

6/17

Dunera News

No. 30

JUNE 1994

VOL. 1

Dunera News

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NO. 1

SEPTEMBER 1984

A NEWSLETTER TO A FREE ASSOCIATION OF ONETIME ESCAPEES FROM NAZI EUROPE WHO WERE INTERNED OVERSEAS DURING WORLD WAR TWO SHIPPED TO AUSTRALIA, KEPT INCAMPED AND LATER RELEASED THERE TO ALL WHO SERVED WITH THE 8TH AUSTRALIAN EMPLOYMENT COMP

SYDNEY EDITION COMPILED & DISTRIBUTED BY HENRY LIFFMANN 189 DOV DOVE

Churchill's big error!

Mini-series to trace the fate of German Jews sent out to Australia

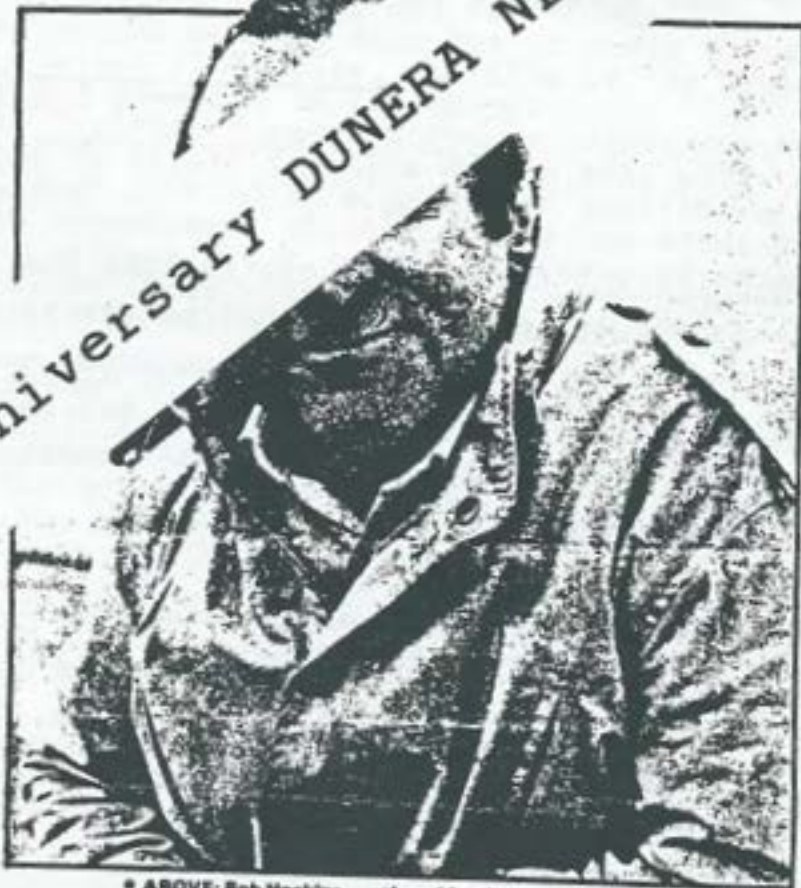
PENNIES FROM Heaven actor Bob Hoskins is to star in a new multi-million-dollar mini-series being marketed for Network 10.

The series, *The Dusters Boys*, produced by Bob Weir, who recently took the production *Waterfront*, which stars Ben and Jack Thompson.

Based on a Australia's history part drama to be written

Ben Hoskins

10th Anniversary DUNERA NEWS



• ABOVE: Bob Hoskins . . . signed for the new mini-series.

He creates what can be seen as a Jewish living in Australia during the war.

He stars opposite Magnuson in the recently released movie *Lameter* has been signed to play Morrie, one of the main refugee characters. He plays a German Jew who has lived in London so long he has a cockney accent.

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.

CONTENTS

	page
From the President	3
Obituaries	4
Notes on notes	5
From the life story of Ziba	6-16
Tatura wartime camp museum	16
New book research	17
Melbourne circa 1947	17
Book review - Träume zu Asche	18
The Sandbeetle	19
Franz Phillipp	20
Nostalgia visit to Breslau	21
Letter from Lt.-Col. Scott	22
Camp Reference for S. Grossbard	23

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 1994/95 are falling due on 1st July.

Please use the enclosed account notice to facilitate your payment in due course and ensure your continued membership. We are fortunate to be able to maintain the same fee but in exceptional circumstances for pensioners and others, a 50% concession can be granted, all other details are on the notice.

Thanks for the above contributions and further correspondence by Bern Brent, Stephen Dale, Eric Eckstein, Peter Eden, Fred Gruen, Michael Gordon, Jim Heynemann, Frank Heyman, Erwin Lamm, George Lederer, Henry Lippmann, Klaus Loewald, Werner Loewenstein, Fred Parkinson, Fred Rose, Hans Schaye - apologies to anyone overlooked.

FROM THE PRESIDENT :

The DUNERA NEWS will be 10 years old in September -

Henry Lippmann, single handedly, produced our journal for the first five years, and he is still one of our stalwart supporters with contributions from his vast library and the many connections he built up. Full credit to Henry for the initiative to start this project, and thanks for his continuing efforts on behalf of the Association and our NEWS.

One of our friends in England recently furnished us with an article about a third person's interesting experiences in various facets of making a living. Unfortunately he did not check the particular gent's prior approval which brought him a friendly, yet definite rebuke. So, please do not commit a similar oversight, but do continue to send to us any material you consider worthwhile for publication. Our thanks to all those who have sent us newsitems recently, we endeavour to use as many as possible but not always immediately.

Jimmy and Henry tell us that our next "Annual", as always, will take place on the second Tuesday in November (8th), so make a note in your diary.

Our Orthodox Friends, please note that we shall be happy to make arrangements for Kosher Meals to be brought in.

Kurt Lewinski recently visited Tatura, and Mrs. Lurline Knee of the Tatura & District Historical Society told him of their plans to increase the rather limited floorspace, and with it the somewhat minor exhibits relating to our presence in the camps.

Kurt also visited the Maritime Museum in Sydney together with Henry Lippmann. We are happy to report that the Museum will affix a plaque relating to our "landing" in 1940 in a prominent position on an outside wall, bearing an inscription similar to the one donated by the Hay Shire and erected between 7 & 8 campsites. The cost will be met from our special fund, together with a donation to support the more permanent DUNERA Exhibition which the Museum is planning.

Mrs. Lurline Knee reported on a letter received from another old Duneraite, Walter N. Napier, formerly Walter Nathanson. He is looking for his former close friend in Hay, Kurt Weiss (now Keith White), both of them joined the British Army after return from Australia. Anyone knowing of Keith, please write to Walter Napier at 54 Etherton Way, Seaford, East Sussex, BN 25 3QB.

Austrian Pensions - George Lederer, Scarsdale, New York, checked with the Austrian Consulate and learned that the annual adjustment is a "miniscule cost-of-living" increase.

Mike Loudheim

Obituaries

George KAUFMANN died on 12 April 94 after a long illness and years of hospitalisation.

George was born in Crefeld Germany where he and I first met on the occasion of tennisclub competitions back in 1935/36. George made up for his interrupted schooling in Germany by a life of study, starting at our Hay & Tatura Campschools, and culminating with University degree and a life of academic interests.

His professional career as an accountant brought him great credit from his staff at the Commonwealth Government Audit Section which he headed up for many years.

His agile mind did not leave him until his last days - he was an avid reader and formidable scrabble player - despite his physical disability.

Our condolences go to his widow, Olga.

Mike Sondheim

Erich, Simon WEILBURG, 23.6.13 to 1.2.1994.

Born in Fulda, S.Germany, married Erika in England in 1956, then established their home in Melbourne.

Lifelong friendships resulted from their warm Jewish home and their untiring community efforts.

For two generations of children, he was simply "Uncle Eric".

Bnai Brith awarded the prestigious Menorah Award in well earned recognition of his community efforts.

A very large crowd bade their final tribute at the Funeral and Minyanim. A man who left his mark with society.

Sincerest condolences to Erika and the families.

Erwin Lamm.

BERT ANDJEL - The only Sephardi on the Dunera.

Born 23.11.13.- Died April 1994. We ORT-boys first met Bert on June 25, 1940, in York Racecourse Internment Camp, when we clamoured to be together in one hut. All occupants were told to move elsewhere, to accommodate us, but one man sat tight, his head held in his hands, dejected about being interned as an Austrian. He had renounced his Austrian citizenship after the Anschluss 2 years earlier! He said to the officer "I would like to stay with these boys, Sir"; and that's just what he did - for nearly 54 years!

And yet, he was with us for only 5½ months, being released from Hay in December 1940, after acquiring Brazilian citizenship. We were not at all sure whether we would ever meet again. He went on to Buenos Aires, where he founded a textile mill, and made his home there. He loved travelling and reading, with history, Judaism and the Holocaust forming his special interest.

More than 25 years and lots of correspondence later, we met briefly in Paris, and again 8 years later in Israel; both meetings deepening our friendship as well as his interest in renewing old Dunera friendships. This led to Bert attending 5 Dunera reunions in Melbourne, plus the Sydney and Hay and even one London reunion, the first 2 accompanied by his wife Evelyn; and he made more friends among the Dunera boys and their families. He was thinking of joining us again in 1994, but it was not to be. Bert died in April after suffering a very severe stroke 5 months earlier, from which he never recovered.

His friendship was sincere, caring and generous; we shall continue to "stay with these boys", as his memory will live on in all of us who were privileged to be his friends for more than half a century.

K.L.

3 Stirling Cres.
Glen Waverley, 3150

The Editor
Dunera News

NOTES ON THE NOTES

I'd like to make some comments on the article "The Hay Internment Camp Notes", in the Dunera News of February, 1994.

My cousin George, like myself, spelled his name Teltscher. He subsequently changed his name to to his mother's maiden name Adams (as related in the article); she was a descendant of America's second president, George Adams.

George was a trained artist, who was reasonably prominent in the 1930s Bauhaus movement. He did design the Austrian one Schilling coin. Actually, his cousin Gudrun Baudisch had been commissioned to submit the design. The night before she was supposed to hand in her design she confessed to George that she hadn't got around to doing anything about it; could he help her? So, he set to and designed the coin in one evening. It showed a stalk of wheat, but because it had to fit into a circular format the stalk was sharply bent. The coin became known later as "die gebrochene Xhre" generally understood to mean "die gebrochene Ehre"; i.e. the broken honour rather than the broken stalk. (gebrochen = broken; Xhre = ear of wheat; Ehre = Honour; and Xhre and Ehre are pronounced identically). George died in 1982.

Max Bullus says: "It is Mick Vort-Ronald's opinion that these numbers (of the bank notes) correspond to the internees' numbers". Well, Mick Vort-Ronald got this information from me; indeed, the serial numbers were our internment numbers. Richard Stahl had the bright idea that many of the internees would wish to permanently acquire the notes with their numbers. This actually happened, and the camp administration made a sheer "profit". I could still kick myself that I was either too poverty-stricken and/or lousy to acquire all three notes; I only kept the 6d note, which I still treasure.

Yes, George had a lot of fun in secreting, in the sheep's wool, the names of his friends. He never told his friends, which these names were; people had to discover this for themselves. In fact, most of the people immortalised on the notes were from Roebuck hut (hut 26, Camp 7), where he and I lived.

The potential value of the notes was recognised quite early. In 1941, in the Orange camp, some of the camp guards carried out an unannounced "security check" of the camp. It was widely believed the object was to confiscate (and "souvenir") the "illegal" Hay bank notes.

My 6d note (E 40801) is signed A. Mendel (Abraham Arno Mendel) and R. Stahl

Henry Teltscher
Henry Teltscher

FROM THE LIFE STORY OF ZIBA OR STEPHEN DALE.

Stephen was born in 1917 as Heinz Günther SPANGLER in Berlin Wilmersdorf.

From his early youth he realised that the political trends became either right or left, he began to support the socialist left. Distributing anti-Nazi leaflets after the Reichstag fire landed him in Gestapo "Solitary" for 2 weeks when only 16 years old.

School never was a happy time, he left the Goethe Gymnasium in 1933, even though he had suffered no direct Nazi confrontation.

He had joined the youth movement "Kameraden" at an early age, enjoying their activities. His nickname "Zigeunerbaron" shortened to "Ziba" stuck with him, and many of us remember him by that name through the Dunera and internment era.

Unable to get a suitable job, he signed on to go to sea at 16, giving him the chance to see the world and gaining independence. When on a mixed passenger/cargo vessel in 1936, the on-board Nazi leader denounced him to the Gestapo, his second encounter. Others never showed any hostility to the Jewish sailor.

His third SS and Gestapo encounter after the Kristallnacht landed him for 6 weeks in Sachsenhausen, as a consequence of which he missed a job on a British ship signed up earlier in Hamburg.

With an agricultural labourer's permit he migrated to England as late as June 1939.

However, Woburn House arranged for him to study instead for a Merchant Navy Officership at the John Cass Nautical Institute. He was prevented from taking the examen despite his "C" classification, nor could he get an ordinary sailor's job, being an alien.

He volunteered for the Navy, then the Army, both of no avail, finally getting caught up in internment in June 1940 and on the Dunera. The events from thereon are known. Stephen managed to join the galley store gang on the Dunera, it was hard work but earned them some privileges of extra rations and time on deck.

In Hay Camp 7, as a member of the Hut 26 "Roebuck" team, he stood out in sports, particularly handball. He returned to UK on the Stirling Castle to first join the Pioneers, then the army proper.

From thereon excerpts from his book recall his remarkable wartime experiences, including further SS and Gestapo encounters.

The book "SPANGLER OR BY ANY OTHER NAME" presents his life story, dedicated to his family and many friends. Ian Webber, one of Stephen's closest friends to date, also from Berlin and internment and Dunera days, helped with putting these recollections together.

The Editorial Committee thanks Stephen in the hope that our readers find the following chapters interesting, if not fascinating we dare say.

AUSTRALIA

At Hay, we found two spacious compounds ready for us - each designed for 1,000 people, and about 30 people to a hut. Andrew Eppenstein, later Elliot, asked me, whether I would like to join him in forming the nucleus of a hut. I pointed out that I was together with a group of a dozen others, and it was agreed that all, who wanted, could join. The hut was called 'Roebuck', after a pub in Richmond, and proved, in many ways, a dominant hut in the camp. We had in it Andrew Elliott, as the camp leader. We also had the camp banker, the post-master, the quartermaster, the laundry chief, artists, philosophers, wood-choppers, and camp school staff, and I organised sports and worked in the laundry. All these, and many other, facilities within the camp were developed gradually by us on an entirely democratic basis and with the help and cooperation of the Australian authorities responsible for us. The Red Cross also provided many facilities.

We had standard Australian army rations, very well prepared by the professional cooks among us, of whom Walter Fliess, of the 'Vega' restaurant was one. For a brief time, however, we became a bit sick of Melon and Ginger jam of excellent quality, which appeared on our breakfast table, with monotonous regularity, far too often for our liking. This in itself is proof that the food must have been very adequate. Altogether we organised our lives in the camp very well, considering the restrictions under which we had to live. George Teltscher, graphic designer and lecturer at the London School of Printing, created our own money, exclusively for use within the camp. Not surprisingly it was soon declared illegal, but allegedly the notes have today some collectors value in Australia.

Among our fellow internees in Australia, there were a few, who were well known at the time, or became so later. There was Ray Martin, a highly gifted musician, who was, after the war, heard regularly on the B.B.C. There was Peter Stadlen, the concert pianist and later music critic of the Daily Telegraph, and Kurt Enderl, whom I met again after many years quite by chance at Vienna airport. He was then Austrian Ambassador to Hungary, later to Israel and afterwards at the Court of St. James. We had many opportunities to get together with him and his wife, the singer Adele Leigh, and Ian and Barbara Webber joined us. Then there was Franz Stampfel, who remained completely aloof of all camp activities, and later trained Roger Bannister and his three companions to break through the four minute barrier for the mile. Also there was Erwin Fabian, the sculptor, Kurt Beyer, the philosopher, Kitzinger the Art Historian, and Hein Heckroth, a painter with tremendous panache, who became famous for his theatrical designs including 'The Red Shoes', a lovely post-war film, starring the dancer Moira Shearer. Dr. Baer, the 'eminence grise' behind Andrew, the Camp leader, was a very well-known figure in the metal trade. Michael Mellinger was often seen on stage, screen and T.V., and there were of course others.

Something I had completely forgotten, until writing this brought it back to me, was that while at Hay I started to make some alcoholic drink, though on a very modest scale. We had plenty of fruit and also yeast in the cook house, and the climate was suitably warm. All I needed was some bottles, in which to let the liquor ferment, a little patience, with which I am told I am not too well endowed, and some luck to get through the periodic hut inspections by our guards. Well, we had the luck in that the bottles under my bunk were not detected, and none popped as they were liable to during the inspection. The great moment came on New Year's Eve 1940, when the contents of all the bottles were emptied into a dixie from the cookhouse.

There was not a great deal to drink, when spread over the 27 inhabitants of the Roebuck hut, plus a few carefully selected guests. At the stroke of midnight we toasted with about half a mugful each the New Year, the King, Winston Churchill and continued success with the North African campaign. The brew was not particularly tasty, nor was its alcoholic content strong, but it was enough to put us all on a short high, as we paraded noisily around the compound, seeing in 1941.

Those of us, who waited to be shipped back to England had volunteered for the army, or were needed in essential jobs or in their own businesses. The majority of our fellow internees remained in Australia and many eventually joined the Australian army, but I do not know of any who were allowed to join fighting units. Of the 27 members of the Roebuck hut, it appears that 12 chose to return to the UK. Of these some were in reserved occupations, and of those who joined the Army, eight were in due course commissioned.

All of us ex-internees quite naturally regard our internment as a most unjust, and quite unnecessary action, and a serious infringement of our liberty, inflicted on us, who were totally devoted allies, by the British Government. It was certainly a period of physical hardship on the "Dunera". But in Australia, living in a warm climate, we were comfortably placed away from the very real dangers of war, like the bombing in England. Yet many internees will only remember the awful aspects they suffered, and it seems that for some it was the heroic period in their lives.

Gradually those of us, who wanted to, were shipped back to England. I think I was with the third batch and sailed in the "Sterling Castle", a modern liner of about 25,000 tonnes, which normally ran between the U.K. and South Africa.

THE ARMY

My Army recruit training took place at Huyton, the place where I had been interned, and which had become a basic training centre for the Pioneer Corps. I still did not like the idea of an Aliens Unit, but I had no option. When I finished my training, I was posted to 87th Company at Ilfracombe, where I met John Ross and Andrew Elliott again. The moment I got there, I was told the unit had been posted to Pembroke Dock, Defensible Barracks.

Built in the early Victorian era it was a cold and cheerless place and the time I spent there was truly miserable. New in-takes were not regarded with great favour by the 'old' soldiers in the company, some of whom had been in France and evacuated from there. Many had joined at the Kitchener Camp in Kent, where refugees from Germany and Austria were accommodated, after arrival in 1939, to await transfer to various places and jobs. Some were in my eyes older men, but not too old for the Pioneer Corps, and as veteran soldiers they looked down upon newcomers like me. While I was at Pembroke Dock a land-mine exploded during a demonstration, killing about 25 of the company, which added greatly to the prevailing gloom.

One redeeming feature, in that part of South Wales, was the beautiful country and the beaches. There our work consisted of digging trenches for pipe lines, and camouflaging and building defence posts near the coast.

Then unexpectedly 'the sun broke through' into my dull Pioneer existence. I was sent from depressing Pembroke Dock

on detachment with a group of 30 or so to an Artillery Range at Aberaeron in Cardiganshire. There men and women were trained to use Bofors Guns and Predictors. Our job was to help a Royal Engineers Unit in general camp construction and maintenance. I enjoyed all this - outdoors, proper work, and the Sappers knew what they were doing. At one stage I looked after some mobile pumps, and I found this quite a satisfactory occupation. It lasted only through the summer months in 1942.

The Aberaeron job came to an end, when 87 Company was posted to Long Marston, near Stratford-on-Avon, to an Ordnance depot, at which supplies were assembled for North Africa. I drove a little mobile crane and got into a row over this with my Section Corporal, who was, to put it mildly, a little stupid. He had been in the German Army and felt I had to obey any nonsense from him, because he was a Corporal. One day he got into my hair, when I told him where he got off, and he promptly put me on a charge - unheard of in an Alien Company. At that time we had a new C.O. - a Major with a M.C. from W.W.1 - who had no idea what sort of a people we were. Evidence was given that I had called the Corporal a silly cunt and everyone had to repeat the same stupid sentence in evidence. It was very difficult to keep a straight face, even for the Sergeant Major, who had marched me in. I was given two weeks detention. It was just before Christmas, which I spent in the Guard Room, before I appeared before the C.O. There was nobody in the British Army that Christmas, who had more turkey and trimmings than I did. Without respect for Military Law, and while I was in detention, the Corporal was beaten up by some people, who thought he had behaved badly, though nothing happened to the worm, who gave evidence against me.

I spent the two weeks in Stake Hill Detention Barracks at Rochdale in Lancashire. All my friends in and outside the Company, thought it was a huge joke and at roll call in the morning when the mail was distributed 90% of the letters were for me. It was January and cold, and I must have been one of the very few, who did not consider all the Physical Training and moving at the double, a hardship. Actually detention was an eye-opener. Inside that vast mill building, where Gracie Fields had once worked, were several enormous cages, each housing, if I remember correctly, 40/50 or more people, with bunks, which had a few 1" wide strips of metal instead of a mattress. Everybody had an enamel bowl, in which one first washed oneself, and then anything else that needed cleaning. Then one scrubbed one's equipment, which had to be free of blanco and of a natural near-white colour. I remember standing there washing my feet, and was asked why I was doing that, since the M.O., who was due to inspect us that day, was not going to look at my feet. The fellow, who asked, actually wanted a cupful of my water in which to rinse his false teeth! There were two lavatories in each cage, and I saw people pull the chain, so that they could scoop up some water, that came down the pipe, with their mugs to clean their dentures.

I then realised that it was mostly rather inadequate people, who got into trouble in the army and landed in detention, and I can only remember two men at Stake Hill, to whom I could talk sensibly. It turned out one had been a Staff Sergeant and the other a Sergeant Major. They did not have to tell you their former rank because you could see where their rank insignia had been removed from their sleeves. When by chance I saw the Sergeant Major again later during the war, he was a Lieutenant.

Having served a detention sentence, I thought I had ruined my chances of getting out of the Pioneer Corps. An earlier C.O., with only one arm, who had been in the Warwickshire Regiment, and to whom I asked for a transfer replied: "You, a foreigner! There are plenty of British boys, who want a crack at the enemy. Their needs are greater than yours. Dismiss."

People were always very hospitable when I was on leave, and I stayed on occasions in Hampstead. Dina Rosenblueth, John Ross's sister, who became a well-known psychologist, lived on the top floor of a house in Ellerdale Road. Keith Cummings, the viola player, and his family occupied the ground floor. At the time Keith was in the RAF and played with the Harry Blech String Quartet and later with the Mozart Players, also under Harry Blech. I met a lot of people there, but cannot remember them all, though Paul Lafitte, who wrote, among other things "The Internment of Aliens", was one of them. Lovely, lively Lorraine Collier was another. I am really sorry to have lost track of her after she went to live in Australia, and also of Joan Hamlin, her friend.

Certainly in Hampstead, as in other parts of the country, the shop-keepers were very good to servicemen in uniform. I remember that they would let one have things which, though not on ration, were nevertheless scarce, like cigarettes, drinks or eggs, especially goose eggs, during the season, at six pence each. I think, as a Private, my pay was then two shillings and sixpence per day (equivalent to 12½p in present currency), and the official price for a bottle of whisky was twelve shilling and sixpence (62½p today). And so I could not afford much whisky, even if it had been freely available.

One day, while at Long Marston, a Warrant Officer came to our 87th Company. By then it must have percolated

10

somewhere that I wanted to leave the Pioneer Corps and he asked me what I wanted to do, and I replied I did not mind - Commandos, Airborne, any Regiment of the Line, as long as I could leave the Pioneers. I heard no more from him for quite a while, but within a week of my return to the 87th Company from detention, I got orders to go to the War Office in Northumberland Avenue in London. I saw Major Rokeby, a studious looking little man with glasses, behind a large desk, who asked me all sorts of questions, many of which I thought totally irrelevant. At the end I was told nothing, but a week later I was given marching orders to catch a train from Victoria Station in London.

I ended up with about a dozen others at Stodham Park near Liss in Hampshire at Special Training School No.1. We were wondering what we had let ourselves in for, and the answer to that became evident months later, and only very gradually. At Stodham Park we were put through what might be called the first filter to sort out those of us, who were considered not suitable for a then still unknown purpose. The accommodation we had at the home of the Governor of Burma was excellent, and right from the start the accent was on physical fitness, together with a first proper introduction to weapon training, map reading, field craft, morse and explosives.

After a while we went from there to Arisaig House, between Glen Finnan and Malaig on the 'Road to the Isles' in the western Highlands of Scotland. This was the first time in my life that I had been in Scotland, not counting my very short visit to the Shetland Islands. It was February, and during our four weeks stay there we had only one day when it did not rain at all, and on one occasion we actually saw the sun! I simply loved all of it, including the porridge for breakfast without sugar but with salt. The country was beautiful, and I really learned to appreciate the Highlands through one of our

instructors, Harold Hughes, who though of Welsh roots, was a philoscot, if ever there was one. Here the pace of our training increased, physically as well as mentally. We were confronted with situations where we had to take decisions, and we all were put into positions where we had to organise exercises under realistic conditions. At Arisaig I established a record, which will stand for ever. I completed the quite taxing assault course there, which included the use of several weapons, in a time, which cannot be bettered, because the course no longer exists and the house and the grounds now form a top-class Hotel. Towards the end of our stay, we knew parachuting was the next item on our training programme.

From Arisaig House we went to Wilmslow, near Ringwood, to do our parachute jumps. Human fears and apprehensions are not always governed by reason or logic. Before my first parachute jump, I said to myself that other people have done it, therefore I can do it too. Before subsequent jumps, knowing I had already done it, I knew I could do it again. However before every jump, there always is a heavy flow of adrenalin and some apprehension, and here is where the logic comes in. One feels naturally apprehensive, because for terrestrial animals, like men, it is not normal to step out of an aircraft into a lot of thin air. Yet it happens extremely rarely that people get hurt leaving a plane, while the chances of getting hurt are substantially greater on landing. But the mind tends to disregard dangers of landing, because one looks forward to getting back to terra firma, our natural habitat, however enjoyable the sensation of floating down towards it may be. In fact, during training, one jumps from progressively lower heights, and therefore has less and less time to enjoy the floating down.

From Wilmslow we moved to Brockhall near Weedon in Northamptonshire, where the 'survivors' of other similar courses met, and it gradually became clearer what the purpose

of our training might be all about. We were by this time about 30 people in total and training got more specialised and more strenuous. Our stamina improved and on one occasion, while still at Brockhall, within the space of about 34 hours or so, we covered 60 miles on foot in battle order, and in between had a small exercise, and two or three hours sleep. When we got back, to Brockhall most of us felt fit enough to go out to a dance in the nearest village, called Flore.

At Brockhall we also met Jimmy Bennett, our minder and instructor and a man, to whom we all took immediately, and who became our reliable friend. The whole group then transferred to Anderson Manor in Dorset, where we stayed for 9 months. Training continued as intensively as before, and we learned new skills all the time, and many of them were really quite unconventional, and not much use in ordinary civilian life. We now knew what we were preparing for although S.O.E., the Special Operations Executive, was never mentioned at the time. They were quite demanding 9 months, and for me highly enjoyable. At the end we were at the peak, both mentally and physically. Sergeant Major Goodall of the Army Physical Training Corps, who was suspected of being an officer in disguise, told me that I was the fittest man he had ever come across, which I regarded as very satisfactory, because fitness was really one of the keys to everything we were training for.

We learned a lot about weapons - our own and the enemy's. We learned about radio communications and morse, which I never really enjoyed. We learned a great deal about handling various explosives and sabotage. We learned about map-reading and fieldcraft. We learned about the structure of the German army. We were not really taught anything about how to escape in case of capture, for it was thought, if fit and intelligent, one would take any opportunity to escape that presented itself. We had some training about how to behave

under interrogation, a subject about which I knew more than the instructors, and I certainly felt I did not need any psychological preparation. Also, by virtue of my past, to be security minded was second nature to me, and never presented me with a problem.

During training we were individually given scenarios under which we had to plan how to achieve, with very limited facilities, given objectives, like the destruction of a bridge, the blowing of a fuel depot, the derailment of a train, and so on. Obviously our instructors were keen to give as much realism to these exercises as was possible. A major exercise was organised with great success by Yogi Maier.

It was an occasion, when we were in fact used to test the security of the Portland Naval Base, and when it came to it, they really did not know what had hit them. If my memory is right, then all the groups were successful. My group's objective was to 'kill' the Admiral in charge of the base, and I know I got him, but I also know that they would most probably have got me and the rest of our group as well. I think it was October, and we got unobserved into the top floor of a house near Portland Harbour. It became our base for 2/3 days and nobody knew that we had ever been there. Then we went up a church tower to get a good look over the Harbour. The question of how to get across it unnoticed was solved by my swimming out in darkness to take a small boat, which was anchored some 150 yards from the shore, and using a piece of board (boats had to be immobilized during the war by not leaving oars in them) to paddle it back for the other three to get on board, and then silently we all paddled the 2½ miles or so across the harbour. We had pretty good intelligence, where the Admiral was located, and they only knew that we were there, when we 'shot' the guards on entering the building.

Actually it was all good clean boy scout fun, as were the dummy charges that were left by another group, and subsequently found in the breeches of naval guns to prove that we had paid a visit. But it also showed as far as it was possible, under conditions of this and other exercises, that we learned quite a lot.

While at Anderson Manner in 1943, it was suggested that whoever wished to change his name should do so. I did, and it turned out a very simple procedure in our case, and not a lengthy legal process. So I became Stephen Patrick Dale, and I chose it because it was simple and quite unobtrusive. Stella Fry thought that I had chosen Stephen out of admiration for her father. While Stephen Wiseman was a very impressive character, at that stage of my life I did not really know him very well. On the other hand Doreen felt later, after we got married, when "Mrs. Dale's Diary" was one of the radio soaps of the post-war period, that I might have chosen something else and less hackneyed. Just think how, for example, Fortescue-Ponsonby, or Cholmondley would have sounded coming from my lips.

I believe it was also at Anderson Manor that we ceased to be Pioneers. It was a moment of satisfaction to me when we became members of the Royal Fusiliers, and Colonel Metherell gave us details of the history of the 'Shiny 7th', the nick name of our new regiment. Funnily enough a few years after the war, I met at a bridge table in Hampstead a Colonel Dale of the Royal Fusiliers, who was not at all amused that a character like me should have been, even for a short period, a member of his glorious regiment and bearing his name.

About this time operational groups of four were formed and after discussions Otto Karminski, Alan Grant, Teddy Lees and I decided to form one, with Otto being the nominal No:1

in our usual quite unmilitary manner. This turned out to be not at all in accordance with the C.O's - Col.Metherell's plans. He wanted me to form my own group, but I steadfastly declined, despite his pressure. The reason was very simple. Of all the people, who had up to then trained together, I wanted to have around me in the field those men in whose ability and reliability I had the most confidence.

Eighteen people from our training group were used by S.O.E. during the war. Of these, two were dropped twice into enemy territory. They were Butch Baker-Byrne and Michael O'Hara. Michael was killed after his second jump. I was one of two who was taken prisoner. The other was Peter Priestley, a person with whom I was never on particularly close terms before we were prisoners of war, and while we were 'in the bag' together, we did not get any closer either. He was a perfectly decent and good natured fellow, but we had nothing in common. After the war, it was obvious life had left scars on him, but he married and got himself a good job. Nevertheless he needed help, and he did get psychological treatment, but, regrettably, it was not successful. Doreen, who at the time was working for Psychiatric Rehabilitation, also tried to be of use, which he appreciated greatly, but it was of no avail. Most sadly he committed suicide.

We were moved from Anderson Manor to Heathrop Castle near Fairford in Oxfordshire, now a girl's school. This was really a holding establishment in the lovely Cotwolds, where we maintained our degree of fitness. I learned to play squash, and then, in June 1944, eight of us i.e. two operational groups were sent to Italy. They were Otto, Alan, Teddy and I, in the one group. Georgie Bryant, Fred Warner, Frank King, and Jack Rohde were in the other. We flew from Lynham in Wiltshire to Gibraltar via an airport in Cornwall.

On that plane - a D.C.3 - we eight were of a very inferior rank, for all the others were Staff officers. However we got the same red carpet treatment, and had an excellent breakfast on arrival in Gibraltar in the morning. Our priority then dropped, and we had to wait a while before flying on to Algiers. Here our priority dropped even further, and we stayed in an awful transit camp for five days before taking off on a very bumpy flight across the Mediterranean to Italy. We arrived at La Selva di Fasano near Monopoli, between Bari and Brindisi, at an altitude of about 100 metres above the Adriatic Coast. It was reasonably fresh and airy in the summer heat. There we stayed awaiting instructions.

At that time it was suggested that it might be appropriate if we were to change our names again, for increased security reasons, and also that a sound cover story should go along with the new identity. It made sense to me, and so I became Stephen Patrick Turner, brother of my friend Anthony William Lionel Turner of 52, Hillsborough Court, London N.W.6., but Tony never knew until April 1945, that he had miraculously suddenly acquired a pseudo sibling.

The countryside around La Selva was pretty. A characteristic feature of the area were the old houses with the conical dome, and roofs, called Trulli, built from stone and without rafters or beams and very picturesque.

During that time we went on an excellent mountain training course in the Monti del Matese, a wild, remote area, where, in those days, charcoal was produced, and where the shepherds would offer you goat's and sheep's milk - warm and very rich in calories. I cannot say I liked it, but I drank it all the same. It was July or August, and extremely hot and very hard-going, but we learned a lot from Albert Pieren, a Swiss

ski and mountaineering instructor, and a member of a well-known Adelboden family. He put us through our paces. We had great respect for him, because he was really good. He lost his Swiss nationality, when he joined the American army.

More of the group, with whom we had trained, came out to join us. We got to know some local people, but we kept our distance for security reasons. We went to visit Bari, Brindisi Leche and other interesting places in the heel of Italy, and on one occasion, I went by motorbike to see Harold Fry at Taranto, where we had dinner in his mess.

Not far from our house in La Selva was a mulberry tree, heavily laden with fruit. The skin of ripe mulberries is very delicate and the juice will squirt out at the lightest touch. Otto and I loved the taste, and to prevent my clothes from getting covered with the dark red juice, I climbed, on one occasion, up into the tree, just wearing my gym shorts, and feasted on the berries. After a few minutes there was a lot of giggling going on below me, and, around the tree, were five kids, greatly amused to see me up there. They were all members of the same family, called Caroli, who lived in Fasano, but came to their house in La Selva to escape the summer heat. The oldest was Lina, perhaps 15, and the next Giuseppe, 14 years old. We have been in touch from time to time since, and he is now a Professor at the University of Pisa and a world authority on drinking water quality. They invited Doreen and me to stay at La Selva in Lina's house this summer, but it regrettably could not be arranged.

Our group was to be the first one to 'go in'. A few days before we were due to be dropped I got an awful swelling on my foot and I could not do my boot up. The M.O. in Monopoli made an incision, but nothing came out, and so he sent me into Hospital in Bari and they kept me in. To my exasperation the other three went off without me and I felt I had let them down. I followed them about three weeks later.

There was dinner for four of us before take-off from Brindisi, and as always in those days, I remember eating very heartily. Jimmy Bennett, our conducting Officer and friend ever since Brockhall, was the last familiar face, I saw before getting on to the plane. In his customary positive and optimistic way he said to me: "You have a very good Polish crew, who have done some excellent work over Warsaw."

In the plane with me was with Peter Priestley, with whom I had trained, a man called Taggart, who, as I learned much later was an ex-German Officer, and also his batman. There were thus four of us in the Liberator, flying north, and we got into heavy flak over Venice. Not much later we were dropped from an unusually great height, which I estimated to be well over 10,000 feet, judging by the surrounding mountains. It was night, and clear enough to see a very long distance.

I was the first to go and my parachute opened beautifully on this my 13th jump. I had never dropped from such a height and it was a lovely experience, floating down for a very long time in complete calm, except for the slight air rush, after the drone of the four engined plane had disappeared. At first I could see the 'chutes of the others above me, but then I lost sight of them. I was drifting towards a high, sheer rock face, but by spilling air I accelerated my descent and avoided it. I came down on what seemed the only patch of grass in a dried up river bed full of boulders. There were some lights less than a half a mile distant, which I took to be the lights of the dropping zone. I unharnessed and cautiously approached the lights, which were, to my surprise, among some houses, and I heard German and Italian voices. It then struck me that I was in the wrong place, and I was not impressed with Jimmy Bennett's assurance of the excellent work of the Polish crew

over Warsaw, because they had dropped me into a fine mess. With all my fieldcraft, I got out of there silently and quickly, moving towards higher ground.

At first daylight I hid my 'chute and came to the conclusion, with the help of my little silk map, that I was in the valley running north from Tolmezzo to the Plöcken Pass and about 15 miles to the East, as the crow flies, from Tramonte, where I should have been. My three companions in the Liberator, who had their own objectives, had not landed anywhere near me. This was to be expected considering the height from which we had dropped. I was on my own now, and out of touch, and needed to establish contact. I was without my kit, and I only had my Colt .32 pistol with two spare magazines and half a million Lire in my pocket, a watch, jackknife, compass, identity paper, dog tag, a little stub of pencil, handkerchief, first-aid kit, and a comb.

From my side of the mountain I could see a long line of Germans, strung right across the valley, moving northward with Tolmezzo behind them. They knew there had been a drop and they were clearly a search party with dogs, firing into anything which might have provided cover. I was now on the run. Unfortunately I was on the eastern side of the valley, that is the side away from Tramonte, where my reception committee had waited in vain, and obviously this was not the moment to cross the valley in order to find them.

Later it turned out that, of the three on the plane with me, Priestley was taken prisoner, Taggart was shot, but his batman got through to wherever he was meant to go.

It had been a very uncomfortable night. I was not able

to cross the valley westward and I did not want to go North because it meant moving away from my group. South of me was the Udine-Cortina road and the Tagliamento river. So staying put or going East was the answer. I then noticed about a quarter to half a mile distant a line of soldiers combing the side of the mountain, moving south in my direction. To avoid them I had to climb. There was sufficient undergrowth to give some cover, but it was not enough to be reasonably certain to avoid being spotted. While I kept on moving, I could hear them behind me shouting in German, and also another language which was not Italian. When I reached the crest of that long hill, I had lost them, and on the far side I saw in the distance a village, which had to be Illegio. It was now evening and I had not eaten anything for more than a day and felt pretty tired. I sat down by an open-sided barn and fell asleep, waking up a few times during the night.

In the morning I began to move on downhill and discovered that the area was alive with troops, some were Waffen SS and others Cossacks, recognisable by their hats and large, ludicrous cavalry sabres. Because of the amount of activity in the area, I was now apprehensive and I decided to bury the Lire I carried on me in large denominations. I tried to remember the exact location where I dug them in with my hands. I was by an outcrop of rock and a fallen conifer. I covered the ground with soil, stones and leaves. I might have found them again, if I had looked within a few days, or perhaps even weeks, but not after a long interval, and especially not following a winter. I hated the thought of this money falling into the hands of the enemy, especially the Cossacks, who, in my eyes, were renegades and for whom I had as little sympathy as for the Italians or Germans.

I could not move, and I was in no position even to try to make contact with locals, which at the best of times would have been hazardous. Though there was ample supply of water and the adrenalin was flowing, I was feeling the need to replenish my energy. Nevertheless, I had no option but to keep on approaching Illegio in the hope of making some contact, and finding food. In the afternoon I came upon another open-sided barn near a junction of three paths and, perhaps foolishly, I went into it to review my situation. When I thought I heard some voices, I clambered up a steep bank about 10 feet above the barn to hide in the undergrowth. When craning my neck to look along the path, I saw, about 30 yards away, a patrol of two men. In ducking back quickly into cover, my foot slipped and the branches of the bush would not hold my weight. I fell unceremoniously on to the path below. By the time I had scrambled back to my feet, I had seen another patrol of two approaching from the opposite direction. There was nothing more I could do, except put my hands up - I was no Errol Flynn!

+++++

In our next issue we shall print Stephen's experiences as a POW in Italy and Germany, including his further encounters with the SS and the Gestapo.

After 6 months in various camps, he was liberated by the Americans in April 1945.

The Editors.

The Tatura Wartime Camps Museum

I recently had an opportunity to visit the Tatura Museum, which was opened only about two years ago, and is at present somewhat limited by space; although its enthusiastic staff envisages future growth. Its displays cover ALL Internment and P.O.W. camps in the Tatura area, i.e. German, Italian, Japanese P.O.W.'s, also the Singapore internees and the Templars brought here from Palestine as well as the Dunera boys. There is a wealth of material to be seen, including a shortened mock-up of a Tatura camp hut, displaying all sorts of craft-work from all camps. While there are not many craft items from the Dunera boys at present, they do have a collection of photographs from the 1990 exhibition at the Melbourne Jewish Museum to "make up the shortfall".

I have sometimes wondered why it is that most of us tend to remember lots of details about Hay, but very little about Tatura, yet most of us spent almost as much time in Tatura as we did in Hay, and were pretty much together in one camp, while in Hay we were separated between Camp 7 and 8. If anyone is interested in a "refresher-course", a 2 - 2½ hour drive to the Museum may help. It is at the corner of Ross and Hogan St., Tatura, and opens between 12 and 2 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. Access can be arranged at other time by phoning the researcher, Mrs. Lurline Knee at (058) 24 1084.

K.L.

NEW BOOK RESEARCH

Did you know that there were 36 Employment Companies in WW II ?

June Factor, a well-known writer, and a friend of Wendy and Werner Loewenstein's, is collating material relating particularly to the situation of the large foreign element in these units.

June is the daughter of the late Saul Factor who was in the 6th E.Co. which as we know, had the largest and most diverse collection of nationalities. Of the 36, we understand, there were 7 of similar structure to our 8th, i.e. foreigners, mostly Refugees.

The book is to make a study of primarily these aspects:

The origin, structure, pattern, growth and ending of one of the co's.
The 'home front' dimension of army life of the 6th and their families.
The historical development of the E. Co's within the politics and culture of the time.

To attempt to reposition these seemingly peripheral aspects of Aust. military history somewhat closer to our understanding of the country during and after the war.

Why did the Australian Government establish these companies, was the Army behind it, or some other force to organise a very significant number of foreigners who came from countries at war with Australia.

The criteria of selecting officers and NCO's, some of whom from our own tanks.

The newcomers' reaction to Army routine and life.

How were they viewed by men in the fighting units and by the civilian population.

The personal, social (family) as well as political and military consequences of this wartime episode.

June FACTOR would appreciate any comments on these questions or any other input you may like to offer to assist with this project, please write to her at P.O. Box 1063, Ivanhoe 3079.

Mike Louder _____

Melbourne City, circa 1947.

While walking down Bourke Street, long after demobilisation, I was stopped by a man in the then mandatory blue serge suit, and wearing a hat: "You're Lewinski, aren't you?" The voice was unmistakable - it was the Skipper! We adjourned to a nearby pub for a drink, or two, or three; and he wanted to know how we all settled in to civilian life. His interest in his flock had not waned! That was the last time I saw the man who helped some 500 adopted sons find their feet in a new country.

Hans Jacobus is an ex-Dunera boy who chose to return to Germany after the war. He settled again in Berlin which he had left at age 15 shortly after the pogrom of November 1938. There he became a journalist and a convinced supporter of the DDR regime.

His book "Träume zu Asche", published last year, consists of a collection of reminiscences beginning with his boyhood during the late 1920s and early 1930s. His main focus though is on the nazi period and the DDR where he spent most of his life.

There are doubtless similar accounts by writers and journalists from the former communist world which record their initial fervent support for the new socialist regime, fervent support which finally ended in disillusionment. It comes as no surprise that Jacobus had great difficulty with the task of setting down his experiences. In his epigraph he thanks a friend for his encouragement, "etwas aufzuschreiben, was sehr schwer fällt."

Part of his account amounts to a painful exercise in self-revelation. He is painstakingly honest about his initial enthusiasm for the socialist experiment in the DDR, although his faith is jolted quite early in the piece when after close interrogation by the Stasi he is incarcerated for 7 months. After his release, he decided to remain in the DDR, believing that things would improve with Stalin's death.

Elsewhere Jacobus writes quite touchingly about his childhood, especially his mother whom he saw for the last time on the railway station from which he caught a train that took him to England shortly before the outbreak of war. The abovementioned friend comments: Du warst 15 Jahre, als dich deine Mutter 1938 mit einem Schild um den Hals ausser Landes schickte. Sie rettete dich und deinen Bruder vor dem Grauen, dem sie nicht entkam." (p.4) Understandably, the author is quite bitter about her fate: "Als die Wagenschläge hinter ihr und ihren Leidensgefährten, hinter Träumen und Ängsten die Welt für immer verriegelten,, als mit beginnender Fahrt die Abgase ins Innere gelenkt wurden- deutsche Wertarbeit, mit Gründlichkeit erdacht- was drang da nach aussen in die Welt?" (p.26)

As well, he is very critical of the record of the West German Government with respect to nazi war criminals which, as readers of "Dunera News" know only too well, leaves a lot to be desired. Jacobus also instances, among others, the case of Dr Hans Globke, who wrote the commentary for the antisemitic Nurnberg racial laws and after the war became senior advisor to Chancellor Adenauer.

Jacobus's critical stance towards the former Bundesrepublik is expressed repeatedly. "Es ist im letzten Jahr nicht nur die Gedenkstätte von Sachsenhausen in Rauch und Feuer aufgegangen, ich habe auch schon wieder Sieg-Heil Brüllern gegenübergestanden. Erinnern ist das Mindeste, was unsereiner dagegenhalten kann und muss..."

19
Despite the fact that there is some irritating spelling and grammatical errors and the setting out is not always satisfactory, "Träume zu Asche" makes interesting reading. It is an important book, not only because it gives an honest account of the author's hopes for a post-war millenium in the DDR, (hopes which were severely dashed) but also because it touches on horrific events in Europe during the first half of our century which must never be forgotten or swept under the carpet.

Hans Jacobus - Träume zu Asche
Copyright by Spotless Verlag, 107 pp.

W.M. McHein

The Sandbeetle

(London, Hodder & Stoughton, A\$34.95)

Zina Rohan, the author, is a daughter of George Rapp. Dunera Boys may remember his lines of a Hay "musical": "What will you drink, Sir, you're in the pink, Sir, you are o.k., don't you think, Sir?" and his poem about "the dead refusing to die" surrounded by "wire in need of a shave".

The book, which may have started out as a fictionalised biography of her father and is presented as if written by him, ends up as a novel containing some biographical bits taken from his life but hardly alters its fictional character, particularly in its later pages.

The young man's bewilderment at finding himself treated as an enemy after having come to England as a schoolboy in '33, studying at Oxford, and feeling genuinely English, was probably not exactly the state of most Dunera Boys' reaction at being arrested, but most pertinent to them and their families is the long description of internment, transportation, and Hay, in which little is invented and much will stir readers' memories and imaginations.

The details I know of George's post-war life are not reported. The book resembles the "Bildungsroman" of old; it shows the development of an uprooted boy into an uncertain student, then into a successful businessman, and simultaneously the maturation of a poetic soul into a personality acquiring wisdom and resignation, destined to die rather early (as George did), and capable of serenity.

Ms Rohan writes with a detachment which yet succeeds in retaining humour and tenderness even in the episodes of horror which fate imposes on the hero. However factual or fictional the story, she has created a memoir of love for George Rapp.

Klaus Loewald.

PS - On latest advice the hardcover is sold out and a paperback edition is expected to come out later this year at a lower price.

FRANZ PHILIPP

Virginia Spate pays tribute to the historian Franz Philipp

Virginia Spate

Since I cannot in a short space give an adequate account of Franz Philipp's contribution to Australian culture, I shall focus on my too brief encounter with him when I was an undergraduate, postgraduate and tutor in the Fine Arts Department of the University of Melbourne between 1956 and 1961. Although my memories suggest a disturbing ignorance of a vital part of our history, they articulate something of the manner in which those whom Fascism had forced out of their familiar lives helped shape Australian intellectual life.

To students in a very 'Anglo-Celtic' university, Franz had a mysterious aura. It was whispered that he had studied with the 'greats' of art history – those with German names. Yet I, at least, was curiously ill-informed as to where he studied: in his Honours course on the history of art history, neither the Viennese School nor any of his teachers – who included von Schlosser, Tietze and Sedlmayer – were named. It was rumoured that he had been shabbily treated by the University, which refused to recognise the degree he had gained at one of the world's greatest universities.

It is surprising to me now how little we knew. I was not ignorant of the terrible history of Europe in the 1930s, but somehow did not make connections between that world and this. In retrospect I wonder if, during those Cold War years, we simply did not wish to 'connect'.

A 1954 curriculum vitae now enables me



Franz Philipp photographed by Nigel Buesit at The Grange, Harkaway. Buesit went with Philipp to The Grange to photograph Arthur Boyd's *Invocoes*.

to think of the dense and tragic experience encapsulated in its laconic phrases: after taking his degree in the history of art (as well as history, archaeology, philosophy and Romance languages – he already had Latin and Greek) at the University of Vienna, Philipp's doctoral thesis was broken off by 'the events of 1938' – the *Anschluss* – the German take-over of Austria.

'Left Austria in June 1939, came to England on an agricultural immigration permit and worked there until May 1940 as a farm

labourer. Was interned and sent to Australia; joined the AMF in March 1942; discharged in March 1946'. What this does not say was that Franz Philipp was one of those refugees who, in 'a deplorable mistake' (Churchill's words), were shipped out from England on the notorious *Danona* and shamefully interned in 'Camp 8' at Hay, 750 kilometres from Sydney. It was there, in the extraordinary improvised university on the arid plains of south-western New South Wales, that his art history re-emerged, as he taught with others who were to contribute to Australian art, such as Hirschfeld-Mack and Leonhard Adam.

Once released and in the Australian Military Forces, he began studying for a Bachelor of Arts Honours degree in History at the University of Melbourne. He obtained his degree in 1946, the same year that he married an Australian, June Rowley.

It was ten years later that I first attended the lectures of Mr Philipp (no 'Franz' in those days!). They were difficult. It was not simply his accent, not simply that he seemed almost to be thinking aloud to himself, but that he never pretended that the tough problems of Renaissance art history were easy. With facile intolerance, I decided he was not a good teacher. It was only later that I realised the compliment he paid us in assuming that we had the intelligence to confront the really hard problems of interpretation. His rigour could be frightening, but I gradually acquired the sense that this was because he was

of his intense engagement.

When I became a postgraduate, I also seemed to graduate as a friend, yet still Franz said remarkably little about his past. The simple phrase, 'the events of March 1938' was characteristic. Was his reticence due to his innate courtesy? Was it impossible to find a way of speaking about the intense culture of Viennese Jewish life that had been destroyed? Did he feel that we simply could not understand?

Franz's dedication to the intellectual rigour of his European education never led him to denigrate the experience of his Australian students. He never taught us that culture was 'over there', and that what we had here was some weak imitation.

This stance was scarcely comprehensible during the miserable cultural cringe of the late 1950s, but he made it credible by writing a major book on Arthur Boyd, a book which proves that learning can be both passionate and eloquent.

Franz hated sloppy writing, jargon or clichés: he edited with a ruthlessness which could hurt, but which was nearly always justified. And he, when he had been my age, had had experience of the ways in which warped language could be used to destroy – to destroy lives, to destroy societies, to destroy a civilisation.

Franz Philipp refused to lie – or to soften his statement of belief. When I was a tutor, staff meetings were riven by ferocious arguments in which Germano-Austrian art history met English 'fine arts' head-on. Yet it was he – as his then opponent, Professor Joseph Burke, later acknowledged – who gave intellectual shape to the Melbourne Fine Arts Department, the first one in Australia.

I could not know what grief he had for the society, the culture he had lost, though I knew of his joy when he had academic leave to continue his work on El Greco. When I met him in London, he was endlessly generous in sharing his passion for the works in the great collections, which we visited in a kind of pictorial frenzy.



ARTHUR BOYD BY FRANZ PHILIPP

Arthur Boyd

THAMES AND HUDSON

Cover of Franz Philipp's book Arthur Boyd, Thames and Hudson, London, 1981

Franz died suddenly on overseas leave in London in 1970. I went to his funeral. It was a sparkling early summer day, and I still feel my rage that the ugliness of the service seemed to betray his life. He should not have died then, but when I now think of how many of his students teach, write, work in art museums, or simply look at art, I realise that his life had that fulfilment that any teacher must desire. He gave with selflessness and great generosity to the country which did not for many years welcome what he had to offer. He taught us the value of language, the joys of intellectual pursuit; the intensity of experience that can be had before the work of art, and the absolute centrality of this experience to our discipline. In this sense, those great Viennese teachers are in us.

Virginia Spate is Professor of Fine Arts, University of Sydney, and Head of the Power Institute

NOSTALGIA VISIT TO BRESLAU (WROCLAW)

PETER EDEN (Werner Engel) Deputy Chairman of the Dunera (Europe) association took a trip to his birthplace in 1993 and reports -

The train trip from Berlin in a delapidated prewar German 1st class carriage was the first evidence of neglect, broken arm and headrests, stripped toilet, no refreshment facilities, taking 6 hours with 1 hour at the frontier. Arriving at midnight, one only taxi at the station, took them to the very basic Russian type Hotel Wroclaw.

Luckily, a nice, German speaking, taxidriver took them in his Mercedes on a tour of the 100% Polish city, no sign of any former German names left. All cemeteries are ploughed in, except the Jewish ones which are being maintained and, in fact, showing evidence of Jewish burials on some gravestones until the end of 1941.

The city fathers wanted to hand over the keys to the advancing Russians but the SS Commander decided otherwise, resulting in 75% destruction, some of which like the old Marketplace have been faithfully reconstructed. Old German trams are toddling along, and on the whole it looks a mess. There are no restaurants. The Wertheim Warenhaus survived somewhat, called Centrum now, poorly fitted out, with little to buy. However, Western goods are coming in, the Zloty being hard, convertible currency. The Suedpark seems as tranquil as ever. Outside the park was the Gestapo headquarters. A school has replaced the Neue Synagoge destroyed in the Kristallnacht. The Polizeipraesidium as well as the Jarhunderthalle are still there, the latter was a hospital during the war.

The Engel's family home in the Scharnhorst strasse was the only building left standing, now converted into 11 flats.

Travelling back to Berlin by taxi rather than the uncomfortable train, there were many a wrecked tank and other weaponry along the old Autobahn which although in poor condition, is still serviceable.

Anybody seeking information re Jewish graves can write, in German, direct to "MUSEUM HISTORYCZNE WE WROCLAWIU
UL. SUKIENNICE 14/15, 50-107 WROCLAW, POLAND.

but success is doubtful, the old burial records are destroyed, and they have only an index of those graves that have been renovated.

Lt.-Col. W.P.Scott,
Commanding "Q" Troops.

X

To

Colonel Robertson,
Room 576,
Hobart House,
War Office, London.

At Sea

Sir,

I have received information from Australian Military H.Q. Southern Command that certain complaints are being brought forward by Jewish lawyers amongst the internees at Hay camp.

We may take these complaints under the following headings:-

1. Brutality on board.
2. Rifling of baggage.
3. Loss of money.

1. I have reported to you in previous reports that these internees were badly disciplined, belligerent and demanding, and had perforce to be brought to order. There was no brutality whatsoever - the only hardship that defaulters had to undergo was detention in the cells on a diet of bread and water.

In dealing with 2. as explained before internees became lousy and 'crab' ridden. In order to tackle this problem and keys not being available baggage had to be burst open in order to obtain clothing, linen etc.. The same applying when the weather became cold, with regard to suits of clothing and overcoats.

In dealing with 3. frequent cases of bribing of Ship's crew and others had by this time come to my notice. I instituted searches on three occasions and was completely baffled in obtaining any signs of money at all. During disembarkation at Sydney, I took it upon myself to watch closely the packing of effects by internees, and saw one man going over to the quay with a large bundle of notes which would amount to at least £200. Further, on search at Internment Camps, I am informed that £575 was recovered from the Italians and £40 from the Nazis. I have not yet received figures in regard to the Alien Hebrews but would imagine it to be at least £1,000.

I strongly refute the implications of these Hebrew lawyers that soldiers under my Command have been either brutal or rapacious and consider that such complaints in these times of stress should not only be ignored but if necessary suppressed.

Further to the above, the fact that only five Hospital cases were landed in Australia reflects credit I think, on the care that was taken to safeguard the welfare of all on board.

I have the honour to be Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(SIGNED) W.P. SCOTT.

Lt.-Col.

ANY REFERENCE TO SHIPPING OR TROOP MOVEMENTS WILL RESULT IN THE DELAY OR MUTILATION OF THIS LETTER

ERNEST J. HAREWOOD, O.B.E.
LT.-COMMISSIONER

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
Eastern Australia—140 Elizabeth St., Sydney, N.S.W.

RED SHIELD HUTS-HOSTELS



FOR AUSTRALIAN TROOPS

FROM:—
No. _____
NAME _____
UNIT _____

Patron:
RT. HON. WM. HUGHES, P.C.
_____ CAMP
_____ 19__

In association with the
LORD MAYOR'S PATRIOTIC & WAR FUND
OF N.S.W.

The Beaver Siegfried Grossbard
has voluntarily assisted in the Q.M.
Stores at Hay for a period of months
and is honest and reliable and very
willing. Anyone requiring assistance
can honestly recommend.

A. J. O'Connor
Hay.

RECEIVED FROM MICHAEL GORDON
Son of Sigi Grossbard



RED SHIELD HUTS
for Australian Troops

914



POSTAGE
PAID
AUSTRALIA

If undeliverable return to:
DUNERA NEWS, c/-
87 Clow St. DANDENONG
Victoria, 3175 AUSTRALIA.

**WRITE
TO US**

Letters and articles for publication are welcome. Please supply name, address, phone number, and send to DUNERA NEWS, c/- 87 Clow Street, Dandenong Vic. 3175.

NEXT CLOSING DATE - SEPTEMBER 15th 1994.



KWIK-KOPY PRINTING CENTRE 480 ST KILDA ROAD
MELBOURNE VIC 3004 TELEPHONE (03) 867 2088 FAX (03) 866 2906