

18th. APRIL. 1919.

After entering the station, I left my luggage, in a special dept., that looked after these things. I walked around the station, looking for a familiar face, but in order to find it, I was to far away from home. I met here many a wander, some with small parcels and some with large, but none of them were going to the South Continent, where my destiny was taking me. I stood taking in the picture of the station, and all the people, the policeman on long legs, with a big nose, red cheeks, black eyes and white teeth, and with a nasty look. When he started grinding his teeth, he looked like a wild tiger. After my observations, I left the station to go into the street and see Kalish.

It is an old dirty Polish town, and if somebody asked me what to do, to improve it, I would firstly suggest to build a footpath, so that people would have where to walk, and I would give more lighting so to be able to see at night. But the wild Poles, are even blind enough to see well in the daylight. This day was a market day, and I bought several things which I needed. It was a very cold winter morning and it rained, and the people looked to me, like the weather, wet and cold.

On the way back to the station I met a "relative" I mean a Jew. Very soon we became friends, and he told me about the economic conditions of the Jews. I asked him about it and then I listened. There I understood the history of our times in Poland.

The existance of the oppressed. That was the time when Jews were persecuted by the then Poles, and when I listened to this poor man, after what he told me, I felt sorry for him, and I understood clearly, what was the situation of the Jews in Poland.

## II.

26th April 1919.

On the way back to the station I found myself forlorn, in a huge room with doors and windows, full of people, and looking at this mass of people, I saw that one third of them were immigrants, going to America. They had the sad look of immigrants. It's sad, very sad, to be uprooted from one's land. I walked around the station looking for a familiar face, and I met 2 young people, with an elderly woman, these 3 interested me, and I approached them, and asked where they came from, they told me Rostov, and I came only from 70 miles away, and so we were country men. ( lunsmen ).

The 2 youngsters didn't open their mouths, but the woman, like a Jewish 70 yr. old, who is forced to replace Russian bones, to the good land of America, she wanted to talk, as much as possible, but I noticed that one of the youngsters continuously pulled her sleeve, and shortly he started to offend me, " What is it to you, where we are from, and where we are going, etc, etc. We met many such agents ( go- betweens )". Those were his words, in my direction. I looked him straight in his eyes and answered, " Do you feel that somebody is pursuing you, or your hat is burning on your head". I felt offended and moved away. At 5 in the afternoon, on Friday 27th Dec. 1913, we got on the train, and were on our way to the border.

3rd May 1919.

Apparently it was meant to be so, or may be the station orderly wanted it this way, but I met in the compartment, my fellow friend from the train.

In Germany I didn't feel a greenhorn, I knew German as well as Russian, as I had previous correspondence with North Germany, about my boat ticket, and they explained to me that when I arrive at Ostrow, I will have to go to Immagrations Dept., for a medical examination. In the evening when we stepped off in Ostrow, the conductor showed me, the men from Immagrations Dept., who were waiting for the migrants. When I contacted them, they told me, I will have to wait until all the migrants, were ready to go to the deptment house.

Here started a story with my Rostov co- travellers, who refused to go to the Immagrations house. They could not speak a word, couldn't understand what they were told. The women started to cry, the young men spoke to the Germans in Russian, " What do you want of us". They showed their tickets, which were for Hamburg and insisted that they didn't have to go to any immagrations house. One of the officials asked me to explain to them in Russian, about the medical exam. To be honest I didn't feel like talking to them, my co- travellers from Rostov, but I felt sorry for the women, because she was crying bitterly. I explained to them in Russian, that it is necessary to be examined, that there was nothing you can do about it, and you must go, if you want to go to Hamburg. The first part of abuse, in Russian I then got, " They said that I wanted to mislead them". The conductor asked me whats going on. The other onlookers, travellers, told him what was happening. He called the police, and it didn't take two seconds, and they stood in line with me. In a few minutes it started like lightning and thunder and we heard, " The damn Jews". The Rostov's, understood it was them they ment, and so they changed their minds, and followed us to Immagrations house.

When the Doctor completed his examination we had to sit together in one room, till his boss arrived, this took about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. There my Rostov's apologized to me, for all the abuse they gave me, and asked my forgiveness and explained, honestly, that when they saw me in compartment, they were afraid of me, and thought I was a go- between ( agent ) because, they were warned to be careful of that sort, I think my questions must have worried them.

18 th May 1919.

When the immigration head, had finished with his questing, he then had a speech for the Rostov's. Like those Germans with their upturned noses, he stormed about and said " This is not Russia ". The migrants to Hamburg, he separated, and I never saw my Rostov friends again.

I was taken to a room, with migrants who were to go to Bremen. When I opened the door, I saw a room 40 ft. wide and 60 ft. long, not very high ceilings, 2 windows, 2 or 3 broken chairs, 5 tables half without legs, and many more people than the room could hold. Inside young and old, women, men, and children of all ages. I saw many of them lying on the floor with their heads on their luggage. There was a gay atmosphere in the room, and you heard loud conversation, and if 2 people were speaking, you could be sure a 3rd one would but in, and try to be louder.

As much as I tried to overhear, their conversation consisted 99% of politics, like real diplomats. 1% were praying to G/D, to get as soon as possible, the boat ticket from America, and so leave the immigration house. Now I dont wonder that under the free Bolshevik system, in Russia a huge % of Jews, were in charge of important Diplomatic posts, sure if not because of that, then from our Prophets from Zion, will come the knowledge. 2000 yrs we are carrying our luggage( wanderstek) from one corner of the world, to the other. And only because we have no place in this geographeric world. We haven't got a home, under the sun, like other nations. This brought us to migration, to a wandering life, which taught us humanitarianism, brotherhood and the need for freedom. Pogroms and all sorts of persecutions which exist under the sun, we have experienced.

We suffered so much in our wandering life, that we can not find any other nation in World History.

This was our lesson, to search for humanitariaism, with bitter rage and blood on our bodies. We lost in the Spanish Inquisition, the French Guillotine and Russian Pogroms, and we would't be today carrying our parcels and swags from one corner of the world to the other. Thrown out from Spain, forbidden to enter Portugal, came to Holland and became slaves. Forced to flee Russia after a long exile, waiting in a German Immigration House, and again waiting for tickets to America, Australia. A strange new world for a green Jew, where people, to me looked different. They have no beards, not even moustaches, no payes or strymal. They speak a different language which his mother didn't teach him. Who can understand them, and so the homeless Jew is forced in the other half of his life. How to adapt to his American brothers? Our struggle for a new life taught us the meaning of brotherhood.

Time passas by, some carry parcels, and some turning the wheel of a machine, but how many Jews capitalists, have we got in the whole world?

What meaning has got their capital, as they are no more, like playing cards, in the hands of a gambler. Today he wins, tomorrow he loses the lot. If a nasty wind starts to blow, a pogrom or a revolution, and the wind blows them away.

Those on top of our nation we can call the go-betweenes or mediators.

We are not producers, only distributors, small busines men and a few workers. This is the homeless Jew with bitter sweat on his brow. This is the American Jew. When he has made a few dollars, the Californian State, is not good enough for him, then he goes to the Pennsylvana State, and still he doesn't find peace. America is not my home and Jacob goes further, and thats why, it has taught us the way to search for LIBERTY.

16th May 1919.

I stood a long time at the door, because I didn't have the opportunity to come nearer to listen what the homeless wanderers were talking about. To be honest I must admit that it was difficult for me to understand them, because their Jewish expressions were strange to me. My brothers noticed me standing at the door, and started to talking to me, and asked me to enter, "dont be shy, Reb Yid, we here are friends, people who are homeless of one race, Sholom Aleichem ( welcome, peace be with you ), You must have came on the evening train from Russia, isn't it so. Which frontier have you crossed, tell us who was your agent, and did you have much trouble to cross illegally the frontier, as far as I was concerned, it was easy for me, even if I had enough money to get a Russian passport, that damn Nickoli, wouldn't give me one, because this year I would have to go to the army, but as you see my friend, I am here, 6 weeks ago I came, I have lost my luggage and I have lost everything, I have only what I stand in, But when I receive the ticket for the boat to America, I will not wait for luggage, but go at once".

A moment latter I stood in the middle of the room with my new friends, and greetings were coming from all sides. Arent you going to Philadephia ? I hope to see you there. I'm waiting here 3 weeks for my ticket to America. If you had enough money for tickets and expences, you wouldn't have to wait long, and probably be in Philadephia before me". That was: how he adressed me. After I explained, to my brothers, that I was going to Australia, it sounded strange to them.

A women who was waiting in exile, with her luggage, then spoke to me " Tell me Reb Yid, you came with the evening train, didn't you see a basket with a coat that arrived tonight?" An other man said " Oy, you stupid women. She has her ticket and sita here for 2 weeks, and waits for her parcels, that her agent was supposed to send to her. He would be a fool, hetook her money, as much as he wanted, but the luggage, you want get".

And so, ever so often I heard another story of suffering, that only a nation without a home must suffer in the 19th century. And this existance of a homeless nation is swallowed by the night, and called JUSTICE, for all.

And if I should make a full statement of all I heard in the Immagratiom House, in Germany, and my 6 yrs, as a migrant in Australia, of all the suffering, I would be able to write a book.

24th May 1919.

At 9 oclock in the evening the overseer from the immagrations house, approached me and said, "The Electricity will now be switched off, and everybody must go to sleep", but to me he said, to follow him to another room, where he showed me a bed for the night to sleep in, and told me, that in the list he got from the director, are names of those migrants, who are to leave the house next day, and I am one of those. Therefore I must be prepared to continue on my way by 8pm the next day, for Bremen. With an astonished expression, he asked me where did I come from, and asked if I was German. My German accent, HOCH, dialect, got him intreged. When I explained to him, that I am of birth from Russia of the KATRINKLOV area, which is a Jewish colony, parallel to the German village MARINFELL, and in my early times I was connected with trade with the Germans. Then he answered "You are Jewish German, isn't it so"? After the friendly conversation, I asked him, Who and how many of the migrants will follow me, on the train from here, and were there any going to Australia. Are you going to Australia, he asked me? You will have a very long journey. I was astonished to hear, that from all those migrants, I saw in the Immigration House, only 3 people will leave. A man with his 2 sons were the only ones to have a boat ticket. In a subdued voice I asked him "Why do you keep the others for such a long time" and he answered in a proud and loud voice "If a foreigner wants to board his boat in a German Port, he must show his ticket, or have sufficient money to pay for it, if not, here he must remain". As soon as he wished me a good Journey I fell asleep.

3rd June 1919.

Early next morning I went again to the Immigration House and every thing looked better. The parcels and the Russian baskets were lifted from the floor, neatly stacked on the benches around the walls, the floor was cleanly washed, and the windows that let thru very little light, were open and fresh air entered the room. It looked much happier, even gay and more comfortable, for the migrants.

The children of all ages, in this room, brought in gaiety into this room, and often cried out loudly "Mummy I want a biscuit". The Mothers were nearly ready, after washing and dressing their children, combing their hair, some of them bargained with the German, who was a shop owner. They sold some of their possessions, in order to buy butter, biscuits, and other types of food. I saw men in Tallis and Tvilien, who prayed swaying and a few words I heard "Itzke did you pray already" "No Chaya".

Those words were foreign to my mouth. The smell of number 8 Zilkes, tobacco, I felt very strongly. I thought to myself, if the German overseer would be interested in solving the problem of the migrants in exile, waiting for money for a ticket and so, cross the sea, he would not waste money on tobacco, and instead buy tickets.

8th June 1919.

24hrs. we spent at Ostrow in the Immigration House.

After the rush and tumal (hassle ) of the children, and the news that I heard there, I can say that I wasn't bored. The time went quickly for me , and on Sat. 10th Jan, 1914, at 7 in the evening, the director of the Immigration House appeared and read from a list, my name: and 3 others, young men, and said we can go to Bremen, by train. At this moment a sadeness befell me, and as the clock struck 8pm my solitude started again, after wishing my new friends all the best, picked up my luggage and started my journey again. I could see that many of the migrants envied me. Tired and frozen we arrived at the station, and the father with his 2 sons, who accompanied me, from the migration house, were now on their way to Philadelphia. Shortly afterwards we were seated in a compartment of the train that was to take us to Pozen, and after the 4th bell of the German train, Ostrow, started to disappear. After 2hrs, of travelling on the train, in the direction of Pozen, my heart was beating fast, almost as fast as the wheels of the train were turning, and my thoughts turn in my head with the same speed, but the feeling of suffering of a homeless wandering people, brought forward the sadeness. With every hour of travel, I was getting more separated from those dearest to me in life, and this brought a thought that I uttered to myself "Ohy people mine, what did you give me to drink, to the bottom of the glass, a strange bitter homeless drink. Why did you hand me the wandering swag? Why did you give me a burden on my shoulders, of sadness, and clad my feet in sandals of worry? Very sad presents you prepared for me on the way

20 th. June 1919.

In the morning we arrived at Poznan, and after a wait of 4hrs, we took the 6pm train, to Berlin, arriving at 12 noon. There I lost my 3 fellow travellers, as they went to Hamburg, and I was to go at 4pm to Bremen.

11 th Jan. 1914, I wrote from the station, my second letter, about my travels, to my family, again a very short letter, but what I felt, when I wrote those lines, I will not forget, as long as I live. When I finished the letter I dried my tears, and was on my way to Berlin.

I arrived at 9 in the evening and it took me, a lot of effort and a long time, to find the way to the station. At the station, I met an agent of North Germany, who was supposed to bring me to the Immigration House, and after going from one place to another, he agreed to come with me, and so with all my luggage, which I took good care of, we got into a Droski. It was a light evening, stars in the sky, was all I could see, while passing thru the streets. I heard the clatter of the horses hoffs, on the road. And if somebody would have asked me, where I was going so late in the evening, I wouldn't know the answer. After a long while, we stopped in front of a very nice big building, I was told, that we must get out. A man opened the door for us, and he took my parcel, I gave him a few coins, and we went in.

I found myself in a big tall room, the room was square with beds and beds, in order to move between the beds, it was hard. Everything was clean and pleasant. All the migrants were already asleep. One with a electric lamp in his hand, asked me questions, checked in a book, and told me, that number 14 was my bed to sleep in. The first night in Berlin Immigration House went by very quickly. At 7:30am I heard a bell ringing, and when I woke up more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  the migrants were ready for breakfast. A young man from Odessa, who slept in a bed near mine, was dressing, and started to speak with me, "8 oclock, was breakfast, and if your not on time, you get nothing. As you arrived last night, with the 10 oclock train, you dont know that you are still in Germany". I got information as to food. In the meantime I was ready, and we went for breakfast. It took us 10 minutes to get there. There we met a gay crowd drinking coffee with cream, rusks with butter and jam, and they said that, here everything is kosher.

At Bremen Immigration House, I met passengers of a better financial standard than in Ostrow. Here everybody has their boat ticket, or sufficient money, to continue on their way, and migrants, are here only a few days.

3 days after my arrival on 14th Jan 1914, all my papers, that I required were ready, so I could leave Bremen. At 5 in the morning, an agent of Immigration House, brought me to the station, with my luggage, which was consigned to the Port of Bremen. He gave me a ticket, and showed me the train that would take me, to the Port of Bremen. 3 hrs later at 8:15 in the morning, we arrived.

Once again I found myself completely alone. without a familiar face, to continue my voyage.