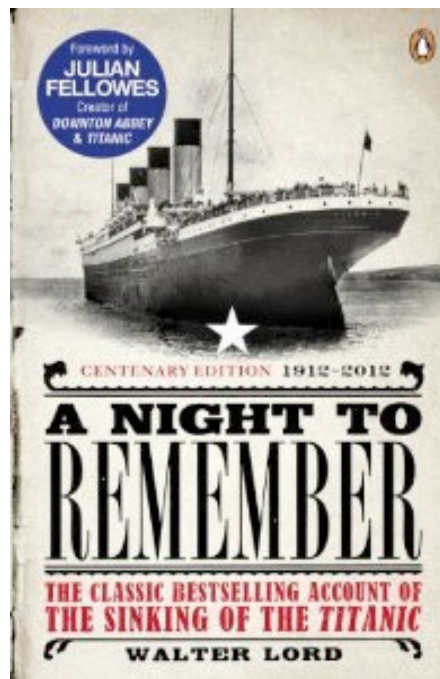




A Night to Remember

Walter Lord , Julian Fellowes (Foreword) , Brian Lavery (Introduction)

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"There is no danger that Titanic will sink. The boat is unsinkable and nothing but inconvenience will be suffered by the passengers." (Phillip Franklin, White Star Line Vice-President).

On April 15th, 1912, Titanic, the world's largest passenger ship, sank after colliding with an iceberg, claiming more than 1,500 lives. Walter Lord's classic bestselling history of the voyage, the wreck and the aftermath is a tour de force of detailed investigation and the upstairs/downstairs divide. "A Night to Remember" provides a vivid, gripping and deeply personal account of the 'unsinkable' Titanic's descent.

It comes with a new foreword by Julian Fellowes and the cover is annotated 'The Classic Bestselling Account of the Sinking of the Titanic'.

A Night to Remember Details

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From Reader Review A Night to Remember for online ebook

Matt says

James Cameron ruined the *Titanic*.

Now, anyone who's ever been interested in the subject must contend with sideways glances from people who assume your curiosity was piqued by Kate Winslet gazing at Leonardo DiCaprio with her big doe eyes. Countless books, documentaries, and even video games were released to coincide with the ill-fated ship's meteoric popularity. This is not to say that Cameron's *Titanic* was entirely irredeemable. Indeed, there are many parts of the film where you can feel Cameron's historical impulses warring with his knowledge that the only way he's going to escape bankruptcy is to appeal to the fourteen year-old girls of the world (and the fourteen year-old girl inside us all).

But set the movie aside. As an acknowledged *Titanic* fanatic, I can confidently advise that you really only need three books to understand the subject: Robert Ballard's *The Discovery of the Titanic*; Don Lynch and Ken Marschall's *Titanic: An Illustrated History*; and the greatest of them all, Lord's *A Night To Remember*.

(Of course, as a fanatic, I would never suggest *only* reading three books on the subject. You can spend a pretty good life arguing about shoddy rivets, missing ice warnings, and the mystery ship that ignored *Titanic*'s distress rockets).

My interest in *Titanic* traces back to 1986, the year after Bob Ballard discovered the wreck on the ocean floor. In its December issue, National Geographic featured a ghostly, now-famous photo of the submersible Jason, Jr. peering into one of *Titanic*'s open windows, surrounded by the blackness of the sea. Here was a six year-old's ultimate subject, which combined a young boy's interest in big machines with a young boy's morbid and burgeoning curiosity with death. And even though my mom eventually made me throw away all the magazines I'd collected (that she knew about, ha ha), I still have that edition of the National Geographic.

Eventually, I became so obsessed with *Titanic*, I decided to write a book about it myself. This was while I was in high school. In 1997. So my timing was impeccable. Before I'd gotten half way through, James Cameron had forever altered the subject of the famed ocean liner by adding Leonardo DiCaprio and a ten-cent screenplay. Undeterred, I finished my novel, mostly as a catharsis for all the *Titanic* minutiae I had stored in my brain. The book was over 600 pages long. You might wonder: how could anyone write 600 pages about a four-day ocean cruise? Well, start with twenty pages devoted to the science behind iceberg formation, double the usual amount of love triangles in a single work, and finish with a lifeboat-by-lifeboat reconstruction of the sinking.

At this point, it seems like I'm comparing myself to Walter Lord. Which I am. But only to point out that I utterly failed to express in 600 pages what Lord beautifully captures in 152.

Walter Lord described himself in his own words as a writer of "living history." I would call him an anecdotal historian. He did not ignore the big picture, but he approached great sweeping events through the individuals who lived them. He used their memories, their experiences, and often their own words, to tell his story. Lord used this technique across a variety of subjects, including Pearl Harbor, the battle of Midway, and the siege of the Alamo, but never so effectively as in *A Night to Remember*, his certifiably classic telling of the sinking of the R.M.S. *Titanic*.

Lord's style is encompassed in the first two paragraphs:

High in the crow's nest of the New White Star Liner *Titanic*, Lookout Frederick Fleet peered into a dazzling night. It was calm, clear and bitterly cold. There was no moon, but the cloudless sky blazed with stars. The Atlantic was like polished plate glass; people later said they had never seen it so smooth.

This was the fifth night of the *Titanic*'s maiden voyage to New York, and it was already clear that she was not only the largest but also the most glamorous ship in the world. Even the passengers' dogs were glamorous. John Jacob Astor had along his Airedale Kitty. Henry Sleeper Harper, of the publishing family, had his prize Pekingese Sun Yat-sen...

Right away, you can see the amazing storytelling structure that Lord employs. He starts in the crow's nest, moments before the collision with the iceberg. He identifies one of his main characters, Fred Fleet, and then segues into a short riff on first class pets. In a subsequent paragraph, Lord circles back to Fred Fleet spotting the iceberg. Fleet warns the bridge and a tense 37 seconds elapse before the ship strikes the berg on its port side. At this point, Lord's story starts to flower and expand. He leaves Fleet and the crow's nest to tell the stories of other people on different parts of the ship: a quartermaster on the aft docking bridge; a steward in first class; a night baker baking rolls; passengers from all three classes.

Lord doesn't follow a straight, linear narrative. Instead, *A Night to Remember* resembles a mosaic. An overarching picture of the tragedy is created out of dozens of individual stories. Lord's genius is in weaving all these strands into a cohesive whole. He has a keen eye for dramatic moments and telling quotes. When he describes the ship's break-up, he does so by listing and contrasting all the different items breaking loose and crashing together, from the 29 boilers to a jeweled copy of the *Rubaiyat*, from 30,000 eggs to "a little mantel clock in B-38."

Lord is also a strong writer, which allows him to maintain the integrity of the personal observations of the survivors, while still delivering an exciting narrative. (It should be noted that Lord interviewed 63 survivors before the book's original 1955 publication).

Down, down dipped the *Titanic*'s bow, and her stern swung slowly up. She seemed to be moving forward too. It was this motion which generated the wave that hit Daly, Brown, and dozens of others as it rolled aft...Lightoller watched the wave from the roof of the officer's quarters. He saw the crowds retreating up the deck ahead of it. He saw the nimbler ones keep clear, the slower ones overtaken and engulfed. He knew this kind of retreat just prolonged the agony. He turned and, facing the bow, dived in...

A Night to Remember is pure narrative, eschewing analysis and debate. For instance, rather than engage in a discussion about the band's final song, Lord simply chooses the Episcopal hymn *Autumn*, instead of *Nearer My God To Thee*. If you desire to know why Lord made that choice, you can read his follow up *The Night Lives On*, which is an in-depth treatment of a number of fascinating (if ultimately meaningless) questions (including First Officer William Murdoch's alleged suicide, an event blithely passed off as gospel in Cameron's *Titanic*, much to the chagrin of Murdoch's surviving relatives).

I was five years old when *Titanic* was discovered, and probably ten when I read this book for the first time. Back then, the story of *Titanic* had real magic. Yes, it is human tragedy first and foremost; but it is also tragedy in the dramatic sense: the noblesse oblige of "women and children first"; Guggenheim dressing in his best to "die as a gentleman"; Isidor Strauss refusing to leave her husband, who was not allowed in a lifeboat;

Madeleine Astor claiming "God went down on the *Titanic*".

Today, the only time *Titanic* is mentioned is when some new book or documentary (I'm wagging my finger at you, *Titanic's Last Secrets*) uses cutting edge science to highlight some trivial new piece of evidence that is then blown out of all proportion. I suppose this makes sense from a marketing standpoint. By my last count there are 45 iterations of CSI; clearly, people crave a forensic explanation for everything, including the loss of *Titanic*. I'll admit, I'm not totally immune. People are fallible. They forget, they mishear, they misremember, they mislead, they fabricate and they imagine. Science is cold and dispassionate and truthful. Such an environment is not favorable to a Walter Lord, because he relied almost exclusively on the participants, with all their flaws.

Lord tells the *Titanic* story the way I hope it happened, and the way that the survivors remembered it. Knowing what we do about witness perception, and the tendency to embellish, Lord might have been a bit more critical of his interviewees. I mean, did Guggenheim really take the time to change into his dinner jacket before drowning? Did Captain Smith really step off the plunging bow and swim off into the night? No one can say for certain, yet some of these stories just sound too good to be true (again, I mean "good" in the dramatic sense, not "good" in the sense that a huge ship sank with tremendous loss of life).

On the other hand, a lot of the witnesses turned out to be pretty darn perceptive. The great mystery that Ballard solved in 1985 was that *Titanic* had broken in two. Of course, young Jack Thayer had already said that, 73 years earlier, because it had happened before his seventeen year-old eyes.

So take that science.

Evan says

This is sort of the primary, classic book on the Titanic disaster. Published in 1955, it's short and smoothly written -- covering the viewpoints of a large cast and changing centers of perspective with ease. There have been four movies made about the Titanic in the sound era (there were several silent movies about or loosely based on it). I've seen three of the four and have the other one on VHS to watch. The first was a 1943 German, Nazi-produced spectacle that mainly was made, it seemed, as an anti-British propaganda piece. The special effects were so good that the ship sinking model shots were re-used in the 1958 Brit version, based on this book: "A Night to Remember." In the interim, Hollywood made an attempt in 1953, called simply "Titanic," starring Barbara Stanwyck. For some reason, I've never found the time to watch it, even though I own it (*see 2016 addendum, bottom of review). I find it hard to imagine that it could surpass the 1958 British film: a soberly compelling version that remains my favorite. It seems most in spirit of the book. James Cameron's 1997 version is for little girls. Blah.

Reading on...rating soon to come.

This is a breeze to read. Very vivid, full of detail. The only thing that causes a slight slowdown is the sheer number of characters. To Lord's credit, he reminds us frequently of the positions and titles of the characters, so we don't have to go back or jog our memories trying to remember who these people are. I love when authors do that. I'm for easy. As I'm reading this I'm realizing how well the 1958 film captured this account and how badly the hokey 1997 film did.

FINAL:

Enjoyed this greatly. I especially enjoyed Lord's analysis of the class snobbery and attitudes of the time that led to a higher percentage of deaths among the third-class passengers vs. the first and second classes, and the media's disinterest at the time to hearing the stories of the common people in preference to the Astors and the other robber-baron types. On the other hand, he is fair, and gives credit to almost everyone for having class and dignity. I hesitate to call Lord's treatment of the issues "socially conscious," I just think he was trying to be more "fair and balanced" as a historian than other writers had been previously.

There are probably other books that go into greater detail on certain aspects of this story, but I can't imagine there being a better entire book on the Titanic than this.

* Addendum: 2016:

In the intervening years since I wrote this review, I did end up seeing the 1953 Titanic movie, and it is an entertaining potboiler vehicle for Barbara Stanwyck, all gussied up in high-gloss duds and 20th-Century Fox production values and familial bad blood. Kind of *Stella Dallas* on the high seas. Barbara can suffer in mink just as well on a cruise liner as in a mansion. It's grand entertainment, but not a very good Titanic movie.

Kat says

When I was about 15, I was completely obsessed with the Titanic (yep, that's the year the movie came out!), and I brought every book I could find about it. And at the time, hyping up the movie, there was a lot of books available.

A couple of years later, the obsession had faded and it wasn't until the 100th anniversary of the sinking in mid-April that my interest was piqued again. So I picked up a copy of *A Night to Remember*.

Written in 1955, it reads with a surprisingly modern and appealing voice - it's not stuffy or wordy in its explanations of what happened that fateful night, and although the 'cast of characters' is long, it's an extremely riveting read.

Using interviews with passengers from first, second and third class and crew as a basis for the book, Walter Lord's classic has stood the test of time well. Although the cast of characters is large and complicated, the more prominent passengers (Mrs. Brown, John Jacob Astor and Benjamin Guggenheim) stand out, as do the chilling accounts from below-decks crew and steerage passengers. There are stories of miraculous survival and heart-breaking stories of final goodbyes, and coverage of the rescue and the landing of the survivors in New York.

As a non-fiction book, this is not a dry read at all. Sure, it's got a whole lot of facts about the ship, the sinking and the rescue efforts, but it's presented in an easy-to-read language, interspersed with amazing true stories.

Read more of my reviews at [The Aussie Zombie](#)

Michael Britt says

I really can't decide what the best rating for this book would be. It's an amazing recollection of first-hand

experiences from the night the Titanic went down. The Titanic is one of my favorite stories from history. Might have come from seeing it in theaters as a kid, but I'm not 100% certain. But this book is far more interesting than the movie, only because it's true.

It's interesting to hear just how calm everyone was up until people started physically seeing the water inside the ship. Even then, many women chose to at least try and stay back with their husbands when they found out they couldn't get on a lifeboat with them. Everything about this tragedy just fascinates me. Definitely worth the read!

Book Concierge says

Book on CD read by Walter Jarvis

On April 15, 1912, the greatest ship to ever sail struck an iceberg and sank in the North Atlantic. This is a chronological tale of what the people aboard the *Titanic* recall of that night's events.

This is a re-read. I first read it before I joined either Shelfari or Goodreads, so I have no record of when I read it. I believe it was in the 1980s; I know it was long before the hugely successful movie starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet. If memory serves, I re-read it at about the time the movie was released. So this is my third reading.

It's a gripping story, and Lord does a great job of bringing all these people to life. I get a real sense of the confusion and disbelief when the ship first strikes the iceberg. And later, of the chaos and panic when it is clear she will go down, and there are not enough lifeboats for everyone aboard to safely get away.

Lord used transcripts of testimony given by many people during the inquiry following the disaster, as well as personal interviews with survivors and relatives of those lost at sea, as well as people who were aboard the *Carpathia* which picked up all the lifeboats and returned with them to New York. The text edition I had included some photographs, as well as a full list of the passengers.

Walter Jarvis does an okay job of reading the audio version, but I really disliked his voice. Still, he did convey a sense of urgency as he related the events of that horrible night.

Kimberley doruyter says

one thing becomes clear reading this book.
titanic was a major cock-up.
could more have gone wrong on one sea journey.

Shaun says

If...

If the *Titanic* had heeded any of the six ice messages on Sunday....**if** ice conditions had been normal...**if** the night had been rough or moonlit...**if** she had seen the berg 15 seconds sooner--or later...**if** she had hit the ice any other way...**if** her watertight bulkheads had been one deck higher...**if** she had carried enough boats...**if** the *Californian* had only come. Had any one of these "ifs" turned out right, every life might have been saved. But they all went against her--a classic Greek tragedy.

This was a fairly concise recounting--perhaps the definitive recounting--of the tragedy known as the *Titanic*. I might have found this more compelling if I hadn't already watched a number of documentaries on the topic. There was really very little new here for me. I did learn that in 1898 a struggling author named Morgan Robertson had written a novel about a fictional luxury liner, which he named the *Titan*, that was eerily similar to the *Titanic* (so much so that the description of his imaginary ship perfectly described the *Titanic*). Most disturbing, however, is that Robertson's ship, which coincidentally was also labeled as "unsinkable," also struck an iceberg and sank on a cold April night.

K.D. Absolutely says

They say that this book is the definitive source when it comes to the story of *Titanic* and I agree. I learned so much details from this book that I did not see in the James Cameron 1997 hit. Even if I watched that movie 20+ times (and still occasionally have that urge), I still had that insatiable need to know more about what happened. But when I finally closed this book? Enough, I said. I'm truly satiated.

A Night to Remember is 1955 Walter Lord's (1917-2002) non-fiction work detailing what happened in the RMS *Titanic* on April 12, 1912. During his writing he tracked down and interviewed 63 of the surviving passengers of the ship and he also became a consultant to James Cameron during the filming of the blockbuster disaster movie of all times.

Due to these first-hand accounts of the 63 survivors, the book seems like you see the disaster by yourself through their vivid accounts. One thing that struck me (that I saw in the movie but did not make a mark in my mind) was how social class was accepted by the passengers even during the time of loading to the getaway boats. For example, when the last boat was brought down, the crew did not know that there were still women and children from the third level that are still waiting for the gates to open so they can get the priority. And those women and children accepted their fate because they are not the priorities compared to the 40+ men from the upper decks (levels) who got into the earlier boats. Some of these men disguised as women so they could aboard those boats.

I really liked this book. It was worth every minute I spent pouring each page. I just can't stop my fascination about this ship that was declared to be unsinkable even by God!

And yet it sank.

GoldGato says

I've never trusted the month of April. It should be the month of flowers and bunnies and eggs and bees, which it is. But April is also the month of disasters...the 1906 Earthquake and Fire, Chernobyl, the Oklahoma City Bombing, Columbine and, of course, the Sinking of the Titanic. The 'S' is capitalized.

Prior to reading Walter Lord's version of the Sinking, the Titanic was just another shipwreck to me, but forever after, it is THE shipwreck. Under Lord's framing, it's also the end of the Gilded Age when industrial magnates could wear warm furs while sitting top deck on the greatest ocean liner ever built. The stories of the survivors and the drowned so shook me, I remember having to carry a flashlight to bed so I could read this adventure under covers without anyone else in the house knowing. There are a number of books about the Titanic, but there really is only one. Lord's Titanic.

I will show you fear in a handful of dust

Yes, April is the cruellest month.

Book Season = Spring (still won't travel by boat)

Lobstergirl says

James Cameron's vision of the Titanic decided that the most compelling and lucrative story would focus on two young lovers who had just met. Looking at the passenger manifest, where survivors are listed in italics and the dead are not, suggests how blandly offensive this vision is. It's hard to argue with the chivalry of "women and children first," but for family after family, particularly among first class passengers, fathers and husbands went down with the ship while mothers, wives, and kiddies (and often the female servants of the very wealthy) rowed away in lifeboats. Arthur Ryerson, scion of the steel and iron family, took off his lifebelt when he saw that his wife's maid, Victorine, didn't have one. Ryerson, his wife, and three of their children were returning from France to the U.S. for the funeral of his son, who had been thrown from a car the week before. Ryerson Senior perished. John Jacob Astor asked if he could accompany his wife, who was pregnant, into a boat; request denied. She and her maid survived; Astor and his manservant died. A strange calm descended over the doomed elite: Benjamin Guggenheim and his valet changed into their evening clothes so they could "go down like gentlemen." Mrs. Isador Straus refused to leave her husband (the founder of Macy's) and they watched the hubbub, arms entwined, as in another part of the ship steerage passengers, many of whom didn't speak English, clutched rosaries and prayed. But character was not uniformly spread amongst the nobility. As the ship disappeared beneath the waves, Lady Cosmo Duff Gordon in Lifeboat 1 remarked to her secretary: "There is your beautiful nightdress gone."

Lord engagingly writes of these swells:

There was a wonderful intimacy about this little world of the Edwardian rich. There was no flicker of surprise when they bumped into each other, whether at the Pyramids (a great favorite), the Cowes regatta, or the springs at Baden-Baden. They seemed to get the same ideas at the same time, and one of these ideas was to make the maiden voyage of the largest ship in the world.

The sinking of the Titanic marked the end of an era in many ways, Lord argues, fairly convincingly. The American aristocracy ceased being noble and became merely wealthy. The sense of *noblesse oblige* went. People continued to make fortunes, but the war and the income tax bit into the unrelieved joyousness of

being obscenely moneyed. "Men would go on being brave, but never again would they be brave in quite the same way."

Bill Rogers says

Because I'm cruel and evil, I'm going to ruin this book for you with a spoiler. The ship sinks, folks.

What, you already knew that? You've heard the story before, once or twice, maybe? In fact, do you think the Titanic story is overblown in our culture? Are you tired of it? You can blame Walter Lord. But don't blame him too much; he wrote an amazing book.

Lord was something of a harmless crank with a bit of a fascination with this big honkin' ship that had run into an iceberg a few decades before. He collected all the information on it he could. This being the 1950s, he then topped that off by interviewing many of the survivors of that disaster. (The fact that this was not that long after the Titanic sank, in terms of history, is pointed out by the fact that one of the Titanic stewards Lord interviewed was still working on trans-Atlantic passenger liners at the time the book came out.)

Lord then wrote his book, for the most part, as anecdotes from people who were there, assembled like jigsaw pieces into a coherent picture. It is a brilliant and compelling way of telling the story because it gives you the overall picture, the names and faces of the people who stood on the slanting deck that cold night, some unlikely and near-forgotten heroes and villains, and the sense that you're right there watching it happen.

A Night to Remember is a quick and easy read, and very rewarding. I recommend it. In fact, if you want to know about the Titanic disaster, I suggest you read this book, watch the movie of the same name that was made from it, and skip the eternal, tedious, and repetitive rest of the literature on the subject.

Diane says

Wow, I can see why this book is considered a classic in narrative nonfiction. In fact, I picked up this book because Nathaniel Philbrick, himself a master writer, told the New York Times that this was one of his favorite books of the genre. (The other nonfiction book he mentioned was Alfred Lansing's *Endurance*, which I also agree was excellent.)

A Night to Remember gives a gripping, detailed account of what happened the night the Titanic hit an iceberg and sank in the Atlantic Ocean, killing more than 1,500 people. Originally published in 1955, Walter Lord had interviewed survivors and reviewed documents to create this incredible narrative of the events surrounding April 15, 1912. I also liked the context Lord gave to the tragedy:

Overriding everything else, the Titanic also marked the end of a general feeling of confidence. Until then men felt they had found the answer to a steady, orderly, civilized life. For 100 years the Western world had been at peace.* For 100 years technology had steadily improved. For 100 years the benefits of peace and industry seemed to be filtering satisfactorily through society. In retrospect, there may seem less grounds for confidence, but at the time most articulate people felt life was all right.

The Titanic woke them up. Never again would they be quite so sure of themselves. In

technology especially, the disaster was a terrible blow. Here was the "unsinkable ship" — perhaps man's greatest engineering achievement — going down the first time it sailed.

But it went beyond that. If this supreme achievement was so terribly fragile, what about everything else? If wealth meant so little on this cold April night, did it mean so much the rest of the year? Scores of ministers preached that the *Titanic* was a heaven-sent lesson to awaken people from their complacency, to punish them for a top-heavy faith in material progress. If it was a lesson, it worked — people have never been sure of anything since.

**I think Mr. Lord has overlooked a few dozen wars in this eloquent-and-yet-untrue sentence, including the American Civil War, the Napoleonic wars, and innumerable conflicts involving the British Empire. Other than that, this passage is great.*

I listened to this book on audio and was so engrossed I finished it in one session. Highly recommended.

Favorite Quote

"What troubled people especially was not just the tragedy — or even its needlessness — but the element of fate in it all. If the *Titanic* had heeded any of the six ice messages on Sunday ... if ice conditions had been normal ... if the night had been rough or moonlit ... if she had seen the berg 15 seconds sooner — or 15 seconds later ... if she had hit the ice any other way ... if her watertight bulkheads had been one deck higher ... if she had carried enough boats ... if the *Californian* had only come ... Had any one of those 'ifs' turned out right, every life might have been saved. But they all went against her — a classic Greek tragedy."

Kathryn says

This has been on my TBR list for a while, but I felt an urge to get it read earlier this year, given that I was going on a cruise myself. I decided it would be best left until *after* I returned, just in case it made me a little edgy!!

It was an interesting read, although there wasn't anything of major importance that I wasn't already aware of - but still amazing to think that people were firmly convinced that the *Titanic* was unsinkable. Although, having cruised on a large ocean liner now myself, I feel like its sinking would also be very unlikely - it just feels so solid, however I guess that was how people felt about the *Titanic* as well!!

Of course, there would be much more rigorous safety standards now than there were then, not to mention adequate lifeboats. If the sinking of the *Titanic* taught us nothing else, it is that there simply must be an adequate number of lifeboats for all passengers and crew aboard. I'm sure the procedures for mustering and filling the lifeboats would also be much more rigorous now than occurred on that evening.

I liked this quote toward the end of the book, which seemed to underline the misfortune of the *Titanic* - "What troubled people especially was not just the tragedy - or even its needlessness - but the element of fate in it all. If the *Titanic* had heeded any of the six ice messages on Sunday...if ice conditions had been normal...if the night had been rough or moonlit...if she had seen the berg 15 seconds sooner - or 15 seconds later...if she had hit the ice any other way...if her watertight bulkheads had been one deck higher...if she had carried enough boats...if the *Californian* had only come. Had any one of these "ifs" turned out right, every life might have been saved. But they all went against her - a classic Greek tragedy."

Manybooks says

Walter Lord's A Night to Remember (which I absolutely adored as a teenager) is basically and for all intents and purposes a live action, riveting account of the sinking of the Titanic, from start to finish, from the time the iceberg was hit to when the sadly oh so very few survivors were picked up, had finally reached the Carpathia (and I can well understand how and why this novel was made into a movie, although I have not seen it).

Now as a teenager, the massive amounts of emotionally fraught presented textual information and details were very much intriguing and certainly kept me hooked and reading all night (as I started A Night to Remember at around nine in the evening after I had completed my required homework and finished at six in the morning the next day) and I still even now much appreciate how both compassionately and with a sense of fair play, Walter Lord tells his story, recounts the sinking of the Titanic and the tragedy of the so many lives lost. However, during my recent reread, precisely those very aspects of A Night to Remember I so loved as a teenager, namely the informative often in ones' face textual and narrative details, the cinematic, play-by-play action and scope of events, I am finding at times and actually even generally more than a bit overused, overdone, exaggerated and simply too much, with the reader almost overcome by the latter and so much so that the main and necessary areas of criticism, the rather callous and lighthearted ignoring of the received warnings of icebergs because the Titanic was deemed unsinkable and especially that there were not enough lifeboats for the passengers and that steerage, that third class passengers were generally and even quite deliberately ignored, that due to their social standing, their lives were not deemed as valuable as those travelling in first or second class, almost swept away (and no pun intended) with and by the overabundance and meticulous descriptions of even the smallest and most insignificant points of information (in other words that for older adult I, A Night to Remember reads and feels as just too annoyingly cinematic). Still recommended and a historically accurate and often painfully emotional read, but while as a teenager, I would have definitely rated Walter Lord's A Night to Remember with four stars, I now can and will only consider a high two star ranking at best.

Ana says

“Robertson called his ship the Titan; the White Star Line called its ship the Titanic. This is the story of her last night.”
