

Eva Hart

2nd Class Passenger Age: 7
Residence: London, England

I was an impressionable seven-year-old girl when I boarded *Titanic*. It all seemed magical to me, like a palace where I lived as a fairy princess. Oh, I'm sorry to be forgetting my manners. My name is **Eva Hart** and I'm pleased to meet you. I'm with my father and mother, and we're going to Winnipeg, Canada, where father plans to work.

Titanic was a giant playground for me and my new friend, Annie Harper. We spent hours exploring the ship, but my special, favorite thing was to visit a loveable little crunched-faced bulldog down in the ship's kennel. There were 10 dogs onboard, but some of the really small ones were kept with their owners.

I was excited about the voyage, but mother had a strong feeling our adventure would end badly. She slept all day in our cabin but stayed awake all night, waiting for something to happen, and, of course, it did. She was right about our journey taking a disastrous turn.

Would dogs be allowed in the lifeboats — especially the little bulldog I had become friends with during the voyage?

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Ms. Lucile Carter

1st Class Passenger Age: 13
Residence: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hello. I hope you don't mind being accompanied on your tour by a very proper young lady from Pennsylvania. I'm **Miss Lucile Polk Carter**, and I come from a very long line of Philadelphia *blue bloods*. My father and mother are very social creatures. They love arranging parties that bring power players together. My younger brother, William, and I are family show pieces, often proudly paraded about on such occasions.

The four of us were returning from a visit to relatives in England. Already, parties were being planned to provide father the chance to talk about his new Renault automobile, the only car aboard *Titanic*. **(While in the first gallery, I hope you saw the area of the ship where they put our car.)**

Party time was quickly over when *Titanic* struck the iceberg. It was heartbreaking when we gathered on deck and were told our beloved Airedale couldn't join us in the lifeboat. My kid brother began to cry. As our lifeboat was lowered, we saw John Jacob Astor with his dog, Kitty. Would we see our dog again?

I heard my mother ask "Why aren't there enough lifeboats?"

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