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.

Tatura Reunion
April 2019
From Friends of the Dunera Boys

There has been much activity in the Friends of the Dunera Boys facebook page, with new connections made.

Post from Anne Wolkenstein, daughter of Christopher Wolkenstein – 11 Feb 2019

Present items from her father’s diary.
He was born in 1922 in Innsbruck, Austria.
“It would bring me joy if someone found a relative’s name in this diary.”

– reply in Anne’s post:
From Mona Benjamin – I love seeing your pictures, Anne Wolkenstein. It’s thanks to you that I was able to discover what hut my father was in at Hay. Thank you.

Post from Ricky Strauss – 1 Mar 2019

Thank you for accepting me to the group, my grandfather was a Dunera Boy, Walter S Strauss. He was 32 years old while on the ship.
Walter had a stroke in 1964. He did not speak much about the war. Unfortunate for us kids. … he died 5 months before my Bar Mitzvah in 1976.
At this point I knew nothing about the Dunera, forward to 1994, I spent some time in Sydney, Australia and found a book on Jews of Australia and read about the Dunera. I went to the holocaust museum and asked about the Dunera. They sent me to Bondi to meet with a very nice gentleman who was on the Dunera. … he showed me my grandfather’s name. Chills and tears unfolded.
In this issue you will find some fascinating stories including pieces on Dunera Boys Jan Weber, Harro Wundsch and Walter Fuerst, as well as a report on this year’s reunion at Tatura.

Coming up is the 79th reunion at Hay on 6–8 September, organised by David Houston. The main activities will be held on Saturday 7 September (details page 23). If you have never been to Hay, try a visit, or perhaps plan for a trip in 2020 when there will be special 80th anniversary events.

This year, we are holding Sydney and Melbourne events on a Sunday. We have been polling your views and believe a number of people would like to attend our reunions, but are unable to come during week days. The Sydney reunion will be on Sunday 15 September, with afternoon tea; and the Melbourne reunion will be on Sunday 10 November, with a delicious high tea.

It is now time to renew memberships, or to subscribe. Members subscriptions are the Dunera Association’s main source of income. Your support through membership and donations is vitally important, it helps us to remain a viable and vibrant group. An application form accompanies this newsletter.

Plans are in progress for a tribute museum at Jones Bay Wharf in Sydney where the Dunera docked in 1940. The museum will commemorate immigrants who arrived at the wharf (including the Italian father of the person providing the museum), the military who used the wharf, the wharfies who worked there, and the people from the Dunera. This is an exciting project and will be a permanent reminder of the Dunera Boys and where they started their lives in Australia.

Our updated website has recently been launched – just search “Dunera Association”, or go to duneraassociation.com – we would welcome your feedback. And you can keep in touch or update your details by contacting duneraboys@gmail.com or join our Facebook group – Friends of the Dunera Boys.
Over 20 people attended the annual reunion at Tatura, which marked the anniversary of the start of internment of Dunera men from Hay, and the arrival of the Singapore Group at the wartime camps in Tatura.

The Vice President of the Tatura and District Historical Society, Brian Williams welcomed attendees to the museum and reminded people that our groups have been visiting Tatura on a regular basis for the last thirty years. Brian explained that the extension currently under construction at the museum will double the size of their exhibition space. It will also provide much more room for display and storage as well as provide a temperature controlled space for the exhibits. Plans are already underway for curating and layout of the new space.

Peter Felder, welcomed Dunera descendants and friends and expressed condolences on behalf of the Dunera Association on the recent death of the president of Tatura Historical Society, Steve Barnard. Peter went on to outline some developments in Hay and Sydney that will enhance Dunera displays at the Hay Dunera Museum and at Jones Bay Wharf respectively.

The attendees then drove in convoy to “Dunera” – the site of Camp 2 and wandered past the ruins of the camp kitchens and bathrooms, up the hill past the mound of barbed wire, and on to the vista of the Waranga Basin. While the current drought conditions are making things difficult for farmers, the lack of vegetation made the landmarks very easy to distinguish.

As we made our way back down the hill, we shared impressions of what it must have been like for our fathers, uncles and grandfathers to have been interned in the bushland outside Tatura, and the effects of internment on their later lives.

We are most grateful to the Tatura Historical Society for their wonderful hospitality and to Geoff Reed for graciously giving us access once again onto his property.

- Rebecca Silk
My father, Jan Weber, was of a German family who became political refugees during the 1930s owing to his father August Weber’s open and high-profile opposition to the Nazis and their policies (high-profile because he was leader of the liberal German State Party, with a seat in the Reichstag opposite Goebbels). Although not a Jew, he was married to a Jewish woman from a wealthy family, and this of course did not help matters.

After the transport out to Australia on the Dunera and internment, my father returned to the UK in 1941 on the SS Ceramic. Like other returning Dunera men he was naturalised as a British citizen. Jan worked for a while as a BBC monitor of foreign broadcasts and subsequently joined British Military Intelligence, first MI19 at CSDIC (Combined Services Detailed Interrogation Centre) at Latimer House, then later commissioned into the Intelligence Corps, attached to 6th Armoured Division after they had arrived in Italy from the Rommel campaign.

He often spoke of the time spent on the Dunera and in Hay with retrospective amusement and affection, partly, I suspect, because he met some of his closest lifelong friends there. Interestingly, he managed to keep his suitcase on the Dunera.

Jan wrote a copious volume of memoirs, including a portion dealing with his time on the Dunera and in camp at Hay and Tatura.

Since Jan shared a hut with George Teltscher, you will find his name Weber (among, I believe, the names of all the other occupants of the hut) in the wool of one of the sheep on the Camp 7 currency. He managed to keep a full set of currency notes intact and presented them to me when I was about 10, but, sadly, they’ve got lost in the mists of time.
Extract from Jan Weber’s memoirs

There were fears that Britain might be invaded and Churchill who had displaced Chamberlain as Prime Minister was asked what should be done with the German refugees who had not been interned. Churchill is reported to have said “Collar the Lot”. We were told to report at our local Police Station – I did so in Chelsea where I met Sergeant O’Sullivan. He told me that I would be sent to a pleasant Holiday Centre and should take my tennis racket.

I reported at the police station on the appointed day to be taken with other refugees to a race course near London where we spent a night before being moved to a tented camp at Huyton near Liverpool, the departure point for the Isle of Man. I was assigned a tent to share with one or two others. I had bought a large box of Players cigarettes which I offered round. One of the recipients was Steven Dale, then Heinz Günther Spanglet, a Berliner who became my friend for life. He and I joined a group that was to board ship bound for Australia, the Dunera.

As the internees arrived at the docks they were subjected to an exceedingly rough search. Items without value were thrown on the quayside, valuables were stuffed into sacks or disappeared openly into the pockets of the searching soldiers. The searches were carried out without any discrimination, accompanied by acts of violence, and resulted in the loss of a large amount of money, valuable articles, important documents and toilet necessities; none of this was ever recovered by their owners. I was very lucky. I was carrying a suitcase containing all my belongings; somehow it escaped a search and I brought it on board untouched and deposited it in a passage where I found it two or three days later, untouched.

It became clear that the officer in charge of the Dunera guards, Lt. Col. Scott, and his men had not been told who we were. They viewed us as enemies plotting to take control of the ship. They knew before long that many of us were Jews but as the only junior officer we came in contact with, Lt. John O’Neill V.C. liked to emphasise, “I hate the Germans, I hate the Jews”.

At the beginning of our voyage in the Irish Sea, almost everybody was seasick
in a violent storm. It is recorded that the Dunera first followed a northerly course to escape U-Boat attention but did attract the attention of the U56 commanded by Oberleutnant Herüs. He carefully set the course for two torpedoes to hit and sink the Dunera. Almost immediately after he fired them, the Dunera changed course and the torpedoes missed by 100-200 metres; one or both exploded and the bang was heard in the Dunera. I remember it; I thought at the time that a torpedo had struck the Dunera and failed to explode.

We left Capetown on 7th August. The Table Mountain presented a beautiful sight as we sailed east towards Australia. There was no sight of land for the next 3 weeks but the ship rolled heavily, at times up to 14 degrees on the starboard side.

On 27th August Fremantle came in sight, and on 3rd September the Dunera tied up at Princes Pier in Melbourne harbour. The survivors of the Arandora Star disembarked, to be taken to Tatura in Victoria. The Dunera continued to Sydney, its final destination, docking on 6th September. A train awaited our arrival on the quay. We were handed into the care of the Australian Military who were a good deal more relaxed than the guards on the Dunera. We boarded the train which took us inland to Hay, a Godforsaken town in the Nullarbor plain on the Murrumbidgee river, reduced to a trickle by long periods of drought.

We found that there were two camps awaiting us, numbers 7 and 8, each holding about 1000 internees. I found myself in No.7 with most of the storekeeper’s gang. We moved into one of 32 huts, each accommodating 30–32 men. Also in our hut were Andrew Eppenstein (later Andrew Elliot) the Camp Leader, Stahl, the camp banker who had worked in the Warburg Bank in Hamburg and Georg Teltscher, a graphic designer, formerly a lecturer at the School of Graphics in Berlin.

One hut was occupied largely by one-time Trade Union officials, another by artists and one by Austrians including some titled ones. The biggest group were orthodox and ultra-orthodox Jews, with a core of students from a Talmud school in Frankfurt. They filled one of the four mess huts and ate only strictly Kosher food. I observed them there – I had never met observant Jews before – sorting out salad leaves by removing snails and other insects as they peered through thick spectacles in many cases, and I watched them at prayer. On feast days they conducted noisy services and they observed the Sabbath. They advertised for and found a “Shabbes Goy”, a strictly non-Jewish individual prepared to do some cleaning for them on Saturdays.

Internally, the camp was run on democratic lines; matters were debated and decisions taken by an assembly of delegates, one from every hut. There was, of course, not much scope for decision making. A bank account was opened in Hay into which were paid remittances from Britain. The camp bank kept account of individual credits which could be converted into camp money or used to pay for
outside purchases. The camp money was designed by Georg Teltscher who had taught at the School of Printing in London. It was issued in notes of two shillings, one shilling and sixpence, I believe. Teltscher, of thin slender build, had been a member of the storekeeper’s gang and had visibly had great difficulty carrying those hundredweight bags. He invited those watching him work to have their names etched on the notes. Mine appeared on the notes, but can be seen only with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Most of the more prominent Austrians lived in an “Austrian Hut”. They included von Kobliitz who turned out to be an antique dealer and von Vivenot who sadly drowned when his ship was torpedoed on the way back to Britain. I got to know him quite well. Another hut was largely inhabited by artists one of whom kept a spider in a cage. A joker pinned a note to the cage with the legend: “The Spider is the Canary of the Surrealist”.

Extract from Hay Camp: list of internee requirements
Jan Weber – Hay, NSW, Australia 1940

One thousand men in Compound Two
(Well fed they are, well treated too)
Though they much rather would be free)
Humbly petition the powers that be
That they provide us with a chance
To attend to improvements and maintenance
Of our villas in the suburbs of Hay
For the duration of our stay.

It is intended that this camp
Which, when it rains, is rather damp,
Should be made to look smarter still.
We lack the tools, but not the will:
Picks shovels wheelbarrows and rakes
For building roads and making lakes.

The sun has given every man
A healthy looking brownish tan
But it is liable to sting
So hats and specks would be the thing.
And as many an inmate of this camp
Looks torn and tattered like a tramp.

And many a suitcase was not retrieved
Some clothing would be well received.
Including trousers socks and pants
And singlets boots and shirts for gents
And tailoring and cobbling gear
To solve the problem of wear and tear.

Fifth columnists their work begin
By fostering trouble from within
So do a man’s unruly teeth
No wonder that he seeks relief
Provided by machines for drilling
And the material for filling

To raise our state of cleanliness
And give delight to Mr Bass
To brush our hair and sweep our rooms
We need some brushes and some brooms
Soap, paste and toothbrush are no less
Essential to our happiness.
Sachsenhausen – Werner Baer and Fritz Baer
Queen Mary internees
By Miriam Gould

Kristallnacht, or the Night of Broken Glass, in November 1938, was a night of horror in Nazi Germany, where the Nazi Regime unleashed its full terror against its Jewish population. Synagogues were burnt, Jewish businesses were looted and Jewish men were taken from their home to concentration camps. My father, Werner Baer, and my uncle Fritz Baer were two of these men.

They were taken to Sachsenhausen, a camp near Berlin, a camp which would later be known for its frightful inhumanity to man. Even then in the early days, men were stripped of their clothing and possessions, given a number, had their heads shaved and were treated to beatings and awful indignities.

However, at this stage, the Nazis were ready to allow men to leave the camp if they could show proof of immediately leaving Germany. My mother, Ilse Baer, young and beautiful, was able to get this proof, tickets on a ship to Shanghai, and faced the Nazis at the camp, asking for her husband to be released.

Werner was the first man to be allowed to go (Fritz sometime later) and the young couple, he with a shaven head and bruises from the incarceration, left the horror of Nazi Germany. And where did they go? On board ship, they learnt that there was a position in Singapore for an organist and music teacher. My father, an accomplished musician, decided this was their opportunity.

Both Ilse and Werner loved Singapore and its cosmopolitan atmosphere – Werner flourished in the musical life and Ilse worked in a clothes salon until I, their daughter...
Miriam, was born in October 1939. But this life was shattered in September 1940 when the young family was interned as enemy aliens by the British and taken on the ship Queen Mary to Australia. In retrospect, how lucky were they!

The rest as they say is history – difficult yet safe time in the camp at Tatura, the 8th Employment Company, years of settling into this new haven. And haven it was for them. Werner went to Sydney where he was to establish himself as a musician, ultimately being awarded an OBE for services to Australian music.

When I was told that there would be an exhibition in 2018 at Sachsenhausen honouring the men who had been taken there but had been allowed to leave, I was beset by contradictory feelings. Should the Germans honour this small group when so many had been tortured, murdered at this frightful place?

However, my doubts were put to rest as I realised that the exhibition would highlight the terror that the original incarceration represented and the triumph of the human spirit that enabled the men to continue their lives despite never forgetting what they had gone through.

My father, who died in 1992, called himself an honorary Dunera Boy, although always recognising the difference in their experiences. I think he would have liked to be in the Sachsenhausen Exhibition, thus being part of keeping the Jewish story alive – and certainly he would have liked to be in the Dunera News!
My father rarely spoke about his past. He was born in Munster, Germany, in 1920 but was brought up in Berlin. He used to joke that he was on the last convict ship to Australia but never mentioned that it was the Dunera, or that he was sent to a camp in Hay (and Tatura) or that he was permitted to join the British army after 18 months of incarceration. He told us few tales about his war experiences. He broke his ankle on his first parachute jump doing practice jumps at The Heights of Abraham in Derbyshire and subsequently had to join the Royal Engineers, not the Parachute Regiment as he had intended. He had spent time in India and was in Japan during the Allied Occupation. We knew he was German but the anti-German feeling in the UK when we were growing up in the 50’s and early 60’s was so intense we were never allowed to mention the fact.

My father and his brother Joe changed their name from Wundsch to Powell. My German grandmother’s maiden name had been Pauly and my father thought that Powell sounded similar and it would be easy to remember. And we knew that my father had arrived in the UK in 1935, followed by his brother Joe in 1937. My Aunt Renate, the eldest child, had been sent to the UK in 1933. The youngest brother, Stefan, was sent to Switzerland but sent back to Germany by the Swiss at the outbreak of hostilities. When we asked why my grandparents had felt it necessary to send their children abroad for their education the reason was that they did not want them to grow up under the Nazi regime. It was obvious to people like my grandparents who belonged to a group of individuals we now call the “intellectual elite”.

My grandmother was a biochemist and my grandfather the Dean of Fisheries at the Humboldt University in Berlin. My grandmother’s father was Jewish, and her mother was a Baroness in her own right. The story is that the family fortune had vanished and my great grandmother Leokadie had married my great grandfather Carl Pauly, rumoured to be a wealthy banker, to restore that fortune. They are both buried in the Jewish Graveyard in Berlin.

My grandfather’s family were Prussian military men. It may have been this mix of
backgrounds that saved my grandmother from the fate of some of her relatives. My father’s aunt, Aunt Lily, had married Uncle Fritz, who fled Germany in 1937 and ended up in Shanghai, in the Jewish community there. Aunt Lily was able to escape Germany via Switzerland and join him in 1939.

So, my grandparents sent their children abroad for safety. My father arrived at the Quaker School in Saffron Walden in Essex in 1935 where he met my mother, Betty. They became, what is known in modern parlance, an “item” and my father spent the school holidays with my mother's family as his parents were unwilling to allow him to return to Germany. My father’s last trip to Germany was in 1936 for the Olympic Games. This was the last time he saw his parents until 1958.

After finishing school my father joined the Essex water board in Chelmsford as an apprentice engineer. Like all aliens he had to attend the local police station at regular intervals and at the outbreak of war he was told he would not be interned. His relationship with my mother cooled at that point. My father always said it was because he did not know how the war would turn out and he could not make my mother any promises. My mother was too proud to admit this to her family and used to go and sit on a park bench in Chelmsford and pretend she had been to see my father. And then he vanished ... suddenly interned and sent to Australia on the last “convict ship”. My mother wrote to him on a number of occasions but she never received a reply and had no idea what had happened to him. He had apparently just vanished off the face of the planet.

Once my father was released from internment in Australia and allowed to join the British army he returned to the UK, arriving two days before his 21st birthday. He was given leave to visit my mother, but when he called on my mother’s parents, my grandfather told him “You are too late Harro, Betty was married last week”. My mother had married a farmer, “Jock” who was an enlisted soldier at this point. They were married for less than 2 years during which time my eldest brother was born. Jock died in Italy in 1943.

My father, in the meantime, had firstly joined the Pioneer Corps, then failed in his attempt to join the Parachute Regiment by breaking his ankle, and finally ended up in the Royal Engineers. He was involved in the D-Day landings and spent some time in Japan. He had been stripped of German citizenship at the outbreak of war and remained stateless until he became a naturalised British Citizen in 1947. He was
reunited with his younger brother Joseph who had been interned on the Isle of Man, and his older sister who had married an Englishman before the outbreak of war.

After leaving the army in 1947 my father and his brother Joseph went to live with their sister Renate and her family in Leicester. My grandparents and Uncle Stefan had not been heard from since 1939 and my father had no idea whether they had survived the war. Then in 1947, the Red Cross contacted my aunt, and informed her that my grandparents and Uncle Stefan had survived, although they were now trapped inside East Germany. My grandmother had spent the war years working at the Jewish Women’s Hospital in Berlin, my grandfather had lost his job at the University for making jokes about Hitler to his students, and my uncle had attended a Catholic boarding school outside Berlin. The brothers abandoned their charges in the face of the Russian advancement in 1945 (my uncle was 14) and the boys were left to return to their homes as best they could.

Now resident in the UK and having been naturalised my father took advantage of the government scheme allowing anyone who had had their education interrupted by the outbreak of war to continue their studies at the nation’s expense. He gained a degree in Civil Engineering and started work for the construction company of Sir Alfred McAlpine. Over his career my father was involved in many interesting construction projects all over the world. The nearest he came in returning to Australia was a three year contract in Wellington, New Zealand in the 1960’s.

And my mother? She lived at home with her parents and her son until one day in 1951, she received a phone call ... from my father. One of her sisters who had also been at the Quaker School in Saffron Walden, read an article in the old scholar’s magazine about my father sailing a yacht down the East Coast of England. She sent my father a Christmas card, alerting him to the fact that my mother had been widowed and had not remarried. My parents married in 1952 and went on to have five children together (Joseph, Katherine, Heather, Harold and Antony). They were married for 25 years until my mother died in 1978.

My father died in 2006. It wasn’t until after his death that I discovered my father’s connection to the Dunera, the last “convict ship” to Australia, and began delving into his extraordinary early life.

Story contribute by Katherine York (nee Powell), daughter of Harold Powell
– Cambridge, England. 2018
FOOTNOTE from niece Celia, daughter of Betty’s eldest sister Lucille – Thomas Waugh, Harold’s late stepson, living in Australia, had several recollections to add: Harold told him that he had taken part in exercises charting the Murrumbidgee River which runs through Hay. Also, when en route to Japan, the war in the Pacific ended. He was on board the SS Missouri in Tokyo Bay with the British Army on 2 September 1945, at the signing of the peace treaty by the Emperor of Japan.

On introducing himself to Celia visiting from Australia as ‘the Last Convict’ he recalled that he came out to Australia aged 19 on ‘a ship’ as a prisoner of war. He was chosen to work in the ship’s kitchens where the young cooks felt they were well off as they were able to eat food rejected by more orthodox Jewish ‘passengers’.

Presenting as a rather cheery philosophical ‘Uncle’ he made light of experiences on ‘the ship’ though commented that afterwards he was taken to two isolated camps one of which was ‘alright and they were well treated, and one which was not so good’. At this stage, I had never heard of the Dunera experience until Kath informed me of the name of the ship after her father’s death.

After Japan, he said he was offered three choices: to remain with the British Army, return to Australia, or become a spy. As his English was so good (having spent years at the Quaker boarding school in Saffron Waldon of course!), he chose the British Army as Kath mentioned in her story.
Mendel was already stooped in gait when we first met in camp in the Hay desert during internment in 1940. Now, half a century later at a big gathering in Sydney of the former internees – the so-called Dunera Boys – he seemed, at the age of 78, like a broken man. He was even more stooped in gait, he had deep wrinkles on his face, and tired eyes. He merely breathed his greeting. “I am an old man,” he said, “and I have been retired for 15 years already. Since then, I live near the harbour, not far from here.” I said, “Would you like me to visit? Any particular time?” He hesitated. “Come today, later it will be difficult.”

We walked the short distance, to his house which was on a hill. From the terrace you could see the Sydney Harbour Bridge and beyond. A magnificent view that somehow did not lift his spirits. He said little about his current life, and nothing about his former life as a mathematics professor. I reflected to him on my life as a writer and how I had been living in Berlin during the intervening years. Did he even understand what I said? He seemed even more absent than before. His thoughts seemed to wander as he looked past me to the water. “Our big meeting,” he said, “really does nothing for me.”

“If only you knew, if only you knew,” he said, to which I could only say that much could happen in 50 years. “There you are, you’re right,” he said. He still did not look at me. Then his lips quivered. “First there was death of my wife and then what happened to Nadja.” Mendel sighed.

He went on. Twenty years ago, my daughter in Alice Springs got together with an Aboriginal man, a painter – she was only 19 and he 40. “It did not go well, not at all well. The man abandoned painting and helped himself to the money that I sent Nadja. He began to drink, and drink and drink ... Do you know how that affects indigenous men? I can hardly find words to describe how he tormented and tortured her. Constantly, until one night, my God, Nadja killed him with an axe. My gentle Nadja took the axe ...” Mendel’s voice faded to nothing. Eventually I understood that his daughter went to the police, legal assistance was refused, and a guilty verdict was pronounced.

“Twelve years in Alice Springs – imprisoned in the heat of Alice Springs.” How can one imagine it? “Oh, Mendel, Mendel,” I said. “And the day after tomorrow she is coming home,” he said, “home, here back to her father. What should … .” Again, he was silent, we were both silent, and I felt as if the sky went dark.

Walter Kaufmann left Germany for England on one of the last Kindertransports. However, he was interned and deported to Australia on the Dunera. He published his first book, *Voices in the Storm* in 1953. In 1957, he settled in Berlin where he has published over 35 books in English and German. Walter travelled extensively and his experiences and observations are reflected in his writing.
Mendel ging schon gebückt als wir uns im Lager in der Wüste von Hay begegnet waren – das war 1940 gewesen. Ein halbes Jahrhundert später, beim großen Sydney-Treffen der ehemals Internierten, der so genannten Dunera Boys, wirkte er mit seinen achtundsiebzig Jahren geradezu gebrochen – noch gebückter der Gang, tiefe Furchen im Gesicht, müde Augen. Seine Begrüßung hauchte er bloß. Es ginge ihm wie es einem Greis so geht, meinte er, schon fünfzehn Jahre sei er im Ruhestand und seitdem lebe er in Hafennähe, also unweit von hier. „Magst du mich besuchen?“ „Jederzeit.“ Er zögerte. „Komm heute – später wird’s schwierig.“


Vor zwanzig Jahren, fuhr er fort, habe sich seine Tochter bei Alice Springs mit einem Aborigine zusammengetan, einem Maler – sie erst neunzehn und er vierzig. „Es ging nicht gut, ging gar nicht gut. Der Mann warf das Malen hin, ließ sich aushalten von dem Geld, das ich Nadja schickte, und begann zu trinken, zu trinken, zu trinken … Weiβt du, was das mit den Schwarzen macht? Im Suff quälte er sie. Ich mag es nicht schildern, er quälte und quälte sie, bis eines nachts, mein Gott, Nadja ihn mit einer Axt erschlug. Meine sanfte Nadja nahm die Axt …“ Mendel schwieg, und es dauerte bis ich erfuhr, dass seine Tochter sich der Polizei gestellt, sie jeden juristischen Beistand abgelehnt und am Ende das Urteil widerspruchslos hingenommen hatte.

Kitchener Camp Exhibition

A great deal of research and data collection has been going on since 2017 on the Kitchener Camp – a camp for Jewish refugees from Europe. Some Dunera men, including the Ort Boys, spent time at the Kitchener Camp in Sandwich, Kent.

The Kitchener Camp Project aims to collect photographs, letters, documents, and family narratives with the goal of rebuilding a largely forgotten history for which most records were destroyed. As well as family and friends, the Kitchener refugees were forced to leave behind homes, hard-earned businesses, personal possessions, known environments, and whatever had been their hopes and dreams for their future – and that of their families – in their countries of origin.

It has always been our intention to create an exhibition from the Kitchener Camp Project, to commemorate 80 years since the 1939 rescue to Britain of 4000 Jewish refugees – our fathers, grandfathers, uncles, and other relatives and friends.

We are now pleased to announce that the Kitchener Camp Exhibition will open on 1 September 2019, at the Jewish Museum in London.

For more information go to http://www.kitchenercamp.co.uk/ or https://www.wienerlibrary.co.uk/refugees

Erwin Fabian Exhibition – Tatura Museum

Erwin Fabian, Dunera Boy, is one of Australia’s most significant modern artists. His works are held in private and public collections around the world. A selection of Fabian’s paintings and drawings, many of them completed in internment, will be exhibited at Tatura Museum from 15 September to 3 November 2019. The artworks for display have never been shown in public. Jana Wendt will open the exhibition, entitled Migration and the Refugee: The Art of Erwin Fabian, on Sunday 15 September. More information, including details of how to book for the opening, will be available shortly via the Dunera Association website and Facebook page. In the meantime, any questions can be directed to Seumas Spark – seumas.spark@monash.edu
Three weeks after the death of my father, Walter Fuerst, I received an envelope of documents that I had never seen before. Many of these papers were hidden on him whilst enduring the horror journey on the Dunera.

These documents prompted me to start a journey of my own and find out about my father’s early life and escape from Vienna to Australia. I am at the end of my Masters study and on May 8, I presented an exhibition of artworks based on research and my findings of my father, his trauma and secrets and its effect on me.

I was very privileged to have had Rebecca Silk open my exhibition and the night proved to be a wonderful evening of many friends and family coming together to celebrate.

Since joining the Dunera Association I have discovered information about my father that I never knew before. The reunions have been most enlightening and the conversations with other children of Dunera survivors always interesting. I have learnt much and continue to do so.

My exhibition of work was multidisciplinary in terms of the media that I worked with. This ranged from ceramic sculpture, archival photographs of my father, photographs that I took in Hay, Tatura and Vienna, documents, found objects – the barbed wire from Tatura as well as music and recorded readings of my Journal entries. These have been published into a book.

I was also fortunate to be interviewed on radio on J-Air 87.8FM on the Open Minds show by Bernard Korbman, the former CEO of the Holocaust Museum.

This has been a cathartic journey for me, one that I will continue as there are still many pieces missing. Many thanks to so many people that I have encountered during my study.
In Memory

**Walter Freiberger**

20 February 1924, Vienna – 25 January 2019, Providence USA

Walter was deported to Australia on the Dunera and interned at Hay. He was in Camp 8. After his release from internment, Walter joined the 8th Australian Employment Company in January 1943 and studied mathematics at Melbourne Uni whilst serving, sitting exams in Applied Mathematics II in November 1943 and Pure Mathematics II in November 1944. He was discharged from the army in 1945. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree (1947) and Master of Arts (1949) at the University of Melbourne, whilst working as a research officer at the Aeronautical Research Laboratory of the Department of Defence.

Walter went on to study in the UK and received his PhD from Cambridge University in 1953, after which he returned to Australia to work as a tutor at the University of Melbourne. In 1955, he moved permanently to the US, to a position at Brown University. Initially, he served as assistant professor, then associate professor, in Applied Mathematics, then he became the first Director of Brown University's Computing Laboratory and Academic Computing Activities, 1963–1976. Then he served as chairman of the Division of Applied Mathematics, 1976–1982.

Professor Emeritus Walter Freiberger was instrumental in the founding of the Center for Statistical Science in the Brown University Medical School. From 1965 to 2014, he was managing editor of the Quarterly of Applied Mathematics, published by Brown University. His scientific interests spanned a great number of areas including continuum mechanics, scientific computations, statistical inference, and statistical problems in public health.

He married Christine Holmberg in October 1956 and they had three sons, Christopher, Allan and Nils.

**Arnold Ewald**

31 March 1921, Munich – 19 August 2018, Sydney

Arnold Ewald studied chemistry at the University of Melbourne where he met his future wife, Connie. He worked as a research chemist, mainly with the CSIRO. When Arnold received a fellowship to study overseas, they went together and were married in England in 1950. He completed a Ph.D from the University of Manchester. The couple worked for two years in Canada, then returned to Sydney and in 1954 bought a house in Woolwich, in the municipality of Hunters Hill.

With a passion for the environment, Arnold and Connie were involved as volunteers for many years with the Total Environment Centre in Sydney, supporting causes regarding public group health. He wrote a household handbook called
A to Z of Chemicals in the Home that was reprinted in several editions, and Connie published The Industrial Village of Woolwich. For many years, Connie and Arnold worked with the Kelly’s Bush Regeneration group in their neighbourhood. Kelly’s Bush was an area of bushland that had acted as a buffer between the industrial areas and the houses of Woolwich, and was the site of the first green ban in which unionists and community members blocked an inappropriate development.

Arnold’s grandmother, Clara Ewald, was a portrait painter. In his last decades, Arnold followed his grandmother’s trade and studied oil painting.

Connie died in 2004. Arnold is survived by three sons and six grandchildren.

Paul Mezulianik
12 November 1921, Vienna – 21 January 2019, UK
Paul Mezulianik was born in Vienna in 1921 and came to England in 1939. He was on the ill fated Arandora Star, but was rescued and returned to the UK. He was then deported on the Dunera. Paul was in Camp 8 at Hay. After his release, he returned to Britain in July 1942 on the Themistocles, and worked in the field of visual arts. Sadly, he died in January 2019 at the age of 97.

From his step-daughter Aeone Shrimpton on the Friends of the Dunera Boys facebook page – “I have this portrait of him drawn by Robert Hofmann. I have also found lots of drawings of people by Paul himself. There are many pencil studies which look very old but no dates or notes on them.”

Heinz Werner Margate (Margulies)
10 September 1921, Frankfurt – 17 May 2019, Melbourne
Heinz Werner Margate was not Jewish, but his step-father was. Heinz was interned at Hay and then at Tatura. Extracts from his memoirs was published in Dunera News no.97 (June 2016).

From his grand-daughter Zoe Margate on facebook – “On Friday 17 May, my grandfather and Dunera Boy Heinz Werner Margate (formerly Margulies) passed away. 97 years young, now finally at peace. Although he wasn’t always willing to talk about his past experiences, we managed to publish a book of his memoirs a few years ago, The Bear to the Southern Cross. Copies are available to read at the Victorian State Library and the National Library of Australia. I learnt a lot about Gramps and the Dunera Boys after reading his story. What these men experienced and overcame inspires and amazes me every day.”
Dunera Association Hay Reunion
6–8 September 2019

In recognition of the 79th Anniversary of the arrival of the Dunera Boys at the Hay Internment and POW Camps 7 and 8 in 1940.

PROGRAM DETAILS

Friday 6 September

From 6pm Dinner at JJ Bistro, Riverina Hotel. PAYG – Pay As You Go

Saturday 7 September

9am HAY RAILWAY STATION
for 9.30am Symbolic re-enactment. Siren and sounds of four steam trains, 48 carriages, arriving at Hay Railway Station. Museum displays will be open from 9am.

9.45am SYMBOLIC MARCH
March from railway carriage to Dunera Place to March of the Hebrew Slaves from Verdi opera, Nabucco.

10am DEPART HAY RAILWAY STATION
Follow “Dunera Way” from the station to Camps 7 and 8 by car convoy. Tour of Camps 7 and 8, Racecourse/Showground, Garrison areas. Stop at Dunera Commemorative Obelisk in Dunera Way. The obelisk was unveiled at the 50th anniversay in 1990.

11am MORNING TEA
PAYG
Robertson’s Bakery, 149 Lachlan Street. Or at Saltbush Motor Inn coffee shop, 193 Lachlan Street.
11.45am  **HAY WAR CEMETERY** – Guided tour by David Houston
Visit Hay General Cemetery and see the grave of Menasche Bodner, the only Dunera Boy who died in Hay, now buried in the Jewish section at the Cemetery. Stop at Riverside Beach where Jewish boy Theodore Tartakover (born Hay 1880) first trained for swimming. He competed at the London (1908) and Stockholm (1912) Olympics.

1pm  **LUNCH**  
Options as per morning tea, or Hay Services Club.  
Dining Room, 371 Murray Street. A la carte menu.

2.30pm  **OPTIONS** – Free time to wander Hay or rest
Dunera Museum Library • Film showing: *When Friends were Enemies* – Judy Menczel’s 1991 Dunera story for SBS. Duration: 58 mins.  
Hay Gaol Museum • Site of the first military hospital where sick Dunera Boys were sent until the camp hospital was completed.  
Shear Outback Museum • A history of Australian shearing on display.  
Shearing demonstration at 3.30pm.

6.30pm  **DINNER** – Please contact David Houston to register for dinner  
Bishop’s Lodge Motel Restaurant, Sturt Hwy, Hay. A la carte menu.

**Sunday 8 September**

8.30am  Visit Rhonda’s riverside country homestead, Camp Farm.
9.30am  **MORNING TEA**  
Hosted by David and Coleen Houston at Bishop’s Lodge Historic House and Garden. Corner of Roset Street and Sturt Hwy, Hay.

**EVENTS REGISTRATION**  
Please register before 21 August 2019

Please advise David Houston by email (preferred) or phone, regarding the number and names of people attending the events. It is essential we know numbers for catering and seating. Advance payment is NOT required, but helpful for David to have your mobile contact details.

Contact David Houston: davidhouston23@bigpond.com  
**Phone**  (02) 6993 2161  
**Mob**  0428 932 161

For information about visiting Hay:  
www.hay.nsw.gov.au  
haytouristcentre@bigpond.com  
**Phone**  (02) 6993 4045
SAVE THE DATES

2019 REUNIONS

79th Anniversary

Hay Reunion  6–8 September
See program in this edition
– if attending, please book with davidhouston23@bigpond.com

Sydney Reunion  Sunday, 15 September
Afternoon tea at the Sydney Jewish Museum

Melbourne Reunion  Sunday, 10 November
High Tea at Caulfield Shule – Sukiert Hall

2020 REUNIONS

79th Anniversary

Tatura Reunion  April – date to be advised

80th Anniversary

Sydney Reunion  Sunday, 30 August

Hay Reunion  4–6 September

Melbourne Reunion  Sunday, 8 November

Invitations with details will be provided prior to each event.

Visit our website
duneraassociation.com
For the story of the Dunera Boys, Singapore Internees, events, back issues of Dunera News, and much more.

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Dunera Association
Committee 2018–19

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