

VOICES CAST UPON THE SEA

MINNESOTA'S TITANIC PASSENGERS

Christopher G. Welter

It was a modest announcement—"Snyder to Tell of Wreck"—but readers of the *Minneapolis Journal* penciled it onto their calendars for Friday, April 26, 1912. That afternoon, alone or in pairs or en masse, they flocked to the Minneapolis Commercial Club until its main assembly room could take no more. Many were turned away, and those who gained admittance stood atop tables, chairs, and other furniture. All were anxious to hear a fellow Minnesotan speak of the great and terrible tragedy at sea. Someone began to murmur the refrain from "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The hymn spread and swelled throughout the throng, accompanied by melancholy and tears. According to the news-

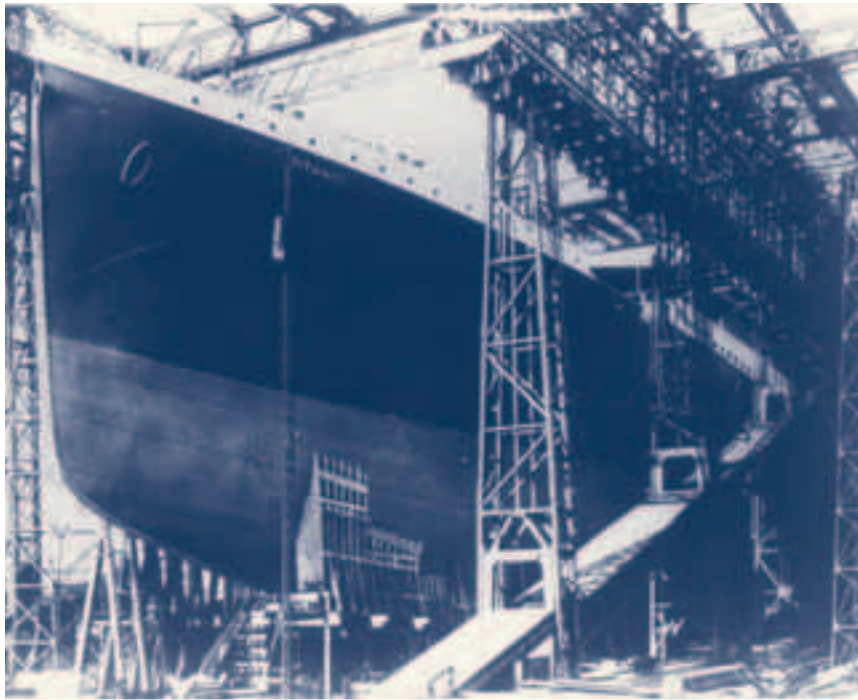
papers, the multitude ranged from 500 to 1,000 people, approximating the number of ship's passengers who, like the awaited keynote speaker, survived the disaster. More than 1,500 had perished.¹

Whispers abated as the club's president stepped forward. He introduced and then stepped aside for the guest speaker. John Pillsbury Snyder emerged, took up a spot next to the grand piano, planted his hands in his pockets, and began to recount his story. "We were young people and when they told us to get into the lifeboat, we got in." He exhibited calm in his deportment, caution in his declarations. Afterward, when asked about cries coming from the water, he glanced at his newlywed wife—

and fellow survivor—Nelle, perhaps thinking that some moments can only be experienced, not explained. "You can't imagine how it sounded to us."²

Snyder's words introduced a bitter irony (and portended *Titanic's* mythic stature), for with the ship gone, imagining and listening were all that anyone *could* do. Given its outsized dimensions, precious little remained: flotsam, several lifeboats, and numerous photographs. The ship itself (not to be seen again for nearly 75 years) had disappeared, only to surface again and again on the lips of those who had escaped. Within hours, some survivors needed to voice what they had seen, suspected, suffered, and survived.

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Workers peering over bow of *Titanic*, Harland and Wolff shipyard, Belfast, 1911

Some wondered why they should be heard again.⁴

Back in April 1912, men, women, and children had ascended *Titanic*'s gangways. The contingent included current and would-be residents of Minnesota. Counted among this group were the affluent and the immigrant, the lay and the clergy, the fortunate and the luckless. All would be either observer or victim of the ship's fate. Familiar in its scope, the following narrative is yet extraordinary for it was witnessed, experienced, told, recorded, and remembered by persons who called or intended to make Minnesota home.

It is *Titanic*'s demise, of course, that sets these Minnesotans' stories in sharp relief. Initially, the ship itself was the paramount story. *Titanic* was launched in May 1911, and completion of outfitting took several more months. While at first unable to brave the Atlantic, she

did not lack admirers, Minneapolitan Harlan A. Rogers among them. Rogers, his wife, Margaret, and their daughter Annabel, passengers aboard the cruiser *Viper*, beheld *Titanic* just days after its launch. The *Viper* stopped for about ten minutes when it neared *Titanic*, allowing passengers to look upon Harland and Wolff's latest shipbuilding endeavor. "We were told it was to be the largest ship, as well as the finest equipped, in the world. And it certainly was a monster of a boat," Rogers recalled. "Our cruiser . . . looked like a match compared to the *Titanic*."⁵ Months later, *Titanic*'s own passengers—many convinced that even divine providence could not lay low the ship—were equally astonished by what they saw: *Titanic* sinking into the Atlantic Ocean.

The momentous voyage began in Southampton, England, at high noon on a pleasant Wednesday,

April 10, 1912. For one Minnesotan in particular, 24-year-old John Pillsbury Snyder, these were pleasant times indeed. Named in honor of his grandfather (the late Governor John Sargent Pillsbury), Snyder had been bequeathed a fourth of the Pillsbury flour milling fortune in 1901. An enterprising man himself, Snyder had opened an automobile business—the John P. Snyder Company, at 407 South Tenth Street in Minneapolis—in autumn 1911. The 24-hour garage service included auto repair, overnight parking for nearby hotels, vehicle rentals, and selling of Fiats, Italy's high-end automobile. Now here he was, traveling with his 23-year-old bride, Nelle Stevenson, whose January wedding the Minneapolis society columns had marked as one of the season's high points.⁶

Like their nuptial ceremony, the Snyders' three-month wedding tour occurred in grand fashion. They departed for New York City by train, then to the Mediterranean by ship (*Titanic*'s sister, *Olympic*), traveled



Newlyweds John and Nelle Snyder

their way through the European continent—including a stopover at Fiat's Italian factory—and were now sailing back to New York, where the honeymoon would conclude with a week's motoring tour of the Berkshire hills. Nelle—who found Captain Edward J. Smith's acumen wanting during the *Olympic* voyage—was chagrined to learn that they had secured cabin B-45 on *Titanic* (Smith's new ship) with ticket #21228.⁷

Like the Snyders, most others bound for Minnesota embarked at Southampton. For example, there was Constance Willard, an unaccompanied young Duluthian, whose fate played out rather curiously. When she was a little girl, Constance was warned by a fortune-teller that she would not live to enjoy her twenty-first birthday. Now, Constance's twenty-second birthday was approaching.⁸

Meanwhile, unexpected grief had already visited itself upon other Minnesotans aboard ship. The prior October, Rev. William Lahtinen had sold the family farm after completing his pastorate at Cokato's rural Apostolic Lutheran Church. He and his wife, Anna, had moved to Cokato Township in April 1905 but would now be relocating to a soon-to-be-built house at 2016 Second Avenue South in Minneapolis. In the interim, the Lahtinens and their adopted four-year-old daughter, Martha, set off for Finland, where William would lecture and also visit his mother. On the way over, however, young Martha took ill and eventually died. The Lahtinens now climbed aboard *Titanic*, returning to an unseen home with heavy hearts. (The couple did not survive, but a minor mystery endures. Relatives in Michigan and Minnesota were informed by White Star officials that Anna died after the

accident but before the sinking, presumably from heart failure—or what the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune* reported as a “broken heart.”)⁹

Others boarding ship at Southampton—namely, numerous immigrants—also sought out new homes in Minnesota. Though the press and the well-to-do gushed over its opulence, *Titanic*'s size was dictated in part by more utilitarian concerns. European emigration continued to grow well into the twentieth century, and the White Star Line capitalized on it by increasing steerage capacity. (Because they had no personal cabins, third-class passengers were referred to as steerage—the cheapest accommodations originally being located near a ship's rudder.) For

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example, five of Minnesota's largest foreign-born ethnic populations recorded census highs between 1900 and 1920: the Germans (1905), Norwegians (1905), Swedes (1905), Danes (1905), and Finns (1920).¹⁰ For every high-profile, first-class passenger in a plush personal stateroom, there were approximately two third-class travelers in more humble lodgings in the lower decks. The steerage class roughly equalled all of *Titanic*'s first- and second-class passengers combined.

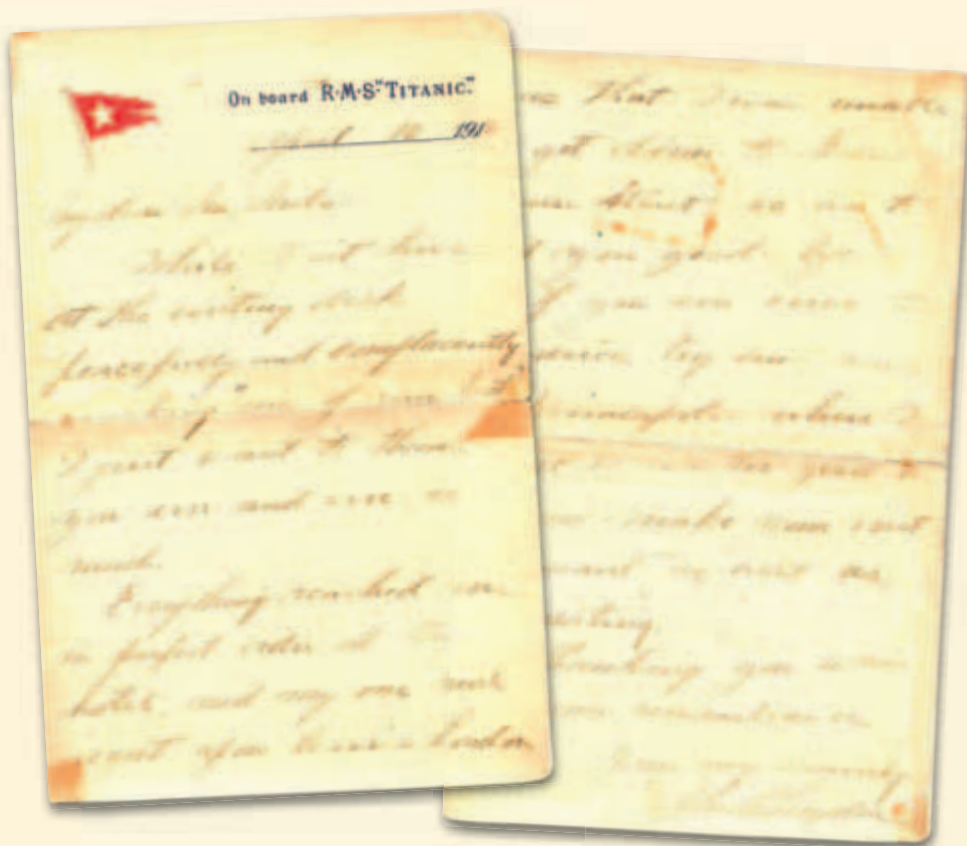
Titanic was, by definition, an emigrant ship; the Board of Trade, the British department responsible for merchant shipping, assigned that classification to any vessel with more than 50 steerage passengers sailing to a non-European port. Many immigrants bound for Minnesota were going there to work mines, fell tim-

ber, manufacture goods, farm lands, or mind others' residences. Some immigrants were wooed by settler-recruiters, persons working on behalf of businesses or municipalities. Oscar Hedman, for example, is recorded as a settler-recruiter on *Titanic*'s passenger manifest. Working for the J. P. Rodgers Land Company (1003 Pioneer Building, St. Paul), Hedman was leading a group of Swedes to the Midwest. Yet another Minnesotan, Nicola Lulic (a laborer in Virginia, Minnesota's, Alpena mine), was returning from a family visit and bringing 35 Croatian countrymen to the United States.¹¹

Employment opportunities and land speculation notwithstanding, the single greatest factor luring im-

migrants across the Atlantic were remittances. Sent back home to family by recent arrivals, these gifts initially were currency earmarked for routine expenses. Increasingly, however, remittances became one-way, prepaid tickets to the states. A sizeable colony of Finlanders, for example, was headed to St. Louis County. Although some had sufficient funds to purchase a farm (with plots preselected in some cases), most had come at friends' and family's solicitation and would initially rely upon their assistance.¹²

Hedvig Turkula, another Finlander, received a remittance from her sons, enabling her to join them in Hibbing. Turkula's elder son, Felix, worked with the local steamship agent to send her a ticket. Apparently, Felix meant for his mother to travel via the Cunard Line (heralded for its speed) rather than *Titanic*'s



John Snyder's thank-you note to a London friend, written while seated "peacefully and complacently" on the evening of April 10



Walter D. Douglas,
businessman and hero

White Star Line (renowned for its luxury). For reasons unknown, Turkula instead was booked for passage aboard *Titanic* and boarded ship in Southampton.¹³ It was a moot

point at the time. Mother and sons were only concerned about rejoining each other after more than a decade apart.

As the sun slipped beneath the horizon on April 10, *Titanic* approached her first port of call: Cherbourg, France. Delayed an hour, having nearly sucked the moored liner *New York* into her side when leaving Southampton, *Titanic* took on additional passengers, who were shuttled from shore because the ship's mammoth size prevented direct docking. Another prominent Minneapolis couple, the Douglasses, as well as a young Swiss woman were among this group.

Walter D. Douglas was a wealthy man in 1912. He became so through prudent business ventures, includ-

ing the incorporation of the Midland Linseed Oil Company. The *New York Times* saw fit to list Douglas among *Titanic*'s affluent and influential passengers. His entrepreneurial flare perhaps came to him as second nature: his brother, George Bruce Douglas, had helped found the Quaker Oats Company in 1901. Only 50 years old and recently retired, Walter had accompanied his second wife, Mahala, to Europe in part to secure furnishings for Walden, their palatial estate on Lake Minnetonka. In the evening dusk, the Douglasses first entered their refined first-class quarters.¹⁴

Seventeen-year-old Bertha Lehmann also was ferried to *Titanic*. She began her trip two days earlier, the day after Easter. The aroma of cherry and apple orchards permeated Switzerland's spring air. Carefree the way only a recent high-school graduate can be, Bertha could not be more delighted to set off as her mother, sister, friends, and schoolmates wished her well. (Bertha had a brother, sister, and uncle living in Iowa, and the rest of her family intended to immigrate eventually.) Her father, more subdued, accompanied Bertha to the depot in Basel, where they would board separate trains—he to work, she to *Titanic*. "Bertha, every time you come along with me I have some sort of bad luck," said her father, "and I feel now like something is going to happen to you." His concern troubled her, and she thought she might cry. He kissed her goodbye and said, "I suppose I will never see you again."¹⁵

Days later, as she approached *Titanic*, Bertha noted—in terms any Minnesotan could appreciate—that her boat played mosquito to *Titanic*'s bovine hulk. Certainly that ship could not sink, which was precisely what she told an old woman who



"Miss Bertha Lehmann of Losswil (Canton Bern)—Rescued," reads the German caption of this photo taken shortly before the tragedy.

asked what she would do if it did. (But if it did? Well, she would make do with a floating piece of wood.)

Late Thursday morning, April 11, *Titanic* arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, for one final stop before heading across the Atlantic. By nightfall the coastline had disappeared from view, leaving only New York City ahead. As night passed into day, day into night, seasoned voyagers settled into comfortable routines while novice travelers moved from moment to moment. Bertha fought seasickness Thursday and Friday, staying below decks. By Saturday, she felt well enough to take lunch in the second-class dining saloon on D deck. She sat opposite a young married couple and alongside a father and his two little boys. As she and the boys both spoke French, she talked with them a little. (The next day, the father—who

intimated he was a widower but actually was running away from his estranged wife—asked Bertha to watch the boys for a short time. The father did not survive the disaster, and the boys, dubbed the *Titanic* orphans, were reunited with their mother within a month.)

While Bertha satisfied her appetite, the Douglasses ambled along A deck's enclosed promenade, witnessing a peculiar event. One of the crew dropped a tethered bucket over the ship's side. The couple stopped to observe him. Her curiosity piqued, Mahala peered through an open window, roughly six stories down to the waterline, and saw that the bucket did not reach its mark. The crewman heaved the empty bucket back up, walked it to a water pipe, filled it up, and proceeded to take the water's temperature. Miffed by the crewman's apparent duplicity, she asked Walter, "Oughtn't we to tell?" "No," he replied, "it does not matter."¹⁶

Widowed by the catastrophe, Mrs. Douglas decided that the incident mattered very much indeed. While later recuperating at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, she tracked

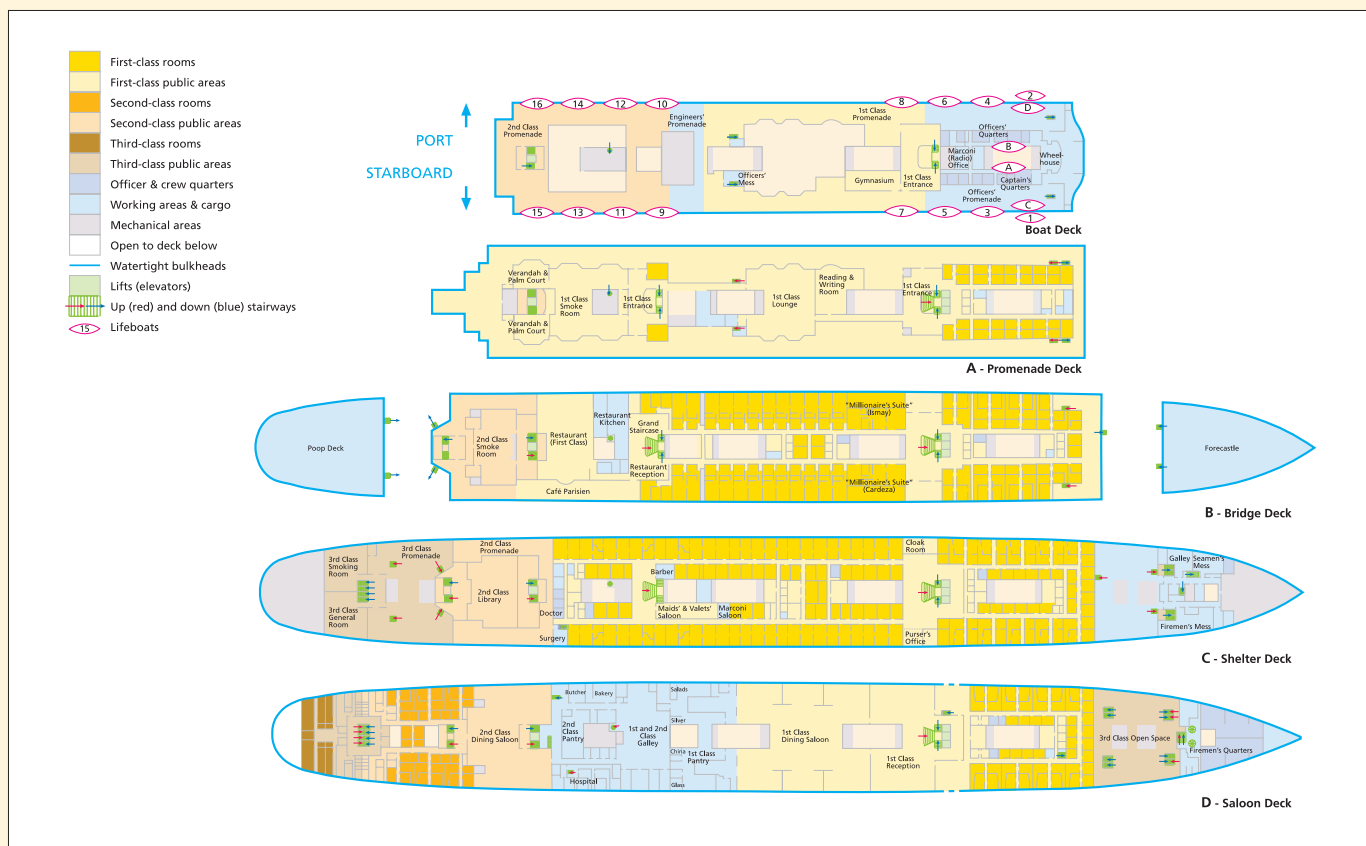


Mahala Douglas

down Michigan Senator William Alden Smith in the corridors. Since he would lead the congressional investigation into the ship's sinking, she wanted him to know of the crewman's apparent negligence. So flummoxed was she, Senator Smith later said, that he "concluded not to attempt to take her testimony at that time," instead requesting a sworn affidavit. Agitated by Mrs. Douglas's testimony, Smith duly cross-examined Second Officer Charles Lightoller about the nature and value of this test. In theory, the water's temperature may suggest the nearness of ice, but in practice some mariners (Lightoller among them) dismissed the test as inexact and thus unreliable.¹⁷

By Sunday, April 14, *Titanic* was making good time and had traveled more than halfway to New York City. Scores of passengers attended a worship service or tended to quiet contemplation, among them a Benedictine monk bound for Stearns County. Father Joseph Peruschitz, OSB, was being transferred from Holy Cross Abbey in Scheyern, Bavaria, to the St. John's Preparatory School in Collegeville. An adaptable man with numerous aptitudes, he desired to edify and inspire central Minnesota's German-Catholic population.¹⁸

Father Joseph helped lead steerage passengers in worship that Sunday morning. Speaking to an ethnically diverse gathering, he delivered sermons in German and Hungarian after another priest had done so in English and French. Among the disaster's litany of coincidences and premonitions, a reporter summarized survivors' recounting of those sermons: "Strangely enough each of the priests spoke of the necessity of



Titanic deck plans, including placement of the few lifeboats

man having a lifeboat in the shape of religious consolation at hand in case of spiritual shipwreck.”¹⁹

Later that day, Father Joseph likely sought respite from the chill air by retiring to the second-class library on C deck aft, where Lawrence Beesley, a vacationing British science teacher, noted: “In the middle of the room are two Catholic priests, one quietly reading . . . the other, dark, bearded, with broad-brimmed hat, talking earnestly to a friend in German and evidently explaining some verse in the open Bible before him.” Based on testimonies from more than 40 survivors, a Catholic newspaper reported that after the collision, Father Joseph recited the rosary—now the only tether available to hundreds of the fearful and the repentant—as the deck’s incline grew steeper.²⁰

From a certain point of view, *Titanic* was nothing more than a flock of metal skimming across an expansive body of water. Striking an iceberg was a scant possibility. At precisely 11:40 p.m., Sunday, April 14, 1912, strike an iceberg she did.

Roughly an hour earlier, Minneapolis honeymooners John and Nelle Snyder had retired to their stateroom. He was sound asleep when the collision occurred, so she roused him. “What’s that noise, John? Don’t you think you had better get up and find out what is the matter?” Doubtful it was serious, he sought to assuage her anxiety. He rose, put on a bathrobe, and stepped out into the companionway to ascertain what had happened. Others on B deck likely were pondering Snyder’s question—namely, had the ship hit anything?²¹

“We just grazed an iceberg,” re-

plied a steward to Snyder. “I don’t think it amounts to anything; you had better go back to bed; there is no danger.”

“I think I’ll go out on deck and take a look at it.”

“That wouldn’t do much good; it’s too dark, and, besides, we have floated past it now.”

Satisfied, Snyder made off to tell his wife what had happened. Returning to the room, he saw an older man talking to the newlywed couple who occupied the stateroom directly across the hall. Nelle also saw the men through the open doorway. “Whenever I see two men whispering I know there is something wrong,” she observed. “We’ll put our clothes on and go on deck and see what the trouble really is.”²²

Since their electric heater (one of the trumpeted amenities available

to first-class) had not been working properly, they had set out sweaters earlier that evening. Now they dressed warmly and ascended to the boat deck, but not before closing and locking the stateroom door: both their money and a jewel case lay in plain sight. On deck no one seemed anxious, although lifeboats were being readied. Other first-class passengers stood about, smoked, and spoke “in a rather humorous vein.” Even so, an officer instructed them to return to their cabin and retrieve their life belts, which they did. Arriving on the boat deck a second time, Snyder heard a man (White Star’s managing director J. Bruce Ismay himself, he later believed) call out, “Families should keep together in getting into the boats.” Yet passengers displayed great reluctance to desert the seemingly sound vessel and, in fact, fell back when instructed to step into the lifeboats.²³

From a certain point of view, *Titanic* was nothing more than a fleck of metal skimming across an expansive body of water. Striking an iceberg was a scant possibility.

As others turned away from *Titanic*’s side and its precipitous drop, the Snyders unwittingly found themselves as near as anyone to Lifeboat 7, on the starboard side. The newlyweds were assisted into it.²⁴ Slightly more than an hour after the collision, that lifeboat was the first one lowered. About this same time a rocket dashed up and smeared itself across the black-canvas sky. There could be no clearer declaration that the Snyders’ wedding tour had come to an abrupt and wholly unanticipated end.

Passengers’ reluctance to leave *Titanic* revealed their collective conscious: the ship had suffered a momentary setback, certainly not



Minneapolis Journal coverage of the Snyders’ safe return, April 22, 1912

a catastrophic failure. The air and water remained so very calm; the stars shone like diamonds tossed across a bolt of black velvet. (Years later, Bertha Lehmann recalled those stars, thinking she could stand up and simply pluck one off the night

alarmed, she experienced “a peculiar sensation” that something she was expecting had come to pass. But she failed to grasp what that might be and tried to fall asleep. It was no use. She could not quiet her mind and thus called for the steward. She read, more plainly than words on a page, fear in his face. He told her to get dressed and to go to the boat deck immediately.²⁶

“I started to get dressed, aimlessly at first, and then suddenly I remembered the fortune-teller’s prophecy” that she would not live to age 21, Constance later related. “‘It has come true,’ I said to myself, and ran to my mirror and peered a long time at my image in the glass.” Constance pondered both her face and her unfolding fate in the looking glass. “It didn’t seem alarming that I was never to get to America, only interesting.” Calm and measured—a woman, like Tennyson’s Lady of Shalott, accepting her cursed nature—she fixed her hair “with unusual care,” put on her cloak, furs, and muff. Unlike the women she passed in the corridor en route to the boat deck, “I was not the least bit frightened” and “had an idea we were

sky.) In the distance, Snyder discerned an iceberg’s outline. When the ship foundered at 2:20 A.M., he felt “utterly alone and helpless” on the open sea, doubtful that assistance would arrive, while his wife later likened the calm surface to that left behind by a plunging fish.²⁵

Minutes before *Titanic* struck the iceberg, Duluthian Constance Willard lay in bed, reading. “I had just shut my book when there was a tremendous crash. I sat up in bed. The crash was followed by a great trembling, then for a moment it was unusually quiet.” Alert but not

to sleep out on the deck . . . while [the crew] fixed up whatever had happened.”

That was when she saw him, the young man who resembled a friend of hers. Several times on the voyage already, she became embarrassed when he caught her stealing furtive glances at him. Now here he was, leaning against a cabin. “Our eyes met and he shrugged his shoulders and smiled at me in recognition. It was a peculiar smile, very cynical, yet perfectly brave. I never saw him again.”

Moments later an English girl, a bride perhaps as young as 15, touched Constance on the shoulder. “My husband,” said the girl through tears. Constance’s emotions stirred for the first time. She was then called to action when a man said the ship was sinking: “Something seemed to hover behind those words, which I didn’t like.” The women sought a lifeboat, the young bride all the while

it in her grasp. She pleaded for the man to take the child back for fear of dropping it. “I still see that baby’s face,” Constance said later, “though it wasn’t saved.”

Whereas Constance Willard reacted as a detached spectator, Mahala Douglas was very much attached to her husband, Walter, when harm struck. Around 8 o’clock Sunday night, the couple headed to a dinner honoring Captain Smith. Dressed in their Sunday best, they made their way from cabin C-86 down to the first-class dining saloon, located on D deck. (Walter’s corpse was identified by his evening dress and personal effects, including a gold cigarette case engraved with his initials.) Afterward, the ship’s orchestra entertained all who cared to linger. Walter and Mahala opted to return to their comfortable sleeping quar-

after the collision: *Titanic* could not and would not sink. Even so, they put on life jackets and headed up to the boat deck. At first they waited, thinking perhaps they could be taken off together. Then Walter turned to Mahala and said, “You had better get into the boat. It would be safer. We can’t tell what may happen.”²⁸

She hesitated, insisting that he join her. Walter, by all accounts a retiring and unassuming man, simply would not abide: “I can’t do it. I would not be a man or a gentleman if I left the *Titanic* while there was a woman or child on board. It’s all right. I’ll probably be with you again in a few minutes.” She acquiesced once more. Having seen to his wife’s departure, Douglas now aided the ship’s crew in loading other lifeboats. He was heralded a hero in the newspapers.²⁹

For those perched in boats already, watching one row of lighted portholes after another slip beneath the waterline, there was little to be said, even less to be done. Mostly, they sat still, made stupid with disbelief. There were differences of opinion aired, even a sharp rebuke now and again, but hysterics were the exception. In the ship’s final, fatal moments, some abhorred the thought of looking while others were compelled to look. “I watched the boat go down,” later testified Mahala Douglas, “and the last picture to my mind is the immense mass of black against the starlit sky, and then nothingness.” Hours after the sinking, the night remained bitterly cold and dark. Neither could the survivors see one another—unbeknownst to each other, Mahala and her maid were in the same boat—nor could they discern the icebergs floating all about them, though they could hear water lapping about the bergs’ edges.³⁰

In the ship’s final, fatal moments, some abhorred the thought of looking while others were compelled to look.

gently stroking Constance’s hand. Annoyed (but not panicked) by the ebb and flow of passengers—five boats were filled and lowered as the two women were jostled about—Constance later likened it to “waiting to get a chance at the cloakroom of a crowded opera house.” Eventually they got into a lifeboat.

Waiting for the boat to be lowered, Constance witnessed a heart-rending episode, drawn sharply against the ever-widening melee in the background. A man attempted to hand over into their boat a baby swathed in a cork-lined life jacket. A woman, heavily bedecked in clothes and life jacket herself, reached out for the babe but could not secure

ters. They exited the dining saloon, passed through the reception room, and ascended the ornate, forward grand staircase. As they did, they noticed a strong vibration and speculated that the ship had accelerated to her fastest speed yet.²⁷

When the *Titanic* collided with the iceberg soon after, Walter went to see what had happened. Meanwhile, Mahala checked in on her 27-year-old French maid, Berthe Leroy, situated farther aft. People began to appear in the companionways, sporting life jackets. Mahala retrieved theirs from the cabin, but upon his return, Walter jested at her concern. He echoed the false sentiment that soothed so many anxious thoughts

SURVIVORS AND VICTIMS

Aboard the *Titanic* were 35 first-, second-, and third-class passengers known to be journeying—or in some way connected—to Minnesota. Sixteen of them survived. From affluent indulgences to hardscrabble realities, from keen perception to dumb luck, and from courageous selflessness to selfish character, this coterie mirrored *Titanic*'s legendary story practically point for point.

Survivors

Asplund, Johan Charles (third class)
Heading to brother Fred in Minneapolis

Douglas, Mahala (first class)
Returning to residence on Lake Minnetonka

Hedman, Oscar (third class)
Returning to St. Paul leading immigrants

Johnson, Carl (third class)
Traveling with Hedman to St. Paul; became a laborer

Lehmann, Bertha (second class)
Heading to relatives in Iowa; eventually lived in Pequot Lakes

Leroy, Berthe (first class)
Returning to Lake Minnetonka with Douglasses; Mahala's maid until 1945

Lulic, Nicola (third class)
Returning to employment in Virginia

Salkjelsvik, Anna (third class)
Heading to sister Olivia in Proctor

Silvey, Alice (first class)
Returning to residence in Duluth

Snyder, John & Nelle (first class)
Returning to residence in Minneapolis

Strandén, Juho (third class)
Heading to Duluth

Turkula, Hedvig (third class)
Heading to sons in Hibbing

Willard, Constance (first class)
Returning to residence in Duluth

Victims

Ahlin, Johanna (third class)
Returning to residence in Akeley

Carlsson, August (third class)
Heading to visit brother in Tower

Douglas, Walter (first class)
Returning to residence on Lake Minnetonka

Johansson, Karl (third class)
Returning to residence in Duluth

Johnson, Malcolm "Sever" (third class)
Returning to residence in Minneapolis

Lahtinen, Rev. William & Anna (second class)
Returning to a new home in Minneapolis

Moen, Sigurd (third class)
Heading to Minneapolis

Nilsson, August (third class)
Heading to St. Paul

Olsson, Elina (third class)
Possibly heading to brother Olof Olsson in St. Paul

Peruschitz, Fr. Joseph (second class)
Heading to Collegeville

Salander, Karl (third class)
Heading to brother Ernest (Ernst) Gustaf Salander in Red Wing

Silvey, William (first class)
Returning to residence in Duluth

Søholt, Peter (third class)
Heading to Minneapolis

Vendel, Olof (third class)
Heading to relatives in St. Paul

Other Notables

Brereton, George (first class)
One of *Titanic*'s notorious cardsharps, born George A. Brayton in Madelia, November 12, 1874; survivor.

Chaffee, Herbert & Carrie (first class)
North Dakotans heading to St. Paul to visit son; victim (Herbert) and survivor.

Holverson, Alexander (first class)
Born and raised in Alexandria; victim.

Katavelos, Vasilios (third class)
Heading to visit family in Milwaukee and then visit cousin John, a waiter at St. Paul's Empress restaurant; victim.

Millet, Francis D. (first class)
Artist whose painting, *The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux*, hangs in the Minnesota state capitol. Heading to visit Harvard classmate Fred L. Chapman in St. Paul; victim.



What was incomprehensible to the survivors—more than 1,500 lives lost—was outrageous to the rest of the world. The third class alone lost more than 500 people. An irate public asked questions and postulated arguments about class accommodations and social castes and their effect on attitudes and actions aboard ship. What transpired that night in the North Atlantic was, and remains, a provocative, disquieting, and mesmerizing scenario: Although only a handful were aware of it, 2,200-plus people were engaged in a slowly evolving tragedy where only half, at best, might be saved due to a paucity of lifeboats. They had fewer than three hours to accept or amend their fate. What would they do?

The question presupposes that each person had an equal expectation to be saved, but this was not the case. There was a reasonable assumption that *Titanic*'s crew would oblige the passengers' safety first. In fact, 76 percent of the crew perished. A hierarchy also existed among the passengers. One *Titanic* historian points out that, unacceptable though they may be by current mores, "class



Survivors on board Carpathia

company. Although some stewards spoke other languages—like French or Italian—some passengers were ignorant of or failed to appreciate fully the situation's severity until no recourse was left them. "Only after we were aboard [*Carpathia*] did I find someone who spoke German," recalled Bertha Lehmann. "For the first time, I found out what happened—that the *Titanic* had struck that iceberg."³² That simple fact (now a modern metaphor) was unknown to some immigrants that night.

husband. The couple, who were from North Dakota, had been racing from Europe to St. Paul, where they were expecting a grandchild's birth.³³

As the Atlantic crept up and over *Titanic*, the remaining passengers, initially calm, became frenzied. Hundreds of them, including South Dakota farmer Olaus Abelseth and his compatriots, scurried from port to starboard and back again, looking for a way off ship. In autumn 1911, twenty-five-year-old Abelseth had returned to Norway to visit friends and family, including a first meeting with his sister Inga's husband, Sigurd Moen. The next spring, Abelseth offered to pay his brother-in-law's passage to America. Moen accepted, perhaps enticed by the presence of his own brothers Gunder and Hans in Minneapolis. Abelseth also paid for his cousin Peter Søholt's fare.³⁴

Speaking earnestly in Norwegian, the trio now contemplated what to do. Minutes earlier, Anna Salkjelsvik, one of the men's travel companions, found her way off on Englehardt Collapsible C, the notorious refuge for Ismay, the White Star Line's managing director. He was headed to severe scrutiny and a much maligned repu-

Some survivors owned nothing but the clothes they wore when abandoning ship.

distinctions were sharply drawn and sharply enforced" in the prevailing culture of the time. He offers as an example the fact that only steerage passengers were checked for—and denied passage if contaminated with—trachoma, a highly contagious infection of the inner eyelid that causes blindness.³¹

Compounding subjective class distinctions was an equally real language barrier. White Star was an American-owned, British-operated

The immigrant experience itself explains in some measure the tragedy's enduring appeal. Many Americans trace their heritage through kin who left behind homes on one side of the Atlantic for opportunities on the other. Many felt an acute sympathy for those quartered well below decks. When asked about the ship's last moments, *Titanic* survivor Mrs. Carrie Chaffee responded, "Oh, it was horrible, horrible. The steerage!" This, despite the loss of her own

tation; she, to a dutiful life as a wife and homemaker in Proctor, Minnesota. (She named her first-born Astor Melvin Larsen to honor Vincent Astor's aid to survivors. Vincent lost his father, John Jacob, in the catastrophe.) Dubious as it seemed, Salkjelsvik now was as safe as someone could be.

Before the worst occurred, Abelseth, too, could have taken refuge. Walking along the starboard boat deck, a ship's officer was asking, "Are there any sailors here?" Despite being an adept fisherman, Olaus chose not to speak up because his kin had asked him not to go. "Let us stay here together," they said. Neither Abelseth's brother-in-law nor his cousin could swim. Meanwhile, *Titanic's* bow had dipped under the surface, not to be seen again for nearly 75 years. The deck now tilted at such an extreme angle that people could no longer keep their feet underneath them. From their vantage point, Abelseth, Moen, and Søholt watched others plummet or jump into the inky black maelstrom while they held fast to a rope threaded through a davit.³⁵

The roiling water pulled *Titanic* deeper and deeper into its embrace, inch by disappearing inch. "We had better jump off," brother-in-law Moen said to Abelseth, "or the suction will take us down." Abelseth thought they would be better served to remain aboard as long as possible. The frigid waters continued to creep towards them. "We must jump off," insisted Moen and again Abelseth declined. But with mere feet to spare, all three jumped in, the brothers-in-law clasping hands. When a rope entangled Abelseth, he reached to free himself and lost Moen instantly. Abelseth, having passed on one boat already, now had to fight his way to another,

this one a collapsible. If Moen also made it to a boat, he did not survive until the *Carpathia's* arrival.

There were hundreds of others in the same infernal predicament. Oscar Hedman, the settler-recruiter, sought a lifeboat spot. He had been berthed with Malcolm "Sever" Johnson, a concrete worker from Minneapolis. The two had gone on deck after the accident and realized the ship would sink. Johnson suggested they find their travel companions, all meeting their fate as one. But seeing that their deck was "already neck deep in water," Hedman panicked and fled, losing Johnson along the way.³⁶ Malcolm Johnson did not survive, but Hedman found his way into Lifeboat 15, along with Nicola Lulic, the northern Minnesota miner, and Hedvig Turkula, the mother bound for Hibbing.

When Hedman arrived at St. Paul's Union Depot two weeks later,

he had three Swedish immigrants in tow. Speaking to reporters, Hedman translated for all three, including a six-foot Swede named Carl Johnson (misidentified by some reporters as Paul Johnson). Johnson had just arrived on deck as *Titanic* began its fatal dive. Sucked under, then thrust upward, he emerged among countless bodies, "so many of them and so close together that they looked like a black floor that one could walk on." He saved himself by swimming to an overturned boat, Collapsible A, which had been washed off about the time he was.³⁷

With little cash on hand, Hedman and his cohorts made it to St. Paul because he shared with them his employer's money. By contrast, first-class passengers like Mahala Douglas and the Snyders recuperated at fine hotels such as New York City's Waldorf-Astoria before heading home.



Settler-recruiter Oscar Hedman (left) with Swedish immigrants Anna Sjoblom, Bertha Neilson, and Carl (misidentified as Paul) Johnson, St. Paul Union Depot; St. Paul Dispatch, April 26, 1912.

A week after the sinking, a *Minneapolis Tribune* reporter met with Douglas in Chicago's Blackstone Hotel and described the scene: "Mrs. Douglas sat in the window seat of her apartment. . . . She was attired in a light dress. Her hat was draped in black, and a black bow came just below her throat." Dress fit for a grieving widow, to be sure, but certainly not an outfit donned on a freezing night in the North Atlantic. Conversely, some survivors owned nothing but the clothes they wore when abandoning ship.³⁸

One's fashion often declares one's lot in life. In the tragedy's immediate aftermath, people engaged in a much bolder, more complex argument concerning a person's worth. Journalists were barely a day into *Titanic*'s loss when the *St. Paul Daily News* proffered this prickly question: "Would You Have Saved a Steerage Woman or First Cabin Millionaire Man?" Governor Adolph O. Eberhart said, "You cannot draw money as a line." University of Minnesota president George E. Vincent demurred, saying one could only know for sure once confronted by the event. "It was not a time to be a respecter of person," responded one banker, meaning women and children first. The final word went to a merchant: "I believe in human rights against property rights any time."³⁹

Another St. Paul daily, the *Dispatch*, ran a similar story the very next day. Self-proclaimed suffragette Duchess de Litta Visconti Arese (née Jane Perry of Charleston, South Carolina) vehemently disagreed with women's preferential treatment.

The lives of several of those men on board that liner were worth

more than a hundred women. I am referring to some of the immigrant women on that ship. We all know them the way they arrive here in America. Unable to speak the language, illiterate as they are, nobody can tell me that some of the fine men on that boat should stand back and let those people be saved. I think it is a crime. What good will those people be when they arrive? A burden to the state.⁴⁰

The duchess made these remarks while staying at the Gotham Hotel—where, coincidentally, Mrs. Alice Silvey, resident of Duluth and recently widowed by the disaster, would stay after debarking *Carpathia*. Presumably, Silvey was spared excoriation by way of her first-class status aboard ship.

Over family meals, between business functions, during confidential conversations, and after contrite reflection, the state's citizens continued to debate the issues of class and gender. Mrs. Alice A. Hall, president of the Minnesota Woman Suffrage Association, said she did not know if she could have left her husband behind. More to the point, she believed that intact families should have been given precedence. "The greatest hardship of all will fall upon the women of the steerage. They will have no means of support. Theirs will be a living death that is much worse than if they had gone down to their fate with the ill-fated steamer." Other Minnesota women displayed even less tact. The chief of the woman's section of the State Free Employment Bureau said one naturally wondered whether "it might have been better if some of the poor women of the steerage, who are now without support, might have given up their place in the lifeboats to some of the

brilliant men who could yet have done so much for the world if they had been saved."⁴¹

Summarizing such remarks as "mere nonsense" and "weak" and "foolish sentiment," Carrie Haskins Backus, the principal of her own preparatory school for girls (Oak Hall, 580 Holly Avenue, St. Paul), defended *Titanic*'s female survivors: "They had to do what the captain ordered them to do. It is not a question whether the worthless women are as good as the brilliant men." Alice Silvey confirmed as much, saying her husband told her to obey the officers' orders, as a *Duluth Herald* reporter put it, "to the letter and without question."⁴²



Carrie Haskins Backus

New York harbor was shrouded by fog Thursday morning, April 18, the day the rescue ship *Carpathia* was due to dock. Word circulated throughout the city that the midnight arrival might be delayed. Rumors multiplied: "scores" of survivors had died on the way to port; *Carpathia* had lost power and would not reach the pier on her own; indeed, she had suffered a collision and was now sinking in the harbor. The unsinkable *Titanic* had sunk; who could say what was and was not possible now? At last, notice

went out that *Carpathia* would arrive sooner than expected, around 9 P.M. As evening stepped aside for black night, thousands upon thousands of people—friends and loved ones, colleagues, the curious and

in science and in surety” had lulled its admirers into a false sense of security.⁴⁴ In the final act, that falsity cost many lives.

For the onlookers at the pier, there could be but two outcomes:

The unsinkable *Titanic* had sunk; who could say what was and was not possible now?

contrite—gathered at the Cunard pier, saturated with excitement and trepidation. “Although there was no rule for silence,” observed a reporter, “everyone talked in whispers.”⁴³

Lightning streaked across the now storm-swollen skies, and the rain fell incessantly while *Carpathia* worked its way up the harbor. Fitting that a tragedy begun in the calmest of calms would conclude in such an abject tempest. It was as if the natural world, whose very calm had damned *Titanic*, now railed against the foul play. And what foul play it was: the ship deemed “the last word

sweet confirmation of the sometimes-suspect survivors’ lists, or the unavoidable concession that one’s family, friend, or business fellow had not survived. The few granted passes to board ship had been cordoned off alphabetically according to survivors’ last names. Under the letter D, St. Paulite Clara M. Kellogg—who had expected to make *Titanic*’s return trip with her husband (and future U.S. senator), Frank Billings Kellogg—accompanied Anne D. Goodell, Mahala Douglas’s sister. They were relieved and gratified when joined by Mrs. Douglas on firm ground.⁴⁵

Any such gratitude was necessarily commingled with grief, however, for there were two victims for every survivor. That commingling had already taken place earlier that day back in Minneapolis. Mr. Newell S. Griffith, local manager of Cluett, Peabody and Company (a shirt-and-collar wholesaler), received two messages concerning one of the firm’s East Coast employees. The first, a postcard depicting a vivid Lisbon street scene, declared, “On our way home.—A. O. H.” The other, a transcript of a wireless message, corrected, “Mr. [Alexander] Holverson [*sic*] was lost.” The son of Mr. and Mrs. Amund Holverson, Alexander was born and raised in Alexandria, where his brother now was the druggist. He was the second of three Minnesotans retrieved by the cable ship *Mackay-Bennett* and positively identified from his personal effects.⁴⁶

Upon hearing of *Titanic*’s loss, Felix and Edward Turkula had no call to be personally alarmed. Although their mother was crossing over from Europe, they expected her to arrive via a Cunard ship. Imagine their surprise and confusion, then, when they found their mother’s name on the *Titanic* survivors’ list in the evening newspaper. The brothers had waited for 13 years to see their mother again. They would be obliged to wait a bit longer.⁴⁷

About the time the brothers were learning of their mother, she emerged from a canopied gangway. Like many immigrants, this aged Finnish woman was whisked away to St. Vincent’s Hospital for a medical check-up. She spoke not a word of English, but her traumatic story was told immediately to native and foreign alike: pinned to her mod-



Crowd awaiting the arrival of *Carpathia* and the survivors, New York, April 18, 1912

est garments was a green tag that read, “*Titanic* survivor.” One of the staff physicians had attached the tag, along with her destination point and a general plea for both conductors’ and the traveling public’s solicitude as Mrs. Turkula continued her trek west. At long last, a train pulled into Hibbing’s Great Northern depot on Friday morning, April 26. With one heartfelt embrace, mother and sons were reunited.

Meanwhile, a U.S. Senate subcommittee chaired by Senator Smith of Michigan had been investigating the causes of the disaster. On May 18, 1912—exactly one month after *Carpathia* arrived in New York City with the survivors—Smith submitted the full report to the chairman of the Senate commerce committee, who happened to be Alexandria, Minnesota’s, own Knute Nelson.⁴⁸ Considered Con-

gress’s voice of record, the report puts plainly the details of *Titanic*’s conception, construction, and catastrophe. The story of the ship that never completed its maiden voyage, its survivors, and its victims, had come full circle in Minnesota, from the Rogers family of Minneapolis, who witnessed its construction, to the Norwegian immigrant senator, who accepted the report on its ultimate destruction. □

Notes

1. *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 25, 1912, p. 1; *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, Apr. 27, 1912, p. 3. The first days’ East Coast newspaper accounts of the *Titanic* disaster were fraught with errors. Arriving in Minneapolis, survivors John Snyder and Mahala Douglas said that statements attributed to them were “misleading,” “garbled,” or “absolutely false”; *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1. In light of this, the author has preferred local accounts over news-service dispatches when possible.

2. *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 27, 1912, p. 7.

3. *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 2; U.S. Senate, “*Titanic*” Disaster: *Hearings Before a Subcommittee of the Committee on Commerce*, 62d Cong., 2d sess., 1912, S. Doc. 726, p. 1102. Douglas’s affidavit also at www.titanicinquiry.org/USInq/AmInq15Douglas01.php (accessed July 19, 2007); *Brainerd Daily Dispatch*, Dec. 2, 1937, p. 16.

4. *Minneapolis Star Tribune*, Feb. 20, 1999, p. 1A, Feb. 21, 1999, p. 1B. Salvaging has been a polarizing issue; see Reed Karaim, “Raiding the *Titanic*,” *Civilization*, Dec. 1997/Jan. 1998, p. 42–51. Acquiring *Titanic*’s tangible pieces is not new: John Snyder saw not only rescue ship *Carpathia*’s passengers strip nameplates from *Titanic*’s lifeboats but also a man paying a *Titanic* officer five dollars for one of his coat buttons.

The Navy’s research submarine *Alvin*, which explored *Titanic*’s wreck in 1986, was chiefly designed by Minnesotan Harold “Bud” Froehlich, an engineer for General Mills in the 1950s; *Star Tribune*, May 22, 2007, p. B6.

5. *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 1.

6. *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 16, 1912, p. 1; ages from death certificates 1959-MN-006597 (John) and 1983-MN-031689 (Nelle); George Grim, “I Like It Here,” *Minneapolis Tribune*, Jan. 6, 1955, p. 19. On the

wedding, see *Minneapolis Tribune*, Jan. 23, 1912, Society sec., p. 8; *Minneapolis Journal*, Jan. 23, 1912, Society sec., p. 12.

7. *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 26, 1912, p. 1; *Star Tribune*, Dec. 13, 1998, p. B3; www.encyclopedia-titanica.org/biography/274/ (accessed July 19, 2007).

8. *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1. For Willard’s birth date, see Edmund West, comp., *Family Data Collection—Individual Records* (Provo, UT: Generations Network, 2000), listed on Ancestry.com.

9. *Cokato Enterprise*, Sept. 28, 1911, p. 2; *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 19 and 25, 1912, both p. 3; Wright Co., District Court, Naturalization Records, Petition and Record, State Archives Microfilm 129, roll 5, vol. 2, p. 5, Minnesota Historical Society (MHS); Minnesota, *Census*, 1905, *Population*, Wright Co., Cokato Township, sheet 12, lines 18–19; United States, *Census*, 1910, *Population*, Wright Co., Cokato Township, enumeration district 204, sheet 5B, line 64; *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 1.

10. See tables 8.1, 11.1, 12.2, 13.1, and 15.2 in June D. Holmquist, ed., *They Chose Minnesota: A Survey of the State’s Ethnic Groups* (St. Paul: MHS, 1981).

11. R. L. Polk and Co., *St. Paul Directory*, 1911, p. 1430; *St. Paul Daily News*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1; *St. Paul Dispatch*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1; R. L. Polk and Co., *Virginia Directory*, 1910, p. 547; *Duluth News Tribune*, Apr. 24, 1912, p. 1.

12. Holmquist, ed., *They Chose Minnesota*, 4; *Duluth News Tribune*, Apr. 17, 1912, p. 2.

13. *Hibbing Daily Tribune*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 1.

14. *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 1; Whitney Eastman, *The History of the Linseed Oil Industry in the United States* (Minneapolis: T. S. Denison & Co., 1968), 45; *New York Times*, Apr. 10, 1912, p. 1; www.quakeroats.com/qfb_AboutUs/history.cfm (accessed July 19, 2007).

15. Here and two paragraphs below, author’s interview with Elva Leonard, Bertha Lehmann Luhr’s daughter, Sept. 15, 2006; *Brainerd Daily Dispatch*, Dec. 2, 1937, p. 16.

16. *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 20, 1912, p. 3; Senate, “*Titanic*” Disaster, 1100, or www.titanicinquiry.org/USInq/AmInq15Douglas01.php.

17. Senate, “*Titanic*” Disaster, 1100; Wyn Craig Wade, *The Titanic: End of a Dream* (New York: Penguin, 1986), 127–28. Hotel management reserved rooms for survivors it recognized as prior patrons, including Mahala Douglas and the Snyders; *New York Evening World*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 11.

18. For a fuller recounting of Father Peruschitz’s trip, see Jens Ostrowski, *Berefung Titanic* [*Vocation Titanic: The Voyage of the Benedictine Father Joseph Peruschitz*] (Fussen, Germany: ZolComp, 2001).

19. *New York Evening World*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 3; “Salvage from the Wreck,” *America: A Catholic Review of the Week*, Apr. 27, 1912, p. 59–60.

20. Lawrence Beesley, “The Story of the *Titanic*: Its Stories and Its Lessons,” in *The Story of the Titanic as Told by Its Survivors*, ed. Jack Winocour (Toronto: Dover, 1960), 23; “Salvage from the Wreck,” 59–60. It is generally accepted that there were three Catholic priests aboard ship—Irishman Fr. Byles, Fr. Joseph, and Lithuanian Fr. Montvila—but there is no record of which priests were in the library.

21. Here and three short paragraphs below, *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 1; *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 2.

22. *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 3.

23. *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 2; *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 3; *Minneapolis Journal*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 1.

24. Lifeboat identifications are based as



Ill-timed ad, St. Paul Pioneer Press, April 15, 1912

much on deduction as known fact; the author has relied on www.encyclopedia-titanica.org.

25. Leonard interview; *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 2; *Star Tribune*, Dec. 13, 1998, B1, B3.

26. Here and four paragraphs below, *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1-2.

27. www.encyclopedia-titanica.org/biography/98; Senate, "Titanic" Disaster, 1101. NBC's *Dateline*, Aug. 12, 1998, reported that a salvaged 23-foot-long piece of hull is believed to have come from the Douglasses' cabin, C-86, port side.

28. Senate, "Titanic" Disaster, 1101; *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1.

29. *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 20, 1912, p. 3, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 1.

30. Senate, "Titanic" Disaster, 1101; Olivier Mendez and Michel Leroy, "Berthe Leroy: Titanic Survivor," www.encyclopedia-titanica.org/item/3103 (accessed July 19, 2007).

31. Daniel Allen Butler, *Unsinkable: The Full Story of the RMS Titanic* (Cambridge, MA: Da Capo Press, 2002), xi, 40.

32. Grim, "I Like It Here," *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*, July 29, 1956, p. 10.

33. *St. Paul Dispatch*, Apr. 22, 1912, p. 9.

34. Here and below, Per Kristian Sebak,

Titanic: 31 Norwegian Destinies (Oslo: Genesis, 1998), 16-17, 82; Larsen birth certificate 1915-31498 and death certificate 1991-MN-024958.

35. Here and below, Senate, "Titanic" Disaster, 1038-39. Moen's body was recovered; Søholt's was not; www.encyclopedia-titanica.org/manifest.php?q=18.

36. *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 24, 1912, p. 1, 3. Alternate spellings include Malkolm and Johnsson.

37. *St. Paul Daily News*, Apr. 26, 1912, p. 2; *St. Paul Dispatch*, Apr. 26, 1912, p. 1. In the *Dispatch* piece, Hedman says Carl Johnson saved himself by climbing upon a stateroom door. The *Daily News* quotes Johnson himself as saying that he swam to a lifeboat. Based upon existing research and commentary, the latter seems more likely.

38. *St. Paul Dispatch*, Apr. 26, 1912, p. 25; *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*, Apr. 21, 1912, p. 16. En route to their Montana ranch, survivors William and Anna (or Hannah) De Messemaker purchased clothing totaling \$200.67 from St. Paul department stores; *St. Paul Dispatch*, Apr. 27, 1912, p. 1. Anna died of complications from surgery at St. Marys Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, Apr. 30, 1918. It is assumed that

she had been admitted first to the Mayo Clinic's psychiatry ward (also in St. Marys) as a result of trauma from the accident; Olmstead Co., Rochester, Birth and Death Records, State Archives Microfilm 412, roll 5, vol. D11, p. 93, MHS; www.encyclopedia-titanica.org/manifest.php?q=18.

39. *St. Paul Daily News*, Apr. 16, 1912, p. 1.

40. *St. Paul Dispatch*, Apr. 17, 1912, p. 1.

41. *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 14.

42. *Duluth Herald*, Apr. 23, 1912, p. 1.

43. *Duluth Herald*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 18.

44. "The Titanic Disaster," *America: A Catholic Review of the Week*, Apr. 27, 1912, p. 62.

45. *St. Paul Daily News*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 20.

46. *Minneapolis Tribune*, Apr. 19, 1912, p. 2; Public Archives of Nova Scotia, R.M.S. *Titanic*: List of Bodies and Disposition of Same, www.gov.ns.ca/nsarm/cap/titanic/ (accessed July 19, 2007). Corpses retrieved included Malkolm Johnson (#37), Alexander Holverson (#38), and Walter Douglas (#62).

47. Here and below, *Hibbing Daily Tribune*, Apr. 26, 1912, p. 1.

48. Wade, *Titanic*, 286.

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