

NATIONAL THEATRE WALES

THINGS COME APART

Tabernacle Welsh Baptist Church, Cardiff

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Compiled by Mike Pearson

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THINGS COME APART: PUBLICITY COPY

A vivid evocation of past events, on landscapes that we still walk...

Based on local accounts of events during the riots of June 1919...

How a city was plunged into disorder...

‘Wild scenes at Cardiff’.

South Wales Echo, Thursday 12 June 1919

‘An amazing orgy of pistol firing, window smashing, and skirmishes.’

Western Mail, Thursday 12 June 1919

‘The storm centre was the Bute Street and Custom House Street crossing.’

South Wales News, Friday 13 June 1919

‘The heavy rain which fell and the constant activity of the police kept the crowds on the move...’

Chief Constable’s Report, 9 July 1919

In June 1919, the city centre of Cardiff was the scene of four days and nights of violent mayhem that left three dead, many in hospital, and properties wrecked and burnt. Its causes were a complex knot of post-war frustrations that followed demobilization – lack of housing, lack of jobs, lack of opportunity. But the shocking aspect was the racial dimension, as angry demobbed men, troublemakers and Colonial soldiers clashed with Yemeni, Somali and Caribbean seamen in front of vast crowds of on-lookers.

No full narrative of the riots exists. A new specially compiled text creates a running account using only the reports in local, period newspapers – the *South Wales Echo*

and *Western Mail* and the now defunct *South Wales Daily News* and *Cardiff Times* – and the Chief Constable’s assessment. Piecing together the course of happenings – hour by hour, day by day – from reports in local newspapers, preserved on microfiche in Cardiff Heritage Library...

Things Come Apart includes no other reflective or later critical material: it is what the papers – and the police – said for better or worse, at the time, on the spot as they try to make sense of unfolding events, and to trace the dynamic ebb and flow of their associated movements. Inevitably partial, they reveal the attitudes and prejudices of that era.

Using period maps, commercial directories and photographs of the city, it pinpoints the hotspots of affray, the key locations in an urban landscape now completely changed – many of the principal confrontations occurred in what is now Callaghan Square, and in disappeared streets that are now beneath the John Lewis department store.

From surviving police arrest registers held in Glamorgan Archives, and identifying those named in the papers, filed along with their extraordinary ‘mug-shot’ photographs, it gives faces to individuals – of different ethnicities – involved in the events. Many of them the local ‘usual suspects’...

Tracing the movements of mobs and their quarry in a collage of words, plans and images.

And why? To recover events for which there are no monuments. And at a time of political and social instability, *Things Come Apart* is a reminder of what was – and what may yet come – unless we are vigilant and protective of the civil good and of fellow citizens.

On 11 June, the hottest day of the year, tensions exploded.

Thunderous events and thunderous storms followed.

Conceived, written, designed and directed by Mike Brookes and Mike Pearson

Performers:

Ali Goolyad, Aisling Groves-McKeown and John Rowley

Mike Pearson and Mike Brookes

THINGS COME APART

PERFORMANCE TEXT

As the *Western Mail* noted on Thursday 12 June 1919: “The origin of the outbreak has not been ascertained.”

Perhaps it was the presence of large numbers of black seamen, shipped in to man the merchant fleet during the war. Now discharged, unemployed, displaced, without either passports or ships. And with no hope of repatriation. 1,200 of them corralled into Butetown and into Irish Newtown: firemen – stokers – in the main.

Men with a grievance.

Perhaps it was the return of white seamen from Navy duty, now unemployed through heavy shrinkage of merchant tonnage.

Men with a grievance.

Perhaps it was the popular belief that men of colour were taking the bread out of the mouths of the unemployed, including demobilized soldiers.

Perhaps it was an ill-defined realisation that, as regards housing, work, and morals, the interests of returning soldiers and out-of-work sailors were being prejudicially affected.

Frustrated men.

Perhaps it was the indignation of destitute Arab seamen, relying on the benevolence of their fellow boarding house masters.

Frustrated men.

Perhaps it was just the old problem raising its head once more: prejudice, racial prejudice.

Perhaps it was the presence on the street of different attitudes to black men – brought here by colonial soldiers waiting to go home.

Perhaps it was pre-meditated: the work of outside agitators – Bolsheviks – come to create upheaval.

Perhaps it just copycatted events in other ports – in Liverpool, in Newport...

Perhaps it was all about sex: the resentment of white men at black men consorting with white women...living with white women...marrying white women.

Perhaps it was jealousy at the sight of black men in the “swankiest” garb, parading the streets with flashily dressed white girls.

Perhaps it was a turf war – an earlier immigrant community reacting to the latest.

Perhaps it was the concentration of drinking houses – pubs, shebeens – in the area.

Perhaps it was men still looking for a war to fight.

Perhaps it was the usual suspects looking for trouble, as usual.

Perhaps it was the weather – the hottest day of the year, followed by terrific thunderstorms.

Perhaps it was just an ordinary street brawl: when a group of black men – some of whom had apparently been drinking – were coming towards St Mary Street, followed by a crowd, and suddenly...

Well, whatever the reason, on...

WEDNESDAY 11 JUNE 1919

Wild Scenes at Cardiff; Blacks Hunted By a Furious Mob.

An amazing orgy of pistol firing, window smashing, and skirmishes between white men and coloured man broke out in the neighbourhood of Bute Street, Cardiff, about 11.00 p.m.

An argument developed into blows and a manhunt.

A dispute between whites and blacks – having its origin in a mere matter of words – gradually swelled until it culminated in a veritable hold-up of Butetown.

Revolvers were being freely used, and casualties being caused by bullets, razors, sticks and stones.

The matter was a very difficult one to deal with because of the strong expression of feeling which was vented against the coloured race.

Order was not restored until the early hours.

10.00pm

Apparently, the trouble arose in Canal Parade, running alongside the Custom House: its origins in an incident which happened at the East Canal Wharf near Custom House Street about 10.00 p.m.

The scene of the outbreak was near the Labour Exchange, Custom House Street and the railway bridge over the Glamorgan Canal.

At this time a brake containing a number of coloured men and white women, apparently returning from an excursion, was proceeding along the Wharf towards Canal Parade. The vehicle and its occupants had attracted a mixed crowd and when it reached Canal Parade Bridge the coloured men remained on the southern side and the whites on the northern side and both sections began expressing themselves in hostile terms.

A wordy argument between blacks and whites ended in the blacks, who were in superior numbers, setting upon one of the white men, who was thrown to the ground and brutally kicked.

Fortunately for the man, Police Constable Joseph Jones (12A) intervened with absolute disregard for his own safety and stopped further assault upon him.

Through the absence of police, the row broke out again. A coloured man with a razor was knocked down and severely pummeled. The razor was kicked from his

hand. And 12A again joined in and received a severe blow on the forehead, and a nasty wound was caused.

Although he was stunned by the injury, he did his best to quell the disturbance – endeavouring to maintain order until the arrival of Inspector Thomas, who was responsible for localising the affair...

...when several other brakes containing coloured men and white women came on the scene.

The constable was removed, and very soon two large crowds of Negroes and whites were facing each other at a distance of some 70 or 80 yards, threatening each other and inviting each other to resume the fray.

Among the whites were a number of young soldiers in khaki, and many ex-soldiers.

10.15pm

It was at this stage that our representative arrived upon the scene, and he came upon what appeared to be a howling mob of young fellows and girls facing the blacks at about 100 yards distance.

The coloured men were concealed in the darkness of a large railway arch and cries of “Charge! Charge!” came from the soldiers.

Suggestions to “Come on and set about them” found ready volunteers, especially among the khaki-clad youths, and those headed a wild rush for the bridge in the direction of the blacks.

A pistol shot was fired – presumably by one of the coloured men – and this immediately gave rise to an uproar.

The white men retaliated by stone throwing. The brawl developed into a fierce

fight.

In a few minutes a crowd of 2,000 people had gathered, and a second shot was the signal for a series of fights, which were carried from the immediate vicinity down Custom House Street, along Bute Street and its side streets.

Shots were fired repeatedly, and were followed by angry rushes.

The crowd was surging to and fro...

Firearms, razors, knives and sticks were used freely by the coloured men, and the whites appeared to be using only their fists and throwing stones.

A sort of running fight ensued.

When the coloured men saw the determined character of their opponent's charge and that the revolver shots would not stop it, they ran into the maze of narrow streets abutting the canal, an area known to people of Cardiff as "Nigger Town". Here there is a large colony of Negroes, many of whom have married white wives. The whites followed the blacks into their retreat and pandemonium ensued.

"I spoke, I suppose, to about thirty people, including a dozen of the police, not one of whom knew how the trouble arose. The nearest I got to an explanation came from a perspiring policeman, who jerked out, "Shots...coloured men...the — chased me, and nearly got me."

One soldier was wounded in the thigh by a revolver bullet.

A coloured man – Norman Roberts, Gordon Hotel, Bute Street – received a severe knife wound to the abdomen.

A white man named Robert Foster, of Tudor Street, Riverside, has stabs in the back.

10.20pm

It was rumoured early after the outbreak that a man's throat had been cut by a black in Caroline Street.

Police Constable Thomas Davies deposed that at 10.20pm on June 11 he was on duty in The Hayes. He saw a crowd of people at the end of Caroline Street nearest the Hayes Bridge and an Englishman with his coat off being taken down Caroline Street. A coloured man complained to him that he had been hit by the white man in the face.

About 10.35 when everything appeared to be quiet, a young man, Harold Smart (20), a white British subject of 19, Monmouth Street, walked up to the constable with his hand to his throat. "A nigger has cut my throat," he told the officer.

Patrick Linahan of 11 Mill Lane stated that he saw a black man and a young fellow "arguing the toss". And a white girl was standing by. Five or ten seconds after, he saw the nigger turn around and he seemed to strike the white man across the face, as he thought, but there was something white in his hand. As his hand came away he noticed that it contained a razor.

Linahan immediately rushed at the black man and called him a "dirty black bastard", and struck him on the side of the face. The black man fell, and Linahan called upon two white men to hold him, while he attended to the injured man.

A few minutes later, he turned round and found that the black man had vanished in the direction of Caroline Street.

Bert Lewis, a dock labourer, residing at Crichton Place was standing on the pavement in New Street with Smart. Seven or eight coloured men suddenly rushed at them, and one said, "If any of you white bastards want to fight, come on!" Lewis ran away and a nigger chased him. After proceeding about fifteen yards, he looked back

and saw Smart lying on the ground with one coloured man on top of him and another bending over him.

The coloured men appeared to be ill-treating Smart.

Mrs Margaret Walsh, who keeps a shop in Caroline Street, said there was a large crowd at the Hayes Bridge, and she saw a young man standing against an electric standard with his two hands clasping his throat. She saw a black man running across the bridge, and the crowd gave chase.

The policeman at once took Smart to the infirmary in a taxicab.

It is a fact that a man admitted to the King Edward VII Hospital has died from effects of such a wound caused in the vicinity mentioned.

Smart was very quiet lad, and his untimely demise is the talk of the locality. He left the house as usual last evening after tea at 5.30 and was not seen alive again by his mother.

The police were not positive that this casualty was caused in the main disturbance, or whether it was due to an isolated fracas.

No arrest has been made in connection with the murder of Smart.

Up till about 11:30 p.m. no damage had been done to any premises.

Our representative walked along Custom House Street, and there found a man named David Lewis, who had come back from the fray with a bad razor gash on the back of his neck. Having – with the aid of another – procured the assistance of kindly persons in a house in the street to attend to and bathe his injuries, our representative walked on further to investigate.

Passing Hope Street, which was very dark, he was surprised by three revolver

shots being sent in his direction, but apparently they were “blanks” as no damage was done.

The crowd immediately rushed from the Labour Exchange in this direction, but the offender had made off. Continuing their rush they ran into Bute Street, where more shots were fired.

Shops were attacked by the mob; sticks were freely used...

They smashed some windows and doors, without any apparent provocation.

A couple of windows in an Arab boarding house were smashed.

When they observed the injuries which had been inflicted and learned of the death of Harold Smart, they displayed great feeling of hostility against coloured men and whenever they learned of the approach of a coloured man they rushed from point to point in a riotous manner and used violence towards any coloured man upon whom they could lay hands.

The area of disturbance extended to Caroline Street in the north, and to the upper portion of Bute Street in the south; and a series of affrays took place.

“Five hundred yards down the street in the direction of the docks, I heard a great smashing of glass: revolver shots rang out, and a mob came running helter-skelter towards me. I was swept away in the crowd back to the four crossroads where Bute Terrace and Custom House Street intersect Bute Street.”

11.20pm

Some coloured men were seen to rush into a shop.

Without any apparent provocation, the violence was directed against the shop and boarding house of Abdul Satar, and though the door was slammed, an angry rush was made at it and it soon gave way.

A large plate glass window of the premises next door was broken.

The damaged premises are 251 and 250, on the right-hand side of Bute Street, near the bridge over the docks feeder. No. 250 is a Maltese café, kept by Mrs Zemmit, who says it is not a house frequented by Negroes.

The crowd had now increased to quite two thousand.

A cry of "Fetch them out" was the signal for a violent attack on the premises.

The door and windows were smashed with sticks and stones, scarcely a pane being left whole.

So angry had the crowd become that the police were almost helpless and a score of men rushed into the house, and quickly hustled two coloured men into the street. Here they were beaten with sticks and frying pans till they were rescued by the police. This was not accomplished however until the coloured men had been felled and otherwise very severely handled.

"I saw that the front of the shop premises at Number 250 had been smashed to matchwood. The damage done to Abdul Satar's shop has not yet been estimated, but it is pretty considerable. It was only by chance that the two fugitives bolted into his shop, and so attracted the pursuers."

John Flynn Marden (54), a ship's watchman living in Homfray Street, refused to go

away when requested, and kicked Police Constable Joseph Sparks in the stomach. He then moved off, but he returned and threatened him with a knife.

Deputy Chief Constable Harrison, who was in charge of the police arrangements, secured reinforcements very promptly when the trouble assumed a serious aspect – the constables arriving by motorcars, cycles, and other vehicles. Private motorcar owners who had served in the special police force were rung up, and asked to bring to the scene in their cars all the police from the district stations, a request which was readily assented to. There was soon a considerable body of police in the affected area.

The police were disposed so as to guard the direct approach to Bute Town and thus prevent collision between large crowds of white people and the main body of coloured men who lived in the Bute Town area.

When the crowd found they could not cross the bridges their anger increased, and they began to vent their feelings by damaging the premises occupied by men of colour lying between Bute Street Canal Bridge and Homfray Street.

There is a large number of houses occupied by Somalis, Arabs and West Indians in this area, and sections of the disorderly element of the crowd broke away and began, practically simultaneously, to commit wanton damage to the premises.

11.30pm

Police Constable Fred Porter said that at 11.30 p.m., when at the East Wharf, he saw a body of policeman endeavour to separate a number of white people from some coloured men. The whites resisted the police and some of the coloured men fired revolvers, struck out with sticks, and threw stones. The coloured men were hostile,

and were firing revolvers indiscriminately

Mohamed Khaid [Ahmed Khelad] (25), donkeyman, was amongst the coloured men, and turning round quickly, he fired at Porter from a five-chamber revolver. The officer was not hit. Porter wrenched the revolver from his hand, and found it held four live cartridges and one spent cartridge. When charged prisoner said, “I never tried to shoot anyone.”

Mohamed Aboukir (40) struck P.C. Porter on the arm with a walking stick; Aboukir received an injury to his right leg which made it difficult for him to walk – he alleged he was struck there by a policeman's truncheon.

The blacks who had taken cover in Hope Street, seizing their opportunity, got from there and round into Homfray Street, a small thoroughfare that runs off Bute Street.

Things were quiet here, and apparently, but for the fact they had to keep the crowd moving, a special posse of police, consisting of men from B and C division who had been rushed to the scene, had little to do.

Before 12.00 midnight

Eventually they made a move to clear the excited mob, using excellent tact in doing so, and preventing any unseemly behaviour. The majority made a move towards town up Bute Street.

When the crowd was dispersing peacefully, being moved on up Bute Street, in the direction of the Hayes Bridge, fresh shots rang out from a side street – from Homfray Street.

There was no immediate cause of the fusillade that could only be attributed to

the “nervy” state into which the blacks had been worked up.

Ali Abdul (26), fireman, was firing a revolver at the crowd of white people in Little Homfray Street a few minutes before midnight. Police Constable Frederick Gregory said he found Abdul facing a crowd of 200 people and firing. He let off three shots, and for a moment the crowd wavered. It was only momentary, however, for with a wild whoop there was suddenly a rush down Homfray Street and through the entrance into Bute Terrace.

Heading the chase, the fugitive was gradually overhauled, and finally brought down on the tramlines at the junction of Bute Terrace and Custom House Street. In a trice, a score of pursuers were on top of him. He was belaboured with sticks, kicked, and struck with fists, in danger of his life, and cries of “Kill him” were raised.

And then, being chased by white men, he ran towards Constable Gregory, who closed with him. Abdul had the revolver in his hand when the constable stopped him, but it was kicked out of his grip. Abdul who was very violent kicked him in the stomach and bit his hand.

The crowd, who had followed him, was hostile and attempted to release him from custody. There were loud cries of “Lynch him” and “Now we have got him”.

The police drew their batons, but it was not necessary to charge for the captive was handed over to their custody.

He was escorted through the crowd, receiving not a few blows on the way, and eventually taken to the Central Police Station. He had some difficulty in walking owing to an injured leg, and he also bore evidence on his forehead of having received injuries.

Shortly after midnight, Elmi Herse (25) fired five shots from a revolver at the crowd.

A squad of constables had to charge down Homfray Street to compel him – and others – to desist.

At once pandemonium again broke out, and a rush was made down the narrow thoroughfare, with police in the van. The police leading, a mob made after the blacks.

The blacks bolted into 23, Homfray Street, a house some little way down the street on the right-hand side adjoining the Salutation Hotel and barred the door and apparently fired shots from the interior.

After several heavy charges the door gave way, smashed to splinters, and the pieces of wood used to batter in the windows.

Amid the din of the falling glass, a woman's screams were heard; and a man, in his shirtsleeves, dashed into the street, and revolver shots again rang out.

The police made an attack on the house and eventually succeeded in forcing an entry.

Police Constable Soper, who had freshly arrived from Cathays, was made the target of a volley of revolver shots.

One coloured man discharged three shots into the face of the constable, and it was a miracle that he was not hit.

There was a tussle inside – a violent struggle – Hassan Ali (22) striking Police Constable George Howcroft with the leg of a chair.

And when they emerged with a prisoner he was partially unclothed, having only trousers and shirt on, with blood flowing from his head. He was greeted by a howl from the crowd and several kicks and punches were aimed at him. However, heeding the advice of the police, the crowd desisted, and awaited fresh arrests.

In a short while, another black came out in much the same condition as his

compatriot.

The last to be brought from the house was a white girl, torn, disheveled, and wounded, whose mouth was bleeding. It was a terrible sight.

There was a mad rush for the fugitive, when someone called out, “Good God, it's a woman – a girl”.

The police, who escorted her away, had some difficulty in protecting her from other white women. She was hurried away to the Bute Street Police Station.

Led by a soldier, several of the crowd on entering a house in Homfray Street were confronted by a party of white girls in night attire.

“We are British girls,” said one of them.

“Thank God there are others!” was the answer from one of the leaders – a tall young civilian wearing the Mons star and General Service Medal ribbons – meaning that there were white girls who would not consort with black men.

The four girls were hastily brushed aside and the house searched for coloured men, but the search proved fruitless.

The crowd continued in Homfray Street and indulged in further window smashing.

Youths got into the house from where the blacks had been brought. There was a sudden shout of “Fire” and sparks and dense clouds of smoke rose into the air.

A Police Sergeant gave the alarm of the outbreak – there was no doubt that the house had been fired by the mob – and the clang of the fire engine bell was soon heard coming down Custom House Street.

But the mob had done their work so well that the house was practically burnt out within a short space of time. The brigade prevented its spread and subdued the outbreak within an hour.

Hadji Mahomet, a Somali priest, was reported to be living at a house in Homfray Street, and the rioters visited. In response to entreaties of his white wife to leave for a place of safety, the priest clambered up a drainpipe at the back of his house, where he was immune from the fury of the crowd.

While hidden on the roof, with eastern stoicism, he watched his residence being reduced to a skeleton. Every window in the house was broken, and matters looked decidedly ugly when extra police arrived.

The police, now considerably reinforced, were compelled at this juncture to draw their batons, and under this sobering influence the crowd was pushed back into Bute Street, and Homfray Street was completely cleared.

Reinforcements of police were pouring in from all parts of the city. Superintendent Bingham and Inspector F. Singer arrived with a large party from Roath; and Superintendent Charles Jones with a similar posse from Canton.

They were quickly in action, taking instructions from the Deputy Chief Constable, who in the early stages was always in the thick of it.

The main object of the combined forces was to keep the coloured men out of sight of the whites. It was a difficult task, for the Europeans were too exasperated by the free use of the coloured men's revolvers and razors, and they tried to get through the police cordon in an attempt to secure revenge.

A curious feature of the affray was that when it was at its worst, and when everyone's temper was at white heat, a coloured man called out "Don't shoot the policemen," and the cry was taken up by the ranks of blacks. "It's their soft soap," called a young officer as he bundled in with his colleagues, and in their endeavour to

get clear of the deadly baton charge of the uniformed men, the coloured gentlemen put up a barrage of pistol shots as they ran like rabbit for cover.

For the most part the efforts of the police were confined to keeping the white men from damaging property, and their efforts were successful, in so far that comparatively little damage was done.

The police gradually succeeded in clearing all the streets in the neighbourhood, and after a time conditions became practically normal.

The area of the trouble covered a wide space, and several isolated melees were going on at the same time. In other streets arrests were also made, but the number – which might run to a dozen – is not exactly known.

It was hardly possible to give a definite story of the trouble at present.

‘You can appreciate the difficulties of the police,’ said the Deputy Chief, ‘as you’ve witnessed much of what happened. There are so many byways in the district that it was comparatively easy for both the whites and blacks to slip down side streets and do damage without fear of apprehension. Damage was done in several parts of the district for no apparent reason.’

The house of a coloured man named Fisher, in Adam Street, on the corner of Morgan Street, was entered by whites, who partly wrecked the place and brought out furniture and bedding, which they smashed in the street. The occupants of the premises, however, do not appear to have been personally molested.

Another collision of the blacks and whites occurred on the Canal Parade between the

York and Glendower hotels. In a melee with a number of coloured men, Police Constable Badger – who had only recently returned to his police duties after having served in the Navy during the war – had a struggle with a big coloured man, who was attempting to rally his compatriots. Badger pluckily charged him. A razor – which seemed to be the most popular weapon with the Negroes – was drawn by the man from his hip pocket and he drew the blade across the constable's neck. He was so badly wounded that he had to be taken to hospital.

Shortly after midnight, three police officers – Sidney Jones, William Clarke, and James Coombes who were standing at the Monument – offered to escort to their lodgings in Tredegar Street a party of about 25 coloured men who were coming towards Custom House Bridge from the direction of Canal Parade...owing to the temper of a crowd of white men in the vicinity; hostile white men were behind the police on the bridge. But they refused to go. Firing then began at their would-be protectors.

Ivor Gabriel Landsman (21), coloured cook, promptly commenced shooting from a revolver. After firing three shots deliberately – one of the bullets passed through Clark's tunic – Landsman ran away and threw his revolver to the ground. P.C. Sydney Jones knocked him down.

His example was followed by the others who fired at the three constables, neither of whom was struck. The police gave chase and arrested two of the assailants.

It was very difficult to know who was who in the affray; Landsman said he was knocked down before any shots were fired, and he did not have a revolver at all.

After 12 midnight

About midnight, at which time an American armed naval patrol appeared on the scene, the hubbub died down, and people living in the Docks district, who had been prevented by the “hold up” from going to their homes, began to take courage and – escorted by the police – preceded home.

The police eventually got under control and dispersed the crowds during the early morning of 12th June. Excepting occasional skirmishes the seriousness of the outbreak had diminished.

Altogether, 15 cases have been dealt with at the hospital for injuries from knives or razors and bullet wounds, but in the majority of cases the injuries were not serious enough to warrant their being detained. It is probable that there are several other cases of minor injuries. How many police were hurt it is not possible to say definitely.

About half a dozen blacks are in custody in connection with the affair, and the majority of these will be charged with shooting indiscriminately and with assaulting the police.

THURSDAY 12 JUNE

Morning

All was quiet in the Cardiff streets this morning after last night's astounding scenes.

From the two gutted houses in Homfray Street, the inhabitants had been given refuge by neighbours.

Except for curious sightseers, the streets were deserted and few members of the coloured races were in evidence in the Docks area.

It was noticed that the coloured men moved about in couples. And a much commented on fact in connection with their movements was that their white women followers were not in evidence.

After 1.00pm

Quietness prevailed until about 1.00 p.m. when the usual – but quite unnecessary – number of respectable and law-abiding citizens began to assemble as spectators. Under the cover of their presence, disorderly elements began to create unrest.

3.00pm

Lively scenes were witnessed – a slight recrudescence of the trouble – at the corner of St Mary Street and Wood Street, where words and blows were exchanged between a British soldier and a black man.

Shortly before three o'clock the police stationed in the neighbourhood of Custom House Street had to proceed to Bute Street to warn a civilian for interfering with a coloured man.

The white man defied the authority of the law and chased the coloured man up the street.

The police took up the chase, and on the coloured man getting clear, the white man broke a shop window. He is also alleged to have deliberately broken another window at the Royal Hotel.

The police then arrested a soldier in uniform, alleged to be the offender. This action proved to be the spark which was to spread the discontent, and in a few minutes a tremendous crowd – who thought that the soldier had been arrested for striking the coloured man, and were headed by several men in khaki – gathered, and followed the police who had the soldier in custody, hooting and booing them all the way

The crowd assumed a menacing attitude and nearly overpowered the police.

Repeated attempts were made to rescue him, and Inspector Frazer had a “warm” time while in charge of the prisoner. Once near Wood Street, he had three would-be prisoner-rescuers hanging on to his shoulders. He shook them off and adopted a wise manoeuvre in suddenly turning into the Royal Hotel.

The anger of the crowd grew as it increased in numbers. A British officer in uniform – Lieutenant E.I. Walters, 4th South Wales Borderers, who was in the vestibule of the hotel at the time – was prevailed upon by some civilians to make an appeal to the crowd.

He briefly addressed the crowd from the steps of the hotel and explained to them the real position; and begged them to keep order.

The crowd demanded the soldier's immediate release and several persons cried out, “He is one of us, and has fought for us, not like the blacks.”

The officer made another appeal to the crowd, reasoning with them that he was himself a citizen of Cardiff, and that he would see that no harm would befall the soldier.

After this, the crowd seemed to be more amenable to reason.

Mr. David Williams, O.B.E., the Chief Constable, was in attendance and had taken the necessary precaution to bring in supplementary forces in the case of emergency.

Meanwhile Inspector Frazer and his men had quietly removed the prisoner by means of a back entrance into Westgate Street, whence he was conveyed – unknown to the crowd – to the Central Police Station.

The Chief Constable thereupon quietly informed the assembly that the man had gone; and after some angry words from them, there was a general dispersal.

Reinforcements of police had been arriving all the time, and it must be mentioned that the younger constables – showing their war decorations – had much to do with the peaceable end of the incident.

Late afternoon

Another “incident” just after the soldier was taken away was nipped in the bud by the timely action of the police. A coloured man was seen to board a car at Wood Street, and many cries of “Come on” and “Let's knock him off” went up from the quickly gathering crowd.

Police Constable Gooding, who was on his way back to Custom House Street after dealing with the soldier, quickly moved in the matter. A young man, apparently the ringleader, boarded the car, with others in attendance... When the constable grabbed him, and pushed him from the footboard... Holding the crowd at bay, the constable saw the coloured man get clear away. Then the assembly dispersed.

The maximum temperature registered in the screen at Roath Park yesterday was 80.5.

This morning the thermometer stood at 64 degrees but this afternoon, as the result of the overcast sky and strong westerly wind, which creates a draught in the screen, it fell to 54 degrees.

Early evening

It was evident early in the evening that there would again be considerable trouble, and the police prepared for further riots, every available man in the city force being on duty.

The Chief Constable was present, with a large staff of officers, and the stipendiary magistrate Sir Thomas Lewis visited the spot, prepared to read the Riot Act. This, however, was not considered necessary, as the police had the crowd well under control.

As a precautionary measure a company of the Welsh Regiment from the Cardiff depot, in command of Lieutenant Dudley, were brought into Cardiff to be called upon in case of emergency, but the military were very wisely kept in the background and hardly anybody was aware that they were in readiness.

The heavy rain which fell, and the constant activity of the police, kept the crowds on the move.

Between 7.00pm-8.00pm

Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening crowds began to gather in the district intersected by Custom House Street and the upper end of Bute Street. They were largely composed of those led to the scene by idle curiosity.

But there were among them a considerable number of youths of the rowdy type.

And also a fair sprinkling of men in khaki and blue-jackets. Many of the women, mostly inhabitants of the side streets, with shawls round their heads, mingled with the crowd.

As trouble was anticipated, throughout the day extra police had been on duty in the affected district – “nigger town” – but about eight o'clock the force was greatly strengthened by the arrival of some six or eight mounted men and a large number of constables. The Chief Constable was in command, and among the officers also on duty were the Deputy (Superintendent Harrison), Superintendent Price and Inspectors Collins, King, Brett, Francis and Frazer.

The **storm centre** was the Bute Street and Custom House Street crossing. The police, by the exercise of considerable tact and discretion, kept the crowd on the move and made a point of encouraging all the women to go home.

The people were – at the outset at any rate – in thorough good humour, and as one of the police observed: “They’re not opposed to us, but are really out to help us.”

Earlier in the evening a coloured man arrived in Crichton Street, off Bute Street.

Uncomplimentary remarks were hurled at the man who, in retaliation, brandished a razor.

“The real origin of the rioting is described by an eyewitness to have been a dispute between a woman of the ‘Bute Street walking type’ and a black man who flashed a razor in a threatening attitude. There was a scream from the woman which attracted the attention of some passers-by in Crichton Street.”

His hasty act inflamed the crowd, and in a moment he was pounced upon. A compatriot, unfortunately, appeared on the scene. And also became an object of the crowd's fury.

Inspector Andrew Frazer – with his men – rushed into the fray in the nick of time. And the man took to his heels. He was soon pursued by a crowd, but he eluded them. And then a hue and cry went up and his hunters soon numbered several hundreds.

Then there was a cry of “Black men” in Crichton Street, and a rush there elicited the fact that two or three coloured men had been arrested and taken to the Bute Street Police Station.

Those of the latter who could not get their hands on the men of colour paid attention to a house in Crichton Street, said to be occupied by coloured men, and most of the windows were broken.

From this place the crowd proceeded in more orderly fashion to the Bute Street crossing and a little way towards the Docks.

8.00pm

It was just about 8 o'clock that there was a rush down Bute Street – about 100 evilly disposed persons – to a refreshment-house at Number 264. It was believed that the fleeing man had sought refuge in the café and boardinghouse of Mohamed Ali (27) – a house frequented mainly by Somalis. A large crowd assembled.

Here they caught a glimpse of some Arabs. The cry went around that there were coloured men there. These coloured men were on the look-out, and were greeted with a howl of derision and someone in the crowd, which surged before the house, threw a stone.

In less time than it takes to tell, a volley of stones smashed in the shop windows. Sydney Blashill (36), a marine engineer, and Albert Sparkes (20), sailor, were prominent. Police Contable Arthur Richings saw Blashill throwing stones and shouting “Come on boys, let’s get the niggers out.” Charles John Snell (21), soldier, only recently demobilized, was throwing stones.

Then the occupants of the house showed themselves. Whether to frighten away the crowd only or with murderous intent, gunshots were aimed by the Somalis through the glass panels on the door, passers-by being very much terrified. The crowd retaliated with stones.

This was met with a totally unexpected volley of revolver shots from the upstairs windows of the premises. Ball ammunition giving out, the besieged resorted to the use of mineral water bottles and to the flinging of stones – of which they seemed to have plenty – back into the street.

This incensed the hostile crowd of 400 outside, and within a very few minutes in the melee, every window in the house, upstairs and down, had been smashed. There was soon a lively skirmish in progress. P.C. Lambourne was hit with stones on the leg and on the side of the face.

William Parker (24), soldier, and Ernest Perkins (28), coal-trimmer, were both armed with weapons, one with a stay of a bedstead and the other with the leg of a table. [P.C. Gooding said Parker subsequently threw the side of the bedstead over a wall into a yard.] They appeared to be the leaders. Parker was leading the crowd; Ernest Perkins shouted, “Let's kill the blacks”; “Follow me.”

By the time the police managed to force the crowd back, every window was without its glass.

Further shots were then fired by the men inside the boarding house, though no-

one outside appeared to have been hit.

This happened within a few minutes, but the police rallied around in force. The crowd were advised to desist from violence. It was a courageous act for the police to enter the building – to disarm the occupants – unarmed except with their batons against men with revolvers.

The intention was to get the Arabs away in safety to the Police Station, which was near.

As the police entered, a section of the crowd rushed in from the front and back. The crowd forced an entrance into the premises, smashed the furniture, and caused great disorder.

On entering the premises Acting Superintendent William Price saw William Jones (36) and Sydney Blashill in the front room downstairs. Jones was in the act of breaking a table with an axe – on the ground that he was excited. Price took hold of him, and saw that the axe was wet with blood.

Near him, on the floor was Mohamed Abdullah, lying in an unconscious condition, with bloodstains on his head.

Police Constable Frank Lambourne said he saw a man in the crowd – whom he could not identify – strike Abdullah on the head with the leg of a table which had been chopped off whilst the man was lying on the ground.

Police Constable James Birch saw a gang of white men with an Arab on the floor. James Bond was among the party and he had a piece of wood in his hand.

Mohamed Ali was standing at the top of the stairs with a revolver in his right hand. As the officers went up the stairs he pointed the revolver at them and fired several times.

P.C. Ernest May – who will be recognized as an old rugby player with Cardiff Seconds – was fired at point-blank. Fortunately the aim was not good, and the bullet passed through his helmet.

Another Constable – Brotherton – also had a narrow escape, the bullet in his case passing through a fold of his cape.

It was a desperate struggle.

In the struggle, Mohamed Ali dropped his weapon, and he was then quickly overpowered and carried out of the premises. He had received an ugly wound on the head – P.C. Brotherton hit Mohamed Ali in the eye with his left fist; his right eye and cheekbone were swollen to such an extent that in all probability he could not see with that eye.

Police Constable James Birch knocked a revolver from the hand of an Arab who had just fired a shot into the street.

Police Constables May and Lambourne arrested the men who had been shooting. The police took three of the Arabs into custody, but there was no determined attempt by the invaders to make any captures on their own account.

They were assisted in the arrest of the Arab who shot at the police by an ex-private in the Welsh Fusiliers, a Cardiffian named Brien, who is a furnaceman. For his pains he received a baton blow on the back of the right-hand, but – though he might have had his head fractured had he not intuitively put up his hand – he did not blame the young constable who did it, for he recognized the difficulties of the situation.

Mohamed Ali (30), Said Bin Said (21) and Mohamed Sheriff (24) were charged with shooting at divers persons unknown, and Mohamed Ali was further charged with shooting at P.C. Ernest May and P.C. Herbert Brotherton with intent to murder. On him were found 28 live cartridges but no revolver. A revolver containing five live

cartridges was found on Said. No arms were found on Mohamed Sheriff.

From the Somali house the police collected a number of weapons from the revolver to a hatchet and a poker.

The Chief Constable gave orders that a police guard should remain there, and the coloured men on the premises were detained there for the time being to save further trouble.

Was there a baton charge?

It was possible for a policeman to have struck the man Abdullah on the head.

Police Constable William Gooding said he used his staff to drive back several white men who were around the Arab. In the crowd he saw Parker, Perkins and Blashill. Gooding was excited, but denied that he might have struck the Arab.

Mrs Mabel Emma Ali, wife of the occupier of 264, Bute Street was in her room. On hearing revolver shots and windows breaking she left her bed and later went onto the landing on the second floor of the premises. She stated she saw three policemen in the crowd, and two of them had their batons drawn. She also saw Mohamed Ali between the shop and the middle room. The suggestion was made that a policeman's baton may have caused the injuries:

“I saw Mohamed Ali in the middle of the crowd at the bottom of the stairs. I saw a police constable in amongst the crowd, and I saw his baton come on the top of Ali's head.”

But she thought the policeman's idea was to use the baton against the crowd generally, and not against any particular person. She saw Mohamed Ali – after being

struck – fall against the rail of the staircase. She was unable to identify the policeman in question.

Mohamed Abdullah (21), a ship's fireman, was conveyed in a semiconscious state to the police station, and thence by ambulance to King Edward VII's Hospital where it was evident that he could not recover.

The man may have received his fatal injuries through the manner in which he was carried from the house. Acting Sergeant Arthur Ritchings M.C. denied that the Arab was carried by four policemen taking an arm or a leg each, with head hanging loose. The man was carried in the humane manner taught the police in the St. John Ambulance classes.

He died at four in the morning. Dr. Daubois, house surgeon at the King Edward VII Hospital, described the injuries of Mohamed Abdullah. The deceased Arab, he said had a lacerated wound on the right side of the head and a fractured skull. Abdullah's skull was thinner than that of a normal man. There was fracture of the vault of the skull, and of the base. The brain was badly damaged. Deceased's right arm was also fractured. In the opinion of the doctor the wounds could have been caused by the leg of a chair or table.

Patrick Linahan (38), dock labourer – 39 previous convictions – denied doing anything to encourage the crowd in rioting.

James Bond denied taking part in any of the rioting at all.

The premises were fired and the brigade had to be called out.

Following these dramatic incidents, the crowd, now strengthened by several hundreds, proceeded down Bute Street. Attempts were frequently made by the crowd to reach Bute Town, but they were thwarted by the police.

If the crowd had overpowered the police and got through, the result would have been disastrous as the black population would have probably fought with desperation and inflicted great loss of life.

They were challenged on the bridge over the feeder near Spiller's Mills, and only those people who lived in the Docks area or were going to work were allowed to pass through a cordon of police.

This was a wise precautionary measure in as much as Negroland proper is on the west side of Bute Street below the bridge. Negroes had not been seen in the streets, but the police knew that many hundreds are residing in a congested district, and realised that serious trouble would inevitably follow a raid.

This diversion naturally attracted police from neighbouring spots, including Herbert Street, also in the Bute Street district.

The crowd at once moved to Herbert Street, where information had been passed round concerning a house occupied by several coloured men. There was no hesitation this time, and the crowd attacked the house immediately, breaking the windows and forcing an entrance to the building.

The interior was completely wrecked, and the furniture was thrown into the road. A small piano was dragged out and was hopelessly smashed.

The rioters visited a house in Adam Street which someone had reported was occupied by coloured men. The boarders quickly made themselves scarce when the leaders of

the attack arrived, and the latter were content with wrecking the furniture. Tables, chairs, etcetera were brought into the street and smashed.

Joseph Power (19) chased an Arab whom he wanted to fight. And when Police Sergeant Whitcombe prevented him fighting, he kicked in the plate glass window at 270, Bute Street, valued at £8.

The crowd in Bute Street and St Mary Street became very hostile when he was being taken into custody, and it was only with difficulty that he was detained.

Inspector Francis said Denis Hurley (29) was one of a disorderly crowd, and that he smashed a plate glass window valued at £7 at 49, Bute Street with a stick.

Hurley pleaded that he got excited owing to the effects of a wound in the head received in France.

before 9.00pm

Just before nine o'clock – in Bute Street, not far from the Hayes Bridge – Agnes Devonish (23) was seen to have flourished a razor and to have shouted, “If any nigger comes near me I will cut his head open.”

She alleged that another woman took the razor from her pocket, and added that her husband had given her the razor and the Bible to take care of for him when she warned him against getting into trouble.

She was promptly arrested before she could do any damage.

From the **storm centre**, many short rushes were made in one direction or another.

The next rush was in the direction of Ruperra Street, an offshoot from Custom House Street, where an Arab was alleged to be flying from the crowd, but the police were promptly on the spot and kept the crowd away.

The principal and the ugliest scenes occurred near the Hayes Bridge, where a large crowd gathered early in the evening.

9.00pm

As 9 o'clock was approaching, the crowd made its way to Homfray Street, where houses had been raided on the previous evening.

Ernest Perkins (27), William Parker (24), and James Rees (27), a New Zealander in khaki, took a prominent part in the movements of the crowd.

Quickly it was ascertained that there were no black men left in that street, for the three houses were untenanted.

Someone shouted that there was a nest of black men in Millicent Street, and another in Tredegar Street. These streets run up at right angles to Bute Street, and are parallel, and the backs of Millicent Street are against Tredegar Street, which is similarly situated with regard to the chief scene of the first night's rioting Homfray Street.

There was an alarm of "blacks" in Tredegar Street, and for a moment the interest centred here. There are two empty houses in this thoroughfare, which face Ruperra Street, and which up till a few days ago are stated to have been occupied by coloured men.

Benjamin Kain (26) – who said he got excited when he found himself in the

crowd, and did not know what he was doing – pushed his fist through two panes of glass sustaining certain cuts in consequence, and smashed a fanlight with a piece of brass tubing at 25, Tredegar Street. When charged he replied, “You might have allowed me to get my own back.”

The crowd doubtless would have done further damage but for the prompt intervention of the police, who tactfully worked the crowd back.

A cry was raised that the black men had escaped out at the back, and the crowd again made towards the houses. The police however, kept the street clear and entered an adjacent house, whence they got to the back of the other houses, but there were no coloured men there.

“They're on the roof,” yelled someone, and instantly all eyes were centred on the chimney pots, but once more the alarm was false.

Satisfied that there were no coloured men in that part of Tredegar Street, the crowd allowed themselves to be coaxed back by the police to Bute Street, but they had to be handled carefully, for there were many of them by this time in an excited state. And darkness was coming on.

The crowd went to Millicent Street, where a throng had already gathered. The demonstrators were kept at bay for a time by several mounted police and a number of constables.

9.30pm

About 9.30 p.m. a coloured man appeared on The Hayes. He was at once chased by an excited mob, and ran into the Wyndham Arcade, emerging in St. Mary Street. The crowd was hot on the scene, and followed him in a dense pack into Caroline Street.

The mounted police joined the chase, captured the man in the middle of that thoroughfare, and at once formed a cordon round him. Eight or ten constables afoot joined the party, and the man was escorted to the Central Police Station.

Two mounted officers led the way, and two more brought up the rear, with the other policemen completing a square.

The crowd which followed was quite a thousand strong, and several vain attempts were made to break the cordon and capture the man.

On the way, a number of stones were thrown. But he was taken down St. Mary Street, through Church Street, and safely through Cathays Park to the Central Police Station.

A rush of about 60 youths was then made for a couple of Arab boarding houses in Bute Street, and failing to get at an eating-house in the vicinity of Satar's – which was wrecked on Wednesday night – they scattered; and reassembled near the entrance to Maria Street, practically the opening to the Negro residential quarters.

Scouts were on watch for the coloured men, and within a minute between 30 and 40 Negroes assembled on the corner of Maria Street, which is near the Bute Street station of the City Police.

Superintendent Price and others spoke to the crowd in a most tactful manner, and prevailed upon them to avoid bloodshed.

10.00pm to 11.00pm

Within a minute of this, a call came to the neighbouring station for reinforcements, as there was a large and savage crowd in Millicent Street.

A number of police “at the double” were followed by the Bute Street crowd, and when Millicent Street was reached it was practically blocked at both ends, and the way into Bridge Street was also thronged. It was now between 10 and 11 o'clock, and the most exciting and tragic scenes were to come.

The tone of the crowd of whites became more and more angry; they had legs of chairs and pieces of wood.

During the disturbances the police observed certain white British subjects taking an active part in inciting and leading the crowds.

Eventually the excitement centred in Millicent Street. They assembled in front of a house – 57 Millicent Street, an Arab boardinghouse of which John Abdulla was the tenant – where eight Negroes were known to reside. Here it became known that some Arabs had found their way into the house that was formerly the “Princess Royal Inn” – the premises have still the old frontage. This house is two doors away from the warehouse of Messrs William Powell and Co., wholesale grocers.

A dead set was made for the ‘Princess Royal’.

Sydney Blashill led the crowd into Millicent Street, having a stick in his hand and saying, “Come on, boys, follow me.” The crowd shouted “Here’s where they live; let’s have them out of it.”

Neighbours declared that they had seen eight to a dozen Arabs there in the upper storey. Challenges were issued to them to come out. Several colonial soldiers constituted themselves the ringleaders of the besieging party, which was largely made up of discharged soldiers.

Some of the latter asked: “Why should these coloured men be able to get work when it is refused us?” The relations of coloured men with white women were

also referred to angrily.

A cry was heard, "They have got one."

Robert Hooks was being dragged out of the house, and being badly assaulted. Police Constable Glyn Gate intervened and shouted, "It's a white man"; and James Rees then said, "All right, boys. It is a white man."

When the crowd realised their mistake, they released the man, who subsequently had to be taken to the Infirmary with a fractured skull.

Indiscreetly, the coloured men showed themselves at the window.

The mounted police and the constables were unable to keep the crowd back.

And the crowd broke into the old-time bar, determined to get at the occupants, shouting "Kill the black bastards."

Forms, it transpired, were used as battering rams, and doors were battered down. In the dash into the premises, there were conspicuous a number of soldiers in khaki, a few Jack Tars, and ex-soldiers.

The assailants crowded into the narrow passage, and began to ascend the stairs. The men had nearly got to the top of the stairs when the moment of tragedy occurred.

Then shooting commenced and a coloured man at the top of the staircase shot blindly into the first half dozen men.

There are various estimates as to the number of shots, varying from 10 to 30.

Sidney F. Dennison, chief steward of the S.S. Bayverdon, residing at Brighton, said that when he was proceeding to his ship he heard shots being fired from 57, Millicent Street. What happened inside is described by Mr. Dennison:

“I was attracted by the crowd, and shoved right into the building. A black man was shooting from a badly lighted corner, which gave him protection. An Australian soldier made a rush at him, and the revolver went off again.”

And with it the exclamation, ‘My God, I am hit!’ Five other shots quickly followed and members of the besieging party fell.

In the van of the attack were two soldiers, one Colonial. When they were confronted by the armed coloured men their action was typical of those accustomed to the firing line. They dropped flat on their faces, crawling back and ordering those behind to act similarly. A table was held up as a body shield, and before the next onslaught the coloured men backed to the wall of the room.

Once at close quarters, each of the surviving attackers took his man, and soon desperate struggles were in progress around the room.

One coloured man was making frantic efforts to draw a weapon from his hip pocket while his antagonist hung on grimly to his throat. There was a flash of steel, and the white man relaxed his hold with a razor wound on his hand. The Colonial soldier whose wrist was cut only paused a minute to have the injury roughly bandaged, and resumed with zest the attack on the besieged house.

Mr. Dennison:

“Then I made a rush at him. I am almost certain he went through the window at the back. The Australian was shot in the hand, and a man whom I have heard them calling Donovan and McCarthy was also shot through the heart, and was taken to the infirmary, where I am told he died. I did not see these cases, but I did observe that the Arab who did the shooting escaped through a small window

at the back.”

Police Constable Glyn Gate saw the flashes of shots fired from both up and down stairs in the direction of a very hostile crowd. One or two shots whizzed past the head of a *Western Mail* reporter, who had been carried – by the impetus of the crowd behind – close to the open doorway.

Albert Jones stated he was shot in the head in Millicent Street whilst picking up a woman who had been knocked down.

The free fight continued for some minutes. But the coloured men retained possession of house, though apparently they had run short of ammunition.

The behaviour of the crowd outside the premises was very hostile prior to the firing of the shots: they would have killed them. During the rioting that had taken place the police, it was stated, were powerless for a considerable time. The crowd was very unruly.

Others of the raiding party were, by this time, busily engaged ransacking the premises. Kitbags containing clothing were quickly abstracted, and there were willing ‘Receivers’ outside. There were many brave spirits well out of the danger zone. They had allotted to themselves the task of cheering the invaders and accepting the booty as it was handed out.

Old women and slatternly young women shrieked encouragement and it was a sight reminiscent of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile the police were forcing their way through the mob, but before they

reached their objective, a flame shot up in the upstairs window, and the white combatants came tumbling out.

Five men fell in the affray on the stairs, and a Colonial soldier was shot through the neck. A man staggered out of the house with blood streaming from his forehead between the eyes.

Another – Mr Edward Thomas, of 34 Caerau Street, Cathays – was shot in the head, and was roughly bandaged before being carried to King Edward VII's Hospital.

There were many bruised shins, sore heads, and injured arms. The minor casualties were numerous.

John Slattery, labourer, Frederick Street was on his way home when he saw a crowd in Little Bridge Street “kicking up a row.” He heard revolver shots and saw flashes coming from the house. Number 57 Millicent Street. Some men were carrying a man from the front of the house, and he went up and recognised him as Donovan. He carried John Donovan into Little Bridge Street and tore open his shirt. Police Constable Glyn Gate saw Donovan in the kitchen of a house, unconscious and suffering from a bullet wound in the left breast.

A decrepit old woman, whose grey hair tumbled in profusion down her shoulders, shrilly declared that one of the white men was dead. Her remarks were fortunately heard only by a few in the immediate vicinity, and a diplomatic policeman, putting his hand over her mouth, rushed her away from the vicinity to prevent her further inciting the combatants.

By this time the police were in considerable force. The Chief Constable (Mr David Williams), the Deputy Chief Constable (Superintendent Harrison), Superintendent

Charles Jones, Acting Superintendent W. Price, Chief Inspector Harries, Inspector Andrew Fraser, Inspector Adams, and a body of constables, were now in position to control the crowd – which was still excited, despite the damping influence of the steady rain and the driving wind.

The presence of a taxicab was thought to be ready to remove the Arabs to the police station.

Constable Hudson said that when he arrived at 57 Millicent Street he found that the doors at the entrance had been forced. He forced his way to the bottom of the staircase through the hostile crowd, and, being unable to see what was at the top of the stairs, he struck several matches, and was able to discern several coloured men.

Immediately a match was struck, a shot was fired; and altogether about 15 shots were discharged in his direction.

There was a light shown in the top storey bedroom and a cry of “Fire.” The alarm was given and the brigade, in charge of Acting Superintendent Moger, was within a few minutes ‘playing’ on the premises.

In the room the coloured men had had a fairly even chance, but with the advent of the fire the mob eagerly looked forward to their prey being driven into the open and receiving what was regarded as just punishment for the shooting affair.

The firemen quickly got to work, and played with a strong force of water onto the house, breaking through the upper windows. No attempt was made to interfere with the firemen, though there were several determined but ineffective, efforts to break through the cordon of police in order to re-enter the house.

Constable Hudson took an acetylene lamp off the engine, and with another constable rushed up the stairs.

But when Inspector W. Thomas called to the men upstairs to desist they complied with his request.

All the men (who were very terrified) were found to be upstairs, where two loaded revolvers – both of which bore evidence of having been recently discharged – were discovered, two sheath knives, a dagger, a butcher's knife, and cartridges. And a chopper covered with bloodstains.

It was at this time that the Chief Constable handled the crowd with masterly tact. The flames were easily quelled, but the firemen continued to play upon the house, pouring tons of water into the premises.

The crowd were momentarily expecting the Arabs to rush out – if not into their arms, into those of the police.

For nearly half an hour the crowd waited, and when it was evident that the Arabs had escaped chagrin was loudly expressed and many of the crowd concluded that the fire brigade had been playing a game of spoof.

Mr David Williams assured the ringleaders that the coloured men had no chance of living under the torrent of water with which the house was flooded, and that they must either give themselves up or die.

With this assurance, the crowd gradually thinned, and at last dispersed, leaving the police quietly to convey the coloured men to a place of safety.

Anyhow it had the effect of cooling down the crowd, and up to long past midnight there were no other disturbances, though the police prevented further access to the Negro quarter in Bute Town.

It is noteworthy that at no time was the crowd hostile to the police.

There was one amusing incident – Detective Pugsley was ordered to move on by a constable!

The scene in the house after the shooting baffles description. Furniture was broken and chair legs were used as implements of offence.

John Donovan (28) – who was wearing the Mons Ribbon – was shot through the heart, and was dead on arrival at King Edward VII Hospital. He was a single man, and was the son of Mr. John Donovan, boilermaker, who at one time lived at 45, Mary Ann Street, where the victim was born.

He was formerly well known in Cardiff as a footballer and runner, and won several cups and other prizes on the track. He was a boilermaker prior to the war, but for some time past had been serving as a driver in the Royal Field Artillery, from which he was only a few weeks ago demobilized.

Since his return from the war Donovan had been working for the Taff Vale Railway Company, and had lived of late in Grangetown where a sister lives. He was engaged to be married to a girl in the Mary Ann Street area, and the banns have been read.

One or two residents of Mary Ann Street were chatting with Donovan about 10 o'clock about the black men, and Donovan said, "If there's any trouble up here tonight I'll come and help you to protect your house."

Almost immediately Donovan had said this, there was a rush of the crowd to Millicent Street and Donovan went off in that direction.

"It wasn't ten minutes after that," added the Mary Ann Street resident, "that news was brought that poor Donovan had been shot and that they believed he was dead."

Alonza Beckles (55); Issa Mohamed (25), fireman; John Abdulla (40), shop keeper; Cham Ali (21), fireman; Sali Abdulla (21), fireman; Mohamed Hassan (26), fireman; Ismail Mohamed (24), fireman; Mohamed Abaderi (21), fireman; John Tucker (38), fireman; and Farrah Mohamed (33), fireman were charged with shooting at persons unknown with intent to murder. The sum of £299 6s 2d was found on John Abdulla.

Those of the crowd who knew the district trooped into Tredegar Street. Here an Arab was caught and maltreated. He was taken for shelter into 54 Millicent Street, where he was lying for a long time in an unconscious condition.

Joseph Dawson (51) was discovered by Inspector King in an outhouse in the garden of 24 Tredegar Street: an arrest took place on this occasion, and the man was escorted by mounted police to the Bute Street Station.

Sydney Blashill, James Bond, William Jones, Patrick Linahan, William Parker, Ernest Perkins, Charles J. Snell, and Albert Sparkes were identified as being in the crowd at both places, and certain of those were recognised as having taken part also in the tumultuous scenes enacted in Bute Terrace and Tredegar Street.

All took a prominent part in the movements of the crowd which did the damage, their object being to attack the premises occupied by the coloured races and to do damage to their property.

Police Constable Scourfield, who arrested Perkins in Bute Terrace, said Perkins had a blood-stained leg of a chair in his possession which he said he “took from a black man down the street.” He claimed he was at a Salvation Army meeting until nine o'clock.

“Who and what were they?”

The leaders, undoubtedly, were young men. A number of them were in khaki and blue; others were discharged soldiers. Civilians there were also, and quite a number of the most angry section were women. Many of the latter were hysterical, ready to run in whatsoever direction a shout was raised, and that shout generally took the form of “Kill the niggers”. Always the “black man” was their quarry, and whenever one was rooted out by the police after the discharge of a revolver, the mob rushed upon him, and he was got away with difficulty.

“To three men who appeared to take a lead in the running and shouting I spoke. The reply was the same, with variations of adjectives.”

12 midnight

At the back of the minds of the more sensible people among the onlookers was the lurking fear that stronger action would be necessary before the situation became quieter. It was circulated that the military would be called into action.

Colour was lent to this when a large “W.D.” lorry drove from the direction of the city towards the docks. It was seen to contain soldiers in full fighting order, with rifles sticking up grotesquely from their squatting figures.

In a few minutes, the men in khaki returned towards the city.

Around midnight

The more vigorous section of the crowd were searching for black men until after midnight. A few minutes before that hour about 30 men rushed into the Great Western Railway Station in search of black men. They went along the platforms and searched the waiting rooms, but could find no trace of their quarry.

Subsequently, they made off to Riverside Station. But here also their search proved unavailing.

The destruction of property was not confined to the Bute Town district, for during the evening a gang of youths attacked shop premises in Wood Street – situate at the corner of Scott Street – and smashed the plate-glass windows on both sides of the shop. The place was used as a girls' lodging house, but no persons were molested by the crowd.

During rioting, the windows of a house in Fitzhamon Embankment was smashed.

During the night, police lent protection to a number of coloured men, bringing some of them to the police stations for safety and accompanying others on necessary journeys.

Happily, no casualties of any serious nature was sustained by members of the Cardiff police force.

A tradesman living in the affected area who was an eyewitness of most of the scenes and is a well-known social worker was interviewed this morning as to his impressions.

“I was not surprised at the rioting,” he said, “but only half measures have been taken. This very street is regularly a promenade for the loose women.”

“As to the causes?”

“Well, as I have told you, they are several. What was the immediate origin of the outburst of rioting I cannot say as I was not on the spot, but overdue. The causes are many, and I feared we were going to have serious rioting even before

the regrettable affairs at Newport and Liverpool. I know that others keenly interested in the welfare and good name of the city have implored the responsible authorities to take action with a view to preventing such unfortunate episodes. The result of my close observation over a prolonged period is to convince me that two reasons are prominent.”

“First, the licence given to loose women in certain well-defined areas to congregate and solicit the black men, with the natural resentment of white men, and fear that the coloured folk are bent on seducing girls.”

“The next is the housing difficulty – the feeling that accommodation is found for the black races to the disadvantage of Britishers.”

“A row may start over a trifling incident, and as you know, many join in without knowledge of the merits of the dispute on occasion. And I can assure you that in the melee last night the ordinary hooligan element was pronounced.”

“But there is another reason for the outburst and I think this had much to do with last night's affray, as it undoubtedly was the leading element in the rioting in London and Liverpool. During the war the government imported a large number of the black race from various parts of the world. Presumably they “did their bit” satisfactorily, and the government should have sent them back or placed them in a suitable camp when their service was done, instead of throwing them on the labour market in the British courts. There are at Cardiff probably over 1,000 of such men at the present time.”

“Will you not reconsider your decision as to my giving your name?” was our reporter's last question, and the reply was:

“No, with the present temper prevailing I have my own property at stake. That is my only reason for not disclosing my identity now. When the time comes I

shall not hesitate to say from the public platform that in my opinion the laxity of the authorities is responsible for the death and all the damage to person and property. Something must soon be done, for our city is constantly menaced by the unclean state of the streets.”

“The black man is not alone to blame, and the problem of his association with white girls must be tackled, whilst early government action is imperative on the economic side of the question.”

“In considering the subject, however, it should always be kept in mind that the type of black man now in the port is quite different from the pre-war negro. He is not so well acquainted with British customs, has the ways of thought of his native villages, and is ‘fresh’ for trouble.”

After midnight

Tom Dixon (26), negro – stopped by Police Constable Charles Harris in Canal Parade – was unlawfully in possession of a loaded revolver and 25 full cartridges.

Sydney Blashill was charged with breaking and entering at Number 296, Bute Street, Cardiff, and stealing a quantity of clothing valued at £13 17s 9d, the property of Evan Evans. Entrance had been effected by taking a panel out of the back door, apparently by means of a jemmy, which was found underneath the door. Blashill was found wearing some of the missing clothing.

5.00am

Police Constable Lambourne stated that on the morning of June 15 at 5.00 a.m. he

saw Ali Hassan (22), an Arab seamen lodging at 250 Bute Street, and a Greek seamen walking up Custom House Street towards St. Mary Street. He stopped them, and asked Hassan where he was going, and Hassan pulled out a loaded revolver from his pocket and pointed it at him. He knocked the revolver away, out of his hand and took Hassan in charge.

At the police station, the revolver was found to contain five live cartridges, and a dagger was also found in his hip pocket.

Among the souvenirs collected by the police during the affray were a revolver, a razor, and quite a large number of bludgeons. A negro was the possessor of a revolver, which is a dainty, nickel plated affair, but nonetheless dangerous for it's small size. One of the other weapons taken from the coloured fighters was a length of twisted iron wire, further weighted with a brass plate at each end.

FRIDAY 13 JUNE

Morning

This morning all was quiet in the Bute-town “war zone”, after last night’s renewal of hunting for black men and desperate spasmodic encounters that have resulted in two more deaths.

All the men injured in the rioting are described to be progressing satisfactorily, though naturally those with fractured skulls cannot be said to be out of danger for some time.

Robert Hookes (47) suffers from a severe fracture of the skull and his condition is critical.

The inmates of the raided buildings, which are not habitable, have been unostentatiously removed to other quarters, and many black men are leaving the town, chiefly in road vehicles.

2.00pm

Soon after 2 o'clock there was a wordy row in one of the streets at the bottom end of St Mary Street.

A party of French sailors were in hot argument with an Algerian native. Some of the habitual loungers at this spot were about to intervene, regarding the Algerian as a black man, when the police made a timely appearance.

Mid-afternoon

During the afternoon there were some threatening demonstrations against a number of black men carrying their sea bags on their backs – and most of them with sticks – walking down Bute Street.

They were so covered by the police, however, that they were unmolested, though followed by crowds.

Crowds – mainly composed of the over-curious order – kept assembling near the scene of the previous night's raids in Millicent and Tredegar Street.

And there was a rush when a motor van drew up at a house known to be a resort and dwelling place of black men. Some property was removed without interference, thanks to the masterly way – without display of force – in which the on-coming crowd was dealt with by Inspector Fraser.

A meeting was held at Cardiff Docks of Arabs, Somalis, Egyptians, West Indians, and other coloured races, to protest against the treatment to which they are being subjected. It was pointed out that they had done nothing to originate the disturbances, and they knew nothing of the cause of the public resentment.

At present there are between 1,000 and 2,000 of these men at Cardiff, a much larger number than before the war...the reason being that they signed on ships while white sailors were engaged minesweeping, etc.

They claim that as British subjects, they are entitled to protection. And a resolution was adopted calling upon the government to take measures with this end.

All are trying to get away from the port, and they only ask for passports and ships to enable them to do so, but they complain that foreigners are being signed on.

They concur with the decision of the Maritime Board that Britishers – whether white or coloured – should be signed on before the foreigner, and to preference being given to the white Britisher. But they claim priority over the foreigner.

The Arab boarding masters have urged their compatriots not to carry firearms or

knives; and by their pacific conduct earn the protection of the local authorities and all law-abiding citizens.

It was emphasized that when firearms had been let off by them, it was only to frighten the mobs, and with no intention to injure anyone.

A white resident in the Docks area for over 30 years told one of our reporters that on Wednesday night he witnessed a most unprovoked assault upon a coloured man near the Wharf bridge. The coloured man was first insulted and then attacked by three whites, one of whom blew a whistle. This seemed to be an expected signal, because hundreds of persons who rushed up from the neighbouring streets, including many women and girls, had sticks and stones, and flung them at the unfortunate coloured man as they chased him along the street.

The Reverend John Thomas, honorary secretary of the Cardiff Citizens' Union, and Major Russell, the general secretary, were interviewed yesterday after they had made a thorough investigation of the situation in all its aspects.

“As the result of our observations this afternoon in the negro quarters,” they said, “we are thoroughly satisfied that the city police are doing all in their power to cope with the situation, but, if the worst is not to happen, they must be immediately reinforced.”

“We rang up the Lord Mayor to this effect, and strongly urged this line of action, and that all the public houses in the city, or least in this area, should be closed on Saturday at not later than six o'clock.”

“We found the coloured men in and around Loudoun Square eager to co-operate with the authorities in the maintenance of peace.”

“Amongst them we saw Dr. Rufus Elester Fennell, a coloured medical man from the West Indies, who has been in the trenches for 314 days, was wounded three times while serving in Mesopotamia, and who attended thousands of our British soldiers.”

“He undertook to persuade his countrymen to keep within the bounds of that area, and he suggested that assembling of all kinds on the street corners should be absolutely prohibited.”

“His idea is that it is absolutely necessary to grip the evil, and not to play with it.”

“Then we had evidence of the white wives of coloured men and their children, who had been molested, when coming from the city, by the rioters. One of these women had been resident in the city for 17 years, and had never been molested before.”

“If, as has been alleged, parental control has broken down in so far as girls under 18 years are concerned, then the authority should absolutely prohibit them visiting this area. And the same thing applies to the men from the Valleys who visit Cardiff during the weekends. No man, except he has definite business, should be allowed in the area.”

A disturbance occurred in the Grangetown district in the course of the afternoon.

Two married Negroes have been resident in Somerset Street for some years, and on Thursday night a mob, numbering about a thousand men and women, congregated and assumed a hostile attitude. Beyond smashing a few windows,

however, no damage was done and no one was hurt, and a small posse of police, in charge of Inspector Wheeler, persuaded them to clear away.

The crowd gathered again this afternoon and assumed a more hostile attitude, expressing their determination to break all the remaining windows in the Negroes' houses.

The police were reinforced by men from Canton, in charge of Superintendent Jones.

The crowd, however, carried out their intention before the police could interfere. They insisted on searching the house to see if the negroes were there, but they found no black men on the premises, and subsequently left with shouts, but otherwise peacefully.

Mary Ann O'Shea (33) who was one of a crowd that entered a refreshment-house at Number 2, Herbert Street took a picture off a wall – the property of Mahomed Nassia.

She was seen carrying it in the street by Police Constable Seale, but upon observing the officer, she dropped it and ran away.

Late afternoon

Cardiff was again the scene of noisy disturbances, though except on one occasion they did not develop into a riot.

This is due entirely to the excellence of the police arrangements, for in the quarters where trouble had already occurred the streets were thronged with dense crowds.

In the vicinity of the disturbances of Wednesday and Thursday night a rough element

congregated early, but were kept on the move by the police who – with the good humour which has characterised their demeanour throughout the week – had a difficult task in keeping the small knots from joining together.

Menacing crowds were assembling in the Bute Street area, and about 4 o'clock the mounted police were turned out and the patrols generally strengthened.

Fortunately coloured men were at a premium, but one foolish young Arab suddenly appeared in St Mary Street, and from all quarters a crowd assembled.

One of the first to reach him was a man in khaki, who immediately dealt him a blow with his fist. The quarry scuttled in the direction of his home in the Tiger Bay district.

The police were swarming to the spot by now and the pursuers found difficulty in the way of reaching their quarry.

The last seen of the black man was a pair of heels dodging through the side streets to home – and safety.

Yet another coloured man ran the gauntlet near the Canal Bridge at Bute Street Police Station.

The crowd again gathered in a few seconds and he received severe ill-treatment before the police mastered the situation and got the man away.

The crowd followed the prisoner and his escort to Bute Street Police Station but quietly dispersed when they saw the hopelessness of expecting to get at the man.

A couple of the discharged British West Indian men had the foresight to wear their uniforms when venturing abroad; and the sight of their badge stood them in good

stead.

Early in the evening crowds numbering many thousands congregated in St Mary Street, Custom House Street, The Hayes, and the top end of Bute Road.

Many of them were evidently bent on mischief, but there were thousands of others, including women and children, who mingled in the crowd out of sheer curiosity, and would not accept the kindly advice of the police to go home out of danger.

Most of these people were no doubt attracted by curiosity and the possibility of tragedy, and equally no doubt many were willing and even eager to participate in the Negro hunting which had developed into something like a fever.

But the police had the situation firmly in hand. The mounted force had been increased, and these most effectively prevented anything like concerted assembling.

The crowds were continually broken up, and – though there was much rushing hither and thither as anything in the nature of an incident promised to happen – the police admirably kept the masses in loose formation, and on the move.

So much constant and tactful hustling is apt to wear down the most robust enthusiasm, and the crowd eventually grew tired of the game and slowly drifted homewards.

Moreover, the police had called in the aid of the military, and strong cordons were drawn across certain streets to prevent the congregation of crowds anywhere near what may be called the affected spots.

The police were in strong force at all the danger points, particularly at the entrances to the quarter when Negroes reside, and cordons were placed on Custom

House Bridge along the Canal-side; in Bute Road; and in Hope Street. Whilst a stronger cordon still held the bridge near the Bute Road Post Office, and prevented all save those who had business from passing.

Thus the curious and mischief makers were, to a great extent, kept away, whilst now and again a squad of mounted police patrolled the streets and cleared away the crowd when it appeared to become unmanageable.

Arrangements were a triumph of organisation and the Chief Constable is to be congratulated on the complete absence of any repetition of the tragic and unpleasant occurrences of the two previous nights.

Before 9.00pm

There were one or two ugly rushes in Custom House Street before nine o'clock.

Reynold Williams (19) incited the crowd in Bute Street to violence, and when requested by Police Constable Frederick Porter to go away, he butted him with his head and struck him several blows.

But it was half an hour afterwards when the police were called upon to exercise stern authority.

Two Australian soldiers dodged past police officers and started to run down Hope Street in the direction of the Negro quarters. They shouted as they ran, and hundreds followed them past the police some distance down the street.

Here, however, they were checked by a patrol of mounted men coming up through Crichton Street, and these drove them back into the arms of the policemen in

Custom House Street.

Two policemen guarded every few yards of Bute Road, and there were others covering the entrances to Sophia Street, Maria Street, Angelina Street, and Loudoun Square, where hundreds of Negroes were collected.

But these were very peaceable, and were amicably discussing the situation amongst themselves. Nevertheless, they were in determined mood, and ready to defend “our quarter of the city” at all costs.

They had posted sentries at each entrance to give notice of the approach of any hostile crowd.

As it happened a few hooligans managed to pass the police at the bridge, and at St Mary's Church a man was taken into custody. Some of his friends attempted a rescue, but other policemen came up and the opposition to the arrest speedily crumpled up.

It was evident that the police had the situation well in hand, and during the evening Mr David Williams, O.B.E. (the Chief Constable) and Alderman J.T. Richards Chairman of the Watch Committee drove in a cab through the affected area.

9.00pm

Shortly before nine o'clock an incident in Wood Street attracted a big crowd.

Word went round that a shop was being wrecked there. What really happened was that a man knocked down his wife. Some shutters fell over with a crash.

George Woodfield (18) picked up a piece of the shuttering and was arrested. Police Constable Charles Griffiths said when there was a large crowd outside the

shop, he saw Woodfield pick up a shutter and throw it through the window at 25, Wood Street, breaking some glass at the back and a large mirror.

On being arrested Woodfield said, "You have made a mistake." He said that as he passed the house with a big crowd the shutter fell on him and that all he did was to pick it up and put it back through the window, which had previously been broken.

There ensued an angry scene near the Royal Hotel corner. A knot of men loudly claimed that the boy had been wrongly taken into custody. A cry of "Let him free" was shouted, and there was a rush after the youth. But his escort had drawn their staves, and the crowd soon after cleared off.

10.30pm

About half-past 10, an affray occurred in Bute Terrace which threatened to develop into a serious business.

It became known that in the house of L. Hassan, residing at 8, Bute Terrace, there lodged a number of Malays, and a crowd gathered in Custom House Street.

They dribbled in small numbers across the Bute Road until a fairly good number were collected in Bute Terrace – Timothy Clancey, one of the ringleaders.

The crashing of glass was the first intimation that trouble was brewing, and at that time there were few policemen in Bute Terrace. But they quickly came up and tried to push the crowd away.

More glass was broken, and the Malays in the house took alarm and rushed upstairs, then up to the attic and onto the roof.

The crowd, which by this time had swelled considerably, espied their dark, sinewy bodies silhouetted against the skyline, and a hoarse cry of anger was followed by a volley of stones aimed at the Malays – as they clambered through the skylight of

the house and dragged themselves on their hands and knees over the top of the roof to seek shelter on the other side.

Just then a policeman brandished his baton in front of a crowd and – as it glistened in the bright moonlight – someone cried out, “They are charging.”

In rank disorder the mob fled back across Bute Road and into Custom House Street, followed by a strong force of officers, who now freely used their truncheons, and in the melee several were struck. But the area was quickly cleared.

Three of those who were struck down by the police were brought to the Infirmary and were attended to. Their injuries were not serious and they were not detained.

William Simpson (34), an Englishman, who created a disturbance in the affected area, was charged with using bad language and with assaulting Constable Walter James. He shouted “The — niggers have their own way; come on, let us get them out.”

Upon being taken into custody he became very violent and kicked Constable James twice on the legs. They struggled and both fell, and whilst on the ground Simpson tore James’s trousers.

“During the evening I made a tour of Negroland,” writes one of our staff.

“My first object was to assure myself that there was no truth in the statement that a Negro had been battered to death during the afternoon.”

“I walked unmolested through the streets from St Mary's Church to Loudon Square.”

“Groups of coloured men, a few coloured women and many deep-coloured and hybrid children were about. Most of the men carried stout sticks, but it struck

me that the stick-less men were of the more dangerous type.”

“An old resident of Loudoun Square told me that he and his wife had watched the Negroes loading revolvers. They made no secret of it, for blinds were not drawn. As my informant put it, ‘There is enough arms and ammunition among them to stock an arsenal.’ His experience, however, and it is on sea and land, was that very few Negroes will shoot without extreme provocation: but he added, ‘The coloured man is corralled, his life and property are at stake, and much as I disagree with mixing the two races, the regard of the black man for his wife and his affection for his children are the redeeming features of his character.’”

“I talked with intelligent natives of the Bermudas and West Africa, known to me to have made their homes in Cardiff for many years. They were unanimous in advising their compatriots to remain in their recognised area. ‘It will be hell let loose, as your people say, if the mob comes into our streets’.”

“There are men among us that nothing can restrain if we are attacked. We are British subjects, and demand protection from the government. We are ready to obey the white man's laws, but if we are unprotected from hooligan rioters who can blame us for trying to protect ourselves?”

Another “South Wales News’ representative writes:

“The bulk of the crowd consisted of sightseers, many being women, not a few of whom had babies in arms! Warnings by police as to the danger they were running in bringing their children into the danger zone were in most cases unheeded – in fact, in several instances the police were spoken to impertinently for their thoughtful words of advice.”

“Several tours down Bute Street and along Canal Wharf revealed the fact that the coloured men, while calm and collected, were well prepared for any attack, and had the mob from the city broken through the police cordon, there would have been bloodshed on a big scale, and the attacking force would have suffered heavily.”

“Serious trouble was undoubtedly averted by the splendid way in which the police handled the crowd and nipped incipient outbreaks in the bud. The Chief Constable had augmented the number of mounted men, and they tired the crowd out early by keeping them continuously on the move.”

“The baton charges had their moral effect on the hooligans who started the stone throwing at L. Hassan’s boarding-house, and they also had the effect of clearing a large number of the sightseers off to their homes.”

“The young constables, many of whom have seen active service, acquitted themselves admirably under the most trying circumstances, and are to be particularly commended for their tact. One of them showed remarkable courage when the stone-throwing commenced outside the boarding-house in Bute Terrace. For the moment he was alone, but he faced the crowd of roughs unflinchingly and, drawing his baton, he dashed at them and scattered them like chaff before the wind”.

11.00pm

By 11 o’clock the streets were comparatively clear, and the stragglers were quickly moved on by the police.

In a conversation with a “South Wales News” reporter about 11.30, Mr. David Williams, the Chief Constable, said he could not speak too highly of the way in which all ranks of the force had behaved.

“They have been on duty,” he said, “for the greater part of two days, and two nights, and are tired out. I am glad, however, that things have passed off so well to-night, because now there will be some chance of all of us getting a little rest.”

Fresh from his experiences of similar trouble at Birkenhead, Acting Inspector Adams – still suffering from a wound in the head – was always in the thick of the trouble. His long experience of the coloured population was very valuable, as also that of other old Docks officers.

SATURDAY 14 JUNE

Morning

Perfect quietude prevailed in the disturbed area this morning, though there were – early on the scene – sightseers of the Malay boarding-house, which was the only scene of violence last night.

All the men injured during three nights' rioting are doing well in the King Edward Hospital. Some Somalis with head wounds at the City Lodge Infirmary are satisfactorily progressing.

Evening

The crowds did not diminish. Their curiosity and desire for excitement was still unabated. The foot and mounted police prevented further mischief.

There were all the elements present to make trouble, and with the streets thronged with people until a late hour, the authorities had an anxious time until the crowds began to melt away.

Mr David Williams, O.B.E., in uniform, was always at the spot where the crowd was largest, and at his orders everyone was kept on the move. The military were prepared for any eventualities, and it was definitely stated a large force of men of the West Riding Regiment had arrived in the city from Pembroke.

The crowds were, for the most part, of a thoroughly good-natured character, but here and there were men of the hooligan type who were out for mischief.

It is regrettable that in dealing with outbreaks of disorder the police should be greatly hampered by the presence of mere curiosity-mongers. They form crowds, dislocate traffic, impair the effectiveness of the police, encourage disorder and unconsciously or otherwise lend themselves as a cover for an idle and disorderly

element to wreck and burn property, the cost of which has to be made good by the ratepayers.

10.00pm-11.00pm

By 10 o'clock, there were not wanting signs of unrest in Custom House Street.

A coloured man was a rarity on the north side of the canal, and with the absence of material for “baiting”, the crowd soon tired of aimless wandering.

The appearance of a Malay of the seafaring type – Houssan Hassan – who came up Hope Street into Custom House Street quite upset the temper of some of the ringleaders of the crowd, and a moment later a Colonial soldier – James Rees – was seen belabouring the Malay. He ran out of the crowd and struck Hassan two blows on the jaw, hitting him to the floor.

The police, who were in strong force hard by, at once interposed, and the soldier was arrested and taken into custody for an alleged assault; while the Malay was also taken charge of by the police – to save him from suffering at the hands of the more rowdy section of the crowd.

A mounted police patrol was soon on the spot, and with this and some six or eight constables in charge of Superintendent Charles Jones, the police started to convey their prisoner and the Malay to the Central Police Station, going by way of New Street and the Hayes Bridge.

At the latter place there was a large crowd, and the appearance of the police with their khaki-clad prisoner aroused considerable indignation.

The crowd booed loudly, and the air was filled with curses and cries of vengeance. On the way to the police station there were repeated calls of “Let the soldier go.”

There were ugly rushes from Mill Lane and Bridge Street, and the crowd swelled rapidly to very big proportions, the chorus of indignation growing as it did so.

Matters looked very ominous. The police stuck pluckily to their man, but it became evident that the task of conveying their prisoner to the Central Station was going to prove both difficult and hazardous. Several rushes at the police guard were made between Hayes Bridge and the end of the Royal Arcade.

Then, before one could say “knife,” the crowd, which surged wildly behind the police, had a rude awakening.

At the moment that they were passing the Arcade entrance, Superintendent Charles Jones, who, with some half-dozen constables, were on foot behind the prisoner, gave the word to his men. And before the yelling crowd realised what was up, Superintendent Jones and his men turned and, facing the crowd with truncheons drawn, began to lay about them like men possessed.

Whack! Whack! Whack! fell the blows, and very soon the front rank of the crowd had been bowled over. The effect was magical. The great bulk of the crowd – including those who a moment before had been yelling the loudest – turned and fled!

The crowd dashed pell-mell for safety.

Many people sought safety on the canal bank and among flowerbeds.

Once – in this melee – the Chief Constable was completely cut off from his men, but, fortunately, no harm was done.

A few determined fellows, including one or two service men faced the police, but the latter soon bowled them over with their truncheons and they, too, beat a hasty retreat.

It was a piece of work brilliantly carried out at the crucial moment, for it saved an awkward situation. It drove the crowd back to the Hayes Bridge and enabled the

mounted police to convey their prisoner safely to the Central Police Station.

A member of our staff who was near the front of the crowd in the Hayes when the police charged had a very narrow escape of a cracked head. For when the crowd were driven back, he stood his ground, and – in the melee – succeeded in dodging through the line of police as they charged; and found himself almost the only man on his feet, while the crowd were being bowled over in all directions.

This baton charge, the only one of the evening, had an excellent effect on the crowd, for it showed that the police meant business, and that any breach of order would meet with summary justice.

Following the baton charge two men were taken to the King Edward VII Hospital for treatment. Their injuries were found to be slight, and they were not detained.

The police arrested a man named Timothy Clancey (30) labourer who is alleged to be one of the ringleaders in the disturbances which occurred at Bute Terrace on Friday night.

11.00pm

By 11 o'clock the crowds began rapidly to disperse, but the police patrolled the streets until a late hour, and no further trouble was experienced.

The sentences:

On Wednesday 11 June

At 250, Bute Street:

John Flynn Marden (54): for assaulting Police Constable Joseph Sparks – 1 month hard labour. The defendant had been before the Court 61 times previously, 11 times for assaulting the police.

On East Canal Wharf:

Mohamed Khaid, or Ahmed Khelad (25), donkeyman: for shooting at Police Constable Fred Porter with intent to murder – 15 months hard labour.

Mohamed Aboukir: for striking Police Constable Fred Porter on the arm with a walking stick – 6 months hard labour.

Ivor Gabriel Landsman (21), coloured cook: for shooting at Police Constables Sidney Jones, William Clarke and James Coombes with intent to commit murder – 3 years penal servitude.

At Homfray Street:

Ali Abdul (26), an Arab fireman: for shooting at divers persons with intent to commit murder, but also for assaulting Police Constable Frederick Gregory. The Judge said he had come to the conclusion that prisoner was in danger of his life from a hostile crowd, and as he had been in custody one month he ordered his imprisonment for four days, which meant his immediate discharge.

Elmi Herse (25): for shooting at divers persons unknown – acquitted, there being some doubt as to the defendant's identity.

Hassan Ali (22): for assaulting Police Constable George Howcroft – fined 40 shillings or a month.

On Thursday 12 June

At 264, Bute Street:

For shooting with intent at divers persons unknown with intent to commit murder:

Said Bin Said (21) and Mohamed Sheriff (24) – not guilty and discharged.

Mohamad Ali (30) Arab fireman and boardinghouse master (further charged with shooting at P.C. Ernest May and P.C. Herbert Brotherton with intent to murder) – 6 months' hard labour [commuted to 3 months]

At 264 Bute Street, for the murder of Mohamed Abdullah:

Sydney Blashill (36) marine engineer; James Bond (42) dock labourer;

William Jones (36) coal-trimmer; William Parker (24), soldier;

Ernest Perkins (28) labourer; Albert Sparkes (20), sailor – charge withdrawn

At 264, Bute Street; 57, Millicent Street; and elsewhere:

For riotous assembly –

Sydney Blashill – 18 months hard labour

James Bond – 20 months

Timothy Clancey (30) labourer – 18 months hard labour

William Jones – 4 months hard labour

Patrick Linahan (38), dock labourer – 9 months hard labour

William Parker – 18 months hard labour

Ernest Perkins – 20 months

James Rees (27) soldier –18 months hard labour

Charles J. Snell (21) soldier – 9 months hard labour

Albert Sparkes – 3 months in the second division

At 57, Millicent Street:

For murdering James Donovan and shooting with intent to murder divers persons:

Cham Ali (21), fireman; Farrah Mohamed (33), fireman; Ismail Mohamed (24),

fireman; Issa Mohamed (25), fireman; John Abdulla (40), shop keeper – not guilty

Mohamed Abaderi (21), fireman; Mohamed Hassan (26), fireman; John Tucker (38),

fireman; Sali Abdulla (21) fireman – not guilty

Alonza Beckles and Joseph Dawson – discharged

(As several did not understand English the evidence had to be interpreted. They were each ticketed for purpose of identification.)

At 57, Millicent Street:

For arson: Sydney Blashill – not proceeded with

Elsewhere:

For breaking and entering: Sydney Blashill – 18 months

For attempting to shoot Police Constable Lambourne: Ali Hassan – not recorded

For being unlawfully in possession of a loaded revolver and 25 full cartridges in

Canal Parade: Tom Dixon (26), negro – fined £5 or a month.

For using bad language: Agnes Devonish (23) – cautioned and discharged.

For smashing a plate glass window at 49, Bute Street: Denis Hurley – £3 for the

damage and a fine £3 or 2 months.

For smashing the windows at 25, Tredegar Street: Benjamin Kain (26) – 2 months hard labour.

For drunkenness: Joseph Power (19) – discharged.

On Friday 13 June

For using bad language in Bute Street: Patrick Linahan (38) – 14 days.

For stealing a picture, valued 10s, the property of Mahomed Nassia: Mary Ann O'Shea (33) – case dismissed.

For using bad language and assaulting Police Constable Walter James: William Simpson (34) – fined £5, or a month.

For assaulting Police Constable Frederick Porter in Bute Street: Reynold Williams (19) – fined 20 shillings, or 14 days.

For committing damage to the amount of £5 to a window at 25, Wood Street: George Woodfield (18) – fined £5 or one month.

The Chief Constable's Report:

Consideration must be given to the initial incident when the association of the coloured and white excursionists presumably evoked some comment from people who were in the vicinity of Custom House Bridge.

I am unable to obtain a reliable version from any bystander but it is not unreasonable to assume that the responsibility for this incident rests with members of the white race; its serious development and next stage was due to the coloured race; and the responsibility for the third and final phase rests with members of the white race.

It cannot be said that the situation is yet normal, as considerable dissatisfaction exists amongst the coloured seamen in Bute Town.

Repatriation is not a simple matter.

The fringe of the problem has not yet been touched.

The coloured population of Bute Town is in turmoil, and the general feeling is anything but satisfactory.

There are anxious times ahead...

At a meeting of the Islamic Society of Cardiff, attended by the principal Moslem boarding-house masters and others, the riots and the sufferings of the Moslems in Cardiff was discussed at length. A supplied report states that great indignation was expressed by the Moslems that they should have been subjected to the treatment they had.

The Moslems repeat the request made at a recent meeting of the society that if the Government will not protect them they are willing to go back to their own countries, but they ask that they shall be paid for what they have to leave behind, and what has been destroyed and damaged recently.

“The Moslems all over the world will require an explanation of why their brothers in Cardiff, who have helped and acknowledged their duty to the British flag, to which they are so proud to belong, should have been treated in the scandalous manner they have by an unruly mob.”

APPENDIX 1

[Paper given by Mike Pearson at the Royal Geographical Society Annual Conference, Cardiff University, 31 August 2018. In the session: ‘Place, the Contestation of Radicalised Violence and the Spatial Politics of the Global Colour Line’.]

(**[xx]** – numbers in red indicate visual slides)

[1] *Wild Scenes at Cardiff*

[2] ‘Wild Scenes at Cardiff’ reads a byline in the *South Wales Echo* on Thursday 12; ‘Blacks Hunted By a Furious Mob’ another in the *South Wales News*. In June 1919, Cardiff was the scene of four days and nights of violent unrest that left three dead, many in hospital, and properties ransacked and burned. A series of events that began – as the *Western Mail* reported – with ‘an amazing orgy of pistol firing, window smashing, and skirmishes between white men and coloured men’.

The causes of post-war racial tensions are well enough appreciated: a complex knot of social and economic frustrations – ennui even – following demobilization. Acted out on a convenient ‘other’: **[3]** the numbers of black and Arab seamen, stokers (or firemen) in the main, taken on to power the UK merchant fleet during the war – now discharged, displaced, destitute, without either passports or ships, and with little hope of repatriation. Up to 2000 stranded in Cardiff alone – **[4]** crowded into Butetown, but also into **[5]** a dilapidated quarter closer to the city centre notorious for its shabeens and brothels – **[6]** and relying on the benevolence of their fellow boarding house masters. **[7]** Given the city’s traditional links with Aden – one of the Royal Navy fuel dumps its colliers supplied – many of these men were, unsurprisingly, of Somali and Yemeni heritage.

Perhaps events here were a local facsimile of what was occurring in other towns and

cities, including nearby Newport and Barry. But given the established multi-racial community, were there abnormal elements in play? [8] Perhaps the incitements of Colonial soldiers with prejudicial attitudes, and always in the van – in which, in the excitement, even the settled community became fair game. What was unique in Cardiff were the vast crowds of onlookers the hunt for black men would attract.

On Wednesday 11 June, the hottest day of the year, two incidents sparked the conflagration. It's unclear which came first – maybe they were aspects of the same fracas. [9]

Around 10.00pm, several black men and their white wives and girlfriends – returning from an outing in a brake – attracted a jeering crowd [10] near the Labour Exchange and [11] the railway bridge over the Glamorgan Canal. Pistol firing and stone throwing led to a mass brawl, and then running fights that poured [12] down Custom House Street, and along [13] Bute Street and [14] its side streets towards the Docks. [15] Almost simultaneously Harold Smart (20) was killed in Caroline Street. ‘A nigger has cut my throat’, he told a police officer. [16] Patrick Linahan of 11 Mill Lane [whom we shall meet again] stated that he saw a black man and a young fellow ‘arguing the toss’; and then the razor strike. As Linahan tended Smart, the man apparently fled, pursued by a crowd. Was this the inflated, self-justifying version of a street altercation – in which Linahan himself was involved – that got out of hand? // And so began the chain of unwarranted assaults on individuals, and of isolated violent encounters [17] between armed men, and with the police – [18] Ivor Gabriel Landsman (21), ‘coloured cook’ shot at PC William Clarke [19] near The Bute Monument late on Wednesday. [20] And of concerted and sustained attacks on properties and [21] their occupants, often culminating in arson.

[22] The first of these later was at the shop and boarding house of Abdul Satar: [23] ‘I

saw that the front of the shop premises at Number 250 had been smashed to matchwood”. In front of a crowd estimated at two thousand, two men were hustled into the street and beaten with sticks and frying pans – doubtless Satar’s own utensils coming readily to hand – until rescued by the police.

[24] A few minutes before midnight, Ali Abdul (26), fireman, fired a gun in Little Homfray Street, doubtless out of fear, and to drive away the passing crowd. As he was arrested there were loud cries of ‘Lynch him’. [25] Abdul’s companions bolted into [26] number 23, Homfray Street: barring the door and allegedly shooting from the interior. [27] As the police forced an entry [28] Ali Hassan (22) struck Police Constable George Howcroft with the leg of a chair. A party of white girls in night attire then emerged. ‘We are British girls’, said one of them. ‘Thank God there are others!’ shouted a soldier as the building was entered and then torched. [29] There was always an aspect of misc/egenation here: the disquiet and jealousies aroused by black men – ‘in the swankiest garb’ – associating with white women. But as the *South Wales News* opined later on 11 July: ‘The man in the street must reconcile himself to the fact that a coloured man has a perfect right under our laws to marry a white woman. The Britisher may not like to recognise it, but he can at least refrain from being offensive about it’.

On the evening of Thursday 12th, [30] Mohammed Abdullah died in the attack on 264 Bute Street. [31] William Parker (24), soldier, and [32] Ernest Perkins (28), coal-trimmer, were armed with improvised weapons. Perkins shouted, “Let’s kill the blacks”; “Follow me”. [33] Sydney Blashill threw stones, shouting “Come on boys, let’s get the niggers out.” [34] William Jones (36) and Blashill forced an entrance into a downstairs room where Abdullah was later found unconscious.

[35] Mohamed Ali fired from the stairs, hitting the helmet of P.C. Ernest May and the

cape of PC Brotherton. In the ensuing struggle, Brotherton struck him in the eye. The running riot now took on an organized cast. [36] As focus shifted to 57 Millicent Street – formerly the Princess Royal Inn, ‘the premises have still the old frontage’ – where a group of stokers lodged, Blashill, Linahan *et al* were all there, inciting the crowd. As the assault began, the seamen took refuge upstairs, firing at the ascending mob. [37] John Donovan (28) – who was wearing the Mons Ribbon – was shot through the heart.

[38] Events were more sporadic on Friday 13th as mounted police exhausted the crowds by keeping them constantly on the move.

[39] Disturbances culminated on Saturday 14th on The Hayes, following the arrest of [40] James Rees, who was being escorted to the Central Police Station. [41] As they passed the Royal Arcade entrance, Superintendent Charles Jones, ordered his men to turn and face the crowd, truncheons drawn.

They began to lay about them like men possessed.

Whack! Whack! Whack! fell the blows, and very soon the front rank of the crowd had been bowled over. The effect was magical.

[42] Although the events of June 1919, linger as popular hearsay, in family stories and later oral history projects, no complete, chronological account of the riots exists.

[43] How then to summon and evoke such under-regarded moments in a city’s history? [44] Through, I suggest, a performative chorography: a form of preferential mapping that distinguishes particular historic locales according to its sphere of interest, drawing them out of the urban continuum, and then actualising them – and their associated happenings – in performance.

[45] A kind of analogue ‘forensic architecture’ project...

[46] *Things Come Apart* was staged in March this year in the [47] Tabernacl

Baptist Church on The Hayes – [48] a building close to the Bute Street/Bute Terrace crossroads (the ‘storm centre’ of the riots), Caroline Street, and the Royal Arcade.

[49] The research/creative process commenced with the compiling of a new text, piecing together a day-by-day, hour-by-hour, scene-by-scene narrative using only reports in local newspapers – the *South Wales Echo* and *Western Mail* and the now defunct *South Wales News* and *Cardiff Times*. Incorporating articles *verbatim, in toto*; and accounts collated – sentence-by-sentence – from multiple sources, including items from later trial proceedings.

[50] The next step was to locate relevant sites in local trade directories, and on period maps. [51] And then to visit places and walk the routes out on the street: to try to understand the geography of events – the articulation of scenes and movements within a particular urban milieu.

[52] The transcript tells the story literally, in the words of the press and – ventriloquized through them – of the police... at the time, on the spot, as they trace the trajectory of incidents and track the dynamic ebb and flow of the associated movements of participants; and try to make sense of confusing and fast developing events. The descriptions include first-hand reportage, on-street interviews, rumour, and editorial comment – untempered by what the testimony of those caught up in the maelstrom subsequently revealed. Inevitably, few black voices are heard. Whilst the text reveal attitudes and prejudices of the era in terms unsettling for the contemporary ear and sensibilities, we took the collective decision to include all variations of the ‘n’ word – to reflect period argot. The unabridged text intends to question the reliability of testimony, the veracity of published accounts and the innate complicities of officialdom.

[53] Three narrators deliver the transcript in close proximity to a small mobile

audience: [54] speaking solo; in unison; in concert but out of sync; and simultaneously with different versions. To create senses of immediacy, drive and cacophony... [55] To echo the tenor and dynamics of events; and the confusions involved in their apprehension and reporting on the street at the time.

And throughout, John Hardy quietly plays the piano and sings the greatest hits of 1919 – ‘I’m forever blowing bubbles’; ‘Keep the home fires burning’ composed by Cardiff-born Ivor Novello – in a ghostly echo of a past sound world.

[56] *Things Come Apart* is played out in miniature. [57] The scenography includes five large-scale maps of the city centre in 1919, printed on wooden tabletops, orientated true in the meeting room at the chapel. [58] Key locations – the boarding houses occupied by Arab seamen – are pinpointed by red Perspex dots; [59] with the rushes of mobs and those fleeing them indicated by movable red Perspex arrows. [60] And with key locales illustrated by period postcards.

[61] Images from the arrest registers of the Cardiff Borough Police Force in the Glamorgan Archive enabled us to identify individuals of different ethnicities named in the rolling coverage. [62] Here are black and Arab men – entered in sequence, event-by-event – who would otherwise have remained faceless: a significant addition to the contemporary appreciation of Cardiff’s migrant history. [63] But the inclusion of white rioters is patchy. Only through searching back to 1911 did I realise that recent crimes were added to their lengthy previous records: these were the ‘usual suspects’. [64] John Flynn Marden who kicked Police Constable Joseph Sparks in the stomach and later threatened him with a knife at 250 Bute Street had been in court 61 times previously, 11 times for assaulting the police.

[65] These images are mounted on small stands, and as we shift materials, animating the tables, there is an enhanced appreciation of conditions on the ground, of the

anatomy and kinetics of a riot – that happened just out there; [66] and of the presence of a small group of troublemakers, and their orchestration of happenings in a particular district and in a particular community. [67] Patrick Linahan – who had 39 previous convictions and who eventually received 9 months hard labour – was in Caroline Street, at 264 Bute Street and 57 Millicent Street. [68] The ubiquitous Sydney Blashill took the opportunity to do some shop breaking – he was arrested wearing the clothes he'd just stolen. [69] New Zealand soldier James Rees was everywhere.

[70] *Things Come Apart* attempts to assemble events in forensic detail: who did what, when, where, and in what order? Archaeologist Michael Shanks stresses the importance of *location* in establishing relationships with the past: 'A forensic connection between place and event involves a task of distinguishing and sorting evidence from irrelevancy, what is significant from what is garbage; signal from noise, figure from ground'. [71] Recognizing what survives and the nature of its survival; acknowledging what escapes description; sorting things out and making connections; arranging things for apprehension, with a need to balance realities and conjectures... These were the principal dramaturgical tasks for us... and challenges to our audiences.

[72] *Things Come Apart* reimagines a terrain, a cityscape – of both interior and exterior layouts and topographies – now erased and reworked but that underlies and abuts the streets we tread, and the sites we pass through daily. [73] A bus shelter stands on the site of Mohammed Abdullah's boarding house at 264 Bute Street, on the non-descript urban square named for former Labour Prime Minister James Callaghan; [74] a hedge on Abdul Satar's at number 250. [75] Homfray Street, Tredegar Street and Millicent Street – the tight terraces of the Irish quarter of Newtown, close to

Edward England's potato dock – are squatted by the John Lewis department store. Incidentally, several principal actors have Irish surnames – [76] Timothy Clancy, [77] Denis Hurley, [78] Joseph Power, [79] and Patrick Linahan... Perhaps it was, at base, a turf war – an earlier immigrant community reacting to the latest...

And here and there, a fragment of the past endures – [80] the Exchange Building; [81] the arch where West Junction Canal flowed under the railway and where Butetown police threw a cordon to protect its own community.

[82] Archaeologist Rodney Harrison's figures the urban contemporary as a 'physical stratum that contains not only the present, but all its physical and imagined pasts combined'. And, in *Things Come Apart*, in an imagination forever archaeological, the events of 1919 – Giard and Certeau's 'ghosts of the city': 'the survival of "resistances" from a stubborn past'; 'the debris of shipwrecked histories' – materialize and become revenant: as much a part of Cardiff's constitution as is its architectural fabric.

In his summative report the Chief Constable can offer no reliable version of events though he lays initial responsibility for the incident on [83] 'members of the white race', [84] its serious development 'on the coloured race', and [85] its full amplification again on white rioters. He is scathing on the hampering presence of 'curiosity-mongers':

They form crowds, dislocate traffic, impair the effectiveness of the police, encourage disorder and unconsciously or otherwise lend themselves as a cover for an idle and disorderly element to wreck and burn property...

[86-93] In *Things Come Apart*, The Islamic Society of Cardiff has the final word:

The Moslems all over the world will require an explanation of why their brothers in Cardiff, who have helped and acknowledged their duty to the

British flag, to which they are so proud to belong, should have been treated in the scandalous manner they have by an unruly mob.

As a postscript: The trials were a revelation, demonstrating the ameliorating impacts of an independent judiciary.

Ali Abdul was charged with shooting at divers persons with intent to commit murder, and with assaulting Police Constable Frederick Gregory.

The Judge said he had come to the conclusion that prisoner was in danger of his life from a hostile crowd, and as he had been in custody one month he ordered his imprisonment for four days, which meant his immediate discharge.

At 264, Bute Street, Said Bin Said (21) and Mohamed Sheriff (24) were found not guilty and discharged. Mohamed Ali (30) charged with shooting at P.C. Ernest May and P.C. Herbert Brotherton with intent to murder had 6 months' hard labour commuted to 3 months.

All the Arab men at 57 Millicent Street – who were 'ticketed' at trial for identification purposes – were discharged.

By contrast William Parker, Sydney Blashill and James Rees (27) received 18 months hard labour for riotous assembly; Ernest Perkins (28) 20 months. Patrick Linahan 9 months, with 14 days for using bad language.

APPENDIX 2 – Further Research

Evans, Neil, 'The South Wales Race Riots of 1919', *Llafur* 3(1) (1980), pp. 5-29.

Evans, Neil 'The South Wales Race Riots of 1919: a documentary postscript' *Llafur* 3(4) (1983), pp. 76-87.

Jenkinson, Jacqueline, *Black 1919: Riots, Racism and Resistance in Imperial Britain* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2009).

Cardiff Heritage Collection, Cathays Library, Fairoak Road, Cardiff CF24 4PW

<https://www.cardiff.gov.uk/ENG/resident/Libraries-and-archives/Find-a-library/Pages/Cathays-Library.aspx>

Glamorgan Archives, Clos Parc Morgannwg, Leckwith, Cardiff CF11 8AW

<https://glamarchives.gov.uk/>