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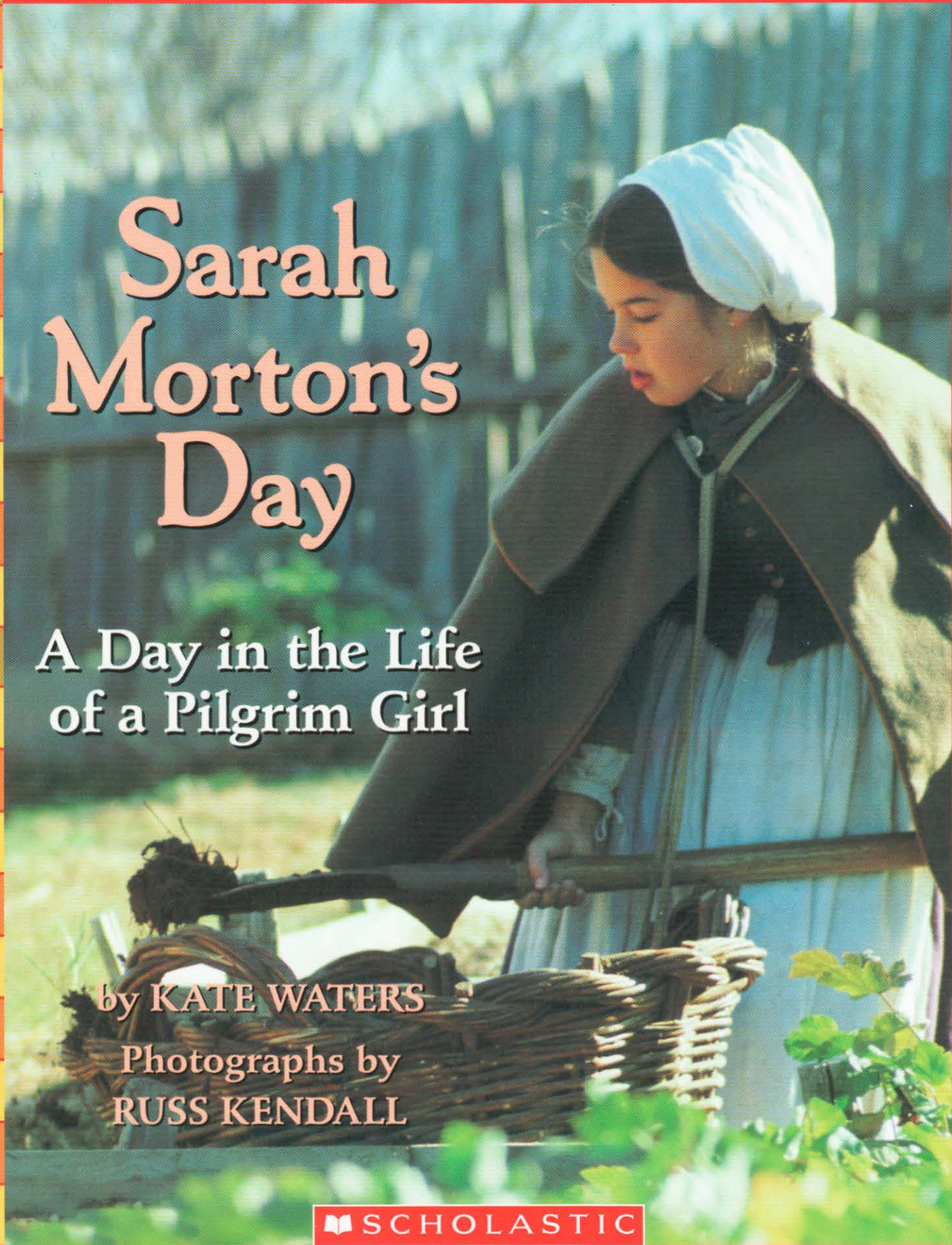
Sarah Morton's Day

A Day in the Life
of a Pilgrim Girl

by KATE WATERS

Photographs by
RUSS KENDALL

 SCHOLASTIC





November 12, 1627

Good day.

My name is Sarah Morton.

My family sailed to America four years ago on a ship called *The Anne*. We came to seek freedom from the Church of England. First my family settled in Holland, where I was born. Life in Holland was hard for us, so we set sail for the New World.

My father died that first winter. This spring, Mother married Goodman Kempton. I am learning to call him father and am trying hard to earn his love.

Come thee with me. Let me show thee how my days are.







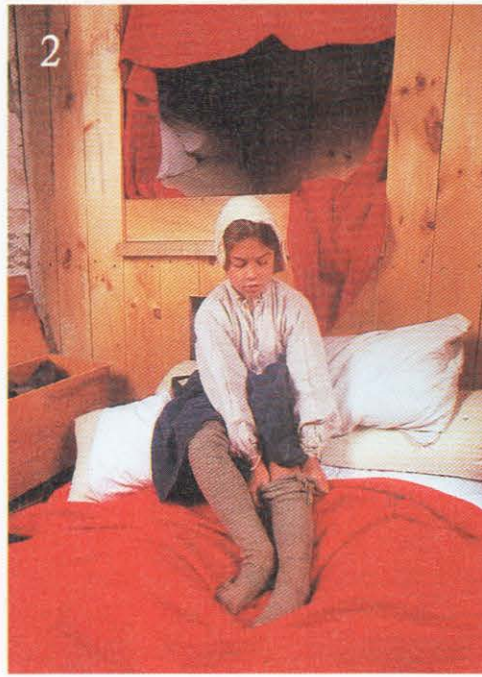
This is my village.
It is called Plimoth Plantation.

At sunup, when the cockerel crows, I must get up and
be about my chores.

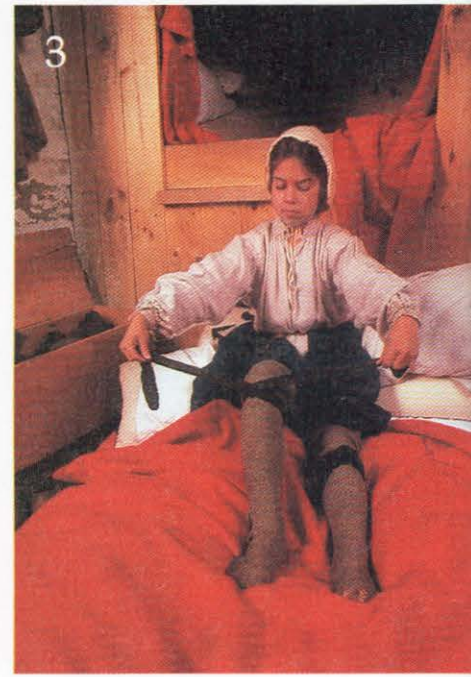
I put on my overgarments:



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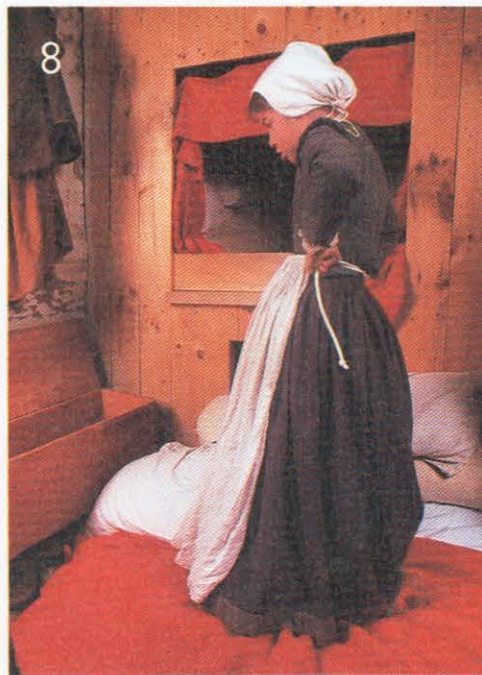
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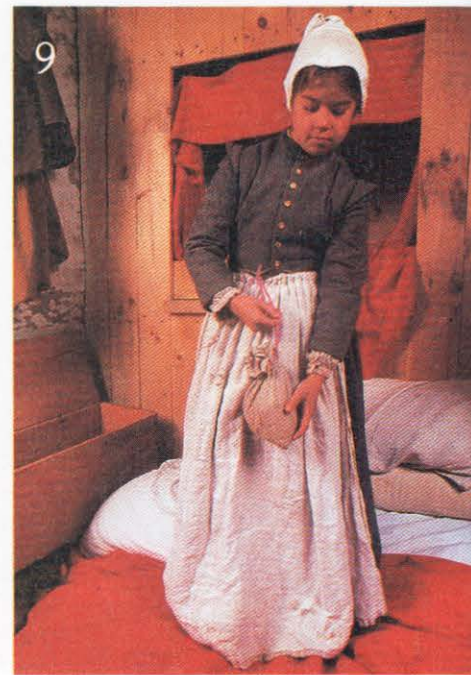
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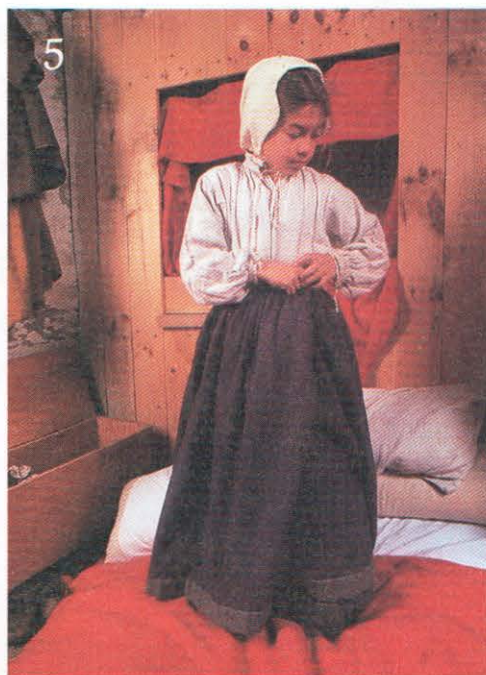
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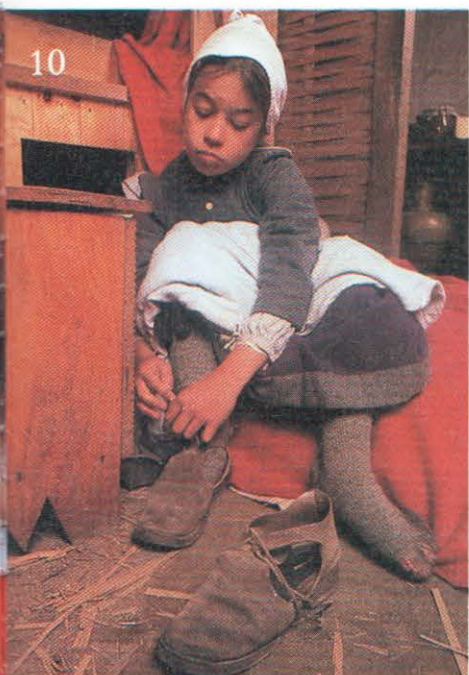
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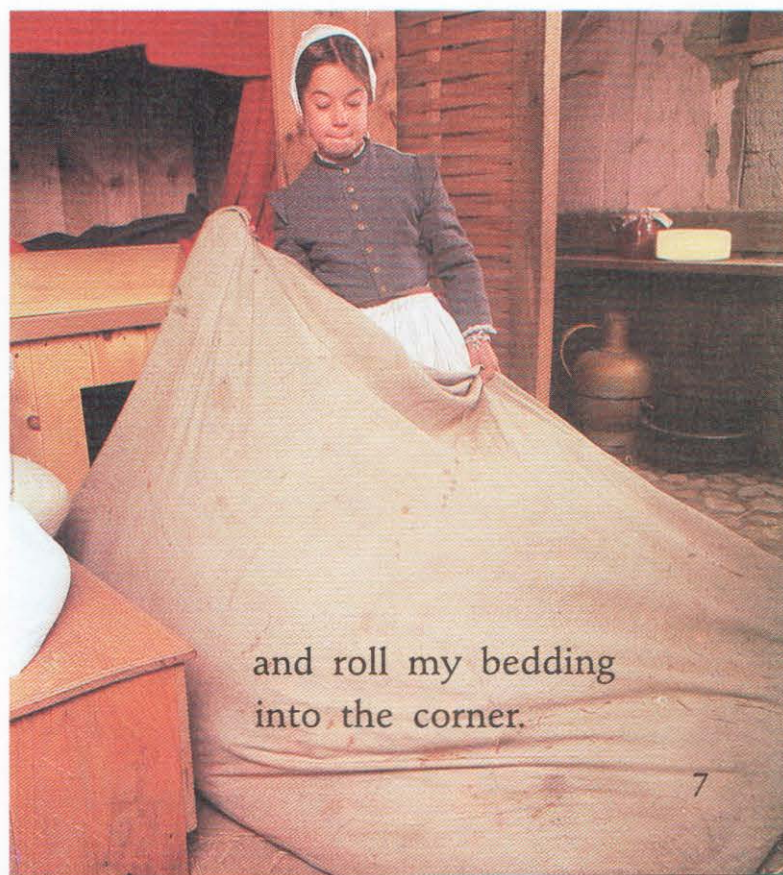
PETTICOAT



WAISTCOAT



SHOES



and roll my bedding
into the corner.



The fire is mine to tend.
I throw brush on the red
coals to make them dance.

Mother and I make the hasty
pudding.

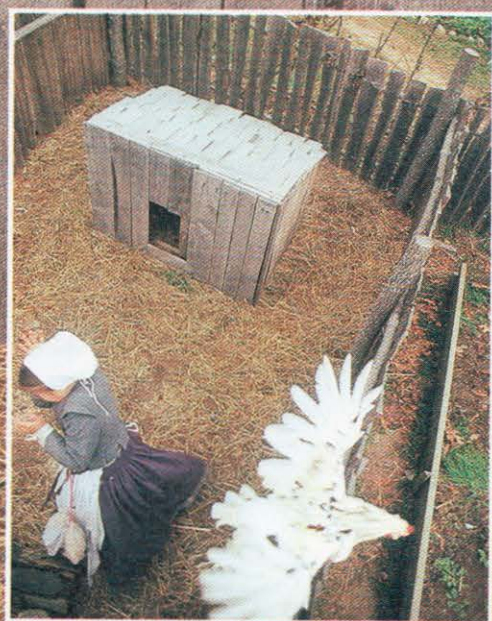
I lay the table with clean
cloths, bowls, and spoons.

I serve Mother and my new
father first. I must stand at my
place to eat. Perchance my new
father will make a stool for
me.



With the table scraps I have collected, I go out to feed the chickens.

Because I have forgotten to latch the pen, I must run our hens a game of chase.





At milking time, I find my best friend, Elizabeth Warren, at the pen. As we milk, we tell each other secrets.

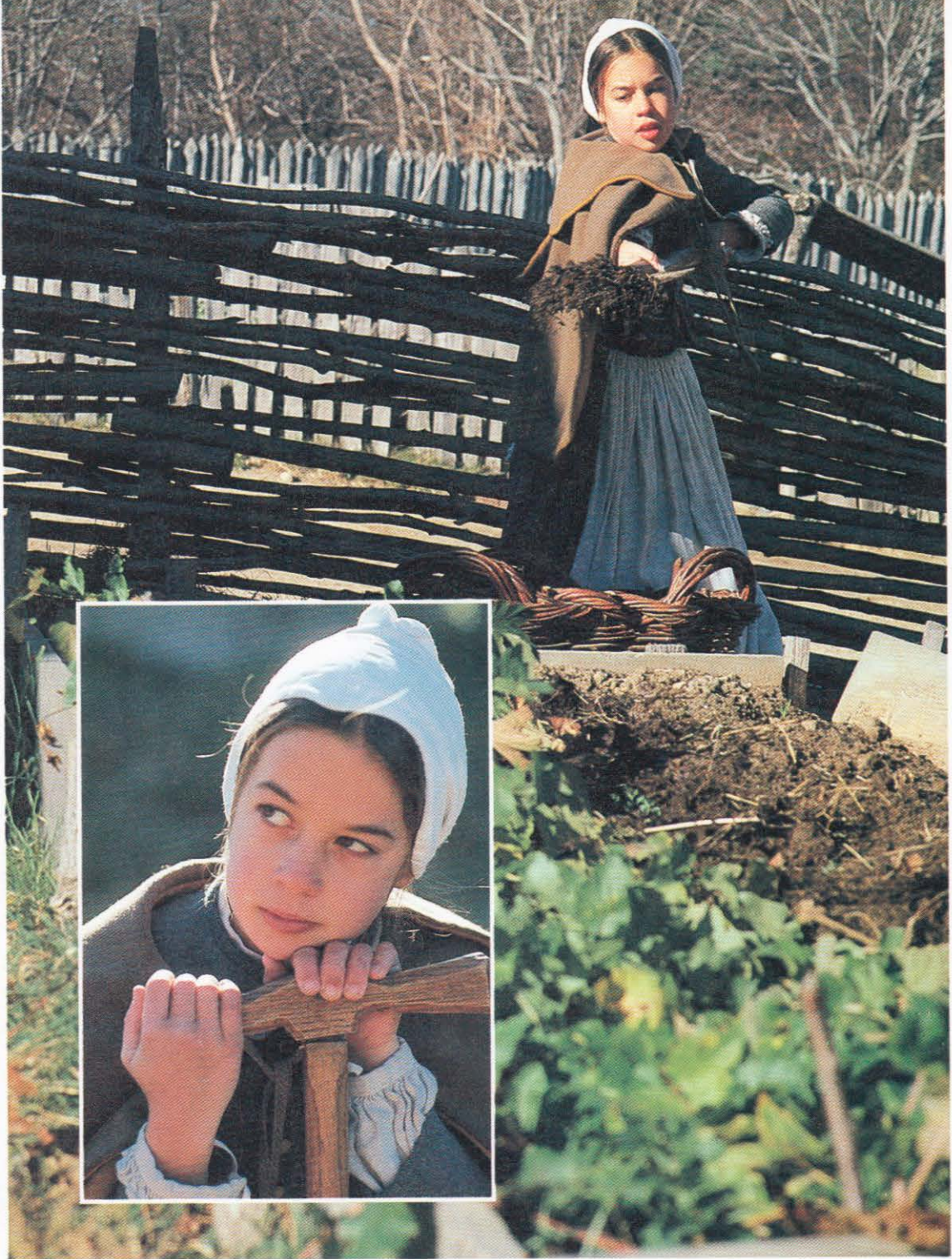
Today I tell her of a dream about my real father. I miss him often, but I do not speak of him to anyone save Elizabeth. I do not wish to seem ungrateful to my new father.



Elizabeth likes to remember the time before she came here to the New World.

She tells me of shops in England full of colored ribbons and of fairs with women dancing.





After milking, I muck the garden to make it rich for planting next spring.

The muck is heavy, and I must often stop to rest. "Hurry along, Sarah," Mother calls from the door.

Oh, marry! I am caught idle again.



I am to pound spices this day.
Our house will have a pleasing scent.
The thump, thump of Mother's churning keeps me
company.

I wish I could tell Mother about my dream, but she is
quiet today. And I have often enough gotten the rod for
speaking out of turn!



Next Mother and I prepare the midday meal.

17th Century Indian Corn Bread

Boil 3 cups of water. Stir in 1 cup coarse cornmeal grits. Simmer until water is absorbed, stirring occasionally. Cool. When mixture is cool enough to handle, turn

onto work surface floured with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine cornmeal flour. Work into 2 round flat cakes. Bake on floured cookie sheet at 400 degrees for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

(Here is the bread that Sarah made. But it probably would not taste very good to us today!)



When my new father comes home for dinner, he seems pleased with the rich pottage and warm Indian cornbread that we have made!





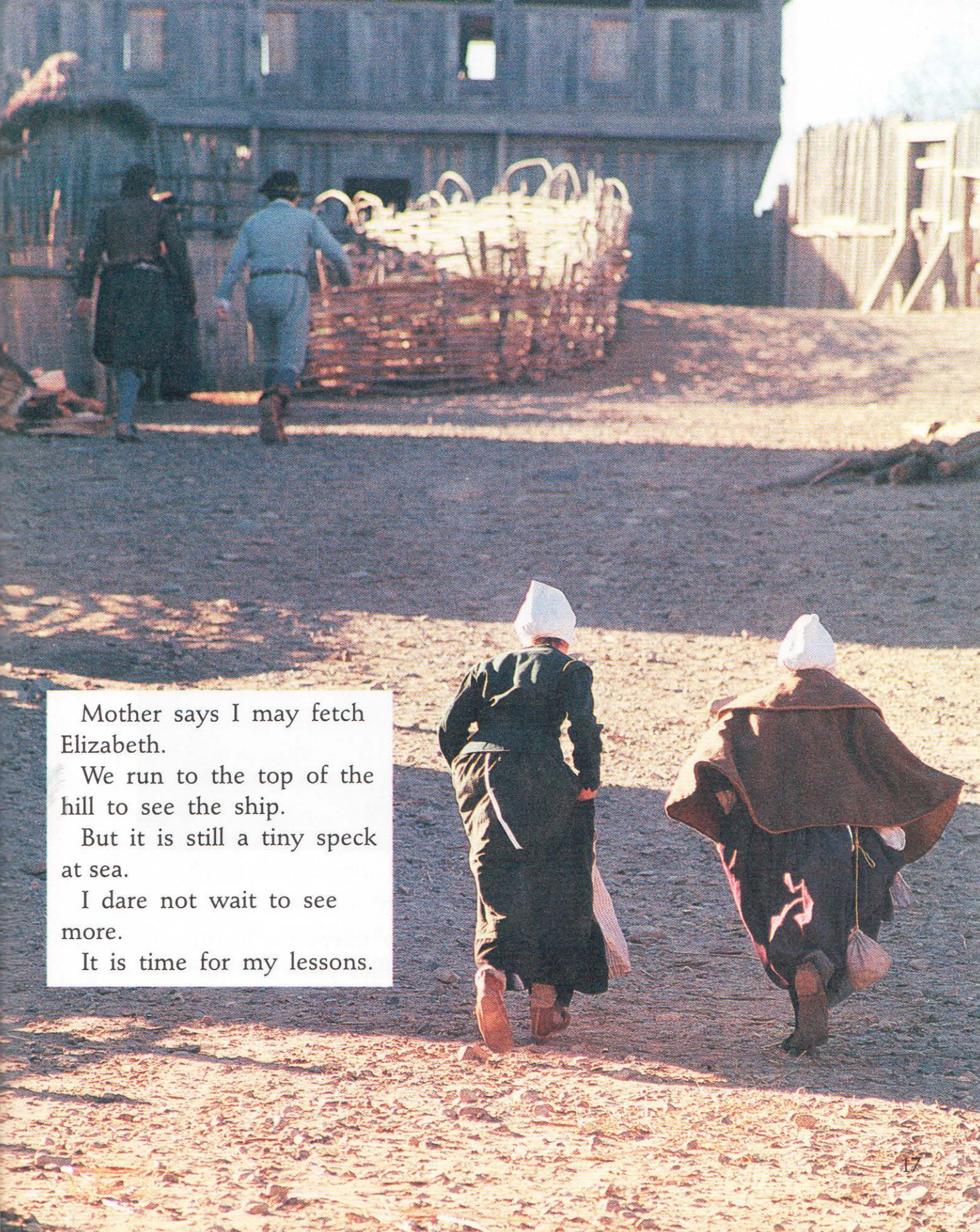
After dinner, it's time for my favorite task. I draw vinegar to polish the brass.

If I am patient and rub the salt and vinegar slowly, the kettle will truly shine.

Of a sudden, I hear a warning shot from the meeting house on the hill.

It means a ship has been sighted!

Perchance we will have some visitors on tomorrow's tide. I pray that they won't be people who wish us harm.



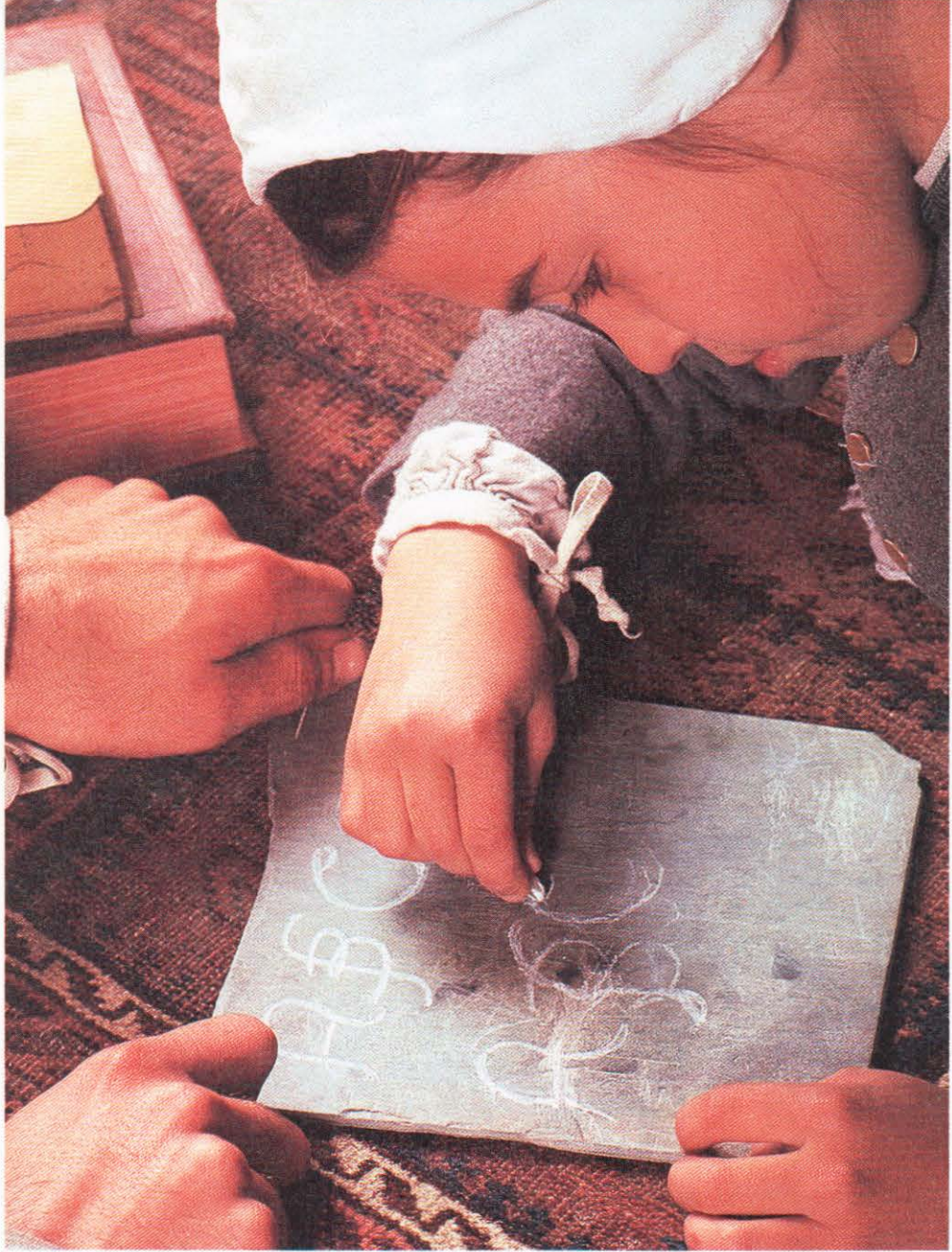
Mother says I may fetch
Elizabeth.

We run to the top of the
hill to see the ship.

But it is still a tiny speck
at sea.

I dare not wait to see
more.

It is time for my lessons.



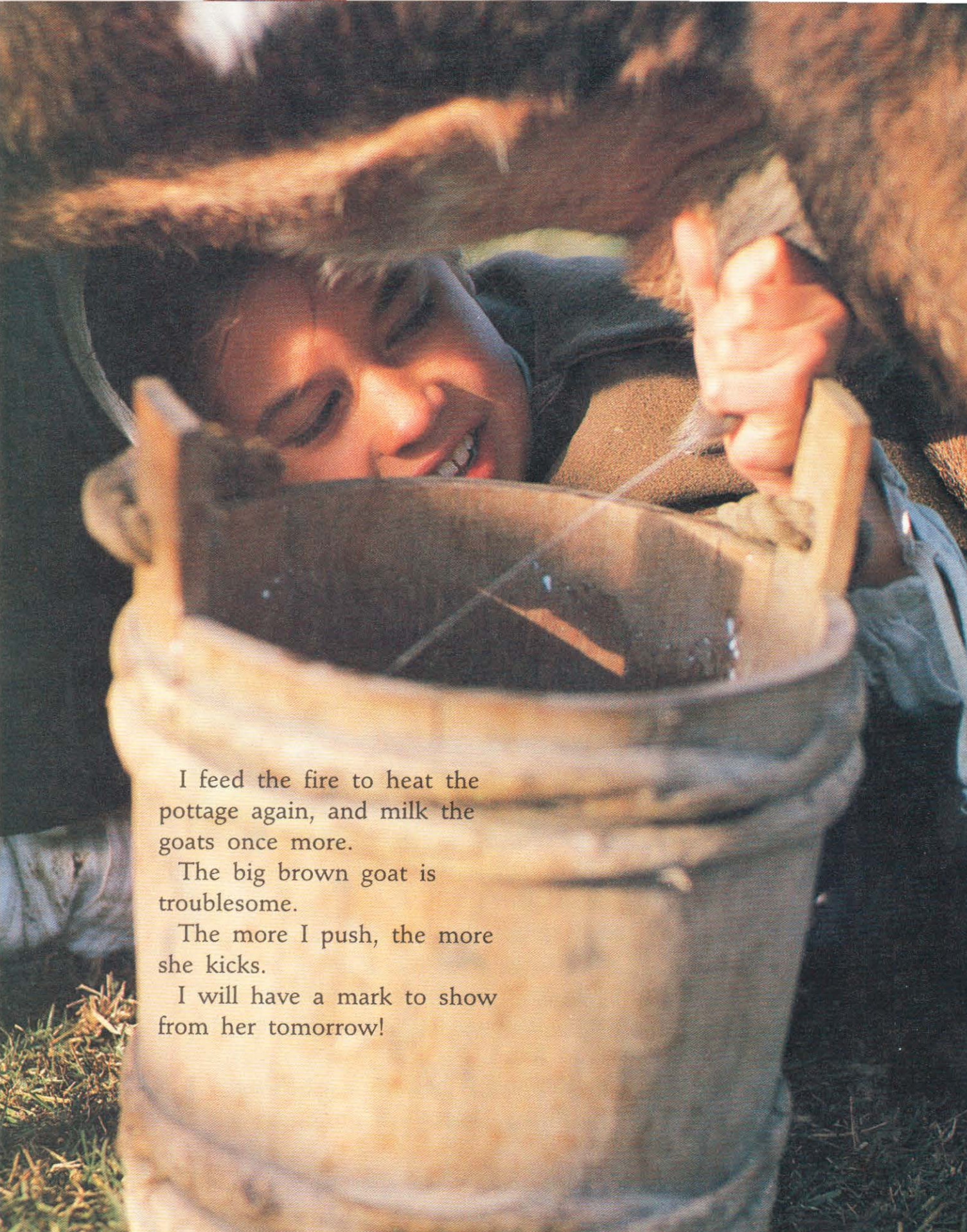
My new father thinks I show a talent for learning!
I am grateful, for in many families girls are not
spared from their chores for lessons.

My fingers are clumsy around the chalk, but it gets
easier.

Some day I may be able to read Mother the letters
she gets from her relations in England!



After the lesson, Elizabeth is waiting for me.
I show her my new father's gift.
He has made me a knicker box!
Elizabeth and I take turns shooting.
We keep score with scratches in the sand.
Today my marbles go through the arches more truly.
Hers bounce back to her.
I am winning, but the sun is beginning to lower
and I must get back to my chores.

A young boy with dark hair and a mustache is smiling as he milks a goat. He is wearing a dark jacket and a light blue shirt. The goat is brown and is kicking its leg. The boy is holding a wooden handle that is part of a bucket. The bucket is filled with milk. The scene is outdoors, with grass and dirt visible.

I feed the fire to heat the
pottage again, and milk the
goats once more.

The big brown goat is
troublesome.

The more I push, the more
she kicks.

I will have a mark to show
from her tomorrow!

As I return from milking, my new father is coming home.

He has news of the ship.

It carries visitors to our village!

There is much talk about where to lodge them and how to portion out the stores.

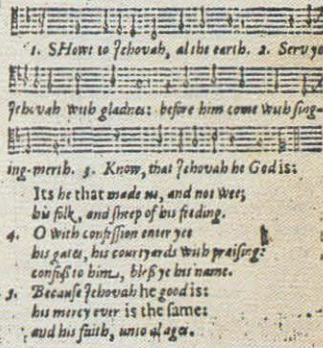




After we have eaten, my new father quizzes me on my verses.

I have been learning this one by heart since last Sabbath.

It has words to turn my tongue into a knot.

| Psalm. 100. | Psalm. 100. |
|---|--|
| <p>1. A psalm for confession: Shout ye triumphantly to Jehovah, all the earth.</p> <p>2. Serve Jehovah with gladness: come before him, with singing-joy.</p> <p>3. Know ye, that Jehovah he is God: he made us, and not we: his people, & sheep of his pasture.</p> <p>4. Enter ye his gates, with confession; his courts with praise: confess ye to him, bless ye his name.</p> <p>5. For Jehovah is good, his mercy is for ever: & his faith, unto generation & generation.</p> |  <p>1. <i>Shout to Jehovah, all the earth. 2. Serve ye Jehovah with gladness: before him come with singing-merit. 3. Know, that Jehovah he God is: Its he that made us, and not we: his folk, and sheep of his feeding. 4. O With confession enter ye his gates, his courts with praising: confess to him, bless ye his name. 5. Because Jehovah he good is: his mercy ever is the same: and his faith, unto all ages.</i></p> |

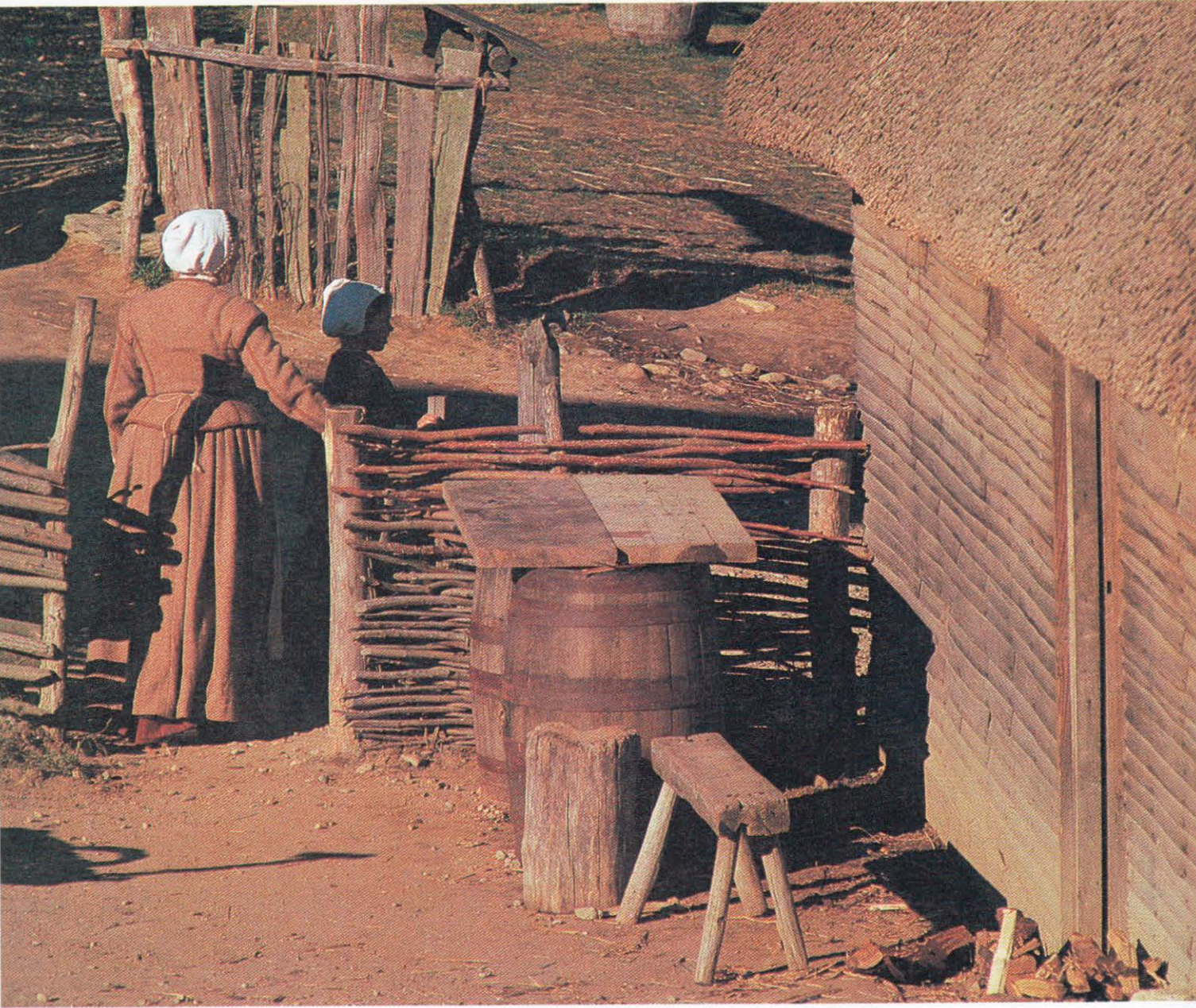
Psalm 100

A psalm for confession:
 Shout ye triumphantly to Jehovah all the earth.
 Serve ye Jehovah with gladness: come before him, with singing joy.
 Know ye, that Jehovah he *is* God: he made us, and not we: his people, and sheep of his pasture.
 Enter ye his gates, with confession; his courts with praise: confess ye to him, bless ye his name.
 For Jehovah *is* good, his mercy *is* forever: and his faith, unto generation and generation.





This evening Father is pleased with my learning.
He hugs me with pride.
Perchance he does like having a daughter!



Mother calls for me.
We set off for the spring to fetch water for tomorrow.
We look out to sea and see the ship.
Perchance Mother will have letters and a bolt of new
cloth tomorrow.



Now there is time for quiet conversing.
Mother speaks first. She asks how I am
liking my new father.

I can truthfully say that I am becoming fond of him.
It has been many months since I have seen Mother
seem so glad!

The air gets chill as we fill our buckets.
It is getting towards sundown.
The village quiets as we turn homeward.



Father and Mother talk in the candlelight.
I bid them good night.

I get my bedding ready and put my overgarments in the chest.





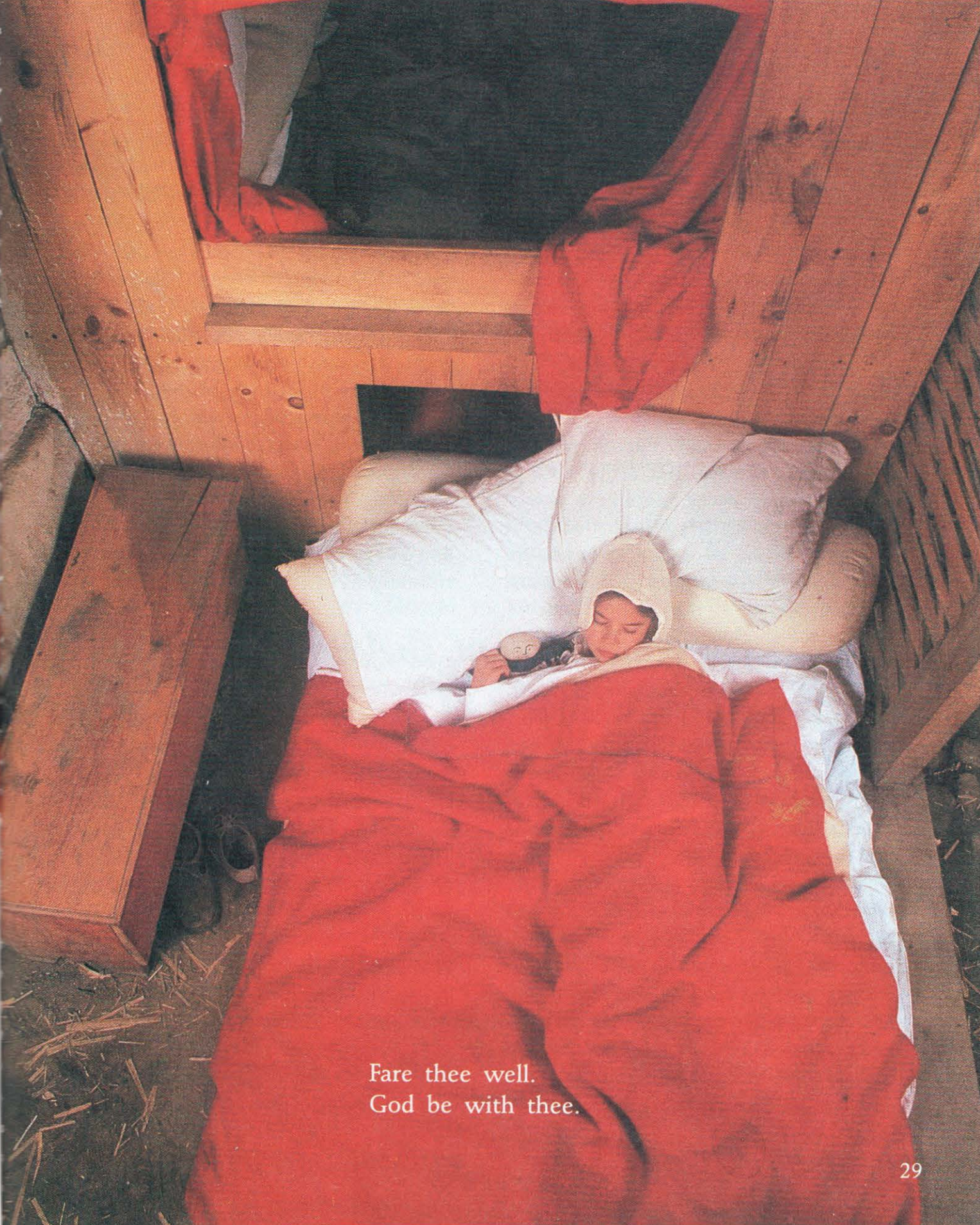
Though I am almost grown, I tell the day's events to
my poppet.

I tell her about the ship in the harbor, winning
knickers from Elizabeth, and my dream.

And best of all, I tell her of my new father's pride in
my learning.

It has been a fine day.

I say my prayers and thank God for his bounty.



Fare thee well.
God be with thee.

About Plimoth Plantation

Plimoth Plantation is the outdoor living museum of seventeenth-century Plymouth, Massachusetts. Visitors may explore exhibits of the *Mayflower II*, a full-scale replica of the type of ship that brought the pilgrims to the New World in 1620; the Wampanoag Indian Settlement; and the 1627 Pilgrim Village. In each of these outdoor exhibits, every effort is made to present an accurate picture of seventeenth-century life.

At the Plantation's Pilgrim Village, the year is always 1627, the date is today's. Almost seven years have passed since the first settlers left the chaos of Europe behind in order to establish their own church and to gain economic

prosperity.

The modern visitor may converse with the interpreters as they go about their daily chores, which vary by season. Each interpreter has taken on the role of a real-life 1627 Plimoth resident in dress, dialect, and religious philosophy.

Within the walls of the palisade, rough-hewn and clapboard houses, each with its own kitchen garden, are set alongside an earthen street gently sloping downhill toward the ocean. Animals graze contentedly, and the smell of baking bread wafts through the air. Time is suspended as Plimoth Plantation keeps our early American heritage vibrantly alive.

Notes About the Book

Who Was Sarah Morton?

Sarah Morton was a real child. She is mentioned in several journals and histories of the period. She was nine years old in 1627.

Sarah's house had a dirt floor and was heated by one fire. The fire was right on the floor. There were tiny windows in the walls with wooden shutters. The windows let out some of the smoke from the fire, but didn't let in very much light. Her house was hot and buzzing with flies in the summer, and dark and cold in the winter. When

the winters were very cold, they brought their goats and chickens inside the house to keep them from freezing.

Early settlers didn't bathe as often as we do. Sarah Morton probably had one bath a month during the warm weather, and fewer during the winter. The settlers washed their inner linens frequently, but woolen outer garments were merely brushed clean.

Although Plimoth Plantation is right on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, people did not swim. They thought that the

cold ocean water was bad for them.

When they were very hungry and food supplies were low, they would eat lobsters and other ocean fish. While they were fond of finfish, they really didn't care for shellfish and usually fed them to their pigs!

In the seventeenth century, people

did not use forks to eat. If you look at the photograph of Sarah's family eating, you will see that Sarah's stepfather is using his knife to cut and eat the bread. Sarah and her family used their hands to eat food like meat and garden greens. They draped huge napkins over their shoulders to wipe their hands on.

Meet Amelia Poole

When the photographs for this book were taken, Amelia Poole was ten years old and in the fifth grade. She became interested in working at Plimoth because a friend of hers is an interpreter there. Her friend is Katherine Wheelock, who interprets the character of Elizabeth Warren.

Before Amelia began to work in the village, she read books about the period. She was given a dossier to study which included the biography of her family, and information on how to sew, play period games, and how to wear her clothes. Then she was taken into the village to begin interpreting. She spent her days with her sponsor, Jackie Duval, practicing the dialect that Sarah Morton spoke, and learning how to do her chores.

Amelia works at Plimoth three days a week during the summer, and on the

weekends during the school year. She spends every day in character, going about her chores in the village. The kitchen garden needs to be planted, weeded, and harvested; animals must be taken care of; brass polished; her house swept; and food prepared.

Twentieth-century visitors wander in and out of the village homes, chat with Amelia, and watch as she goes about her day. Like all the interpreters, she always maintains her seventeenth-century character. Imagine how hard that is when a visitor asks how she liked the TV show last night, or what kind of music she likes!

When asked what her favorite aspects of interpreting are, Amelia mentions the challenge of transporting herself completely into a different time, and the contact she has with visitors from all over the world.

Glossary

| | | | |
|--|----|---|----|
| Bedding —Mattress stuffed with straw | 7 | New World —What America was called by explorers and pilgrims . . | 3 |
| Churning —Making butter by hand | 13 | Of a sudden —All at once | 16 |
| Cockerel —Rooster | 6 | Oh, marry! —Oh, no! or Oh, gosh! | 12 |
| Coif —Tight-fitting cap | 6 | Out of turn —At the wrong time or without permission | 13 |
| Conversing —Talking | 25 | Overgarments —Clothes | 6 |
| Fetch —To get | 17 | Perchance —Maybe | 8 |
| Game of chase —To run to catch something | 9 | Poppet —Doll | 28 |
| Get the rod —To be punished . . . | 13 | Portion out —Divide | 21 |
| Good day —Hello | 3 | Pottage —Thick stew | 15 |
| Goodman —Mister or Mr. | 3 | Sabbath —Sunday or the Lord's Day | 22 |
| Hasty pudding —Oatmeal or cornmeal cereal | 8 | Spring —Well or brook with fresh water | 24 |
| Knickers (ka-NIK-ers) —Marbles .. | 19 | Stores —Supplies of food | 21 |
| Mark —Bruise | 20 | Task —Chore | 16 |
| Midday —Noon | 14 | Tend —Take care of | 8 |
| Muck —Fertilizer made with straw and animal droppings | 12 | Thee —You | 3 |
| | | Truly —Accurately | 19 |
| | | Waistcoat —Vest or jacket | 7 |

