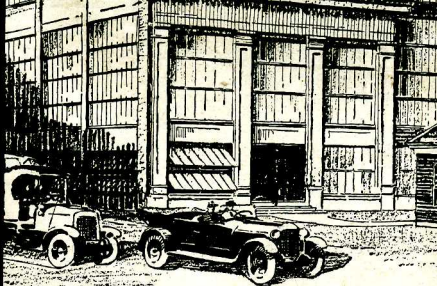


All these things come to mind as we roll and rock on the ocean and the cod-fish steal our bait. It was right across where we are drifting that the Mayflower sailed into Plymouth Harbor. I often wonder what would have happened to American history if the Mayflower had not lost her reckoning, or if her people had not been so weary of the voyage that they were willing to get off anywhere! They must have been a tired and sad lot of people as they looked over the long stretches of frozen sand and snow. For while you have only to look at the harbor today to realize how Plymouth can smile in Summer—just come down here in December and see how she can frown. The poet tells about the “stern and rock-bound coast,” and pines that tossed their “giant branches.” The coast is stern enough, but it is mostly a long stretch of sand. A good share of Plymouth County is today just as the Pilgrims found it, and most of the pines are rather undersized. But while we may discount the poet’s description no one can ever discount the work which was done by this weary and disappointed Mayflower group. You hear people talk of their “blue laws,” their obstinate bigotry and their narrow view of life, but where, in all the history of the world, can you find any small event like the transfer of 100 people to a new home that has so changed the world’s history as the sailing of that shaky little vessel into this shallow harbor? Beside Pilgrim Hall yesterday, I saw a car from Texas!



This is from a sketch
in the "Rural New Yorker".
This particular farmer
took "a day off" and
goes fishing along
Cape Cod.

