



International Newsreel photograph

#### BACK FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

The central figure is that of Diver Michaels, whose lines became entangled in wreckage, and who was rescued by Diver Eadie.

stronger. The sea was running whitecaps. The *Falcon* was riding to one anchor and was held aft by two hawsers. They left from each side of the after deck and were made fast to the *Lark* and the *Mallard*, which were anchored behind the *Falcon*. This was to steady her as much as possible.

"Mike" had been down half an hour when he signaled that he was fouled. His air-line had become tangled within two or three minutes after he landed on the submarine, and he had spent the rest of the time trying to free himself.

When "Mike's" signal came, I was in my bunk asleep. I was called by Captain Hartley. He told me "Mike" was fouled, and that they would like to have me go down. The men on deck were waiting with the diving-suit, and as fast as

I could get into my woolen underclothes and socks I rushed to the after deck.

I knew it was important to have my hands free on this dive, because "Mike's" last signal was, "Tell Eadie to bring the heavy wire-cutters."

The boys had the cutters ready, but I knew I couldn't use them if I wore the clumsy mittens. These are very stiff, and have only three fingers, one for the thumb and two for the four fingers. So I coated my hands with grease and pulled on a pair of woolen mittens. I also took a lamp, and, of course, I had my knife.

To reach the spot where "Mike" was trapt, I slid down on his life-line. When I got above him, I saw he was lying face down on the forward deck of the submarine.

His air-line was drawn across his back in a big loop. One side was held in a U-shaped piece of wreckage on the starboard side.

The other side was fouled on what I think was a piece of steel from the bow of the *Paulding*, the craft which collided with the *S-4*. It was caught down near the bilge keel on the port side of the submarine.

Because of the heavy seas, "Mike's" air-line was 150 feet more than the depth of the ocean, and Eadie explains:

Usually the line is nearly taut, but we couldn't do this here because the rescue ship was plunging up and down.

The bottom of the U-shaped wreckage was nearest me. I climbed down on the starboard side and tried to get the loop of air-line out around the ends of the U. I found I couldn't do this. I took hold of the U with both hands and tried to pry it apart. I soon learned this was impossible.

I put my helmet close to "Mike's" and asked if he would hold the lamp for me. He understood, but he threw the rays in my eyes and blinded me. It wasn't that "Mike" didn't know; he couldn't help it.

I examined the U again and found it was an angle-iron broken almost in two. I telephoned the *Falcon* for a hack-saw. They tied the saw to a heavy shackle and lowered it. I got it and then stepped into the wreckage and began to saw the angle-iron.

It took me an hour to cut through, because I had to work slowly. I was afraid of breaking the brittle blade of the hack-saw. Finally I cut it through and got "Mike's" line clear.

"Mike" then thought he was free and wanted to leave me. I shouted to him and said, "You're still foul on the other side, 'Mike.' Hold the lamp while I clear you there."

"Mike" was swaying and playing the light at random. He was practically unconscious, but was kept from falling by the buoyancy of the air in his helmet and the upper part of his suit.

I took the lamp out of his hand and went to the port side to see how he was fouled there. I climbed over the side of the submarine and suddenly felt myself drop rapidly, and my feet hit on some wreckage. I found the air-hose caught under a piece of jagged iron twelve feet down, and with the air-line swaying under it the iron would soon have cut the hose in two.

It took me less than a minute to get the air-line loose. I then opened the air-control valve and let more air into my suit to give me additional buoyancy. I started to climb up the side of the submarine, but caught the leg of my trousers on the jagged piece of metal and had the bad luck to rip a hole in my diving-suit. I could feel the water coming in, and before I got to the deck it was up to my neck. But it couldn't get into my helmet. My underwear and socks were soaked through. It was pretty cold, with the water only two degrees above freezing.

When I got to "Mike" he seemed to have recovered a little. I telephoned up to haul in slack on the life-line. I didn't know "Mike's" life-line had caught around my life-line. I telephoned "All right on 'Mike,'" and they started to haul him up. I felt a tug on my line and I yelled, "Don't haul me up; haul 'Mike.'" The tugging stopt and I looked up and saw "Mike" swaying above me, his feet just within reach. I pulled him down to the



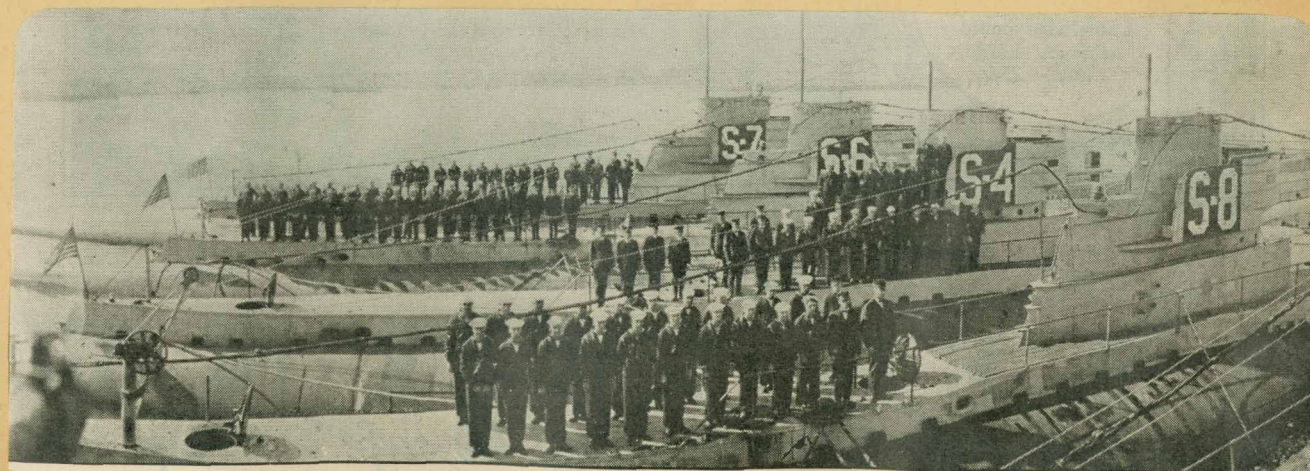
P. & A. photograph

#### COMMANDER JONES'S HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

The tragic fate of the ship's company of the *S-4* is emphasized by this glimpse of the commander's wife and children.

deck. I opened the spit-cock in his helmet to release excess air and cut down his buoyancy a little. I then picked him up in my arms, this being easy because it was under water, and passed him around me so he was clear of my life-line.

I closed the spit-cock, and thinking it would be better if we could get to the descending line I started walking toward the conning-tower. I motioned "Mike" to follow, and held the lamp



P. & A. photograph

#### THE S-4 IN A FAMILY GROUP, WHEN ALL WAS WELL WITH HER AND NO DANGER LOWERED

Here the doomed submarine is seen peacefully cuddled with her sisters, the *S-6*, *S-7*, and *S-8*, in San Diego Harbor, California.