THE DAILY PROVINCE
JULY 23, 1914 p. 1&2

MARU SLIPS OUT OF HARBOR AT THE HOUR SET

Japanese Steamer Takes Her Dusky Passengers out of the Inlet.

Cruiser Rainbow is Now Following Her Across Gulf to Cape Flattery.

Militia Called Out Last Night When Trouble Was Threatened.

But Promised Departures Came Peacefully Enough This Morning.

Without any fuse or confusion the Japanese steamer Komagata Maru sailed at 5:10 this morning for Hong Kong, with her 352 Hindu passengers who arrived here on the morning of May 23. Since her arrival the whole country has been kept on the jump and the history of the Hindus struggle to enter British Columbia has been published all over the world.

After defies and threats, demands, evasions, the Hindus sailed this morning for the simple reason that the matter was to be taken over by the navy at 5:00 am and the Hindus recognized that their day of procrastination was over. So the Komagata Maru sailed and the Rainbow is trailing her out to sea. The sailing was accompanied without any trouble whatever and the Hindus with a few exceptions, smiled cheerfully at the white men who saw them sail. Their smiles too, came despite the fact that they failed to get the live sheep and chickens demanded by Gurdit Singh late yesterday as a condition to be filled before he sailed at the hour scheduled this morning. The Hindus however,

received some extra grub furnished by the shore committee and their solicitor Mr. A.H. Macnell, KC.

Events Moved Rapidly

Events moved quite rapidly during the early hours of last evening. Late in the afternoon the question was on every tongue, "Will the Hindus, after getting all that food aboard, after all, refuse to go?" On Monday, when the settlement negotiations came to a climax, many of the Hindus were certainly feeling very much gone in their stomachs and if they had not settled another night of extreme hunger was staring them in the face. But when they had a full meal- in fact several of them- would they change their minds and again become insolent? That was the question that more than the immigration authorities asked themselves.

Wednesday forenoon found the Komagata in fair shape for sailing. Truck after truck had run to the wharf carrying more cabbage and potatoes and flour and rice and other staples which were placed on the now famous tug Sea Lion and carried out to the Hindu ship. Every little while the Hindus would think of something new. First they wanted wood and a load was brought. Then they decided that they would like some kerosene oil to be used during the long nights of the recrossing of the Pacific. A few barrels of coal oil were accordingly brought. By 6 o'clock in the evening the job appeared to be finished. Even the Hindus could apparently not think of anything else that they wished the government to provide them with.

Had Kick To Make

Just about this time a new cloud came over the Rainbow's horizon. Three Vancouver Hindus, who had been interested in the charter of the Komagata by putting up money to keep her here over the original time limit suddenly, came to life. Last week they went to Washington State to buy revolvers and ammunition for their friends on the Komagata. The long arm of the law had followed them and when they had the guns nicely in their pockets they had been arrested. They are now held at Seattle. Yesterday afternoon they had somehow got into touch with a telegraph office and sent a whole flock of messages in the name of Bhag Singh, one of them, to officials here demanding as charterers that the Komagata Maru be not allowed to leave until they could not return. They added that they could not return because they were detained in Jail. They sent

their demands not only to the immigration officials but to the Japanese consul. The officials feared too that they might have sent instructions to some lawyer who might get out some injunction to prevent the sailing of the ship. Up to this point the preparations had been based on the arrangement made by Captain Yamamoto early in the day to sail at 5 Wednesday morning. But because of the receipt of these telegrams the Japanese captain was at once sent for and urged to get ready to depart at 6o'clock last evening. The same word was passed to Rainbow and at the dinner hour everything was ready to move.

But at that very moment Gurdit Singh was busily engaged in writing a new list of demands. These he incorporated in a letter which he dispatched to Mr. Malcolm Reid, to whom it was delivered just after 8o'clock. The letter was rather insolently written and related that it would be impossible for the ship to sail at 6o'clock in the morning because she had not been properly provisioned. Gurdit wanted live sheep and fowls for his men on their long trip and also requested a shipment of kitchen utensils.

Militia Called Out

In view of the language of the letter Mr. Reid decided that Gurdit had returned to his old game of evasion. Mr. Reid felt that if this demand was gratified it was quite certain that Gurdit would was ask again and for much more and that he never would get actually ready to go. Mr. Reid decided that it was time to act. He therefore issued a call for the 200 military men who had been summoned on Tuesday morning to return to the wharf ready to go aboard the Rainbow if it were decided last night to immediately go aboard the Komagata to bring the unruly Gurdit to time. Arrangements were soon completed with Mr. F.W. Peters, general superintendent of the C.P.R. for the use of the company's detention shed to house the military men for the night. A conference of the officials and their legal advisers was also called, Hon. Martin Burrell, minister of agriculture, Mr. H.H Stevens, M.P. Mr. R.L. Reid, K.C and others came to Mr. Reid's office to consider what should be done.

While they were gathering Mr. Reid went out for a call on the Komagata. In another launch, just at the same time, a party of a dozen Hindus had gone out from shore to pay their last sad farewells to their brothers who were so cruelly to be sent away across the broad Pacific. The scene of the speeding of the parting guest was most picturesque. The rail was lined with scores and scores of men standing ten deep at the point where the

visitors launch had hauled up alongside. The jabbering that was going on was something to be remembered. Not less than a hundred were talking at once. All who talked also gesticulated; and the ones who could not make themselves heard gesticulated more brazenly and put greater vim in their work than the favored few who could keep up something like a running conversation with their countrymen on the launch. Nearly all the shore fellow were fine stalwart bewhiskered East Indians.

Not the least exciting development yesterday occurred when the fourth launch load of shore Hindus went out to say good-bye to their fellow countrymen. The immigration people had been permitting them to talk up to those on the boat but they were not to go on board. This boarding permission had been withdrawn after the message came from the arrested trio and when Gurdit Singh bethought himself of fresh demands. However, when the fourth load went out the launch chanced to bump up against the Maru's gangplank and quick as a flash two shore Hindus leaped over the launch gunwale and nimbly ran up the gangplank. Gurdit for a long time refused to put them off but finally late at night they came ashore. They were Mit Singh and Rahim Singh.

Was Anxious Watch

It was a long and anxious watch for the authorities during the night and it was not until 2 a.m. today that the strain relaxed. The refusal to comply with any further demands convinced the Hindus that the authorities this time meant business. They were plainly informed that Captain Hose of the Rainbow would stand no nonsense and that sailing at 5 a.m. was imperative.

Letters to this effect were taken out to the Komagata Maru by Inspector Hopkinson in the launch Jessie Ellen. With him went an armed guard and MR. H.H Stevens, M.P and the "war correspondents".

As the Jessie Ellen approached the Hindu ship her watchers noticed a light on the Hastings Mill wharf "morning" a message to the Hindu ship. Then the broad beams of the Sea Lion's searchlight swept the harbor and lit up the site of Komagata. The gangway had been hauled up by the Hindus, but when Mr. Hopkins told that some shore Hindus were on board it was lowered and Rahim Singh and four or five other Hindus

boarded the ship with permission to remain aboard until 4 a.m. Mr. Hopkinson made them give a letter agreeing to these terms before he would allow them on.

Some cases of eggs and some glasses were put on board the ship and then the launch backed off. Immediately the gangway was hauled up by the Hindus.

The Jessie Ellen returned to Pier A and the officials landed. Then came a long wait in the immigration offices and at 1:30 a.m. the developments were that the ship would either sail at 5 a.m. or else Captain Hose would be given entire control of the situation. This relieved the strain and everyone breathed easier. The militia boys who had been standing guard and who had kept all crowds away whiled away the time by singing and storytelling.

Shortly before 2 a.m. Superintendent Malcolm R. J. Reid decided to go aboard the Sea Lion for the remainder of the night and he took with him the newspapermen from the two afternoon papers. The guard on board the Sea Lion was under the command of Captain Warden.

Hopkinson Early Bird

Inspector Hopkinson was the first man up on the Sea Lion on this eventful morning. He slipped out of his berth at 3:30 o'clock and immediately one of the tired newspapermen who had been tossing fitfully on the floor vainly seeking the vacant soft spots, slipped into the warm space left by the inspector. The other newspaper men opened a weather eye, cocked. It enviously at the occupant of the berth, and after a groan or so rolled over to go to sleep again. Supt. Reid meanwhile snored peacefully at the upper ten. His mind was far from the "trouble ship".

When Hopkinson gained the deck he found signs of life on the Komagata Maru. The Hindus were scurrying about, some of them throwing up wood from the scow moored alongside, others up above were waving cloths about- it looked like they were hanging out last year's laundry. They bandied pleasantries with the tall inspector, and not one of them seemed anything but in the beat of humor. Hopkinson went over to the Komagata Maru in the Jessie Ellen, and took the party of shore. Hindus on the Komagata Maru all night, to the dock again.

THE DAILY PROVINCE
JULY 23, 1914 p. 1&2

At 4:30 the rest of the special holiday party on the Sea Lion rose wearily and looked for rolls and coffee. Having searched in vain they got to the fresh air and had another look at the Komagata Maru passengers at close quarters. By this time, the entire contingent was up looking at the morning gun- a long last look at Old Sol as it appears in Burrard Inlet.

Hurried With the Woods

There was a great pile of stove wood on the scow at this particular hour, and Superintendent Reid was not inclined to give the Hindus any extra time to get it up on the deck of the Maru, where last night huge mountains of wood had been stacked.

"If you want to get this wood on deck before the starting hour of five, you had better rustle along." Inspector Hopkinson shouted up in Hindustani to the Maru. Superintendent Reid agreed to give the Hindus a few minutes extra in which to complete a job, and a score or more of them swarmed down onto the scow. It was a chilly morning, so they went at it really fast. One of them had nothing on but what looked like a white shirt with a tuck in each sleeve. His brown legs glistened in the rising sun and it seemed almost cold enough for hoar frost to settle on them, but he did not appear to mind at all. Geldit Singh, Gurdit's secretary, was on the scow, but he apparently was bossing the job- at any rate he never threw any of the sticks up. The last piece of wood went hurtling up to the decks of the Maru at about five o'clock. On the dot of the hour the engines of the tramp steamer began to move and the propeller made one of two revolutions in the water.

"Just a sign of our good intentions," Captain Yamamoto shouted down from the bridge deck. With him was Pilot Barney Johnston, who had been taken up at ten to five.

The Seal Lion tug took away the scow, after the Hindu workers had been bundled up the sides of the Maru. At 5:10 the "trouble ship" began to raise her mud hook and in a minute or two she swung slowly around and headed for the narrows. Malcolm R.J. Reid, immigration superintendent, stood on the tug and watched her move out. If ever he felt in a good frame of mind, it must have been then.

Hindus Cheer and Laugh

THE DAILY PROVINCE
JULY 23, 1914 p. 1&2

As the steamer crew away the Hindus hanging over the gunwales cheered and laughed across the widening stretch of water at the immigration men. Then some of them pulled off their sandals and boots and shook them at the Sea Lion.

"They mean to say that if they had Mr. Reid there they would give him a beating with their slippers," explained Inspector Hopkinson.

After running the empty wood scow over to the Johnson wharf the Sea Lion followed Komagata Maru out through the Narrows and to the tip of Point Grey.

There was a reason for this pursuit and here it is.

Yesterday Mr. Reid received a note from Bhan Singh, one of the Sikhs on the ship asking for help. He said that he was to put in irons and he feared for his life. This was about the way the message ran:

"I will jump when the ship departs as I want my life. I beg to remind you of the letter I wrote yesterday. Please, Sir, my letter requires attention. I cannot go back by this steamer for the loss of my life. Someone has informed the old man (meaning Gurdit Singh) and he has said that my life would no more be in the way. Kindly take pity on me and my life and save me from this savage group of dangerous men.

There was no chance of taking Bhan Singh from the boat by force and as he had apparently been of some assistance to the immigration men, for Mr. Stevens, M.P, last night admitted the soft impeachment of having had one or two conversations with Bhan, it was resolved to save him in some other way. That was why the Sea Lion followed out. Probably, too, the immigration superintendent waited to get a good long look at the east end of the Maru going west. That is a view he had been hoping for this long time past.

He Didn't Jump

A life buoy was made ready for Bhan should he decide to take the long plunge, but his leap for life never came, although the newspaper photographer was up on top of the Sea Lion ready for something good. It was apparent to the immigration people that Bhan was still in irons, so evidently he will have to take chances with that life he so sweetly desires on the long trip home.

Half an hour after the Maru weighed anchor the cruiser Rainbow followed suit. She slowly steamed out through the Narrows some distance behind the Sea Lion. As the tug left the Maru and swung around for her short run back to the dock, she saluted the Rainbow, the men on board the tug cheered and waved their hats and the Province marine man on board the tug with the rest of the press corps semaphored a message to Commander Hose. It was from Superintendent Reid and conveyed his thanks to the commander for his courtesy and assistance. With semaphore flags a sailor on the bridge of the Rainbow sent back the commander's thanks with also a request to have the mail for the ship forwarded to Esquimalt.

The last seen of the romantic Maru with its bit of the Far East was a black speck dwindling in the morning light striking against the dark bulk of Vancouver Island. Closer at hand and steaming up behind the "mystery boat" was the Rainbow, her gray bulk getting more and more indistinct in the distance.

Crowd Saw Departure

Long before Mr. Shearman, the weather man gave Old Sol permission to cast his benignant rays over the scene of strife and conquest, the vantage points along the shore line overlooking the C.P.R. docks were filled with grandstand ticket holders who watched every little spurt of steam from the exhaust of the Komagata Maru which was die to sail at 5 o'clock this morning for the Chinese coast and there to disembark its Hindu horde – its invaders who did not invade.

As if to say farewell to an unwelcome guest the tug Sea Lion ranged along side the big tramp, but did not remain there long. Speculation as to the exact hour the vessel would leave following a night of excitement, manifestos and ultimatums was rife and wagers were even made among the early morning bystanders who had spent hours of President Woodrow Wilson's policy in Mexico – these "watchful waiters" simply did not intend to be cheated of a single chance there might be to see the Cruiser Rainbow haul along side the Sikh ship and land a boarding party.

It was just a few minutes after 5 o'clock when the shore watchers saw steam starting from the head of the ship and the variest(Sic) land lubber knew that the anchor winch was at work.

Then slowly up came the heavy mud hook of old "Komarashinmagoo" and swung to the air once more after exactly two months of hanging on to the slimy bottom of Burrard Inlet. The boiling of the waters at the ship's stern told another story of a bloodless battle for Capt. Yamamoto was on his way and the song of Gurdit Sing was in the chorus following the last stanza.

And They All Cheered.

From the shore arose a cheer as it was seen that the ship was making headway and this was followed by further demonstration of pleasure as the vessel began making its turn to head around Brockton Point.

"Hooray!" yelled one man whose voice piped out above all the rest of the crowd. "She's gone at last."

"Don't yell yet," cautioned another in a loud voice. "Maybe she is only heading for Port Moody." And this brought forth a hearty laugh from the good pastured crowd.

"Extree, extree," yelled the newsboy.

"Good-bye, old Komagata," yelled another. "Come back soon."

"I sure have made some money outeh youse," proclaimed another kid whose arms were filled with newspapers as he lustily yield for another sale.

"Well, this is sure skidoo day. July 23 for the Komagata Maru," piped another.

And slowly as the crowd broke up while watching back over their shoulders to make sure no untoward event would occur while they might miss Old Sol burst forth and spread great gobs of beams all over Burrard Inlet and Vancouver manifesting great delight that one great effort at least had been successful in making British Columbia a white man's country.

Had Some Smell Bombs.

The savory odors of the Maru might have been greatly enriched to-day had there been any necessity. On board the Rainbow a large number of special "stink shells" had been prepared. They were for use in case it was found necessary to take any harsh measures with the Hindus to get them away this morning. Had these shells been thrown

aboard the Japanese boat would have reduced the insurgents to submission in short order. There was a variety of powerful perfumes in each shell which would have done credit to a drug factory.

There were shots fired today. But it was only Captain Warden on the Sea Lion taking a random revolver shot at a place of drift wood out in English Bay. Some one facetiously said he was shooting at one of the famous "kerosene bombs" one imaginative newspaperman reported the Hindus as being preparing on Tuesday.

The seven Hindus who were to go out on the Maru en route for India did not take passage after all. It appears they thought they would be given a free trip in lieu of "services rendered," but R. Rahim, the chief charterer among the shore Hindus, did not think their services such as would properly exempt them from paying the usual rate. They are therefore still here.

Dr. Ragunath Singh, who was taken off the ship some days ago by the immigration men because he was in danger of being hurt by the other will probably go home in a couple of weeks. There is no medical officer on the Maru, it is said.

Dare Not Go to India.

That many of these passengers on the Maru will never venture to India, but will stay in the Straits Settlements was claimed this morning. It was said that some of them have none too good a reputation in India, and might fall foul of the police if they dropped into Calcutta or Bombay.

An evening newspaper published sensational extra … (illegible word) night announcing in bold headlines that four Japanese sailors had been thrown overboard by the Hindus. This was a wharf rumor, unconfirmed, and found to be absolutely without foundation.

Two former Vancouver Hindus were on the Komagata Maru. Hernan Singh, a man who was deported from here, came back on the Komagata, and yesterday it was discovered that one Raj Mahommed, was among the passengers. He also was deported recently, but it was only yesterday that Inspector Hopkinson discovered he was on board the Komagata.

THE DAILY PROVINCE
JULY 23, 1914 p. 1&2

The word "Komagata" in the language of the Punjab, means "Nation of Cutthroats." If the word was spelled "Komaghata" it would mean "Nation's Loss." These interpretations, of course, are from the Punjabi translation of the Japanese word. The Japanese meaning is quite different.

It is interesting to note that many of the passengers on the Komagata are not British subjects. They are subjects of the independent native states of India such as Partiala, and cannot claim to be subjects of Britain.

Hernan Singh, the other man recognized yesterday wrote the letter to Superintendent Reid:

"I have lost $300 in gold, and have had great trouble to come here. Please do me the favor of landing here. I know very well that you can do everything you like." (A good compliment that, said Mr. Reid) I will pray to God to save you all the time and give you good health of you will favor me in landing here. Yours obediently, Poor Old Hernan Singh, Komagata, P.S. – You deported me before"