THRILLING TALE BY TITANIC'S SURVIVING WIRELESS



in the Wreck.

until I tell you."

| working perfectly.

head in the door.

help. Just that."

the Captain came back.

Captain.

chance to send it."

distance away.

forward.

"C. Q. D.," Phillips replied.

tion made to tell what it has done for

us. You better get ready to send out a

call for assistance. But don't send it

The Captain went away and in ten

minutes. I should estimate the time, he

came back. We could hear a terrible

confusion outside, but there was not

the least thing to indicate that there

was any trouble. The wireless was

"Send the call for assistance," or-

"What call should I send?" Phillips

"The regulation international call for

Then the Captain was gone. Phillips

began to send "C. Q. D" He flashed

away at it and we joked while he did

so. All of us made light of the disaster.

Joked at Distress Call.

signals for about five minutes. Then

"What are you sending?" he asked.

The humor of the situation appealed

to me. I cut in with a little remark

that made us all laugh, including the

"Send 'S. O. S.," I said. "It's the

new call, and it may be your last

Phillips with a laugh changed the sig-

nal to "S. O. S." The Captain told us

we had been struck amidships, or just

back of amidships. It was ten minutes,

Phillips told me, after he had noticed

the iceberg that the slight jolt that was

the collision's only signal to us oc-

curred. We thought we were a good

We said lots of funny things to each

other in the next few minutes. We

picked up first the steamship Frank-

furd. We gave her our position and

said we had struck an iceberg and

needed assistance. The Frankfurd oper-

He came back, and we told him we

were sinking by the head. By that

time we could observe a distinct list

The Carpathia answered our signal.

We told her our position and said we

were sinking by the head. The opera-

tor went to tell the Captain, and in five

Captain of the Carpathia was putting

minutes returned and told us that the

Great Scramble on Deck.

Our Captain had left us at this time.

about and heading for us.

ator went away to tell his Captain.

We joked that way while he flashed

dered the Captain, barely putting his

CAMERICAN PRESS "Jack" Phillips, Chief Wireless Operator on the Titanic, Who Was Lost

(This statement was dictated by Mr. Bride to a reporter for THE NEW YORK TIMES, who visited him with Mr. Marconi in the wire-

less cabin of the Carpathia a few minutes after the steamship touched her pier. It is reprinted here from THE TIMES of April 19 at the request of many readers.) It is the most graphic and most important story published during the tense days that followed the disaster.

(Copuright, 1912, by the New York Times Company By HAROLD BRIDE, Surviving Wireless Operator of the Titanic.

TN the first place, the public should not blame anybody because more wireless messages about the disaster to the Titanic did not reach shore from the Carpathia. I positively refused to send press dispatches because the bulk of personal messages with touching words of grief was so large. The wireless operators aboard the Chester got all they asked for. And

they were wretched operators. They knew American Morse, but not Continental Morse sufficiently to be worth while. They taxed our endurance to the limit.

I had to cut them out at last, they were so insufferably slow, and go ahead with our messages of grief to relatives. We sent 119 personal messages to-day, and 50 vesterday.

When I was dragged aboard the Carrathm I want to the hospital at first. I seaved there for ten hours. Then somebody brought word that the Carmothid's wireless operator was "getting

goal" from the work. They asked me if I could go up and bean. I could not walk. Both my feet were broken or something, I don't know what. I went up on crutches with

somehody helping me. I took the key, and I never left the wireless cabin after that. Our meals were brought to us. We kept the wireless working all the time. The navy operators were a great nuisance. I advise them all to learn the Continental Morse and Carn to speed up in it if they ever expect to be worth their salt. The Chester's man thought he knew it, but he was as slow as Christmas com-

We worked all the time. Nothing went wrong. Sometimes the Carpathia man sent, and sometimes I sent. There was a bed in the wireless cabin. I could sit on it and rest my feet while sending sometimes.

To begin at the beginning, I joined the Titanic at Belfast. I was born at Nunhead, England, twenty-two years ago, and joined the Marconi forces last July. I first worked on the Hoverford, and then on the Lusitania. I joined the

Titanic at Belfast. Asleep When Crash Came.

I didn't have much to do aboard the Titanic except to relieve Phillips from midnight until some time in the morning, when he should be through sleeping. On the night of the accident I was not sending, but was asleep. I was due to be up and relieve Phillips earlier than usual. And that reminds me-if it hadn't been for a lucky thing, we never could have sent any call for help. The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix

it before the accident. We noticed something wrong on Sunday, and Phillips and I worked seven hours to find it. We found a "secretary" burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before the iceberg was struck. Philips said to me as he took the

night shift. "You turn in, boy, and get some sleep, and go up as soon as you can and give me a chance. I'm all done for with this work of making repairs."

There were three rooms in the wireless cabin. One was a sleeping room, one a dynamo room, and one an operating room. I took off my clothes and went to sleep in bed. Then I was conscious of waking up and hearing Phillips sending to Cape Race. I read what he was sending. It was traffic matter. I remembered how tired he was, and I got out of bed without my clothes on to relieve him. I didn't even feel the shock. I hardly knew it had happened after the Captain had come to us.

There was no jolt whatever. A was standing by Phillips telling him to go to bed when the Captain put his head in the cabin.

We've struck an iceberg," the Capfain-said_"and-I'm having an inspec-

Bride Tells How He and Phillips Worked and How He Dealt with a Stoker Who Tried to Steal Phillips's Life Belt ---Titanic's Band Played "Autumn" as She Went Down.

and Phillips told me to run and tell him what the Carpathia had answered. I did so, and I went through an awful mass of people to his cabin. The decks were full of scrambling men and women. I saw no fighting, but I heard tell of it.



QAMERICAN PRESS

Harold Bride, Surviving Wireless Operator on the Titanic.

I came back and heard Phillips giving the Carpathia fuller directions.

Phillips told me to put on my clothes.

Until that moment I forgot that I was

not dressed. I went to my cabin and dressed. brought an overcoat to Phillips. It was very cold. I slipped the overcoat upon

him while he worked. Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the Captain with little messages. They were merely telling how the Carpathia was coming our way and

gave her speed.

I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing. Phillips told me the wireless was

growing weaker. The Captain came

and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the Carpathia. I went out on deck and looked

around. The water was pretty close up to the boat deck. There was a great scramble aft, and how poor Phillips worked through it I don't know.

He was a brave man. I learned to love him that night, and I suddenly felt for him a great reverence to see him standing there sticking to his work while everybody else was raging about. I will never live to forget the work of Phillips for the last awful fifteen min-

I thought it was about time to look about and see if there was anything detached that would float. I remembered that every member of the crew had a special lifebelt and ought to know where it was. I remembered mine was under my bunk. I went and got it. Then I thought how cold the water

I remembered I had some boots, and I put those on, and an extra jacket and I put that on. I saw Phillips standing out there still sending away, giving the Carpathia details of just how we were doing.

We picked up the Olympic and told her we were sinking by the head and were about all down. As Phillips was sending the message I strapped his lifebelt to his back. I had already put on his overcoat.

I wondered if I could get him into his boots. He suggested with a sort of laugh that I look out and see if all the people were off in the boats, or if any boats were left, or how things were.

I saw a collapsible boat near a funnel and went over to it. Twelve men were

It was the last boat left. I looked at it longingly a few minutes. Then I gave them a hand, and over she went. They all started to scramble in on the boat deck, and I walked back to Phillips. I said the last raft had gone. Then came the Captain's voice: "Men, you have done your full duty.

You can do no more. Abandon your

cabin. Now it's every man for himself.

You look out for yourselves. I release

trying to boost it down to the boat

deck. They were having an awful time.

had his own lifebelt and should have known where to get it. I suddenly felt a passion not to ict

that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left him on the cabin floor of the wireless room, and he was not moving. Band Plays in Rag-Time.

From aft came the tunes of the band. It was a rag-time tune, I don't know what. Then there was "Autumn."

dreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their lifebelts. I felt I simply had to get away from the ship. She was a beautifulsight then.

Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. We only saw the big stream of sparks. The ship was gradually turning on her nose—just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind—to get away from the sucIt was hard work. I was all done when a hand reached out from the boat and pulled me aboard. It was our same

collapsible. The same crowd was on it. There was just room for me to roll on the edge. I lay there, not caring what happened. Somebody sat on my legs. They were wedged in between slats and were being wrenched. I had not the heart left to ask the man to move. It was a terrible sight all

around—men swimming and sinking. I lay where I was, letting the man wrench my feet out of shape. Others came near. Nobody gave them a hand. The bottom-up boat already had more men than it would hold and it was sinking.

At first the larger waves splashed over my clothing. Then they began to splash over my head, and I had to breathe when I could.

As we floated around on our capsized boat, and I kept straining my eves for a ship's lights, somebody said, "Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?" The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Prebyterian.

It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader.

Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side-up boat, and it was full to its capacity. Yet they came to us and leaded us all into it. I saw some lights off in the distance and knew a steamship was coming to our

I didn't care what happened. I just lay and gasped when I could and felt the pain in my feet. At last the Carpathia was alongside and the people were being taken up a rope ladder. Our beat drew near and one by one the men were taken off of it.

One Dead on the Raft.

One man was dead. I passed him and went to the ladder, although my feet pained terribly. The dead man was Phillips. He had died on the raft from exposure and cold, I guess. He had been all in from work before the wreck came. He stood his ground until the crisis had passed, and then he had collapsed, I guess.

But I hardly thought that then. I



"As Phillips Was Telling the Olympic That We Were Sinking I Strapped a Life Belt to His Back."

you. That's the way of it at this kind of a time. Every man for himself." I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen minutes, after the Captain had released him. The water was then coming into our cabin. While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips's money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a stoker, or somebody from below

ping the lifebelt off Phillips's back.

He was a big man, too. As you can see, I am very small. I don't know what it was I got hold of. I remembered in a flash the way Phillips had clung on-how I had to fix that lifebelt in place because he was too busy

Phillips ran aft, and that was the last I

I went to the place I had seen the

had hold of an oarlock, and I went off with it. The next I knew I was in the

realizing that I was wet through, and that whatever happened I must not breathe, for I was under water. I know I had to fight for it, and I did. How I got out from under the

of air at last.

tion. The band was still playing. 1 guess all of the band went down.

They were playing "Autumn" then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was 150 feet away when the Titanic. on her nose, with her after-quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to settle—slowly.

Pulled Into a Boat.

When at last the waves washed over her rudder there wasn't the least bit of suction I could feel. She must have kept going just so slowly as she had been.

I forgot to mention that, besides the Olympic and Carpathia, we spoke some German boat, I don't know which, and told them how we were. We also spoke the Baltic. I remembered those things as I began to figure what ships would be coming toward us.

I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it.



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didn't think much of anything. I tried the rope ladder. My feet pained terribly, but I got to the top and felt hands reaching out to me. The next I knew a woman was leaning over me in a cabin, and I felt her hand waving back my hair and rubbing my face.

I felt somebody at my feet and felt the warmth of a jolt of liquor. Somebody got me under the arms. Then I was hustled down below to the hospital. That was early in the day, I guess. J lay in the hospital until near night. and they told me the Carpathia's wireless man was getting "queer," and would I help.

After that I never was out of the wireless room, so I don't know what happened among the passengers. I saw nothing of Mrs. Astor or any of them. I just worked wireless. The splutter never died down. I knew it soothed the hurt and feit like a tie to the world of friends and home.

How could I, then, take news queries? Sometimes I let a newspaper ask a question and get a long string of stuff asking for full particulars about everything. Whenever I started to take such a message I thought of the poor people waiting for their messages to go -hoping for answers to them.

I shut off the inquirers, and sent my personal messages. And I feel I did the white thing.

If the Chester had had a decent operator I could have worked with him longer, but he got terribly on my nerves with his insufferable incompetence. I was still sending my personal messages when Mr. Marconi and THE TIMES reporter arrived to ask that I prepare this statement

There were, maybe, 100 left. I would like to send them all, because I could rest easier if I knew all those messages had gone to the friends waiting for them. But an ambulance man is waiting with a stretcher, and I guess I have got to go with him. I hope my legs get better soon.

The way the band kept playing was a noble thing. I heard it first while still we were working wireless, when there was a ragtime tune for us. and the last I saw of the band, when I was floating out in the sea with my lifebelt on, it was still on deck playing "Autumn." How they ever did it I cannot imagine.

That and the way Phillips kept sending after the Captain told him his life was his own, and to look out for himself, are two things that stand out in my mind over all the rest.

ever saw of him alive.

decks, leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was doing. The man was slip-

to do it.

I knew that man from below decks

collapsible boat on the boat deck, and to my surprise I saw the boat and the men still trying to push it off. I guess there wasn't a sailor in the crowd. They couldn't do it. I went up to them and was just lending a hand when a large wave came awash of the deck. The big wave carried the boat off.

But that was not all. I was in the boat, and the boat was upside down, and I was under it. And I remember

boat I do not know, but I felt a breath

There were men all around me—hun-