

5th Jan, 1921.

I must admit that my friend W. J. Allan, helped me a lot, in the correspondence, with the Minister, with the application for the permit, for my family to leave Russia for Australia.

On the 2nd Dec 1920, he wrote the first letter, to the Ballarat Daily Press, Cootia Star, and Eccho. There he published, how the treatment of me, took place in the free Australia. These were his words, "Under the migration laws, in the Commonwealth, Mr. J. L. Komesarook of Bridge Street, Ballarat, was oppressed and everybody sympathized, with him. 7 years before the beginning of the war, he came to Australia, to find happiness. His wife and son of 4months, were supposed to join him, when he had a home ready for them. The war broke out, and his plans were foiled. For 3 years, Mr. Komesarook didn't receive a letter, from his wife. The only news he received from his birthplace, was a card, with the sad news, of the death of his father. Each week he sends a letter to his wife, and it comes back to him, with the note from the Commonwealth, "The postal communications, with Russia, is now not friendly." Mr. Komesarook is very worried for his wife and son, who is now 7 years old. He asks, in the name of humanity, for just treatment, from the Commonwealth. He wants a passport to his motherland, to join his wife and child, or he asks the Commonwealth, for the right to bring them out here. The Premier of Great Britain explained many times, in the English Parliament, that there is no war, between England and Russia, and yet our free Commonwealth, has oppressed Mr. Komesarook, they neither give him a passport, or allow him to bring his family out. What do we need a passport system, in our free Commonwealth. I would like to know, what, the authorities intend to do about this, unjust treatment of Mr. Komesarook. Many letters were already written to the Minister of Home and Territories. Mr. Komesarook has tried to be a good citizen of the Commonwealth, Why shouldn't we help him, to bring out his family. As a guarantee, to the Commonwealth Mr. Komesarook will pay £1000 bond, if they permit him home, or to bring out his family. But the present dictatorship of the Commonwealth is not willing.

Even then, the fact that I had openly explained my oppressed situation, to the four Ministers of Parliament, G. Maxwell, Senator W. Boltin, Dr. Maloney and D. C. Mc Grath, and the oppression of the authorities, on the 17th Jan 1921, I received a letter from the Minister, given to me, by D. C. McGrath. The Minister wrote, that the present point of view of the government, is against, letting in to Australia, migrants from Russia, and with this approach, was the application from Mr. Komesarook refused. I can do nothing in this case, and I must refuse this application.

My friend Mr. W. J. Allan didn't expect such injustice, by his Australian Government. On the 22nd Jan. he wrote, an open letter in the Melbourne Herald, under the title, "A Russian Dilemma, Separated From Family".

In this letter, he opened his heart, but he made a small impact, on the authorities,

and we agreed that as we spoke with the members of parliament, we should prepare a petition, to the Parliament, which should sit for a session on the 12th Feb.

The Melbourne Herald published his short letter.

Russian and Australia Entry Forbidden.

Petition to Parliament.

The secretary of State, replied, that he cannot change his decision on Mr. Komesarook application.

A number of business men in Melbourne and in Ballarat, are preparing, a petition to the Parliament, in which they ask the Parliament to open the doors for Mr Komesarook to be reunited with his family, either in Russia or Australia. Those letters that were published in the paper, started a feeling in the people, towards the oppressive treatment of the authorities, and it brought about, that the authorities, started to think about my application.

A week later, when I came to G. Maxwell, to ask him to sign my petition, he did not refuse, but asked me to wait until he, will see personally, the Minister for Home and Territories.

On the 22nd April I received a letter from G. Maxwell, voicing the hope, that I already had heard about.

The discussion in cabinet, re my application, and he is very happy, the Minister told me, that he will permit me, to go to Russia, and he will allow me, to bring my wife, child and mother to Australia, but not the brothers and sisters, and the rest of the family. He hoped that I will shortly be able to bring out all the others. When I was speaking with the Minister, about your case, I met Senator Boltin and Jolly Ingrad, and we are all happy to hear the Ministers statement about your application.

Shortly afterwards I handed in my application for a naturalization certificate. All papers I had to receive from the Police and Governor General, were to inquire about the right to give me a naturalization certificate. They were marked URGENT, so that I should be ready to leave, by the first available boat.

On the 3rd May, I received my naturalization certificate, on the 22nd May, I received my passport, and a letter, to the High Commissioner, in London. This is the content of the letter,

" This will introduce to you the renowned, business man of Ballarat, Mr. Komesarook, who is travelling to Russia, under a special law entitlement, given to him, by our department, for the purpose of bringing out to Australia, his wife, child and mother. Mr. Komesarook, was born in Russia, but never lived there.

We would be happy, if you could assist him, with the formalities in London.

Mr. Komesarook, is here connected with many business men, and is a friend of Mr. G. Maxwell, and Jolly Ingrad, who are members of our House of Representatives, and we would be happy for you to assist him, in his travelling to Russia, and give him permission to take, with him, the gold, that he brought from Australia, or that you exchange it for money in London, so that, it will enable him to pay for the expenses, for the tickets, for his family, from Russia to the nearest Mediterranean Port. We hope you will do all, to assist him,

signed, QUINLAND.

21st Jan 1921.

As I received the necessary papers, I made arrangements with The Ballarat Trustees to supervise my business in Ballarat, and I gave my brother, the right to buy goods for my business. It was agreed, that the business will be carried on, by one manager and four assistants. I myself started all the proceedings, and the necessary steps to leave the Commonwealth.

Monday 15th June at 12 o'clock, myself, my brother, and 2 cousins, arrived in Ballarat. Before noon, the next day, I had everything in order, the small things and that, which I had to give over to my brother, and after 3 o'clock, some of my friends in Ballarat, came to say farewell, and to wish me, a good healthy voyage. After the 2 glasses of wine, my friend D. Word, assured me that he will, remain the same friend to me, when I will come back from Europe. I thanked them all very much, and explained to my friend W. J. Allan, that it was not the Minister for Home and Territories, who gave me permission to go home, But it is he W.J.Allan, whom I must thank, because he influenced the Minister, to change his mind. It remains for me to hope that I will soon come back, with my family, from Europe, here, where we will live peacefully.

Before I left the shop, I called the manager, and the assistants, and I told them, that I am leaving, and I asked them, to work to the best of my interest, and what ever you do, for the good of the business, in my absents, you will find, for yourself, when I come back from Europe. The manager and assistants, promised me their devotion and at 5 in the afternoon, I finally left my shop, and we all went to Melbourne.

The last few days before I left Melbourne, I visited many of my country men. They brought together 68 addresses of their friends in Russia, and told because of the war, and its consequences, they were separated from their friends, on the other side of the sea, for 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs, and I should contact, these friends in Russia, by letter and convey their given addresses.

The last Saturday and Sunday, my brother organized, a farewell party for me, to which, were invited many friends and acquaintances, and we had a merry time (Fraylecht). Some of my country men were very envious, because I was going home. Some of them consoled me with, " Never mind, you will have, quite a parcel of troubles (Tzares), before you will tear yourself away, from the Bolsheviks".

Tuesday evening, the night before I left Melbourne, for Europe, my cousin Ulter, invited me, for a farewell dinner and there I met some more country men, and they all wished me a happy voyage.

Wednesday 9 o'clock, all my friends in Melbourne, were invited to my brothers Home, for the last dinner in Melbourne, with me. Being all together, till the last moment of leave taking, I took my baggage to go over the ocean. Here we had joy and suffering, and in those moments, our hearts were beating faster, we remembered our past, since we found ourselves here, and had together our joy, and we remembered our friends, whom we had left on the other side of the ocean, and so, on

Wednesday at 2 pm, I left my brothers home, and with 2 cars we drove to the boat. When we came to Port Melbourne, we met a big crowd, at the boat "ORMONDE". Everybody looked for somebody, or they looked, as if they were waiting for somebody. Some looked as if they were confused, they didn't know where they were. You look for your cabin, and cant find it, the steward, after asking, will take you to your cabin. You see some of them ,circle around, searching for luggage, and when the steward assures them, that their luggage is safe, they wouldn't believe him, and they start to carry (Shlep) their luggage from the locker room to their cabin. Looking at the passengers and their friends, at the boat, you can observe all kinds of tragedies, you see some crying, when they take leave of their friends, at the same time, you'll see somebody else who, stands near you, laughing, and the third, makes himself plainly silly (Mishuga). You can immediatly recognize, the passenger, because, he is differently dressed.

The men of the boat, with hat that has a button in the front, his jacket with metal buttons, that you never noticed before, and could make a mistake, and think its the Captain. (yachting jacket). Those people, that were well dressed, in beautiful loths, and so gay (Frayleck), with such a happy expression, by the time, they go down to the cabin, you will see them shortly laying down with seasickness.

The bottom of the boat, are the 3rd class, were the cabins are low, and nearest to the water, there you will find, small groups of people standing together, from Papa, Mama, to a newborn baby, and teenagers, of all nationalities, there you can find, people of low economic conditions. They are travelling, to some other land, and here they imagine that, over there it will be good for them. You can see here, an active young man, who takes leave of his wife. At home he was a little bit happy, and here, he is leaving his wife, and carries his parcel, to the other corner of the world, where he goes to search for happiness. He wants to find such a place under the sun, where he will receive for his work, so much payment, that it will be sufficient, or him to live on. If his luck will shine, then his wife, will come to a new home, that he would have prepared for her. Here you see how, an elderly Mother, takes leave, maybe for the last time, of her son, or daughter, as if they were all her children, and there is another class of wanders, who are innocent young men, duped into soldiers, that we long ago, could do without. these soldiers, with rifles, on their shoulders, go to another corner of the world, where they are brainwashed, to go to kill, or be killed, and that is what we call justice. Here we can also see, how the poor class, and the reasonable, are taking leave, of all that they love, and what is dear to them, on this side of the ocean, and sometimes, the leave is for ever.

When the baggage was completely taken in, you can hear, the sound of the bell, and that means, that the last goodbye to passenger and friends, and friends must leave the boat. The sailors start to pull the cords, and when the last cord is on the deck, and the others stand still on the pier, near the boat, still saying goodbye to their friends on the boat, with old jokes, some have their eyes full of tears.

The boat started to leave Port Melbourne, my brother, and my friends, all together about 30 people, plus the women, were standing at the shore. I was standing on deck, where I could see them all, and pulling at the streamers, that were thrown from shore, long strips of paper, that they were throwing from the shore, and they reached me at the other end, and so my friends were following the boat, until they reached the water, and here the papers tore away, and my friends remained on the other side. My brother cried loudly, my other friends had tears in their eyes, and so we became separated, and I could see my friends no more.

I went to my cabin, and started to make it homely, and prepared myself, to continue the long voyage.

After 12 hours of travelling, from Melbourne, in the middle of the sea, far far away from the crowd, the hustle (Tumult), and here on the water, it seems that people, unite themselves more than on the land. I went down to the 3rd class, to find my equals, and here you can quickly see the capitalist might, even without glasses. On this boat "Ormonde", on which I was travelling, together with 1210 other passengers. The boat was 621 ft, long. The crew of sailors counted 409, they occupied 141 ft, of one part of the boat. The First class of passengers, or shortly said, "The Users" class, which we can say, that without exception, that they are the people, that swallow the muscle strength, and from above, their blowing steam (airs of the rich), and those 84 passengers, occupied the main part of the boat, and this was 360 ft, long.

On the 2nd deck, were the second class, passengers, 110 souls, at the very point of the boat, which was always, unrestful, being only 120 ft, long, were packed together body to body, and under these conditions, on the boat, found themselves 1016 passengers of the Third class, and that was the class of boat, that risks its life, and builds the boat, but the First class, is the one, that has all the best in life, they can ask for anything they want.

Here I met the Russian working class, who after a long exile (Galuth), in Australia or New Zealand, in the mines or sugar plantations, who didn't have any rights, under the previous regime, even the right to go home, now they carry their parcels, to the Free Bolshevik Government. Some of them that I knew, were fine people, and there is no doubt for me, that they will be placed on the top, under the Bolshevik Government, but, I was astonished to met such young people as Yavan Yavanovich. Do they know that, in reality, a person who doesn't know, what he is talking about, he thinks, he is a worker, and makes the world happy. After a while with him, I'm convinced that, if he only had the opportunity, to make pogroms, or to reach the status of a capitalist, he would quickly do so.

8th August, 1921.

To the Secretary,
Home and Territories Department

Dear Sir,

We have received our first letter for a period of 3½ years from our parents and sisters who live at Aleksandrovsk Ekot. Gov. Ukraine. Their tale is of terrible sufferings. They have been wealthy merchants but through the pogroms and confiscations have lost everything that could be removed including their clothes, actually off their backs and left destitute and starving. They still have their house properties worth many thousands of pounds but are debarred from using, disposing of them or collecting rents. They now ask us to help them to leave Ukraine and bring them to Australia.

In view of this we pray you to grant us permission to bring them out and allow them to land in Melbourne. We propose to do so at our expense and also undertake to support and care for them as we can well afford to do it.

We are here two brothers, have been in this country for about 15 years and are naturalised for 12 years. We are in a good financial position. We conduct a Stationery Shop in Collins Street and a Chemist Shop in Nicholson Street, Footscray, own many house, shop and land properties in the suburbs and have invested in the War Loan and War certificates nearly £1000.

Father and his family are of what the Authorities at present in Power in Russia are pleased to name - the "Bourgeois" class. All his children have never been connected with "political" matters, and not being communists they are therefore persecuted and starved.

We request the permit to be issued for Father - Abram aged 72 Mother - Sarah 53. Sisters - Sarah 37 and Clare 22 also Brothers - Baruch 34 and Jacob 28 these are single. Two married Sisters - Frieda 35 her husband Samuel Foznansky and their two young children, also Rachel 31 her husband Ber Kasanick and their young child.

We realize that their plight is beyond imagination and are therefore presenting their case as quite urgent and while assuring you of our good faith we hope you will grant us our petition.

Yours faithfully,

Harry Tapp

My permanent address: 16 Newgate St. London
E.C. 1

Berlin Dec. 27, 1921

The British Mission Moscow.

Sirs,

I am hereby attaching a copy of the permit to take my family to Australia.

You were informed about my case from the Foreign Office, London on Nov. 30. 21. but I take the liberty to plead direct to you on behalf of my people.

They are in the famine area and it is only a question of time and they must perish.

I was encouraged to write to you by the Komissarook family whom I met in Berlin and who speak of you in very high terms.

The Komissarook went through Moscow last month and you were looking after their interests and were in main instrumental in saving them.

I lodged a Bank guarantee with the Australia House, who in turn guaranteed to Foreign Office all expenses in my case.

I beg of you, please, don't lose a day and spare no expense.

HOURS COUNT WHEN ONE IS ON STARVATION RATIONS.

Please send a special messenger with "Ankets" and any other forms they might require.

I am very likely encroaching on your time with this letter, unnecessarily, as they might be on their way by now, but pray remember that I am pleading for my own flesh and blood and hence am very anxious.

The original of the cabled additional permit which is added to the copy of the permit, I handed in to the Foreign Office on Dec. 28. 21. for transmission to you.

The address of my family is: A. Tafipolsky Tourganev st. Nr. 21 Alexandrovsk Ekaterin'slav Province.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain yours

faithfully

Edvard G. Mironov