

First Class TITANIC Survivor Stories:

Mrs. Daniel Warner Marvin

On her honeymoon

"As I was put into the boat, he cried to me, 'It's all right, little girl. You go. I will stay.' As our boat shoved off he threw me a kiss, and that was the last I saw of him."

Paul Chevre Spoke

French Sculpture

"When our boat had rowed about half a mile from the vessel the spectacle was quite fairylike, The Titanic, which was fully illuminated was stationary, like some fantastic piece of stage scenery. The night was clear and the sea smooth, but it was intensely cold. Presently the gigantic ship began to sink by the bows, and then those who had remained on board realized the horror of their situation. Suddenly the lights went out and an immense clamour filled the air in one supreme cry for help. Little by little the Titanic settled down, and for three hours cries of anguish were heard. As moments the cries of terror were lulled and we thought it was all over, but the next instant they were renewed in still keener accents. We did nothing but row, row, row to escape from the death cries. In our little boat we were frozen with cold, having left the ship without overcoats or rugs. We shouted from time to time to attract attention, but obtained no reply. A German baron who was with us fired off all the cartridges in his revolver. This agonizing suspense lasted for many hours until at last the Carpathia appeared. We shouted 'Hurrah!' and all the boats scattered on the sea made towards her."

Colonel Archibald Gracie

Jumped from the top deck and was sucked down with the ship

"After sinking with the ship, it appeared to me as if I was propelled by some great force through the water. This might have been occasioned by explosions under the water, and I remembered fearful stories of people being boiled to death. Again and again I prayed for deliverance, although I felt sure that the end had come. I had the greatest difficulty in holding my breath until I came to the surface. I knew that once I inhaled, the water would suffocate me. When I got under water I struck out with all my strength for the surface. I got to air again after a time, which seemed to me to be unending. There was nothing in sight save the ocean, dotted with ice and strewn with large masses of wreckage. Dying men and women all about me were groaning and crying piteously. By moving from one piece of wreckage to another, at last I reached a cork raft. Soon the raft became so full that it seemed as if she would sink if more came on board her. The crew for self-preservation had therefore to refuse to permit any others to climb aboard. This was the most pathetic and horrible scene of all. The piteous cries of those around us still ring in my ears, and I will remember them to my dying day. 'hold on to what you have, old boy!' we shouted to each man who tried to get on board. 'One more of you would sink us all!' Many of those whom we refused answered as they went to their death, 'Good luck – God bless you!'"

George Brayton

First Class Passenger

"A number of us who were enjoying the crisp air were promenading about the deck. Captain Smith was on the bridge when the first cry from the lookout came that there was an iceberg ahead. It may have been 30 feet high when I saw it. It was possibly 200 yards away and dead ahead. Captain Smith shouted some orders... A number of us men rushed to the bow of the ship. When we saw he could no fail to hit it, we rushed to the stern. Then came a crash, and the passengers were panic-stricken."

John B. Thayer

17 year old first class passenger on board with his parents, his father lost his life that night

Father was in bed and mother and myself were about to get into bed. There was no great shock. I was on my feet at the time, and I do not think it was enough to throw anyone down.

"I put on an overcoat and rushed up on 'A' deck on the port side. I saw nothing there. I then went forward to the bow to see if I could see any signs of ice. I then went down to our room and my father and mother came on deck with me, to the starboard side of 'A' deck. We could not see anything there. Father thought he saw small pieces of ice floating around, but I could not see any myself. There was no big berg. We then went down to our rooms on 'C' deck, all of us dressed quickly, putting on all our clothes.

We all put on life preservers, including the maid, and over these we put our overcoats. Then we hurried up on deck and walked around, looking out at different places until the women were all ordered to collect on the port side. Father and I said good-bye to mother at the top of the stairs on 'A' deck on the port side and we went to the starboard side.

"As at this time we had no idea the boat would sink, we walked around 'A' deck and then went to 'B' deck. Then we thought we would go back to see if mother had gotten off safely, and went to the port side of 'A' deck. We met the chief of the main dining saloon and he told us that mother had not yet taken a boat and he took us to her.

That is the last time I saw my father. This was about one-half hour before she sank. I then went to the starboard side, thinking that father and mother must have gotten off in a boat. About this time the people began jumping from the stern.

I thought of jumping myself, but was afraid of being stunned on hitting the water. Three times I made up my mind to jump out and slide down the davit ropes and try to make the boats that were lying off from the ship, but each time Long, who I with got hold of me and told me to wait a while.

As she started to sink we left the davits and went back and stood by the rail about even with the second funnel. Long and myself said good-bye to each other and jumped up on the rail. He put his legs over and held on a minute and asked me if I was coming. I told him I would be with him in a minute. He did not jump clear, but slid down the side of the ship. I never saw him again. About five seconds after he jumped I jumped out, feet first. I was clear of the ship, bent down, and as I came up I was pushed away from the ship by some force and twisted around by a large wave, coming up in the midst of a great deal of small wreckage.

As I pushed it from around my head my hand touched the cork fender of an overturned lifeboat. I looked up, saw some men on the top and asked them to give me a hand. One of them, who was a stoker, helped me up. In a short time the bottom was covered with about 25 or 30 men. We were then right in the midst of fairly large wreckage, with people swimming all around us. The sea was very calm and we kept the boat pretty steady, waiting for dawn to come.