

# Passenger Profiles

By Michael Poirier

Very few people have the good fortune to own a piece of something directly *Titanic*-related. To ocean liner memorabilia collectors like me, a piece with a *Titanic* connection is just as good. I purchased the *Imperator* passenger list and menu shown in this article after perusing [www.luxurylinerrow.com](http://www.luxurylinerrow.com), owned by Brian Hawley of North Carolina. The *Imperator* sailed on her maiden voyage in 1913 and, for a time, was the largest ship in the world. She was given to Cunard after World War I and was renamed *Berengaria*. When I received the package and thumbed through the passenger list, to my surprise I found *Titanic* survivor Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal listed. Notably absent were his wife Clara and his brother Isaac, both of whom may have been leery about traveling the ocean so soon after the *Titanic* sinking. Rounding out these rare pieces is a private account Dr. Frauenthal wrote shortly after the disaster.

Henry and Isaac Frauenthal were the sons of Samuel and Henrietta Frauenthal of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. A graduate of Lehigh University, Henry went on to finish his studies at Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Originally, he was an orthopedic surgeon, but his specialty lay in bone and joint diseases. He opened his own clinic in 1904. His brother Isaac, who studied at the Law School of New York University, was a successful lawyer who had served as a justice for the Arkansas Supreme Court.

Clara Rogers (*nee* Heinsheimer) was a widow and in March of 1912, she and Henry were married in Nice, France. They chose the maiden voyage of the *Titanic* to return home. Isaac was excited about the trip. “The novelty of having a part in the maiden trip of the world’s greatest ship appealed to everybody,” he said. Yet, he was concerned by a series of dreams he had

had. “Before boarding the ship in Southampton, I had a dream – two dreams, rather – which made me uneasy. It seemed I was on a big steamship, which suddenly crashed into something and began to go down. I saw in the dream as vividly as I could see with open eyes the gradual settling of the ship, and I heard the cries and shouts of the frightened passengers.” [Author’s note. *The Frauenthal party boarded in Cherbourg. The reporter may have misunderstood what Isaac was saying. He most likely meant the dreams occurred before the ship set sail from Southampton, not that he sailed from Southampton.*]

The three were tendered out to the *Titanic* on the *Nomadic* when the ship stopped in Cherbourg, France and Isaac finally decided to mention his series of dreams. “I said nothing to my brother Henry or his wife about the dream until we were on the *Titanic* and when I told them they laughed.” Henry and Clara booked cabin C-88, an outside stateroom with a private bathroom. Isaac occupied D-40, a forward inside cabin. Reflecting on the voyage, the lawyer said, “The notion that the *Titanic* was unsinkable had taken hold everywhere. The crowd contained many women and men of delightful personality. The days and evenings were charmingly spent. Captain Smith and his officers seemed to be at pains to make everybody comfortable and gay. If anybody ventured an opinion that we might sink that person would have been hooted down.”

A casual acquaintance made aboard the ship by the group was Rene Harris. On April 14, she required Dr. Frauenthal’s assistance when she fell down the grand staircase and broke her right arm. “I felt it was too serious for a one-man opinion, so I asked him (Dr. O’Loughlin) with apologies if he would object to calling in a passenger who, I heard, was famous as head of a joint-disease hospital in New York City. The little doctor graciously agreed. The passenger surgeon responded immediately to the call and my arm was set, not straight out, but at a complete bend, the palm of my hand resting on my shoulder.” Another person Isaac claimed to have known was Charles Natsch.

Following this incident, the Frauenthals had their dinner and retired to their staterooms around 10 o’clock. Isaac undressed and, “slipped into my pajamas and lay down to read a book until I got sleepy. It was well on to midnight – I didn’t notice the exact time – when I heard a noise that puzzled me. It



This passenger list from the *Imperator* (later the *Berengaria*) revealed a *Titanic* survivor aboard. (Courtesy of Michael Poirier)

was a long, drawn-out rubbing noise, much as you hear when a ferry boat bumps into her slip and rubs slowly along its walls.” Although not overly concerned, he decided to call for his steward. While he waited, he “heard a furious pounding on the door of a stateroom near mine, and when I put my head out, a man whom I didn’t know was doing his best to waken friends in that room. He said something about the ship hitting something, but it was so incoherent I couldn’t make head nor tail out of his explanation.” [Author’s note: *This may have been William*

Herr Iugo A. Esch  
Herr E. W. Evans  
Frau E. W. Evans  
Herr W. D. Evans  
Fräulein S. Evans

Herr M. L. Falk  
Frau M. L. Falk  
Herr Edward A. Faust  
Herr Ernst Feldmann  
Frau Ernst Feldmann  
Herr H. S. Firestone  
Frau H. S. Firestone  
Herr Harvey S. Firestone  
Herr Russell A. Firestone  
Frau Ida C. Fisk

The Hon. Judge Charles  
F. Fishbach  
Mrs. Charles F. Fishbach  
Herr William Foerster  
Herr Geo W. Ford  
Frau Geo W. Ford  
Frau C. A. Forrest  
Herr Joseph Formanns  
Frau Joseph Formanns  
Herr Ernest Formanns jr.  
Fräulein Johanna Formanns  
Fräulein Josephine Formanns  
Herr Henry Fornoff  
Frau Henry Fornoff  
**Herr Dr. Henry W.  
Frauenthal**

Herr John Freeman  
Frau John Freeman  
Herr Laszlo Fuchs  
Herr Arthur Fuller  
Frau Arthur Fuller  
Herr Andrew L. Fulton  
nebst Bedienung

Herr J. Gally  
Herr A. Ganzenmüller  
Herr Emanuel Gattle  
Frau Emanuel Gattle

*Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal's name is listed among the Emperor's passengers. (Courtesy of Michael Poirier)*

*Greenfield, who did go down to his mother's stateroom to warn her of what had happened. Blanche Greenfield's stateroom, D-10, was right in Frauenthal's line of vision if he looked left into the corridor.]*

Concerned about what he had heard, “I turned back into my room, put on my shoes, trousers and coat and then ran to my brother’s stateroom. When I rapped on the door, my brother answered sleepily and I told him he had better get up.” Henry scoffed at his brother, who was determined to find out what was going on. “Having that dream in mind,” he said, “I made for the deck, looking for Captain Smith or any other officer that could tell me what really happened.” Making his way toward the ship’s bridge, he was in the company of a few others, including Colonel Astor, when Captain Smith appeared. Astor stepped forward and said, “Captain, my wife is not in good health. She has gone to bed and I don’t want to get her up unless it is absolutely necessary.” The Captain replied, “Colonel Astor, you had better get your wife up at once. I fear we may have to take to the boats.”

This was enough for Isaac, who went back to his brother’s cabin and began

“pounding” on the door. Again, Henry answered, but this time his brother was more forceful in telling him that the *Titanic* was “mortally hurt.” Looking back, Isaac was a bit incredulous that Henry “had hardly paid attention to the fuss that was beginning all around, people running to and fro, men calling out everywhere...” They agreed to meet when the couple had finished dressing and Isaac went upstairs to the boat deck. The noise of the steam escaping from the funnels was so loud that he mused that “the sound ought to carry a hundred miles.” He then noted, “It



*A newspaper photo of Dr. Henry Frauenthal. (Library of Congress/Charles A. Haas collection)*

was a jewel of a night, clear as crystal. Pretty cold, but not uncomfortably so. The stars gleamed brightly, and in their light, I could see the iceberg... I glanced over the side, and I tell you it looked pretty dark out beyond the radiance of the ship’s lights. It made a man feel uneasy about what was going to happen.”

While waiting for his brother and sister-in-law, he said the stewards were “reporting constantly to their officers that they couldn’t make people believe anything serious had happened.” He watched the loading and lowering of lifeboat 7. “The few that got in the first boat were laughing and joking thinking that apparently it was foolish to ask them to go out there in the dark in a little boat... When my brother and his wife came on deck I said, ‘Well, Henry, I wasn’t so foolish, was I?’ ‘Oh,’ said my brother, ‘the boat is too big. It can’t sink.’”

Clara Frauenthal “clung” to her husband’s hands when an officer directed her into boat 5. She continued to hold on even as she was assured by Henry that he would follow in another boat.

She finally sat down, but said she would get out if he didn’t join her. A few witnesses said that the brothers jumped in just as the boat was beginning to lower. Isaac said that his brother was asked if he could row and, when he said “yes,” he was told to get in. He claimed that, as he was shaking hands with his sister-in-law, two men pulled him into the boat and thus he was saved. Mrs. Annie Stengel gave the most damning account of their escape. She said that not only did they jump in, but also that Dr. Frauenthal fell on her and Washington Dodge, Jr. and that she was knocked unconscious. She then claimed her ribs were hurt from this. Whether she was treated for these “injuries” aboard the *Carpathia* or when they arrived in New York is unknown.

The lawyer spoke little of his time in the lifeboat. Perhaps watching the *Titanic* go down was too eerily reminiscent of his dreams. He did say that it was very cold and “the thinly clad



Clara and Henry Frauenthal's 1921 passport application photograph. (National Archives and Records Administration / Charles A. Haas collection)

women suffered keenly." He also reported that he heard shots being fired. When the *Carpathia* approached, Isaac said she blew her whistle.

Several survivors got together to start a collection for the rescue ship's crew, and Isaac was one of them. His brother, meanwhile, offered his services as a doctor and attended to anyone who was injured.

Isaac was then photographed with Frederic Seward, Mauritz Hakan Bjornstrom-Steffanson, Frederic Spedden, George Harder, Karl Behr and Margaret Brown while presenting Captain Arthur Roston with a cup. Isaac also submitted an affidavit for Mrs. Natsch saying that he had seen Mr. Natsch before going to bed on the night of the sinking. When the Frauenthals were settled, they filed claims for loss of property. Isaac apparently never sailed again after the sinking. Henry was not put off by his experiences, and, as shown in the first paragraph, a year later he took the brand-new *Imperator*. Clara seemed to have put her anxiety aside and went to Europe with her husband and

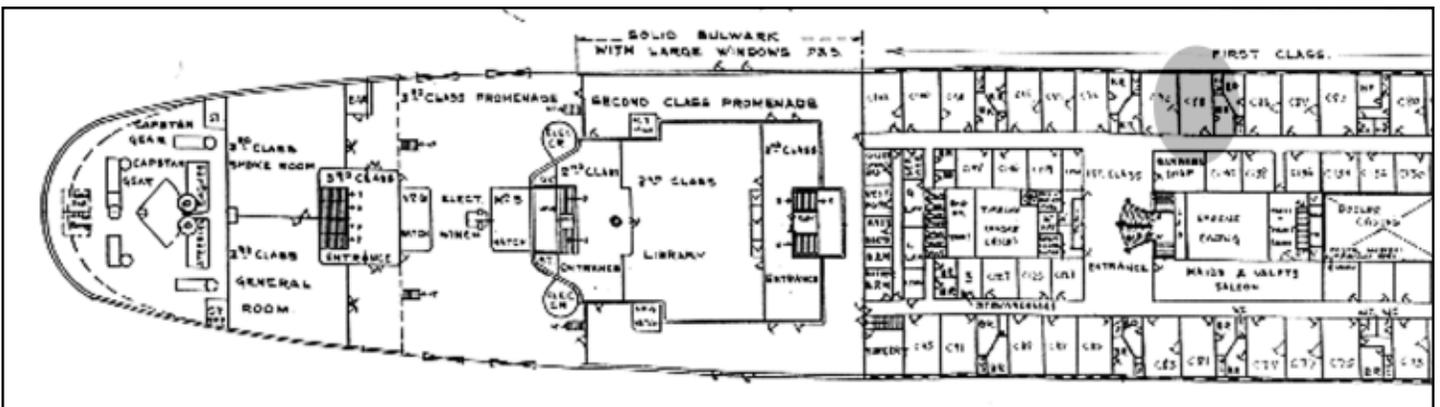
they returned on the *Philadelphia* in 1914. It seems that the war curtailed his travels and the next time he sailed was in 1921 when he, his wife and their adopted daughter Natalie came home on the *Paris*. The doctor came through Ellis Island at least once more in 1923 on the *Resolute*. Over the years, the couple began to unravel mentally and, on March 11, 1927, Henry jumped to his death from a window of the hospital he helped found and died of a fractured skull. Clara, suffering from manic depression and psychosis, spent her final days at the Blythewood Sanitarium, dying of hypertension on March 30, 1943. Isaac, who never married, passed away on November 16, 1932 from heart disease and hypertension.

## My Experience in the Wreck of the *Titanic*

By Henry W. Frauenthal, M.D., New York City

[Reprint from *American Medicine*, New Series, Vol VII., no. 5, pages 271-274 May, 1912 (courtesy of Mike Findlay); submitted by Michael Poirier]

Recalling the *Titanic* as I saw it from the tender just before going on board at Cherbourg, it is almost impossible to conceive that this magnificent vessel of 880 feet could have sunk. Up to the time of the accident, the trip had been ideal. On Sunday night, I retired at about ten o'clock, and my wife and I were sleeping soundly, when at about twelve o'clock, I was awakened by my brother pounding on my cabin door, and insisting upon my getting up. Thinking I had overslept and was late, I asked what was the matter, and he said that something had happened to the boat. On going to the door, he informed me that he had overheard the captain informing Colonel Astor that something serious had occurred to the boat, and advised that everyone put on life preservers, and they were lowering the lifeboats. When I went on the boat deck, there were a few people there, but no confusion, and I saw them lowering the boats. There seemed difficulty in filling the boats. I returned for my wife to my cabin, No. 88, Deck C, and in passing Mr. Widener, who was in No. 80, Deck C, I informed him that I had learned the boat was in danger, but he said it was ridiculous.



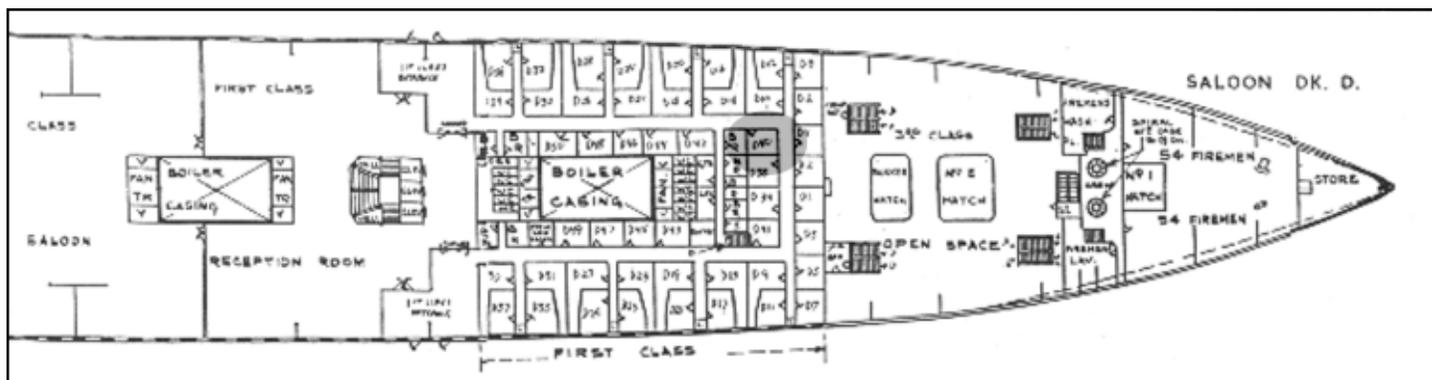
Dr. and Mrs. Henry Frauenthal booked Cabin C-88 (highlighted), in the after half of the ship, with an adjoining private bathroom. (From *Titanic: Triumph and Tragedy*, by John P. Eaton and Charles Haas. © 1986. Reprinted by permission of the authors.)

This answer probably describes the mental state of nearly everyone on the boat, thinking that it was impossible for anything serious to happen to this paragon of modern ship architecture. I returned to my cabin, and insisted on my wife putting a life preserver on. We went on deck, and got in the boat, which was in charge of Third Officer Pitman. In this boat, there were an equal number of men and women, thirty-four in all. The boat on the port side, which was lowered at the same time as ours, was sent off by order of Captain Smith with only twenty-two passengers, because at that time there were no more who were willing to trust themselves to the life boats. In the process of being lowered, several times we thought we would be thrown into the water. When nearing the water, it was discovered that the plug in the bottom of the boat had not safely been inserted, and this was attended to. Had this been overlooked, this lifeboat would have sunk as one of the others did, in which the plug was not inserted. After rowing a short distance, I inquired of Third Officer Pitman what had happened to the boat, being under the impression that the trouble was with the machinery and we were likely to be blown up. I learned then for the first time that we had struck an iceberg. I asked when we would return to the *Titanic*, and he said within half an hour, as he thought there was no danger to the vessel and only as we observed one row of port-hole lights after another disappearing below the water line, did we begin to realize how serious the accident was. One of the sailors in our boat was on watch at the time the accident occurred and said the iceberg was above the upper deck and through concussion several tons of ice were thrown on the upper deck. Pitman, the third officer, who like myself, was asleep, was not awakened by the accident. Those who were awake at the time said there was no concussion, but it seemed as if the boat scraped like a ferry-boat going into the slip. Pitman was awakened by a sailor, and said he went

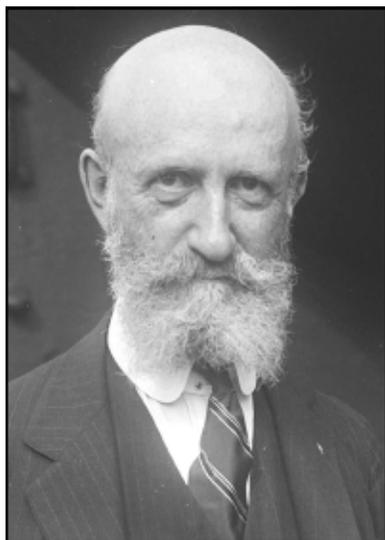


*Isaac Frauenthal (fourth from left) joins fellow Titanic survivors Frederic Seward, Karl Behr, Mauritz Hakan Bjornstrom-Steffanson, Margaret Brown, Frederic Spedden and George Harder in presenting a cup to Captain Arthur Rostron. (John P. Eaton/Charles Haas collection)*

down to see what had occurred and met some of the stokers coming out of the hold, saying the water was rushing in and driving them out. He then went on deck and aided in loading the other boats. He was ordered to take charge of the lifeboat which I left the vessel, which I think was No. 5. There was no moon, but the stars in the sky were numerous and it made the surroundings appear as light as it would with a quarter moon. We rowed about a mile from the *Titanic*, believing if she went down, it would be protection against the suction of the vessel. In the boat I was in, and in all the other boats which I inspected as they were hoisted in the *Carpathia*, there was no compass, no lantern, no water, and no food! The only light in any of the small boats was a lantern taken off by Fifth Officer Lowe and his reason for taking it was, as he said, that he had been in two shipwrecks previously and realized its need. It was by the means of this light that the *Carpathia* was able to sight us, as they saw



*Dr. Frauenthal's brother, attorney Isaac Frauenthal, occupied Cabin D-40 in the forward half of the ship. (From Titanic: Triumph and Tragedy, by John P. Eaton and Charles Haas. © 1986. Reprinted by permission of the authors.)*



Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal in his later years. (Courtesy of Senan Molony)

the light at a distance of ten miles. After daybreak, it would have been difficult for the *Carpathia* to have detected us in the ice field we were in. The ocean surface during the whole night was as smooth as glass, nor was there any wind. The air was intensely cold, and nearly everyone suffered from the low temperature. We watched the boat and timed her as she sank, which was about 2:20 a.m., according to the officer's watch. The time of the accident was about 11:45 p.m., showing that the boat remained afloat for only about 2½ hours. One of the boats rowed up to us, which had but twenty-seven passengers in it and three men from our boat were transferred to this boat. When the vessel went down and for some time after, the cries of those who were on life preservers and floats were indescribable and no one who heard these cries, will ever forget them. The *Carpathia* was in sight about 4:30 a.m., when all the small boats rowed towards her. We were taken aboard at about six o'clock, being on the water just about 5½ hours. Some of the smaller boats did not arrive until nearly nine o'clock, after which we circled around for about three hours, hoping to pick up some of the shipwrecked. During the night we could see the large iceberg we struck and several smaller ones, and I cannot see how so large a mass of ice could not have been seen in ample time by the lookout. At about 8 a.m., two big vessels arrived on the scene and they were left on the ground to see if they could pick up any of the survivors. When day broke, we saw about two miles away what seemed to be land, but which was a field of ice and which I since learned was 200 miles long. So had we missed the large iceberg, going at the rate of 21 or 22 knots an hour, we would have driven into the field of ice just ahead of us. The passengers from the small boats were taken to the *Carpathia* by means of a pilot's ladder. For safety, the women had a looped rope under their arms, and when they lost their footing on the rope ladder, they were drawn on board the boat. Many did lose their footing on account of the nervous state they were in and the cold, which made them stiff; and in being hauled on board, they received many bruises. One cannot speak in too high praise of the arrangements for our reception on board the *Carpathia*. As each one got to the deck, they were given a large hot drink, of either hot water or hot tea, or hot diluted brandy. If this did not warm them up, they were covered with blankets, and additional drinks were given. By this means, a reaction was brought about, and in place of being blue, they were pink and moist and, out of the 705 survivors, no case of bronchitis or pneumonia occurred to my knowledge, and the

vessel came into port with a clean bill of health. Although the papers were filled with the account of the large number of ill aboard, it was not a fact. A certain number suffered from the exposure and from injuries and were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. A number of sprained ankles and Pott's fractures occurred from various causes. Owing to the fact that a number of women lost their husbands, a certain amount of nervous hysteria prevailed. This was intensified by the fact that on our trip to New York for four days, we were most of the time enveloped in fogs and everyone seemed to dread the recurrence of an accident. About \$6,000 was collected on the *Carpathia* from the survivors to meet the immediate needs of the *Titanic* passengers, of which \$4,000 was afterwards given to the crew on the *Carpathia*, in recognition of their services. The large death list was due to the fact that the majority of the people did not know the nature and extent of the damage done to the boat and a great number knew that the *Carpathia* had been in communication, and that she was coming to the rescue. The fear of going into the small boats on account of the danger in case of a high sea deterred many from entering. There was a general feeling that the boat could not possibly sink before some of the larger boats nearby would come to the rescue. This was particularly true, as some of the people refused to depart shortly before the boat went down, thinking it safer than venturing in a small boat.

## Letters to the Editor

After much anticipation and excitement, my niece Sarah and I recently flew to Halifax with high expectations for a wonderful weekend. These happy thoughts were based not only on a history of attending quality TIS events, but moreover on the excitement of reconnecting with TIS members. And this weekend was to be no exception.

My suitcase, unfortunately, did not arrive in Halifax when I did. Nor was it even located 24 hours later. However, without exception, my TIS family surrounded me with compassion, love, and – yes – donated clothing. How can I ever forget the offer of socks from “Uncle Charlie” or the sweats from Bob B., or the host of sympathy and offers of assistance from countless others? And I definitely couldn't have made it without the help and support of Jim Miller and Gordon Krause ... my life savers!

This is yet one more example of how wonderful and generous our membership is. Through this letter, I would like to thank the members of TIS who journeyed to Halifax. Thank you all for your support!

– Maggie Bailey