

Margaret Hays Easton

*Newport
Rhodes Island*



Newport, April, 14th 1930

Dear, Lolo and Momo,

I've found this picture and it makes me thinking of you. So I write this letter for you. Now, you are adults. I am going to tell you your eventful childhood.

I embarked on the « Titanic » in Cherbourg. And you, to avoid the police, you embarked with the name « Hoffman » in Southampton..

Despite the difficult separation with your mother, you remained faithful to yourself.

I was a 1st class passenger and you were in second class with your father. The boat was beautiful, large, luminous and luxurious. The food was very good, and hearty. The cabins were very comfortable. The travel conditions were exceptional.

But you didn't enjoy these great travelling conditions because your father didn't let you go out of your cabin and communicate with others passengers.

The Titanic hit the iceberg at 11.40 pm. I was in my bedroom and suddenly, the alarm resounded in the liner. Nobody understood what happened. So I took my life jacket and I went on the deck. But there were already a lot of people. The crew let the women and the children go first in the life crafts. During the evacuation, the musician continued to play to calm the passengers. Time passed and more people panicked. Captain Smith stayed in the control room. You went on the last lifecraft, but unfortunately, your father was not allowed to go with you (women and children first) and me in lifeboat number seven.

In the lifeboats, there were only twenty persons but the original capacity was ninety. We waited and waited, it was so long. The children were crying, the crew members were shouting, I was frightened. Finally, the lifeboats managed to get on the sea, but shortly after, we saw the Titanic sinking and people jumping over in the sea. It was a nightmare and a real disaster. Hundreds of people lost their lives because they couldn't get on lifeboats, especially 3rd class passengers. Time passed, the Titanic was deep in the ocean and we were desperate. It was dark, it was very cold. At 4:00 am, we heard and saw the Carpathia coming. And at 8.30 am, all the survivors were onboard. We were saved at last !!!!!

met you on the Carpathia, you were alone because your father didn't survive the disaster, and you didn't speak english. You were the last children who remained unclaimed by an adult: you were nicknamed « The Orphans of the Titanic ». So I agreed to take care of you as I was the director of a children's home. You stayed at my home in New York (304 west 83rd street) until your mother saw your picture in the newspaper « Le Figaro » in France and decided to go to New York. She gave me a description of you and I immediately recognized you. Confirming that she was your mother, the White Star Line gave her a ticket on the Oceanic to New York where you reunited with her on the 16th may 1912. Then, you came back to France on the Oceanic.

I hope you are well now, you survived terrible events, your father died, hundreds of people died in terrible circumstances.

I did my best to take care of you, so that you could live your life as you wish.

I don't know if you mother told you about this but, for me, it was time, now you have grown up to learn about it.

Sincerely, Margaret