tory. As a reporter of fact Voorhees is guilty of too common a habit: he overwrites, and fails in the tedious job of rewriting.

Nevertheless, it is easy to agree with an enraptured Orville Prescott of the *New York Times*. Voorhees should turn to the novel. His narrative style is superb.

DAVID STOLBERG

Schuman's Schisms

The Commonwealth of Man, by Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Knopf. $5.00

Professor Schuman's latest book is written in the angry accents of a man who doesn't know what he wants and won't be happy until he gets it. He is almost obsessed with the idea that America is mad, especially when some blow is struck against Soviet aggression or Communist internal subversion. On page 229 he raises the question whether the American reaction to the Russian challenge was "a possible evidence of mass insanity." He is still more positive on page 275, when he refers to "the mad America of the midcentury." On page 248 he remarks that "the American madness was *sui generis*," and says that "the American mood of the 1950s and the policies in which it found expression were . . . the product of an elemental and widespread irrationality, born of deep psychic insecurities."

Elsewhere he views with alarm "Congressional hearings, witch hunting [can a psuedo-liberal college professor write a book or even an article without using that hackneyed and empty phrase?], political idiocy, public hysteria and utter confusion." And he conforms to the familiar pattern of hysterical anti-hysterics when he accuses "Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz, Whittaker Chambers *et al.*" of "sweepingly accusing all and sundry unpopular figures of having been Communists." Now of the many individuals named with much supporting detail as members of and sources of information for Communist spy rings by Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, exactly two, Alger Hiss and William Remington, filed libel suits. These two suits backfired, to say the least. The great majority of the persons named took the line of refusing to say whether they had ever been in Grand Central Station, "for fear of possible self-incrimination."

Much of the violent language, directed unfortunately against the wrong targets, may well be attributable to a schism in the author's own mind. For Professor Schuman has hitched his wagon to a quite unattainable star.

He is convinced that only world government can save the world from its present plight and he goes so far as to state that this is "within the realm of the humanly possible." Yet he occasionally succumbs to realistic doubts. After describing the sectarian feuds among the advocates of world government he observes:

> When those dedicated to the unity of the world show themselves incapable of overcoming disunity and suspicion among themselves, others may perhaps be forgiven for concluding that the brotherhood of man is a fantasy. . . . It is quite possible that nothing may come of these efforts [toward world government] save high hopes, much verbiage and final failure.

There are two much more fundamental reasons why world government is not a conceivable achievement within any future near enough to be worth reckoning with. First, it is quite unthinkable that the rulers of the one-third of the population of the globe now under Communist rule would ever accept the derogation of sovereignty involved in even limited world government. Second, the sadly misnamed "United Nations" is rent with other fissions besides the permanent schism between the Communist and non-Communist blocs. One need only consider the moral of the close votes on issues involving colonial administration, or the warning of the recent vote for nationalization without compensation, when honesty got just one vote, that of the United States. Nor have any of the ingenious proponents of a world government complete with a world constitution ever got around the insuperable obstacles posed by terrific disparities in education and standards of living and conflicting conceptions of what is right and desirable in politics and economics.

The principal merits of the book are the recording of the various organizations and programs of the world government movement and the acute demolition of the "collective security" fallacy. The late Professor Borchard once described this as "perpetual war for perpetual peace," and Professor Schuman fills out this epigram with a number of convincing arguments.

However, while the author is prepared to concede many barbarous aspects of the Soviet state and also a fundamental incapacity to compromise on the part of the Soviet rulers, he inconsistently berates America for refusal to compromise and beats his breast over the armaments race without ever suggesting a feasible alternative. It never seems to occur to Professor Schuman that reasonableness is a two-way street and that the conciliatory diplomacy of the eighteenth century would be wasted and misapplied in dealing with tyrants who are out for world conquest through a mixture of force and subversion.

Not long ago our ace flier in Korea, Colonel Frank Gabreski, remarked: "The Commies are spreading all over the world and we are there to keep the Commies from dominating the entire world."

This is a clearer statement of the supreme political fact of our age than anything in Professor Schuman's 500 pages of tormented reflection on the state of the world. And because he does understand what is at stake one suspects that the aviator, risking his life to smash enemy targets in Korea, may have enjoyed more peace of mind and soul than the professor can feel in his quiet study.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Brief Mention

The Great Days of Piracy in the West Indies, by George Woodbury. New York: Norton. $3.00

Piracy was a way to make a living, says Mr. Woodbury. Many sailors were out of work after the War of the Spanish Succession, which was fought in this hemisphere too, came to an end in 1713. Some unemployed seamen in the Caribbean area discovered that they could ambush merchant ships loaded with the treasure of the New World. The place was so full of poorly mapped islands from which they could venture out in small boats and to which they could return securely with the loot they had pirated with gusto. Mr. Woodbury quotes from first-hand accounts by the pirates themselves. He enjoys himself so much that he forgets that he started out to write a book proving that pirates were the frontiersmen of the Spanish Main. He becomes beguiled with female pirates, a subject of practically no importance.

STEPHEN BRYNES

The Man on the Assembly Line, by Charles R. Walker and Robert H. Guest. Cambridge: Harvard. $3.25

This is a "scientific inquiry" into the feelings and preferences of the man on the assembly line. It contains diagrams, photographs, summaries and index. A painstaking job which shows that a majority of the workers like to talk on the job, think a lot about money, object to monotony and like their unions. All this is undoubtedly true, but might have been uncovered with less expensive hullabaloo.

HELEN WOODWARD

Second Harvest

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646, edited by William T. Davis. New York: Barnes and Noble. $4.50

Of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1646, by William Bradford. Edited and introduced by Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: Knopf. $6.00

Here are two editions of the "History of Plymouth Plantation" by Governor William Bradford. It is no easy choice to make between them. The Knopf book is handsome, but the Barnes and Noble volume is likely to fetch certain American readers because it is done in the old Pilgrim spelling.

Much of the Plymouth chronicle and gospel is foul, dun weather. As one reads of the marvelous desolations of the Plymouth settlers, half of whom perished the first winter, one can not put out of his mind the word, plantation. The Puritans from Leyden, clad in loathsome clothes, and setting out with little butter, and no soles to mend their shoes, arrived not in Canaan but, as one writer has said, in a "new-found Golgotha." The settlers did not know how to sow English peas and wheat in the new sands, or how to catch eels or to plant maize. They had chosen the mean tidewater flats of Massachusetts as their seat; the soil was unfruitful and pitiless, and the wintry pines and dunes were of a nature to diminish the soul. The Plymouth settlers suffered even greater hardships than the companions of Aeneas who ate their wooden trenchers when they were hungry. Edward Winslow brought over the first three heifers and a bull, but the Cape Cod and Plymouth country is not good dairy country.

Besides hunger and exposure and the Cape Cod winds, the most sorrowful fever of the Pilgrims was loneliness. A few years before the settlers had come, Captain John Smith had gone in a boat around the coast of Boston Bay, and had been amazed at the comeliness of the savages and the plenitude of corn, mulberries, grapes; but in so short a space of time had the entire race of Algonquin Indians died of the 1616-17 pestilence that "their souls and bones" were found in many places "lying still above ground."

The sight of a shallop coming from the old world was a windfall from God to the lonely, stricken figures in the American wilderness. Often enough the captains were sharking traders who gave little for the beaver skins and clapboard of the Plymouth people; while the crews were knaves from the alleys of London. However, the colonists, weak from "short commons," were compelled to go with these rogues to Maine or to windy, sour Cape Cod seeking fish and a few hogsheads of beans and corn. The vessels foundered in the "dangerous shoulds and roring breakers," and on one occasion Bradford and Standish had to return on foot for fifty miles through the wild, biting snows until they arrived at the miserable huts of the settlement. The Plymouth community was just and orderly, but starvation was such an affliction that they furtively ate the green stalks or stole, "though many were well whipt for a few ears of corn, yet hunger made others to venture."

There was trouble, too, with the savage Narragansetts, who sent them new arrows encased in rattlesnake skin—a sign that they were ready for war. Some tribes had mutilated and enslaved mariners and explorers. Captain John Dermer, who went each season to the Maine fishing stations, had been duped and mortally wounded by Indians, and two vessels of French traders had been done away with. Though the Reverend Cotton Mather observed eighty years later the "woods were almost cleared of these pernicious creatures, to make room for a better growth," the savages received sufficient indignities from marauders who came to the American New Canaan for purposes that would be given more credit in a Liverpool alehouse than in a Puritan pew.

Much of the strength of Massachusetts lies in the annals of the Indian natives, with which Bradford's gospel and Captain John Smith's documents are filled. What is still extant in New England are the residual Indian names—for example, Patuxet, which means Plymouth, or the Squanton headlands. Squanto, the tutelary deity of Quincy, was the Indian friend of the Plymouth settlers. He showed them how to plant maize in the miserable Cape Cod soil, teaching them to set fish with the seed in the ground; he also told them of the beaver skins, and when the famished Pilgrims knew not where to look for manna, Squanto gave them fat eels.

These marvelous chronicles are dear memorials to our sick and corrupt modern commonwealth, and American poets are commencing to turn to them for a truer regard for honesty and vision than present-day experience furnishes. Besides Bradford's history, there is the vigorous "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," by the nineteenth-century annalist Charles Francis Adams, who made rich use of the records which William Bradford and John Winthrop have bequeathed to us. We must go to primeval American archives for myths to equal in truth and bravery the old account of Jason's expedition to Colchis for the golden fleece.