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# THE COURTSHIP

A DRAMATIZATION OF LONGFELLOW'S POEM  
"THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"

Written by LOUISE AYRES GARNETT at the request of the Drama League of America. Awarded prize by the Drama Club of Evanston—the cradle of the Drama League—and produced by the Club in November, 1920.



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*Oliver Hinsdell as John Alden*  
*Mrs. Arthur Whitely as Priscilla Mullens*  
*William Owen as Miles Standish*

# THE COURTSHIP

A DRAMATIZATION OF LONGFELLOW'S POEM  
"THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"

*By*

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

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To  
Mrs. A. Starr Best  
*Friend, counsellor and incentive*

*Again the Mayflower is opening her petals and even now  
blossoming in the wind. . . .*

*Quicken our hearts with strength to build for the morrow and  
with courage to remember today.*

—ACT II, Scene I



## CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH

JOHN ALDEN

PRISCILLA MULLENS

MARY CHILTON

BARTLE ALLERTON

WILLIAM BREWSTER, the Elder of Plymouth

MISTRESS BREWSTER, wife of the Elder

WATTAWAMAT } of the Narragansetts

PECKSUOT }

SQUANTO, Indian friend of the settlers at Plymouth

HOBOMOK, friend and interpreter of the settlers

THE MASTER OF THE MAYFLOWER

SARAH

MARTHA

DANNY

MAN

WOMAN

YOUNG GIRL

CHILD

COUNCILLORS, SOLDIERS, INDIANS, SETTLERS, and the CREW

SCENE: Plymouth Plantation, in the year 1621

ACT I: The houses of CAPTAIN STANDISH and ELDER BREWSTER  
and the green clearing between. Springtime

ACT II: *Scene 1*—The harbor at Plymouth in the early dawn of  
the next morning

*Scene 2*—The same at night

ACT III: *Scene 1*—The same as Act I, in the early autumn

*Scene 2*—The same, later in the autumn

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Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the eminent American Indian scholar, has furnished a Sioux translation of the speeches in Act II, Scene 2. Sioux was not the language of the New England Indians, but as the tongue of the latter, that of the Eliot Bible, is not now available, this Sioux translation will have to suffice. The vowels should all be given the French or continental sound. Instead of the spoken word, it may be found effective to have the Indians employ the sign or gesture language, which can be acquired from Ernest Thompson Seton's book on the subject.

# THE COURTSHIP

## ACT I

SCENE I: *It is Maytime in Plymouth Plantation. At left can be seen the front and side of the rude plank house of CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH facing across stage. At right are the front and side of a similar house belonging to ELDER BREWSTER, facing the Standish house, with a window on the side. The roofs are thatched with straw and grass, the chimneys are low and broad, and the windows have oiled paper panes. The space between the houses is a green clearing with bushes at the rear and near the houses. By the Brewster home are a rude chair and bench; near the Standish home are a bench and table and a stump whose top has been smoothed. On the table are several volumes, one, the "Commentaries of Caesar," another, the Bible. Seated on the bench at the table is JOHN ALDEN dividing his time between gazing into space and writing, his rapidly moving quill denoting a subject of fluent warmth.*

*Enter BARTLE ALLERTON, from right rear, in holiday humor. He holds a sheet of paper which he waves aloft as he sees JOHN.*

BARTLE: Oho, John!

[JOHN continues unheeding.]

BARTLE: Come, man! Be at home to your friends.

[JOHN'S quill moves inspiredly. BARTLE regards him in quizzical astonishment.]

BARTLE: May I be hung by my bootstraps if he has not left Plymouth Plantation and rid off on a pink cloud. Come back, man, before the devil snatch you! [Raising his voice.] I say the devil will snatch you if you come not down from your pink cloud.

JOHN (*looking up in bewilderment*): Pink cloud? Devil?

BARTLE: Exactly. None but the devil rides on rosy clouds. A Nonconformist, or even the friend of Nonconformists, should turn his back and remember how naughty a thing a devil is.

JOHN: Between your chatter of pinky clouds and de'ils, I know not one from the other.

BARTLE: You have hit upon the truth, John: I doubt not the best of us has yearnings for rosy flights and that the devil sometimes longs for a turn at psalm singing. But look you! See what I chanced upon in the woods. Though but a clumsy bit of verse, 'tis as amorous as the woodsy wooing of the girl in doublet and hosen whom Master Shakespeare set to writing on trees.

JOHN (*uneasily, as he puts out a hand for the paper*): What have you there?

BARTLE: Nay, not so fast. You shall taste a lover's baking, hot from the oven of his own heart. Even you, on your pink cloud, could set no swifter pace than does this mooning fellow. Hark you!

*Pure as snow—*

JOHN: Put it away, Bartle.

BARTLE: *Pure as snow in pathless ways;*

*Ready-witted—*

By my troth, John, 'tis an acrostic! *P-R-I—*

JOHN (*making a futile reach for the paper*): I do not care to hear this matter.

BARTLE: But hear it you shall. Follow it closely. You may wish to model your style upon it. Note the first letters of the lines and you'll uncover the name of a right lovely maid:

*Pure as snow in pathless ways;*

*Ready-witted all thy words;*

*Innocent as April days;  
 Songful as a nest of birds;  
 Cradle-like thy gentle arms;  
 Idleness an unknown sin;  
 Labor offers no alarms;  
 Laughter pokes thy dimples in:  
 Angel though thou surely art,  
 Marry me or break my heart!*

Mark that, John:

*Angel though thou surely art,  
 Marry me or break my heart!*

[BARTLE gives a great laugh and slaps his thigh.] Not bad business, hey, John?

JOHN (*coldly*): I see naught to roar over so that the very woods buzz with your noisiness. To laugh is no accomplishment. [*With heat.*] A jackass is a rare one for laughing, yet I doubt he is overmuch praised for the doing.

BARTLE (*with another laugh*): What's got into you, man? But did you get the name? Did you mind how the letters read? *P, R, I, S, C, I, L, L, A, M*: Priscilla Mullens.

JOHN (*leaping to his feet*): Do not speak her name.

BARTLE (*with a whistle*): Oho!

JOHN: So much as whisper that name in mirth and I'll not answer for my actions.

BARTLE: So that's it! That's the corner where the wind sits on its little haunches!

JOHN: Cease your mocking.

BARTLE (*whose light manner calms suddenly to one of understanding*): Forgive me, John. I did n't realize

what I was trampling with my heavy feet. By the head of James, I deserve the pillory.

JOHN (*mollified*): Nay, not so, friend—

BARTLE: Not the pillory, but the stocks from sunup to sundown, thrice running.

JOHN: Nay, friend—

BARTLE: With thumbscrews to boot!

JOHN (*laughing*): Cease your tortures. You will be quartered next.

BARTLE: There's naught too bad for a clumsy lout like myself.

JOHN: I will make confession: I am right glad you blundered on my secret. 'Tis an easement to the heart to have a leak through which the feelings may trickle in some show of words. No one knows this save our two selves.

BARTLE: Priscilla?

JOHN: Not unless she has divined it.

BARTLE: I warrant your heart has no more held its secret than can the cat keep its eyeballs from burning holes in the dark. You fetch a sigh—like this—and a glance—like that—and presto! the maid knows all.

JOHN: Not all. Not in a hundred years could she know the length and breadth and height of my heart's dimensions.

BARTLE: Ay, John.

JOHN: And not in a hundred hundred years could I know all the beauty of her spirit.

BARTLE: Ay, John, making ample allowance for a lover's frenzy, I grant you the truth of what you're saying.

JOHN: She is indeed rightly called the Mayflower of

Plymouth. Mayflowers blooming at the touch of Spring are no more lovely than she.

BARTLE: And staunch, too—staunch as the trees at whose feet the mayflowers blossom. All winter, during our scourge of death, she lost no chance for service, even with the grief of her own parents' and brother's passing fresh in her heart.

JOHN: And yet she is so savored with the spice of her Huguenot blood, the appetite is never satisfied. [*He gives a sigh.*]

BARTLE (*with a laugh*): Why, John, no need for you to sigh! Surely you are her match in ready phrases. With sentence-turning your business, why should you hesitate to tell her your feelings? Too long waiting is a poor handmaid to success.

JOHN: You speak with some sense, Bartle. I had made up my mind to empty my heart to her this very day.

BARTLE (*nodding toward the house of ELDER BREWSTER*): With her home but a stone's throw away, how can you settle to anything else?

[*Loud sounds of singing, with brave slides up to the notes, come from the Brewster house.*]

BARTLE: Is that your goddess singing?

JOHN: God forbid. 'Tis Mistress Brewster, whose spirit is sweeter than her voice.

BARTLE: But not stronger, John, not stronger.

[*MISTRESS BREWSTER comes out and shakes a dust cloth vigorously, after which she gives the threshold a brisk sweeping. She sees JOHN and BARTLE.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: Good day to you, John Alden. Good day, Bartle Allerton.

JOHN: Good day, Mistress Brewster.

BARTLE: One can see that the world uses you well, Mistress. How fares Priscilla Mullens?

MISTRESS B. (*with a twinkle*): 'Twould be more to the purpose to inquire how the Elder is feeling. Priscilla's but a chit of a young thing, and good health is apt to companion her. It's older folk, like the Elder, who are not so sure of its company.

BARTLE: Perhaps you'll tell us how they both fare.

MISTRESS B.: I doubt not the Elder is this moment offering up prayers for the young and giddy. As for Priscilla, she is busy, a complaint I hope is catching.

[*With a final flourish of her twig broom, MISTRESS BREWSTER goes into the house. JOHN and BARTLE exchange smiles.*]

BARTLE: I must be off. It is time I caught the complaint of the lovely Priscilla.

JOHN: And I will do the writing I promised the Captain against his return. He should be here soon.

BARTLE: What does he think of — [*He nods toward the Brewster house.*]

[*JOHN shakes his head.*]

BARTLE: Have you not told even Captain Standish?

JOHN: Not a whisper has passed my lips, though they have often trembled for the telling.

BARTLE: Unless you told him in downright speech, I doubt our busy Captain would discover it of himself. What a whirlwind he is! And what a contradiction! Brave in the face of danger — yet so shy in the presence of a woman he seems not to be himself, but some strange other. I have seen him stand speechless before a pretty maiden, for all the world like a naughty lad caught in an



act of folly. How he ever found words with which to woo his wife is past understanding!

JOHN: His poor Rose! Well, his silence or his speech can make no difference to her now. Bartle, I do love that man. Think what it means to live under his roof—to be the possessor of his friendship!

BARTLE: Let me go, John. Any more dwelling on your heart's saints would burst that very heart from rapture. Here's the Captain now.

*[Enter MILES STANDISH, bringing an atmosphere of action and fellowship.]*

STANDISH: Good day, Allerton.

BARTLE: Good day, sir. I was on my way to the council house. Any fresh devilment from the Red Skins?

STANDISH: They are quiet now, the kind of still, oily-still surface that denotes a near boiling of the waters. I distrust the situation. We must be prepared.

BARTLE: That we'll always be, Captain, with you at our head.

STANDISH: God grant it, Allerton.

*[Exit BARTLE.]*

STANDISH: To be prepared, John, cocked for action! 'Tis the only way to get a footing in this land of rock and savagery.

*[He enters the house and comes out with an armful of weapons and armor, his sword, breastplate, and fowling piece among them. He lays them on the ground and seating himself on the stump begins to polish them. JOHN writes on. STANDISH speaks almost as in soliloquy.]*

STANDISH: Ay, one must be prepared. Look at these arms, bright and clean as if for inspection. Neither

moth nor rust shall corrupt them if Miles Standish has his way.

JOHN (*smiling but not looking up*): I'd not worry about the moths. 'Twould take a right persistent moth to bite through steel.

STANDISH: Judging by some of the good wives' tales, a moth has a tooth more deadly than a wolf. Well, there's little here to invite so high a liver, so great a dandy, as the moth. There's many a homesick dame would welcome the pest for the sake of indulging the habits of Old England.

JOHN: At any rate, you will see that no rust corrupts them.

STANDISH: Ay, that I will. Look at this breastplate. Well I remember the day it saved my life in a skirmish. Here is the dint of the bullet fired point-blank at my heart. Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish would now be mold in the Flemish morasses.

JOHN (*looking up*): The breath of the Lord slackened the speed of the bullet. He has preserved you to be our shield and weapon.

STANDISH: This is the sword I fought with in Flanders. I would give my copy of the *Artillery Guide* if I could decipher its inscription. [*He scans it intently.*]

JOHN: Better than to know the meaning of its characters, is to know it was given by one who owes his life to your bravery.

STANDISH: Tut, tut, John! That was all in the work of a man's day. I like to think those silent Arabian words mean, Keep me, nor let me sleep. [*He polishes busily.*] See how they are burnished, as if for an arsenal! That is because I have done it myself, not left it to others. Serve

yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage. So I take care of my arms as you take care of your ink-horn. Besides, they are my soldiers, my great invincible army, and, like Caesar, I know the name of each.

[ALDEN *laughs as he writes.* STANDISH *takes another weapon and glances off left.*]

STANDISH: You can see my brazen howitzer planted on the roof of the church; a preacher who speaks to the purpose.

JOHN: And steady and strong, filled with irresistible logic.

STANDISH: And orthodox, John, forget not its orthodoxy! I think we are ready now for assault from the Indians. Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it, the better. [*He goes to the rear and looks off. A profound sadness is upon him.*] Yonder, on the hill by the sea, lies buried my Rose. Of all who came in the *Mayflower* she was the first to die upon this rocky coast. The wheat we have planted grows green above her and those others who lie buried. Better to hide from Indian scouts the graves of our people lest they count them and learn how few of us are left.

JOHN: A hill is a fitting place for our dead. The breast of a hill is nearer heaven.

STANDISH: My Rose needed no hill.

[*He goes to the table and, after hesitating a moment over the books, he chooses his "Caesar" and seats himself. PRISCILLA comes out of her house. She has a basket on her arm and carries a trowel.*]

JOHN: Good day, Priscilla.

[*She curtsies in greeting and goes toward the CAPTAIN as he rises in manifest embarrassment.*]

PRISCILLA: That is the book I so often see you read. What is it called, Captain Standish?

[STANDISH *tries to speak, then silently offers the book for her inspection.*]

PRISCILLA: The *Commentaries of Caesar*. [*Saucily.*] I had hoped it was the Bible, sir.

[STANDISH *shakes his head. He throws a glance of appeal at JOHN.*]

JOHN: Caesar was a great man. Somewhere I have read—I have forgot where—that he could dictate seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs.

PRISCILLA: Truly a vain, self-centered man. Memoirs, indeed! One can be much more usefully employed than in telling all about one's self. Lest I be tempted to linger and do the same, proving myself no wiser than this Caesar, I will go to my task of digging herbs. [*Exit.*]

STANDISH: Deuce take it, John! What comes over me at the sight of a woman?

JOHN: You are certainly in retreat then.

STANDISH: It's all right when I'm just thinking of 'em, but get me face to face with 'em—And the prettier they are the worse it is! [*He looks in the direction PRISCILLA has gone. He clears his throat.*] There is something I would say to you, John—but no matter now. Let it wait awhile.

[*They resume their former occupations.*]

STANDISH: Truly a great man was Caesar. He fought five hundred battles, conquered a thousand cities, was twice married before he was twenty—and many times after.

JOHN (*smiling*): There are those who would challenge his wisdom.

STANDISH: He, too, fought in Flanders, finally stabbed to his death by Brutus, his friend. He should have had a friend like you, one he could safely trust. [*Resumes his reading. Looks up in excitement.*] Do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders? The rear guard of his army had retreated, the front had even given way, too, and the great Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together there was no room for their swords. He seized a shield from a soldier, put himself at the head of his troops, and, calling on each by name, commanded the captains to order their ensigns forward. Then he made them widen their ranks to give more room for their weapons. And so he won the day, the battle of something-or-other. That's what I always say: if you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself.

[*Enter MARY CHILTON, left, rear. As she passes STANDISH and JOHN on her way to the Brewsters', she dips them a curtsey.*]

JOHN: Good day, Mary Chilton.

[*STANDISH bows.*]

MARY: Do you know if Priscilla is at home?

JOHN: She is in the garden, digging herbs for Mistress Brewster.

MARY: Thanks, John.

[*MARY goes the way of PRISCILLA. JOHN fetches a sigh. STANDISH looks at him with a laugh.*]

STANDISH: A gusty sigh, John—like as if the winds of romance were blowing through you. I wish you joy of lovely Mary Chilton.

JOHN: Nay, Captain, but there is a secret I would share with you.

[PRISCILLA and MARY return. They wave their hands in passing, and at the doorstep speak a few words to each other. MARY goes off, right, and PRISCILLA enters the house. STANDISH rises.]

STANDISH: I said the matter upon which I wished to talk could wait. But it cannot. I must speak now.

[He starts pacing back and forth. JOHN pushes aside his papers.]

JOHN: Speak. I am ready to listen.

STANDISH: The Scriptures say it is not good for a man to be alone. Every hour of the day I feel it. Life has been a weary waste since Rose died. I have been sick at heart, past the healing of friendship. Often I have thought of the maiden Priscilla. She, too, is alone: father, mother, brother, even Robert Carter, the faithful servant, swept away this winter. I watched her come and go, to the grave of the dead, to the bed of the dying, and I said to myself, if ever there are angels on earth, as there are in heaven, I have seen and known two: and Priscilla holds in my life the place the other had to abandon.

[JOHN has made several efforts to speak, but STANDISH has stayed him.]

STANDISH: This thought has come to my heart and nested there, but never have I dared to give it wing. I am called valiant for the most part, but in this I am all coward. The granite in me melts and turns to water. Go, John, go to Priscilla and say that a blunt old captain, a man of action, not speech, offers the hand and the heart of a soldier—not in those words, of course, but you find my meaning. I am for war, not phrases.

JOHN (*bewildered, trying to mask his dismay by lightness*): Believe me—I know I should bungle such a message. If you would have it well done—I am repeating your own

maxim—you must not leave it to others; you must do it yourself.

STANDISH (*gravely shaking his head*): The maxim is good, but should be used with discretion. We must not waste our powder for nothing. As I have just said, I am not a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon it to surrender, but march up to a woman with such a proposal—I cannot! I am not afraid of bullets or cannon shot; but of a thundering *No!* point-blank from the mouth of a woman, that, I confess, I *am* afraid of.

JOHN: But, Captain, I—I—

STANDISH: You are a scholar, and could speak so no maid could resist. Furthermore, you hold in close esteem the interests of the heart of me, your friend—as I, before God, do so esteem anything concerning the interests of you, my friend.

JOHN: Captain, conquer this folly. Speak to her yourself.

STANDISH: I know what would happen. My words would die stillborn. I should stand like a zany in her presence. I'd have no chance with her.

JOHN: Your heart would come to your rescue.

STANDISH: Nay. I know my left-handed ways even better than you. But once she is my own I could cherish her and give to her the home and the protection she is in need of.

[JOHN looks at him dumbly.]

STANDISH: Why, man, you're not being stood against a wall at daybreak, to be shot!

JOHN: You don't know what you ask of me—I know I should bungle it.

STANDISH: I have faith that a bolt sped by you will not fail of its mark.

JOHN: I'm but a poor marksman.

STANDISH (*taking his hand*): Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship.

JOHN (*with a groan*): Have your way.

STANDISH: That's the lad for me!

[JOHN *is moving restlessly. He speaks with effort.*]

JOHN: I have never told you—when Rose lay dying she asked me to guard your interests—to do all in my power to make you happy.

STANDISH: That was always her way—thinking of others.

JOHN: I told her whatever you asked of me—when ever you needed me—I would not fail you. She took my hand in hers and I promised.

STANDISH: Spoken like the friend you are. I am not one to say much—but you mean more to me than even you could put into words. [*He looks toward the Brewsters'.*] I don't know when your opportunity will come, but when it does, God speed it! And God speed your own wooing, John.

[*Exit STANDISH indoors. JOHN is held in the grip of a long, long thought. Then he tears across the papers he has written and thrusts them into his pocket. He strides to the Brewster home. Singing had come from there shortly before STANDISH had gone indoors. PRISCILLA is singing an old anthem, the Hundredth Psalm. JOHN stoops to pluck a cluster of mayflowers, pausing at the threshold to listen. Then, with resolution, he knocks. PRISCILLA appears at the door.*]

PRISCILLA: I was sure it was you: I know your knock.



Besides, I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning.

[JOHN *silently hands her the mayflowers he had gathered.*]

PRISCILLA: Thank you, John, I do love mayflowers.

JOHN: So do I.

PRISCILLA: Even that huge blossom of the sea that brought us to a land so full of dangers—do you love even that *Mayflower*?

JOHN: Ay, even that one. As for danger, it is everywhere.

PRISCILLA: Truly said. Living on Plymouth Plantation is like living on the peaceful rim of a crater. But come in, John.

JOHN: Nay, come out. Why should the gift of sunshine go to waste?

PRISCILLA (*shaking a finger*): Ah, John, spoken more like a Cavalier than one who has joined the hard-headed Nonconformists. Think you not most of the good men hold shadow to be more seemly than sunshine?

JOHN: Stop laughing, you witch, and come.

PRISCILLA: But what of my spinning? I promised Mistress Brewster it should be finished by sundown.

JOHN: Let your work follow you. Be its master!

[*He goes indoors, PRISCILLA watching amusedly. He returns with the spinning wheel, which he places near the bench.*]

PRISCILLA (*seating herself*): Are you not fearful, sir, lest I weave into my pattern too much of gladness and light?

JOHN: We worship the same God, you and I, and I, as well as you, believe His design to be a blending of duty and delight.

PRISCILLA (*spinning; JOHN near*): Between you and me and the sunrise, John Alden, I think the devil finds me good grazing ground. I cannot pull a sober face overlong, and at times there is a frightful itching at my heels which, on my word, I believe nothing can cure but — *shhh* — dancing! Is not that wicked of me?

JOHN: To my way of thinking, the path to heaven is mostly plodded by feet too heavy to keep out of the mire. A little dancing on the way might shake off some of the mud and make us cleaner for the end of our journey.

PRISCILLA: You are such a comfort! I cannot help feeling that laughter and gladness and singing are a part of the day's work. It is a relief to find the rigors of religion comfortably relaxed in you and Mary Chilton and — yes, too, in Captain Standish. He is a good man, though not of our faith, and has not too many fences built about him.

JOHN: Speaking of Captain Standish —

PRISCILLA: John, does homesickness never fasten itself upon you?

JOHN: There are moments — nay, days — But speaking of Captain Standish —

PRISCILLA (*dreamily*): I have been thinking all day and dreaming all night of the hedgerows of England. They are in blossom now, and the country is like a garden.

JOHN (*falling in with her mood*): Ay, and in the lanes the linnet and the lark are breaking their very hearts with singing.

PRISCILLA: And I have been seeing the village street and the dear familiar neighbors, stopping to gossip together, and going about as of old.

JOHN: And at the end of the street stands the church with ivy hugging its gray tower, and with quiet graves nestled in its churchyard.

PRISCILLA: Elder Brewster and his wife are kind to me—oh, so good and kind—yet at times my heart is so saddened I almost wish myself back in England. You will say it is wrong, but I almost wish I were to be on the *Mayflower* tomorrow when it sets sail for home.

JOHN: Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting and needs a stronger to lean on. And so I would tell you—

PRISCILLA (*with interest*): Yes, John?

JOHN: I came over expressly to say—

[CAPTAIN STANDISH comes out of his house, his "Caesar" in his hand. Seeing PRISCILLA and JOHN, he stops, stares, and goes indoors again.]

PRISCILLA (*vexedly*): How stupidly he acted. And his *Caesar* with him, of course!

JOHN: Caesar was a great man, and so is Miles Standish.

PRISCILLA (*with a toss of her head*): Great, indeed! Both of them put together would n't make the half of some folk I know. [*She steals a look at him.*] But you were saying something he interrupted.

JOHN: Nay, I think not—I think I was only—

PRISCILLA (*sweeping him another glance, then concerning her eyes with her spinning*): Yes, you were saying that a woman has not so stout a heart as a man, and that I—you said something about my needing to lean on someone.

JOHN: I did say that. It is true, you need a strong arm to rest on, a steady hand to lead you. So I have come with an offer of marriage from a man both great and good, Captain Miles Standish.

[PRISCILLA looks at him with sorrow and amazement in her face.  
There is a long silence.]

PRISCILLA: If the great Captain of Plymouth be so eager to wed me, why does he not take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, surely I am not worth the winning.

JOHN: I must have spoken clumsily. Our Captain has no peer, but you, none better, know his shyness in the presence of women.

PRISCILLA: Cowardice.

JOHN: Ay, cowardice if you will, but on the great green planet there breathes no other so brave as he.

PRISCILLA: One black smudge spoils the page.

JOHN: It should melt your heart, not congeal it, that a hero like the Captain should be so modest, so unmindful of his honors, that he is abashed before you, rather than swaggering of gesture and overconfident of speech.

PRISCILLA: If he has no tongue for sentiment before marriage, think you he would grow one after the wedding? That is the way with you men: when you make up your minds, after considering this one, and that one, rejecting, choosing, comparing one with another, you suddenly make known your wishes and are amazed if they are not lapped up like pussy's cream from a saucer.

JOHN: You are hasty—

PRISCILLA: Surely a woman's affection is not a thing to be asked for and had merely for the asking! When one is in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

JOHN: You shall not so lightly dismiss the suit of the best, the bravest man God knows how to fashion. Think of the perils he has faced, the problems he has conquered!

PRISCILLA: There are other perils and problems than those of battlefields.

JOHN: Remember how freely he has cast in his lot with the people of this Plantation, and, though not of their faith, shares the afflictions and pledges the cause.

PRISCILLA (*tapping a foot*): Had he not done so, he would not be the great man of the Plantation, the mighty Captain of Plymouth.

JOHN: Do you believe all the honors we might hang upon him would equal those he could have won in bigger fields? He is descended from Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, and heir to vast estates. Though he has been defrauded of them, he still bears, and bears right nobly, the family arms.

PRISCILLA: I do not question his family — which after all is but a hazard of fortune.

JOHN (*warming to his task*): It is no hazard of fortune that he is generous and a man of spotless honor. Though somewhat rough of manner, he has a nature of the kindest, and it is no mere hazard of fortune that during our blighting winter he attended the sick and comforted the dying with a hand and heart as gentle as a woman's.

PRISCILLA: I admit that he ministered with the grace you credit him — yet so did Elder Brewster, and John Bradford, and you, John, *you yourself*.

JOHN: But we are not men of war; gentleness from us is no such gracious miracle as in the Captain.

PRISCILLA: Miracles are too abnormal for human comfort. It is better to know that gentleness and thoughtfulness are natural — as they are in you, John.

JOHN: Somewhat hasty he is, and hot, I grant you, and headstrong, too, and stern on occasion, as befits the

call of soldiering, but hearty always, and forgiving; and though he is not overhigh of stature he is not to be laughed at because of it, for he is tall of heart.

PRISCILLA: On, John, on! There may be a few more virtues you have overlooked. Just mark your song *da capo* and start anew.

JOHN: How can you make a jest of this!

PRISCILLA: I shall jest no more. But in praising your friend you sweep aside your own qualities. You are worth ten Captain Miles Standishes!

JOHN (*hotly*): Any woman in Plymouth, yea, any woman in England, might feel herself proud and happy to be the wife of Miles Standish.

PRISCILLA (*who ponders his words for a space, then speaks with sudden archness and an undercurrent of laughter as she rises*): O John! John! Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

[*She flees indoors and leaves JOHN caught up in clouds of rapture and dismay. He starts to follow, PRISCILLA watching behind open window, then resolutely turns and crosses to his home. He pauses in thought as STANDISH comes out, book in hand. STANDISH is full of a great cheer.*]

STANDISH: By my faith, John—nay, that will never do. It is held a kind of blasphemy to swear so violently. [*He scratches his head.*] I have it! By my heart, John, by my heart, how fares your errand? You have been gone so long a time I have fought ten battles and sacked a city in your absence. Sit you down and tell me all that happened. I nearly blundered upon you. I had no glimmering, until I saw you, that you were furthering my wish so speedily. That's the good friend, John, to let no dawdling stay the feet of service.

[*He seats himself genially on the stump and motions JOHN to the bench. JOHN remains standing, nervously turning his hat in his hands.*]

JOHN: I saw her.

STANDISH (*smiling*): Ay, I saw that you saw her.  
[*He wags his head delightedly.*]

JOHN: First we talked—

STANDISH: To be sure, man, ye talked. What did ye talk of?

JOHN: Of sunshine—of the patterns we have a right to weave. And she finds it a comfort that Mary Chilton and I, and you, Captain, *you*, never tune our steps to doldrums and dirges.

STANDISH (*with satisfaction and a slap on his knee*): She said that, did she? I like a maid not too straitlaced. Oh, she and I will do famously! But go on, John, go on!

JOHN: She spoke of springtime in England, how the hedgerows are all a-blossom now, and of how the weather-vane of her heart points to homesickness at times.

STANDISH: Ay, that's troublesome business, homesickness.

JOHN: She chid herself for feeling so, but she vowed there were days when she almost wished herself back in England.

STANDISH: Tut, tut! 'Twill not do. We shall have to change all that. I can fairly see her pretty face as she took herself to task, half-guilty, half-roguish, but, by my faith, John, wholly lovely!

JOHN: And then we talked of—let me see—

STANDISH: Come to the point, man.

JOHN (*miserably*): Then I told her of your offer—

STANDISH: Ha! and what had she to say to that?

JOHN: Nothing for a space, then: "If the great Captain of Plymouth be so eager to wed me, why does he not come himself and take the trouble to woo me?"

STANDISH: Hum! Said she that?

JOHN: She asked if you have no tongue for wooing before you are married, where would it be found after the wedding.

STANDISH: The saucy minx! [*Then with a great laugh, pounding his thigh.*] Well, I like her to be spicy! May I be drawn and quartered if I am not glad that the French in her outstrips the more sober Saxon. So that's what the jade said: If I find no tongue for wooing before the wedding, where shall I find it after! By the Old Harry, I'll show her! [*He starts to his feet impulsively, then reseats himself.*] But tell all, John: how you came out of that corner she had got you into.

JOHN: I told her the big issues you have to face—the councils you have to attend—the decisions to be made—the fights to be fought. I dwelt on your greatness of heart in throwing in your lot with a band of people not even of your own faith.

STANDISH: Nay, John, I am no hero. Go slow there, John, go slow.

JOHN: Then I spoke of your family honor, and of how gallant are your arms. And I ended by saying that any woman in all England might be proud to be the wife of Miles Standish.

[*There is a pause.*]

STANDISH: Speak, man! You can't expect me to tell this part for you. Speak for yourself, John.

[*JOHN gives a start.*]



STANDISH: Man alive! what is it?

JOHN: That is what *she* said.

[For an incredulous moment STANDISH stares at JOHN, pondering the answer, then he leaps to his feet as its meaning assails him.]

STANDISH: You have betrayed me, John Alden, you have betrayed me. You have supplanted, defrauded *me*, Miles Standish, *your friend!* You have made a mocking stock of me.

JOHN: Nay, Captain —

STANDISH: One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler. What shall prevent me from running mine through the heart of another traitor? Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship.

JOHN: Hear me!

STANDISH: I thought it was Mary Chilton you were mooning over, and you let me think it. Even as I spoke to you of her whose name shall never pass my lips, you were meditating your own pursuit of her — nay, had consummated it, for aught I know.

JOHN: That is not true. It is unworthy of you.

STANDISH: You have lived under my roof. I have cherished you and loved you as a brother. You have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, and I have intrusted to you my sacred and secret thought, my honor itself.

JOHN: Judge me not, Captain. In what have I ever failed you?

STANDISH: You, too, Brutus! Woe to the name of friendship hereafter. Brutus was Caesar's friend and you were mine, but from now on there shall be nothing between us but war.

[JOHN reaches a hand toward STANDISH, but the latter strides indoors. JOHN flings out his arms in a tempest of despair and stares upward as if he would force the very heavens to hear him. Voices are heard. A group of town councillors enter, headed by ELDER BREWSTER and HOBOMOK, their Indian interpreter.]

THE ELDER: Where is Captain Standish?

JOHN: He is within.

[The ELDER knocks, and JOHN goes off. STANDISH comes out.]

THE ELDER: The council needs your help, Captain.

STANDISH: Savages?

THE ELDER: Ay. An Indian, thought to be of the Narragansetts, has just been skulking on our borders. John Howland, here, saw him.

STANDISH: The red devils are apt to mean ill to aught they chance upon. We'll look into this.

[An INDIAN glides on. In his hand is the skin of a rattlesnake stuffed, quiver-like, with arrows. He holds it aloft, then flings it in challenge at their feet.]

STANDISH: A snakeskin stuffed with arrows! That means war.

THE ELDER: Let us strive to make peace with the Narragansetts. Let us convert, not slay, these hostile neighbors. It is the only Christian thing to do.

STANDISH (*in quick wrath*): What! Do you mean to make war with milk and water of roses? Is it to shoot red squirrels we have planted our howitzer on yonder roof, or is it to shoot red devils? The only tongue a savage understands is the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of a cannon.

[Murmurs run through the group of men. The INDIAN, calm, defiant, stands with folded arms.]

THE ELDER: Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire Saint Paul and the other Apostles spake with.

*[The murmurs are renewed. MISTRESS BREWSTER and PRISCILLA come out of doors and listen.]*

STANDISH: Leave this matter to me. It is mine by right. Tomorrow the *Mayflower* starts for England. Before her sails are bellied with the wind, my men and I will be on our way to meet the enemy. War is a terrible trade, but in a cause that is righteous the smell of powder is sweet.

*[With contempt he tosses the arrows from the snakeskin and, filling it with powder and bullets, hands it to the messenger.]*

STANDISH (to the INDIAN): This is your answer!

*[The INDIAN receives it and glides away with his message.]*

[CURTAIN.]

## ACT II

SCENE I: *It is in the gray of early morning of the following day in the harbor at Plymouth. A boat rides at anchor. The shore is bleak, with but scant rock and scraggly brush to break its outline. The waves wash the sands. A savage lifts his head from behind a rock and, stooping, passes ghostily into the shadows. A wolf howls. The stillness is broken by a measured tread. STANDISH enters with his band of eight soldiers and HOBOMOK.]*

STANDISH (in a voice clear but subdued): Halt! Here, in the shelter of the harbor, let us send up a hope for strength.

*[A short pause as the men stand at prayer. STANDISH lifts his eyes and draws his sword in salute. The men are marching off stage, STANDISH following, when JOHN comes on.]*

JOHN: Captain! One word before you go.

STANDISH: Halt! Wait for me by the Great Oak. Forward, march! [*To JOHN, curtly.*] What is it?

JOHN: All night I lay awake thinking of you. I saw you march off, and it came over me that you might never return, that I might never have a chance to wipe away your misunderstanding.

STANDISH: Be brief. There's a long trail ahead of me.

JOHN: What has happened to your heart, your great heart that was big enough for all the world?

STANDISH: It is full of bitterness.

JOHN: It should not be bitter because of me. I am still worthy to be called your friend.

STANDISH: Speak not the word friend.

JOHN: You shall not leave me like this. This is what I must tell you: Never have I spoken one word of love to Priscilla.

[STANDISH *shrugs.*]

JOHN: You are scornful, you are unbelieving. You shall believe me! To force you to acknowledge my good faith, I take my oath that never, while you live, shall a word of love to Priscilla pass my lips. When have I ever lied to you? During the night I made my resolution. If you refuse to understand, if you brush aside my loyalty, my love, as so much dust, my work is ended here. I shall sail today for England.

STANDISH (*with a groan*): Before God, John, the loss of the maid is shadowy compared to the loss of my friend.

JOHN: For the sake of what we have been to each other, for the sake of the storms we have weathered together, for the sake of the hours of peace we have shared, give me your hand.

[JOHN holds out his hand; STANDISH looks at him long and searchingly and, to the joy of JOHN, is about to take it, when PRISCILLA enters. As STANDISH sees her, he roughly dashes JOHN'S hand aside.]

STANDISH: Never. [*He goes off.*]

JOHN: Another moment and I should have felt his hand again.

PRISCILLA: What is it, John? What ails your high and mighty hero?

JOHN: It is the finger of God.

PRISCILLA (*going to him*): I don't know what you mean. I came to see the crew pull off for the *Mayflower*. [*She timidly puts out a hand toward him as if to lay it on his shoulder.*]

JOHN: Tempt me not, Priscilla, tempt me not beyond my strength to bear.

[*He goes off, PRISCILLA taking a step toward him, then falling back. A savage glides out and away. PRISCILLA runs to look after him as BARTLE ALLERTON comes on.*]

PRISCILLA: A savage just passed here.

[*Another INDIAN comes on and slips off after his fellow.*]

BARTLE: It may mean an attack. They are scouting to learn when Captain Standish has gone, and when the *Mayflower* shall have sailed. With the crew away, and the soldiers, the settlement will have few to protect it.

PRISCILLA (*pointing the way*): Run, Bartle—run after the Captain—you can reach him—tell him he is needed here before he starts on his march.

[BARTLE runs off. A few settlers arrive. They wander down to the shore and sit on the rocks. MARY CHILTON comes on, a parcel in her hand. She greets PRISCILLA gaily.]

MARY: This parcel goes to England. Three guesses as to its contents.

PRISCILLA (*somewhat bitterly*): Dreams?

MARY: Nay: I am too busy dreaming my dreams to pack any in a basket.

PRISCILLA: Hopes?

MARY: Nay, nor hopes, for I would not be sending them away from our Plantation. We need all our dreams and hopes right here.

PRISCILLA (*suddenly smiling*): The little black hen that Mistress Hopkins crossed the sea with? It may be longing to lay eggs again for kings and queens and gentlemen.

MARY: Indeed not! 'Tis too good a Rebel. You cannot guess. I shall have to tell you. Arrows!

PRISCILLA: Arrows!

MARY: To show the good folk the kind of toys our neighbors play with. Some have deer-horn points, and some the claws of eagles. And guess what two of them are! One is the arrow which stuck in John Howland's coat during the skirmish, and the other is the one that struck above Captain Standish's heart and he never even knew it was there.

PRISCILLA: That looks as if he had none.

MARY: There's a third arrow I'd like to add. It's the one that has lodged in the very center of the heart of John Alden.

PRISCILLA: Think you he knows it?

MARY: To be sure, for he bared his heart and cried: *Shoot!*

[*She moves away laughingly, and PRISCILLA mingles with the others. SARAH and one of the crew come on.*]

SARAH: Take this package, Danny, and give it to Susanna. Tell her as how I think of her every hour of the day.

DANNY: Come on back with me, Aunt Sarah. Dinna stay in this Gawd-forsaken spot.

SARAH: Hush, lad! This spot is found of God, not forgotten of Him.

DANNY: But you've no call to stay now that Uncle and Jimmy are dead. Come on back with me. There's naught of your own left here.

SARAH: I'll not turn back the now, Danny. Your uncle and me, even little Jimmy himself, set our hands to the plough, and they'd never a-turned back if it had n't been as death overtook them. I'll do the same — bide here till he comes for me.

DANNY (*as he takes her parcel*): It's sore hard to leave you, Aunt Sarah.

[*He kisses her awkwardly and goes off. SARAH wipes her eyes when he is out of sight. MARTHA enters. She goes to SARAH.*]

MARTHA (*bitterly*): This is a fell day for me. I want to go back, but my man won't hear on it.

SARAH: Thank your God you have your man to stay along with.

MARTHA: If I was free to go, like you, kings' horses could n't hold me back.

SARAH: I be not free. I've got two graves on yon hillside.

MARTHA: O Sarah! I'm a wicked woman. I'll stay though it be the end o' me.

SARAH: You'll be right glad you did.

[*She gives a pat to the other. BARTLE comes on. JOHN enters from the other side, carrying a bundle.*]

BARTLE (*pointing to the bundle*): What's this, John?

JOHN: I am going to sail.

BARTLE: Sail! Man alive! Sail from the spot that holds your treasure?

JOHN: Say no more—I can bear no more.

BARTLE: Well, you have made your decision, and the *Mayflower* is to carry you away. I've made mine, and the *Mayflower* is to sail without me. We are in hourly danger of attack. Even now the Red Skins are skulking about, biding their chance. I overtook the Captain before he had left the settlement, and the sly devils will not attack so openly while they know he is here.

[JOHN *suddenly flings his bundle from him.*]

JOHN: What has possessed me! This is my land, my responsibility, my rightful place! Here I stay, too. I must have been mad.

BARTLE (*heartily*): There speaks the real John Alden. Now you are your own man again.

[*He goes off. The rest of the group have wandered away; PRISCILLA and JOHN are left together. JOHN turns and looks at PRISCILLA without a word.*]

PRISCILLA (*demurely but drolly*): Are you so offended, sir, that you will not even speak to me?

JOHN: If I had no words, it is because I mistook you for the ghost of my own thoughts.

PRISCILLA: It affrights me you should hold me in your thoughts, for I doubt not you have me in the stocks of a relentless remembering.

JOHN: Nay, Priscilla—

PRISCILLA: I see it in your eyes. If already you have not condemned me to those stocks, you were thinking of



casting your vote. Which shall you drop in the ballot-box, the kernel of corn for yea, or a bean, a shiny black bean, for nay?

JOHN: Priscilla—

PRISCILLA: Let it be a bean, John, an honest, merciful bean, for I like not the thought of the stocks.

JOHN: You always leave me limping behind. What folly to speak of condemnation!

PRISCILLA: You give me hope, sir. Perhaps you have not yet made up that fearsome judgment of yours. [*A note of earnestness creeps into her voice, growing as she proceeds.*] Am I so much to blame that yesterday, when you were pleading the cause of another, my heart, at best impulsive and wayward, should have pleaded your own?

JOHN: How can you say so, Priscilla?

PRISCILLA: Let me speak, John. You should forgive me for having said what I can never unsay; for there are moments when the heart is so full that if it chance to be shaken, or the pebble of some careless word is dropped into its depths, it overflows and its secret is spilled forever. Yesterday when you spoke of Captain Standish, praising his virtues, making his very defects into the image of those virtues, extolling this, magnifying that, even lauding his fighting, for all the world as if fighting or fulsome praising could win the heart of a woman, you shocked me, you shook me out of myself. In exalting your hero you entirely overlooked John Alden and other noble men. Forgive me for the sake of the friendship between us.

JOHN: How can you think I was angered against you? With myself alone was I vexed, seeing how badly I had managed the matter given in my keeping.

PRISCILLA: No, you were angry with me. It is the fate of women to sit patient and silent, waiting like wordless ghosts till some questioning voice dissolves the silence. That is why so many of our lives are like underground rivers, chafing their channels with endless and profitless murmurs.

JOHN: Heaven forbid, Priscilla! To me they seem more like the shining rivers that watered the Garden of Eden—more like the Euphrates that flowed through the desert of Havilah, filling the land with beauty.

PRISCILLA: That shows how little you value what I am saying. When I speak frankly, asking only for understanding, you turn my words aside with flattering phrases. That is not true to the best in you. I expect your spirit to lift mine to a higher level.

JOHN: You who are all spirit, how can you say so?

PRISCILLA: Let us be what we are, speak what we think, and keep ourselves true to the pledge of friendship. It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to say it: I have always liked to be with you. That is why I felt a little bruised and hurt when you urged me to marry your friend, though he were Captain Miles Standish! Should he be twice the hero you think him, your friendship is worth more to me than all the love he might give me.

[*She extends her hand, and JOHN grasps it.*]

JOHN: You have healed my wounds. Of all who offer you friendship, let me always be the first and the truest.

PRISCILLA (*archly*): Now tell me what our terrible Captain said when he discovered my ingratitude.

JOHN: I have not the heart for the telling. You should have seen his face when he thought his honest love flouted—and tossed at his feet.

PRISCILLA: He has an overhigh spirit.

JOHN: Were his spirit a whit less high, where would be the future of our hard-earned liberty? I like his spirit to be high. He has stardust in his hair.

PRISCILLA: But clay upon his boots.

JOHN: Thank God for the clay that keeps him in the ways of men.

PRISCILLA: Of the ways of men he may know somewhat—but not of the ways of women.

JOHN: His great heart was close to bursting when he felt that I, his friend, had betrayed him.

PRISCILLA: He is a little chimney and heated hot in a moment.

JOHN: He is the best, the bravest man I know. Help me, Priscilla, help me! I thought to sail today. It seemed the escape from a future I could not solve. But it came over me that I could not go.

PRISCILLA: Why, John?

JOHN: In a flash I saw the dangers on every side, and I knew I should be all coward not to stay and do my part.

PRISCILLA: How can we thank you—how can I thank you?

JOHN: Yesterday the thought of friendship with you would have been bitter. Today you have made me see how sweet is friendship, and service in its name.

[*The MASTER of the ship enters, a lantern in his hand. He is followed by some of his crew and BARTLE. He is full of bustle and salutes JOHN hastily.*]

MASTER: The rest of the crew are on the *Mayflower*. We must look sharp and not lose the tide.

BARTLE: Will you take this packet, Master, and see that it reaches England?

MASTER: Ay.

[*He crams it into his pocket. Enter more settlers, filled with varying emotions, some carrying lanterns, some carrying parcels. Many crowd about the MASTER offering him letters and packets.*]

MAN: Here, Master Shipman, take this letter. It's to one I'll never see again.

WOMAN: Take this, Master. It's a parcel o' shells I'm a-sendin' my girl. Not much, but all I could think on.

YOUNG GIRL (*happily*): I'm near daft with joy that the big boat is sailin'.

WOMAN (*sadly*): I don't see you've call to be glad. You're not sailin' on it.

YOUNG GIRL: Sail on it! I'm here to stay. But I am sending a letter, and I know my sister will come on the first boat that heads for the Plantation. [*She gives an excited skip and mingles with the crowd.*]

CHILD: O Master, Master! Here be a wee letter I'm a-sendin' to God. He dinna seem to be around these parts, and I thought as how ye might set it afloat on the sea. Mebbe he's there where it's so big-like.

WOMAN: 'Tis blasphemy the child utters. Snatch the letter! Burn it!

CHILD: There beent naught in it God could find no fault with. I only told him as how I minded the pretty garden He give me at home. I dinna even ask Him for one here. I thought as how He might understand.

WOMAN: The heathen brat! Snatch it! Burn it!

[*The CHILD struggles to retain the letter.*]

JOHN: Leave the child alone. Stand back. Give it here, my lad. I will see that some one sets it a-drift. I doubt not a miracle of wings will carry it to its goal.

MASTER: Come, boys, there's no time to idle. [*In a*

*loud tone.*] I'll give all of you another chance — another grab at the bag. Free passage to England to any who'll sail with me. [*He pauses.*] This is your last chance. [*Another pause. He speaks in his ordinary tone.*] Not a soul to take me up on a downright free proposition. Blawst me if I can see why you're so in love with this mud hole!

[*More settlers hurry in. The excitement increases.*]

MASTER: Now, boys, it's time to push off. Good-by, folks. Old England ought to be proud of you. When you hear the signal gun, you may know it's saying: Here's to the pluck you're made of!

THE CREW (*lustily*): Ay, ay!

[*Good-bys are called. The MASTER, with his pockets bulging, hurries to the boat, his crew at his heels. They get in and push off, those on shore crowding about to see the start. The sailors sing; occasional shouts are heard. Those who remain listen sadly, dreamily, eagerly. BARTLE is with MARY, JOHN with PRISCILLA. The stouter-hearted comfort the weeping. The ELDER, touched with the spirit of consecration, raises his hands as he speaks to his people.*]

THE ELDER: Lord God, again the *Mayflower* is opening her petals and even now blossoming in the winds. Be Thy breath in those winds, O God, and bear this fragile flower in safety to the shores of home. We thank Thee that not one who came to this new land with the hope of conforming it to Thy uses has forsaken his task to return. Quicken our hearts with strength to build for the morrow and with courage to remember today. Amen.

[*The signal gun booms.*]

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE 2: *It is the evening of the same day, and the same scene. A fire burns. STANDISH'S band lie sleeping on the ground. Only their CAPTAIN is on guard. He walks back and forth, careful to avoid the sleepers. He warms his hands at the fire, then seats himself on the blanket spread beside it. He draws his sword and handles it with affection as he reads the inscription. He rests his sword, and as he is plunged in thought his face falls into lines of grief, then shame, finally into a hot anger. He begins to polish the sword with vigor. His motions grow less energetic and his face softens to gravity. He sighs and, as he sheathes his sword, listens alertly. He puts his ear to the ground, then swiftly rises. His light touch arouses the sleepers, who are on their feet at once.*

*A group of Indians approach stealthily. The two who lead them, WATTAWAMAT and PECKSUOT, are huge of stature. Their only weapons are knives suspended from their necks in sheaths of wampum.]*

WATTAWAMAT: Welcome, English.

PECKSUOT: Welcome, English.

STANDISH: Greeting, friends, in the name of my people.

HOBOMOK (*to Standish*): They have said their only words of the White Man's speech.

STANDISH: Ay, but back of their words there are thoughts which I hear as if spoken.

WATTAWAMAT (*to Hobomok*): Washichu taku eya he? (What does the White Man say?)

HOBOMOK: Taoyate ichageyadya wookiye enichiye. (He gives you greeting in the name of his people.)

PECKSUOT: Washichu ob woopeton ota unhapi. Wan-yaka ye! (We have much to trade the White Man. See what we have brought.)

*[Some of the Indians display strings of wampum and woven baskets, the two leaders watching with narrowed eyes.]*

HOBOMOK: They say they have much to trade the White Man.

STANDISH: Tell them we will gladly barter with them.

HOBOMOK: Washichu Itanchan kin hena opetonkte iyokipe kta. (The White Chief will be glad to barter with you.)

[*Pelts are brought and spread out.*]

ONE INDIAN: Shina maqu! (Give me blankets!)

ANOTHER INDIAN: Shina! Shina wachin! (Blankets! I need blankets, too!)

ANOTHER: Mina! Mina! (Knives! Knives!)

ANOTHER: Mina hena shina iwankab washta! (Knives are better than blankets!)

ANOTHER: Mina kin ee shina iyakab chosniyekta! (Knives keep you warmer than blankets!)

ANOTHER: Pshinto unchinpi! Hena wi qa wikmunke iyechacha. (It is beads we want — beads like the sun and the rainbow.)

STANDISH: What does their clamor mean?

HOBOMOK: They ask for blankets and knives. One says knives keep you warmer than blankets. They want beads the color of the sun and rainbow.

WATTAWAMAT: Pshinto qa shina unchinpi shni. Mazakan qa peta unchinpi! (We do not want blankets and beads. We want muskets and the fire to feed their bellies!)

OTHERS: Mazakan qa peta unkupi! (Muskets! Fire! Give us muskets and fire!)

HOBOMOK: They ask for muskets and the fire to feed the bellies of the muskets.

STANDISH (*to PECKSUOT and WATTAWAMAT*): We cannot give you firearms and powder. But we will give you seeds for planting.

HOBOMOK: Washichu Itanchan wojupi su nichu kta keya. (The White Chief says he will give you seed for planting.)

[A coarse murmur runs through the group of Indians. The soldiers consult guardedly. WATTAWAMAT strides closer, and, dropping his cloak of conciliation, speaks boldly and loftily.]

WATTAWAMAT: Washichu nina wachinko, Wattamat sdonya. Wattamat chantesuta, kokipe shne. Winyan tonpi shni. Hanyetu ed heyakan tonpi, utuhuchan wakinyan kaslecha. Tonpi kinhan eya hotanka: *Tuwe Wattamat chantesuta kin kichi kize kta huwo?* [He folds his arms insolently.]

HOBOMOK: He says: Wattawamat can see by the fiery eyes of the White Man that he has anger in his heart. But the brave Wattawamat does not shrink at the sight. He was born at night from an oak tree riven by lightning. He sprang from the oak tree armed with lusty weapons, shouting in a voice of thunder: *Who is there to fight with the brave Wattawamat?*

[As HOBOMOK ceases, WATTAWAMAT unsheathes his knife and, whetting the blade on his hand, holds it high.]

WATTAWAMAT: Mina ihupa akan winyan ite kin wanyaka yo! Tiyata wanji wicha ite bduha. Toksha kichiyuzapi qa cinca ota kta.

HOBOMOK: He says: Behold on the handle of my knife the face of a woman. I have another at home that bears the face of a man. By and by they shall marry and there will be plenty of children.

A SOLDIER: What does that mean, Captain?



STANDISH: War.

[*More Indians can be seen crouching in the background, some fixing their arrows on their bowstrings. PECKSUOT advances and with savage complaisance strokes the knife hanging at his bosom, half unsheathes it, then plunges it back into its scabbard.*]

PECKSUOT: Toksha wanyakte kta, wote kta. [*He gives a sinister smile.*] Tuka iye kta shni. Washichu Itanchan tanka ihaagunyapi kta uwichayapi hee. Wich-asta ciqualahee; winyan kichi wotekta.

STANDISH (*harshly, having with difficulty held himself in check during the taunt apparent in PECKSUOT's speech*): What does he say?

HOBOMOK: He says of his knife: By and by it shall see; it shall eat; but it shall not speak. And he says of you: This is the Great Chief the White Man has sent to destroy us! He is a little man: let him go work with the women.

[*With a roar, STANDISH leaps headlong at PECKSUOT and snatches the knife from the sheath which hangs at the Indian's neck. A war whoop sounds and the air is suddenly filled with the snow of flying arrows. The soldiers answer with the fire of musketry. The savages flee, closely pursued. Off stage is the sound of fighting, becoming more faint. STANDISH and HOBOMOK return. STANDISH carries his reddened sword.*]

HOBOMOK: The White Chief may not be big like the tree, but he is big enough to stop with dust the mouths of the vain and boastful.

STANDISH (*grimly*): Ay, big enough for that. [*He looks at his sword.*] This time I spoke for myself.

[CURTAIN.]

## ACT III

SCENE I: *It is early autumn, the same scene as Act I. PRISCILLA sits spinning and humming in the sunshine. At times she stops for a bit of dreaming, then, with a smile of remembrance, starts her wheel to whirring. MARY CHILTON appears, a basket on her arm.*

MARY (*gaily*): Good day, Priscilla. Do I see you dreaming or spinning?

PRISCILLA: Why not both? Come, sit beside me. John Alden taught me to spin in the sunshine, and whenever the weather bids me, I do my task out here.

[MARY takes a seat and starts to knit.]

PRISCILLA: I see no reason why dreams and spinning should not go hand in hand. To my way of thinking, spinning without dreams makes but a poor fabric.

MARY: And but a poor pattern, too. [*Saucily extending her hand.*] Cross my palm with silver and I will tell you the pattern you shall weave.

PRISCILLA (*merrily*): Have your way, good dame. [*Gives her an imaginary coin.*] Take this bit of silver, and mind you don't spend it in brawling at the tavern.

MARY (*as she rubs the figment, bites it, stows it in her basket, and then takes PRISCILLA's hand*): Ah, pretty lady, I see strange patterns coming from your wheel. 'Tis odd for a maid to weave the threads of housebuilding, but certain it is I see the swinging of an axe, and the hauling of logs, and the devotion of a man to his labors.

PRISCILLA: You have a foolish tongue, dame.

MARY: Now I see the house finished, and it has latticed windows, and through their paper panes the yellow lights of a home shine forth. And an orchard has been planted, and a well dug deep that water be unfailing.

And, too, there is a stall where a snow-white bullock idles in contentment.

PRISCILLA: Fie, dame! You prate too busily.

MARY: The beast's name is Raghorn.

PRISCILLA: Why should I weave snow-white bullocks in my patterns? It would make but a poor design.

MARY: You have no designs on the bullock, young maiden, but mayhap on his master, one John Alden—

PRISCILLA (*somewhat bitterly, as she snatches away her hand*): All the designs in the world will not get you the man you love if he be not of a mind to have you—though it is easy enough to get the one you have no thought for. John Alden's house is not for me. [*Throwing off her mood.*] I can tell you this, Mary Chilton, had I the choosing of patterns I would make them full of colors. I am so thirsty for color, something beside the gray and the black and the white with which my eyes are forever filled, that I could drink a whole flagon of daffodil yellow, and larkspur blue, and April green, and pink the color of corals.

MARY: Have a care lest you get drunken on beauty.

PRISCILLA: God created colors. He must expect us to love them. Besides the sea and sky, there's little color here.

MARY: And scarcely any flowers. O Priscilla! Do you think you could keep a secret?

PRISCILLA: I am a clam; a sphinx; a work box on the Sabbath.

MARY: I brought some seeds with me from home—seeds of the flowers I love best.

PRISCILLA: What an angel-thought, Mary—a garden from home in the cup of your hand! What has become of your seeds?

MARY: I forgot them. When the dreadful winter passed, when father and mother, like yours, slept on the hill—

[PRISCILLA *puts out a hand and touches hers.*]

MARY: Somehow I never thought of flowers. But not long ago I was watching a rainbow, and the rainbow put me in mind of a garland of blossoms. The season for planting was past, but I scattered my seeds in the soil.

PRISCILLA: If you watered them with tender tears, and sunned them with smiling, I wager the miracle of blooming is not past.

MARY: Yes, they are growing, Priscilla—and I doubt not they'll be blooming before long. At times I cannot sleep for wishing to see how much they have adventured over night.

PRISCILLA: I, too, have a secret. See what Squanto brought me in exchange for berries I cooked into sauce for him. He got them from an English trader.

[*From her basket beside her wheel she draws forth two lengths of silk, one a rose color, the other a glowing blue, which she shakes out for better display.*]

MARY: Oh, the darling things!

[PRISCILLA *puts a kiss in their folds, and first MARY hugs them, then PRISCILLA.*]

PRISCILLA: I hope I did no wrong to kiss them.

MARY: They were made to be kissed.

PRISCILLA: We shall have to love these till your flowers bloom. Do they not mind you of the gardens of home?

MARY: Has Mistress Brewster seen them? Or the Elder?

PRISCILLA: God forbid! [*With sudden change.*] Their blueness and their rosiness have got into my heels.

[*She tosses one of the silken lengths to MARY, they throw the gay colors over their shoulders and raise their hands as in the beginning of a minuet.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER (*calling off stage with a rising inflection*): Priscilla! O Priscilla!

[*The girls start apart, and PRISCILLA thrusts the silks into her basket. Enter MISTRESS BREWSTER.*]

MISTRESS B.: Why, here is Mary Chilton!

MARY (*dipping a curtsey*): I have brought you a pair of eggs, Mistress, laid by Mistress Hopkins' little black hen, and some of the Elder's favorite Holland seed cakes.

MISTRESS B.: That is kind of you and Mistress Hopkins. The butter I shall send back could not repay the thought though it were made of gold instead of cream.

[*MARY curtsies her thanks.*]

PRISCILLA: You called me, Mistress?

MISTRESS B.: Just to help you remember that this is a busy world and spinning must be done. [*To Mary.*] Priscilla is a dutiful lass, but she has taken to spinning in the sunshine, and unless I jog her now and then, her wheel forgets its purpose.

PRISCILLA: And her right hand its cunning. But we have it from the Scriptures themselves that even Solomon was not arrayed as that which neither toils nor spins.

MISTRESS B. (*shocked*): 'Tis impious, child, to speak thus. Let not my good man hear you. [*She takes the basket and goes off shaking her head.*]

PRISCILLA: I doubt not that Solomon would prefer us arrayed with a dash of blue and a hint of rosy brightness.

MARY: I am not half so interested in Solomon on dress as I am in John Alden on housebuilding.

PRISCILLA: Stop your chatter, Mary. I'd bribe you with a string of black wampum if I thought it would make you cease.

MARY: Solomon building his temple spent no more thought than has John in hauling and planing the logs for his. Weave that into your pattern, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA: Even though John feels toward me as you would have me believe, I know he would never speak so long as a person I shall not name lives or does not marry. But to go back to the weaving of patterns, this will I weave of a truth, Mary: A man's dwelling is as strong as the hand that builds it and as high as the heart that plans it.

[JOHN ALDEN *enters.*]

JOHN: What is this I hear—a phrase so ringing it might be sung instead of spoken?

MARY (*teasingly*): Priscilla is making a wondrous pattern. She is so nimble with her hands she is thinking of weaving precepts into all the cloth she fashions.

PRISCILLA: The next thing I turn my hand to shall be a sampler for your room, and it shall read: Verily a fool's tongue is hung in the middle of his head and waggeth like a bell gone mad.

MARY (*with a deep curtsy*): I mind not being called both mad and a fool so that I be spoke of as a belle. Which reminds me, is my hat on straight, John? [*She looks at him saucily.*]

JOHN: 'Tis as proper as a posy on its stem.

MARY: That's the worst of these bonnets—one has to wear them straight. What I like is a bonnet that must be worn a trifle crooked to be straight.

[Enter SQUANTO. *He carries a bunch of green foliage which he tenders to PRISCILLA.*]

SQUANTO: For White Maiden. Squanto gather 'cause White Maiden like.

PRISCILLA: How kind you are, Squanto!

MARY: What of me? I brought some nice Holland seed cakes with me, and I'd be glad to trade some for a bit of green.

SQUANTO: Squanto fetch for nothings. White Maiden like green things. Squanto like White Maiden. This no trade. Squanto no eat cakes here. [*He respectfully places his hand on his heart.*]

MARY (*laughing*): O Squanto! You'll be the end of me.

PRISCILLA: Any tidings of Captain Standish and his men?

[SQUANTO *shakes his head.*]

JOHN: I feel a great worry that never lifts by day or night. Not one word since they marched away the day after the attack in the harbor.

SQUANTO: Squanto wish go with White Chief. Squanto no speak English so good like Hobomok. White Chief tell Squanto stay here, take care of Plantation.

PRISCILLA: You are a true friend to the White Man. I have been thinking of a way in which you could be more of a friend to the Indian, Squanto.

SQUANTO: Tell.

PRISCILLA: It's—it's about their clothes.

SQUANTO: Indian no wear close.

PRISCILLA: That's it exactly. Could n't you tell them it's—it's warmer to wear them?

SQUANTO: Indian no get cold. Indian like cold.

PRISCILLA: Well, then, tell them it's *nicer* to wear them.

SQUANTO: Squanto like White Man. Squanto no like White Man's close.

PRISCILLA: And you are not even willing to try to teach your people better ways?

SQUANTO: Not better ways. White Man no cover face.

PRISCILLA: Of course not.

SQUANTO: Red Man all face.

[JOHN and MARY give a laugh, and PRISCILLA looks discomfited. Then she smiles.]

PRISCILLA: Well, if you are not willing to do that for them, promise to do this for me: the first tidings you get of Captain Standish and his men, bring me at once. Will you, Squanto?

SQUANTO: That good sense. Squanto let White Maiden know.

PRISCILLA: Thank you.

SQUANTO: Good-by. [*He goes off.*]

MARY: I must be off, too. I have to take Mistress Brewster's butter with me. Perhaps John will help me home with my basket.

JOHN: Why, yes—of course—I—

MARY (*dimpling*): Never mind. I've just remembered I have to stop at the Bradfords' for a receipt for Constanta Hopkins. You'd better bide and help Priscilla with her patterns.

PRISCILLA: Come again, Mary, and don't forget the sampler I am to make you.

MARY: And don't forget—



PRISCILLA (*hurriedly and laughingly*): I won't! I won't! Fare you well.

[MARY goes indoors with a wave of the hand. JOHN seats himself near PRISCILLA, who has begun to spin furiously.]

JOHN: You are in haste.

PRISCILLA: I have idled my time and have my stint to finish.

JOHN: What did Mary mean when she spoke of patterns? What patterns are you to spin?

PRISCILLA: She meant little or nothing, John. You know Mary's way. It may be she was thinking of what I said about colors. I told her I was wearied to death of somber hues. And I am. I wish I could spin bright colors on my wheel!

JOHN: You have spun a gay crimson in your cheeks.

PRISCILLA (*somewhat nervously*): I do wish my cheeks would behave themselves. I would they were white, John, nice and white—oh, speaking of white, I hear that your bullock is as pure as drifts of snow in January.

JOHN: Ay, he's a beautiful creature. Raghorn he is called. I set great store by him. You should see the stall I have made him.

PRISCILLA: Your house—tell me of that.

JOHN: My house, Priscilla—'tis not a house I would tell you of, but a home. A house a man may build, but a home—only a woman can make that.

[He starts toward her, then recalls himself and falls to pacing back and forth silently. PRISCILLA steals glances at him. She spins faster than ever.]

JOHN: When I see you spinning, never idle, and always full of thought for others, you are changed in a twinkling:

no longer are you Priscilla, but the beautiful Queen of Helvetia. I read her story at a bookstall in Southampton. Her hands ever were busied. Even when she rode her snow-white palfrey over the mountains and down into the valleys, always was she spinning thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty and good that her name has passed into a proverb. So shall it be with your own when your spinning wheel no longer makes its music. Then shall mothers, reproving their slack daughters, relate how it was in their childhood, praising the good old days of Priscilla, the spinner.

[PRISCILLA, *embarrassed but pleased, rises and draws a white skein from the reel on the bench.*]

PRISCILLA: Come, you must not be idle! If I am the pattern for housewives, show yourself equally worthy of being the model for husbands. Hold this skein while I wind it for knitting. Who knows but hereafter, when fashions and manners are changed, fathers may tell their sons of the good old days of John Alden.

[JOHN, *with his hands somewhat awkwardly extended, holds the skein PRISCILLA has slipped upon them. She starts to wind the thread.*]

PRISCILLA: Nay, John, do not make your arms so stiff. And do not transform your fingers into as many spokes of a cart wheel. Oh, here's a knot! [*She stoops to disentangle it.*] It takes too much patience. I'll undo it later.

[*She slips skein off JOHN'S hands and lays it on the bench. Enter SQUANTO. He stands in silence, his head bowed.*]

PRISCILLA: What is it, Squanto?

SQUANTO (*as he lifts his eyes and solemnly raises his arms*): Great White Chief gone on last trail.

JOHN: Say that again.

SQUANTO: Word come now—scout bring word—  
Great White Chief gone on last trail.

JOHN: Dead! Captain Standish dead—my friend!

[SQUANTO goes off. PRISCILLA has stood silent and immovable, her face lifted in horror. JOHN'S face, stricken at first, changes slowly to a knowledge of the meaning for himself. As if in a trance he turns to PRISCILLA and clasps her motionless figure to him.]

JOHN: Whom the Lord hath joined together.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE 2: *The same scene as the previous one, except it is later in the fall, the foliage flushed with autumnal coloring. The marriage service of JOHN and PRISCILLA is just concluding, the hands of the ELDER upraised in blessing over their heads as he finishes his prayer. MISTRESS BREWSTER, MARY CHILTON, BARTLE ALLERTON, and other friends are present.*

ELDER BREWSTER: Whom the Lord hath joined together let no man put asunder.

[PRISCILLA and JOHN turn to each other, PRISCILLA resting her hands with shy intimacy on JOHN'S shoulders. Their look is long and happy and solemn. PRISCILLA has in one hand a bright nosegay.]

MARY (*going forward*): John Alden, Priscilla may now be wedded to you, but she has been my friend far longer than she has been your wife. Stand aside, sir, for one who has an older claim.

[*She curtsies, and JOHN smilingly obeys. The girls embrace.*]

BARTLE: It is my belief, John, you are a brave bit taller since the Mayflower of Plymouth has become your own. Flower raising is going to agree with you.

JOHN (*with a glance at MARY*): It seems to me you are uncommonly taller yourself!

[*MARY tosses her head and moves off, BARTLE following.*]

MISTRESS BREWSTER: I'll not know what to do with Priscilla's light footsteps and deft hands gone from the place. 'Twill be a lonesome business. [*She wipes her eyes.*]

ELDER BREWSTER: Ay, she is the kind you can't help missing. But she has a good man.

[*The guests chatter and go to PRISCILLA. There is a sound of distant shouting, coming nearer. The hush of surprise grips the bridal group, succeeded by a buzzing of curiosity as the noise draws closer. SQUANTO runs on. His racial stolidity has dissolved before the news he is bearing.*]

SQUANTO: Tidings! Squanto bring tidings, big tidings! Great White Chief not go on last trail. Great White Chief *live!*

JOHN (*joyously*): Alive! Captain Standish alive!

[*Loud huzzas sound. STANDISH backs on left, good-naturedly beating back the crowd of followers.*]

STANDISH: Back, you noisy varlets! Leave me in peace! [*Shouts.*] Let me get a taste of home and a Christian bed.

[*The shouting and pushing renew. STANDISH draws his sword mock-valorously and flourishes it.*]

STANDISH: I'll run this through you, one by one, if you do not leave me alone.

MAN: If we coom back the night, will 'e tell us o' the fightin'?

STANDISH: Ay. Clear out now and tonight I'll tell you all I know, and make up what I can't remember.

[*"Hurrah for the Captain!" and similar lusty shouts are heard as the crowd goes away. STANDISH, still sword in hand, swings around with a great laugh and sees the guests assembled in the clearing.*]

STANDISH: Well, well, what is this? By my faith, another welcome home!

JOHN (*going to him*): Captain! [*Suddenly he stops and covers his face.*] O God! God! what have I done?

STANDISH: Out with it, man! What troubles you?

JOHN (*bitterly*): Do you know what you have come home to? A wedding party—the wedding of Priscilla and John Alden, your friend. They told us you were dead. I thank God you live, yet I could curse the day I was born.

STANDISH: So you have married her.

JOHN: They told us you were dead.

PRISCILLA: Oh, sir—Captain Standish—will you not be friends with us?

[STANDISH *looks long at her and at JOHN. He turns to PRISCILLA.*]

STANDISH: Why, bless you—bless your pretty face— [*He stops in abysmal embarrassment, then with an air of satisfaction as he looks at her, plunges sword into its sheath.*] As for you, John, long marches under tall skies, where a man has room for thinking, have taught me your worth. She was made for you. [*He takes JOHN'S hand in his, then lays it on PRISCILLA'S. He smiles.*] Besides, she needs a brave man.

PRISCILLA: The courage you lack in speech with women, Captain, expresses itself in deeds for them.

[STANDISH *starts to speak, then overcome with shyness turns to JOHN.*]

STANDISH: Tell her that he who would be well served must serve himself—and that there is an even better adage: No man can gather cherries in Kent in the season of Christmas.

JOHN (*his hand on STANDISH'S shoulder*): Now is the world right again.

[STANDISH *is pelted with eager questions. "What happened?" "Tell us the story!" "Did you whip the Indians?"*]

STANDISH (*with genial impatience*): I'd rather break into an Indian encampment single-handed than go to another wedding to which I've not been bidden! My story is soon told. We ran into an ambush. The red devils attacked us front and flank and rear; but we hacked our way through, put 'em to rout—and here I am.

JOHN (*in joyous exuberance*): Come, friends, come home with Mistress Alden and her husband, and celebrate their marriage and the return of the Captain! You shall break bread on linen of Mistress Alden's own weaving.

PRISCILLA: And a right bonny pattern I wove into it, too.

JOHN: My wife shall not walk in the dust and the heat of the day. I shall place her upon the back of my white bullock, and like the beautiful Queen of Helvetia on her palfrey shall she ride forth, for scepter a distaff in her hands, for slave her husband to lead her, and for court her train of faithful friends.

STANDISH: A royal procession, John, and a royal summons. I shall join you within the hour.

PRISCILLA: Yea, be you speedy, Captain, for no kingdom is secure without the Keeper of its Safety. Look

you! Here is my nosegay from the seeds of Mary Chilton's planting. He who catches it shall be the next to marry.

*[She touches the flowers to her lips before she tosses them from her. They are caught by both MARY and BARTLE. A laugh goes up as MARY tucks them in her bodice.]*

*In merry mood, all, except the CAPTAIN, follow JOHN and PRISCILLA as they leave at the right. STANDISH, helmet in hand, gazes after JOHN and PRISCILLA. Then he tosses his helmet aside and, dropping upon the stump, falls to polishing his sword lustily.]*

[CURTAIN.]

## ORIGINAL CAST OF THE PLAY

PRESENTED BY THE  
DRAMA CLUB OF EVANSTON IN COMMEMORATION OF THE  
PILGRIM TERCENTENARY

November, 24, 1920

<i>Captain Miles Standish</i>	WILLIAM OWEN Of professional Shakespeare repertory
<i>John Alden</i>	OLIVER E. HINSDALL Reader, formerly of the Drama Players
<i>Priscilla Mullens</i>	MRS. ARTHUR WHITELY President of the Drama Club
<i>Mary Chilton</i>	MARY AGNES DOYLE Reader, formerly with the new Theatre Company at the Century
<i>Bartle Allerton</i>	HENRY NEWELL Formerly with the 57th Street Players Workshop
<i>William Brewster, the Elder of Plymouth</i>	PROFESSOR JAMES S. LARDNER Of Northwestern School of Oratory
<i>Mistress Brewster</i>	MISS EFFYAN WAMBOUGH Of the Drama Department, High School
<i>Wattawamat, of the Narra- gansetts</i>	FELIX WANGEMANN Of the Pilgrim Players of the First Congregational Church
<i>Pecksuot, of the Narragansetts</i>	FRENCH WATERMAN Of the Pilgrim Players of the First Congregational Church
<i>Squanto, Indian friend of the settlers</i>	WINFIELD CARNEGIE Of the Players Workshop and Over Seas Theatre League
<i>Hobomok, interpreter</i>	JOSEPH GIBSON Of the Pilgrim Players
<i>Master of the Mayflower</i>	EDWARD LAUD Formerly with Sam Hume
<i>Man</i>	PROFESSOR OLIVER FARNSWORTH Of Northwestern University
<i>Sarah</i>	MRS. F. CLEVELAND Of the Riley Circle



*Martha*

MRS. EDWARD HALL  
Of the Riley Circle

*Woman*

MRS. F. O. BALCH  
Formerly of the B. Iden Payne Reper-  
tory Company

*Danny*

WENDELL WHEELER  
Of the Pilgrim Players

*Child*

BARBARA BEST  
Of the Pilgrim Players

*Young Girl*

DOROTHY ENNIS  
Of the Pilgrim Players

Under the direction of Mrs. A. Starr Best of the Drama League  
of America.

Pictures By Matzene of Chicago.

Costumes by Minna Schmidt of Chicago.







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