

26th June 1919.

The change over in Bremen to the Wharf, seemed so complicated to me, as travelling for a greenhorn to a foreign land, without knowing the language. At the station I saw my baskets coming off the train. I wanted to ask, if they would bring them to the boat, but I couldn't get a satisfactory reply to my question. Maybe because the German dialogue in Bremen was different, and so difficult for them to understand me. I couldn't find a cart, and with my baskets and parcels, I went on foot to the boat.

Coming nearer to the boat, I met a mass of people, over 1000; some were ready to continue their long voyage, some were engaged in conversation with the stewards, to find their cabins. It was difficult to get to the 1st steward, but the whole mass of people were gay and happy.

I stood on board of boat with my luggage beside me, wondering what's going on, who and where I should ask, where to go and place my wandswag, and where to lie down. 49 days of sea voyage was before me.

I was tired from carrying the luggage from the station, to the boat and here I met such a crowd, and I had to wait for the head steward, and until today I had the feeling, that I alone felt so desolate at leaving my home with my wanderswag, for the south continent, a foreign land, without the language, to establish a new home. And I felt even more desolate, looking at those that took leave of their friends, like parents taking leave of children, where sisters and brothers take leave of each other. It was pleasant to see friends come to say farewell to those going to the other side of the world.

I observed all around me, I looked upon it with friendliness, but felt lonely without even a face I knew. Maybe I was last on the stewards list, but soon he helped me, with my luggage, and to the second floor below, and showed me number 45, where he pointed was my bed.

Here I found myself in a narrow room, with inbuilt beds only, and if I had enough money at the time, to pay more, I would have done so, to avoid remaining in that room. A long time I circled around that bed and asked myself "Is it possible that I should roam around with halfdrunk people that I met here, for 49 days", but now I say that a person can achieve thru experience, which is necessary for his being, only thru the process of suffering.

When I placed my parcel on my bed, I felt that I would get used to the room, and the people. I went back to the deck, to join the other people.

I met 3 young people, with a woman, who were moving very quickly, and they looked at me very particularly, they spoke quietly and all I could hear was "Itzik what do you say, a ritual kitchen". One of them with a red beard and payes, looked very busy and once in a while grits his teeth and said "On my ticket it says Ritual Kitchen, they must give me ritual food". I didn't feel friendly towards those types, with their ritual kitchen, and I decided to keep myself apart from "Ritual Kitchen", and I understood that they must be Jews.

3rd July 1919.

At 12 o'clock the Captain appeared at the top of the deck and thru a loud speaker, he addressed the sailors. Everyone of them reported to his job, music started to play, a sailors march, they started to pull the ropes from the wharf, the ship started moving, and ever heart beat faster.

On the boat remained only those who were to be its passengers, still throwing kisses and words of love, and hand signs of love, to their friends, who were to remain on the other side of the ocean.

I stood on the deck, in a corner, holding in my hand, the picture of my wife and child, and shed tears, and never felt as lonely, as on this boat that was, to take me, from the Bremen port, to the south continent. Every time I lifted my eyes I was seeing, the crowd which was left on the other side, and it reminded me of my wife, child, parents, brothers and sisters, who I cant reach with my eyes, and so standing lonely in the corner of the boat, which was going forward, a women approached me, with a young man, of those 3, I mentioned before. She started to speak to me in Jewish, with a Polish accent, and asked me, " Young man you are Jewish isn't it so, Where are you going." My answer was " I'm travelling to Melbourne". They were pleased to say that they also were going to Melbourne. Then she said, on this boat, we are the only Jews. We will include you in our company, and that will make it more lively. The woman understood my sadness, and warmly, she asked the cause of my sadness, and I told her, " how could it be otherwise, when I have left my wife, child, parents and family, on the other side of the ocean. She noticed the picture, of my wife and child, in my hand, and wanted to see it. Then she showed it to the man. She Said it was a beautiful child, and she tried to console me, " believe me my friend, we also left behind parents in Poland. We come from Warsaw. My Mother lives in Lodz, but it want help now to be sad, you will shortly bring them out, and you will live happily in the free Australia.

She called her brother and introduced him to me, also the other young man approached us, and for a long time, we stood on deck of the ship, talking about our future, and often remembering our past. They mentioned Russia with bitterness, and hated Poland even more. And so conversing and hoping for a better future, we noticed how far we were from the Port of Bremen, that we left, and didn't see anything but water around us.

We heard the sound of a bell, from the bottom of the boat, and it was already 6 in the evening and tea time. They asked me if there was any indication on my ticket of Ritual Food, because one of their tickets, read that they were to get Kosher meals. We went down to the dining room, and were seated at one table, and we were given food that was as ritual to me, as it was to them. The evening passed very pleasantly, the water was calm, and we couldn't even notice that we were moving, or standing still. This first night on the boat, I felt very tired, and when I remember the evening if this voyage, it was to remember how quickly it passed. The voyage from Bremen Port, went very well.

Next day at 2 o'clock we stopped at the port of Antwerp (Holland).

12th July 1919.

After 49 days at sea, my destiny brought me here, on the 2nd March 1914. The next day I had to find a place to stay, and that, what is called a job. I started to feel that, I'm not at home. My first step was, to buy paper to write a letter home, but tell me my yiddish readers, who dont know English, HOW would you ask for it? I tried to help myself with German, asked for Post Paper, but I felt, it was dark in front of my eyes, and no, I wasn't understood. My friend gave me a pad and I sent home, the story of my voyage, but this didn't help my green life. I went to look for a job, and went around a lot, but, even if I had money for travel, for tram, or train, it wouldn't help me, because I didn't know where I was going, or what I'm looking for. One thing was clear to me, I must earn enough to live on. After 8 or 9hrs of circling, feeling desolate without the language in this big foreign city, Melbourne, I came to a factory and the sign seemed familiar, like the ones at home, the grocery warehouse, I left in Russia, and it seemed to me, that I could speak to them. I forgot for a moment that I must speak only in English, and if the reader of these lines, is familiar with Australia, he knows how hard, it is to get by with another language. I studied the merchandise for a while, and then I approached the door. I felt at this moment, degraded, and decided to get thru the door to the office, to ask for a job. I told them, I came from Russia, where I had traded in food (groceries). I'm familiar with machines, I'm looking for work, and I dont mind what I do, as long as I can earn a living. I couldn't understand their answer and I showed them, I would like to have it written on paper. Only then did they know what I meant, finger language. When I got the paper I was happy to know, I had the job in machinery, to turn hooks, bolts, grease axles, clean teeth of the machine, a job to earn, but how can I read whats on the paper. A man passed, and I asked him, half in German, half in Yiddish to please read the paper to me, which he did, " They dont need you here".

24th July 1919.

This answer didn't give me, a chance of a livelihood. On the third day, I started looking for a job, in the shops. I found many open doors, but I didn't know how to ask, where to go, and I couldn't approach it, I didn't have any experience.

After a long while of going from one door to another, I read a sign " Issacson ". This name had a sound to my ears, and I took courage to enter, the door of a kitchenware shop. A little later I stood before Mr. Issacson, took off my hat, as was the custom in the land of the Tzar, my heart was pounding, and with a cramp in my stomach, which asked for food, and I didn't know how to speak English, so I told him in Yiddish, my whole biography. On the 21st Dec, 1913, I left Russia, I was there a trader in grocery, I came here without a trade, no language, and very little money. The only thing I ask of him is to give me some work. I will wash glasses, dry the plates, I will nail the boxes, clean, do anything to earn money.

He listened to me and I don't know, if he didn't want to understand me, because his answer was in German " What did you come here for, without a trade", I heard the clatter of the cash register, and he handed me a sovereign - 10 rubles. My heart contracted from those words. " No Mr. Issacson not for this, I came 17000 miles, with my sweat and hard work, I want to earn money, until I learn the language".

He understood that I refused the sovereign, and he put it back into the cash register. With a soft voice he said, he can do nothing for me.

I asked him " Mr. Issacson, could you tell me please, where I can find a job, I am prepared to do anything to earn money. He told me to come, back tomorrow, to see him, at 10:30 in the morning. He will give me a letter.

I returned to my room, as lonely as a stone, dead tired, and missing my family very, very much, and all things familiar.

7th August 1919.

On the 4th day, when I got the letter, I had to go 8-10 miles, to a leather factory. Mr. Issacson told me in German, that he thinks, I will not be able to work in this factory, because it is very hard work. I wished him a good day, and went to the station. After a long while I arrived there. My money was very limited, 9 pennies, was left, and that was Russian 30 rupecks, and here I stood thinking how to buy a ticket. I handed to the cashier the envelope with the address, where I was to go, and also my 9 pence. He read the address, looked at me blankly. He looked friendly, but couldn't understand me, returned my 9 pence, apparently my money was not enough for a ticket. I stood a while thinking, maybe to walk there, but how will I find the way, and again I felt my bitter life. I stood for a long time, at the cashiers box, and asked myself, what did I come here for, what am I doing here, and what will tomorrow bring, I'm lost with an impossible future, I'm of no use to anybody, and how could I go back home to my birthplace, where the sun and the moon, were shining for me, where I can use my mother tongue, and where I can have my wish, like all other people. How bitter it is in a foreign land, what is the cost of man, when he has for a second time to learn everything strange for him, again, and get used to it, all. In the word foreigner, and greenhorn, we understand and feel, so small, like a seed in the soil, and then when it has had enough moister and rain, from above, it starts to germinate and grow higher. Only when you suffer extremely, with sweat, you get colonized in a foreign land, and so thinking of the meaning of strangeness for people, I had a thought " Dont think what tomorrow will bring you, because you dont know what today, holds for you".

A porter who noticed me, standing for so long at the ticket box, approached me, and started to speak to me in English. I then used my finger signs, and it looked as if he understood. He bought me a ticket, gave me back my 9 pence, and explained the way to me (finger fashion).

So I arrived there with difficulty, and many questions. A while later I stood in front, of a tall man, with a stiff collar, great belly, thick cigar in his mouth. He is what is called the boss. He was a big man with muscles. I handed him the letter, and after he read it, he put again, the cigar in his mouth, coughed, and said " You dont speak English. I have no work for you". It became dark in front of my eyes, and I started to console myself with the thought that, I saw many animals at the zoo, I only wondered, how nature, put on this individual, a white skin. And my feelings towards people, were darker than the black, of the black negros.

16th March 1920.

It was the second week after I arrived in Melbourne, a Friday, the 2nd day, since I lodged with Mrs. Finius Uptag.

I went into the city, to look for a place to pawn my watch, in order to get a few pounds, to quiet my rumbling stomach. Like a job, that is not easy to fulfill, in a foreign land. I knew back home, that there were people, who occupied themselves in this business, but it was difficult for me, to find them.

Passing by I noticed a man with a long beard, and I asked him in Yiddish, "Tell me please, where lives Mr. Rabinov." Oh he said "Rabinov's address is Port Melbourne. You take the green tram, and it will bring you to his house. It only cost 2 pence for the ticket." The man apparently didn't understand, that I didn't have even 2 pennies, and so I returned to my room. And so with sadness I looked all around me, and asked myself, "Where from will you get help. I am lost, and how terrible it is for a person, who can understand, and see everything, but can't speak," and so spinning fantasies about my future, my landlord entered my room, and started asking me "how is it going". He heard that I haven't got enough to live on, and wanted to give me a few pounds.

It made me angry. I explained to him, "not for this did I come here, and if you understand my present position in this foreign land, by finding work for me, where I can earn, the money I need." He consoled me and encouraged me, not to lose

face, and continued "This is a land, where nobody gets lost. Here are men, Slutzkin, Zelmanov & Wazman. They will not leave you in the state you are, and if you can't find a job, start hawking."

The word hawking, didn't please me.

Mr. Slutzkin one of the representatives of the Melbourne Jewish Society, those overseers of the green Jewish migrants in Melbourne, are the first to swallow the green muscle strength. But what can you do, in a foreign land, without the language, you must oblige in everything.

The landlord spent quite a while with me, and told me, about his parcel of troubles, what he had to suffer in the first years of his green life, and asked me again, not to refuse to take a few pounds from him, for the time being. He heard, I'm looking for Rabinov to pawn my watch, and asked me to give up this idea, and rather take a few pounds. He will talk to his friends, and will try to get work for me, and when I earn money, I can return the loan. Most of all I was happy to hear that maybe, he can help me, thru his friends, to find a job that will earn me money.

My destiny brought me to, on the 17th March 1914., 15 days after my arrival, I decided to become a hawker, this was to be a trail.

Conditions and circumstances, change a man, either to the side of good or bad, and it is true, that my economic conditions, from that day, dragged me towards the capitalistic world, in which I remain today. I see the way before me, to liberate myself, of the chains of the private ownership. Only then, the society will find itself in different conditions, and only those hot heads, who say that I'm not right,

will come to see it for themselves. They'll see, that under this system and society where private ownership is in power, and if G'D, doesn't cheat or rob, this society, doesn't this society, rob the man? So whats the good of this world, if there is no other? And now the troubles started for me, and I started to feel, what I had to get used to. My friend felt pity for me, and helped me to become a hawker. 2 suitcases with a stupid long zipp, about 26 in, wide and 18 in, tall, both the same size.

His help consisted of giving me, some £75 worth of stock, which included ladies frocks, shirts, slacks, and they had their prices marked on them. And I, the trader of grocery's from Russia, after I broke my legs, looking for a job, became a hawker of Ladies Ware. But dont think, my dear readers, that it is so good, to be a hawker.

He gave me a list in Yiddish of necessities. Only the one can understand, what means, a green life in a foreign land, who has a commercial list, written with Yiddish words, like a dictionary, and must learn from it.

It is now 5 yrs, since I wrote this book, 5 yrs, have gone by, since I started colonization. With this beginning, and even now, when I think, how I started, a new life in the foreign land, is this list, very dear to me, in which, it was Yiddish " Would you mind to have a look at nice ladies cloths." The note was written phonetically. That meant, when I arrived at the country and knocked at the door, I was supposed to ask these words in English. Also on my list, was written, how I have to ask for a vacant bed, in a hotel, what time I can get a meal, how to get to the station, and other necessities, which were consisting, of the requirements to get by. He wrote how to buy a ticket, to show the list to the cashier, and that they will know, in which direction I am to go. On this list was written how long I am to stay in one town, and which day, and what time, I have to leave the town, and which day after 5 weeks, I'm to go back to Melbourne.

All this was done phonetically.

25th March 1920.

After I studied well this list, I took leave from my friend, and with those 2 suitcases, weighing not less than 120 lbs, I took them into my hands. My friend bought me a ticket, and said that next day at 3p.m., I will have to get off the train. And so, for the first time, I found myself on the Melbourne express, travelling thru fields and forests, but dumb. People were addressing me, with friendly faces, but until today I haven't got a clue, what they were saying. Next day at 2:30, I was listening keenly to the sound of every station, that was called. When the train stopped and if the letters on the station were the same, as on my list, I knew where the train had stopped. And so at 3p.m., at the time my friend had told me, I knew, I had to get off the train. Also the letters on my ticket indicated it to me. This meant, that it was now time for me, to pick up my 2 suitcases and walk from house to house, and try to sell my goods. I was crowned, in this first land, where I became a hawker. I remember very well my first stop, " Baldale ". It looked to me, neither here nor there. Until today I don't believe, Baldale, is a geographic name. I asked myself " what kind of country town is it, if its a country town, where are the people, or the houses, its surely not too far, from the station, but it didn't even have a real station, and about 15miles from here, there is no village? ". I didn't see any houses in Baldale. All I saw, in this country, was about 10 dwellings, 4 or 5 churches, a post, bank, baker, butcher, 2 or 3 fruit shops and a hardware shop, and that was the main street in the centre of this country. Only one building looked better than the others, and that, they called Hotel. If its far from that, what we call a Hotel, because the owner, considers it for the purpose of drinking, where too much is being drunk, what they call whisky. Until today I maintain, that this piece of country, is called Baldale, because it is the name of black wild Australia. There is another small house in Baldale, with the sign Police Station. I was astonished when I passed by the cemetery, I saw there, many more people, even more than were in Baldale, and I had the impression that the Police men, in Baldale, had the duty to oversee the dead, and not the living population. That is what they call the country around Baldale, because, as far as the eye can see, you could see, one house very distant from the other, and I, the once grocery warehouse owner, from Russia, travelled 1700 miles, to Australia, to walk with my 2 legs and 2 suitcases in my hands, from one house to another. I started to learn from the first time, looking at my list, and repeating a few times to myself, how to leave my cases, at the baggage office. I had the impression, that I spoke exactly as it is written, in my list, " I want to leave it in the cloakroom ". but the porter looked at me strangely, and not friendly. I didn't understand why, and I thought, maybe, it is the same with the porters, as it is with the "Reds", meaning, if you don't grease, you can't travel. But in my list, it said nothing about, how its done in Australia, because this is a free country, and here is no bribery. I couldn't leave my luggage in the cloakroom, and it was left, as it was thrown from the train. I stood for a long

3rd April 1920.

After a long time, standing at the station, I was thinking, is it Baldale, and so I lifted my suitcases and became a hawker. Only the person can understand, what it means, to be a hawker, who himself, has been a hawker. I was crawling, not walking, because, the 2 cases, were very heavy, until I came to a house. At the first two, or three houses, I was ashamed to knock at the door, because, I didn't know what to say, actually, I read a few times, what was written on my list, and when I came to the third house, I knocked, very quickly, and when the door was opened, I uttered the words that were on my list. I dont know whether, they told me to open my cases, but I remember well, that I opened them straight away. A middle aged women, looked at my goods, on the threshold of the door, and spoke to me, much more than I could understand. She inspected everything, and reminded me, of the name of my friend Mr. Zimet. She chose 2 childrens frocks, and took them inside. I stood a long time at the door, but she didn't hand me any money. I wasn't worried, because my friend, had told me, if someone will mention his mane, I can leave the goods without money. After speaking to her, in a mixture of Yiddish, German and a little Russian, with some English from my list, I had to leave the door, and told her, it would be better, if she payed me right away. My heart told me, that I have lost the money, but I was happy, because, my case was lighter.

my spirit of career, has changed. My thought to study Chemistry, I had to completely give away. I understood, that now, there was nothing I can help my father with, even those, who were alive on the other side of the ocean, I couldn't help, over the wall, which the capitalistic England, and her allies, built in front of the free Russia, and so time went by until 14th Oct. 1920, when I received, after 3yrs, the awaited card, from my wife. She notified me, that she and our child, were now in Wouzeve, with the rest of the family.

At the time I had a shop in Ballarat, and I was very friendly with the Editor of The Ballarat Times, a W.J. Allan.

He helped me to write to the Minister of Homes and Territories, asking for permission for me to go home, or permission for me, to bring out, my family to Australia.

On the 29th Sept, 1920, I received a letter that the Minister for Home and Territories cant see his way clear to help.

One day, when I was with my friend W.J. Allan, he wanted to know my views about Australia. I told him, about the letter that I received from the Minister, and explained what this letter means, for a free country, like Australia. I went on to say, doesn't he believe that the Australian Constitution means, justice for everybody? Is there justice, in the letter he wrote me? To separate a man from a wife, for over 4yrs.

Mr. Allan understood my view, of his free Australia, and stopped the conversation. I wasn't satisfied, and asked him, his opinion of it. In the begining it was difficult for me to convince him of the truth, of all I had related, and asked if he would like to read my letters to the Minister. He agreed, and a few days later, I took all the copies, to him. He read them all, and changed his mind, about his free Australia, and promised me, that it would be printed, in the Ballarat Times.