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Detailed Story of the Battle Between Police and Hindus

How the Early Sunday Morning Efforts of the Bluecoats and Immigration Officials to Assist the Captain Were Repulsed by the Infuriated Hindus from Their Deck Fifteen Feet Above the Invading Tug Sea Lion—Five Shots Fired by "the Enemy"—Officers Under Instructions Not to Raise a Gun.

Armed with swords, daggers and crude weapons of their own manufacture, as well as a few revolvers, and fighting like demons with all the fanaticism of their Oriental nature, the 352 Hindus on board the Komagata Maru, urged on by five Sikh and Mohammedan priests, early Sunday morning repulsed 130 policemen and 40 special immigration officers, who attempted to board the vessel from the big steam tug Sea Lion, sent out to protect the captain and his Japanese crew from the Hindus.

Forty members of the attacking party were more or less seriously injured, eight of them having to be removed to the General Hospital. The injured included Chief of Police MacLennan and four police inspectors.

Unable to return the fusillade of rocks, sticks, coal and scrap iron that rained down upon the policemen as they huddled together on the overcrowded deck of the tug, the advantage was all on the side of the Hindus, who had made every preparation to repel boarders. Nearly every man on board the Komagata Maru had seen service under the British flag in India, and they brought their knowledge of warfare into good use in repelling the attack.

Police Are Called In.

On Saturday afternoon Captain Yamamoto, master of the Japanese vessel, in compliance with the "written orders" of the Dominion Government officials, attempted to get up steam and leave the harbor for Shanghai, with the Hindus who have been ordered deported from Canada. In this he was stopped by the men under Gurdit Singh and his life was threatened. He came on shore and made a written application for police assistance, saying that he was no longer in control of his boat. A conference was held between Chief MacLennan and Superintendent of Immigration Malcolm R. J. Reid, at which Mr. H. H. Stevens, P. J., was present, with Mr. W. R. Ladner as legal adviser, and it was decided that a force of police should board the Komagata Maru and protect the captain while his men got steam up, after which the civic forces would withdraw and the Sea Lion, carrying 35 special immigration officers, armed with Ross rifles, should convey the boat to sea.

Half an hour after midnight the policemen, under the command of Chief MacLennan, Deputy Chief McRae, Staff Inspector Dan Leatherdale and Headquarters Inspector Craig, with reserves from the three sub-stations, under Divisional Inspectors Willshize, McIntosh and Scott, arrived at the immigration sheds on the C. P. R. wharf, and were joined by the special immigration police.

The Sea Lion, a powerful tug, under the command of Capt. Robertson, was moored at the admiralty slip, immediately west of Pier "A," and was loading the provisions ordered by the Canadian Government for the use of the passengers of the immigrant ship on their journey across the Pacific. Only half the stores had been placed on board when the police arrived, and that work at once stopped. The bluecoats embarked on the tug, standing crowded on the fore deck, after deck and companion ways, while their officers with the immigration officials Mr. Stevens, Mr. Ladner, Doctors Munro, Pantan and Kennedy, the detectives and members of the press occupied the upper deck.

Were Out For a Lark.

At 1:15 the boat silently drew away from the dock, her departure being easily communicated to the Hindus on board of the silent vessel that lay in the dark and mysterious-looking in the

screeching, exhorting, praying and singing battle songs.

Come to Grapple.

The contrast between the two races was marked. The Hindus, all men trained and disciplined under the same system and in the same drill as the silent officers and constables on the little tug. There was no outcry on the Sea Lion. Here and there an exclamation of "There's a gun," or "Look at that sword," could be heard, while the quiet voice of Chief MacLennan and the sharp, clear orders of Inspector of Immigration Hopkinson and Superintendent Malcolm R. J. Reid rang out.

As the prow of the Sea Lion touched the steel side of the big steamer a grappling iron was thrown from the Sea Lion and caught a firm hold.

"Now, boys, easy," the command came from the group of officers on the bridge, and as several constables sprang from the rail and tried to catch the iron stanchions that appeared above them. The Hindus, with long bamboo poles, stabbed and pushed them back on to the tug again, while a gigantic Hindu dressed all in white, leaned far over the railing, held by his belt from behind, and with a keen-bladed meat cleaver fastened on the end of a bamboo pole, chopped and hacked away at the taut cable that was binding the boats together. He might have succeeded had not a brawny policeman jumped to the rail directly in the path of the swinging axe and with a well-delivered blow struck him on one wrist, when with a scream of pain and rage the man withdrew and another took his place.

Almost as soon as the vessels came within range the bombardment from the big boat had commenced. A big piece of coal, hurled by a man from the companion way near the after deck of the Maru, crashed through the glass on the pilot house, narrowly missing the captain and Mr. Hopkinson, who coolly continued to play the searchlight on those mutineers who were trying to sever the cable, blinding them somewhat by the glare of the powerful lamp so that they could not use their long spears.

Many Missiles Thrown.

These spears were made from bamboo poles ten or twelve feet long, with a sharpened knife bound to the end. The first piece of coal was followed by a perfect rain of missiles of all kinds, and the shattering of breaking glass could be heard on all sides above the hoarse shouts of the combat and the cries of the wounded. Bricks from the boiler settings in the stoke hold, scrap iron and pieces of steel plate with sharp and jagged edges, sticks of wood and other heavy things were thrown, and almost every missile found a mark on the crowded fore deck of the Sea Lion. A Province reporter who was aboard found the situation exceedingly interesting, but awfully uncomfortable. The officers on the top deck fared but little better. Chief MacLennan while reaching to grasp a hose-pipe was struck on the head with a piece of coal, weighing several pounds. He staggered back beneath the shock, but quickly regained himself only to receive another stinging blow on the right temple. Again and again he was struck, but he and Inspector D. D. McIntosh, of "B" division, who had a most exposed position, had secured a line of hose, which, connected with the tug's pump, was sending out a powerful stream of water, and they maintained their position. The advent of the hose made the mutineers recoil for a moment, but they soon recovered and returned to the ship's side hanging on like leeches to the iron rails and continuing their bombardment of the helpless constables below them.

on his cap marking him. He stepped to the door to give a command and a friend snatched the cap from his head and replaced it with a straw hat.

Captain Robertson had maintained his position at the wheel, suffering several bruises from flying stones which hit him on the body. At last, half a brick smashed one of the remaining panes of glass and struck him between the eyes. The captain, stunned by the blow and blinded by the blood that spurted from the wound, staggered back into his cabin. Just then a cry of "man overboard" was heard, and Captain Robertson, his face red with blood, sprang to the door and shouted for the boat to be lowered. It was Detective Peter McArthur, who fell overboard. McArthur was on the top deck and had been struck several times. He was moving towards the shelter of the pilot house when another piece of coal hit him. He staggered back, dazed, and hit against the low railing. He tottered and swayed for an instant and then fell with a splash to the water. He went down once, twice and was going for the last time when some one shoved down a rifle. He grasped the stock of the gun and hung on until several policemen under the direction of Mr. Hopkinson had grasped him and aided him to the deck.

Other Officers Injured.

Detective Ricci in stooping to pick up a piece of coal to throw back at the Hindus was struck on the head by a piece of coal. It tore open his scalp and knocked him unconscious for a moment. He was assisted into the disordered cabin and a doctor was sent for. As Ricci was in the captain's arm chair bleeding from his wound and the several cuts on his face another big piece of coal smashed through the window and passed by him.

Inspector Dave Scott, in charge of "C" division was struck a severe blow on the side of the head which knocked him out. He was assisted into shelter, but as soon as he had regained his powers he was again in the thick of it urging his men to stick fast.

Inspector D. D. McIntosh, the veteran officer in charge of "B" division, who displayed remarkable coolness, was cut about the face and head as he stood shoulder to shoulder with Chief MacLennan on the top deck with the fire hose.

Sergeant Munro, in the forefront of the first attempt to rush the Maru, was struck a severe blow by some instrument, probably a piece of iron, on the knee and sank to the deck only to rise crippled to urge his men on.

Detective Robert Tisdale, who was standing near Ricci in front of the pilot house was hit almost at the same instant. Half of brick smashed him in the face cutting through his cheek, opening his gum and breaking several teeth.

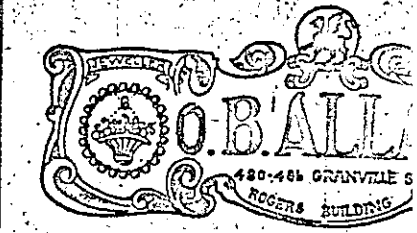
Constable Alex Imiah (137), in the general melee following the first attempt to board, received a crack on the head with a swinging club that laid him out cold. His head was badly cut.

Constable Duncan Johnson (133), had a narrow escape from death being saved by his helmet Johnson was in the front rank of the attacking squadron and was trying to get a foothold on the railing of the tug when a big, black, turbaned pirate king, aim threw an axe at him. The sharp blade cut clean through his helmet and slit open his scalp, but did not dangerously injure him. It was owing to the helmets worn by the police that more serious wounds were not occasioned.

Although the police got the worst of the argument and were forced to withdraw there are some Hindus on board of the pirate ship that have reason to regret the visit of the police, for with their batons some of the officers were able to reach high enough to roundly club the bare shins of those nearest to the rail, while others wrestled the big bamboo sticks away from their owners and slashed right and left with them. One incident of cool-headed retaliation was witnessed when P. C. Constable Duncan McKinnon (179), had his helmet knocked off with a bit piece of coal. The officer saw the



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while the white paint was grimy with coal dust and marked freely with blood. The interior of the pilot house where Captain Robertson, Inspector Hopkinson and one of the crew had withstood the brunt of the battle was practically a wreck. Splintered glass was over everything while the floor was covered with big pieces of coal, some of them weighing five or six pounds, bricks and cement from the boiler settings and concrete picked from the stokehold floor. The wheel had been hit several times, while the bright brass compass and had been marked in several places.

The captain's cabin was in an awful mess. The two windows had been broken—one by a bullet, which passed out through the open door opposite—the wash stand and porcelain basin had been cracked and the bed was covered with broken glass and hunks of coal, sticks of wood and bricks. The new carpet on the floor was stained in a dozen places with pools of blood.

Some of the stores which the Dominion government had ordered for the mutineers were on the deck forward. A number of bags of potatoes and several crates of cabbage were