

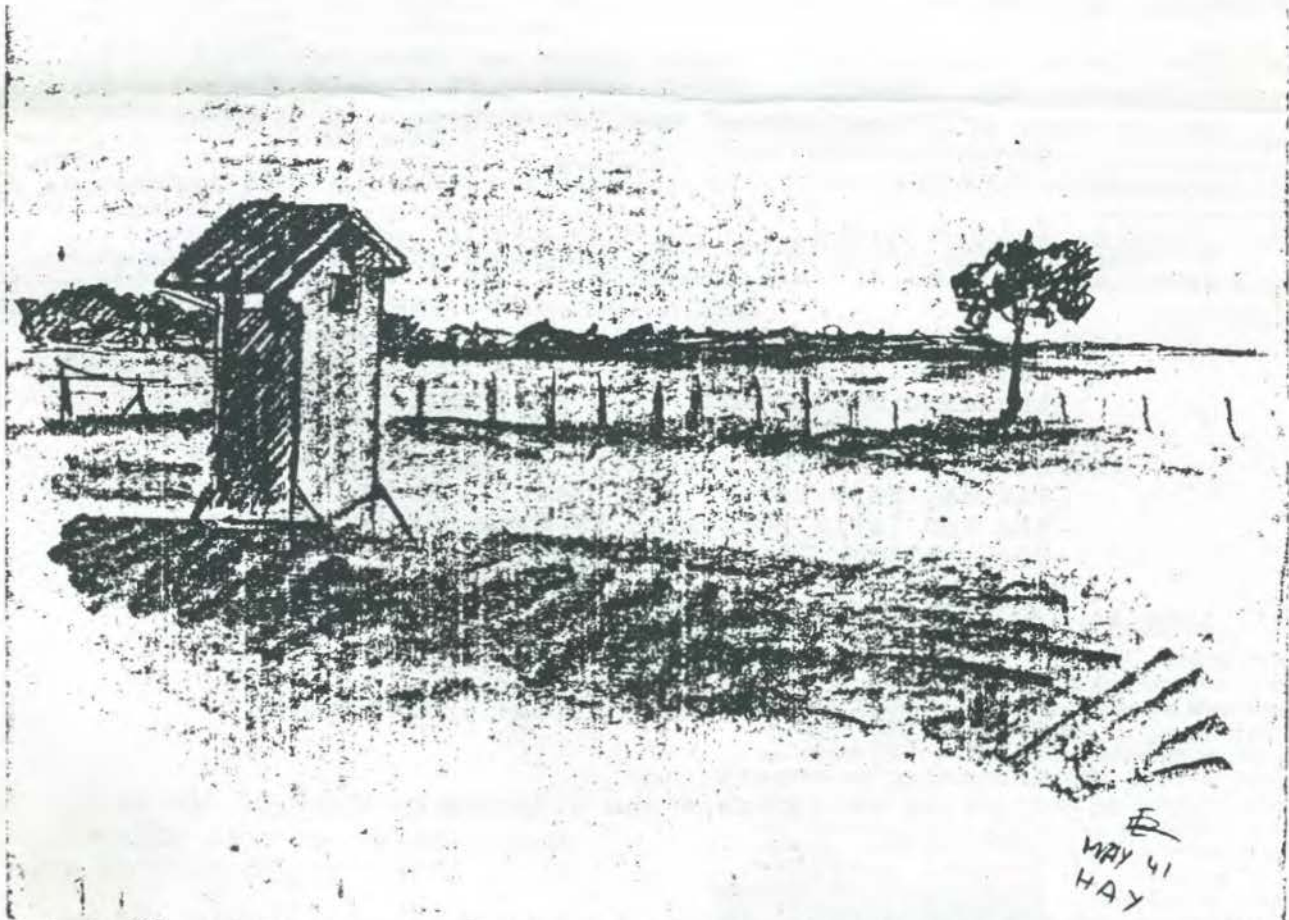
J & E ECKSTEIN
87 Clow Street
Dandenong VIC 3175
AUSTRALIA

Dunera News

No.28

OCTOBER 1993

**A publication for former refugees from Nazi and Fascist persecution
(mistakenly shipped and interned in Australia at Hay and Tatura, many
serving later in the 8th AEC AMF), their relations and friends.**



HAY. 1941. CAMP 8. THIS IS THE VIEW - IF YOU IGNORE THREE FENCES.
THERE IS A RIVER BEHIND THE TREES.

E
MAY 41
HAY

FOUNDATION EDITOR: HENRY LIPPMANN

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY:
THE COMMITTEE OF THE HAY-TATURA ASSOCIATION

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
DUNERA NEWS, HAY-TATURA ASSOCIATION
c/- 87 CLOW STREET, DANDENONG
VICTORIA 3175, AUSTRALIA.

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE HAY-TATURA
ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED 1993.**

The above meeting will take place on November 16th 1993, 5.30pm at the BEVERLEY CREST MOTEL, 47 Barkly Street, St. Kilda, just prior our Annual Reunion Dinner.

Nomination and proxy vote papers are included in this issue.

Nominations of candidates for elections as officers of the association or as ordinary members of the committee shall be

- (a) submitted in writing, signed by two members of the association and accompanied by the written consent of the candidate.
- (b) delivered to the secretary of the association 7 (seven) days before the date fixed for the holding of the AGM (Eric Eckstein, 87 Clow Street, Dandenong, Vic. 3175).

AGENDA

- (1) Apologies.
- (2) Confirmation of minutes of the previous AGM.
- (3) Annual report.
- (4) Treasurer's report.
- (5) Election of officers and ordinary members of the committee.
- (6) General business.

If any SPECIAL business is to be brought forward, please inform the secretary two weeks prior to the meeting.

Eric Eckstein Hon. Sec.

Mother confessor' honoured

Victor Kleerekoper

"I MAY do a lot for the Emmy Monash Home, but the Home does a lot for me," executive president and director Marianne Lewinsky said this week.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS PAGE 4

Mrs Lewinsky who received the Medal of the Order of Australia in Monday's Queen's Birthday Honours list, has been associated with the Emmy Monash Home for the Aged for the past 20 years, the last six of them as executive president and director.

She is at the Home virtually every day and spends an average of 60 hours a week there.

Mrs Lewinsky keeps an 'open door' in her office at the Home and is always ready to listen to the residents and share with them their joys and woes.

"I am like a 'mother confessor' to them", she said.

Born in Teschen, Poland, she grew up in Breslau, Germany and later Vienna before arriving in Australia with her family in 1939.

Mrs Lewinsky trained as a nursing



Marianne Lewinsky: Received an OAM in this year's Queen's Birthday Honours list, for many years of devoted service to the community.

sister at the Austin Hospital and married her late husband, a Dunera boy, in 1943.

When he was de mobbed from the Australian Army, the couple established a handbag factory which they continued until Mr Lewinsky died in 1987. It was then that she succeeded

Betty Lipton as head of the Home board.

Under Mrs Lewinsky's presidency the Home has expanded and built its new wing.

Mrs Lewinsky said the main reason for her success is that Emmy

Monash is a home and not an institution.

"Our main consideration now is succession and we are fortunate that there are younger people interested in taking over," she said. "In the meantime I hope to continue to work."

The Australian Jewish News, Melbourne Edition — Friday, June 18, 1993

.....AND MORE MEDALS

FOUND IN "SCALA" MAGAZINE
2 MARCH 1993 BY FRANK HEYMAN
9 ARDWICK ST. MOORABBIN 3189

Frauenfotograf

Schöne, große Frauen, unterkühlt, spröde, unerreichbar, selbstbewußt, manchmal aggressiv wirkend — das ist die unverwechselbare Art, mit der **Helmut Newton**, der Meister der Aktfotografie, Frauen fotografiert. Schon in den sechziger Jahren kämpfte er mit erotischen Modefotos in der „Vogue“ gegen die „schreckliche Milde jener Zeit“ an. Bald wurden seine „Big Nudes“ zu Schauobjekten in Männermagazinen und in Bildbänden, die weltweit eine Auflage von über einer Million Exemplaren erreichten. Daß der gebürtige Berliner mit australischem Paß und Wohnsitz in Paris auch anders fotografieren konnte, zeigen Reportagefotos. Aber: „Frauen sind mir einfach lieber“. Newtons Fotos werden heute wie Kunstwerke gehandelt und in Museen ausgestellt. Auch die ersten Preise gehen ein: Der 72jährige erhielt das Große Verdienstkreuz des Verdienstordens der Bundesrepublik Deutschland.



NEW WORK ON THE INTERNEES FROM SINGAPORE.

by

DR. PAUL BARTROP.

The November 1993 issue of the JOURNAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY will contain the first major article to be written on the internees who arrived from Singapore on the "Queen Mary" in late September 1940. Frequently overlooked in accounts by the overseas internees sent to Australia during the war years, the story of the so-called "Singapore Internees" is both different from, and just as interesting as, the larger experience of those that arrived on the "Dunera" just a few weeks earlier.

To summarise, the story of the Singapore internees can be divided into a number of major phases. The colonial government of the Straits Settlements, aware that as a military fortress it could be unwise to leave enemy aliens at large during a time of war, saw the need in 1940 to intern such of its citizens who were of German, Austrian and Italian nationality. Most of the former two categories were Jewish refugees who had escaped Nazism and found a haven under the British flag. Now they were seen to pose a threat to the Empire which had given them sanctuary.

The "threat", as it turned out, was only viewed on the basis of its potential; no sooner had the "enemy aliens" been rounded up and interned, than the Singapore authorities declared that they posed no real risk at all. Were it not for Singapore's special military status, it was held, trustworthy people of enemy origin would have been able to remain at liberty (though subject to surveillance and restrictions).

Taking them into custody, however, presented a problem. The tropics were not viewed as being healthy for the prolonged confinement of Europeans, and yet, the decision having been made to intern enemy aliens, they had to be housed somewhere. Not only that, but the amount of available space was extremely limited; even if the climate had been acceptable, there was nowhere for the internees to be adequately housed.

The solution was to transport them away from the Straits Settlements, and Australia presented itself as the most logical place of secure internment. Britain had already made an arrangement with the Australians for the receipt of a large number of its internees; the government at Singapore now sought and received permission to do the same thing.

The article to appear in November 1993 outlines the rest of the story, taken directly from the Australian government documents of the day. There are many similarities here to the DUNERA story: the internees's quest for release; the Australian government's refusal to allow this on grounds that the interning government should release them back in their country of origin; the hastening of release possibilities after entry of Japan into the war; and, for men, fruitpicking, followed by the formation of the Eighth Employment Company.

The Singapore story is at variance with that of the "Dunera" on several important counts, however. To begin with, the Singapore internees were to a large degree comprised of family groups which by definition included women and children. Their fate was obviously different to those of the DUNERA internees, as they could not be incorporated into the Army. Another issue, chronicled at length in the forthcoming study, concerns a riotous disturbance involving the Singapore internees at Tatura in September 1941., This, as will be shown, may have resulted in the internees' release being delayed by several months. Finally, there is the issue of the internees' repatriation: once the Japanese took over the Straits Settlement there was no way for the internees to return, so they had to stay in Australia. Most ultimately settled permanently in Melbourne, where they became absorbed into the Jewish community and, like the DUNERA internees, made a large and worthwhile contribution to their new society.

The forthcoming article is entitled "Incompatible with Security: Enemy Aliens from Singapore in Australia, 1940-45". It forms part of a larger study that is being prepared on the Singapore internees, details of which will be revealed in a future issue of the DUNERA NEWS. I appeal to any readers to contact me if they have stories and anecdotes of the "Singapore Experience". Please write to: Dr. Paul Bartrop, School of Arts and Humanities, University of South Australia, Magill, SA, 5072.

[Single issues of the November issue of the "Journal of the Australian Jewish Historical Society" can be obtained for \$20, plus postage and handling, from: Mrs. Beverley Davis, Hon. Secretary, AJHS Vic, (Inc), PO Box 255, Camberwell, Victoria, 3124. An annual subscription to the Society can be purchased for \$25, or \$30 for a family membership.]

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THE WOLFSOHN MEMORIAL LECTURE.

Joan Rydon, Chairperson of the Wolfsohn Fund Management Committee wishes to announce that this year's Wolfsohn Memorial Lecture will be given by Dr. Davis McCaughey on October 12 at 8pm in Theatre D of the Old Arts Building at the University of Melbourne. The subject will be "The Crown at State Level". The lecture is usually attended by a number of Dunera boys.

Henry Lippmann has discovered another Dunera Boy in Florida: RUDI SACHS was a member of the 8th AEC AMF. He lived in Sydney (Burwood) for a few years after the war and later moved to the USA. He and his wife Joan now live at
10422 NW 24 Pl Bldg 209 Apt 210
SUNRISE FLORIDA 33322 USA
(305) 748 7164

The Editor
Dunera News

In a recent issue of the Dunera News Mike Sondheim described his rather unusual army career. I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to hear of my army career.

After a couple of weeks in the Army I found myself in Heidelberg Military Hospital suffering from abdominal pains which were never diagnosed. After a couple of weeks of fruitless investigations I was returned to the 8th Employment Company. And then, shortly afterwards, I was once more back at Heidelberg Hospital. During my second stay both the ward sister and my medical officer said that, in their opinion, I wasn't suited to the 'hard life' of the 8th Employment Company. Didn't I have any qualifications for some other branch of the Army? Well, I suggested, I did have some experience in diagnostic laboratory work. Actually, I had done a 2 to 3-week crash course in a diagnostic laboratory in Vienna, in order to acquire some useful practical experience (at the age of 17). The M.O. said that perhaps I could work in the Pathology Department of Heidelberg Hospital and suggested I present myself at the laboratory to see whether they might be interested in offering me a position. So, I wandered down to the Pathology Department, clad in my pyjamas and presented myself.

Well, without being too swollen-headed, I must have made a good impression (my actual 'qualifications' were minimal) and the warrant-officer in charge said, yes, he'd like me to meet the Pathologist, Major Lucy Bryce, the following day. This I did and she agreed that I should work in the department.

A recommendation was duly sent to H.Q. that I be transferred to the Medical Corps. After a couple of weeks Captain Broughton called me into the orderly room and gave the transfer his blessing. I still remember, he asked his orderly (name of Mayer) to take down a letter he dictated. This letter contained the to-me immortal phrase "Pte. Teltscher, methinks, would be more suitably employed in the Medical Corps than in the 8th Employment Company". And when Mayer queried the 'methinks', Captain Broughton said "Yes, of course, it is methinks".

In November I was transferred to Heidelberg Hospital and I started my career in the Pathology laboratory. While initially I did a good deal of fairly unskilled work, particularly washing up mountains of glass-ware, I must record that, after a couple of weeks, I had to assist at a post-mortem and was asked to take down the pathologist's observations as he carried out the p.m. As I was unfamiliar with most of the medical terms I had to do my best to write down everything on a purely phonetic basis. This was afterwards 'translated' by one of my fellow-technicians, who was a failed medical student. Later one of ^{my} major tasks became the examination of blood films for malaria parasites and I must have diagnosed hundreds of cases of malaria. I was also responsible for culturing the tubercle bacillus in T.B. investigations. I did countless venipunctures...

I had 4 years in the Medical Corps and thoroughly enjoyed my work. I learned a great deal and ^{had} the satisfaction of feeling that I was doing something really useful. At the same time I was able to continue my (chemistry) studies at the Melbourne Technical College, in the evenings.

After a year and a half I was transferred to the 'Special Hospital' (euphemism for V.D. Hospital) at Little Bay in Sydney. I attained the dizzy rank of staff-sergeant and became the technician-in-charge of the laboratory. There I carried out hundreds of Wasserman tests.

After about half a year I arranged for a transfer (that is a story in itself) to the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, situated at

Sydney Hospital. The Army 'seconded' me to the Red Cross and I did some quite skilled work in fractionating, storing and bottling blood. I got an accelerated discharge from the Army in 1946, in order to take up a full-time CRTS course at Melbourne Technical College. 7

Perhaps I could mention one other, most unfair, advantage I enjoyed over my friends in the '8th'. When I got naturalised in 1945, since I was in the 'ordinary' Army, I did not have to pay any sort of fee, while, as I understand it, 8th Employment Company members were charged a naturalisation fee.

I can honestly say I enjoyed my Army service immensely.

Henry Teltscher

20.6.93

US AWARD TO ANU ACADEMIC.

Professor Hans Buchdahl has won the Optical Society of America's 1993 C.E.K. Mees Medal, the VC of Optics. Hans has a distinguished career: A DSc from the University of London in 1956, Reader in theoretical physics at the University of Tasmania, a Nuffield Foundation Fellow at London, a Member of the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, Professor of Theoretical Physics at ANU with a stint as Professor of Optics in the University of Rochester NY. He is a Fellow of the Australian Academy of Science since 1968 and in 1974 was made a Fellow of the Optical Society of America. He holds the Thomas Ranken Lyle Medal of the Australian Academy of Science and has numerous books and original papers to his name. Our sincere congratulations for this additional distinction in a brilliant career.

RHJ.

We wish to express our deepest sympathy on the passing in Israel of SOPHONI HERZ, Foundation President of the South Caulfield Hebrew Congregation on August 11th 1993.

We have a reasonably complete name and address list of DUNERA BOYS still living in Australia, with their former names in brackets. We are happy to let you have a copy if you can provide us with a stamped self addressed business sized envelope.

July 29th, 1993 Laguna Hills California.

Dear Dunera Friends;

In March of 1992 I wrote to my group mostly North and South America plus a few strays elsewhere that I strongly recommend that each subscribe to the Dunera News since my letters would be less frequent than they had been in the past. In a conversation with Mike Sondheim I was saddened to learn that only a few had done what I suggested. It was about the time that my wife and I decided to sell our lovely home in Boca Raton , Florida and move to California to be nearer to our daughter. Well the house did not sell so fast and finally in February 1993 we gave it away with a loss of 25% of our cost. (not the market value) April 1 was the date of the transfer and we began our move. At first the plane was delayed 4 hours at a stopover due to mechanical problems, next on arrival the car we had rented was given to someone else the replacement was damaged and I did not see it. We got to the apartment we had rented and no one knew where the keys were. It was the week-end. We got in and two days later moved at the request of the landlady who had sold the place. She did give us a nicer one for less rent. After finding a home in this lovely retirement community called Leisureworld we were waiting to take title to it when I suffered a near fatal heart attack, my third. Our contractors were slow in fixing the place up and at the end of the rental we had to move to a Motel. Two days later my wife (Geri) fell and broke both arms. I have taken care of her and hope that the second cast will be removed very soon.

Before leaving Florida I helped in arranging a meeting of 44 former Kindertransport members called "Kinder". The Dunera was represented by Henry Seckel, Robert Reid and myself. Another recently discovered Dunera Boy Rudi Sachs was unable to attend. It was a great meeting. Robert Reid asked me for D. Erik Schwabach's address in Rio so he could visit with him during a forthcoming trip there. With regret Robert Reid informed that two weeks prior to his arrival in Rio Erik had died while taking a walk at the beach. Frequent visitor to Australia Johnny Kaufmann is planning another visit there in the near future. I have no other news to report at this point , all those with whom I have voice contact are well and I have no mail to give me other newsworthy item. I hope that you are all very well and upon my next visit to Australia we shall meet again .

If I come upon newsworthy items before you publish I shall FAX them to you. Presently - please stay well and say hello to all friends.

Ernie Green. 

Our new address and phone:

3297 B San Amadeo, Laguna Hills , California 92653 USA

Tel: 714- 588 8787

"The Heritage of the Jekkes"

9

The Hammerstein - Shiloni Collection at the Museum in Tefen Industrial Park

Israel Hammerstein - Shiloni, our fellow internee at Camp 7 in Hay and at Tatura, scored a first in Israel's documentation efforts, possibly in the whole World's.

On April 7 this year, a sunny spring day, a special wing in the museum at Tefen Park, run by the German born trailblazing industrialist Steff Wertheimer, was officially opened. There our friend's wide ranging collection of books, letters, photographs, pictures, porcelain, stamps and whatnot found its permanent home. The treasure's wonderful variety of items shows the symbiotic connection of Jewish Life in Germany in all its aspects since the Roman legions reached the Rhine almost two millenniums ago and especially during the last three centuries until the Nazi regime put an end to it. Israel, now 92, slim and clean shaven, is still of striking appearance as he was in the camps, then with a fiery red beard. He was born Heinz Herbert Hammerstein in a very assimilated middle class family in Berlin, he counted fifteen protestants among his relatives and adopted the name Israel for good after the Nazis forced it on every male Jew. Shiloni is his wife's family name. A member of the Zionist Blau/Weiss youth movement Israel came 1927 as a Halutz to Palestine, but only few of these agricultural pioneers from Germany stayed the course at that time of great hardship in Erez Jisrael. After his return to Germany he became a teacher and school principal, or as he prefers to call himself, an educator. 1938 - after crystal night - he was imprisoned at the Sachsenhausen KZ and after his release reached the Kitchener Camp. What afterwards happened in Britain is only too well known to us. Israel was amongst the first to get to Palestine, 1942, where he soon joined the Jewish Brigade. 1947, by now a married man he and his wife joined Kibbuz Beth Sera in the Jordan valley and the family lived there for twenty years. Since then they are citizens of Naharia, the well known seaside resort near the Lebanese border.

Israel Shiloni started his unique collection twenty years ago, after he attended a conference in Jerusalem dealing with "German Jewry". He observed that most of the prominent representatives were well advanced in years, and no time was to be lost, if at least part of their heritage should be preserved.

He made an outstanding job of it, and none of you coming here should miss a visit to this very remarkable exhibit.

July 1993



Alfred Wachs
Alfred Wachs

Hay Days, Hay Days, make your Hay Days your GAY days....

To-day, the word "gay" does not quite mean what it did in 1940, when we Dunera boys really were boys! And that's only one of the changes we have witnessed in our lifetime:

Beatles were insects - not a pop-group, or Volkswagens.

A chip was a small piece of wood.

"Made in Japan" meant cheap junk.

Coke was used for heating.

A jumbo was an elephant.

And having relations meant uncles, aunts, or cousins.

We were born before colour television, penicillin, pantyhose, faxes, satellites, polio shots, frozen food, heart transplants, radar, contact lenses, credit cards, laser beams, electric blankets, air conditioners, supermarkets, and well before man walked on the moon.

We lived before there were computers, videos, aerobics, video tapes, electronic typewriters, compact discs, word processors, pizzas, McDonalds, or Nescafé.

You could post a letter, make a phone-call, or buy a newspaper for tuppence.

Cigarette smoking was sophisticated.

Grass was for mowing..

Pot was something you cooked in.

And aids were helpers in nursing homes.

We did know the difference between the sexes; but lived before sex-changes were possible - we made do with what we had! We got married first, THEN lived together - how quaint!

But we DID learn a few things along the way; often from our children or grandchildren...



Some of the Dunera "boys" at the opening of the Maritime Museum's exhibition.

Historic museum link-up with Washington

THE National Maritime Museum will today (Friday) open a satellite television link-up with the newly opened Holocaust Museum in Washington DC and the Jewish Museum of Australia in Melbourne.

Museum public affairs manager Jeffrey Mellefont said the one hour link-up, beginning at 9.30am, will

start with a video presentation from Washington about the new Holocaust Museum.

Members of the audience at the Maritime Museum will be able to present written questions to a live panel there or to be relayed to Melbourne and Washington.

The link-up is tied in with the Mar-

itime Museum's current exhibition on the Dunera Boys, which opened as part of Refugee Week (see story News/Views 6).

The panel at the National Maritime Museum today will be the museum's director Dr Kevin Fewster, the director of the Sydney Jewish Museum Alan Jacobs and Henry

Lippmann, one of the Dunera tra portees now living in Sydney.

"The link-up reflects the increasing role of museums not just as educators, but as active social commentators, during a time of increasing refugee crisis worldwide," Mr Mellefont said.

HAY CAMP 7 BANKNOTES

These illfated notes have become great rarities and are keenly sought after by "NUMISMATICS" collectors.

At a recent auction, a complete set of three, i.e. 6d, 1 sh. and 2 sh. in mintcondition fetched \$ 6000.-, an absolutely exceptional result due to 2 parties vying with one another.

The current values, for top condition, may reach \$ 1000.- for each note, less commission of about 15%, all of course depending on ruling conditions at time of sale.

We know of these 3 firms specialising in sales:

M.R.Roberts Wynyard Coin Centre, 7 Hunter Arcade, Sydney 2000.
Michael Vort-Ronald, 3 Graves Street, Kadina, S.A. 5554.
Jim Noble, Spink Noble Numismatics Pty.Ltd. either at
229 Macquarie St. Sydney 2000, or
303 Collins St. Melbourne 3000.

Interested overseas parties may contact the undersigned and send the notes by registered, insured mail, all at sender's risk which must be understood. Please advise full details of denominations, serial numbers, and signature in lower left hand corner, the r.h. always signed by Richard Stahl, Camp 7 Bank Manager at the time.

Even if you do not wish to sell, there is a special interest of collecting a complete record of notes that can be traced on behalf of the Metropolitan Coin Club of Sydney whose member Dr. Max Bulluss is researching the number and whereabouts of the remaining notes. This information will be published in a book but under complete anonymity if desired. You will be under no obligation. To date almost 200 notes have been recorded.

You may be sitting on a small fortune - feel free to contact me.

Mike Sondheim 1 /11 Yarrbat Ave.
Balwyn, Vic. 3103.

GEORGE LEDERER inquired about the origin of the name **DUNERA**. Below is the answer he received.

Turning to your question about HMT *Dunera*: I have telephoned P&O's information department, and they tell me that the ship was named after a village in Gurdaspur, which is a district of Punjab, India.

If you have access to a good atlas, you might find the name Gurdaspur at 32° 05'N, 75° 25'E. The village of Dunera is not in my atlas - presumably too small a place - but Gurdaspur is right up in the north of India, about 45 miles north-east of Amritsar and 20 miles south-west of Dharmasala, where His Holiness the Dalai Lama is based.

So there we are. No Celtic mythology or anything like that after all, but the name of a village which presumably meant something to someone in the British India company. P&O have no record of why the ship was so named, so the reason for the choice is anyone's guess. Perhaps they simply wanted a name beginning with D. There were a lot of Scottish people in BI; perhaps the name held an echo of Scotland. Perhaps someone fell in love with the village, or its surroundings, or one of its inhabitants. Who knows? But if we cannot find a reason for the choice of name, at least you now have its authentic origin. Do let your former shipmates know!

CANBERRA AND I, by Ernest F. Frohlich.

(condensed, for space-saving)

I was born in Vienna around the time of World War 1, and my childhood and adolescence experiences were inflation, unemployment, political unrest all around my family. Despite all that, my life was, luckily, fairly tranquil, on a frugal budget until the Anschluss in March 1938. Although my parents had been baptised before my birth, it made no difference to the Nazis. Emigration was our only hope for survival. I was lucky enough to obtain one entry visa into England with the help of the Society of Friends, and left Vienna on November 6, 1938, arriving with £ 20 and my suitcase and finding shelter in a hostel for refugee-students. A short while later, my sister and mother managed to follow me to England. I attended an engineering college, and was busy learning BBC English, as spoken by radio announcers.

Then came the war, and, later, internment, and "being volunteered" to go overseas. Like many other young and single internees, I was quite glad about that, because the prospect of the Nazis taking over guard duties of my camp from the Tommies did not seem very attractive to me. Our assisted passage to Australia and our residence in Hay and Tatura has been extensively written about, so I shall "jump" to mid-1941 when I got lucky again. I got a chance to sit, in the camp, for a sort of examination, testing my knowledge of analysing optical systems, a rare skill, then much sought after by the director of the "Commonwealth Solar Observatory" on Mt. Stromlo, A.C.T. The director planned to convert the observatory into a factory manufacturing optical instruments for the forces.

I must have done alright in my tests, because the director applied for my release with a view of employing me on Mount Stromlo. Long months of waiting passed, until eventually government approval was given for my release. So, on August 10, 1941, I left Tatura internment camp guarded by a burly detective on the journey to Canberra. Dutifully, he he delivered me to the observatory's director in his office, leaving only after the director had signed for my "delivery", and becoming my boss in every sense of the word.

I shall never forget the day of my arrival in Canberra! A chilly but clear morning, a radiantly blue sky, and warming sunshine. I was captivated by the scenery and the views of the mountains. I was in love with Canberra from the moment I saw it.



A multi-national collector.

Some people collect antiques, or paintings, or coins, or stamps. But Dunera-boy Albert Karoly, now living in Guernavaca, Mexico, collected NATIONALITIES! In his lifetime, he has held passports from Hungary, Austria, Germany (by "virtue" of the Anschluss in 1938), British (Australian), then "dinkum Australian", United States, Switzerland. That makes SEVEN nationalities. Now he is tempted to apply for No. 8: Israeli citizenship....

KL.

The ORT-boys - a sub-group of the Dunera-boys.

ORT was founded in 1880 in Czarist Russia for training young Jewish boys in a trade or in agriculture. The initials stem from the Russian Obschestvo Remeslenovo i zemledelcheskovo Trouda, and were subsequently anglicised into Organisation for Reconstruction and Training. ORT spread into Europe and in 1937 established a trade school and workshop in Berlin, which was run by the British ORT committee with Nazi permission, provided its main aim was to arrange emigration of its staff and pupils.

The emigration was speeded up after "Kristallnacht" in November 1938, and of the approx. 250 pupils some 100 managed to leave Berlin late on August 27, 1939 with several of their teachers. Accommodation wasn't ready for them, so they found themselves in the Kitchener Camp in Kent with about 3500 refugees from Germany and Austria. Christmas 1939 saw them move to Leeds, where accommodation was set up, followed by setting up a workshop. And when just about everything was running smoothly, the Nazis conquered a large slice of Western Europe, and Britain went ahead with their internment policy. 36 of the ORT boys, who had passed their 18th birthday, were considered a security risk; while those not yet 18 were harmless! The 36 boys were kept in English camps, and were then "volunteered" for transfer to Canada.

And that's how we came to Australia! Our internment period in Hay, Orange and Tatura camps has been thoroughly written about, so I will not need to repeat it here. But 2 of the boys chose to return to England, and lost their lives on their return trip when their ship was sunk by enemy action. A few others were luckier, and served in the English Army. Some others used their basic ORT-acquired skills, and were released for civilian work for the war effort. The majority joined the 8th Aust. Employment Company for the duration of the war. And while most of the boys made Australia their home, a few more left for overseas to join some of their surviving relatives.

Since then, a few have passed away, until today, there are 15 "boys" living in Melbourne, 2 in Sydney, one in Brisbane. WE are still in touch with each other, have at least one annual group reunion, apart from the larger Dunera reunion. And we keep in touch with our former mates who live overseas, too, one of whom even rejoined us to attend the 50th anniversary reunion in Hay.

Most of the boys have done quite well in their chosen trades or businesses, and have led a happy life with their families. Maybe we cannot show any "tall poppies" among our lot, but most of us are quite comfortable. The former 18-year-old "friendly enemy aliens" have become Aussie grandfathers to a large extent. But we still call ourselves the ORT-"boys", and are part and parcel of the Dunera-"boys".

Meanwhile, the ORT-organisation grew worldwide, is particularly active in Israel, as well as many third-world countries, training people for a better life - and not only Jewish people.

David Reinhardt

Did you know?

Our "national anthem" in Hay, composed by the late Ray Martin, started life with the text "Say Hay for NEBBICH, when you feel SCHAEBIG, and you just want to die..." Within a few short weeks, in preparation for the first Music Union's show "Hay Days", the words were changed to the better-known "Say Hay for HAPPY, when you feel SNAPPY, and you DON'T want to die".

KL.

14
Wer siebzig wird, hat selber schuld!
Man braucht dazu sehr viel Geduld
Und guten oder bösen (?) Willen
Sowie unzählig viele Pillen.
Und auch Vertrauen himmelwärts
Und schließlich auch ein gutes Herz.

Was sich so mit dem Alter paart
Sind Mängel sehr verschiedener Art,
Die uns die Laune oft verderben.
An denen wir jedoch nicht sterben.

Der Grundsatz: "besser sein als scheinen"
Ist kaum ein Trost bei müden Beinen.
Der Rücken schmerzt, Das Knie ist steif
So wird man langsam abbruch-reif.

So mancher sieht auch nicht mehr klar
Er hat, ob grün ob grau, bestimmt den Star
Er meint nur, daß das nicht so störte
Als wenn er, wie sein Freund, schlecht hörte.

Und dann - zum Teile oder ganz
Schrumpft auch noch die Gehirns substanz,
Was man zunächst dadurch empfindet,
Daß häufig das Gedächtnis schwindet,
Weshalb man alles fein notiert
Auf Zetteln, die man prompt verliert.

Man sucht - das ist doch nicht zum Lachen
Nach Namen, Worten und nach Sachen.
Die allerwichtigsten Adressen
Hat man schon wieder mal vergessen.

Wo ist der Ring. Man rauft die Haare
Vielleicht gestohlen - Gott bewahre!
Er findet sich nach all den Sorgen
Im Kleiderschrank am nächsten Morgen.

Die Schlüssel? Ach wer kann dafür?
Die stecken draußen an der Tür.
Vermutlich schon die ganze Nacht.
Daran hat man natürlich nicht gedacht.

Man trägt bedächtig alle Lasten
Und heut man doch mal auf den Kasten
So merkt man gleich, das tut nicht gut.
Man bleibt nun sanft und dämpft die Wut.

Man wird halt krummer, stummer, dummer;
Was ist dagegen schon zu tun?
Nur leider wird man gegen Kummer
Niemals immun!

Man muß sich täglich neu bewähren.
Wo soll man sich denn noch beschweren?
Man resigniert und übt Geduld:
Wer siebzig wird, hat selber Schuld!

Obituary - Fredy Fisher

FT editor with a European vision

Max Henry Fisher, known invariably as "Fredy", who died on Sunday at the age of 71, was editor of this newspaper for eight years from 1973 to 1980. He spent a total of 23 years working on the staff - years which coincided with the great growth period of the Financial Times.

Fredy was a member of that select band of UK citizens forced by the Nazis to flee pre-war Germany. He wanted to succeed in his adopted country and he wanted to be accepted by it. He achieved both those objectives, to the considerable benefit of this newspaper. He brought to journalism a well-trained and finely tuned mind. But it is for his restless energy and combative personality that Fredy is most remembered by colleagues who worked with him at Bracken House, the FT's former offices by St Paul's cathedral. He loved talking and arguing, sometimes (one suspected) for its own sake.

This combination of qualities served him well as a journalist. As foreign editor and subsequently as editor, he guided the second important stage of the Financial Times's development. His predecessor, Sir Gordon Newton, had taken over what was essentially a stock market news sheet and turned it in 15 years into the UK's leading journal of business information. Under Fisher, the FT was launched on its development as a European journal of information and opinion. That was an advance bearing very much his own personal stamp, for he was by background and deep conviction a European, and by ability and training an intellectual.

He was born in 1922 in Berlin, where he lived for the first 13 years of his life, of a German father and a Russian mother and, until he was 3½, his first language was Russian. His father subsequently remarried a French-Swiss, and Fredy grew up bilingual in French and German.

After Hitler's accession to power, his family embarked on the disrupted life of all German Jews of the period. His father moved first to Switzerland, then to Italy and, at the outbreak of war, back to Switzerland. Fredy, who had been sent to school at Rencomb College in Gloucestershire, was cut off by the outbreak of war and did not see his family again until 1945.

Though still in his teens, Fredy was interned at the outbreak of war under the deplorable Regulation 18B as an enemy alien and subsequently

sent to a camp in Australia - an experience which, he liked to recall, at least gave him time to learn to play a good game of bridge. In 1942 official policy changed, and Fredy and others in his position were released. He returned, volunteered for the army, and thus began his life as an acknowledged Englishman.

His army career started with the Pioneer Corps, took him to Normandy as a trooper in the 8th Kings Irish Hussars, and ended with him as interpreter-Sergeant with the investigations branch of the Military Police. He then returned to civilian life and started his first chosen career as an academic. He won first-class honours in modern history in a short degree course at Lincoln College, Oxford, and after a few months of postgraduate work he was appointed by the Foreign Office as one of the team of three editors of documents on German foreign policy from Versailles to 1945, a task which was to last seven years.

In May 1956 he went to Melbourne University as a visiting lecturer in diplomatic history. But he became disillusioned with the academic life and, in March 1957, at the relatively mature age of 34, he joined Gordon Newton's team of first-class brains at the Financial Times.

It was Newton's policy to staff his rapidly growing paper with writers of high academic attainment, regardless of background, and give them their heads. Fisher joined a team which was, to say the least, lively. It included Nigel Lawson, Shirley Williams and Jock Bruce-Gardyne - who all became UK government ministers in later years; William Rees-Mogg, Robert Heller, Michael Shanks and Samuel Brittan.

The birth of what subsequently became known as Fredy's foreign empire was in characteristic style. Newton simply remarked one day: "You speak foreign languages - you'd better join the foreign side" (which at that time filled one half page, with a staff of



Max Henry 'Fredy' Fisher: founder of the FT's 'foreign empire'

two at Bracken House and three foreign correspondents).

He worked with characteristic intensity as a reporter, securing an important scoop when he gave the first news of Britain's initiative in launching the European Free Trade area, and covering the subsequent negotiations and those concerned with Britain's first attempt to join the European Community as far as he could single-handed, commuting to Brussels.

He subsequently became foreign editor, launching the

expansion of FT foreign coverage; assistant editor on the home side - a period which saw a significant expansion of industrial coverage and the launch of the Management Page, and, in 1971, deputy editor.

When he became editor in 1973, he was driven both by inclination and temperament to change the style in which the newspaper was run. The carefree recruiting of untrained graduates had fallen foul of the industry's unions, and more of the intellectual

direction had to come from the top; he also wished to develop the consistency and trust to make the paper an influential journal of opinion.

The editorials became more incisive, and were more widely noticed - not always favourably. For example, a sustained attack on official monetary tactics in 1976 led, for the first time in the paper's history, to a distinct chilliness between the FT at Bracken House and the Bank of England at Threadneedle Street. However, the paper continued largely to avoid party-political attitudes, as it still does.

There was an internal price to pay for this change of style. Some members of the staff found the new approach difficult to accept.

Such problems caused Fredy episodes of distress in a term of office which he otherwise hugely enjoyed; he was temperamentally ill-fitted to handle them. His turbulent childhood had left him, in some senses, acutely lacking in self-confidence, despite his sometimes authoritarian exterior. He would turn to one or two intimates repeatedly for advice. With others, he sometimes seemed a bad listener, though staff members in any real trouble would find a warm, tireless sympathiser and supporter.

In 1980 he felt, after the launch of the Frankfurt edition, that he had completed his planned contribution to the development of the Financial Times, and decided at the age of 58 to launch on a third career as a director of SG Warburg, the merchant bank - which proved in some ways the happiest epoch of his working life.

He was able to deploy his talent for analysis and negotiation, and his streak of real charm, in the cause of clients, a role which suited him so well that he cheerfully worked far too hard. With typical sensitivity, he refrained from any interference or even comment on the policies of his successors at the FT, but he continued as a warm friend to many who would have valued his advice.

One constant theme illuminated the last 30 years of this often stressful life - his total devotion, once memorably confessed on the air, to his Australian wife, Rosemary, and his family of two sons and a daughter. He had a lifelong passion for music and the arts. From the point of view of his friends, this left all too little time for the good bridge and chess, and confessedly bad golf, which he so enjoyed.

Fred Brummer

Died on 1st September, 1993, in London.

Fred was one of the Dunera fellows who lived in Sydney before he moved to England. He was married to Maria who survived him.

Expressing sincere sympathy to Maria on their behalf

Henry Lippmann.

In August 1939 Fred had escaped from Berlin together with a group of 100 ORT school boys. These fellows always kept in close touch and they sadly miss the loss of their lifelong pal.

HAY CAMP SEVEN HISTORY
=====

COMMONWEALTH BANK

HAY, NEW SOUTH WALES

28th March 1941.

Mr. Richard Stahl
Camp Bank
No. 7 Camp
Hay, NSW.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for the notes enclosed with your letter of 17 th inst. I have handed one set each to the accountant and teller who desire me to express their thanks also.

The design and artistry are attractive and splendidly executed, and very creditable to Mr. Teltscher.

We shall hold these as valued souvenirs of these unfortunate days with hopes that they will soon be ended.

If not imposing on your generosity I should be very pleased to send a set to our Sydney Office where, I know, they will create a good deal of interest.

Yours faithfully

J.S.S.
Manager.

AND A FEW WEEKS LATER -

JOHN JOHNSTON & SON
PROPRIETERS

P.O. 183
Phone 12, a.h. 84.

THE RIVERINE GRAZIER
established 1873

Published at Hay, NSW
Tuesday & Friday, evenings.
The only local paper for
Hay and district.

HAY, N.S.W.
13th May 1941.

The Manager
Camp 7 Bank
Internment Camp
HAY.

Dear Sir,

With reference to the 5/- notes we are advised that the printing of this note would be contrary to the Australian Note Act, and we would be extremely unwise to associate ourselves with the printing of same unless the wording were such as would comply with the Act.

(7)

We have received the ink and will send you proofs of some in a day or two. In the meantime you might consider rewording the "note". I think something like the enclosed would do.

This may not be quite what you would like but may serve the purpose,

I would prefer you to get the authority of the Federal Treasury for this, which I think could be arranged through the Paymaster or Commonwealth Bank Manager. Any article purporting to be a "note" is apparently illegal although I did not know this when I undertook the first lot of printing.

Yours faithfully

J.J. & Son.

ANOTHER BEAUTY -

Pine Street, Hay NSW
6/2/41.

Manager
Camp 7 Bank
Internment Camp,
Hay.

Attention Mr. Stahl.

Dear Sir,

It surprised me considerably to hear that the piano was out of tune. I had it tuned about two years ago before coming to Hay. My boy usually plays it, but he is not here now. I was under the impression that the piano was in tune, but to be quite candid my ear for music is such that I would not know whether it was in or out of tune. Probably it got out of order coming to Hay.

However I want to be fair and I am prepared to suspend payment until say about 11th February if suitable to you. Regarding tuning no doubt the cost of tuning will be very little. I might mention that there has been no cost in getting the piano to the canteen. Messrs. Paclure Pty. Ltd. very graciously done this for nothing.

I am genuinely sorry that the piano was not in tune, and I was not aware of the fact.

In view of the above explanation I feel sure that our arrangements may still be acceptable. It is my desire to be fair and I am sure that you feel the same way.

Thanking you,
Yours faithfully

N.J.B.

P.S. I will be pleased to hear from you regarding the matter through Paclure Pty. Ltd.

Germany's struggle with immigrants

Vic Alhadeff

GERMANY'S biggest problem is the open invitation which the Berlin government has extended to the two million former Germans living in the Commonwealth of Independent States, a German Social Science professor said in Sydney.

Professor Manfred Brusten of the University of Wuppertal, near Dusseldorf, was in Australia to conduct research into people who fled Germany because of the Third Reich.

He spent a total of three months in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, interviewing German expatriates, meeting academics and collecting articles on the subject.

He will use the information to compile a paper, which he will submit in Germany in a bid to obtain a grant to conduct more intensive research, also in Australia.

Prof Brusten is also conducting research into the understanding of the Holocaust among German youth and its influence on their lives.

"The German government has told the two million former Germans living in the CIS that they are entitled to return," Prof Brusten told the *Australian Jewish News*. "Until recently, they were prevented from leaving the CIS; now they are free to go and they are pouring into Germany — in even greater numbers than the refugees from Eastern Europe.

"Some of them have been in the CIS for generations and don't speak a word of German and this is creating enormous social problems for us."

Further problems are being caused by the movement of

thousands of Germans from what was East Germany, where the social structure has broken down, to what was West Germany, Prof Brusten said.

"Caravan and tent areas have sprung up because there is not enough housing and empty schools are being used as camps. In addition, refugees from what was Yugoslavia are arriving. Taxes have been raised and all Germans have had to pay a levy to help fund all these immigrants. It all makes for a very complex situation, which is being exploited by the right-wing parties."

Despite the gravity of the situation, it is essential that the constitution — which stipulates that asylum must be granted to all political refugees — must not be changed, Prof Brusten said.

"Because of our past, we must not change the constitution. Jews were restricted in the 1930s and '40s, they couldn't get into other countries and it led to the death of millions. We know what can happen, so it is important to have open borders."



Professor Manfred Brusten

Prof Brusten said he is concerned at the increasing popularity of the extremist Republican Party, which has the support of five-seven per cent of the population. "It attracts people who have no jobs or houses and targets the foreigners as the cause of the problems. Jews have seen it all before and they are right to be concerned; people dismissed Hitler and the Nazi Party once before.

"I believe we will overcome peacefully, although I don't think we have reached the peak of the problem; I think it will get worse and we may have to ban more neo-Nazi groups. But we have a stable democracy and I believe that will prevail."

17 JUNE 1993

news/

Dunera saga relived

Shoshana Lenthen

THE DUNERA Boys thought they were on their way to freedom when they boarded the *HMT Dunera* on September 6, 1940, from England — but instead they were rounded up, packed on a train and sent to an internment camp in the dusty heartland of NSW, Australia.

What followed was a story of courage and inspiration which has been dramatised in a famous mini-series and now relived at an exhibition at the National Maritime Museum.

Out of the 1900 mostly Jewish German and Austrian internees who were sent to camps in Hay and later Tatura in Victoria, 700 stayed in Australia after the camps were liberated in 1942.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for the Arts and Administrative Services Janice Crosio, who opened the exhibition, said the *HMT Dunera* had brought one of the richest cargoes to Australia.

The 700 "boys" who stayed have made a significant contribution to Australian society in fields ranging from philosophy to physics, she said.

"The Dunera Boys" is a story of hardship and optimism, she said. "It deserves to be told and retold."

The exhibition, which will run for three months, features sketches and drawings of life aboard the *HMT Dunera* and at the camps, notably by painter Ludwig Hirschfeld-Mack and cartoonist Frederick Schonbach.

Curator Kevin Sumption said most of the exhibits were lent by the University of Syd-

ney's Archive of Judaica, the Sydney Jewish Museum and the Australian Jewish Museum in Victoria.

Twenty surviving Dunera "Boys" attended the exhibition. One of them, Michael Brent recalled his experiences from the time he was arrested in London and branded an "enemy alien" by the British government.

"The rumour was that the ship was going to take us to the United States and we would be set free," he said. "But then I found myself crowded on to the *Dunera* travelling around Africa. We were still under the impression that

we were to be released. We thought due to the shortage of men in Australia, who were fighting in the war, we would become drivers."

Although the British guards on the ship treated the men badly the Australians were very kind. "During the train trip from Sydney to Hay they shared their food with us."

Once the men saw the landscape and met the local people, they realised living in Australia wouldn't be "such a bad thing", he said.

"A lot of us volunteered when invited to join the army because we liked what we saw of Australia. I don't

think any of us have regretted staying — this is home."

Henry Boehm, 72, of Brisbane said it was "nice to remember after so many years and to see all these familiar faces".

"It is vital that the children remember their heritage and never forget."

The opening of the exhibition coincides with Refugee Week.



Dunera Boy Michael Brent at the opening of the exhibition.

Heute morgen ist Layton eingetroffen und morgen vormittag wird er 26.4.41
die verschiedenen Interessengruppen sprechen und danach einige inter-
views geben. Mit den A-Fällen hat er sofort abgelehnt zu verhandeln und hat erklärt
dass diese vorläufig nicht das Pioneer Corps joinen könnten. Wir haben uns heute
Abend als Vertreter der B- und C-Fälle Dr. Ehrenfeld gewählt. (2)

My entry reporting on Layton's visit covers well over a page and 27.4.41
cannot be repeated here. Only a few salient extracts:... Einen Satz
habe ich besonders behalten, als er sagte: '... England is fighting with her back to
the wall... I have come here as the representative of the British government and I
cannot do the impossible. We admit that mistakes have been made and I don't think
you will find any other government that would admit any mistakes that have been done
in the past.' Damit hat er den Nagel auf den Kopf getroffen. Man gibt zu, dass uns
Unrecht getan wurde und wir können mit Recht nicht so sehr über die paar geklauten
Ringe und Pfunde Geschrei erheben, wenn in England heute hunderte alles verlieren.
Der Dunera case is being investigated und durch den Besuch Laytons hat die Britische
Regierung bewiesen, dass sie sich auch wieder bemüht uns aus dem Schlamassel heraus-
zuholen, in das sie uns reingebracht hat.

Gestern erhielt ich ganz überraschend 3 Briefe von Papa und Omama 3.5.41
vom Februar. Sie scheinen zu wissen dass man von hier direkt schrei-
ben kann und ich mache mir Vorwürfe ihnen nicht schon längst geschrieben zu haben.
.... Vielleicht war meine Vorsichtsmassregel unbegründet, wer kann es wissen. (3)
... Bin heute beim Handballspielen angerempelt worden und habe mir die ganze linke
Hälfte des Rückens auf den Steinen zerkratzt.

Heute morgen traf ich Mases unter den gestern Abend neu angekommen- 7.5.41
den Hay-Leuten. Er bestellte mir Grüsse von Peter und erzählte, dass
Fritz B. auf der Isle of Man interniert ist. (4)

Als ich am Montag Nachmittag bei Zickels Geburtstagskaffe sass, 13.5.41
gab es draussen einen Tumult und alles stürzte aus den Hütten. Der
Grund war die plötzliche unerwartete Ankunft des Grafen Oldefredis aus camp 2.
Aufregung, Empörung, Diskussion. Am Abend eine überfüllte und erregte Vollversamm-
lung.... Wir sind kein Asyl für verdroschene Nazis. Da sämtliche ... Memoranden
bis jetzt ohne Erfolg waren, beschlossen wir zu etwas drastischeren Mitteln zu
greifen und zu handeln. Mit pfeifen und Protestrufen unterbrachen wir das meeting
und rotteteten uns vor der Hütte Oldefredis zusammen, Sprechchöre bildend. Eichenberg
benachrichtigte inzwischen den Kommandant dass er für die Sicherheit Oldefredis nicht
mehr garantieren könne. Zu unserer Enttäuschung liess der Kommandant sich nicht aus
seiner warmen Bude hervorlocken, sondern der wachthabende officer erschien mit
einem sergeant und konnte natürlich eigenmächtig nichts unternehmen. Er machte Ei-
chenberg für die Sicherheit Oldefredis bis morgen verantwortlich und überbrachte Wort
des Kommandanten am nächsten Morgen zu Oldefredis Zimmer zu kommen. Die Versammlung
wurde wieder einberufen und nach einigen hitzigen Gegenreden wurde abgestimmt bis
morgen zur Inspektion zu warten und folgendes beschlossen: Sämtliche Hüttenleiter,
zusammen mit dem camp leader, legen ihre Ämte nieder, falls Oldefredi nicht sofort
enfernt würde.

Heute zur Inspektion erschien der Kommandant mit dem Oberst und nach einigen hin und
herreden wurde er samt seinem Gepäck auf einen Wagen geladen und herausgeschafft.
Und während wir noch in einer dritten Vollversammlung über weitere zu unternehmende
Schritte diskutierten, sass Graf O. noch im Wagen im A-compound und traute sich
nicht herauszusteigen, da ihm die Insassen des A-compounds mit schnellster Rückex-
pedierung über den Zaun drohten. Es war einfach köstlich zu beobachten. Schliess-
lich machten die Pferde kehrt und setzten ihn am bunker ab.

Endlich habe ich die Bestätigung des amerikanischen Consuls erhalten, 18.5.41
dass meine Registrierung im Januar 1939 anerkannt ist... Die Correspondence
Courses scheinen wieder etwas abgerückt zu sein. Borkenau ist wieder aus dem Hospital
gefliegen und ich erhalte wieder treu und brav meinen shilling pro Woche. Ca 45 neue
Leute aus Hay sind uns angesagt worden, sämtliche Einzelhütten müssen verschwinden
und das grosse Umziehen hat heute seinen Abschluss gefunden. Croy hat uns verlassen
... Heute Vormittag gaben unsere Musiker, Fleischer, Holzbauer und Wurzbürger, dem

A- B- und C- compound ein Ständchen. (5)

Ich muss sagen, ich habe gestern nachmittag diejenigen benediet, 26.5.41
die mit Sack und Pack den Stacheldraht hinter sich liessen. Ich
habe praktisch alle Hoffnung noch nach U.S.A. zu kommen aufgegeben, obwohl ich heute
wieder einen Brief von Onkel Georg erhielt, mit der Nachricht mir noch ein Zusatz-
affidavit zu schicken. Ich finde es furchtbar nett von ihm. Er hat doch selber
nichts. Aber was nützt mir das alles? Wenn Major Layton beim nächsten Besuch nichts
positives betreffs Amerika mitbringt, werde ich alles versuchen wieder nach England
zu kommen. Lieber unter Bomben leben als hinterm Stacheldraht verrotten.

Mittlerweile haben noch drei weitere das camp verlassen. Wahrschein- 2.6.41
lich sind sie dem ersten Transport angeschlossen worden. In den
letzten Tagen erschienen in den Zeitungen kleine Notizen, die von irgendwelchen
Verbänden veröffentlicht worden waren, die von unserer unrechtmässiger Internierung
sprachten und unsere release verlangten. Ein katholisches Wochenblatt...brachte einige
Zahlen sowie eine kurze Erklärung unserer Lage. So sind wir denn schon von prisoners
von Dunkirk, parachutists, fifth columnists und enemy aliens, zu den armen refugees
geworden...

... Vorgestern hatte ich einen walk. Es ist direkt eine Erholung mal 7.6.41
aus der Enge des Stacheldrahtes rauszukommen und etwas anderes vor die
Augen zu bekommen, als die Eintönigkeit des camps. Überall liegen die gebleichten
Skelette der Schafe umher. Die sentries erzählten uns, dass schon nach 2-3 Tagen
nach Absterben des Tieres nur noch die kahlen Knochen vorhanden sind. Vogel, Ameisen
und Fliegen leisten schnelle Arbeit. Layton kommt morgen.

Layton ist noch nicht eingetroffen... Es ist natürlich Freitag 13.6.41
nicht zu verwundern, dass die Stimmung einiger Leute um-
schlägt und manchmal, wie zum Beispiel gestern in der Vollversammlung, sich in
erregten anti-englischen Ausbrüchen Luft schafft. Menschen wie z.B. Guttman und
Ehrenfeld, sind innerlich so verbittert, dass ein Fremder... ihnen niemals ihre Ei-
genschaft als refugees ..(mit).. pro englischer Gesinnung geglaubt hätte. Schliess-
lich und endlich ist es ja doch eine Schweinerei... viele von uns sind 'released'
und könnten als Ärzte oder Ingenieure, skilled workers oder Landarbeiter dem war
effort beisteuern.... Australien braucht gelernte und sogar ungelernete Kräfte, and
yet. -- Es ist und bleibt, wie Riepl zu sagen pflegt, ein Volk von Hammelhirten.

Layton's Besuch ist nun entgültig auf morgen angesagt. Nach 18.6.41
Beschluss der Vollversammlung sind von den verschiedenen Interesse-
gruppen Vertreter gewählt worden. Die hauptsächlichen Gruppen sind: B & C cases,
A-Falle, Pioneers, Amerikafahrer und Malayen.... Wenn ich U.S.A. aus dem Spiel lasse
bleiben für mich noch drei Möglichkeiten: Pioniere, England und hier bleiben. In
Bezug auf die Pioneers habe ich mich entschieden. Solange ich als Internee hinter
barbed wire gefangen gehalten werde, denke ich nicht daran. Es soll mir keiner naCH
sagen können, dass ich sozusagen als letzte Rettung zum Sandschiffen und Scheisse-
tragen voluntiert habe. Entweder man traut mir oder man traut mir nicht... Nur Zucht-
häusler bekommen keine Waffen in die Hand...

Layton ist nicht mehr da, die Aufregung hat sich gelegt.... 21.6.41
Die Pioniere... werden in England ausgebildet und dort vereidigt,
was natürlich heisst, dass sie als Internees zurück fahren. Ich habe meinen Entschluss
gefasst und bin wieder vollkommen ruhig und normal. Ich war gestern vollkommen ferti
und habe die ganze Nacht nicht geschlafen. Es stellt sich heraus, dass ich plötzlich
wieder minderjährig bin und in meinem Falle erst die Erlaubnis von Mama eingeholt
werden muss.... I am fed up with waiting and barbed wire...I have been waiting for
a year... (6)

Russland ist drin. 22.6.41

Dieses warten ist furchbar. Morgen verlassen uns Keil und Baehr 2.7.41
um nach England zu fahren. Die Deutschen scheinen bei Minsk durch-
gebrochen zu sein. Heute hatten wir die Arandora Star Gedenkfeier. 3 der Untergegan-
genen waren im Dovercourt camp. An einen, Schlomowitz, kann ich mich noch erinnern.

Eben mit dem wochentlichen Bridge fertig geworden. Ich arbeite 8.7.41

wieder seit einigen Wochen wie ein Irrer... Manchmal frage ich mich was das alles für einen Zweck hat, wenn ich wahrscheinlich nicht die Gelegenheit haben werde mein diploma zu machen.. (7)

Heute Nachmittag .. Fussball Wettspiel unserer A- und B-Mannschaften gegen die des A-compounds... Nächsten Sonntag spielen wir Handball mit ihnen. Die Ofen sind jetzt installiert und die beiden Speisesäle wunderbar warm. Die correspondenc courses sind genehmigt worden... Unter den Leuten.. vom A-compound.. traf ich auch Bloch, der in Harwich mit mir auf der Salvation Army gewohnt hat. Auch Engelmann, der Gärtner ist drüben...

Wieder sind wir 14 Mann weniger.. Es ist kein angenehmes Gefühl als Zurück- gelassener von denen in die Freiheit Wiederkehrenden Abschied zu nehmen.. ich könnte mich jetzt ohrfeigen, dass ich mich nicht einfach um ein paar Jahre älter gemacht habe. Kein Hahn hätte danach gekräht und vielleicht schwämme ich jetzt schon. Durch dieses Minderjährigen business wird alles verzögert. Gestern .. Telegram von Mama: Please Overthink... Wir erhielten Bescheid dass wir ins camp 4 transferiert werden. (8)

The diary must finish this page and I will skip weeks and months:

11.9 Seit dem 3.Sep., dem Jahrestag unserer Landung, haben wir eine neue 'Regierung'. Eichenberg hat resigned und Erich Blitz ist zum camp leader gewählt worden.. Heute Vormittag hörten wir Roosevelts Rede.. sehr günstig...:Convoy...; 21.9 jedes compound (jetzt) einen Radio Apparat; 9.10 ca. 45 Neuankömmlinge..australische Internierte aus camp 1..refugees..noch nicht entlassen.. Brief von Onkel Boris (in N.Y.) bittet mich 'keine Dummheiten zu machen'..Fadden gestürzt..Curtin neuer Premier: 15.10 Mum bittet mich in ihrem Brief Nr.48 ihr diese furchtbare Nervenprobe zu ersparen..; 29.10 Die Zeit vergeht, in Europa kommt bald der Winter. Hitler steht vor den Toren Moskaus und ich sitze immernoch hier.. tröste mich immer damit dass es noch keinem Volk in der Weltgeschichte gelungen ist..Europa auf die Dauer zu halten und die Völker zu unterdrücken.. aber..who cares wenn nach 100 Jahren der ganze Zauber zusammenbricht ;8.11 am Mittwoch und nochmal am Donnerstag ein interview mit Layton..meine Reihe..bald dran. 9.1.42 Heute erhielt ich endlich von Layton Bescheid, dass ich in den nächsten Transport included werde.. (I must add here that a much earlier diary entry of mine had it that 'Meistens kommt es anders, und immer als man denkt!')

N.B. I have resisted the temptation to 'beautify' my diary entries.

1. my mother in the U.K. corresponded with my father and grandmother in Berlin via a relative in Switzerland. Ha. and St. were one-time class mates
2. Eichenberg, our camp spokesman, a W.W.1 army officer, had an A-classification.
3. Other parents in Berlin had obviously received mail from D. internees in Australia
4. Peter Danby was my room mate in a London hostel. Fritz Becker, also from the hostel, eventually joined 'special services' of the British army. Three times he was dropped behind enemy lines in SS uniform. Twice he returned.
5. Fleischer was 8th A.E.C. bugler. Borkenau was my first employer in Australia. The shilling was for bringing him his breakfast from the mess to his bedside.
6. I now needed, as a minor, the consent of my mother in the U.K. to return.
7. Three of our engineers, Gottlieb, Litauer, and Renz - the former two 'Malays - prepared a group of boys for the first year exams leading to an 'Associated Engineering Diploma'. (I am no longer certain of the exact terminology at the time)
8. My mother had written to me that she would give her consent to whatever I decided to do.



Bern Brent
Bern Brent

Wann sind denn diese blöden Schuhe schon wieder?

Extracts from Charles Ehrlich's recent letter to Renate Heine,
with kind permission.

I promised to describe to you in some detail our experiences and impressions of our week in Berlin, as guests of the Berlin Senate. As it happened, I had already heard from my brother and other relatives who preceded me in their reacquaintance with their birthplace. I was therefore quite well prepared but did not really expect the kind of hospitality which we - and some 280 odd Israelis - were offered, with great warmth and considerable enthusiasm. The first shock was the kind of accommodation reserved for the group. We had expected to be put up in a modest establishment with no frills and were stunned to find ourselves in a five star Hilton right in the heart of what used to be East Berlin, with amenities to match. The breakfast alone was a feast we had not experienced since our short stays in topclass Far East hotels whilst all around our hotel the streets were practically empty apart from construction work which goes on at a furious pace everywhere we went.

After the initial champagne reception we were given a short lecture on what program we were about to be presented with. It was so varied that already now I am beginning to forget the individual venues and have to look up the printed schedule given to us at the Berlin Rathaus - Rotes Rathaus - which is where the Buergermeister is now operating from, near the Alexanderplatz. He gave a very intelligent and sensible speech, stressing his friendship with Teddy Kollek, his opposite number in Jerusalem. After that, we were left to find our own way, so I took Zena to the Pergamon Museum nearby which was one of the few places connected with my childhood. My early days were almost solely spent within a mile or two of where we lived near the Zoo in West Berlin. I do recall places of culture which we visited on the odd Sunday in the eastern part of the City, but since so much was on offer in our vicinity there was no pressing need to venture into areas then regarded as perhaps not quite up to our standard of living. It is for this reason that I was quite fascinated by what was shown to us during our various journeys through the eastern sector, the so-called "Scheunenviertel" not far from the faded splendour of "Unter den Linden", the unrelenting dilapidation of the buildings which continue to be occupied and the areas where ethnic trouble is prevalent and which we could only glimpse from inside our bus.

On the first evening we went - privately - to the Komische Oper to see the MARRIAGE OF FIGARO in a splendid production, quite unlike what we were used to from European opera houses elsewhere. The Komische Oper, like the Berliner Ensemble, were theatres of special significance even at the height of the communist era. I had never been to either of them before.

As it happened, on the next day - June 17 - we were invited to the Reichstag, to attend a memorial session celebrating the 40th anniversary of an uprising in East Berlin which was quashed quite quickly but is now regarded, in line with the French, Russian and Czechoslovak revolutions, as an important event in the struggle against tyranny. The invitation was an option, not on the official program, but we were interested in listening to the speeches of Helmut Kohl, the Buergermeister and a rather longwinded professor who happened to have gone to the same school as I, but at a different time, as I found out when I cornered him afterwards. In the evening we were taken to see "PORGY AND BESS", an all negro production, very well done but too noisy for my liking.

Next day: the traditional Stadtrundfahrt which ended at lunch time. Since we then had a free afternoon, we took another guided tour to Potsdam which we enjoyed very much. It was a pleasant and relaxed afternoon, with a tour of "Sans Souci" and the enormous park surrounding the castle, under the guidance of a very knowledgeable lady.

On the following day we were free of any program and we made our one and only visit to the Berlin West End, mainly to visit some distant cousins of mine and an old friend, and some shopping

The following day we were taken through some of the areas of special significance to the Jewish population of pre-war Berlin which I had not known before. We stopped at some memorials to those Berlin Jews who had been deported to the East, for most of our group a time for reflection on the terrible tragedies of those who, by accident or missed opportunity, were forced to stay in Berlin but were ultimately deported in 1943 and did not survive.

The evening event was a visit to the Staatsoper (East) to see RIGOLETTO in a stunning new production, attended (by chance) by von Weizsaecker. It was a memorable evening, well sung in Italian and full of dramatic stage craft.

On the final day, we were treated to a river cruise of some three and a half hours, from one of the outskirts of Berlin to the Tiergarten in the West where there was yet another reception with loads of excellent food which for many of our fellow travellers seemed to be the highlight of the Berlin project.

To sum up my impressions:

I must say that the whole visit was most intelligently prepared, there was the right mixture of seeing sights, mainly in East Berlin, lavish entertainment and an almost complete absence of nostalgia. What came through most forcibly was the effort by the Senatskanzlei - who had organised this visit - and their extremely able staff, to establish a human contact, with emphasis on to-day and tomorrow but not shying away from questions about the past. For us, at least, it was impossible to think of these charming and intelligent ladies as descendants of the Nazis, although some members of our group may have thought differently, they had no hesitation in accepting the hospitality so freely offered.

The final chapter of our travels came after the end of the official program. We had made arrangements to spend a day in Bautzen where my mother's family had lived and where I had spent the last 7 years of my residence in Germany. We travelled by train to Dresden and were met there by a friend of mine from Bautzen, who took us there and insisted that we stay with them at their council flat. It was quite another experience, although I must admit that very little of what we saw during those 24 hours activated my memory. My grandparent's house is still there, almost unchanged but rather less splendid than what I have in memory. We also visited the tiny Jewish cemetery where my grandparents are buried together with 50 odd Jews who lived in Bautzen before the war. Even my great grandfather is there, he died in 1908 and all the graves including his are being looked after by the city council. We also visited the factory some way outside of Bautzen where I worked but which is now closed down and does not resemble anything I remember.

I am very glad that we decided to make this trip, it had many highlights which I hope to remember and it has made me more familiar with parts of my old birthplace which I did not know before. I have no emotional hangups about Berlin, it happens to be a place which appeals to me with an atmosphere quite unlike any big city I know.

SMH 27/3/93

Wartime trove of dirty tricks

By RICHARD NORTON-TAYLOR

LONDON, Friday: Italian waiters in wartime Britain were regarded by intelligence chiefs as potential fifth columnists, top secret papers just released at the Public Record Office in Britain reveal. The intelligence chiefs also considered using people with broad accents as BBC announcers to prevent Germans infiltrating the corporation. The papers disclose details of disinformation campaigns designed to mislead the enemy. They included spreading rumours that the Russians had rounded up 100,000 wolves to be released on the German lines, and that rabies had broken out among them; that 2,000 American "giant troop planes" had been fitted with skis to help the Russians; that German U-boats had been painted with phosphorescent substances by saboteurs; and that 300 German soldiers in the Mediterranean were killed by depth charges fired by Italian destroyers after their ship had been sunk.

The papers are minutes of meetings of the Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC),

Italian waiters were regarded as potential fifth columnists.

which still co-ordinates the activities of the intelligence agencies MI5, MI6 and the armed forces.

The information opened for public inspection had been hidden by a blanket ban on documents relating to intelligence, including disinformation and propaganda campaigns.

That was changed by Mr William Waldegrave, the minister responsible for Whitehall reforms, as part of his open-government initiative.

According to the JIC minutes for its meeting of June 1 1940, Brigadier Allen of MI5 "drew attention to the number of Italian waiters employed in London restaurants and to the fact that a number

of these were anti-British. These waiters were in an excellent position to overhear scraps of conversation from members of the Government and others."

Other members of the JIC were concerned about where Germany would launch an invasion. The army representative thought eastern England was most likely.

In May 1940, Brigadier Hawes said there were large numbers of workmen at the airfields "among which might be IRA men or other enemy agents".

He "would like to see all aliens and Irish cleared out of the eastern part of the country in which fighter aerodromes were located".

The JIC also expressed concern about the prospect of Germans taking over the BBC and posing as announcers. A proposal to employ announcers with broad accents that would be more difficult to copy was rejected by a senior BBC official because it "would lower the standard of broadcasting" and not prevent imitation.

The Guardian



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