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At 9 a.m. on the 26th of March 1912, the other junior officers and Joseph collected tickets from the White Star Line marine superintendent in Liverpool for our journey to Belfast. We departed from Liverpool at around 10 p.m. that night, and we were aboard the Titanic by noon the following day. During the following few days, I assisted with preparations for the vessel's trials. The Titanic was huge, it wasn't like any other ship I've been on before! We arrived there just after midnight on April 4. I was on the navigating bridge, working the engine room and docking bridge telegraphs. Once at sea, I switched into my role of regular watches, navigation, and assisting both passengers and crew.

At 11.40 p.m. on the night of April 14, I was walking to the bridge. I heard three bells signaling the sighting of an iceberg ahead, First Officer William Murdoch called out orders to quartermaster Robert Hichens to put the wheel hard over. I was told to go down and inspect the forward part of the ship. I went but saw no damage, as I continued, a steerage passenger came to me with a worried look on his face and handed me an alarming piece of ice which had fallen onto the deck, the piece of ice must have meant that there was a tear in the ship. I returned to the bridge after a fifteen-minute inspection and reported back to the Captain that I could find nothing too bad. Smith then sent me to get the Carpenter to sound the ship but as I left the bridge, joiner John H. Hutchinson rushed past me, he exclaimed "the forward compartments are filling up fast! We have to hurry up and do something about this!" the rest of the staff exchanged look with each other and wondered what we could do.

The joiner was soon followed by Postal Clerk John Richard Jago Smith who informed the Captain that the lower mail sorting room on the deck was also filling up with water. They sent me to fetch Second Officer Charles Lightoller and Third Officer Herbert Pitman. The two officers had already been out to see what had happened but had returned to their cabins to await orders. My next task was to work out the ship's position. When I finished, Captain Smith went to the wireless room and ordered First Marconi Operator Jack Phillips to send out a call for assistance.

At 12.45 a.m. Quartermaster George Arthur Rowe and I began to fire rockets from an angled rail attached to the bridge. I scanned the horizon. I spotted a steamer in the distance, Rowe and I attempted to contact the vessel with a morse lamp, but we were not successful.

I rushed over around the boat to see how the passengers were doing, the women were and children were frightened and crying while some of the men carried startled looks on their faces. I reminded everyone that it was going to be okay, then I was put in charge of Lifeboat 2 which was lowered at 1.45 am. During the night I periodically set off green flares and also rowed. Around 4.00 a.m. the Carpathia was

spotted and I let off a final flare to guide the ship to them. When I finally climbed aboard the Carpathia, I was ordered to the bridge and there informed Captain Rostron that the Titanic had gone down at about 2.30 a.m. When we returned back home, each survivor of the ship was crowded with reporters asking what happened for their newspapers. I live with the terrifying memory of the event for the rest of my life.