

HARROWING TALE OF SCENES ON TITANIC BY MISS DOWDELL

Hudson Dispatch

Saturday 20 April 1912

Many Men Sacrificed Their Lives in Forming Human Ladder to Help Women and Children to the Lifeboats---To Prevent Frantic Women from Hearing the Shrieks of Their Loved Ones, Those in the Boats Sank [sic], "We Parted on the Shore"---Sighting the Carpathia, They Sang "Pull For the Shore, Sailors"---Many of the Rescued Went Insane---Family of Nine Joined Hands and Went Down Together.

Miss Elizabeth Dowdell, of 215 Park avenue, Union Hill, one of the Titanic's passengers mentioned in yesterday's issue of the Hudson Dispatch, was willing to relate some of the stories connected with her experience in the greatest sea tragedy of the world's history to one of the Dispatch reporters last evening after recovering from her nervous condition.

"It is all to [sic] great for me to realize," said Miss Dowdell. "To think of it! I am one of the few fortunate ones who have lived through all the many horrors while at sea, and thank God for His mercy which He showered upon me to give me strength in rescuing little Virginia Emanuel who was with me.

Miss Dowdell, a faithful nurse for the six-year-old daughter of Mrs. Estelle Emanuel, a well known opera singer, residing at 629 West 115th street, New York city, contemplated an enjoyable trip with the child whose care was entrusted to her. Virginia's mother is in very poor health at the present time, and owing to a contract made with one of London's most prominent theatrical troupes, she has determined to spend several months in England. Fearing and realizing that perhaps death may come to her sooner than may be expected, she decided that Virginia should be placed in the guardianship of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wheil, of Manhattan, who would provide for her daughter's happiness.

"We were delayed on special train to reach the Titanic in the time we had planned, and feared we would miss it. However, we arrived just in time for the gateman to remark, 'You're lucky to have caught it.'

"The voyage up to the time of the disaster had been a delightful one. We had enjoyed very fine weather and the sea was quite calm. Many of the passengers seemed to enjoy the sun's rays that Sunday afternoon. Toward evening it grew colder, and at night it was almost too cold to be

out on deck at all.

"I was just about to sleep when I was awakened by the crash," continued Miss Dowdell. "An officer of the second cabin was heard rapping at the doors and advising the passengers to prepare.

"Get hold of a life belt, ladies,' he said.

"'Is there any danger?' I heard some one ask.

"'I fear there is, madam,' he replied.

"With those words I aroused little Virginia from her sleep and dressed her in just the same manner as I had for that glorious Sunday afternoon. I then hastily threw on a few clothes and a heavy gray sweater and started for the deck. I was surprised to find that there was no great excitement.

"The few who had gathered on the deck when Virginia and I reached there came up similarly to inquire what had happened that the engines stopped, but there really wasn't much anxiety in the minds of any of us. We never surmised that we were in much danger, nor did we have any conception that the Titanic had been pierced by the submerged iceberg. I noticed that several men in the smoking room were enjoying a game of cards. They had been playing all afternoon and seemed little disturbed by the jar which the steamer received.

"Little by little we felt the ship sinking. Everything seemed calm, considering the great danger we were encountering. A few moments later I heard an officer call, 'Let the ladies pass to the deck below.' I noticed that the covers were lifted from the boats and the crews allotted to them lowering them by the pulley blocks into the water.

"It was pitiful watching the men who had to remain in absolute silence on deck, leaving their wives, sweethearts, sisters and children to face and battle with the danger without their aid. We, however, noticed in the darkness of the night---for there wasn't any moonlight---boats slipping quietly away, followed by other boats which were lowered. Finally the cries and moanings were heard more distinctly, for up to this time we slowly realized the fate we had met. Virginia and I were pushed in the throng hoping that we would be rescued.

"Those shrieks from the women whose husbands were torn away from them, or where husband and wife were not ready to leave each other, but wait until death would part them, are still piercing my ears," sadly spoke Miss Dowdell. "Some of the women were hurled into the boats through the panic which had arisen. Much should be said for the noble and heroic acts of part of the men, and should ever remain in the reminiscences of the history of the world. Many a social leader or man of wealth grasped hold of the limbs of a laborer and sacrificed his life just to form the human ladder where woman and child escaped from perishing.

"Oh, it was mournful," continued the survivor. "You folks cannot realize what an awful, dreadful sensation it was to [sic] have stood on deck, which was some seventy feet from the level of the

sea and call for help, receiving no response, for the screaming of the many hundreds deadened any message that was delivered from perhaps a mother, wife or sweetheart from her beloved one from above. One by one the boats were filled with sobbing women and children, lowered and drifted away. Boat No. 13 was then lowered. By this time the people acted like maniacs. I myself was ready to fight for life. A gentleman of refinement and culture with whom I became slightly acquainted, seemed to show much attention to little Virginia, and at several occasions during our voyage had treated her very kindly.

"With Virginia in my arms, I was fairly pushed headlong, and was just about going to take the step which meant life or death when I noticed this same gentleman gasping and in a desperate condition. As soon as he saw Virginia he braced up and said, 'See here, little girl; step on my face and be saved.' It was a noble act on his part, for he was dying as he said those few last words.

"I will never forget him," cried Miss Dowdell, "for her did die nobly. Virginia was snatched away from me, but I prayed mercifully for her, and thank God that one man cried, 'Let her have her child,' which saved me from perhaps meeting the depths of the great sea, for I would have gone with Virginia. She was placed in my care and I felt in the moment of distress that I was responsible for her safety.

"There were about seventy passengers aboard our boat. We were but ten feet above the water when we noticed immediately below our boat was the exhaust of the condensers. Just above the water line a huge stream of water came rushing from the ship's side. We became anxious, for we feared we would be swamped by the rush of water when we touched the level of the sea. Down, down we went. The force of the swell of the sea carried us directly under boat No. 14, and it was fortunate for us that we weren't crushed to death, for she was swinging above our heads. One of the men, however, managed to cut the ropes in time to escape the drop of No. 14 over our heads. As we rowed away from that monster Titanic we gazed upon it continually. We were now about two miles from her and continued to row. It was pitiful to listen to and watch the anxious women in our boat who were hoping to meet their loved ones on the ship who would take them to safety. It was bitter cold, and most of us were numb and frozen from the manner in which we were dressed.

"About two o'clock that morning we could notice the Titanic settling very rapidly, with the bows and the bridge completely under water. In a few moments she was devoured by the great waters of the ocean.

"Oh, it was an awful scene. These women and children whose every strength and vigor had been used to brace up and hope and pray that they would meet again, were now left to witness the doom of their helpless men.

"It was a bitter moment, which was followed by a noise which I shall never forget---the shrieking and cries of the hundreds of our friends---for friends we were, after all, helping each other any way we could---struggling in the frozen waters---and yet we could not answer them. Several of the people suggested that we should sing which would keep the women from hearing these mournful groans, and it was with much effort that we sang, 'And We Parted on

the Shore.' We watched for the steamer's lights until we were exhausted. Ladies tore some of the fragments which clothed them and lighted them as signals for help. Presently low down on the horizon we noticed lights, which were none other but those of the Carpathia. With that the song 'Pull for the Shore, Boys' was sung. Although sad in spirit, it was the gratitude which we felt that we joined in the chorus of weak voices. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, all were alike among us survivors. There weren't any rich---we were all poor. Furniture, costly and rare, gowns and luxuries belonging to the wealthy were floating along the waters and finally swallowed by the waters.

"Many a proud, haughty, wealthy woman was only too glad to receive help. Women sewed blankets into garments and did all in their power to help us on board the Carpathia.

"The saddest of the whole voyage was on board the Cunarder, it seems to me," continued Miss Dowdell. "You realize there was hope for all, that their fellow men would meet them, but to think that the Carpathia was taking us further and further away from the perished was beyond endurance. The many pitiful tales which were related are beyond describing. We hated to gaze upon the waters of the sea. One woman with whom I became acquainted on board the Carpathia was a Mrs. Abbott. This woman was the only survivor of one of the two boats which capsized. She hung to the boat for five hours in spite of the arctic temperature. Three men likewise hung to the boat and pleaded that God would save them.

"One man took his kerchief and waved it as a distress signal for help. From the exposure they became frozen and numb and dropped off the boats like icicles, after crying and sobbing for help.

"There was a family of nine, and a happy family they seemed to be, who joined hands and faced death together. Many people appeared half insane. One woman created quite some sensation. Her two sons and husband were drowned in the disaster. This, it is believed, caused her to become weak mentally. She was presented with a beautiful steamer rug as a farewell gift on her departure at Southampton, and everyone on the steamship Carpathia was cross examined, as it were, by this woman as to the whereabouts of her rug, which, had she not been mentally affected, would have told her had met the same fate as did the many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of luxuries. It was indeed a sad case.

"Several Chinamen were clever in wrapping themselves snugly into blankets and thereby escaping and joined the women and children who had been saved. One Swedish girl and her lover had planned to make this trip, intending to become united in marriage in America. The sweetheart was saved, but the lover now lies in the sea. Another woman that I remember seeing on several occasions previous to the catastrophe lost both husband and child. Her actions were those of a maniac, and officers were obliged to lock her in a room for fear she would have done something desperate.

"I have crossed the ocean several times and travelled quite some, but in all my experience I have never met such a combination of superstitious people as were found among the passengers of the Titanic. We thought it but a joke at the time when arriving at Queenstown to have heard three sailors remark, 'They would not continue their contemplated voyage on board

the Titanic, for they had a dreadful fear of some disaster.' They got off at this stop and bade us farewell. But how true it was, after all. Oh, there are so many stories to relate that to me it seems as though I were in a dream."

Miss Dowdell was a brave young woman, and though somewhat nervous from her dreadful experience, who looked remarkably well last evening. "Virginia is suffering from a dreadful cold," said the nurse; "in fact, almost all the survivors have colds and coughs."

She is a member of St. Augustine's Parish, Union Hill.

Courtesy of Mark Baber

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HUDSON COUNTY SURVIVORS TELL OF SEA TRAGEDY

Jersey Journal

Saturday 20 April 1912

Union Hill Governess Gives Graphic Recital of Scenes After Giant Ship Hit Iceberg and Went Down---Praises Bravery of Men Passengers---Complains of Treatment on Carpathia

BAYONNE YOUTH SAYS HE WAS DRIVEN AWAY FROM LIFEBOATS

Several Hudson County people are among the survivors of the ill-fated Titanic. To-day they told stories of the awful disaster and related their personal experiences in which they were literally snatched out of the jaws of death. Some had escapes from watery graves that were little short of miraculous. All have gone through an ordeal which will be a livid [sic] memory throughout their lives and their prayers of thanksgiving for their own good fortune are mingled with supplications for their fellow travelers who went down with the ship.

So far as can be learned, two Hudson County residents perished. One is the Hoboken boy for whom hope was given up on Thursday. The other lived in Jersey City, and with him died his younger brother, whom he was bringing over to live in the New World.

In many of the churches throughout the county to-morrow services will be held in connection with the tragedy. They will be in the nature of memorials. There will be special sermons on the wreck of the Titanic and prayers will be offered up for both the lost and the saved.

JERSEY CITY MAN AND BROTHER PERISH

John Kieran, who boarded with James Tierney at Grove and Second streets perished, along with his brother Phillip, in the wreck of the Titanic. John was 23 years old and was employed as a bartender at 268 Varick Street. He was a citizen of the United States. He had saved up some money and made up his mind about six months ago to go back to his native

town, Foster, County Longford, Ireland, to visit his parents. His rosy description of the new world caused his brother Phillip to develop a longing to come to this country with him, and the father and mother reluctantly consented to their youngest son's departure from the old home. Phillip was scarcely 19 years old when he sailed with his brother for New York.

Phillip Keleher, of Grand and Henderson streets, uncle of the young men, was on hand Thursday night, hoping against hope that his nephews might be among the saved. He left uncomforted and the revised list of the survivors of the wreck and those who went down with it finally convinced him that both young men had perished. They were cousins of Thomas McCormack, of Bayonne, who was among the rescued.

In addition to their parents the Kiernan boys are survived by their sisters, Annie, Mary, Katherine, Margaret and Bridget.

RESCUED UNION HILL GIRL'S STORY

A story entirely different from that of those rescued from the Titanic is told by Miss Elizabeth Dowdell of 215 Park Avenue, Union Hill. When seen at her home last night Miss Dowdell was very emphatic in telling about the treatment received on board the rescue ship, Carpathia. She said the passengers were virtually robbed by those who offered to send wireless messages to friends telling that they were safe, and that these cost \$1 a word.

The band on board the Titanic did not play "Nearer My God to Thee" when the ship made its final plunge into the deep, and there was a scene of utter desolation at the end of the tragedy of the sea with only the heroic conduct of the men passengers to relieve the terror of the situation, she says.

There was open and flagrant gambling on board the Titanic all day Sunday, she says, to such an extent that she felt something dreadful would be the result. She describes the final moments of the ship and among other things declares that two of the boats were not available because the crew was unable to get the canvass coverings off them. She was on boat No. 13 and there were seventy persons in that boat.

Miss Dowdell was returning from Southampton with the six-year-old daughter of Estelle Emanuel, a well known opera singer. Mrs. Emanuel sent the child over to New York to see her father and grandparents and did not accompany her because she has just signed a six months' contract to sing in England. Several weeks ago Mrs. Emanuel went to England with the child and Miss Dowdell on the Olympic, the sister ship of the

Titanic.

Both Miss Dowdell and the child were saved. They were taken aboard the Carpathia and for one whole day bundled into the steerage, where they were fed hard-tack. Finally, when Ethel, the little girl, refused to eat this coarse fare any longer they were admitted to the second cabin.

"When taken on the Carpathia," she says, "we were herded on deck, cold, chilled, and with only so much clothing as we were able to get on. I had taken time to dress, however, and also to clothe my charge. I even put on her kid gloves before starting for the deck of the Titanic. We arrived on deck late and were put into lifeboat No. 13.

FED ON HARD-TACK

"On the Carpathia we were looked over by the officers, and those who apparently had nothing were all ordered down into the steerage. With my charge I was put in with the rest. We were fed on hard-tack. Many of us refused to eat, and when the Carpathia's officers saw this, they had us come into the second cabin. Before this we had been down in the steerage for a full day, rubbing arms with Chinese immigrants. We were desperately hungry by the time they had decided to take us out of this place.

"All of the survivors who were recognized to have been of prominence or means were well taken care of and given choice treatment, while we were accorded anything but that.

"Those who had money could send messages, and those without funds had to go without doing so. I had \$5 in my pocketbook, and I was charged a dollar a word to send word to Mrs. Emanuel, in England, telling of our rescue and the safety of her daughter. I sent the message on Tuesday.

"One man, a barber, had but \$1.25 with him, and he handed over one dollar of this to send the word 'safe' to his mother.

GAMBLING ON TITANIC

"Prior to the wreck there was open gambling aboard the Titanic every day. No effort was made to conceal it. Even on Sunday the tables were crowded with men of the first and second cabins, and the games were open to anyone who wished to enter. I felt then that something dreadful would happen.

"The iceberg was plainly visible from the lifeboat in which I was. In fact we rowed towards it as soon as we could. It was about five stories

in height, and at least a block square.

"My honest impression was that we struck the iceberg headon. The impact was not very great, but a terrible shiver seemed to go through the ship at the time.

"I had put Ethel to bed, and was preparing to retire when the crash came. I went into the passageway and asked a steward what was wrong. He assured me that everything was all right. I returned to bed. Scarcely had I closed the door before someone came running along the passage, ordering all hands to dress and put on life belt.

THOUGHT SHIP UNSINKABLE

"I took my time in getting ready, not thinking the situation was serious. I firmly believed the Titanic was unsinkable. When we tried to get to the deck the stairways were so crowded that we could not use them. Men and women were climbing over each other here, and it was impossible for them to move up. They appeared to me to be steerage passengers, and their cries and curses were terrible to hear.

"Finally some of the men passengers realized that it would be impossible to get up by the stairways, and they hoisted the women and children to seamen on the gallery above. They clasped their hands to gether [sic], to enable the women to step upon them and reach out to those who would grasp them.

ONE BRAVE MAN

"An Englishman stepped to my side and picked up my charge. He held her up as high as possible, but she was too small to grasp the hands overhead. Finally he stood alongside one of the poles and lifted her to his shoulders. Still she could not get up.

"Step on my face, kiddie," he said.

"She did, and was lifted up. Then I placed my foot on his two hands and climbed above. The child had her shoes on, too, and his face was frightfully scratched. Still, he smiled bravely when he assisted me.

" 'Goodby, Miss, and good luck,' " he said.

"When we arrived on deck nearly all of the boats were off. They were just filling No. 13, and the men and officers were trying to get the canvass off two others. They failed in this, and at last gave up in despair. My charge and I were carried bodily into boat No. 13.

SAW THREE MEN SHOT

"Several men tried to rush in on us before we were lowered. I saw an officer shoot three of them. The others stopped immediately.

"The Titanic began to list alarmingly. When we reached the water the next boat behind us was coming down, and just missed coming on top of ours. As it was we collided, and for a moment I thought we would overturn.

"I stated before that we saw the iceberg plainly. After striking, the Titanic had backed away. When we rowed towards the towering ice mountain I looked and saw the gaping hole in the side of the big ship. The sea rushed in in torrents. Our boat was manned with twelve sailors, two at each oar, and it must have taken nearly ten minutes before we were free from the suction.

CRIES AND SOBS

"No sooner were we off than the Titanic began to go down rapidly. The bow disappeared first. There was no playing by the bands, and only the cries and sobs of those aboard and in the boats was to be heard above the wash of the sea.

"Many aboard the lifeboats, when they saw their dear ones on deck doomed, threw themselves overboard. Some had to be forcibly restrained. The last thing I heard was what I believed to have been the captain's voice crying 'every man for himself.'

"While we were rowing about many came alongside and were pulled aboard. We had seventy in our boat by the time the Carpathia picked us up. I do not know how many we took on board at the start.

"All during this time rockets were being sent up from the doomed vessel. Revolver shots added to the din and the dying voices. Then there was one great explosion. I guessed it was the boilers. The Titanic did not stay up long after that, but tilted, bow downward, with a great part of the stern in the air. She stayed for a moment, then plunged under. Her lights were burning to the last.

"One woman from a capsized boat came near to us. She was swimming. 'Man, let go of me,' she pleaded to some one who was hanging upon her.

" 'I will not,' responded the masculine voice. 'If I do I will drown.'
He did let go, however, and the woman was hauled aboard. She said she

had been swimming for an hour, and supporting this unknown man for half of that time.

FAMILY OF NINE DIED TOGETHER

"There was one instance of a family of nine, including the mother and father. The men tried to force one of the daughters into the boat, but when she learned that her father and brothers could not be saved, she leaped back on the wave-washed Titanic deck. This was in the boat lowered after ours.

"We were rowing about for six hours before being picked up. The men became so tired that we women had to change places with them and row.

"I was even surprised at my own calmness. I guess it was the responsibility I had in caring for Ethel. I worried only about her, for I have been with her a good while and we are attached to each other."

Miss Dowdell's relatives were among those at the White Star Line pier awaiting the arrival of the Carpathia. When they arrived and were admitted they could find no trace of her. In fact, when they decided to return to North Hudson they were satisfied of her being among the missing.

She had gone with the grandparents of the Emanuel child, in their home at 605 West 113th Street, New York. They are Mr. and Mrs. Thiel. Later the father came from his residence, at 629 West 115th Street, New York. Then a telegram was sent to Union Hill announcing Miss Dowdell's safety.

Her name was not checked off as among the survivors by the White Star Line officials. In some manner she slipped by them in leaving the dock. Later the father of the little girl sent word to his wife in England that their child was safe.

REUNITED ON HOBOKEN CAR

Miss Dowdell's relatives came over the Fourteenth Street ferry to Hoboken, sorrowing, for they were sure of her loss. They boarded a Fourteenth Street trolley car there, and to their amazement she came aboard a few passengers behind them. There was a great reunion, and it was learned that the survivor had sailed from New York to Hoboken in the same ferryboat as those who were looking for her.

When asked about the time of the collision with the iceberg Miss Dowdell said it must have occurred about ten minutes to 12 o'clock. She is positive that the stern disappeared beneath the waves at half past 1

o'clock, for one of the sailors had a watch with him, and looked at it.

EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN

Thomas Pehcy [sic] Oxenham, 22 years old, of Pondersent, England, was also a passenger on the Titanic. He was on his way to the home of his brother Charles Oxenham of 966 Tonnele Avenue, New Durham. He was one of those who survived. Just how he happened to be rescued is not yet clear in his mind. A chum who was with him, Walter Harris, who was married secretly in England over a year ago, and who leaves a wife and a young son on the other side of the ocean, was lost. He was with Oxenham up to the time the latter was pushed into a boat, but that was the last seen of him.

Oxenham was dressed only in his underclothing when he got into the lifeboat and when he was taken aboard the Carpathia. At the home of his brother last night he refused to discuss at length what happened.

"My mind is in a sort of daze," he said. "It all seems like a nightmare to me --- like some dream that I had, and to say it is only five days since the ship went down seems impossible. It feels more like an age has elapsed.

"Both Harris and I were second cabin passengers. I was aroused from my sleep by one of the stewards and told to hurry on deck. This I did after awakening Harris. We got up to the boat deck somehow and then I forget what happened. I remember being in the boat. The rest of the story has been printed better than I could describe it. Anyway, I don't want to talk. I need a long rest, and I am not going to say anything more until I have recovered from the shock and exposure."

At this point, Oxenham's brother declared that he thought the reporter had better not question the young man at further length. He became intemperate in refusing further answers by his brother.

At the door he said in reply to questions that he did not believe the young man's mind had been affected to any extent by the disaster and that he had not yet called in a doctor.

"All he needs is a good rest," the brother said, "and I am going to insist that he gets a rest. I won't even let members of my own family talk to him about the horror. I brought him here this morning from New York. He had no clothes in which he could travel even from New York here, and I had to get him some before he could leave the ship."

Asked if any of the officials of the White Star Line had tried to induce

his brother to not talk about the disaster and if he had been promised any compensation for the belongings he lost, Charles Oxenham refused to discuss the matter any further and would neither affirm nor deny that the steamship officials had "seen" the young man.

BAYONNE YOUTH'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE

Thomas McCormack, 19 years old, of 39 West Twentieth Street, Bayonne, one of the survivors of the Titanic, had a thrilling escape from death, according to the stories he related to his sister, Catherine, and brother-in-law, Bernard Evers, yesterday at St. Vincent's Hospital, Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, where he is confined owing to exposure. His relatives in Bayonne located him yesterday and were overjoyed that he survived. He will, it was said to-day, be able to return to Bayonne within a few days. He was up and around the hospital yesterday and apparently on the road to speedy recovery.

According to the story he related to Miss McCormack and Evers, he had retired in his stateroom in the second cabin when the crash came. Scantily attired, he rushed to the deck as the ship started to settle. All was confusion, but he managed to secure a life preserver which he strapped [sic] securely about himself.

Officers of the ship were holding back the men on the boat with some difficulty and on several occasions backed up their orders with threats to shoot any man who sought to crowd out a woman from the life boats, which were hurriedly manned.

JUMPED INTO THE SEA

When McCormack saw that he would be unable to get a seat in one of the life boats he did not hesitate but sprang from the decks of the Titanic into the ocean. The water, he said, was comparatively smooth at the time but cold, and he had considerable trouble keeping above the water. The monster ship was settling badly as he started to swim toward a life boat a short distance away.

McCormack is a good swimmer and a strong athletic young fellow. As he neared the life boat which was moving slowly, he declares he was warned off by sailors who were in the boat.

WAS DRIVEN AWAY FROM LIFEBOATS

Realizing that it was his only chance of saving himself he seized the side of the boat only to be repeatedly beaten off by sailors. Blow after blow were showered on his hands, arms and body from their oars by

the sailors and finally he was obliged to release his hold.

Another life boat came along a few minutes afterward and McCormack, according to his story, repeated his attempt, this time successfully, to get aboard. There were several vacant seats in the boat and he was determined, he declared, to get into the boat. He was beaten again by the sailors but kept his hold on the boat and finally managed to crawl into the boat. He was almost exhausted by his fight and suffered from the blows which had been showered on him. The life boat he was in was picked up about two hours afterward by the Carpathia and he was furnished with clothing and given medical attention.

SUCTION TERRIFIC

The suction of the Titanic, he declared, was terrific as she sank with her many occupants.

When the Carpathia reached New York McCormack was among those who were removed to hospitals in the metropolis. His sister and brother-in-law had some trouble in finding out what had become of him, but after a long wait managed to learn to what hospital he had been taken.

REJOICING AT BAYONNE HOME

There was a scene of rejoicing at the home of his sister and brother-in-law, Bernard and Mrs. Evers, in West Twentieth Street, last night. Friends of McCormack who called were informed, amid tears and smiles, that he was among those who had survived, and would be back in Bayonne within a few days.

McCormack had been in Ireland for six months, visiting his birthplace and seeing relatives and friends. Mrs. Evers said last night that she would go to New York to-day and see her brother. Evers declared that he had had but a few hours' sleep since the Carpathia docked in New York. He retired last night about 8:30 o'clock. He accompanied his wife to New York to-day to visit his brother-in-law.

Hope for the return of his brother, Leonard, who went to his death at the bottom of the Atlantic in the Titanic disaster, has been completely abandoned by John Moore, who resides in a little apartment at 519 Willow Street, Hoboken, with his life [sic].

It has been a gruesome experience for the couple. They were both much attached to the boy, who was 19 and just graduated from school. As they sat last night, wan and haggard from their hopeless vigil, tears came to their eyes.

It was hard for John to speak of the matter. He had been to the pier and waited through the long hours Thursday night during which the survivors grimly wended their way down the gangplank of the Cunarder Carpathia, and when the last of them had left the vessel he returned to his home heavy of heart, finding it difficult to realize the extent of the horrible disaster. He and the lost brother had been inseparable since childhood.

"I suppose it is the will of God," he said philosophically to-day, "and we have to accept it as best we can. He was a good fellow."

Fears are entertained that Miss Kitty Cohn of 554 Avenue C, Bayonne, is one of the passengers who perished in the wreck of the Titanic. A name somewhat similar to her's [sic] appears among the list of the drowned, but her sister, Mrs. Kampton, with whom she lived at the above address, is hopeful that she may have taken passage on another steamer. Miss Cohn left London after visiting her sister, Mrs. Edith Blott, about ten days ago for Liverpool, to board a steamer for New York, but it is not known for a certainty that she engaged passage on the Titanic. She had been in England about a year.

[Note: Ms. Cohen was not, in fact, on Titanic. MAB]

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UNION HILL WOMAN SAYS BAND DIDN'T PLAY ON TITANIC

Hudson Observer

Saturday 20 April 1912

Miss Elizabeth Dowdell Heard Only the Cries and Sobs of the Passengers as the White Star Liner Went Down at Sea

Miss Elizabeth Dowdell, 30 years old, of 215 Park avenue, Union Hill, one of the Titanic survivors, tells a story widely different in many respects from the accepted tales of the wreck. She particularly describes the treatment received on board the Carpathia, and recites instances of how the shipwrecked passengers were robbed by those who offered to send telegraphic messages when the ship first touched land.

There was no band playing "Nearer My God to Thee" at the crash, according to her story, but the scene was one of the utmost desolation, with only the chivalry of the men passengers to alleviate the terror of the situation.

Miss Dowdell was returning to the United States as governess for six-year-old Ethel Emanuel, child of a well-known English opera singer now in London. The child was also saved with the governess and is now with relatives in New York. The mother is still in London, having signed a six months' contract. Miss Dowdell had taken the little girl over to England with on the Olympic, sister to the Titanic, several weeks ago.

"When taken on the Carpathia," she says, "we were herded on deck, cold chilled, and with only so much clothing as we were able to snatch. I had taken time to dress, however, and also to clothe my charge. I even put on her kid gloves before starting for the deck. De [sic] had arrived on deck late, and were put into lifeboat No. 15.

FED ON HARD-TACK

"On the Carpathia we were looked over by the officers, and those who apparently had nothing were all ordered down into the steerage. With my charge I was put in with the rest. We were fed on hard-tack. Many of us refused to eat, and when the Carpathia's officers saw this, they let us come into the second cabin. Before this we had been down in the steerage for a full day, rubbing arms with Chinese emmigrants. [sic] We were desperately hungry by the time they had decided to take us out of this place.

"All of the survivors who were recognized to have been of prominence or means, were well taken care of and given choice treatment, while we were accorded anything but that.

"Those who had money could send telegrams, and those without funds had to go without. I had five dollars in my pocketbook, and when the tug came alongside to take off any messages, I was charged a dollar a word to send word to Mrs. Emanuel, in England, telling of our rescue and the safety of her daughter.

"One man, a barber, had but \$1.25 with him, and he handed over one dollar of this to send the word "safe" to his mother.

"Prior to the wreck there was open gambling aboard the Titanic every day. No effort was made to conceal it. Even on Sunday the tables were crowded with men of the first and second cabins, and the games were open to anyone who wished to enter.

NEAR THE ICEBERG

"The iceberg was plainly visible from the lifeboat in which I was. In fact we rowed towards it as soon as we could. It was about five stories in height, and at least a block square.

"My honest impression was that we struck the iceberg head-on. The impact was not very great, but a terrible shiver seemed to go through the ship at the time.

"I had put Ethel to bed, and was preparing to retire myself when the crash came. I went into the passageway and asked a steward what was wrong. He assured me that everything was all right. I went back, to go to bed, but scarcely had I closed the door, when someone came running along the passage, ordering all hands to dress and put on life belts.

"I took my time in getting ready, not thinking the situation was serious. I firmly believed the Titanic was unsinkable. When we tried to get to the deck the stairways were so crowded that we could not get to the deck above. Men and women were climbing over each other here, and it was impossible for them to move. They appeared to me to be steerage passengers, and their cries and curses were terrible to hear.

"Finally some of the men passengers realized that it would be impossible to get up by the stairways, and they hoisted the women and children to seamen on the gallery above. They clasped their hands together, to enable the women to step upon them and reach out to those who would grasp them.

A GALLANT ENGLISHMAN

"An Englishman stepped to my side and picked up my charge. He held her up as high as possible, but she was too small to grasp the hands overhead. Finally he stood alongside one of the poles and lifted her to his shoulders. Still she could not get up.

"Step on my face, kiddie," he said.

"She did, and was lifted up. Then I placed my foot on his two hands and climbed above. The child had her shoes on, too, and his face was frightfully scratched. Still, he smiled bravely when he assisted me.

" 'Good bye, Miss, and good luck,' " he said.

"When we arrived on deck nearly all of [sic] the boats were off. They were just filling No. 13, and the men and officers were trying to get the canvass off two others. They failed in this, and at last gave up in despair. My charge and I were carried bodily into Boat No. 13.

"Several men tried to rush in on us before we were lowered. I saw an officer shoot three of them. The others stopped immediately.

"The Titanic began to list alarmingly. When we reached the water the next boat behind us was coming down, and just missed coming on top of ours. As it was we collided, and for a moment I thought we would overturn.

"I stated before that we saw the iceberg plainly. After striking, the Titanic backed away. When we rowed towards the towering ice mountain I looked and saw the gaping hole in the side of the big ship. The sea rushed in in torrents. Our boat was manned with twelve sailors, two at each oar, and it must have been nearly ten minutes before we were free from the suction.

"No sooner were we off that [sic] the Titanic began to go down rapidly. The bow disappeared first. There was no playing by the bands, and only the cries and sobs of those aboard and in the boats was to be heard above the wash of the sea.

"Many aboard the lifeboats, when they saw their dear ones on deck doomed, threw themselves overboard. Some had to be forcibly restrained. The last thing I heard was what I believed to be the captain's voice crying 'Every man for himself.'

SEVENTY ON BOARD

"While we were rowing about, many came alongside and were pulled aboard. We had seventy in our boat by the time the Carpathia picked us up. I do not know how many we took on board at the start.

"All during this time rockets were being sent up from the doomed vessel. Revolver shots added to the din and dying voices. Then there was one great explosion. I guessed it was the boilers. The Titanic did not stay up long after that, but tilted, bow downward, with a great part of the stern in the air. She stayed for a moment, then plunged under. Her lights were burning to the last.

"One woman from a capsized boat came near to us. She was swimming.

"Man, let go of me,' she pleaded to someone who was hanging on to her.

" 'I will not,' responded the masculine voice. 'If I do I will drown.' He did let go, however, and the woman was hauled aboard. She said she had been swimming for an hour, and supporting this unknown man for half of that time.

"There was one instance of a family of nine, including the mother and father. The men tried to force one of the daughters into the boat, but when she learned that her father and brothers could not be saved, she leaped back on the wave-washed Titanic deck. This was in the boat lowered after ours.

"We were rowing about for hours before being picked up. The men became so tired that we women had to change places with them and row.

"I was even surprised at my own calmness. I guess it was the responsibility I had in caring for Ethel. I worried only about her, for I have been with her a good while and we are attached to each other."

MET ON THE TROLLEY

Miss Dowdell's relatives were among those at the White Star Line pier awaiting the arrival of the Carpathia. When they arrived and admitted, they could find no trace of her. In fact, when they decided to return to North Hudson, they were satisfied of her being among the missing.

She had gone with the grandparents of the Emanuel child, to their home at 605 West 113th Street, New York. They are Mr. and Mrs. Thiel. Later the father came from his residence, at 629 West 115th Street, New York. Then a telegram was sent to Union Hill announcing her safety.

Her name was not checked off as among the survivors by the White Star Line officials. In some manner, she slipped by them in leaving the dock. Later the father of the little girl sent word to his wife in England. She is Estelle Emanuel.

Miss Dowdell's relatives came over the Fourteenth street ferry to Hoboken, sorrowing, for they were sure of her loss. They boarded a Fourteenth street trolley car there, and to their amazement she came aboard a few passengers behind. There was a great reunion, and it was learned that the survivor had sailed from New York to Hoboken in the same ferryboat as those who were looking for her.

When asked about the time of the collision with the iceberg, Miss Dowdell said it must have occurred about ten minutes to twelve o'clock. She is positive that the stern disappeared beneath the waves at half-past one o'clock, for one of the sailors had a watch with him and looked at it.

Courtesy of Mark Baber

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TITANIC SURVIVORS TELL DRAMATIC STORY OF SEA'S GREATEST DISASTER IN HISTORY

Hudson Dispatch

Friday 19 April 1912

Union Hill Woman Relates Her Experience, and How She Saved Child--Pathetic Meeting of Little One By Grandparents When the Carpathia Docked--Many Describe Mournful Scenes of Rescue and Picture Graphically the Going Down of the Great Steamer and How They Were Taken Off With Life Boats--Words Beggar Any Picture of the Sea's Great Tragedy

Miss Elizabeth Dowdell, of 215 Park avenue, Union Hill, among the 710 fortunate passengers of the ill-fated Titanic, was lead [sic] weeping from the Carpathia last night. With her was a little girl for whom she was the nurse. She was the six-year-old daughter Virginia of Mrs. Estelle Emanuel, a well known opera singer residing at 629 West 115th street, New York City. They were met by the anxious grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wheil, of 605 West 113th street, Manhattan.

"Our dear little girl," cried the grandparents, snatching the child as though she might be taken away from the at that moment. "And you, Miss Dowdell, how can we ever repay you for your noble deed in saving the treasure we prize above everything in the world---our little Virginia."

"I wonder if mother is here?" inquired Miss Dowdell. "You know I never informed her of this contemplated trip. I wanted to surprise her and all the other members of the family. One to whom I sent a telegram was my cousin, Miss May Short. Undoubtedly they must be in this throng waiting for me." But Miss Dowdell did not surmise that her anxious mother had been notified last evening by her relatives who had received a telegram from the Carpathia saying "We are saved," and that without another moment's delay, they informed Mrs. Dowdell.

She prepared to meet her daughter with open arms. For hours they had been waiting for the arrival of the Carpathia.

A number of the passengers were detained on the steamer, and Miss Dowdell and Virginia were among them. Rev. Sidney N. Usher, of St. Bartholomew's church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth [sic] street, Manhattan, appointed on the board of relief commissioners, sought to help those in distress, and accompanying the mother and the two gentlemen, inquired of an inspector on Pier 53, who possessed a list of all the survivors. They were informed that all the names of passengers leaving the boat were checked off from the list, and that there was no name listed as Miss Elizabeth Dowdell. "There are but six Chinamen remaining in the lower

part of the steamer," continued the officer.

This was not a false report, for many of the passengers remained over night aboard the Carpathia. The only advice and consolation that the poor, anxious mother received was that if she would return early this morning she would find her daughter at breakfast if she was among the passengers. But that it was very strange that she wasn't on the list. With heavy hearts the group departed for their homes.

Boarding a Forty-second street boat, they did not surmise that Elizabeth was on the same boat and did not meet her until they were about to board a car at Hoboken, when Miss Dowdell stepped into the car at the same moment. The greeting between mother and daughter was the same as was exchanged between the many hundreds of loved ones last evening.

Courtesy of Mark Baber

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