Australia in the 1930s to escape Germany's rapidly growing anti-Jewish fervour. In the early 1940s, he was lecturing at the University of Melbourne. In Brasch, Herbert had found a liberal-minded, non-religious mentor, more a philosopher than an engineer. The Brasch family became a replacement for Herbert's lost family.

After the war, Herbert studied accountancy part-time and also qualified in commerce at the University of Melbourne. He became a chartered accountant and trustee in bankruptcy, with his own practice. In 1960, he made the news when he was elected to the Melbourne Stock Exchange, the first Jew to be so admitted. One of society's last anti-Semitic barriers had finally been broken.

After nearly 20 years on the Exchange his passion for stockbroking subsided. It was repetitious, he wrote in his memoirs, in the end representing nothing but the quest for "more". He built a comfortable holiday house at Mount Martha, where he was a founding member of the Mount Martha Yacht Club. He loved sailing on the Bay and took pride in introducing the 420 Dinghy class to the club.

A talented violinist, he played in the Zelman Symphony Orchestra for more than 20 years. He also took a leading role in fundraising for the Australian Jewish Welfare Society. In all, he was a man of dignity, style and authority. He was a traveller by nature, curious about other cultures and the world around him, and multi-lingual. While he was immensely grateful for the opportunities Australia gave him, he remained a European at heart.

He was not an orthodox Jew but he respected Jewish culture and traditions. A well-attended, non-religious ceremony to celebrate his life was held at his home.

His first wife, Pat, by whom he had three sons, died in 1981. He is survived by his second wife, Rosemary, but that marriage came to an end in 1999 after 12 years. He is also survived by his sons David, Michael and Adrian, and his daughters-in-law Cheryl, Cathy and Christine, by seven grandchildren and by one great grandchild.

–In preparing this obituary, Michael Macgeorge was assisted by *Herbert's Memoirs*, as Herbert called them, as well as by Herbert's three sons, and by Michael's own memories of Herbert flowing from their membership of the Stonnington Men's Probus Club.

Werner Haarburger

22 December 1922 – 16 September 2015

My Dad Werner – By Paul Haarburger (excerpt)

Dad was born on 22 December 1922 and lived for almost 92 years. Werner was a very independently-minded boy. At the age of six, he became a vegetarian, deciding that he didn't want to eat any animal flesh. He stuck to this philosophy for the rest of his life.

He was in the Boy Scouts and loved camping and going on trips. At the age of 13, he advised his mother that he was going on a 400km bike trip. Germany had an excellent Youth Hostels system as well as next-day postal delivery, so he wrote to his mother every day. The next year it was an 800km round trip!

Academically he was very bright and loved maths, the sciences, and learning languages. He loved school but needed to escape Germany and managed to get to England as a 16-year-old in 1938.

By this time he could speak Dutch, Spanish and French fluently. English he said was very hard because there were always exceptions to the rules. He later said that after mastering English, he had to learn Strine. Werner's brother Walter followed him to England in early 1939 – very lucky to get out.

On the Dunera, Werner's vegetarianism almost cost him his life. Luckily the ship's doctor used to give Dad a spoonful of sweetened condensed milk and two biscuits daily, and the food, once in camp at Hay, helped Werner to recover his strength.

Werner participated in many camp activities, especially the classes, and at 17 years of age was tutoring older internees in French. He was also the assistant librarian.

When offered the option to return to Britain or stay in Australia, Werner was among the 900 internees who joined the 8th Employment Company and this was the making of Dad in Australia. The army 'Australianised' Dad.

Werner spent two years in the army and then two years as an interpreter for Italian prisoners-of-war. By this time, he was 22.

Whilst in the army, Dad enrolled in an Arts degree at Melbourne University and excelled. He met his wife to be, Elaine while continuing his studies part-time.

Werner's first job in languages was as a translator in the Australian Listening Post – a government department dedicated to listening to broadcasts from overseas governments. Dad won the position over 43 other candidates. His job was monitoring broadcasts from Indonesia which were in Dutch. He would translate on-the-fly and type up the translation. He could touch type at 45 wpm.

Werner decided to become a teacher and studied for his Dip. Ed. Back then you were based in a school when studying – his was Balwyn High School. It was 1956 and Dad had a great time. In the 10-week break from school leading up to and



including the Olympics, Dad moonlighted and got a job with the American Consulate. They were mightily impressed with him, he got twice the salary he was earning, and they gave him a consulate car to drive home in each night. When Mum went into labour with my brother Dean, she was driven to hospital in the consulate car.

After getting the Dip. Ed., Werner was appointed to Camberwell Girls Grammar School and despite wanting to teach anything but German he was asked to teach it. Dad had some firm ideas about education and learning, the main one being that you set a standard and then use your skills, materials and any supporting technology to help students attain those standards. He had a great supervisor and he flourished at the school for two years. He was then seconded to Melbourne High School – the showpiece school, and started a very enjoyable and fruitful time there.

Werner was not a fan of the bureaucracy or Education Department administration. After some years, Elaine came to the rescue with an advertisement for a lecturer at Melbourne University. This was to become the pinnacle of Werner's career. Based on the understanding that no two students commenced learning with the same knowledge and skills, he developed self-paced learning materials and he coined the phrase "Supervised Self Instruction".

The students had great success and for many years I'd often be asked if my father was at Melbourne Uni. The course ran for 31 years at Melbourne University, 29 years at Monash and decades at universities in Newcastle, Tasmania and New Zealand.

Werner was a man of ideas, but he was also practical. He built the family home and loved technology, such as language learning booths.

Family-wise, Dad was a Gentleman, and a gentle man. He was amazingly patient and had an incredible mind. He said on many occasions that he'd had a marvellous life, particularly being married to Mum for 60 years. He came from a very cultured background where academia and the arts were front and centre. So there was a bit of a contrast between countries.

Reflecting on his life he said that even in his wildest dreams (and he was a dreamer) he could not have ever imagined ending up in Australia, but he came to love Australia. He was a good man and he had a great life.

Werner is survived by Paul and Julie, Dean, Simon and Julie, and grandchildren Emma, Clea, Kara, Amy and Ellie.



Seeking information

Jack Mannheim

I'm looking for anyone who might have information about my father, Jack Mannheim, a Dunera Boy who was known as Hans when he arrived in Australia. My father was from Gross Munzel, Germany and settled in New York after the war. He was in Camp 8 at Hay and became a member of the 8th Employment Company. I'll be grateful for all responses and can be reached on: lmannheim@yahoo.com. Thank you!

—Linda Mannheim

Embroidery Panel

My name is Roy Wilcock, I live in Kendal, Cumbria, UK and I am currently researching the story of the Dunera scandal, a subject which I was totally unaware of until a few weeks ago, I am now fascinated by the story.

My research will be condensed into drawn images, combined with a little text and then converted into a panel of embroidery which will form part of the Australian Quaker Tapestry project.

What I am particularly interested in are any true stories of possible Quaker involvement in assisting with the welfare of Jewish internees at the Hay Camp. I have seen reports by E. Sydney Morris and Marjorie Ballance from 1940 and newspaper articles by Charles Stevenson in recent times, reviews of a book by C. Pearl and what is generally available on the internet, but what would be really good is to have at least a snippet of information from someone alive today who was actually there! I can be contacted at – kitchen.table@talktalk.net

—Roy Wilcock



CORRECTION

Dunera News 95 p.16 – *Dunera Boys who attended the exhibition opening. It should be Steve Arnott, not Max Arnott as stated. Apologies for the error.*

My dad Steve Arnott was the one who attended the 75th Anniversary of the Dunera Boys, which we attended at the Jewish Museum in Alma Road, St. Kilda. My father had two brothers, Max and the late Alfred (twins). Well Max did not attend this evening as he had lost his wife Margot the day before. In that photo taken at the museum was my dad Steve Arnott. I wish people would proof read the list of attendees. Evan was not there also. I came by maxi taxi from Bupa nursing home in Clayton with Steve. My name is Yvonne Arnott, my dad is the youngest of the brothers.

Regards Yvonne Arnott

It wasn't really necessary – Internment in Australia with emphasis on the Second World War

Excerpt from the book by Peter Weiss, self-published 2003

Chapter 6: Jewish Internees of German and Austrian descent and the Dunera Episode Rudolf Strauss

Among the scientists, a few came to Australia, albeit only for a short time. Rudolf Strauss was born in Augsburg, completed his diploma thesis in physics at Dresden Technical University in 1938, just before Kristallnacht, and landed in England where he was temporarily employed in a research laboratory of John Fry's smelting works in the south of London. The "temporary" arrangement in fact lasted for 40 years and Strauss rose to become head of research of the Fry group of companies.

However, in June 1940 he was interned as an enemy alien, and shipped with more than 2000 others to a camp in New South Wales. Apparently he enjoyed the climate and the company of his fellow internees. After ten months Fry was able to secure Strauss' release and he returned to England.

Back in England he met and became friends with Paul Eisler, a refugee from Austria, who had invented the print circuit board which revolutionised the electronic industry.

Strauss himself invented a technique for soldering thousands of electronic connections in one operation. His "wave soldering" machine, first built in 1958, is still being made, in more sophisticated form, all over the industrialised world.

Peter Weiss' book is available in federal and state libraries in Australia.

IN MEMORY



**Herbert
Herman Baer**
17 January 1924 –
20 October 2015
Husband of Doris
Patricia Baer
(dec), Rosemary
Baer. Father to
David, Michael

and Adrian. Father-in-law of Cheryl, Cathy and Christine. Grandfather of Tegan, Sian, Alexander, Rowena, James, William and Matthew. Great-grandfather of Aaron.

The Age – 21 Oct 2015



Bernie Meyer
6 October 2015,
aged 94
The Dunera
Association mourns
the loss of Bernie
Meyer. Condolences
to Anita and Alysia.
Vale Bernie Meyer,
a Dunera Boy
Herald Sun Tributes
– 13 Oct 2015

SAVE THE DATES 2015

Tatura Reunion:

10 April 2016

Dunera Hay Reunion:

3–4 September 2016

Dunera Sydney Reunion:

7 September 2016

Melbourne Reunion Lunch:

Date to be advised in November 2016

News and information on events will be updated on our Dunera Association facebook page.

Friends of the Dunera Boys

Dunera Museum at Hay

Carol Bunyan – Volunteer Researcher
lcb5@bigpond.com

(NOTE: the first letter is a lowercase “L”)

Dunera Hay tours

David Houston
davidhouston23@bigpond.com

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