

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

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 faint and fast-fading hope of escape.

SUBMARINE COMMANDER AT POST CONTINUOUSLY



Lt. 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.

Crane Sent For. 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.



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.

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 canoes, 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, an since 6 o'clock Saturday night every one 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 anchor 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 tugs 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,

the tugs were used, and it was when the Manila lines were coiled aboard, after an unsuccessful drag, that traces of "war paint" were discovered on one of them. While the chain drag had missed the sunken vessel entirely, one of the spreader lines had been pulled across some portion of the F-4, the flakes of gray paint being unmistakable evidence of this. It was conclusive proof that the searchers were within a few hundred feet of the sunken boat and its imprisoned crew, and everyone went at the next cast with renewed heart.

A few minutes later the tug Navajo, which still had taut one end of the loop that had been fast around what was supposed to be the submarine for nearly 24 hours but which had been parted in the early morning, caught the attention of the California by semaphore flags. The Navajo had heaved on its one remaining line, hoping against hope that it was sufficiently foul of the F-4 to hold fast and the line had come running through the blocks. When the drag was hauled aboard, a piece of brasswork, easily identified as part of the submarine's superstructure, was found tightly jammed in the chain links. This news was sent to the California by the waving semaphore flags, giving additional proof of the sunken vessel's nearness, had that proof been required after the paint demonstration. A little later the fragment was sent across to the dredge, and at once identified by Captain Smith as part of the F-4's fair-water.

Night of Thrills. The California had drifted away from the spot where bubbles from below were thought to indicate the presence of the submarine and Capt. Smith gave orders to drop back and begin sweeping over the ground again.

seeing anything, even had the dredge been actually raising the submarine, but they were willing to stand for hours in a broiling sun in the hope of getting news from the launches as they came in from the scene of operations.

One of the centers of interest through the afternoon was the hydro-aeroplane being fitted for service by Tom Bradshaw and willing assistants. After the failure to locate the F-4 was realized yesterday morning, the desirability was realized of using the aircraft to fly above the water and perhaps give opportunity to the aviator to see far into the sea-depths and find the exact spot on which the long gray submarine was resting. The crowds in the vicinity of the "plane gear" saw so large that it was necessary to keep them beyond the fence at the navy slip.

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

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 Langer and Frank Pierard, gunner's mate and chief gunner's mate on the F-4, arriving together in the Langer cottage on Beretania street. Mrs. Langer 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 Alert 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. Her grief is silent in the presence of her neighbors, but they say she is on the verge of a breakdown.

Mrs. Alfred L. Ede, 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 saddening 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 tenseness 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 without apparent emotion. A man of remarkably powerful frame, well over 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 acclimate 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 heisted his own record of 196 feet, suppressed applause went up from the dredge and it grew 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)

F-4 And Sister Craft Tested Last Month; Stability Perfect

That all the submarines of the local group were tested for stability only last month, and found to be absolutely up to the requirements, was learned yesterday from Naval Constructor J. A. Furer, who made the tests in connection with the docking of the four boats.

"In any submarine accident, technical men think immediately of stability," said Mr. Furer. "It is a requirement of the navy department that every vessel of the United States navy be given a stability test annually. All the local submarines were 'inclined' as we term it, and all were found to be absolutely right."

The naval constructor had the tests made last month though it was not then required. To every official connected with the navy stationed here it is a distinct satisfaction to know that recent and thorough tests of the submarines were made and that the tests showed up no defects or impaired soundness. Thus it was not through lack of foresight that the disaster occurred.

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