

had 9 weeks that it took them to cross. The first half of the crossing was very smooth and very easy, but in the last half there were big storms. One sailor was swept overboard. One of the pilgrims was swept overboard but just in the providence of God just as he was swept overboard a big rope was swept overboard too which was tied inside too and he managed to grab a hold of the rope and they pulled him in. So that of the 102 pilgrims that left England, one died of sickness on the way over and one child was born so they arrived with just the same number as they had when they left. The trip over, the seasickness, the misery of little tiney boat -- 250 tons. The average ocean liner today is from 25,000 to 50,000. This little boat tossed by the waves, the sea sickness, the misery was very ~~and~~ bad and difficult for them but ~~var~~ worse they said than all of that was all the profanity and indecency of the sailors who were constantly ridiculing them and making ~~light~~ life miserable for them. But as a result of their delays instead of their getting over here at a decent time of year it was getting on toward mid-winter when they arrived. And they wanted to get as ~~far/w/~~ far away from Va. as they could safely, and so they were taken up there to New England. And there in New Eng. they spent nearly a month hunting for a decent place deciding where it would be a good place to stop. When they came to that place they established a little house there. The first day a few Indians in the ~~distnate~~ distance saw them and shot some arrows toward them which did not hit them. It was some months before they saw any Indians close up, but they established their place there at Plymouth. They built a little house on the shore. Some of them were still in the boat. And then sickness ~~it~~ struck. And during that winter half of them died. There were less than half as many left three months later as there were when it sickness struck. It looked absolutely hopeless for survival. But then when spring came and they ~~g~~ began trying to plant some things, trying to get established and settled, wondering just how to make a decent living in that area that they knew nothing ~~an/~~ about the conditions, one day an Indian came walking into the camp. And they were immediate~~d~~ afraid of what he might be up to, what he might do. But he walked in and began to address them in broken English. And spoke to them in a friendly way, in a little English, not a great deal. His name was Samoset and he had come down from quite a distance/north. And he talked with them and he stayed with them over night, and he said, I'll come back in a