

Letter from 1954

My brother Tenne emigrated in 1954 on the German passenger ship *SS Seven Seas*. The first postcards from him arrived from Cape Town, South Africa, where the first emigrants disembarked. Tenne continued on with the remaining passengers to Western Australia, to the port city of Fremantle, near Perth. It was early morning on 22 November 1954 when Tenne stepped ashore.

He stayed in Perth for the first few days before travelling to Shannon River, a small village where he found work as a surveyor. We could hardly complain about the lack of letters—Tenne wrote to us on anything he could find. He even used brown wrapping paper when he ran out of stationery.

Out there in Australia, he was truly pioneering. He slept in tents, wrote stories about snakes, kangaroos, and vast distances. We could barely imagine what life was like on the other side of the world. Tenne had a natural sense of direction. Apart from his geodetic and gyro theodolite instruments, he told us how sometimes a small plane would drop a bag of flour to mark a point—and ten kilometres further, another one. He never had any trouble finding them; he could walk straight to each marker. That, he liked to say, is why the roads in Western Australia are so beautifully straight.

Bert Broekman

