

Rescued Passenger Brings Word of Lost Superintendent

Evening Banner

Friday 26 April 1912

A. H. BARKWORTH OF ENGLAND

Tells of Acquaintance Made With Bennington Man on Steamship's First and Last Trip.

The first information relative to Charles C. Jones, the superintendent of the J. C. Colgate estate, who lost his life in the Titanic disaster, was published in the New York Sun yesterday in the course of the narrative of A. H. Barkworth, an Englishman who jumped from the doomed steam ship, kept afloat by means of a plank, afterwards climbed into a capsized boat and lived to be rescued by the Carpathia.

Following is the story of Mr. Barkworth's experience as published by the Sun:

"While part of the experiences of A. H. Barkworth, a survivor of the Titanic, have been told it has been only part. Mr. Barkworth is an Englishman, a Justice of the Peace, and his home is at Tranby House, Hessle, East Yorkshire. He was just running over, he said to spend a vacation, partly in making a trip on the biggest ship in the world. Mr. Barkworth was found yesterday morning in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel patiently smoking his mutational pipe while he awaited the coming of A. W. Mellor, another survivor.

"Mr. Barkworth explained that Mellor had been a second cabin passenger, whom he had taken into his stateroom on the Carpathia. Mellor had a terrible experience while the ship was sinking in being hit by a wave that rushed over the forward deck and swept him against a stanchion. He had a foot frozen and his other ankle was seriously injured. He used to be a valet for Sir Frederick Schuster and was coming over here to better himself, having saved up a little money, and Mr. Barkworth said yesterday he had been looking after him and hoped to see him with a job before he himself went back to England.

"Coming over I made the acquaintance of two most agreeable chaps said Mr. Barkworth. One was a chap named Jones, who was a sort of farmer, he told me, up in Vermont. I think he had once lived in England for he could imitate the Dorset shepherds to perfection. The other man was A. H. Gee. He was coming over to take a job as manager of a linen mill near Mexico City. I was discussing in the smoking room with them late on Sunday night the science of good road building in which I am keenly interested. I was going down, but somebody said they were going to set back the clock at midnight, and I stayed on as I wanted to set my watch. When the crash came somebody said we had hit an iceberg, but I didn't see it. I went down to my stateroom and got a coat and a life preserver and came back on deck.

To tell the truth, I didn't think about getting into a lifeboat, and the boats were all gone before we realised the condition of the ship was so serious. Jones and Gee were looking over the

side. I learned swimming at Eton and made up my mind if it came to the worst I would try my luck in the water. When the ship gave the first dip we all went aft. I remember somebody shouted: 'Go gently!' as if a sudden shift of weight would have disturbed the ship's position.! Well, I had read somewhere that a ship which is about to sink gives a premonitory dip, and when the Titanic did that I simply chucked my despatch case, containing all my money and some papers, into the scuppers, Jones and Gee were standing by, with arms on the rail, looking down,. I imagine they were preparing for death. I saw nearby Howard Case, the manager of the Vacuum Oil Company in London. I said something to him.

" 'My dear fellow, ' he replied, ' I wouldn't think of quitting the ship. Why, she'll swim for a week.' And calmly lit a cigarette.

" 'This was not reassuring to me. I had had enough of the Titanic. So I climbed upon the rail, holding on to a stanchion. I was afraid to dive, because the water was full of steamer chairs and other things. I should say the distance then from the rail to the water was some thirty feet. I simply stepped off.

" 'I cannot recall that I had any sensations as I went down, but when I struck the water it seemed terrifically cold. I went under, and I must have had my mouth open at the time. For I came up, spiting out salt water. I struck out away from the ship, for I feared the danger of suction. Then all of a sudden something hit me a terrific wallop on the nose. It put that organ out of use for three days. But it was my salvation, for what had hit me was a plank, and it helped me to keep afloat. Well, I swam and swam, and finally I managed to reach a capsized boat, to which a lot of men, one of them young Jack Thayer, were clinging. For a time we knelt on the bottom of the boat, and then someone suggested our legs were getting benumbed and we had better try to stand. So we huddled together and all except two managed to get into a nearly erect posture. We were on there five or six hours. Two men just behind me died. One of them slipped overboard, but we managed to keep the body of the other one. It is extraordinary how under such circumstances you lose your horror of the dead. The death of these two men didn't seem to make any particular impression upon any of us.

" 'I have read several accounts of how the band played while the ship went down 'Nearer My God to Thee'. I do not wish to detract from the bravery of anybody, but I might mention that when I first came on deck the band was playing a waltz. The next time I passed where the band had been stationed, the members of it had thrown down their instruments and were not to be seen. But I shall never forget the fierce jarring notes of that waltz they played".

Courtesy of Brian Ticehurst

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