

IN THE MATTER
OF
ASSAULTS UPON JAPANESE RESTAURANTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

INDEX BUREAU

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1797/238-239

DEPT. OF STATE

D. C. S.

JUN 24 1907

Treatment of Japanese in California.

Incl. 238-239. June 11, 1907.

Department of Justice.
Transmits a statement of the
evidence secured by the United
States Attorney, Mr. Devlin, of
San Francisco, on the subject of
the attacks on Japanese restaurants.
Certain copies of correspondence
which Mr. Devlin advises he has
forwarded, will be sent to Depart-
ment as soon as received.
Sm.
(Rec'd June 11-07.) 5:40

Secretary of State.
JUN 15 1907

SA ASST. SECY. LIAISON
JUN 17 1907

W. D. B. Ba oct 4/07

JUN 19 1907

John A. Devlin
June 27/07
27/07

FILES-Y.S.

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State of California,)
) ss
City and County of San Francisco.)

My name is FRANK T. TATSUMI. I was the manager and chief cook of the Horse Shoe Restaurant, at 1213 Folsom Street, in the City of San Francisco. This place was assaulted on the evening of May 20th, 1907. The facts are as follows:

I was standing at the entrance to the dining room - between the dining room and the kitchen, at about half past seven. I saw about thirty persons in front of the restaurant on the sidewalk. At the same time, I saw a wagon loaded with men approaching Folsom from Eighth St. This wagon stopped on Folsom about twenty feet from the corner of Eighth Street, and everybody in the wagon got down and approached the crowd standing in front of the restaurant, and when they met, one of the persons who was eating in said restaurant, went out. As soon as he got outside of the door the crowd knocked this man down. He was dragged to the sidewalk and street. Then another man went outside the door of the restaurant. I heard that this man was asked by the crowd if he was a Union man. I also heard this man answer that he was not a Union man. There was talk between them about Union and non-union men. Afterwards this man was knocked down and dragged through the street. The crowd struck both men who left my restaurant with their fists. The men could not do anything as there were about a hundred men outside after them.

There were two other men who were eating dinner beside the two men who went out. The crowd asked these men what they were doing, and told them to come outside. One of these men was very much excited and started to go out.

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There were two other men who were eating dinner beside the two men who went out. The crowd asked these men what they were doing, and told them to come outside. One of these men was very much excited and started to go out.

The other man was cool and continued to eat his dinner. Because these two men would not go outside, one of the crowd stepped inside the restaurant and asked me to give him a meal. I told him that we would have no more meals; that the time was up, and when I told him this, this man, who had a stone in his hand, threw it at one of the waiters who was standing beside me. After he threw this stone, he went outside. As soon as he went outside, the whole crowd began to throw stones inside the restaurant, through the windows.

I can point out one man who was leading this crowd. I never saw this man before, but he is a very tall man, perhaps over six feet, young, and wears a Panama hat. He was dressed nicely and did not look like a working man. Of course I do not know where this man is, but I can pick him out if I go around there, because he is always around the Japanese restaurant.

I never threw a knife into the crowd because there were more than one hundred people outside of the restaurant throwing bricks, stones and pieces of iron, and we were all afraid and hid ourselves inside. This is the only time that the restaurant has been attacked, and there has been no trouble since. Everything is quiet now. The restaurant is closed now, having been attached by the Pacific Preserve Co. the next day. I only owe them \$16.

All the employees left on the next morning and went on the other side of town. Only one Japanese was hurt. He was struck by a stone.

While the crowd was in front of the restaurant we tried to get the police but no police came. One of the two men who stayed inside the restaurant wanted us to lend him pistols. He wanted to kill a few of the crowd. We told him

we had no pistols or any other weapon. He asked us to let him out one of the windows in the back part of the restaurant and we told him that we would let him out if he would report the attack to the police station. He said he would, and we let him out one of the windows in the back of the restaurant. This man went out about half past nine, and about ten minutes to ten a policeman came into the restaurant. The people got on the wagon and went away, and by the time the policeman came, very few people were standing in front of the restaurant. I told the story to the policeman and he said that it was too late to do anything that night, but that he would come in the morning at six o'clock.

There were seven employees and two Japanese visitors in the restaurant at the time. One of the Japanese went over the other side of town to see the proprietor at a Japanese Boarding House on Geary Street, leaving eight Japanese inside the restaurant. It was eleven o'clock when he found the proprietor, so they could not come back that night, but came next morning about eight o'clock. The proprietor said that he could not do any business at the place, so everybody left. No one stayed there after seven o'clock. I do not know what happened to the house after.

Referring to the letter of J. Regan addressed to Thomas Duke, Captain of Police, I will say that I did not see a man with a Union badge in his hat, and I did not see anybody order him to take off the badge. I did not see a Japanese come running from the kitchen with a carving knife and throw it at the man who had left the restaurant and were on the street. The cook did not come out of the kitchen.

May 27th, 1907

My name is Mrs. SARAH MACOMBER, and I live at 1224 Folsom Street, right opposite the Horse Shoe Restaurant. On the evening of May 20th, 1907, I saw a great crowd standing in front of the Restaurant opposite my house. There were 200 or more people in the street. I thought some one had been hurt, and had one of the men in my house go over to see what the trouble was. Soon he came back and said that it was only a lot of Union men looking for some fellows. We watched the crowd from the windows. There seemed to be one man keeping peace. Finally a lot of hoodlums came along. This man who was keeping peace seemed to be a Union man. I thought he must belong to the Waiters' Union because he was in front of the restaurant. He was a tall man and wore a Panama hat.

Finally, one man came out of the restaurant. Some one in the crowd said something to this man, and gave him a punch in the face. The tall man told them to let him alone. Then they made room for him and he came across the street by my house. I came down stairs and asked him why they hit him. He did not answer, but went up the street. He did not look like a Union man. The crowd did not seem to be after this fellow, but seemed to be after a short man who had a badge on. This short man finally came out of the restaurant. As he came out some one said "Knock his block off". They punched him, and finally let him go, telling him that if they ever caught him in there again they would give it to him.

There were two other men still in the restaurant. Some one said "They have gone out the back way". A lot of the men in front ran back to Ninth Street. Just then, all who were in front of the restaurant rushed over by my house. I said "What is the matter" and they said that the Japanese

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inside had thrown a dagger through the window. The dagger was thrown from the inside of the restaurant and came out the front door. Then the boys and little children in the crowd picked up stones and started to throw them at the restaurant windows. The men watched for a short time and then went away. I do not think the men threw any stones.

Later in the evening, the bath house was stoned. This was done by the small boys too, I think, and simply because the place was owned by the Japanese.

It was the throwing of the dagger by the Japanese inside the restaurant that started the riot. I do not think the crowd gathered there with the intention of rioting, because this peace-maker kept everything quiet for twenty minutes before the stone throwing commenced. They seemed to be waiting only for the men who were eating in the restaurant. The other men who were in the restaurant, did not come out at all. Some one said they got out the back way.

I saw one small boy about eleven or twelve years old throw about twenty rocks in an effort to break the big white globe in front of the store. It was nearly ten o'clock before a policeman came around.

I heard that the men the crowd was after had come down from the Lion Restaurant.

May 28th, 1907.

M. NAKASHIMA, proprietor of the Horse Shoe restaurant, makes the following statement.

I bought this restaurant on the 15th day of March, 1907, and have conducted the business of the restaurant there ever since. Up to the evening of May 20th, 1907, I had never had any difficulty of any kind. The former proprietor had some trouble, but I had never had any.

On the evening of May 20th, 1907, when my place of business was stoned, I was not there, and did not know about the stoning until late that night. I went to the restaurant the following morning at about eight o'clock,, and all I know of the occurrence is what I have been told.

I bought this restaurant for \$2500 from I. Kawai on March 15th, 1907, and since then have spent \$500 in making partitions between the ladies' and gentlemen's departments, and in decorations. I do not own the building, but have a lease on the house. The lease is dated the 27th day of August, 1906, and is between Isadore Shemanski and Henry Sieroty as lessors, and Isata Kawai, as lessee; the lease is to run for three years, at \$100 a month. I pay the rent under the name of Kawai. I had insurance on the glass in the windows and doors, but the policy calls for payment in case of accidental breakage, and not in case of damage by mobs and riots, and the lease provides that the lessee is to make all repairs.

The Pacific Preserve Co. levied an attachment upon the restaurant, and on the morning of the 21st of May, 1907 the sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, under the attachment, carried away the following articles:

79 chairs
9 tables
12 mirrors
1 clock
2 gas plates
3 open boxes of dishes
1 draw of knives, forks, etc.,
1 meat block
1 meat grinder
1 stool
1 boiler of dishes
1 coffee boiler
1 National Cash Register, #427740

These things taken by the sheriff constituted only a part of the furnishings of the restaurant, as for instance the inventory in the Bill of Sale called for 22 tables, whereas the sheriff took only 9. There were many articles stolen from the restaurant during my absence on May 21st. I had a stock of provisions, such as eggs, flour, etc, amounting to more than \$100, on the evening of May 20th, 1907, but these things were all taken away or stolen some time during the 21st of May between eight A. M. and five P. M.

May 28th, 1907.

My name is HENRY MIESNER. I work at 1200 Folsom Street - Northwest corner of Folsom and Eighth Sts.

On the evening of May 20th, 1907 when I saw the crowd rushing over to the Japanese Restaurant, I ran outside to see what was going on. I stood there, but saw nothing but the crowd looking into the restaurant - the Horse Shoe. A little while afterwards, some one came out of the place. Some one in the crowd asked him if he was a Union man. He said no. This was a little after seven in the evening. Some one in the crowd said "Don't you know it is against the rules of white people to eat in a Japanese restaurant?" To this the man replied that he did not know anything about that; that he would go and eat where he could eat the cheapest. Some one in the crowd said "Don't hit him", but some one hit him just the same. They let him go, and he walked on about his business. Then they said "We'll wait for the other two to come out." There were two more men in there eating. One finally came out. They asked him if he was a Union man. He said "No, but I am going to join the Teamsters' Union." They said, "Not if we know it". They did not want him to join the Union because he was eating in a Japanese restaurant. After they had argued for about five minutes, he walked off. The crowd waited in front for the third man to come out. I walked across the street, diagonally opposite to the Japanese Restaurant, and as I stood watching the place a Japanese came toward the front of the store with a carving knife in his hand. He threw the knife through the window, but it did not land on the sidewalk. It landed just inside the window. I heard the window break, and some one in the crowd said "I guess he wants his windows broken; let's give him a hand." There were more than 200 people standing

there, and the little kids standing there gathered up stones and threw them at the windows, breaking the glass. I did not see any men throw stones - only children between twelve and thirteen years old. I went away then, thinking that perhaps there would be a shooting scrape. It sounded as if the Battleship Oregon was there about that time, the way the windows were going.

The other man for whom the crowd seemed to be waiting, never came out. Some people said he went through a rear entrance. The Japanese, too, I guess went out the back way. From what I understand, the sheriff took charge of the place the next day, and carried everything away.

The knife was still in the window the next morning as I passed by. I showed it to the officer. I do not know who the officer is, as I had never seen him before. Some children stole the knife from the window between eight and nine o'clock that morning. I suppose the children live around the neighborhood, but everything is so scattered I do not know just where they live.

As I look at the picture of the restaurant shown to me, it is the lower front window on the right hand side as you go in that was broken by the knife thrown by the Jap.

May 28th, 1907.

WILLIAM S. CLARKE, night watchman at the Kamm Bldg. 717 Market Street, San Francisco, residence, 405 Thirtieth Street, San Francisco, makes the following statement:

I am a native of England, but have been a citizen of the United States since 1892. I have been in this country about 21 years. I came to San Francisco from Colorado last September, and have been located in the 8th and Harrison district for about eight months. When I first moved there, there were very few buildings in that neighborhood. I was living at the Salvation Army Barracks at that time.

The Horse Shoe Restaurant was about the first restaurant that opened in that neighborhood. I think there was a little lunch wagon around there, but this was the first restaurant. I had to economize, and I considered it was a great place for a poor man, on account of the quantity of food one would get for a reasonable price. I ate there every day for about three months. During those three months I was threatened several times by the teamsters who used to hang out for their dinner on the corner - there was a saloon there, and in the neighborhood there is a big teaming yard. It embraces a whole square just below Folsom Street. Every day at the noon hour the teamsters would congregate on the corner of Eighth and Folsom Streets in front of the saloon.

I had been threatened several times by these teamsters, and in November, two teamsters spoke to me about eating in a Japanese Restaurant. I told them that I would not allow myself to be dictated to by any organization of that kind; that I was my own master in that respect and would eat where I pleased. They spotted me for going in there so often, and one day when I came out, I was struck

and laid me out on the sidewalk by two huskies. Of course I didn't have any chance against them. They simply knocked me down on the sidewalk without any provocation whatever. "Now", they said, "you will go in there and eat, will you?" I said "Yes, I'll go there whenever I want to."

On another occasion, about a week later, I took a lady and gentleman from Portland, Maine, to the Horse Shoe Restaurant to lunch. We were trying to locate in that neighborhood in the restaurant business. They were going to employ me. We were going in partnership, and I considered it a good neighborhood on account of the many rooming houses in that locality. We went to the Horse Shoe and had a good dinner. I was the first to come out. They had invited me to go with them, and I left them in there to pay the bill. I was standing on the sidewalk in front of the place and three fellows came up from the corner. I saw them coming up, and knew that they had spotted me for taking those people in there. One of them hit me on the jaw and said "So you will take people in there, will you?" I said "Yes, I am going in there every day". I took my meals there every day until about Christmas time. Then I got a shack and have been backing ever since. I have noticed that the teamsters would always ^{at,} yell and curse people for going in the restaurant. A great many people bought things there and when they came out with their yellow paper bags with "Horse Shoe Restaurant" stamped on them, the Union men would yell and shout at them. The Union men always patronized the saloons around there. I have always considered that these Japanese have been **persecuted** by these union teamsters. From my experience, it is my impression that the fight is to prevent white people from patronizing the Japanese restaurants.

I was not at the Horse Shoe Restaurant at the time

of the stoning on the evening of May 20th, 1907, but I passed by the place the following morning to see what damage had been done to the place.

May 29th, 1907.

K. TANDA, Manager of the Folsom Street Bath House at 1214 Folsom Street, near Eighth Street, San Francisco, which Bath House is owned by Y. Eimoto, made the following statement:

On the evening of May 20th, 1907, when the stoning of the Bath House occurred, the proprietor, Y. Eimoto, was not present. About half past seven of that evening a crowd gathered in front of the Horse Shoe Restaurant across the street and stoned it. I saw the crowd in the street, and thinking that they might attack the Bath House, we closed the door. We were not molested, so about nine o'clock the proprietor left the Bath House and went to his home on the other side of the city. A little after nine o'clock the crowd began to gather again in front of the Restaurant and soon began to throw bricks and stones at the Bath House, breaking five windows. We put out the lights inside the Bath House and watched the crowd from the inside. There was no one hurt in the Bath House, and no damage done, except to the five windows. One chair inside the Bath House was damaged slightly. The windows and the sign cost about \$75.

The photograph of the Bath House shown by the witness was taken the day after the stoning, May 21st, 1907.

May 29th, 1907.

My name is LOUIS M. H. MEYER. I am a Police Officer of San Francisco - #506 - and I reside at 583 Dolores Street. I have been on the San Francisco Police force for about two years.

On the evening of May 20th, 1907, about six o'clock I heard whistles blowing, but I was busy with a man who had been robbed of his dress suit case, and it was probably an hour or so before I reached Eighth and Folsom Streets. When I got there the crowd was nearly all gone. I spoke to one of the Japs, but could not understand him very well. He told me that he had four customers that evening and when two of them left his place they got into an argument with some men about Union matters. It was on the corner where the people coming up and down Eighth and up and down Howard Street gathered and soon there was a large crowd in front of the place. I learned that a wagon load of men, probably being driven to their homes in the Mission, threw rocks at the Restaurant and smashed the windows. I made my report, and the next night and for several nights thereafter a close watch was kept on the place. I do not think that the attack was premeditated. I was not there at the time it occurred and could not identify any one who witnessed it. Some one must have fired a rock and after the first one was thrown it did not take many minutes to wreck the place. There was no boycott on the place, and there were no pickets around. There has been no trouble in that section since the boycott on the Japanese restaurant on Third Street some months ago. On one occasion a drunken man smashed a window of a Japanese Restaurant. He was fined \$40, the price of the window, but not having the money, he spent forty days in jail.

The restaurant is situated on Folsom and Eighth Streets, in the burned district. That section of the city is built up pretty nearly to the same extent as it was before the fire. The place abounds in saloons, rooming houses, and there are a great many stables in that locality. The place is inhabited mostly by working men. Captain Duke is the Captain of the Police force down there. On account of the car strike, the night force has been reduced to six in that district.

The attack on the Horse Shoe Restaurant was not caused by antipathy to the Japanese. It was simply a fight between Union men, and the throwing of the rock probably encouraged the fight.

June 1st, 1907.

My name is CHARLEY ZOLEZZI. I live at the Refugee Camp near Fort Mason.

On the night of May 21st, 1907, I was in the Lyon Restaurant eating. Just before I went in I met two fellows. One of them said "Charley, if you want a good meal, go into that place. It is a very good place for the money." I went in there, and everything was all right. When I came out a young fellow came up and tackled me. He said "Do you belong to a Union?" I said "Not exactly", and then he smashed me in the face. I turned around, and then he picked up a cobble stone and kept throwing it at me. I went to a policeman and asked him to protect me and he said he could not protect me; that he had to attend to the United Railroads. There were about fifty or sixty people around the place. No one else was hurt to my knowledge. They were trying to stone the restaurant, but an officer came along and chased the crowd away. There was a vacant lot next door to the restaurant and there were plenty of stones and bricks handy.

June 1st, 1907.

My name is JAMES REGAN. I am a detective sergeant of the Police Department of San Francisco, and have been in the Department fourteen years. I reside at 217 Ninth Ave., Richmond District, San Francisco.

I investigated the report made by the proprietor of the Japanese Restaurant; also the reports made by Police Officer Norman Dunn, Harry Williams who lives at the north west corner of Eighth and Folsom Streets, and a young lady named Miss Margaret Pasero, who lives at 1225 Folsom St., right next door to the restaurant, and learned that on the night of May 20th, 1907, about 7:30 o'clock a Union teamster was eating in a Japanese Restaurant. There were two Union lathers walking up Folsom Street on the south side of the street. They noticed this teamster eating in the restaurant. He had a Union button on his hat. They went into the restaurant and requested the teamster, whose name I do not know, to take the badge off his hat or leave the restaurant. He refused to do either. Then those two lathers started to pull him out of the restaurant and a fight started. They got out on the street in front of the place and continued to fight. The Japanese cook came out from the back of the restaurant with a big knife, known as a cleaver, in his hand and fired the knife at the crowd. It went through the inside window. By that time quite a crowd of boys had congregated on the street in front of the restaurant watching the fight, and when they saw the Japanese throw the knife they picked up bricks and rocks from the street and smashed the windows. The next morning all the Japanese disappeared. On the morning of the 21st when I got there, the sheriff had an attachment on the restaurant. That same afternoon they moved all the contents of the restaurant from the place.

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I heard a story that there was a crowd of fellows coming down in a wagon. They stopped at a Japanese

restaurant on Eighth St. between Folsom and Howard and the place had been closed up. By that time, when they got to the Horseshoe Restaurant, the fight had started. A lot of kids who were in the street, when they saw the fight, demolished the restaurant.

The restaurant is in what is known as the "Burnt District". This district is pretty well built up now. There are many saloons, livery stables and boarding houses in this section. It is occupied mostly by working people. There are several Japanese Restaurants in this neighborhood. There are probably twenty or more of these south of Market. There was a little trouble in this district during the waiters' strike, but no damage had been done to amount to anything. There were no pickets around these places.

Before the carmen's strike in San Francisco, there were about 150 policemen in this neighborhood - about three different watches, making about 50 on each watch. Since the strike most of the men have been put on the day watch. This has left the district south of Market Street with but few men during the night watch.

I have noticed in certain places that the Union men do not want others to go and eat in the Japanese Restaurants. There has been no trouble down there since the riot. No one was hurt in the riot outside of the teamster who was the cause of the scrap. There were no Japanese hurt.

A special officer of the San Francisco Humane Society saw the whole occurrence. I did not learn this until last evening. I shall look him up and bring him to your office as soon as I find him.

June 1st, 1907.

1068 Howard

EMIL TRAUTMAN, at the request of the Japanese Consul, makes the following statement of what he saw on the evening of the 20th day of May, 1907.

I went to the restaurant, the Red Lion, on 8th St. with my room mate, John Jameson, some time between 5:30 and 6 o'clock on the evening of May 20th, 1907. While we were going in there, a crowd began to gather in front of the restaurant, and as the patrons came out of the restaurant, they were attacked by some of the crowd. Some were knocked down, and some just kicked. While we were going out, some of the boys said "Go ahead, and give it to them"; but then others said "Why they are not working men, leave them alone." Therefore, they did not bother us, except to insult us about patronizing the Japanese. We then went to our room at 1068 Howard Street. I left Jameson there and went out, down to Folsom Street, and stayed there about ten or fifteen minutes. Of course they were attacking people there. The windows were all smashed.

I was not at the Horse Shoe Restaurant when the trouble began. I saw part of the trouble there. I saw a person come out of the restaurant and saw the crowd attack him and knock him down. Of course I did not stay there long. I did not want to have a rock thrown at me. They were throwing rocks at the restaurant. Some of the windows were already broken when I reached the place.

On the evening of the 21st Jameson and I went back to the Red Lion, but earlier than on the night before. Nothing unusual occurred until about half past five. Then a young man named Chapman started a riot there, and attacked

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various people who came in and who went out of the restaurant. There were some people already in the restaurant when we got there; others came in afterwards. Soon a crowd gathered and there was a general riot there. They did not break any windows at that place. It was only a fight. That is all I saw in regard to the Horse Shoe Restaurant. I saw some stones thrown there and some of the windows were broken at the time I arrived there.

This Chapman was the leader of the whole affair on the 21st. I did not notice him at the Horse Shoe Restaurant on the 20th. Chapman is a little fellow, about five foot five, or so. Small man - smooth face. I could not tell you his first name. I think it is Charlie, but I am not positive. I would be willing to point Chapman out. He is intending to leave town very soon. I had a conversation with him last night. He did not know who I was. I introduced myself. He did not know me. He had called me wild names before, but he did not recognize me when I spoke to him.

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My name is J. J. EDMONDS. I am a special police officer, residence, 1108 Howard St.

On the evening of May 20th, 1907, I was on duty on Eighth St. and Natoma at the St. Julian Restaurant. The St. Julian is a Japanese Restaurant. There was a picket of three Union men outside the door and quite a number of men had gathered around the place. There were fifteen or eighteen people eating inside the St. Julian Restaurant and I stayed at the door to see that no damage was done. These Union pickets who were stationed outside the door would ask every man as he came out, if he was a Union man or not. There were some Union men eating in there. The pickets would ask the Union men to show them their cards and then they would keep these cards so that they could report the men to the Union. All the non-union men were allowed to go without any trouble. As soon as all the white men who were eating in this restaurant had come out, the crowd moved on up the street.

There are four Japanese Restaurants in my beat between Eighth and Ninth Streets. One is the St. Julian the next is the Variety, but the sheriff had closed that, the next is the Horseshoe on Folsom off Eighth, and the fourth is the California on Eighth and Howard. These restaurants, and a number of saloons, boarding houses, stores, etc, paid me \$1 a month each to watch their places during the night.

I walked from the St. Julian Restaurant to the Horseshoe restaurant. There were four men eating in the Horseshoe restaurant. The pickets were stationed outside and were waiting for them to come out. Some of the boys asked me to go in and get the fellows. I said I would not. Finally one of them came out. They challenged him and he put up a fight. As soon as he got away I came around

up Ninth to Howard to the California Restaurant. There were five or six men standing outside the door there. There was no disturbance at the California restaurant at all. I thought the crowd of men who were in front of the Horseshoe Restaurant would next come to the California and I wanted to be there when they came.

Just after I left the Horseshoe Restaurant some one fired rocks at the men still in the restaurant eating, and that is how the place got broken. I had no idea that they would use violence. I stayed at the California Restaurant until all the white men who were eating there had left the place.

My name is A. DEGUCHI, address, 826 $\frac{1}{2}$ Broadway, Oakland. I am 22 years old and was born in Japan. I was employed as second cook at the Horseshoe Restaurant on and before the 20th day of May, 1907. At the time the fight began, I was in the kitchen. I could not come out in the dining room, but I tried to call a policeman. I blew a whistle several times, but no policeman came until after the crowd had dispersed. I then tried to get out the back part of the restaurant to make a report to the police station, but so many people were outside that I was afraid to go out, so stayed inside until the stone throwing stopped.

The crowd appeared about half past seven, and the stone-throwing began at eight o'clock and continued until half past nine. About half past nine the crowd left and a little before ten o'clock a policeman came to the restaurant. This policeman stayed there about five minutes. After he went we all went back to the bedroom and stayed there until next morning.

The wagon did not stop exactly in front of the restaurant, but about 20 feet from the corner of Eighth and Folsom. Most of the people went away on the wagon. There were about 60 or 70 engaged in throwing stones but some other people came to look at the place and to see what was happening, in all, more than 100.

I left the restaurant about eight o'clock the next morning. A few men came around in the morning to look at the broken windows and doors but did not molest us. When I left the place on the morning of the 21st there were broken tables, chairs, dishes, etc, all around, but when I visited the place the following day, there was nothing inside the restaurant at all. Some one had put boards up against the windows and doors.

My name is U. TAGAWA. I was born in Japan. I cannot speak English. I am a dishwasher by occupation. I was employed at the Horseshoe Restaurant in San Francisco on May 20th, 1907.

At the time of the fight I was washing dishes in the kitchen. I do not know how the fight started but heard the waiters and cooks running back and forth so I came out to look at it. When I got to the dining room I saw that stones and bricks were being thrown into the dining room from the street. I went back in the kitchen and hid myself.

One Japanese waiter was hurt, having been hit with a stone. I would not recognize any of the men who were stoning the restaurant. The stoning continued from eight to nine o'clock. I think there were more than 100 men in the crowd. I did not see how they brought the stones for I was in the kitchen and did not see what they were doing on the street.

I did not lose anything from the restaurant that night, but a friend of mine lost his coat. Nothing was taken from the restaurant while I was there, but the next morning some one came in and took the things away. I stayed in the restaurant all night.

A policeman came after the crowd had left. Some of my companions did not sleep until three o'clock but I went to bed before that. I left the restaurant about eight o'clock the next morning - may be earlier. There was no one around the place the next morning when I left.

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My name is I SATO. I was employed in the Horse-shoe Restaurant for two months, until May 19th, 1907. I was not an employee on the 20th of May, but I was there in the bed room behind the restaurant. About eight o'clock I heard a noise outside and saw that a crowd outside the restaurant was breaking the windows, doors, etc. I wanted to go out to see what was happening, but could not on account of the stones and bricks that were being thrown in the restaurant from the street. We all stayed in the back part of the restaurant until the crowd went away.

My name is J. SEKINE. I am 28 years old. I was born in Japan. I cannot speak English.

Up to About two months ago I was working at the Horseshoe Restaurant as a waiter. On the evening of May 20th, 1907, I went there to see Yamamoto about four o'clock in the afternoon. He told me if I would wait until he was through his work, he would go with me to the other part of town. About half past seven I saw many people gathered in front of the restaurant on the sidewalk. I saw a wagon approaching the restaurant from Eighth Street. Some of the people got down from the wagon and came towards the restaurant. There were four white men eating in the restaurant. When one of these men went out he was asked if he belonged to the Union. I could not hear what his answer was. As soon as he answered something, the crowd began to beat him. Then the second man went out of the restaurant and they also beat him. When they got through with the second man they called to the other two men inside to come out. When they refused to come out, the crowd began to stone the restaurant. We all hid ourselves in the kitchen, together with the two white men who were eating in the place. While we were hiding, the crowd threw bricks into the place breaking windows and other property. They continued to throw things into the restaurant until half past nine. At that time they began to go away, and when a policeman came in about ten minutes to ten, they were all gone. About three o'clock the next morning things were quiet again and we went to bed. I left the place the morning of the 21st about five o'clock.

48 25

My name is K. YAMAMOTO. I am 22 years of age. I was born in Japan. I talk a little English - not much. On the 20th day of May, 1907, I was employed as a waiter at the Horseshoe Restaurant, and had been there about one week.

On the evening of May 20th, 1907, about 7:30 o'clock, many people appeared in front of the restaurant. I saw a wagon coming down Folsom from Eighth Street. There were a great many men in the wagon. The wagon stopped in front of the restaurant where the crowd was.

There were four men inside the restaurant eating. Two of them went outside of the restaurant and I saw them beaten by the crowd. The people outside waited for the other two men to come out of the restaurant and when they found that these two men would not come out they began to throw stones at the two inside the restaurant. The stone-throwing commenced about eight o'clock. The men who remained inside the restaurant went out of a window in the back part of the restaurant.

When the first two men went out I heard them all talk about Union.

None of the Japanese in the restaurant threw any knife out the window; they took no part in the fight whatever. One Japanese named Fugimoto was hurt. He was hit with a rock on the right side. He is now in Stockton.

The fight started between the white men outside the restaurant. Then the crowd began to throw bricks. As soon as the first two men went outside, the fight began. There were about 60 or 70 men in the street in front of the restaurant. There were a great many boys around the place. They came to see the fight. I went back in the kitchen and hid myself. I would not be able to identify any

of the men who were in the street. There were no policemen around the place until some time after the crowd had dispersed. If I am wanted, my address will be with the Japanese Consul.

When the crowd began to throw stones, we thought that a fire would start from the gas, and wanted to go out front and turn it off, but we could not on account of the crowd. As soon as the crowd left I came out and turned the meter off. The meter is under the show window.

My name is GEORGE CARLEY. I am a cement worker and reside at Eighth and Folsom Streets, San Francisco.

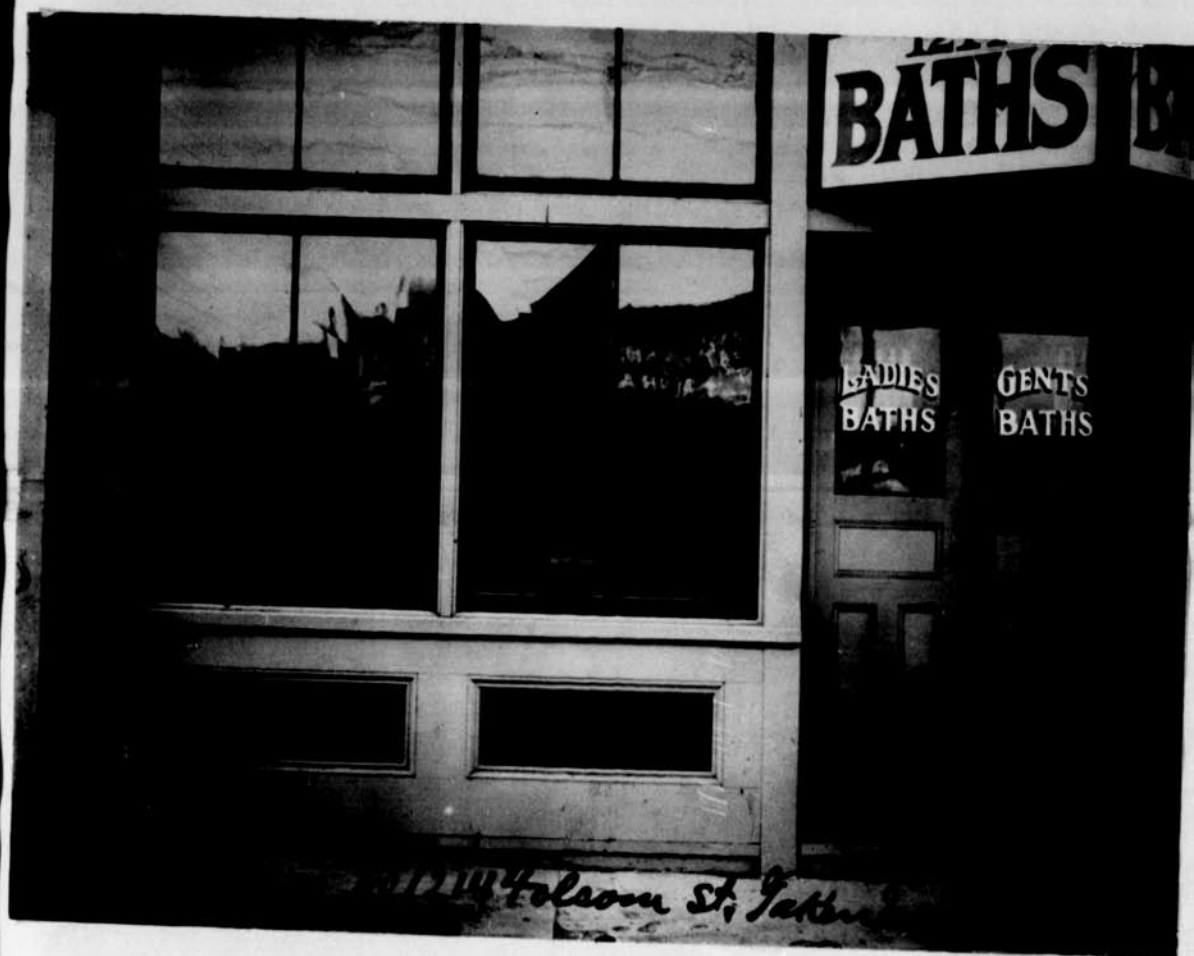
On the evening of May 20th, 1907, I saw a wagon with some Union boys drive up in front of the Horse shoe Restaurant and they all got out. No stones or bricks were brought in the wagon.

As a man came out of the Horseshoe Restaurant some one said "There is your man now". The man was beaten and then they let him go. Then a second man came out. He claimed to be a member of Concrete Union Workers and said he would eat where he pleased. He was a good fighter and did not get hurt much. He then went away. While the crowd was waiting for a third man to come from the Restaurant one of the Japs in the Restaurant threw a large butcher knife and it struck the window and broke it. Then some boys began to throw rocks and bricks at the windows and broke them. I did not see any thrown by men. I heard some men call out "You kids get away from there and don't throw any more stones."

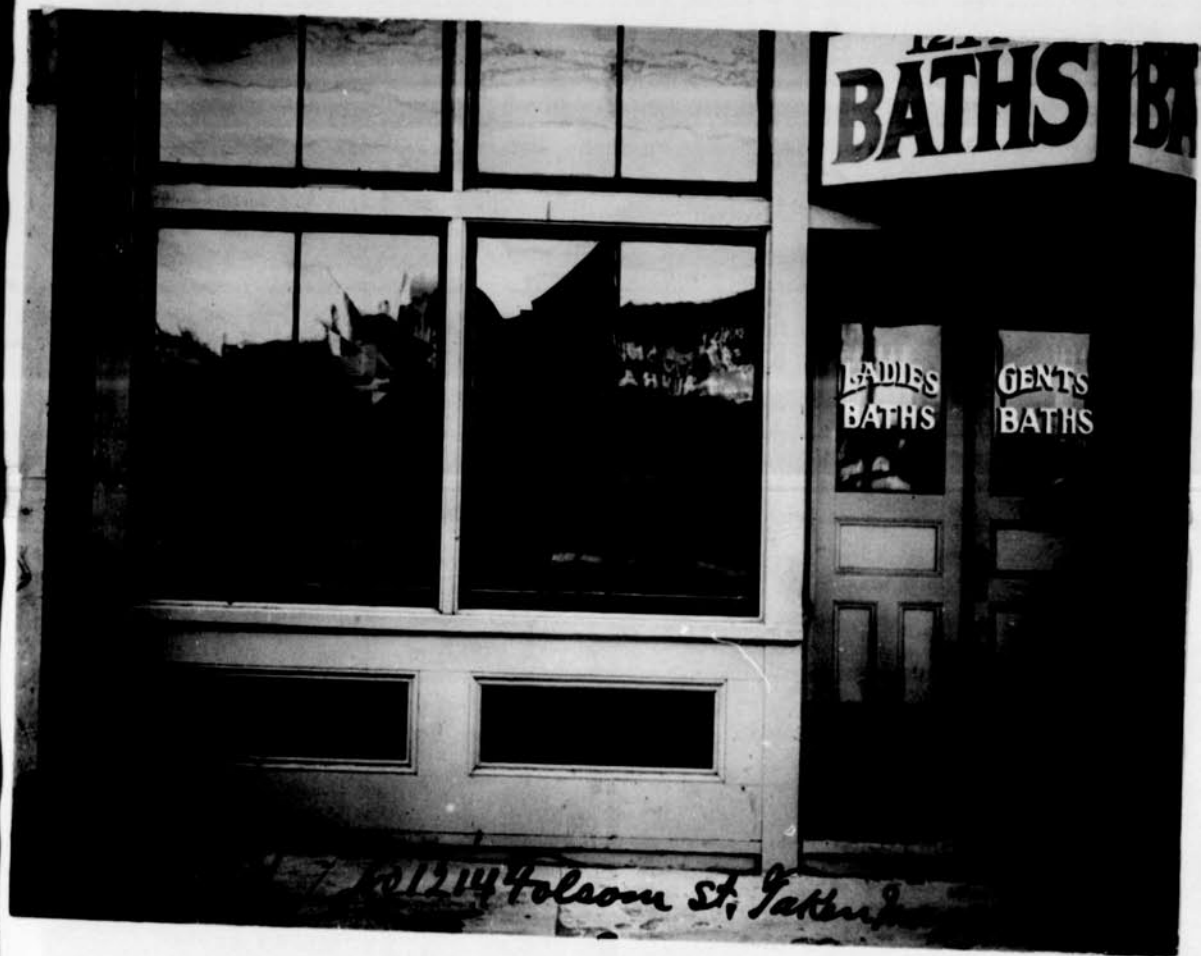
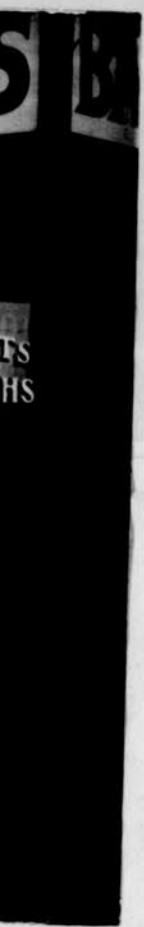
The third man who was in the restaurant got out some other way than by the front door. As soon as the windows began to break the crowd left the place.



Inside of Horse Shoe Restaurant. After Sheriff had removed tables etc.



1214 Tolson St, Jackson



1214 Folsom St, Yuba