

Fighting Hard Against Time, Men Work to Find Buried Comrades

Hydroplane Which May Fly Over Sea Today in Search

NEWS AND PHOTO

Diver Agraz and Mates Who Helped Him Set Record



The hydroplane which is being made ready to fly over the sea in the hope that an aviator high above water may be able to see into the depths and locate the F-4, may be ready for service this afternoon. This photograph was taken yesterday afternoon when the machine was being sent to the navy slip.—Kodagraph Print.

TELLING STORY OF LOST VESSEL

Extraordinary Interest Locally In F-4's Fate Shared Internationally

If the story of the F-4 is not fully chronicled in newspaper and magazine articles, photographs and the up-to-date "movie" it will not be for lack of both professional and amateur workers at the scene.

Three moving picture men are staying on the dredge California night and day in the hope of being there at the fateful moment when the F-4 is raised to the surface—or when perchance a diver comes up with some news of those below. Many times disappointed, the gentlemen of the whirling picture-machine are not daunted and always expect the next development will be that for which they are hoping.

A number of newspapermen and perhaps an even larger number of near-newspapermen spend a large part of their time on the California or on launches near the scene. The Star-Bulletin has had practically a continuous news and picture service on the "F-4" story from the time when this paper first announced the loss of the submarine—last Thursday afternoon.

A representative of the Star-Bulletin, thoroughly acquainted with naval and submarine matters, has been on the dredge almost continuously for several days. In fact, when the diver was sent down yesterday morning following the cable which it was believed led to the F-4, the Star-Bulletin was the only local newspaper whose representatives were at the scene.

In newspaper circles it is a matter of knowledge that extraordinary interest has been excited on the mainland by this disaster. The big news associations and syndicates are taking "bulletins" on every development. Not even when the European war came to Honolulu's doors—when the Japanese battleship Higen lay off port waiting for the German refugee cruiser Geier to intern or to come out and fight, did the mainland call for the news one-half so insistently.

International attention has been drawn to the fate of the F-4. The naval men of every country under the sun are interested from the standpoint of naval construction as well as from a humanitarian standpoint. And the American people are stirred with sympathy at the thought of American sailors buried beneath the sea with only a slight and fast-ebbing hope of escape.

SUBMARINE COMMANDER AT POST CONTINUOUSLY

Lieut. Charles E. Smith, commanding the first submarine division of the Pacific fleet, has been at his post, directing the search, night and day since last Thursday, when the F-4 was missed. He has scarcely slept or eaten while "on the job."

Every man of the submarine fleet, naval officials, and the many civilians engaged in the rescue work has forgotten himself in the hope of aiding the work of reaching the men under sea.

has been on the job night and day as technical expert and adviser, and Ensign Bates, operated this instrument. It isn't probable that they were altogether deceived by the results.

The night wore on. When the moon sank dawn was still an hour and a half away and for that brief time everyone took a breathing spell. Some slept where they happened to be and in whatever position they happened to be. Others were too tired to sleep and talked it over until another day brought another chance to again tackle the elements.

Early yesterday morning it was decided to send for the floating crane at Pearl Harbor, so that it would be available should the submarine be dragged into shallow water and should it prove too heavy a load for the California's hoisting tackle. The Navajo was sent for the clumsy tow, which was accomplished slowly but safely, the crane being brought into Honolulu harbor for the night.



In the photograph above, taken by the Star-Bulletin staff representative at the scene of operations, Diver Jack Agraz is shown just before he went down 215 feet. He is in the center of the boat, leaning over the rail, bareheaded and in a tight-fitting jersey suit. In the boat with him are the men of the air-pump shifts and those who helped him into and from the water.

SILENT HEROISM SHOWN BY WIVES OF MEN ON F-4

The wives of the married men on the unfortunate F-4 are bearing the tragic loss of their husbands with a fortitude known only to women whose husbands lead a life of danger. Throughout the breathless suspense of the first few days of the fruitless search for the sunken craft, and in these later hours of hopelessness, the bereaved wives have been bravely awaiting the raising of the buried shell.

Two sisters, wives of Archie Lunger and Frank Pierard, gunner's mate and chief gunner's mate on the F-4, arriving together in the Lunger cottage on Beretania street. Mrs. Lunger is a bride of two months, but bears up well under the strain and anxiety. Mrs. Pierard says she must keep up her courage for the sake of her twin children, 15 months old.

Mrs. Frederick Gilman, the wife of the gunner's mate of that name on the F-4, was married last November. Gilman was master-at-arms on the Albatross at the time of his marriage, but was transferred to the F-4 recently. Mrs. Gilman has given up hope of ever seeing her husband again.

Mrs. Alfred L. Eide, wife of the commanding officer on the F-4, has been ill from the shock, but has now rallied.

STAR-BULLETIN PHOTOS GIVING COMPLETE STORY

For the complete picture-record of the F-4 disaster which the Star-Bulletin is presenting to its readers, this paper is indebted not only to its staff representative constantly at the scene of operations, but to the Kodagraph Shop, staff photographers for the Star-Bulletin. The photographs presented today were secured during the most dramatic moments of the searching operations so far, yesterday morning, and, with those published Saturday afternoon, are the first and by far the most complete of the diving and dredge operations. E. L. Friek of the Kodagraph Shop has been at the scene most of the time for several days taking pictures for this paper.

The Star-Bulletin is making every effort to secure for its readers a complete and authoritative descriptive and photographic account of this disaster, which, from a scientific, as well as a "human-interest" standpoint, has attracted world-wide attention.

A repulse of a heavy German attack upon the Russian trenches between the Skwa and Pissa rivers, in Northern Poland, west of Ossowetz, is reported from the headquarters of the general staff. The report states that 25,000 Germans charged the Russian positions and succeeded in occupying the first line of trenches. The Russians came up in a counter attack, recaptured the trenches and drove the Germans back with heavy losses. Yesterday the Germans attempted to fly a captive balloon from their position before Ossowetz, but this was brought down by a shell.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED

Per P. M. str. Korea from Manila, Hongkong and Japan ports. For Honolulu, Mrs. B. Bucklin, Lin Hsin Ling, P. A. Palmer, T. H. Fong, H. O. Withers, Hon. H. R. Welcott, Yang Wen Peng, J. Ichikawa.

How Jack Agraz Set a New World Dive Mark

Descends 215 Feet While Vast Crowd of Spectators Tensely Awaits Report

In all the long days and nights of incessant work since the F-4 was missed by the men of the submarine fleet, the most dramatic and the most fearful moment came yesterday morning when Jack Agraz, the diver, climbed up through 215 feet of water to break the sad news that he had found no sign of the submarine.

The descent of the diver to a new world's record was accomplished in a setting such as might have been furnished by some great stage manager. Even the veteran newspaper men who were on the dredge, accustomed to the dramatic, could not help remarking on the tenacity of the minutes when Agraz was making his examination and when he was hauled to the top.

From the big dredge two cables led down into the water and in the bridge far below it was hoped the submarine was resting. Whatever the object was, it had been lifted nearly 100 feet from the sea-bottom by the dredge. Fearful that the tackle might not hold, the executives in charge of the salvage operations decided to send down a diver to make an examination and furnish data so that they could get a better hold before hoisting any more.

Agraz Breaks Own Record. It fell to the lot of Jack Agraz to make the descent. Last Friday he went down 196 feet. He faced a hard task yesterday but he faced it with remarkable power and courage. A man of six feet and with the shoulders and chest of a heavyweight wrestler, he

donned a skintight jersey suit with slight reinforcements, climbed into the diver's boat and was pulled around in front of the dredge, where the long wire rope stretched down. After he got over the side of the boat, he donned the big helmet in the water, slipped it on his head and slid smoothly and slowly down into the water.

Three crews of four men each were told off to work shifts on the pump that supplied him with air through the long air-line. Besides this, the hand-line and signal rope was attached. It took Agraz 22 minutes to go down the 215 feet. At 150 feet he stopped. Except for a momentary halt at this depth, he went steadily, although slowly. It was necessary to go so to accustom himself to the tremendous water pressure. He was at the 215-foot point only a short time and then came up quite rapidly. His time coming up was 9 1/2 minutes.

During the half-hour he was in the water there were tense moments. Every eye was on the hand-line. The big dredge up forward was crowded and there were a score of craft ranged around the front of the dredge in a half-circle. Most of the launches were also crowded with spectators.

In the clear, shimmering water Agraz could be seen for slightly more than 50 feet. The day was one of brilliant sunshine and the water was unusually clear and smooth.

Three Cheers Are Given. When the diver hauled up his own record of 196 feet suppressed applause went up from the dredge and it went into wonder when he went down to 215. And when he came up he was greeted with three big cheers.

There was some anxiety lest the (Continued on page eight)

Hopes Are Dashed As Diver Reports Anchor

Naval Officials Deeply Disappointed at Proof Submarine Not Grappled—Finding of Piece of Brasswork From F-4's Superstructure, Brought Up By Navajo's Line, Had Strengthened Hope Craft Was "Hooked"—Saturday Night Spent in Endeavor to Secure Object More Firmly—Hawaiian Dredging Company Crew Does Fine Work in Trip For Equipment

Jack Agraz, master diver, rose from the ocean yesterday morning alongside the dredge California, and when the unwieldy helmet that made him look for all the world like some goggle-eyed sea monster, was removed, his drumming ears were greeted with the cheers of a wildly excited little crowd, and the click of three movie cameras.

Agraz, who had established a new world's record for depth when protected by helmet only, of 215 feet, in a brave attempt to locate the vanished submarine F-4, almost fought with the sailors who tried to carry him over the side of the diving launch. Shaking off the helping hands that offered assistance, he swung himself over the rail, and hailing Capt. C. E. Smith on the dredge California called to him:

"There's nothing down there but an anchor that your chain's foul of. There's no submarine."

The cheers were cut off half-sounded, and for a few seconds the line of men along the edge of the dredge scow, and the crowd of spectators hovering nearby in launches and sampans, remained open-mouthed at the unwelcome news. There were no comments; no calls for particulars. The news was so staggering for an oral expression of disappointment, for Agraz' half hour of observation beneath the surface had knocked the hopes of 24 hours into a cocked hat. Since Saturday morning the rescuers had been confident of saving the F-4, as since 6 o'clock Saturday night everyone believed that the lost boat was actually fast to the California's hoisting gear.

Like some monster game fish hooked on the giant tackle, the California's catch had been "played" all night and through the early hours of the morning. First reeling in, and then slackening off on lines carried down a 90-foot "rod" to the big drums of the dredge, the catch was coaxed and forced by turns, until everyone thought it had been successfully brought to gaff. Then it was that the prize proved to be no prize at all, but merely a snag, such as every fisherman has been fooled by at one time or another.

The bitterness of the disappointment halted the work of rescue for a matter of minutes only. "We'll get that snenor on to a scow and out of our way and then begin dragging again," said Captain Smith, and his company of loyal helpers got right down to grim business again. Paint Tells Story.

It was about 6 o'clock Saturday night, after five hours of reeling blocks and passing wire cable and Manila hawser from dredge to tug and back again, that the California made the strike that was supposed to be the ill-fated F-4. In 300 feet of open ocean it is no easy matter to drag a 160-foot chain along the bottom, and each cast of the improvised apparatus took an hour or more, according to the luck of the game.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the California was ready for operations, and a heavy bridle of chain made fast to 1 1/2 inch wire cable was swinging from the 90-foot boom of the dredge. Spreader lines to pull the chain to its full length on the ocean bottom were at first passed to tug on each side of the dredge, but later this method was found too tedious and cumbersome, and the lines were snubbed to the sides of the dredge scow instead. For the first cast, however,

10,000 ANXIOUS SPECTATORS ON WATERFRONT TO SEE OPERATIONS

It is estimated that at least 10,000 curious spectators, many of them plainly oppressed with anxiety, visited the waterfront yesterday and last night in their interest to see and hear of the operations by which it was hoped to save the F-4.

Thousands stayed along the docks on the eastern side of the harbor for many hours in the hot sun. Waterfronters say that many persons, including a number of anxious women, have stayed around the front every night and all night since the F-4 was lost.

A stream of autos plowed through the dust early yesterday morning, carrying spectators along the road that leads out toward Fort Armstrong and past the channel wharf and the launch houses. Through the choking dust many hundreds trudged back and forth. There wasn't a chance of their

"Let's drop the drag and sweep while we're falling back," suggested Fred Buss, who occupies the position of executive officer on the rescue dredge.

The suggestion was a good one and was at once carried out. Hardly had the chain been lowered and the dredge begun to move astern when the wire cables were seen to tighten. A turn of the drum showed a big strain, and everyone woke to the fact that the fish had been hooked.

It was surmised that the chain had caught under either the bow or the stern of the F-4, and orders were given to hold everything, and not slack up on the cables, the danger being that the chain might slip off the oblong body of the vessel. The problem was to get another bridle round the catch from the other end, how or when whichever it happened to be.

As a matter of fact, even after the ancient anchor was discovered yesterday morning by Agraz, some of the officers and men engaged in the work were by no means sure that they didn't actually have the F-4 on the drag at first. It is pointed out that the strain at first was very much greater than when it was finally raised and that at least twice during the 12 hours of jockeying that followed the strike, the cables ran slack for a minute or so. It is just possible that by a freak of chance and the fact that the vanished submarine and the old ship hook lay close together, the California's drag lost one aid caught the other.

All night the big working party fought with unruly wire and bucking hawser, to get another chain sling round the prize. Saturday was a night of only sea and dazzling moonlight, and the operations were carried on without let or hindrance from sunset to sunrise. High noon and midnight were the same to the workers, and, improbable as it sounds, it was almost as easy to work in the middle of the night as in the middle of the day.

Even for Hawaii, the moon was unusually brilliant, and hardly a cloud masked it from one side of the heavens to the other. Not 15 days in the entire year would conditions for such work be found as favorable. Watertown Raided.

The night was a succession of excitements. Dredge, tug, launch and speed boats cut circles and figure eights; backed and pulled and pushed. New tackle was rigged, supplies were brought from far-off bases, drags were made, and a half a dozen experiments of one sort and another were tried out. Once the dredge, which was keeping a steady pull on the California's siren, parted her tow line, but outside of a slackening on the hoists no damage was done.

And all this, without the slightest confusion. The maritime salvage of fiction, with whistles blowing, sirens tooting and hoarse-voiced skippers yelling at each other through megaphones was entirely out of last night's picture. True, hoarse voices spoke through megaphones, but the latter were used merely as aids to ordinary conversation, both Capt. Smith and "Doc" Buss having lost their voices, but rather through lack of sleep and hard work, than from bawling commands.

Ensign Willis on the Helen, with a crew of Hawaiian Dredging Company employees, had a whirlwind trip to Watertown after more gear. When the Hawaiian sailormen reached Watertown they were on their home stamping grounds, and they simply tore things loose to establish a record for quick work. Locomotives were fired to shunt cars of heavy stuff round the rickety tracks, dredges were boarded with placid intent, steam winches were pressed into service, and things made to run generally. As a result, the Helen returned with the extra gear in short order.

"My, but that was a strenuous trip," said Ensign Willis, when he set foot on the California again. "Those dredge men can sure cut loose when they want to."

During the forepart of the night many soundings were taken with the microphone apparatus, the results of which add to the belief that the California did at one time actually have the submarine hooked. This arrangement consisted of an induction coil on the end of several hundred feet of conductor, lowered into the water much the same as a sounding lead. Contact with metal completed the circuit, and registered in a receiving apparatus held by the observer above. By sound, the outline of the F-4 could be traced below the surface, or at least the officers thought so last night. Naval Constructor J. A. Furer, who

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