

not just a friend, but also a brother. His tribe, which a few years before had occupied the very land on which our settlement now was rising, had been wiped out by a plague. Had Squanto not been kidnapped and taken to Europe, he too would have died. He was able to make it back to his home, only to discover when he arrived none of the members of his tribe had survived. We became his new family.¹⁶

A Dead End that Would Have Killed Us All

The winter turned to spring, and Squanto became a great encouragement to us; but there was a problem that would plague us during the next two years. I come now to the heart of our story. A number of investors in London had financed our voyage to the New World. In turn,

they required us to work for them five days out of each week; the remaining two days per week we would be allowed to work for ourselves. After seven years, all profits would be divided equally between us and them. During the five days we worked for them, all our resources had to be held in common. In other words, *no private property!* No one owned any land or resources of his own. Whatever our team of workers generated had to be put into a common store, and individuals would take what they needed for their livelihoods from that same pool.¹⁷

As I said, for two years¹⁸ we operated this way. We faced obstacle after obstacle. Those who worked did so begrudgingly, and many would offer excuse after excuse not to work at all. Here are some examples.