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This Quarter's Worth

Walk Right In

Our busy friends at Continental/Air Micronesia have published a booklet on Micronesia-that's the title-and, in more ways than one, it's a stunning piece of work: sixteen glossy pages with full-color illustrations, fold-out map, plus a striking art-nouveau cover. All in all, it's a stunning thing to look at, and we hope you get a chance to see it. And to read it, for the text is also stunning. No doubt the good people of Tinian will be stunned to find that-sunrises and sunsets to the contrary-their home island is three miles west of Saipan. The Saipanese had better watch out too, though,-they're in for company: "The women wear the long skirts and balloon sleeves of the Philippines, while the men cherish their guitars. If you hear strains of music coming from a Chamorro house, you simply walk right in.

A weak beginning, but the writer's performance in other districts is somewhat better. Yap (stone money, betelnut) and Palau (rock islands) are picturesquely described. Palau's waters are described as feeling like "warm velvet" to a swimmer and we certainly would never have thought of describing them in quite that way. The Truk Lagoon, being mostly underwater, places few restraints on the writer's use of adjectives, and Ponape has its reliable Nan Madol ruins and jungle waterfalls. And, fortunately, Robert Louis Stevenson is on record somewhere as having termed Majuro "the pearl of the Pacific" and he was even out here.

Way Out There

This quarter's Micronesian Reporter seems rather traditional and conservative to us, and this strikes us as rather a good thing. In the past, most of the topics we have reckoned with—tourism, political status, economic development, transportation, missionaries, movies—have been quite aggressively contem-

porary. The men who have been heard from, or about, in these pages are young. English-speaking, American-educated. Most of our stories have originated in district centers-semi-modern administrative and political footholds. That, pretty much, is the name of the game for anyone who now writes about the Trust Territory. But there is much about Micronesia that is not young, that is not districtcenter oriented, that is not much concerned about whether Palau gets a new hotel. Ponape a new airstrip, Tinian a new military base. In this issue we find what is senior, traditional, and remote coming to the fore: 81-year-old Judge Joseph Fanachoor gives us an interview. 66-year-old Raphael Uag relates a legend -both through interpreters. Architect Harvey Helfand praises Palau's traditional abai, or men's house. John Perry relates the struggle to found a museum in the Marshalls. And, lastly, yours truly and photographer Johannes Ngiraibuuch make their way-slowly-through the Outer Islands of Yap-islands which superbly epitomize that part of Micronesia which, in terms of time and space, is still way out there ...

A Dissonant Note

In this rather classical symphony, at least one dissonant note is sounded, however: Mr. Gonzalo Santos' notes on poverty. Some readers, doubtless, will be vexed by this piece; if so, we recommend a visit to the home of some of Air Micronesia's gentle guitar-playing Chamorros (list on request, visiting hours 7 p.m.-10 p.m.). Followed, perhaps, by a dip in waters of warm velvet. —P.F.K.

Who's Who

...in this issue of the Reporter

DAVID ALTSCHUL, Ponape District PCV, observed January's session of the Congress of Micronesia as a representative of the Micronesian News Service. With the completion of his Peace Corps service in June, Altschul plans to enter law school.

HARVEY HELFAND, a graduate of the University of California, served for two years as a PCV architect in Palau, where

he designed the Peleliu School kitchen and the Ngarchelong Dispensary—both grant-in-aid projects. Helfand now is employed by the architectural firm of MacKinlay and Winnacker on Guam.

PETER HILL, currently Community Development Advisor in Ponape, first saw the Pacific—from New Guinea to Japan—with the Army in World War II. Most of his time since then has been spent out here—although he did return to the States in the early fifties to earn Bachelor's and Master's degrees at the University of Michigan.

BOB McANDREWS, deputy director of Peace Corps/Yap, takes particular interest in the Outer Islands served by the Yap Islander and he was quick to inform us that the ancient fire-hose which figures so comically in "Captain Willie's World" has been replaced!

FRANK MOLINSKI, PCV, divides his time between Yap's radio station, where he advises, and the Catholic Mission School. where he teaches. Molinski's collaborator in the "Legendary History of Yap." Raphael Uag, began making notes on Yapese legends during the 1930's, when he cooperated with a team of Japanese researchers. Later, Uag served as a school teacher, superintendent of schools, and as principal of Ganalay School in Rull. After an illness in 1957, he transferred to the Yap Museum and resumed his delvings into legends. Writes Molinski: "Uag is very concerned about getting the remainder of the history recorded. Uag's smile turns serious when he talks about how much the children of Yap need to learn about their own culture." JOHN PERRY, our reliable and prolific source of stories from the Marshalls, is a PCV who spends some of his time around Majuro, some on the numerous field trips through the district. Readers who have enjoyed Perry's reports from Ujelang, Rongelap, and Majuro may look forward to another narrative in the near future: from Tarawa, in the Gilbert Islands, where Perry chose to spend a recent working vacation.

GONZALO SANTOS, 28, attended schools on Saipan and Guam and has held a number of technical and clerical positions with the Trust Territory government. Today Santos is involved in the OEO program in the Marianas. Veteran readers of this magazine may remember Santos as the winner of the 1962 territory-wide contest to design a Trust Territory flag.

INTERVIEW:

Joseph Fanachoor

In earlier quarters, the Micronesian Reporter has interviewed aggressively modern contemporary figures—bright, articulate politicians like Lazarus Salii and Hirosi Ismael, a pragmatic administrator like Joe Screen, commercial types like Clay Barnard and Ernest Milne. In this quarter, the Micronesian Reporter travelled to Yap for an interview in a different key with Judge Joseph Fanachoor, one of Micronesia's senior leaders.

Born in 1887 in Gagil Municipality, Fanachoor attended a Catholic Mission School, where he subsequently taught for several years. During the German period, he served as a government interpreter and, with the coming of the Japanese Mandate, Fanachoor, like many Yapese, worked for the Japanese phosphate mining enterprise in Angaur, Palau. Later, he was employed as a policeman in Yap. Almost from the beginning of the American Administration, he has served as a magistrate in his native Gagil, as a member of the Yap Islands Council and, since 1949, as a judge in the Yap District Court. In 1963 his competence in judicial affairs was recognized when he received the Attorney General's Award for that year.

Although he willingly consented to be interviewed, Judge Fanachoor did not prove to be an easy subject, and a careful reader will detect in this transcript the dismay of a sweating editor who saw a prepared list of questions quickly evaporating in a series of short yes-and-no answers. The shrewd and diplomatic judge was measured and cautious in his replies, particularly at the beginning of the session. Yet a man's silences can often tell us as much as his statements; his one-sentence comments can speak volumes. (We found his comments on "change" in Yap, his evaluations of the Japanese administration, and his surprising indifference to the prospects of a military base all rather striking.) Conservative, traditional, secure in his knowledge of Yap's past and unruffled in his view of the future, Judge Joseph Fanachoor speaks a few words to the Micronesian Reporter.

REPORTER: Judge, when you were born, the Spanish were here. As you grew up, the Germans were here, then, later, the Japanese were here, and now the Americans are here. I would like to ask you a little about each of these administrations. When a traveler comes to Yap today all that he sees from the Spanish are the hospital foundations. What do you remember of the Spanish administration in Yap?

FANACHOOR: The Spanish built an administration building down at the place where the hospital is. In the high place at the hospital there was a soldiers building. REPORTER: What did the Yapese people think of the Spanish administration?

FANACHOOR: They treat us—some it's good, some worse.

REPORTER: What kind of businesses did they have here? Were they involved in copra or in farming?

FANACHOOR: Yes ... only copra.

REPORTER: In 1899 the Spanish administration was replaced by the Germans and that lasted until 1914. What was the nature of the German administration in Yap?

FANACHOOR: They built schools in some municipalities, they built the road and the hospital and they helped people in the hospital, you didn't have to pay any money. You just go to the hospital and somebody stays in the hospital and you don't pay any money. When the Germans first came here they had many yaws in these islands, I don't know how many hundreds of cases. And the Germans, since they built the hospital, they took all these people and they gave them medicine for the yaws and, since the German times, there have been no yaws on the island. And they gave us many kinds of medicine and we did not pay anything.

REPORTER: Did you learn German?



FANACHOOR: Yes, I was in the Mission at that time, maybe ten years . . . and I speak German before very well, and I was a teacher in the Mission.

REPORTER: What subjects?

FANACHOOR: Grades one and grade

two and grade three, I think.

REPORTER: Was German the language of instruction?

FANACHOOR: German.

REPORTER: When World War I started, how did the Japanese come to Yap and did the Germans fight them or surrender? Was there any resistance, any trouble? FANACHOOR: Before the Japanese came here, two English fighting-ships came here and shot the tower, the German tower, they just broke the tower.

REPORTER: The cable tower?

FANACHOOR: Yes, the two English fighting-ships shot the tower and it broke and they left Yap. And after that, I don't know how many months after that, the Japanese came and they didn't do anything, they just put up their flag. Put down the German flag and put their flag up and that's all.

REPORTER: And then in 1914 began the Japanese period in Yap and in all of Micronesia, and that lasted, of course, until the 1940's. Many people in the Trust Territory today say good things about the Japanese administration, particularly when they talk to Americans about the Japanese times. They talk about all the roads and the buildings and the business, the ships, the railroads, the good transportation. They seem to have liked the Japanese period very much and sometimes it's hard to decide whether they mean this or they're just saying it. What do you remember of the Japanese period and how do you judge the Japanese administration?

FANACHOOR: Here in this island, when something is wrong, they call you in to the administrator and the Japanese policemen ask you something, if you're lying, they beat you up.

REPORTER: If you were lying they beat you up...

FANACHOOR: Yes, or even if they don't like you, they beat you up.

REPORTER: What kinds of businesses did the Japanese have in Yap?

FANACHOOR: They have a Nanyo Boeki store, a big one, and many many Japanese had retail stores. And they . . . many of them worked in copra.

REPORTER: Was there any mining or farming?

FANACHOOR: Yes, some of the Japanese built farms, small ones.

REPORTER: How did they handle the land problem? Did they take land that belonged to Yapese people?

FANACHOOR: Yes. The Japanese government or some other people asked the Yap people for their land. If you don't want to give your land to the Japanese they call you in to the administrator and beat you. And before World War II, one year before World War II, the Nantaku Company bought some land in Rull from the natives and they called the owner in to the administrator and they asked him "Did the company buy your land" and he said "Yes, they buy my land." "Where is the money?" And he said "I have some and some I buy something with." "We beat you up . . . This is not your money, this is government money.

REPORTER: Government money?

FANACHOOR: Yes . . . They said if we have a war, the Japanese government must take your money. Some of the Rull people at that time died because of beatings in the government. They died because they beat them very hard.

REPORTER: Well many people in Micronesia today say they would like for the Japanese to come back, they would like the Japanese to administer, to control

the Trust Territory. Do you agree?

FANACHOOR: Mixed-up people say that. REPORTER: Mixed-up?

FANACHOOR: Yes, very mixed-up people like that, they say that. I don't think any good reason for the Japanese to come to the Trust Territory...

REPORTER: Well ...

FANACHOOR: They treat Yap people just like animals...

REPORTER: Now we come to the American administration. Tell me, what do you think are some of the good things and some of the bad things about the American administration?

FANACHOOR: I can't say anything about the Americans. I can't say ...

REPORTER: Judge, do you think some of the Americans in the administration of justice have been too lax in the sentences they give for crimes?

FANACHOOR: Yes. The penalties are not fit for the Trust Territory in my opinion. The punishments for the underage are not fit for the Yap Islands because I know the underage do many problems here in Yap.

REPORTER: In other words, the young boys who come here should be treated like adults?

FANACHOOR: Yes, that is my opinion ... REPORTER: Judge, you've seen four foreign administrations in Yap, the Spanish, German, Japanese and American. What do you think comes next?

FANACHOOR: (Laughs) I don't know.

REPORTER: Well, do you think there will be another country? Do you think America will stay? Or do you think there will be a time when the people of these islands control their own government?

FANACHOOR: I cannot say. I can't answer your question.

REPORTER: Let me ask you to look into the future, and tell me what you think Yap will be like ten years from now.

FANACHOOR: Ten years from now, I think—same way. Same picture as now. REPORTER: Do you think there will be any changes at all?

FANACHOOR: No. I think only exception, maybe buildings, government buildings will be changed, but nothing for us to change.

REPORTER: Nothing at all?

FANACHOOR: No.

REPORTER: Well, many people talk about tourists coming and some people talk about the military coming, maybe a military base...

FANACHOOR: Yes, I know . . .

REPORTER: Do you think tourists will come to Yap and, if they come, do you think the Yapese people will want the tourists to be here?

FANACHOOR: Excuse me, I can't answer your question. Because "tourists," I don't know what kind is tourist.

REPORTER: Well, a tourist

FANACHOOR: I don't know what business they are . . .

REPORTER: Some of us wonder about that ourselves. A tourist is a visitor, from Japan or America, who comes to visit another place, like Yap. He stays in a hotel, he spends money in restaurants, he tours, he goes around the island and looks at things, and takes pictures, and goes swimming, fishing, and so forth. This I think is what we mean when we say tourist. Do you think tourists would be welcome in Yap?

FANACHOOR: Excuse me, I can't answer your question. I don't know.

REPORTER: Do you think Yap needs an American administration?

FANACHOOR: Yes, oh yes.

REPORTER: Why?

FANACHOOR: Why do you ask me that question? Do you think if the American government left Yap, do you think there's going to be a good condition for this island or what?

REPORTER: I don't know. I wonder what you think. Say that in 1972 people in Micronesia vote for independence and decide they want to govern their own country and they want the Americans to leave, do you think that Yap will be able to get along without Americans here?

FANACHOOR: I don't think so. I think when the American government left Yap I think very worse for Yap. Bad.

REPORTER: What do you think would be worse?

FANACHOOR: We'll do many troubles.
REPORTER: What kinds of troubles do you think?

FANACHOOR: Many agreements for land and everything and fights. You see, now the American government is just like our father ... If one of the Yap people is Distad for Yap (laughs) I think when he says something everyone is going to say "Huh! I don't care..."

REPORTER: You are afraid that if the American administration left, Yap would go back to the old days when there were lots of fights?

FANACHOOR: That's right, that's right. REPORTER: Wars and things like that? FANACHOOR: Yes, you're right. REPORTER: Many people who travel through the Trust Territory come to Yap and they say Yap, more than any other district, Yap has changed the least, that in Yap, the old way of life, the old traditions, are stronger than in any other district. Do you think that this is so?

FANACHOOR: I think so.

REPORTER: Why? Why should Yap not change when all the other districts do change?

FANACHOOR: Because you know, the Yap people they have their own food enough and they have their own money for their celebrations.

REPORTER: So they don't need to change.

FANACHOOR: Very hard to change. If sometime they threw away their customs and their money, then I think very easy to change. Because all the other districts you know they use only American money, that's all. Not like Yap. Yap they use American money and they use their own money.

REPORTER: You're referring to the stone money and the shell money?

FANACHOOR: Yes, that's right.

REPORTER: Do they still have value today?

FANACHOOR: Oh yes, that sright. Some of our celebrations, we must use only our money, we cannot use American money.

REPORTER: You've been involved for many years with the administration of justice. Before there were any foreigners on Yap, how did the administration of justice work? Were there courts and judges? If a crime was committed, who decided whether someone was guilty? Who did the punishment?

FANACHOOR: In which times, German times or Japanese?

FANACHOOR: Well, only the distad. **REPORTER:** The German Distad?

FANACHOOR: Yes . . . They took the offender to the distad for questioning and he gave the sentence.

REPORTER: There was no jury, no attorney?

FANACHOOR: No.

REPORTER: What is the traditional Yapese way of administering justice?

FANACHOOR: In Yap, when you commit a crime, most time the plaintiff and defendant tell the high chief, and they call many people together and the defender and plaintiff, they talk in front of the people and the old people and the high chief decide who is guilty.

REPORTER: Some time ago I asked you how Yap would change in the next ten years and you said the only change you could think of would be more housing, more government housing, more government buildings... Let me ask you to look even further ahead, look twenty years ahead. Do you see any changes at all in Yap?

FANACHOOR: Maybe it will change a little bit. Maybe one percent. One percent.

REPORTER: And 99 percent will still be the same?

FANACHOOR: That's right.

REPORTER: The people will still be living in thatch houses?

FANACHOOR: Yes.

REPORTER: And the men will still be in men's houses?

FANACHOOR: About the men's houses, I don't know. Because in the old way, mostly everybody sleeping in the men's houses. Not now. Not so many live there. If they have a men's house, very few people live there. The war destroyed and the storms broke many men's houses and very few have been rebuilt.

REPORTER: You mentioned the war and that brings to mind another question. There is talk about the possibility of a military base being located in the Trust Territory, maybe in Saipan, maybe in Palau, but perhaps also in Yap. What would you think if you heard that the United States Air Force wanted to put up a big airport and that maybe they would have B-52 planes flying to Southeast Asia, to Viet Nam, and there would be perhaps ten or fifteen thousand Americans living at the base in order to work on the planes and keep them flying? What would you think if you heard that kind of news? In Yap?

FANACHOOR: I think I don't have anything to say.

REPORTER: How would you feel? **FANACHOOR:** It's my feeling it's alright with me.

REPORTER: Would you be unhappy about all the land that would be taken to do that?

FANACHOOR: Yes.

REPORTER: If they asked you if you wanted such a base here would you say yes or no?

FANACHOOR: I would say yes.

REPORTER: Well then you would have more than one percent of change in Yap if something like that happens, you would have 50 or 75 or 90 percent of change. Don't you think?

FANACHOOR: No. I don't think so.
REPORTER: You think a military base would make no change in Yap?

FANACHOOR: Yes. There would be change only for the area of the military buildings. Not for everywhere.

REPORTER: If you brought 15,000 Americans the villages wouldn't change, the beaches, the reef?

FANACHOOR: It would change the buildings for the military. Not for us. Not for the population.

REPORTER: The people will stay the same and the villages?

FANACHOOR: That's right. That's right. REPORTER: Every two or three years the United Nations Visiting Mission comes through the Trust Territory, visits all of the districts, many of the islands and they try to find what are the needs of the people, what the people want, what do the people think. If you were asked by a UN Visiting Mission what the people of Yap want for the future what would you answer?

FANACHOOR: I think Yap people cannot answer that question you asked me. And myself too, I don't know, I cannot answer. Because you know I cannot answer because I don't think I have ideas for next year. I don't know what's in the future. That's why the Yap people cannot answer that question . . They asked us before, a couple of years ago, and nobody answered.

REPORTER: Is that because the people are happy or unhappy?

FANACHOOR: We don't know. We're happy or we're unhappy, we don't know. REPORTER: Are you happy?

FANACHOOR: No. I don't know. I cannot say that. You see, I don't know whether tomorrow I'm going to get sick or I'm going to get well tomorrow. That's why I cannot answer for a long time, next year or in the future, I cannot answer that. You see, if I say, yes, I'd like there to be a change tomorrow. And maybe tomorrow I'm going to be sick or something like that and I change my mind and I put my question in the paper you know so maybe tomorrow they're going to say You said that before and here is your question which you put down and now you change your mind and it's very funny.

REPORTER: So it's hard to tell about the future?

FANACHOOR: Yes, very hard to tell.

New men take old men's places. New men harrying on; old men quietly passing on. This is the chronicle of a people: the going on, the continuing, the perpertuating of that something that makes them, that ties them together, makes them stick. that something called culture.

Culture is what people are about It's about the things that give a people what it takes to live on a mound of sea hone in a place sunner, yet more iso lated, than most, it's about the rocks scattered around them from which they made fish-hooks to feed themselves, and stories about what fed on the books. It's about the handliwork of a woman whether fingering a leaf into a mat or bearing a child in the night. It's the things told and not rold; the medicine that heals; the spirit that kills.

This is what the Marshall Islands museum project is about people and how they do their thing. And here the

people are Marshallese

A museum is more than a walling up of artifacts, archives and literature, it is more than a snapshot framing a square section of time. It's photography through a three-dimensional piece of wood and twisted bit of rope that in a time brought a man home from the sea, a piece of magnetic recording tape repeating for ever an old man's story of the constellations long after he has passed beyond the horizon, a library of books and papers where a boy reads and says. This is more, and it's beautiful something to be proud of, and remen-

This is the color and spirit of the embryonic Marshallese museum project now fighting an aphill battle for its very life.

Outer rumblings for a museum have been generated for years in the Marshalls, but only in the last two has anything substantial developed. Ironically, it was our of death that, words were bent into actions. Symulated by the tragge drowning in 1967 of a Marshall's Peace Corps staffer. George Peurschner, who had expressed an interest in such a profect, and aided by an initial contribution of several hundred dollars from his parents, the project took root. Mrs. Lana Boldt. Majaro Peace Corps' Volunteer, and Misseum committee chairman, recalls this initial period. If had expressed an interest in such a project and was told in Peace Corps training



that a fund (Peurschner Memorial Fund) was already established. When I got to Majoro I walked into the Peace Corps office and found a deak drawer piled with assorted papers, checks and change totaling around three hundred dollars. At the end of 1968, treasury funds stood at less than 1500 dollars. The museum, to be called the Marshall Islands Cultural Museum and Library, has a projected tab of around fifty thousand dollars.

The need for a museum has evoked responses from many concerned Marshallese and Americans. "It is about time for the Marshallese to do something," contends Carmen Milne, a young Majuro school teacher, "and it is now that we should try and keep from losing what we have left of the ancient knowledge of making arts and crafts, and to preserve the artifacts and cultural traits we still have."

"The Marshallese culture has had contact with so many many other cultural traits, artifacts and knowledge of making things has been lost".

The culture is dying, says Miss Miline, and the time to save it is now.

Amata Kabua, Marshallese political and traditional leader, however, while in support of the project, disavows the culture is dying. "All cultures are passing... even the Americans, Marshallese custom is an ever changing, ever dying thing, yet like all cultures is being re-born every day of the year".

The museum, Kabus ackis, would not only illuminate both the "slight and neute cultural difference", as he described them, between the Marshallese people, but would, with the establishment of museums to other districts, perhaps, be a cultural reservoir someday channeled into a terrisorial wide museum highlighting the cultural variations of all Micronesians. For Kabus this would be a valuable step in the study of comparative Micronesian cultures.

"It would be good to have a museum", he confided, "where one man can stand and judge for himself the Marshallese culture". Perhaps, Kabua has verbalized the roal museum and its value: one man alone judging for himself.

And former Marshalls District Administrator Dwight Heine, now special assistant to the high commissioner offers this wry comment on the proposed museum: "We have borrowed many things from the West, and it would be a pity if all use hid were borrowed or museum." "You don't have to be able to read to learn history," continues Heine. "The literate and the illiterate both can appreciate the past—and the present."

"The need for the museum is now", cautions Mrs. Boldt, "because the culture of the Marshallese is rapidly being erased by modernization and Americanization, and unless something is done the Marshallese a generation from now will be without a cultural identity... pseudo Americans... hollow men without cultural pride".

"The Marshallese can save their culture, and this is the whole idea of the museum. It is for the Marshallese

uture, for their children

any citizens are also concerned about the cultural deprivation of the Marshallese young. Miss Milne: "It is sad that the young people of the Marshallese society have but little knowledge of their own culture. This is leading the young people to believe their culture is inferior to others. A museum is needed to enable the youth to see and appreciate their own culture."

Perhaps responding to Miss Milne, last year eighty-four students of Assumption Catholic School in Majuro drafted a museum petition: "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: We, the students of Assumption School, would like to say that we want a museum for the Marshall Islands to keep our heritage for us and for our children. To prove our sincerity we will work some Saturdays to have our museum get done quickly. Please help save our culture".

Writing on the need for a museum, a young American student adds: "It would be good for Marshallese people to learn about their own islands instead of America. In school our geography book doesn't say anything about the Marshall Islands. It is important to learn about one's own country and others too."

A recent classroom exercise solicit-

ing comments on the museum project produced the following letter from one Majuro seventh grader:

"Museum

I would like to have a museum here on Majuro. The reason why I like one is because, in our future we are not going to know our story of the early time... If our grandfather die or grandmother who know the story of these Islands and our customs our children and the others are not going to know our customs and our story.

The other reason is if we have a museum here on Majuro it will be good because we are going to have many tourists come here and see the museum and enjoy themself and when they go back they are going to tell their friends, and soon they will come, and our museum will be one of the FAMOUS AND WONDER-FILL MUSEUM IN THE WORLD.

Dennis
7th Grade

s with most projects, money has been the perennial plague. Where to get it? Who will give it? When and how much? The museum committee, composed predominantly of Marshallese, lobbied for passage of a \$25,000 museum bill during the last session of the Marshalls District Legislature, but due to lack of funds the bill was tabled in committee. One legislative worker, while supporting the museum idea, noted however, that there should be a priority for legislature funds with local electrification and plumbing taking first money. The priority of the museum is unknown.

The committee met another dead end in seeking UNESCO funds. In requesting aid from a visiting U.S. Congressman in obtaining such funds, the committee was advised that since UNESCO is a part of the United Nations such funds were not allowed in the Trust Territory. The committee has assumed they were again locked out. Currently foundations such as the Ford Foundation and the Foundation for Peoples of the South Pacific are being investigated.

Even with the initial fund raising campaign in progress and an interest shown by the Marshallese and by the American communities on Majuro and Kwajalein, along with Marshallese and American business enterprises, the green back dollars are slow in coming and the young treasury remains uptight.

The major building plan is a Peace Corps' architect design, based on suggestions by the American Association of Museums. In addition to the projected building which according to the museum committee would be typhoon and insect proof as well as aesthetically pleasing, a botanical garden, though contingent on funds, is being considered. Land for the project has already been set aside in Hawaii Architects and Engineers master plan for Majuro.

Today, because of lack of a museum, the cultural harvest of the Marshallese people is being scattered in exile throughout the islands. "I have seen old canoes, parts of old sailing ships wrecked, letters from heads of governments, pictures of Marshallese families on visits to Germany and Japan, and gifts from kings to kings", notes Rodney Patterson of the Marshalls Education Department.

Many artifacts have vanished from the islands with visitors and others simply because there has been no place to store them. The museum committee is aware of this and hopes that many artifacts will find their way back to the Marshalls

once a building goes up

Presently a principal arm of field manpower for the museum is local Peace Corps Volunteers collecting artifacts and archives on the various islands. Mrs. Boldt's assessment: "Some Volunteers are just not interested; others, however, are doing a good job. Volunteers by having a close relationship with the people are in an excellent situation to obtain information more so, perhaps than an anthropologist could have".

However, before Volunteers were asked to assist in field work, the museum committee queried several stateside anthropologists about utilization of nontechnically trained researchers.

"... Volunteers who want to record legends or poetic materials", commented one mainland anthropologist, "must all be coached in such a manner that they never condone a bit of censoring ... Here is a principal cause of distortion that always destroys the worth of anything we do: allowing European notions and values to warp or shape a native art".

"Don't ever allow your Volunteers to ask for this or that legend," the anthropologist continued. "Get them to be wholly passive and accepting, and to omit nothing that might offend missionaries, storekeeps, and government braybodies. What we need is wholly unguided materials out of the uncensored past, translated preferably by older, not younger bilinguals, the older the better. The finest kind of work can be done with no more than cheap ballpoint pens and lined notebooks . . . What we need is brains and pens".

rains and pens: these are tools of the interested few who are today rooting out legends and stories from old Marshallese men from southern to northern atolls. On Namorik, in the South Marshalls, one Volunteer is recording stories from an old man who is allegedly 106 years old. The treasures in the mind of such an old man who was half a century old when Japan entered the Marshalls may be endless.

On the atoll of Utirik in the North Marshalls, an old man named Mexico has taken a liking to hearing his voice on tape and is revealing many legends. Another old man on the same island has been singing old songs for the Volunteer researcher. However, the Volunteer was told that if he played the songs for other people the "power" of the songs would dissipate. The museum committee is aware of this as the chairman explains: "Some of the Marshallese chants, medicines and beliefs are closely guarded professional or family secrets. If the

information they give us in trust is made available to the general public the rituals will loose their power. However, the social change is such in the Marshalls that the older people are unable to pass these secrets on to the 'educated' younger generation . . . thus they will perish with the elders. Realizing this, the older Marshallese are giving such information and the stipulation upon receipt is that it should not be made available to the Marshallese public until after the informants and anyone who has 'inherited' this knowledge are dead. However, this information would be open to visiting scientists".

Anticipation of artifacts runs high. One of the most hoped for prizes is one of the famous Ujelang sailing canoes. No doubt, one of these sleek boats that once swept forth from Eniwetok, and still today ply the Ujelang waters under green billowing sails, would be a seamen's museum in itself.

The beauty and design of these swift boats has long caught the eye and imagination of Westerners. Nearly a hundred years ago a German naturalist spread the word in his native land about such canoes. His translated comments, with a few exceptions, still apply to the canoes of the Ujelang design: "The canoe which is built from the wood of the breadfruit tree, is pointed at the front and rear, and narrow along the keel. The largest canoe is about 50 feet long and not more than four feet wide, and is connected by a strong frame with the outrigger which floats at the site of the canoe at a distance of about ten to fifteen feet, thus preventing the boat from capsizing. Had the canoe makers not known to shape the side of the hull facing the outrigger in a convex curve and the other side almost straight, the boat as a result would float in great curves. The mast rests at the midpoint of the hull on a flexible wooden socket; to the mast is fastened a triangular mat sail. The lower point of the sail is attached to the bow end of the hull, and to change directions the point is simply carried to the stern end.'

"These canoes", adds this naturalist from the time of Bismarck, "reach the speed of our best whaling boats and they do not take very much water in a heavy sea, but since the side parts are only lashed together and the seams are not caulked, the hull takes enough water to keep one man busy continously bailing

out the boat. In the center of the canoe is a platform which overhangs on both sides and provides room for ten to fifteen persons".

The mat sails have vanished, but the indispensable bailman who on the long sail reaped rewards of land and property, still performs the ancient task of pumping against the sea.

ut the sticks and stones of a museum would be useless without the feeling and the color of the men that made and used them. For example, not only will the museum preserve the famous Marshallese wood-webbed stick chart; it will also give it life through local literature produced by those whose fathers sailed under such navigational devices. Take for instance the moving introduction to a detailed description of Marshallese navigation by Rayond de Brum: "These are some of the things my father taught me about sailing. He learned the secrets of Micronesian navigation from some of the best Marshallese skippers. He was not only a good seaman, but he was a boatbuilder, and whenever he finished a boat he asked me to take it out and test it. This is why I have sailed so many boats and why I love the water. I stay on land only so long . . . then I always go back to the sea. I will tell the most important secrets of Marshallese navigation as I have learned them from my father. These are the secrets that have been closely guarded for many years . . . " A museum is made of secrets.

The young Marshall Islands museum project, perhaps, is comparable to a large waterfilled bottle that sets in the house of a Bikinian on Kili. The bottle is filled with lagoon water from Bikini Atoll where the protective spirits of the Bikinians live. Perhaps too, the making of the Marshall Islands museum is a preservation forever, for all to share, the protective spirits of all the Marshallese people.

How long have they lived like this?
For as long as men remember.
How long will it last?
Maybe forever.

OHER OUTERS

by P. F. Kluge

For same reason my clearest thought about the Trust Territory occur to ma when I am away from it, in Guam where nobody knows are and where while waiting for a plane to another district—I never know what to do with myself, in Guam, scanning the jukeboa at the old American Cafe, or rudely staring at the girl working the Town Houses' popour machine, or pondering the Jackie Gleavon show on KUAM, in Guam, I ture sullen and rhoughtful. I multi and reflect and define, and I call these thoughts my Guam Thoughts. They occupy a special corner of my mind; that corner which both sports and misses Guam's things, that part of me which worries at the Nam bound B-52's overhead, which grows sad and apprehensive at the legions of so-young soldiers through the trible please of history to the island "Where America's Day Begins." And ends. But there is also, in that corner, something which lests after pizza, even mexhoere pizza, which craves maguzines, ravishes a U Drive and really rather likes Jackie Gleason's homor.

And which on every morning in Micronesia, every morning, has missed that fresh daily newspaper at breakfast.

In Guam I revisit America, Jackie Gleason and the B-52's. What faitter symbols than the jovial, how-sweepiris topaide and the shrieking, camouflage-painted underside of today's America? In Guam I think—think hopefully, hopelessly—of Micronesia, which, so far anyway, him neither Gleason or B-52's. In Guam, where America's day beguns and ends, one struggles to define what there is about Micronesia. . and about Guam, that I should lear the shadow it easts over Micronesia.

People are stubborn. Consider the fact that in December, 1968, Year of Our Lord, when beer and jukeboxes and Usdrives and all of life's good things were flowing into the Trust Territory's district centers, when the handieraft trade was srepping lively and hotel corporations were springing up like mushrooms and rumored military bases were being located from Saipan to Peleliu, in the midst of all this, two thousand-odd



Ulithi-always the first stop on long field trips out of the Yap District, is a mere overnight voyage from Colonia and for this and some other reasons, is not fully typical of the outer islands. This island has a history: 700 ships moored in its sheltering lagoon in October 1944, as many as 30,000 rest-andrecreation types swarmed ashore on the reef-island of Mogmog, 1,100 yards long by 500 wide. Even today, the Mogmog islanders contend that there are unopened crates of Scotch whiskey buried by the military at one end of the island, although the precise location is unknown. Falalop, largest of the more than 30 islands in the lagoon, was the site of a postwar Coast Guard Loran (long-range navigation) Station, since relocated on Yap. Today, at the entrance of the Old Loran station, a sign welcomes visitors to the Outer Islands High School "born in 1963" and "best in the Western Pacific."

Three hundred students from the Outer Islands attend the high school, and fifty of them are female. These of course, one notices first and not only because of the prevailing toplessness. (And I would like to dispose of this matter once and for all with the comment that, after spending three weeks among the much-kidded, much-commented upon topless islands, I will never again underestimate the importance of the human face.)

The Outer Island High School is a striking combination of two worlds: one sees groups of girls loitering under palm trees, thu-clad youths moving from classroom to classroom, one finds books like Plutarch's Lives, David Copperfield, The Winning of Barbara Worth. And, eavesdropping outside a classroom, one heard dialogues like this:

"The big quail was chasing the little fish. What are the opposite words?" "Big and little."

"And what do we call opposite words?"

No answer.

"We call them antonyms."

Impressive, touching, and unique. What other public high school draws its students from 500 miles away, or feeds its students largely on taro, dried fish,

and coconuts shipped in from their home islands? What other high school, for that matter, is located on an island one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide? Or sends its brightest students on to college with funds from the wages paid the 10th, 11th, 12th grade males who stevedore visiting field trip vessels. And yet, some questions do arise, when one sits in a classroom and observes the same brawny youths who unloaded the *Palau Islander* in nothing flat puzzling out the negative and positive clauses in an English sentence:

"Victor is from Lamotrek, isn't he?"
"He isn't from Ifalik, is he?"

Where do the high school's students go from here? Back to the miniscule outer islands from which they come or on to college and thus probably never to return? The high school is a colorful juxtaposition of American education and Micronesian surroundings, but one still speculates whether the two are compatible.

Back on shore, the male students, relieved from classes on ship days, had almost completed unloading the Palau Islander. The sunlight, mellowing down over the lagoon, cast its last rays on deck while the final boats shuttled to shore. The student-stevedores, their bodies powdered by dust from scores of off-loaded concrete sacks, lounged on railings and Wayne Richards, principal of the OIHS, chatted about the curious institution he supervises. He indicated a growing interest in encouraging vocational education rather than in continuing some Micronesia version of Harrison High. He knows there is a problem about his students' destinies and he knows that others are aware of the problem also. According to Richards, the Outer Islanders themselves are concerned with the school's impact on traditional patterns. Witness their reluctance to send girls off to Ulithi: "They intimate, although they don't tell us directly, that if the girls leave, the boys will go and they won't return home, and if they don't, there will be no one to fish and make copra."

It remains to be seen whether the OIHS, having succeeded as an experiment, can sustain itself as an institution.

contributing to the life of the Outer Islands rather than acting as a halfway house for the ambitious and intelligent and outward-bound. Even on Ulithi the prospect of Guam and its good things could not be escaped. One teacher told me: "With the Coast Guard having been here and the high school, they've had a taste of American life and the young men want to get out."

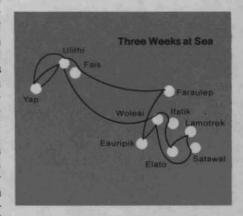
"Out where?" he asked.

"Guam is the first place. And a lot of them want to join the military."

Meanwhile, at Ulithi's unique high school, the process of education continues and youths in red lava-lavas with physiques that could challenge Cassius Clay's, and women—not girls—one step away from the world of endless cooking and pregnancy, ponder the likes of Rumplestiltskin at the pace of a page a day.

"Who are the people we've met so far . . . The miller and the king. Where do they live? Across the sea. The miller was so proud of his daughter . . ."

Above the classroom blackboard a poster declares "Remember, Speak English!"

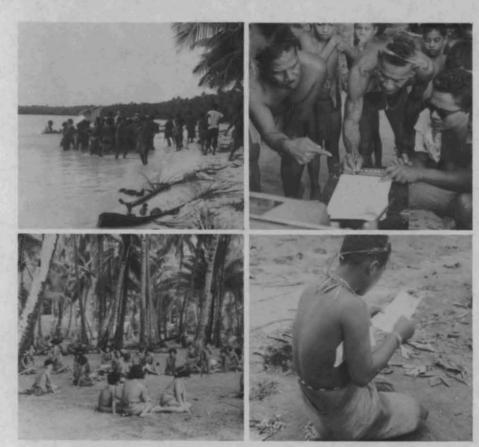


Why does a long field trip, starting a week late, take one week longer than scheduled? Blame storms and seas, breakdowns and evacuations. Blame life. The Palau Islander was forced to return from Ulithi to Yap to pick up missing navigational charts, was delayed at Satawal by rough seas, no anchorage, and a funeral on shore; was diverted to Woleai by a typhoon and further delayed by a generator breakdown and a premature Christmas celebration; went south to Eauripik, backtracked north to Faraulep and at last steamed home to Ulithi and Yap... a long, long field trip.

WOLEAL AND BEYOND

After Ulithi comes the long haul to Woleai and it is at this point that one begins to feel oneself amidst the Outer Islands and the field trip routine-meals, boats, copra loading-sluggishly asserts itself. And, in retrospect, it is at this point that memories of the islands begin to blur. All-with the exception of Fais - are low and small. Heading for shore, you feel that you are not really stepping on land, but rather that you are boarding another ship, a floating raft covered with sand and coconut palms, permanently anchored in a huge sea. On one side of the island is a village, there is seldom more than one; to the left and right the trail wanders off into coconut groves and taro patches and the backsides of the islands are lonely and deserted. A visitor's walking tour usually ends early and-sooner than he'd expected-he finds himself back in the village, seated in the shade of a coconut palm or in a boat house, watching the twentieth century do its thing: letters, most of them originating from students at the high school, are distributed, checks are paid to the health aide and the school teacher: the doctor inventories the dispensary and sees patients and the slow, familiar exchange of Micronesian copra for store goods proceeds. A visitor sits and looks-offers cigarettes, is offered a coconut, exchanges words and stares, sticks his head in a church, strolls to the cemetery -there's very little variation in the routine. Yet, against a background of flat islands and thatched houses, out of the smell of cookhouse smoke and the buzz of flies, from a long gallery of remembered faces and bodies, from the feeling beneath one's feet of sand beaches and coral paths, springy swards of shortbladed grass and wood-shavings in boat houses, out of this procession of scribbled notes and contrasting moods, some memories-sharp and specificdo emerge.





A ship's boat grazes against Italik's white beach, bringing with it a mixed bag of emissaries from the Yap district's administrative center, 420 miles away. While later boats shuttle back and forth with copra and store goods, an administration team secures signed permission for land on which to build a school; camera-wary women gather together to scrutinize visitors; and a sixth-grade girl—one of the better English speakers on the island—loses herself in a letter.

AN AFTERNOON ON IFALIK

It did not begin well, a bleak rainy day and a nondescript flat island to match it. I questioned the wisdom of going ashore in the first boat. I might stay on board the Palau Islander, drink coffee and finish re-reading Shane. But a conviction that I haven't been working hard enough (true) makes me go. I'm thoroughly soaked before the boat even casts off. The wretched morning passes in a pointless walk from one end of the island to the other and back. But the afternoon brightened and Ifalik, which had been colorless in the morning rain, soon flashes grassy lawns, high green palms and imposing boat houses-tall imposing slopes of thatch, with fish nets spread on the surrounding grass to dry, giving the whole scene the intricate, measured beauty of a formal garden. And suddenly the whole population appears:

the men crowding around the ship's boat and the women, much more reserved, sitting further back in groups, minding babies, passing cigarettes, and staring at visitors. As each of the boats came in, the villagers converged on the beach, crowding around, and when the boat left again, the assembly scattered back in groups under trees. With every boat they came together, with every departure they moved back beneath the palms, and that was the rhythm of the afternoon, until the last boat left, with waving and wailing for the villagers who were leaving Ifalik.

It was one of those afternoons for which you reserve adjectives like "fine" and "mellow," as if you were viewing the world through glasses tinted with gold. One of those tempting interludes when you contemplate what life, your life—that is, might be like on Ifalik, what sacrifices and what gains there would be. That's what I was thinking as I walked down a balmy sand trail and heard a weird chanting sound coming from a building 20 yeards off the trail—an uninterrupted cry of—it would be hard to say what—grief or joy. On and on it went, ominous and solitary, and I walked in towards it.

The concrete slab was ten feet square with thatch on top and strong wire around the sides. Inside, there were some coconut husks and a sleeping mat and a mosquito net and a man named Tarof who had been in the cage for twenty years or so. Sometime, after the war, he'd tried to kill someone, they said, and so they had put him here, although his family took him out for exercise occasionally and fed him. Stooped, bent, somewhat graying in color, he had a suffering Job-like tone in his voice, pleading quickly and desperately, rushing to get his sentences out in the presence of visitors. "A burntout schizophrenic," said the Trust Territory doctor, adding that with heavy doses of tranquilizer administered daily, the unfortunate Tarof could be removed from his cage. But there remained some question as to whether the medicine would be there, or the health aide to administer it, and so I wonder whether other visitors to idyllic Ifalik will hear some howling from off the path when they cut left at the village and stroll through coconut groves on a mellow afternoon.

A supposed schizophrenic, Ifalik man gazes at strangers in the field trip party. He pleads his case in quick, desperate sentences—and he may win. Regularly administered doses of tranquilizers may permit his release from this makeshift cell.





A MORNING ON LAMOTREK

Another day that began badly and ended well. Rain, gray rain, again and it had washed the color out of the thatch and the palms. Another flat, gray island. The flies were oppressive-I counted 19 of them on my left foot, four of them feeding at one miniscule coral cut. A walk to the left (usual pattern is first to walk left, then right) brings me to two Japanese seaplanes partially buried in the beach. I recognize one-the one that the National Geographic photographed on a sunnier day with a suspiciously cleaner beach in the background and a suspiciously picturesque outrigger canoe sailing prettily into the background. On Lamotrek, at least, life does not imitate art; today the beach was littered-palm leaves, coconut shells, (some opened by human beings, others gnawed through by rats). A ramshackle cookhouse, out of use, nestled in the armpit of the plane-the sheltered area where its wing connected with its torso.

And now, the walk to the right, and more of the same: some mossy foundaAt morning, the smoke from Lamotrek's cooking fires can be seen from far offshore, for field trip day means work, expecially for women. Grated coconut and sliced breadfruit must be prepared and sent, along with smoked fish, coconuts, taro roots, to students away at the Outer Islands High School on Ulithi. For visitors there are always flowers, matched and strung like jewels, but far more beautiful.







tions of Japanese houses-the concrete floor-supports behind the steps gave the impression of a grave vard, except that the graves were too close together. But there was a grave nearby, another gloomy historical souvenir, situated in a damp, sunless grove, last resting place of one "Paul Glaser" a crewman of the German cruiser "Cormoran" which ducked in here during the first world war, hiding from prowling allied ships. The resident Peace Corps Volunteer tells me that the islanders talk of the "Cormoran's" visit, describe the ship's dimensions, as if it had called only yesterday and slipped out at dawn this morning just ahead of the Palau Islander ... Near Glaser's grave is another vaguely depressing object, a high Japanese tower. its main supports still erect but the ladder rungs long rusted away and the tower therefore unclimbable. Still, amidst the gravness and the omnipresent flies, the day begins to turn out well: I walk to a house and they give me a palm leaf seat (they won't let you sit on the gravel). A woman is weaving a lava-lava on a wooden loom; cigarettes are passed, coconuts offered. I have some pictures of Saipan (wish I'd brought more) and a postcard of the Mount Carmel Catholic Church goes over well. One girlwoman, I guess-writes her name, first, middle and last. The initials are M.R.Y. and, pencilled beneath each initial is "Memory, Remember, You." (Note: never, never underrate the Romantic Movement.)

In ways like this, time passes on Lamotrek's field trip day, uneventful and charming. And so you relax-not without an eye to the beach, to check the progress of loading and unloading, and other field trip business. But, as usual, there's little to worry about at that end: business goes very slowly indeed, and so I gaze at the woman weaving the lava-lava, the flies banqueting on my coral cuts, and the flowers in front of the church . . . The crew continues to talk about the dead woman in the coffin in the hold of the ship. Bound for burial on Satawal, she seems to bother everyone from the captain on down. He reports that during some rough weather the other night, with all doors on the bridge closed, those inside heard a knocking outside, repeated and loud, but found no one there. Now, none of the crew willingly ventures into the hold.





A trip to the ship—or at least a paddle around it—is a must for the bolder islanders, eager to trade with merchants, visit with other islanders on deck, and send letters, verbal messages and innumerable packages to other islands. On even the smallest of islands, World War II distributed its mementos casually and generously: concrete bunkers on Woleai, battered quonsets on Ulithi, railroad tracks and phosphate works on Fais, and a bullet-pocked Japanese seaplane just beyond the tide's reach on Lamotrek.



Satawal is reputed the most progressive of the outer islands. Volunteers, they say, plead to be assigned there, and it's not hard to see why. Satawal is the only island where I have actually seen coconut groves thinned to increase production. It is the only island where government-endorsed water-seal toilets are universal—and any island where two such difficult and improbable projects succeed must have something going for it. Pain and pleasure were mixed on Satawal today. The dead woman came home and was loudly mourned, carried to the graveyard and lowered into the ground; her clothing, her blankets, ornate lava-lavas, tumeric powder and hibiscus flowers followed her, and while some men packed a neat earth mound over her, the rest of the village sat in the cemetery amongst the older graves, using crosses for arm rests, as if silently emphasizing their own mortality, their eventual death on this island and their burial in this graveyard . . . At night there was tuba (fermented—or fermenting—sap of the coconut palm). It was quick, experienced drinking, and I awoke on a carpet of wood shavings, sleeping next to a virgin canoe . . . There were three days hanging off Satawal, in rough seas and heavy swells, with the Palau Islander forced to circle in and out and around, pirouetting for three days at \$600 a day for the ship alone, days of struggling to load copra and unload cement. Revenues from all the copra, the freight, the passenger tickets, couldn't finance the trip to Ulithi and back. Considering what it does and what it does not attempt to do, I think the government does fairly well by these outer islands. A harsher administration would have moved these people into Yap long ago. Or, more likely, left them here and forgotten about them altogether.

UNLOADING A GROST

Having unloaded the dead woman's body, the crew now has succeeded in getting rid of the ghost as well. When she knocked again last night someone on the bridge figured she wanted to thank them for delivering her back to Satawal, for burial on her home island. He brightly shouted "You're welcome!" and the dear soul has not been heard from since.

EAURIPIK HOLIDAY

Almost at the end of the line, two full weeks out of Yap, we come to Eauripik, incredible Eauripik: half a mile long, six hundred yards wide, with a population of 150. Someday something very important will happen on Eauripik—people will multiply and starve or the island will sink and this misfortune will happen elsewhere, on other continents, but on Eauripik it will

happen first. Watch for it.

Overpopulated Eauripik seldom has much copra to sell and on this Christmas Day it had none at all. Heading for shore in some of the vilest, coldest weather I've seen in the tropics, crossing a wide, shallow lagoon, I wondered how the people of Eauripik would secure the cash to buy things they wanted from the ship: the California rice and Taiwan sugar and New Zealand corned beef and Australian flour. In the village, the cold rain and driving wind kept us huddled in the boat house, and then a strange thing happened. The men-a dozen of them - came through the village, through the rain, carrying handicrafts, more handicrafts than at any other island. It was good work too, but there was an element of pathos in seeing them walking toward us, a handful of visitors some with only checks, others out of money altogether. Without words, almost without gestures, the men of Eauripik spread out their wares on the



outrigger of canoe: there were carvings—stiff, crude monkey-men with unexpected feline eyes of white shell; there were graceful, streamlined fish, including some hammerhead sharks; breadfruit tackle-boxes with turtle-shell fish-hooks inside; adzes of wood and shell; carved bowls, some standing on curved legs; lava-lavas with restrained, intricate designs. But there was one item which surpassed all the others—the superb turtle shell belts which are made on Eauripik and only on Eauripik—hun-

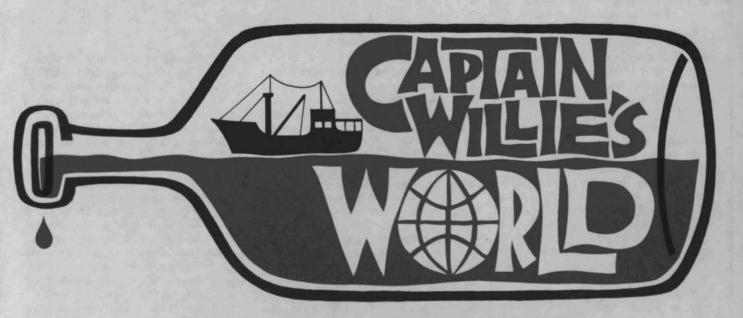
dreds of individually carved and pierced turtle-shell rings strung on strands of coconut rope, four strands to a belt at something like \$4.00 a strand . . . And so it was market-day on Eauripik at Christmas, near the fag-end of a dragging field trip, with the men quietly showing the ornaments of their copra-less island and the women-their faces bright and fantastic with yellow paint-gathered at one end of the boathouse. Soon the buying ended-all the belts sold but many other items remained unclaimed. The rain let up and we walked back across shallow tidal flats to the reef, groups of people ankle-deep in water, headed to the deep water and the boat waiting where the reef dropped off, islanders and visitors walking to the point of embarkation, some of them pausing to rest bundles of food, fish and taro, on occasional dry rocks. The whole scene had about it a quality which reminded me of paintings from several centuries ago on the other side of the world, of stolid fishing villages off Holland and Belgium, with heavy-bodied women and weathered women toiling in gray light at the edge of the sea . . . For some unaccountable reason the handshake has caught on at Eauripik, even among the women: several whom we'd passed on our way to the boat called us back to shake hands, which was a good way to leave on Christmas.



There were other islands: sleepy Elato, and Fais, a high beautiful place. lush on the outside and pitted from phosphate mining at its center, with the macabre silhouette of cranes, pipes, tumblers, visible from the sea and a bit of the old narrow-gauge railway still used to trundle copra down to shore. There was a long wait at Woleai and return to Ulithi; it was almost 1969 when the *Palau Islander* saw Yap again. There were numerous walks I didn't have time to take, conversations which escaped because of the language and time that were lacking. I saw these islands as a visitor and that was how they saw me. I was at a disadvantage: I was not a local Peace Corps Volunteer, I was not an anthropologist, I was not a Micronesian. But as an outsider, homeward bound, I could hope the islanders' evident leisure and grace and decency might pull through the century, that their deep daily contact with the past might not be overwhelmed by the gimmicks and gadgets they are already beginning to marvel at: walkie-talkies, polaroid cameras, canned meat.

Today all that holds them to the twentieth century is a fairly good-natured foreign administration and a rather marginal copra trade. The former will someday change and it is hard to believe that the latter will continue indefinitely. And then it would be hard to say what will happen. Nothing perhaps. And these days, nothing is often better than something. So perhaps they will not be totally destroyed, only because it is no one's profit to do so.

The flight home was routine and the stop at Guam, the island which is not afraid of its own shadow, took no more than twenty minutes. No time for pizza or a night of television or even a long rude stare at the girl working the Town House's popcorn machine. And, thinking of the Outer Islands as they are today, it occurred to me that America's opportunity to do right in the Trust Territory is immense, but if it should be impossible to do right there exists another possibility almost as great: not to do wrong.



Explorer James Wilson put the Outer Islands on the map. The captain of the Yap Islander keeps them there. by Bob McAndrews

It sneaks out of Yap's coral obstacle course in the beginning darkness of night under the careful guidance of an irresistible character, Captain Willie. Only he could guide the Yap Islander through the tricky channel without full daylight. More about Captain Willie as our saga unravels.

Off to one more of numerous long field trips to the outer islands in Yap District, the Yap Islander chugs along at less than an average 10 knots per hour. Ship life begins to settle down for the evening once the immediate danger of the channel maneuvering has been mastered. Bargaining for berths and cabins begins, though a passenger and cabin list has been posted in the closet sized dining room.

As per notice, I promptly placed my belongings in Cabin #3; a cabin with but two berths. Father Walter, Catholic Priest for Yap's Outer Islands, and I were to stay together in Cabin #3. The evening's dinner of corned beef and bread finished, I returned to Cabin #3 for a can of root beer. The first of a series of farcial incidents began when I realized all my belongings had been moved to another cabin or cabins. "Pay it no mind," said I, and returned top deck to experience the night air, sea, and motion of the Yap Islander. At 10:30 p.m. I retired once again to Cabin #3 for my first evening's sleep and found a male passenger in my bed with a young

lady returning to her island home. In place of Father Walter on the top bunk were bags, suitcases, and clothing; enough to fill the entire bed, leaving no alternative to an unsuspecting intruder but to let lovers lie.

I shrugged my shoulders and found another cabin where Father Walter had already gone fast asleep.

The next morning I found my belongings scattered among several lockers in all the other cabins. How long had someone planned this well-executed escapade?

Not long after the first morning's breakfast of eggs, ham, and bread at the "Captain's Table", no larger than a large night stand, I wandered up to the cap'n's bridge to have a chat. No time to speak before he muttered in his inimitable gruff voice, "We're going to have a fire drill". Reverently I slipped back down to join the other passengers. Where were the others mulling?-that must be where we're to prepare for the big event. There next to the engine room where I saw piles of rumpled, faded orange life jackets. Other passengers had begun the life jacket preparation without instruction-so I grabbed one of the musty orange jackets and began to unravel it, continually looking about for some assistance. Twenty of us crowded together adjusting belts of life jackets. Now what? No one seemed to know what was expected of them. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and informed me that my life jacket was on upside down. I shrugged my shoulders, but left it upside down.

Then before our very eyes, the crew appeared with what might have passed some years ago for a water hose. A few hundred feet of perforated canvas with deep fissures every few feet was unraveled under the careful guidance of at least ten members of the crew. Every other one of the countless perforations was carefully bandaged with a strip of cloth. We, the passengers, braced ourselves for the imminent event. The crew braced themselves, under a flow of several languages, while one crew member proceeded to open the water valve. Ten strong, they poised with this musty, heavily creased, dead snake, awaiting the force of its spit. We all heard the valve open and heard the sound of flowing water but none felt the impact of an expected gush. A thousand spurts of water from the many perforations showered us. All eves moved in the direction of the snake's head. And there before passengers and crew, it dribbled. Tiny spurts of water trickled out from the hose's nozzle.

"It's true that this is a test and there is really no fire; isn't it?" I said to a fellow passenger, never taking my eyes off the forceless fire hose. "But you should be thankful you've experienced

one of two fire drill's in the three year stint of the Yap Islander's service to the outer islands," advised a well-seasoned passenger. (However, I later learned boat drills were held periodically.)

Ham and eggs for breakfast this morning—a fine fare. A few passengers indicated to me that life was never as pleasant as now on the Yap Islander. A recent limitation on the number of passengers has actually left some sleeping space on deck; eggs were actually served for breakfast; a clean sheet and pillow case were actually issued for each bunk; and a passing attempt was actually made to rid cabins and dining room of roaches. We were, indeed, experiencing special services and I tried to express my gratitude to Captain Willie.

A Gilbertese by birth, Captain Willie has served as the Yap Islander's guiding light since its maiden voyage in 1965. He knows when it has a belly ache and feels the rate of its heart beat. The Yap Islander, for better or worse, has been Captain Willie's home for three years.

It can be taken on the best authority that Captain Willie runs a tight ship in a sober manner. His eyes are bloodshot from lack of sleep and his voice hoarse from the impact of weather changes.

Late the second evening out, Captain Willie and I had a chat about the Gilbert Islands; the British way of life; astrology; the Vietnam War; race relations; and the Peace Corps.

We stood together on the captain's bridge facing the bow and the vast ocean of water and stars before us, while the good Captain issued forth a blunt gruff spurt of a question. His curiosity overwhelmed me.

These talks with Captain Willie continued throughout the trip; we were joined several times by the Field Trip Officer, Petrus, a recent graduate of the Outer Islands High School on Ulithi.

One night our discussion centered on race relations. I mentioned the separation between people based on their skin color which was most obvious in South Africa and America. We then talked of the prejudice experienced in Yap District, but not based on color. Captain Willie was reminded of a phase which he caustically suggested as a summary of our conversation: "If you're black, stay back; if you're brown, stick around; if you're white it's alright."

Somehow, the many nuances of his simple phrase were deluged with

laughter from the three of us.

It must have been the fourth day at sea, for surely it was just after eggs and fresh water ran out—that our "crazy man" in residence made his suitable case for treatment known to passengers and crew alike.

One of the passengers was apparently seeing things on the ship. He was muttering the names of spirits he saw in various obscure places such as the engine room, light bulbs, and water pipes.

Most passengers and crew ignored his peculiar activities and mutterings at first, but after a while a few of us began "seeing things" as well.

None of us knew what was troubling our "crazy man" but we began to suspect that his affliction needed special attention—particularly when he threatened to jump overboard while the ship was in motion.

This new problem caused no end of worry on Captain Willie's part, as we had no official physician on board. "And we've got no 'crazy man' medicine on board," Captain Willie kept saying. No one had quite diagnosed our problem yet, and wild theories were passing among passengers and crew.

Catatonic? Hebephrenic? Manic-Depressive?

A three-man all night watch was stationed outside Cabin #3 where we put our patient. Those in the first shift sat like three little Indians, legs crossed, in the narrow passageway, on the floor in front of Cabin #3's door.

Our patient was said to have slept but a few hours that night.

Early the next morning, as commercial goods were being off-loaded from the ship's hold to service one of the outer islands, two bottles of Hawaiian Punch fell through the vast holes in the cargo net and smashed upon a wooden casket containing a body. The sweet red syrup stained the casket, and it looked as if blood were seeping out of the coffin. If delusions and illusions were ever in order, our man now had new stimulation. Spirits with names—and designs for all of us—were everywhere.

The day was filled with frantic "man overboard!" rescues as our problem took periodic plunges. Fortunately the *Yap Islander* was not sailing.

Much sleep was lost in worry over our special problem. Should we continue through the field trip and tie him down? Should we leave him on Woleai and pick up on our way back to Yap? Perhaps we should return immediately to Yap so as not to take unnecessary chances. All of these possibilities went through the captain's mind.

Several passengers were discussing the relative alcoholic intake of our problem prior to the *Yap Islander's* departure from Yap. From all accounts it seemed we were witnessing, along with other things, a severe form of the DT's.

As soon as the captain had decided to complete the scheduled field trip, our problem passenger retreated into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, only to awaken fullyhealed some 40 hours later. So we didn't need "crazy man" medicine after all.

Captain Willie revived himself from tension the next day by casually guiding the Yap Islander straight toward the beach of the small islands of Elato, near Lamotrek.

"Does he think this is a motor boat?" I asked someone. "Watch closely now," I was told. What a sight! The bow of the Yap Islander resting on the sandy beach, the boatswain tossing a rope to one of the island men, and he in turn tying the rope around a coconut tree. Just like tying your horse to the hitching post. But the performance was not yet finished. Captain Willie was not quite satisfied with his parking job—a bit too far from the curb. So he brought the stern of the ship around and parallel to the beach. He had parallel-parked the Yap Islander flush on the shore of Elato.

While passengers swam and partook of the food offered by Elato's people, the crew painted our floating abode. Sea-sick shades of green and yellow were rolled on. Palauan, Yapese, and Outer Island crew members interspersed work with play as they dove and shoved each other into the ocean from their painting posts.

The remainder of our "pleasure cruise" on the Yap Islander was relatively uneventful though my talks on the bridge with Captain Willie continued until we approached the Yap coral channel. His attention was then fully taken with guiding his ship. "Easy left"; "Easy right". Captain Willie's fricative phrases spurted out to the first mate.

For all its fabled hardship, a trip on the Yap Islander proved endurable yet creature comforts seemed oddly insignificant in the face of spice, character, and unpredictability of it all.

The Beaches of Saipan

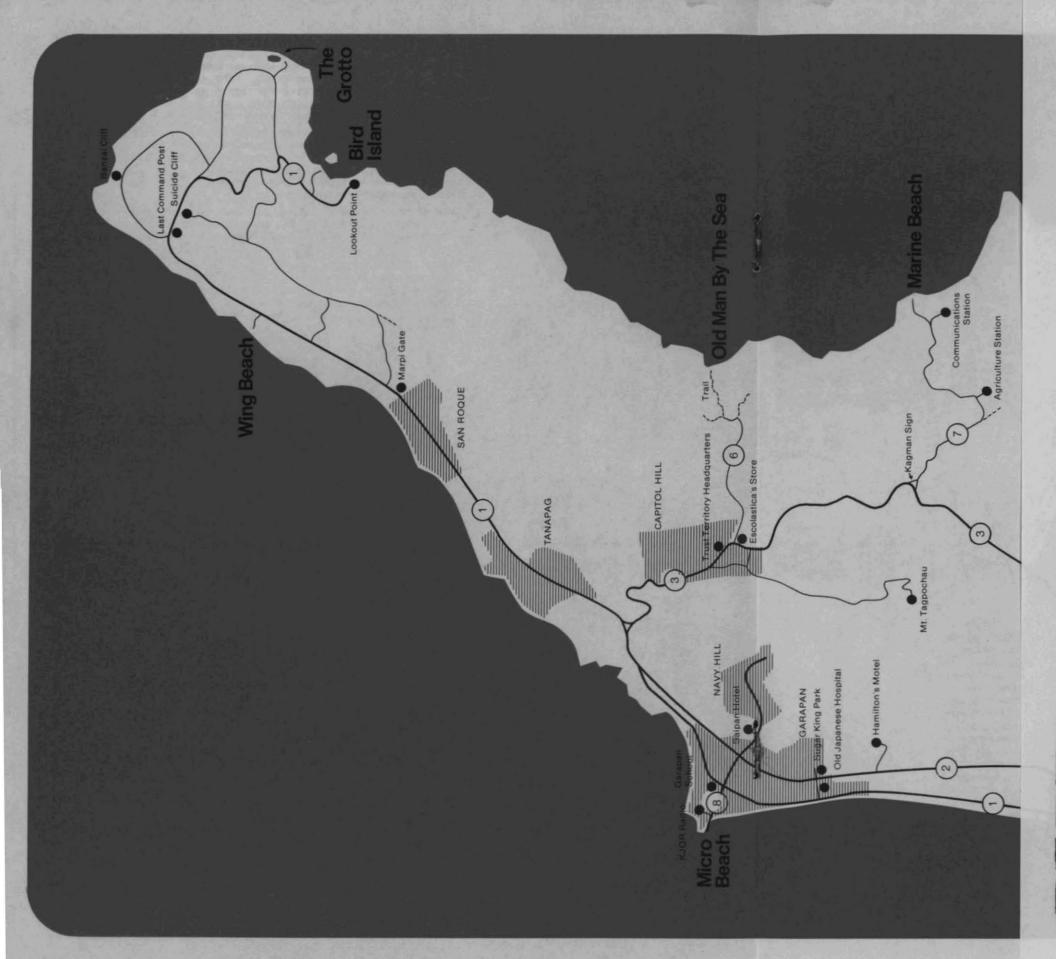
TEXT BY P. F. KLUGE PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHANNES NORABBUUCH

It's interesting to observe tourists vacationing on Saipan. A few are lucky—they have knowledgeable friends on the island; some are fortunate—they hire a good local guide. But more interesting to observe are those who are neither lucky or fortunate: the miserable, dusty souls who look worried after eight hours, bored after a day, and desperate after two. They won't be back.

A pity. Because there is more to Saipan than the "Three Micros": Micro-Beach, Micro-Crafts, and Micro-Hut. Trouble is that Saipan isn't an easy island. It guards its charms jealously. Although beginnings have been made, no one has done much yet to provide decent access roads, tours, maps.

Consider the beaches of Saipan: rocky, pounding, picturesque places, constant battlegrounds between sea and sand, surf and rock. But roads are often substandard, directions get involved, trails are winding and difficult to follow. It would be hard to say how many visitors have bumped towards the sea for half an hour, brushing through overgrowth, risking tires, axles, and spines, only to at last confront a wall of tangan-tangan or the locked entrance to some obscure boondock farm.

A pity; no denying it. But there are fine beaches around Saipan. The Micronesian Reporter can hardly make it easier to reach some of these beaches. But we can prove to you that it's worth the trip.



The Reporter's Guide to the Beaches of Saipan

It's easy to get lost enroute to the beaches and even some of Saipan's other attractions. A fairly accurate map would help . . . and so here it is (as accurate as we can make it). All our featured beaches are noted and the main roads to them are generally decent. The tracks down to the beaches can prove rather fickle, however—especially in the labyrinth of macadam around the abandoned Isley Airfield.

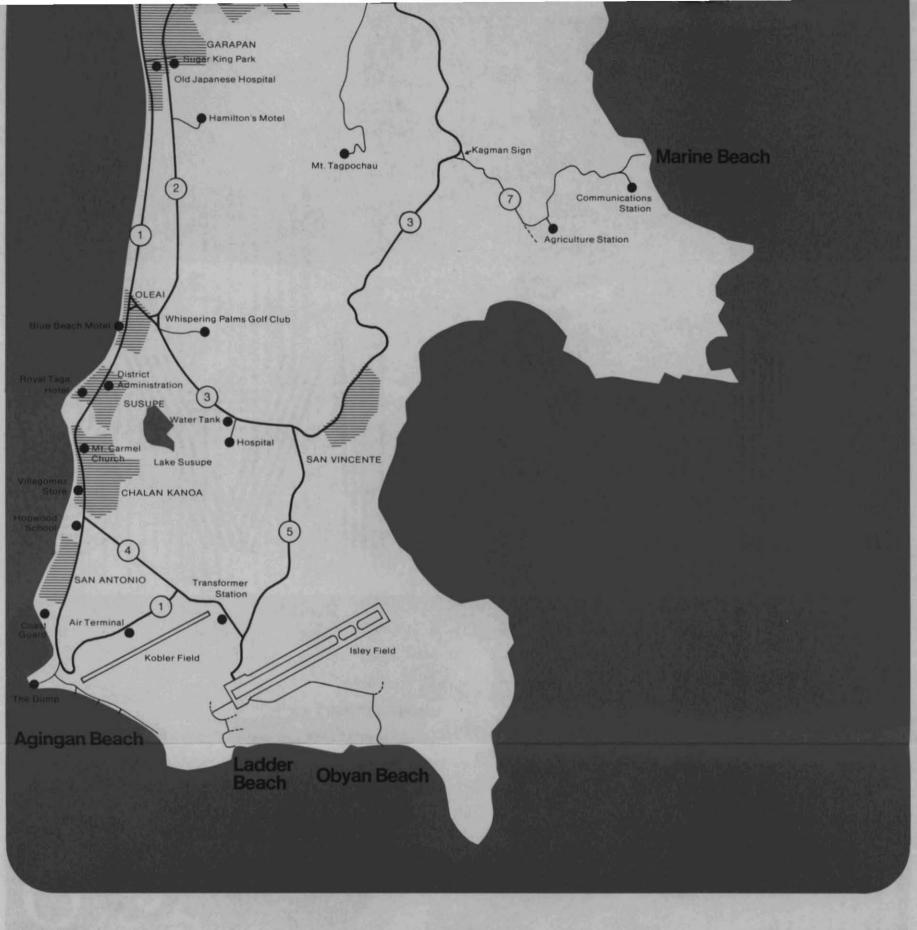
Our map also places some of Saipan's other attractions—the top of Mount Tagpochau (accessible by jeep); the features of scenic Marpi District, where roads are being improved from week to week and newly-placed signs guide visitors from point to point. We include as well the captivating historical area in Garapan: the handsome shell of a Japanese hospital, the ominous jail, and the forlorn statue of the "Sugar King," a Japanese tycoon of bygone years.

Villages, hotels, and certain government installations have also been marked, but we have omitted the bars of Saipan, because anyone who uses a map to find a bar would also use a map to find his way home and therefore shouldn't be out drinking in the first place!

Saipan was blanketed with hundreds of miles of road after the war and many of these have deteriorated or been choked off altogether. But a combination of pluck, luck, careful driving and attention to maps and oral directions will bring visitors to numerous interesting and beautiful places.

And now, on to the Beaches of Saipan ...









Micro Beach

What It's Like

It's not hard to understand why Micro Beach is the most popular of Saipan's beaches -popular with visitors and locals, Americans and Micronesians. For one thing,

Micro Beach is readily accessible via good roads (see How to Get There). And the beach itself is wide and sandy-not rocky-and the water is clear of coral, tin, jagged rocks and sudden drops. If, because of the shallowness of the water, the swimming is not challenging, the wading is safe. In order to drown at Micro Beach, someone would have to be shot first ... Popular with families by day, Micro Beach enjoys popularity in other quarters after dark, so beware of broken bottles and other littered remnants of night-time merriment. Fortunately, somebody seems to clean up the junk now and then. However, one night a pair of gold-rimmed glasses was buried somewhere in the sand of Micro Beach; if found please return to Micronesian Reporter, c/o Editor ... All in all, Micro Beach is a pleasant mellow spot, with a good view across the channel of Managaha Island. Managaha is a boat-ride away (don't try

the swim), but it's great for picnicking, snorkeling, and real swimming ... A note to the observant: the pulchritudinous ladies of the Trust Territory Nursing School, and other assorted comely groups, often picnic and play softball on Micro Beach weekend afternoons. Worth keeping in mind if one wearies of staring at Managaha.

How To Get There

Easy. North on Beach Road (1) to Garapan; left turn at Garapan School. A few hundred straight yards (8) lead past radio station KJQR and to Micro Beach.



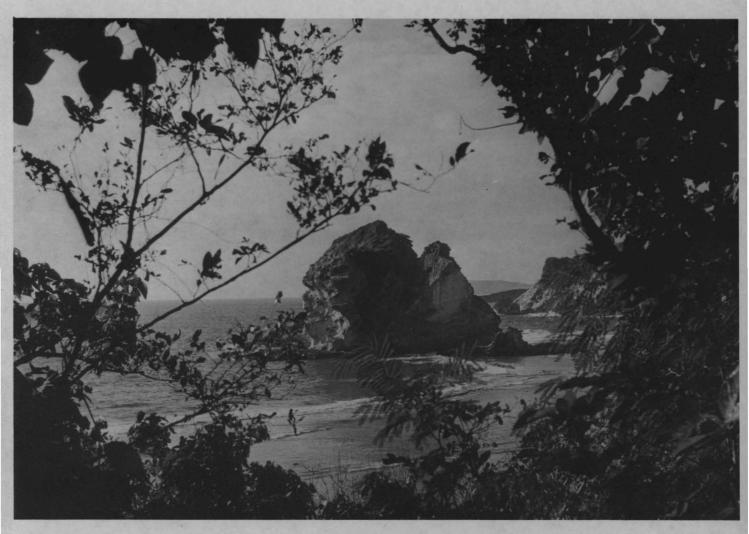
Wing Beach

What It's Like

A coral reef stretches along Saipan's west coast all the way from San Antonio, past Micro Beach and Managaha, and finally comes in to land in the Marpi District at the northern end of the island. And Wing Beach is located just where the reef joins the island. It's a secluded spot, with a grove of low, shady trees providing a pleasant spot to idle away the hot hours of the afternoon. Other landmarks include a machine gun mount, a wing buried in the sand, and some curious concrete blocks at the edge of the beach. A couple picnic tables, the shell of a concession stand and a still useable outhouse suggest that someone once attempted to develop Wing Beach as a picnic spot. The entrepreneur is gone, but the picnic possibilities remain. Not as large as Micro Beach, not as scenic as Marine Beach or Old Man by the Sea, Wing Beach is a quiet, low-key kind of place, a good stop on one's way back from the Marpi area's more renowned attractions.

How To Get There

Not hard. Shortly beyond the port and dock area in Garapan, Beach Road (1) joins Middle Beach Road (2) and the combination of the two continues north, past the village of Tanapag and through San Roque, northernmost of Saipan's villages. Shortly thereafter, it arrives at the old sentry shack which marks the entrance to the once-restricted Marpi area. Continue on the same road for 1.2 miles, till you see a coral road turning left. A sign points down to Wing Beach. Follow it for 2/10ths of a mile till it forks; go right for another 2/10ths of a mile and you're on Wing Beach.



Bird Island

What It's Like

On other beaches, friendly adjectives were in order. Now we search for superlatives. Bird Island is a towering limestone hulk located just off Saipan's northeast shore. It's a photogenic bit of natural sculpture when first glimpsed from the end of the road that leads to it. Then, as one clambers for ten minutes down the steep trail to the beach, perspectives change and Bird Island grows into a hulking colossus, a miniature Gibraltar. White chalky cliffs mark the island's sides and miniature meadows of grass and pandanus cling to its top, where some claim to have climbed (because it's there). Starting at the right side of the beach, one walks across a shallow coral shelf about 150 yards to the island itself. A caution: keep your zoris or sneakers on—it's awkward but there are occasional patches of coral to cross... Once on the island, climbers may scramble to the top; (let us know what it's like); the less athletic may explore the isolated pools which pit the island on its ocean side. Even if one goes only to sit and meditate, it's worth the trip. Bird Island is an altogether captivating hunk of rock;

a fine, big toy. How To Get There

Follow the signs. The main road through the Marpi District has recently been marked by signs. The Saipan Chamber of Commerce was assisted in this worthwhile task by seven prisoners from the local jail. A warm thanks to the Chamber of Commerce and the prisoners. A few miles on the main road around the tip of the island will bring you to the trail down to Bird Island and Bird Island Beach. A further ride along the main road will take a visitor to Bird Island Lookout, a lazy grassy slope which gives you an easy view of the whole panorama; this bit of road had a bad wash-out at last report, however.



The Grotto

What It's Like

The Grotto is a deep bowl of rushing water separated by a high cave-like wall from the sea outside. Deep in the recesses of this cave one can see an eerie blue light filtering through underwater passages to the outside, a threatening, challenging blue light which seems to dare you to hold your breath and try making it through to the open ocean. It is a challenge which should *not* be accepted. We've heard two fellows attempted the swim, and what's more, they're alleged to have made it; they're also said to have been very scared and very out of breath afterwards. The passages through those azure tunnels are longer than the pale blue light indicates... However, on all but the roughest of days, swimming in the Grotto is a treat, provided you make a quick check with a face mask to insure that no unwelcome visitors from outside have blundered into this natural aquarium. A face mask is particularly imperative, permitting a swimmer to peer fifty feet into a bowl full of fish, turtles, and fan-shaped coral. A weird, curious place, this grotto—at once sinister and lovely and therefore, very much to our taste.

How To Get There

Follow signs along the main belt road which curves around the Marpi District and you cannot go wrong. Easy around turns though—it's a narrow road and a determined Mitsubishi jeep might be whipping towards you on the other side. Incidentally, from the parking lot the trail down to the Grotto has improved much of late, with steps cut into the steep incline. Numerous roots and branches provide convenient handholds but it's still a bit of scramble.



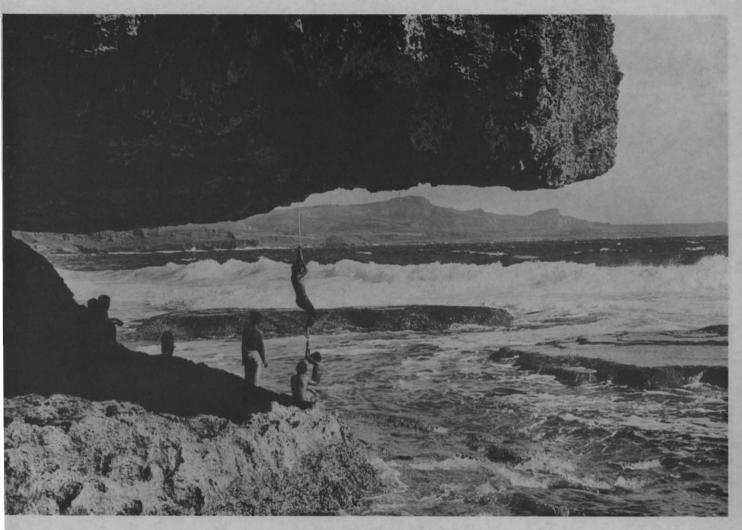
Old Man By The Sea

What It's Like

If ever anyone should want to propose marriage in a romantic seaside setting, he might well choose Old Man By The Sea. The first sight of the beach is unforgettable: a brook meanders through a grassy meadow bright with purple flowers; steep cliffs descend sharply to the sea; the reef and the sea behind it press close in to shore, incessantly pounding and misting. And there is the Old Man By The Sea—a weathered brow and tired eyes, worn nose and two half-open lips with just the hint of a tongue between them; further down, a neck with a perfectly placed Adam's Apple... No place to swim, but what a place to picnic, or watch the sea or propose... Also notable is the cleanliness of the place. The beach's very remoteness has inhibited the littering that spoils so many other spots around the island. In summary: we don't get there often, but this is our favorite Saipan beach.

How To Get There

Tough. Starting point is Escolastica's Store just past the Headquarters Building on Capitol Hill; that's where the road down (6) branches off. Might as well get out and stock up on some of our friend Escolastica Cabrera's fine snacks. She'll give you most recent intelligence on condition of the road, which changes from typhoon to typhoon. If things sound good (i.e., all recent visitors have come back,) head down the deteriorated hardtop road; it soon turns to dirt and stone. After ten memorable moments you come to the first obvious fork (there are turns before this, there's a road or two off to the right, but this is a fork). The road splits. Go left and after approximately 250 feet the road will seem to widen slightly and—look carefully!—to the right is an opening in the brush. Start walking; bear left when the trail forks after about ten minutes; follow the trail into a gully, across a stream-bed, up onto the trail again, and onward to Old Man By The Sea. If the girl you intended to propose to is still in a good mood, rest easy. She's yours.



Marine Beach

What It's Like

Combining the scenic attraction of Old Man By The Sea with the popularity of Micro Beach, Marine Beach is a fine place to swim and to picnic. The "swimming hole" is off to the left of the main beach. Generally a rope dangles down from an overhanging cliff, making this one of the few swimming places naturally deep enough to plunge into from overhead. Most of the main beach, and the grassy knoll behind it, is popular with picnickers—a little too popular to judge from the accumulation of beer bottles and soda cans...To the right of the main beach, is a lovely unlittered area, a moonlike landscape of craters and pools, one above the other, each with its own collection of trapped, beautiful tropical fish; a landscape of pits and blowholes, where the waves rush in and suck out; an altogether fantastic area with a striking view of the shoreline north and south. Keep your zoris or sneakers on though; where the glass won't get you, bits of coral can. But don't let our irritation with litter keep you from going and enjoying this fine beach. It hasn't stopped us. Yet.

How To Get There

From the "Back Road" (3) connecting San Vicente and Capitol Hill, a road (7) branches off, down a couple miles to the Kagman Communications Station. Watch for the sign and follow the Kagman road for 2.2 miles until it makes a sharp left and you see another sign warning "Keep Out—Restricted Area." Just to the left of the sign, a road heads down the short distance to the beach—half a mile at the most. There's a bad spot in the road at the top; still passable, but if you feel you can't drive it, don't hesitate to park and walk.



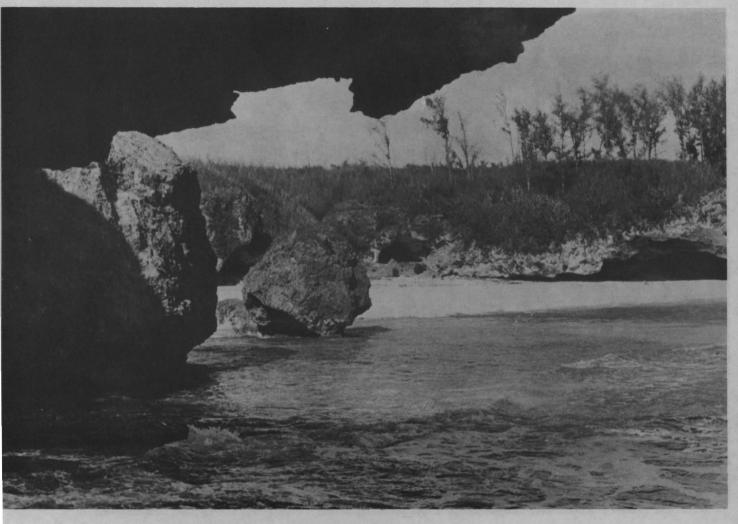
Agingan Beach

What It's Like

No one talks much about Agingan Beach. We found it pretty much by accident but figure it's a discovery worth sharing. It's a long, stony beach, with occasional patches of sand and a bordering line of trees and grass. These are modest charms, but midway along the beach is a huge and undamaged Japanese pillbox, still presiding over the straits between Saipan and Tinian, three or four miles across the water. The interior of the pillbox, entered from the rear, is today inhabited by hundreds of frogs. The sound of a visitor near the door sets off a chorus of plops and splashes as they all scuttle to the interior for safety. It's hardly the sort of attraction to pull visitors from Tokyo and Hawaii, but, when added to an otherwise pretty stretch of beach, it makes Agingan Beach a pleasing stop for visitors around the southern end of an island in the cool hours of late afternoon.

How To Get There

Headed south on Beach Road (1), a driver will pass the Coast Guard Station in San Antonio and shortly afterwards, curve up a grade towards the airport. Midway up the slope is a right turn which, if followed to its end, leads to Saipan's Dump, (Agingan Point)—an active, real dump which, however, affords a glance of some of the roughest waves around the island, pounding in from the open sea between Tinian and Saipan. The Dump, therefore, is an offbeat attraction in its own special way. We sometimes stop by on Sunday afternoons and watch the guys fishing with long lines, or shooting at sharks, bottles, and whatever else floats around the point. To get to Agingan Beach however, take the first left on the Dump Road. You'll curve under a tunnel of tangantangan, work your way past some farms and eventually come closely parallel to Agingan Beach. The third of a series of available right turns will bring you onto the beach near frog-heaven, the pillbox.



Ladder Beach

What It's Like

One of the smaller, less-known beaches, Ladder is probably the prettiest spot on the south end of the island. Perhaps 150 yards long, the beach itself is nothing more than a cove. Undermining the surrounding cliffs are a half dozen sizeable caves with comfortable sandy floors—congenial to visitors in fair weather and foul. But an even better place to sit is to the right, where the sea has cut smooth shelves into the rock cliff, and huge waves shatter themselves in front of you, hissing and foaming to their death at your feet. The swimming on the main part of the beach isn't great, but the water seems slightly deeper than at other points on this part of the island. We were drenched when we wanted to stay dry, so presumably we'd have the same luck trying to get wet.

How To Get There

Patience please. Headed south on Beach Road (1) take a left onto road (4) just before Hopwood School and follow it through two miles of rolling farm country and up a hill for another tenth of a mile or so. Bear right on a hardtop road (5) and, quite suddenly, you'll find yourself on the flabbergastingly expansive runway of the abandoned Isley Airfield. Head over to the right end of the airstrip and take the connecting road to the second, parallel runway. Just where the road comes into the second runway, you'll see a road going off to the right through the tangan-tangan. Follow it through some meadowland till it connects—for a short distance—with a hardtop road; go left, then right. Continue till the road branches; turn right, through a long winding tunnel of cut-through tangan-tangan. The road will cross some other overgrown old roads, also it curves here and there but by following the only course open to you, you'll be led to Ladder Beach. The trail down to the beach from the parking lot is short but there's a jump of about five feet at the end of it—where the beach's namesake, the ladder, used to be.



Obyan Beach

What It's Like

Half the...er...fun is getting there, but assuming that you make it down, you'll find Obyan (pronounced OB-ZAHN) Beach not greatly different from Agingan. There's even a duplicate pillbox just off to the right, minus the frog colony, and there, again, is Tinian across the channel. But to the left is Obyan's special attraction: a grassy slope with some aged stone pillars set into the ground, others toppled down on their sides. These mark the site of an ancient Chamorro settlement. Several years ago an anthropologist carbon-dated these pillars back to 1,500 B.C.! Like most Saipan beaches, Obyan is kinder to a walker, picnicker, or thinker, than a determined swimmer. How To Get There

Head—via roads (4) or (5) on map—to Isley Airfield again. The abandoned runways are a drag-racer's dream and if Saipan's other roads have muffled your lust for speed, this is probably the place to get it out of your system. However you should eventually head to the right end of the first runway and take the connecting road to the second, parallel runway. Angling off to the left, you'll see a concrete road—possibly an old approach runway. Drive along this road, bearing right where it forks. In half a mile it widens to the size of a football field, with numerous clumps of brush fighting for a toehold in the durable concrete. Keep going and just after the road narrows again, you'll see two rights. The first is a blind alley—one of the countless airplane parking-places; the second—with white arrows thoughtfully daubed on the pavement—is the road which leads through tunnels of tangan-tangan down to the sea.

THE LEGENDARY HISTORY OF YAP

as told to Frank Molinski by Raphael Uag

Chapter One: The Five Spirits

were first formed there were only trees, grass and birds on Yap. There were no coconut, mangrove, or banana trees. No human beings or spirits were on Yap. There were not any goats, pigs, or chickens. Even the name Yap did not come until many years later.

The first beings on Yap were five spirits. They came from a well with fresh water on land that was later called Thoolong. Two couples and a single man came from the well. One couple was Goney, the husband, and Mandug, his wife. Another couple was Laplap and his wife, Chigchig. The third and single man was Gusney.

The five people built a house at Thoolong. The roof of the house extended all the way to the ground on both sides of the house. The roof was made of many leaves from many different kinds of trees.

gathered food for themselves. They did not find any humans or animals or other spirits on the island. After group, said Gusney was not on the island. He said they

Long, long ago when the Western Caroline Islands dinner each evening, each couple would separate from the group.

> After nine days, Gusney, the single man, decided to leave. On the tenth day, while the whole group was exploring, he walked behind the rest and then disappeared. No one saw where he went.

> At the end of the day, the two couples returned home and prepared supper. They waited for Gusney to come back. They prepared food for his dinner. The group stayed up late, but Gusney did not return. So they put his food in some leaves and hung the bundle up in a tree.

But in the morning Gusney had still not returned; so they put some more food in some leaves and hung it in a tree. And then they went exploring again. When they looked for food this day, they also looked for Each day the five spirits explored the island and Gusney. They looked for him all over the island, but they could not find him. Goney, who was the leader of the



should look for him elsewhere.

Laplap said he and his wife, Chigchig, would look for Gusney. So the next day, Laplap and Chigchig used an old log that had drifted in from the sea for a raft and started their trip out to sea. They took along with them some giab, a single-leaf plant that grows to about three feet. They wove the flowers from the plant in their hair and sometimes used the flower for medicine. They were going to put the plants on islands they visited They headed southeast for two months. And then they went northeast for one month. They found their way back to Yap by looking for the islands they had stopped at during their journey. They could tell the islands they had stopped at because of the giab plants they had left along the way.

Laplap and Chigchig arrived in Yap and said to Goney, "We have traveled for two months southeast and one month northeast and three months returning to Yap. We have not found Gusney. Now where should

we go?"

"You have done well," said Goney. "Now we will discuss where to look. I'm glad you returned because my wife is expecting a baby this month. We will quit looking for Gusney until after the baby is born. And then we will decide where to look next."

One evening Mandug started to have labor pains and shortly after gave birth to a boy. Around midnight, she gave birth to a girl. Soon after that she gave birth to another girl. Towards daybreak she gave birth to another boy. At daybreak, she gave birth to a giant clam, called Fasuw in Yapese. It was the size of a fist and was white with black spots on it. The clam was still alive.

They put the babies in one section of the house, and the clam in another. They did not feed the clam, but it did not die. It was just there. On the seventh day, the two couples decided to name the children. The first child was named Namow; the first-born girl, Thigach; the third born, a girl, Terfan; and the fourth-born, a boy, was named Maraalag.

The children were healthy. Goney said they would not talk about looking for Gusney until after the children were much older.



Chapter Two: The Family from Malaya

One day, all four adults saw a couple and some children coming towards them. The four adults walked towards this new family, but they did not say anything. Finally the four adults stopped and Laplap said, "Where have you come from?"

The man said, "We are just walking. We have come

from the northwest."

"Where are you going?" asked Laplap.

"We have come to visit you," said the man.

"What can we do for you?" asked Laplap.
"Nothing, thank you. We thought we would just stop by and visit you," said the man.

Laplap's wife whispered to Laplap, "Ask him about

Laplap then said to the man, "Did you find someone like us, who is a spirit, somewhere in the ocean?"

The man said, "That is why we have come here. Gusney told us how to get here. And he asked us to tell you to stop looking for him, and that he is well and someday he might visit you."

Laplap thanked the man for the information about Gusney. "We have been worried about Gusney and were going to look for him after the children were grown up. But now that we know he is well, we will stop looking for him."

Laplap's wife, Chigchig, then asked the man, "Are you spirit and some human or are you mostly human and some spirit?"

The man answered, "We are half human and half spirit." This meant to the spirit couples that these new people were humans—the first humans on Yap.

Laplap asked, "Where are you from?" "We are from Malaya," said the man.

"Good," said Laplap. "We shall stay together. But what is your name and what is your wife's name?"

"My name is Won and my wife's name is Libya," said Won.

At the mention of their names, the oldest daughter of Won smiled. Won turned to the daughter and said, "And this is my oldest daughter, Ruliya."

During supper that night, Laplap asked Won, "What interests you in this island? We have searched all of it and have not found anything. What have you come after?"

Won replied, "We have come only to bring Gusney's message."

And Laplap said, "Is this the end of your journey or is there another place you would like to go?"

"If there is a bigger island than this I would like to settle there," said Won.

Laplap thought for awhile and said, "I know of a bigger island, but we shall all stay here until the children are bigger and then I will take you there. Someday I will take you to the bigger island, but I want you to leave some of your children here so that someday you will come back." Won agreed to leave some of his children.

Then one evening a few years later when the children

were older, Laplap said he was ready to take Won and his family to the bigger island.

During supper Won told his wife and children about the agreement that some of the children would be left behind. And so he asked each child one by one if he would remain on Yap. Each child cried as he was asked. All cried except one, the oldest daughter, Ruliya. She was quiet.

Won turned to her and asked, "Why are you not

crying?"

"I am quiet because I do not want to remain behind. And I don't know what will happen to you. But because I don't want to break your promise, I will stay behind," she said. Ruliya also said that she knew her mother needed her the most, because she was the oldest, and her parents would miss her help. She also said that she did not want to remain among strangers.

Everyone in Won's family then cried. Won said that Ruliya would remain and that they would visit Thoolong. The next morning they prepared to leave for the big island. Laplap and his wife Chigchig, and Won and all of his family, except Ruliya, were going on the trip.

The two couples and Won's children went to Walgam. Laplap said that they must stay there until things were right to leave. On the fifth day early in the morning

Laplap and Chigchig went back to Yap on the log.

Laplap woke everyone up and said, "We are ready to leave."

Won said, "Where is our canoe?"

Laplap said, "It is in the water." Everyone looked in the water and saw a great big log drifting near shore. The tree was whole, with roots and branches. The only thing the tree did not have was leaves.

Laplap and Won gathered the children, went to the sea and climbed on the log. The children were very happy. Some of the children held onto the roots, and some held onto the branches.

When everyone was on the log, the log took off. The log had no sail or mast; it just went through the water. As the log went through the water, a bird flew overhead. After the seventh night, they saw land. The bird circled over the land and then disappeared.

The two couples and Won's children went ashore and found a place for Won's family to live. (The land Won lived on is today called Guam). After a place was found Laplap and Chigchig went back to Yap on the log.

Now there was only one human on Yap, Ruliya, Won's daughter. Everyone else was spirit. And, of course, there was the clam. No one fed the clam, but it grew anyway.

One day Maraalog, the youngest child of Goney, found a site on the other side of the island that he liked. He wanted to settle there and so he asked Goney if he could move. Goney said it was all right. Maraalog met some spirit friends that lived near him and invited some of them to help him build his house. No one in his family helped him.

Maraalog was very happy in his new home. He invited his spirit friends to live with him. Sometimes Maraalog visited his family on the other side of the island. One day he visited his family and Goney told him, "It is good you have settled, because in a few years there will be a lot of humans on Yap. And you and Nomow will be able to help them. Someday Mandug and I will go back to where we came from—through the hole in the fresh-water well."

"If you leave, what shall I do without you?" asked Maraalog. "And someday when there are humans on this island, what shall I do with them?"

"We will give you and Nomow some medicine and then the power to do anything you want. If you want, you will be able to make fish appear in the sea, make the sun shine, cure sick people, make the trees bear fruit, or make people happy. You will be able to do anything," said Goney.

Maraalog returned home. A few days later Goney and Mandug gave the magic power to Nomow and Maraalog and went through the hole in the fresh-water well. They returned to where they came from.

in the next issue: Chapter Three—The Couple from India, in which the eternal triangle plays a part in establishing Yap's traditional clan system.



The Keeper of the Legend

Raphael Uag, the dedicated and delightful man who related to Frank Molinski the "Legendary History of Yap," is the host, curator, and presiding spirit of the Yap Museum. Recalls Molinski: "Every afternoon I would bring a translator to the Museum and Uag would rummage through a thick yellowed notebook to tell his story. While Uag crunched betelnut and talked the translator translated and I scribbled down notes." Resulting from all these sessions is "The Legendary History of Yap," now being published in two booklets-with illustrations by the Yapese artist, Stanley Kenrad.

The organization of the Senate was accomplished in one day. Actually, the key positions were decided on before the Congress ever met, in an informal, Sunday afternoon meeting of the delegates from the Eastern Districts-Truk, Ponape, Marshalls. There they were, the big guns of the Senate, the senior members of the three Eastern delegations: Tosiwo Nakayama from the Western Islands of Truk, first President of the Senate, thoughtful, soft-spoken, good-looking, with a friendly Japanese face: although a political veteran, Nakayama had missed the last session, while finishing his BA at the University of Hawaii. Bailey Olter from Mokil Atoll (ninety miles by sailing canoe or open whaleboat from Ponape), short, dark, powerfully-built, with a handsome Germanic visage; Olter is a mover and as chairman of Ways and Means he keeps his hands on the controls. Amata Kabua. heir to the chiefdom of most of the Marshall Islands, smooth, eloquent, incredibly cool; chosen by his colleagues to sit Mandarin-like in the Chair of the Senate President, to administer proceedings from behind dark glasses.

Nakayama, Olter, Kabua-these had been the three most frequently mentioned for the Presidency of the Senate. And these were the three who, with the concurrence of their colleagues, chose Kabua. Kabua was chosen, if you listen to Tosiwo Nakayama, because he most forcefully expresses sentiments which the other senators feel. Indeed, Kabua must appear a real Jekyll and Hyde figure to many of the Americans on the Hill. Urbane, flawlessly polite, personally friendly, is is Kabua who, in speech after speech, rises to "cry out to the world against the unjust neo-colonial administration under which we suffer," and to proclaim that independence is the only acceptable objective for men whose forefathers challenged the mighty ocean in small canoes. But actually, if you look around the Senate, Nakayama and Olter may be the only ones who actively second such sentiments. When Kabua introduced an inflammatory resolution, his catalogue of the sins of the U.S. Administration, the response of some of the members was less than enthusiastic, although none rose to challenge the Senate Leadership.

Probably Kabua was not selected to express sentiments, but to deal with the

ROMTHE SENATE GALLERY

Sometimes you sit in the Senate gallery and think... What a remarkable place!
Out of a thousand villages, from a hundred lost and neglected islands, has come this cadre of articulate, sophisticated, and sensitive leaders—men proud of their heritage and sure of their mission.

Sometimes you sit in the gallery and think.. God! What a mess.

by David Altschul

substantive issues that provoke those sentiments. Land is the big issue in Micronesia because there is so little of it. It is in the Marshalls, where tiny atolls are measured across, not in miles, but in yards, that Micronesians have suffered most from military expropriation of their land. And it is Kabua who has led the battle over eminent domain legislation, attempting to secure for the Congress a voice in the taking of land for military use.

Although the President of the Senate was selected in a caucus of Eastern senators, it would be misleading to make too much of the East-West split. In the day-today workings of the Senate, no such division was apparent. Actually, the Senate is too small and familiar a club, the leadership too strong and like-minded, for there to be much division—a far cry from the first session, four years earlier, when the Senate deadlocked for three days over election of officers. "It got to the point," Bailey Olter recalls, "where if the West was not willing to compromise, we (the Eastern delegates) said there would be no session; we would just sit for thirty days and go home."

Now, six of the senators have been in the Senate since the beginning. Three are two-year veterans. All of the other three served previously in the House, including two of the sharpest and most promising members, Status Commission Chairman Lazarus Salii of Palau and former House Floor Leader Ambilos Iehsi from Ponape. In part, the Senate has grown together. And, in part, through the Congress, Micronesia as a whole has grown together. The political evolution of Francisco Palacios, former Trust Territory Medical Officer and now Senator from the Marianas, is perhaps representative of this development. In 1966, when Dr. Palacios was first elected to the Senate, he was considered an avid and contentious spokesman for the Popular Party, which looks toward eventual reintegration of the Northern Marianas with their rich American brother, Guam. The story is told of a meeting at which Palacios was being particularly persistent in pointing out that if the Congress of Micronesia did not accede to the wishes of the Marianas, then the Marianas could always pull out and go with Guam. Another Medical Officer, Senator Isaac Lanwi from the Marshalls turned to Palacios and remarked with very un-Marshallese directness: "Palacios, what do you want

with Guam? Here in T.T. you're lucky; you're a doctor. If you go to Guam you won't be any doctor, and you're not a nurse. What are you going to do, sweep the floors?" Whether or not Franc Palacios accepted Senator Lanwi's reasoning, the last general election found Palacios campaigning for his brother Nick, running for Congress on the Territorial ticket. Palacios now counts himself a Territorial and on the last night of the session gave a rather eloquent impromptu speech on economic development, interdependence, and Micronesian unity.

The tone of the entire Congress at the opening was one of conciliation. Even before the Congress convened, during hearings of the Special Committee on Government Organization, the theme of working together with the Administration was expressed repeatedly. The night after the Congress opened, Bailey Olter was reflecting on the subdued tone of this session, in contrast with the famous "Summer of Dissent." There was a feeling that this session would be one of careful deliberation. Now the Congressmen were full-time legislators. Now there would be time to investigate at leisure important and progressive legislation which had been put

Even more important, Olter said, there was a new-found sense of authority, of potency. Those veterans who had been with the Congress since the beginning felt a sense of strength and permanence at just having survived. "There was always the sense that the first four years was a dry run," Olter remarked. "Now the Congress has reached the point where it can make demands of the High Commissioner, and if those demands are not met, get him out. If necessary, we can take the U.S. before the United Nations and get the whole Trusteeship arrangement changed." Threats? Maybe? Big words? Maybe. But the feeling was real.

There was a suggestion, by one observer close to the Congress, that the subdued tone with which this session began was a kind of "Calm before the Storm." Perhaps the storm would break in July—and perhaps its force would be felt beyond Micronesia. Perhaps it was significant that no attempt was made to override the High Commissioner's veto of the Eminent Domain Bill passed last summer amidst ringing speeches and

loud battle cries. It seemed, at times, that the Senate leadership had decided that no progress on military expropriation of land could be made until the Trusteeship Agreement was amended. And that cannot be done on Capitol Hill. As Kabua let slip from behind his dark glasses one afternoon, "Some of the members have spoken of taking the matter before the United Nations."

The mood of conciliation and calm deliberation did not last. It died on Thursday of the second week. It died partly because the Administration, in announcing a tentative decision (later reversed) to veto the \$2,500 expense allowance and \$1,200 office rental allowance the Congressmen had voted themselves, touched a raw nerve. But the main reason why the very constructive mood of the Congress did not last was because no one sat down, either before or during the session, and planned how to maintain it. The Congress had only fifteen days; and after ten days of what was, for the Senate, continuous and rather serious effort (including a full day of hearings on Sunday), the amount of work that remained was beginning to contradict the initial expectation that Congress would at last have the leisure to examine important legislation carefully and responsibly. The idea had been that bills would be introduced this session, studied by the standing committees during the interim, and reported for action in July. But the idea was lost in the flood of proposed legislation whose sponsors began to lust for passage.

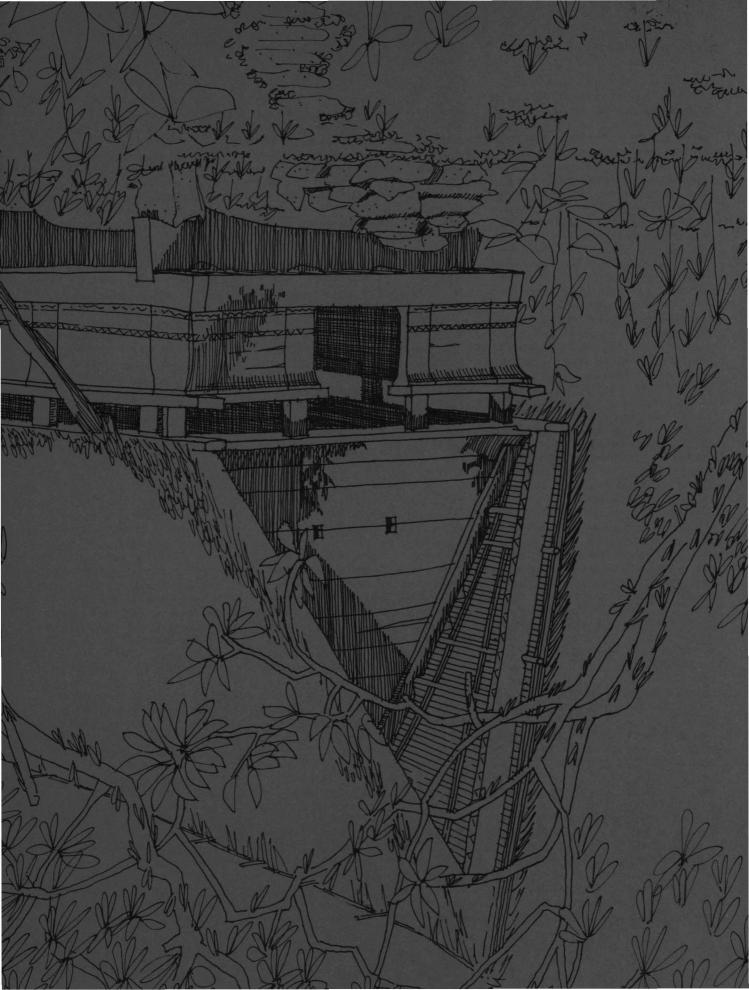
In one unworthy session, the Senate considered a bill to establish the office of Ombudsman, a piece of legislation which, if passed, would have far-reaching effects. The Committee of Judiciary and Governmental Operations had held only one hearing on the Ombudsman Bill, at which a representative of the Attorney General simply reported that the Administration had not had time to thoroughly study the provisions and implications of the bill. As a result, the Committee had recommended that the bill be held for further study, both by the Administration and the Committee itself. At this point, Lazarus Salii, the thoughtful but occasionally impulsive senator from Palau, visibly beginning to show exasperation at the way the session was falling into disorder, rose to suggest an alternative. "We don't even know yet whether there will be money for our standing committees to meet in the interim," Salii said. "And as for the Administration, I question whether they have the machinery to really study this bill and give us a complete report. I'm afraid if we hold it for study, we'll be in the same position next July as we are now. Let's just pass it, and then they'll have to study it completely and report to us. Even if they veto it, at least we'll know how to correct it next session."

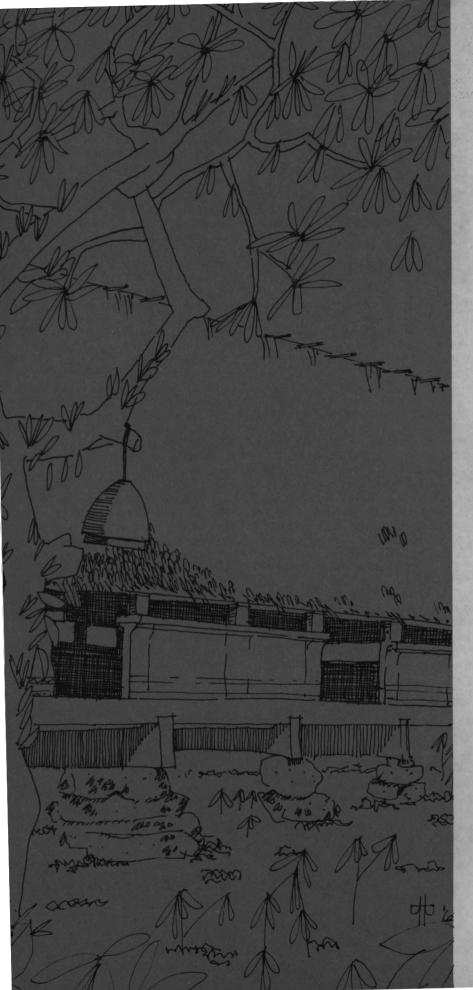
Andon Amaraich of Truk, sponsor of the bill and chairman of the Committee, usually the most sober, careful, and conscientious of the Senators, now saw an opportunity for quick passage of his bill and reached for it, echoing Salii's sentiment. Olter and Nakayama threw in their weight with a simple nod of assent. And Kabua, in a rare exercise of his prerogative, ruled it the sense of the Senate that the committee report be amended and the bill placed on the calendar for final passage. One could sense a hidden embarrassment in the chamber, an unspoken recognition that if the Senate really did pass such an important piece of legislation without proper consideration, it would be abdicating its legislative responsibilities. It was as if there was a conspiracy of silence.

It took Ambilos Iehsi, the sharp, chainsmoking, junior senator from Ponape—the one who, in his occasional bluntness, is the self-proclaimed "worst politician in the Senate," but who, for his intellectual clarity and consistency is undoubtedly the coolest head in the group—to break that conspiracy. It was done with no particular eloquence or forcefulness. But it was done; the Senate was publicly reminded of its responsibility. After that, there was no alternative but to recommit the bill for further study.

In the end, it was Salii who best characterized what went wrong. "It's this fifteen day session," he said. "We don't know how to use it. We've been treating it like a thirty-day session, but there just isn't time to consider major legislation. This is nonsense; either we should eliminate the short session, or limit its purpose by law."

Maybe before the next organizational session, two years hence, something may be done to correct the problem. But for now, the session is over, and the problem is not a particularly pressing one. For in Micronesia, at this stage of the political game, a lot can happen in two years.





ODE TOAN ABAI

In which an architect with a touch of the poet contemplates a classic survivor of Palau's golden age by Harvey Helfand

If you walk down a certain sandy avenue on the emerald atoll of Kayangel, 57 miles north of Palau's district center of Koror, a drama of form and structure unfolds before you. Several hundred feet ahead, at the end of the road, a strong slanting gable will appear through the lacy palms overhead and the thronging cup-cup leaves on either side. And, as you continue your walk, accompanied only by the steady roar on the nearby reef and the occasional rustling of banana leaves, you will see the shadowed texture of hand-worked thatch, and the richness of adze-shaped wood, and the strength of moss-clinging stones.

And if you are there in the early morning when the sun is just low enough to break through the canopy of trees all around you, a cascade of sunlight will climb over the rough thatch, form a rugged line along the weather-worn story boards, and contour around and over the graceful curves of the wooden members below; then it will tumble over the coral stones stepped under the framed opening and disappear into the dark green mass of the coral platform.

Rising in front of you will be one of Palau's two remaining traditional abais (the other is in Airai, on Babelthuap). At arm's length you will sense one of the best-proportioned and well-articulated examples of architecture in the Pacific.

There, above the subtle curves in the low side walls, you will discover a curious line of tiny triangles, once deep



in tones of reds, blacks, and whites, but now faded after years of sunlight and wind-driven rains. And if you run your hand along the rhythm of their sculptured edges, you will feel the devoted signature of some long-ago artisan.

Now you will swing through the short opening and under the osochokl, a graceful beam with a concave sweep below the facade of storyboard plans. Once inside you will sit under an almost religious presence of culture and tradition. Here the evidence of human patience will be felt in the subtle nicks and scrapes, humble imperfections, in the surface of the heavy floor planks, here the perception of thoughtful order will be found in the parade of allabed, the short roof-supporting posts marching in a regular pattern all around you; and here the feeling of human function will be felt in the rakoi, shelves cantilevered and curved to store the bed-rolls of the rubaks, the Palauan men who presided here.

When you stand you will be stooped forward to avoid the low beams of the roof trusses, a built-in device to insure the proper bowed respect before the seated elders and chiefs. You will be captivated by the beams or imuul, the colored and carved history books of the islands, the chronicles of past events, the library of tales and legends. As you pass from beam to beam to admire these forerunners of today's storyboards, you will feel the richness of their compositions, balanced and modeled as if by some contemporary artist. Here the sunlight has not faded-instead they bring to vivid life a miniature play of people and fish, houses and trees, outriggers and waves, lovers and spears.

Above you and all around will be



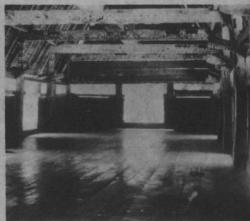
the security of the high-pitched thatched gable. Here a drama of light and shadow will play upon the pleasing texture of the roofing material. In earth tones of ochre and umber each tiny leaf will be highlighted and softly rounded with shadow, creating a plane of tiny splashes of color spotlighted by the reflected light entering at the eaves and shaded gradually upwards into the darker region under the gable's ridge. How many hours were spent tying those leaves to their bamboo purlins? Who were those rubaks and mechases whose careful work gave form and life to this proud monument?

Once again, outside you will observe an encore of form and color, of texture and shadow, of culture and tradition. You will perhaps respect the skills of the old rubaks, the patience of their work, the meaning of their design, the results of their pride. But when your drama closes and the abai diminishes behind you and slowly hides itself again behind a fabric of leaves and fronds, will these feelings for order and form, for craftsmanship and patience, for pride and devotion, for culture and tradition be disengaged from your twentieth century thoughts? Will those forms and motifs, which are particularly Micronesian be forgotten because Micronesia lives in a modern world?

For today behind the leaves and palms lies the architecture of 1969 and the future; there will be no thatched roofs, no hand-adzed planks, no richly carved beams. Instead there will be a modern use of concrete and steel, of masonry and metals, of plywood and two-by-fours. And with these new materials will come new colors and textures, new advantages and uses, new elements of architectural expression. But what will this expression be? Will it be a mere reflection of some foreign culture thousands of miles away, only an introduction of forms and design far removed from the culture and way of life in tropical Micronesia? Will a building in Truk be no different than one in Tokyo? Will design in Micronesia be the same as that in Minnesota?

Or instead will it be an expression of Micronesian architecture based upon the same quality and character which the rubaks gave the abai? The leaves and fronds will remain, but under their lacy canopies, will the culture of Micronesia also remain? It will if the same patience that went into the tiny triangles, the same care that was applied in the hand-adzed planks, the same skills that were demonstrated in the imuul, the same craftsmanship that formed the rakoi, the same pride that produced the abai is not forgotten but reflected in inventive and creative ways with the new materials of the new architecture of Micronesia. And then a new drama will unfold behind the palms and leaves.





DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

A controversial resolution adopted by the Saipan Municipal Legislature last December stirred comment around the island. The resolution calls upon leading nations of the world-Australia, France, New Zealand, both Chinas, the USSR, and the United Kingdom-"to present to the people of Saipan a full description of the advantages of alliance with their respective governments." Support for the resolution was not universal. Commented Senator Olympio T. Boria: "I believe in political education, but not to the extent that it will affect our loyalty to the Administering Authority who has given us the proper guidance to our political destiny." Added local businessman Jose C. Tenorio (Joeten): "No nation in the world would do a better job in Micronesia than the U.S." Backing the resolution, Speaker Herman Q. Guerrero alleged "If it hadn't been for Typhoon Jean, Saipan would never experience having new permanent buildings and school facilities."... Meanwhile, the posttyphoon OEP program, estimated at 15.5 million dollars, was well underway, with 500 homes already built and work continuing on four new elementary schools and a new high school . . . As these schools were being built another school was close to shutting down. Founded in 1952 by the Capuchin Order and currently serving 900 students from throughout the T.T., Mount Carmel was forced to announce that this year would be its last. Chief problems: shortage of faculty and unpaid tuition fees. The government Department of Education is negotiating to lease the premises . . . Another lease was being mentioned. Ten acres of government land on Tinian were leased to the North Pacific Development Company, headed by George Archibald. He plans a copra processing and byproducts plant and hopes to take advantage of current favorable U.S. tariffs.

Yap began the new year with a day of dances and celebrations dedicating its District Legislature building. Representatives from throughout the Trust Territory, including High Commissioner and Mrs. William Norwood, attended the January 11 dedication. Groups from around the island presented dances which they had been practicing for several months. Although the legislature building has been in use for two vears, the last touches-including a porch, walks, landscaping and a stone platform-were not finished until late 1968. In June the building will see its first use by the newly-formed Yap District Legislature . . . January also brought the announcement that District Administrator James Flannery will leave to become district administrator in Palau . . . Year's end attracted numbers of visitors from Japan to Yap, but not all were Japanese. In December, the German ambassador to Japan made his second visit to Yap in a little over a year, and in January Robert Immerman, second secretary to the United States embassy in Japan visited... The transfer of shipping to MILI was followed by delays in surface mail as ships to and from Yap bypassed Guam, which distributes Yap's mail. With a backlog of surface mail building up at the local post office shortly before Christmas, the postmistress finally sent the packages to Guam by plane after three ships had refused to take the mail. There was also discontent among local businessmen with cargo lost in the use of barges and lighters to offload large MILI vessels coming to the island. Before the change in shipping contracts, the Palau Islander provided bi-weekly service to the island. The Palau Islander was docked in Colonia. Since the change in shipping contracts, larger ships have served the district on a less-regular schedule. The larger ships refused to dock in Colonia, forcing the use of lighters.

Movies are a big thing in Palau, but none in the past have received the welcome that "Hell In The Pacific" got at a premiere showing here. The Lee Marvin/Toshiro Mifune movie was filmed in the Rock Islands of Palau in 1968 . . . and Academy Award-winning actor Marvin, seeking "a kind of privacy you can't get in the States," returned to Palau in December to vacation, bringing the film with him. The premiere, first of its kind in Palau, was attended by local and T.T. notables, with admission proceeds going towards a local hospital fund. The film stayed on the screen at George's new theater for almost a week ... Support for conservation of the islands came from various groups involved with tourism. They contend that if the Rock Islands are undisturbed, they will become a major tourist attraction . . . High Commissioner Norwood announced the transfer of District Administrator J. Boyd Mackenzie to Ponape . . . Traditional leaders met in the early part of December in a last-ditch effort to curb increasing crime. So far, their plan of definite curfew times for all residents, combined with deputized men who patrol the bars, has resulted in a rapid decrease in crime. The implied threat of "going to custody" is especially effective for children and teenagers . . With its charter approved, the Palau Hotel Corporation is moving ahead with plans for a Rock Island resort area . . . Still facing classroom shortages as a result of school destruction by Typhoon Sally in 1967, Palau is anticipating construction of a new high school, a T.T.-wide vocational school, and an elementary school, though it's unlikely all will be completed before sometime in 1970 . . . Jonnsrud and Associates of Guam have begun work on a community center. Intended for meetings and recreation, the center combines traditional Palauan architecture with modern facilities...Jonas Olkeriil received a U.N. Fellowship for

1969... While installation of telephones has been delayed by the mysterious disappearance somewhere between the U.S. and the T.T., of a necessary switchboard, one much-needed project is complete. Visitors to Palau will find a new sanitary pit latrine at Airai airport... The U.S.S. Tanner, coming to Palau to chart channels, was due in the latter part of January... Palau mourned as for "the loss of a rare, precious, and irreplaceable antique" after the death last November of the High Chief of Ngaremlengui.

The United States Navy has left Truk without setting up any bases, many islanders discovered to their relief. After a six-week survey of lagoon waters, W.E. Williams, Executive Officer of the U.S.S. Tanner, announced tentatively that high water ships can safely enter the district . . . Peace Corps-Truk received a jolt when Distad Jesse R. Quigley decided it was time to start a phase-out of the program-now. So, in his request for Volunteers to be trained this summer, he cut all departments and asked for no new Peace Corps in the Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL) category. A roar erupted in reaction, and the request is now being reevaluated. Meanwhile, the Education Department has begun a program whereby Peace Corps TESLers will train Trukese in their schools in the art of learning by repetition . . . Saipan's Juan A. Sablan arrived to assume the position of Assistant District Administrator, vacated by Ray Setik when he turned full-time Congressman. Senators Tosiwo Nakayama and Andon Amaraich, and Representatives Chutomu Nimwes, Masauo Nakavama, Endy Dois and Sasauo Haruo have also quit their jobs in government . . . The Christmas and New Year holidays left the police station relatively quiet for a change. There was a big hubbub in the Hall Island group, however, when the U.S. Air Force dropped Christmas gifts for the islanders . . . A second foreign fishing boat, this one Japanese, washed up on an outer island reef December 19. A representative of a salvage company was in Truk at the same time, viewing the scene where a Korean boat banged into the Ruo reef several weeks before . . . And all-male Xavier High School made the quarter bright with an authentic rendition of Shakespeare's As You Like Itso authentic that, as in the good old days, the men played the women's roles . . .

To at least one Ponapean. I the New Year brought renewed political life-and even something of a promotion. Having lost his seat in the Congress of Micronesia's House of Representatives to Heinrich Iriarte in November, Ambilos Ieshi entered January's special election to fill the Senate seat vacated by Dr. Hirosi Ismael. (Ismael chose medicine over a continued career in politics and is headed to Fiji and New Zealand for further training.) leshi enjoyed an easy victory over five other candidates and captured the Senate seat. With his victory, leshi left his government position as Ponape's political affairs officer. Another Ponape politician resigning from government was former assistant district administrator Bailey Olter ... Still further change was in the air as Ponape awaited the arrival of its new district administrator, J. Boyd Mackenzie. Remaining in Ponape—as a private citizen-was former Distad Robert Halvorsen, who recently accepted chairmanship of a new local tourist development committee . . . And tourists were in evidence around Ponape. The district played host to a quartet of shell collectors. Richard Willis and his wife arrived in a 36-foot ketch and were later joined by two ladies collecting shells for three museums in Southern California . . . Doubtless, tourism will really open up when Ponape's airstrip is complete. A Japanese firm has completed dredging and preparation of the strip, located on an island 3/4ths of a mile off Kolonia. Now they're working on the causeway connecting the airstrip to the main island ... Meanwhile, the District suffered its third shortage of imported food in four months, due to the late arrival of ships. Stores were bare of rice, flour, sugar, and beer . . . A sad note was struck with news that former PCV Fred Carlson, a TESLer in Rohn Kitti had been killed in an ambush in Viet Nam. Having terminated from the Peace Corps because of medical reasons. Carlson was drafted upon returning to the United States . . . From Kusaie came a surprising piece of news: the islanders elected two young (late twenties) men to the offices of chief magistrate and island secretarysomething of a surprise, for these positions have generally gone to older men. What's more, the men elected reside in small villages-and, in the past, the offices have gone to residents of Kusaie's larger villages .

A Kwajalein Atoll interisland community relations committee has been formed to promote better relations between the American community on Kwajalein and the Marshallese on Ebeye . . . In a statement early this year to the Eniwetokians on Ujelang, High Commissioner Norwood advised that government efforts to help them would be endangered by actions or demonstrations of their making and would be regretted by both them and the government, Earlier, the Enjwetokian delegation to the Marshalls Islands legislature resolved to evacuate Uielang if the transportation system did not improve by the first of this year. "If the government doesn't come to help, we are going to move out of Ujelang," Iroij (Chief) Johannas Peter told a reporter late last year. According to Johannas, more food, money and supplies are needed. "We are angry." added the island magistrate. Hertes John, "and are thinking more about our problems." In the past year several improvements have been made on the island, however. The Ujelang rat menace is virtually eliminated; copra production is slowly increasing, sailing canoes are sailing and agricultural rehabilitation gains are evident. In his statement. Norwood pointed out canoe restoration and rat control as evidence of government support. Perhaps Hertes John best summed up the difficulties of the situation when he observed, "If we were hungry on Eniwetok, then we were just hungry, and it was our own problem and our own business, but if we're hungry on Ujelang it's the government's business because the government moved us here"... Thunderstorms were generated over the Marshalls by what has become known as the great weather station hoax. Spurred by an interview in which Distad Dwight Heine strongly protested further intrusion by outside sources on meager Marshallese land, a controversy was set off. The Guam Daily News got into the act with a "look at our prosperity" editorial. The editorial evoked considerable retaliation from many Micronesian leaders, who indicated that they preferred not to look at-or like-Guam. Eventually, a management spokesman for the weather station project said all was exaggerated and the project was much smaller than advertised, with no additional drain on Marshallese land. Final weather forecast: sunny with dissipating thunderstorms.

THE G

The Highlands of Ponape

One of the old men who knows best the history of Ponape is Pernis Washington, locally called the Soulik en Sumwei. He lives in Salapuk, the highest and most remote of Ponape's "kosaps" or hamlets. Godaro Gallen and PCV Dave Altschul of Ponape's WSZD wanted to tape an interview with him and I was interested in some community development possibilities in Salapuk and thus transpired as vivid and memorable a trip as I have ever taken in the Trust Territory.

Our first destination was Wenik, a kosap situated on the coast miles below Salapuk which is far, far up in the Ponape highlands . . . only 800 feet up as the crow flies (if crows fly that high), but several miles as human beings walk over steep, muddy tropical trails.

The boat journey to Wenik took two and one-half hours—it would have been two but the tide was low and we had to skirt the reefs instead of run over them. That means the channel through the wide mangrove swamps was shallow and the outboard motor kept knocking against logs and rocks as we careened around curves, shattering the absolute quiet of the grotesquely sculptured forest: muscled twisted limbs out over the channel, and rootlets draping down from on high, brushing your hat off if you didn't duck.

At Wenik, at the base of the highlands, we found Winner David to guide us on the four-mile hike up to Salapuk, through mud and streams, over ridges and gullies. It seemed like a long, very long way to get to the 50 or 75 residents at the top.

When nearing Salapuk, you cross two major streams, big enough to flood dangerously in heavy rains. We passed several spots where the Salapuk people (Salapukians?) want to build footbridges—maybe masonry columns with *kalak* logs across, high enough to not get swept away. Flooding now keeps kids out of school too often. In several parts of Ponape, heavy rains close school, as the children must hurry home before flooding.

Both these streams lead to nearby waterfalls. Sauerlap, the first, tumbles down a couple of hundred feet in several cascades. Sauerlik, to the east, dramatically plunges in a nearly free fall to a pool a thousand feet below! A thousand feet? Well, not quite. We dropped some stones and timed their splash-4 seconds -acceleration at 32' a second, that gives us around 220 feet, let's round it to 200. That's pretty high, when you're standing on the lip and staring straight down! The valley below is sheer-walled and lush green with slender trees soaring into space. Tree-ferns hug the walls and vines cover everything not otherwise occupied. The sea is remote and serene. Herman Melville must have seen something just like this as he struggled down into Typee Valley in the Marquesas a century ago.

We moved on and soon came to the *mahl*, or open land, of the Salapuk plateau. This mahl, like many others in Ponape's mountains, is covered by a low, scratchy blanket of staghorn fern—an indicator of appallingly poor growing conditions. Lush forests push right up to the edge of this wasteland, and the contrast between the two is startling. Here's the rain forest, and there's the elf meadow, with low drizzly clouds confirming the supernaturalness. Trails cut across here and there, most of them converging on the newly-constructed school at the upper edge.

We continued on to Riting's house, our headquarters in Salapuk, approaching the residence through a square of fern-log posts, set up in orderly rows, to receive the black pepper cuttings Riting hopes the agriculture agent will be bringing up one of these days. Riting has entered into a contract to plant a hundred pepper cuttings and to take care of them until they produce, for a small subsidy per successful plant. This proj-

ect is funded by the District Legislature to encourage development of this new money crop.

Riting's house is a snug affair, with a cookhouse-social center right off the front veranda. We all plonked down there, after our "kaselehlias," and got the mud off our feet. Very cheery. We spent the rest of the day pretty much right there, talking about all manner of things, eating royally of yams, meat and various side dishes, all prepared in front of us as we breezed the day away.

Eventually the Soulik en Sumwei came in and joined us for a couple of hours. Now he was the man we'd come to see, to try to work out some radio tapes about old Ponape, as he knew it. Godaro got out his recorder and the two of them carried on a discussion about the origins of Ponape. The Soulik presented major topics but was not inclined to go into details. Later in the visit, he recorded a couple of old, old songs, and that was it. But while not recording, the Soulik was a master conversationalist, leading the group over a wide range of topics.

That evening was a pleasant at-home, with sakau-en-Ponape (Ponapean kava, juice of a pepper root, pounded and squeezed through hibiscus bark) served to all hands. It was Godaro's first try at the numbing brew and everyone looked to see how he took it—which he did well, befitting a man who delves deep into old Ponape. We slept soundly, both from the long walk and the sakau, as well as from a full day of new experience.

The next day we went to the new school in late morning and met the Soulik again-it was there that he sang for the recorder. About noon a feast appeared it just seemed to walk in quietly, unannounced. We dined on fish and pork and on the large Ponapean pigeon, which is only open for shooting in December (obviously the month to go to Salapuk). The pigeon goes very well with vam. which was there in white and purple varieties. A delight that will make the reputation of the Salapuk Hotel, if one is ever established, is banana pudding a la Salapuk. Unchenyap (Yapese bananas) are boiled in their skins, peeled and pounded, and coconut milk is added. It isn't any longer bananas, it isn't coconut milk-it's just one of those rare things that rises above its ingredients-wow! These bananas are not often available. by the way. Since Salapuk I've been asking for them without success. There must be a reason...

After the meal we went back to Riting's place and the others got ready to walk back to Wenik and proceed by boat to Kolonia. I stayed on, to walk over the mountains to Kolonia the next day. That evening, Salapuk had its Christmas party for children. Santa Claus came, all dressed in a red suit. He had a beard, carried a bell (very much like our school bells) and a pack of presents on his back.

Santa came into the school about 9 p.m. after tons of food had been consumed by the hundred people gathered there. The people included many guests from Pehleng, Rohn Kitti, and Wenik. When Santa came into the schoolhouse, the children were singing a song. Santa said "Merry Christmas, I come from Washington, D.C. and I speak no Ponapean." Then he gave candy to everybody and afterwards gave presents to the children and to some of the adults also. He had several presents for Pernis Washington (the Soulik en Sumwei) and these came from Washington, D.C. Santa Claus is very good at learning languages, because by the time the presents were all given out, he was speaking Ponapean almost as well as a man from Rohn Kitti.

The Christmas Party at Salapuk was the biggest gathering that anyone can remember. It was possible because of the new school, built by the people. Because the people built the school, the District Education Department sent a teacher and few school supplies to Salapuk. This is the first time that there has been a school there. The school building is about 20' by 40', all of local material, including pole sides and a thatched roof. It is very snug and comfortable (which was good, as some of the guests spent the night there), lacking principally some tin roof surface for water collection.

With cash income in Salapuk very very restricted (there's little copra, pepper is just starting, and even fish are remote), labor is the principal resource, and it was very well supplied to the school building. One wonders about the future of communities like this—when the demands for money get much stronger, do all the young folk drift away—like Kasiano Joseph, District Legislature Speaker and like Petrus Johannes, Steward at PICS, or is there some possibility for a developing economy here? The resort background is great, with atmosphere and scenery to knock your eyes out—but the

obstacles to development seem just as overwhelming—the road, utilities, communications, management and development skills: the whole smear of things that confront all under-developed areas. Right now the community works; it's a very pleasant place, with healthy vigorous people. But what about a generation from now, with all this change in the air?

The evening was filled out nicely by talks on Christmas themes by Tihpen Anson and Benjamin Fredrik, both clergymen from down on the coast. Then, after a leisurely breakup, we started off across the mahl by lantern light for home—close to midnite. In addition to the Christmas spirit, the mahl gave off vibrations of older powers, but none that were unpleasant, at least that evening.

The next morning, Sunday, I waited for my guide, Yosio Pelep, but he was delayed-delayed by having sipped sakau till 7 a.m.-what a preparation for an all day hike! However, when he showed up he was in good spirits (the sakau has no alcohol in it) and we took off to the north, following trails up and down, twisting and winding, working our way up to the dividing ridge between Kitti on the south side, and Net Municipality and Kolonia on the north. I had a compass, which I consulted frequently, because I wanted to get to know the country, not that I made any route decisions; Yosio knew the way alright. I had a light pack and a machete and he carried a .22 rifle and a stalk of sugar cane. The sugar cane was for my refreshmentafter a full night of sakauing, Yosio couldn't have cared less for sugar cane.

Yosio intended to bag a bunch of pigeons and sell them in Kolonia, but one of the features of sakau is that it affects vision. Ones' eyes diverge or cross, so a hunter in Yosio's condition sees twice as many pigeons as others see. Unfortunately, his rifle was single-barrelled, which meant that after quite a few stalkings and firings we wound up with only a pair of birds—but nice ones.

Back on the trail: I have a fairly strong (I won't say good—just strong) sense of direction, and I figured that with the compass, I ought to be able to keep track of where we were and where we were going. This is not as easy as it might seem, because almost all of our walking was under dense forest, with zero opportunity to look out and see where we were going—or where we'd been—until we hit

the main east-west dividing ridge. Long before that happened, I'd developed a 180° error in my sense of where we ought to be going, and all the rivers we crossed seemed to me to be flowing north, when my compass and Yosio's guiding said they were going south. I argued with that compass for hours—standing and looking at it and trying to rationalize my feelings of what had happened with the objective reality of where north was—it didn't work!

When we finally did reach the ridge, at about 2 p.m., we could set out to the north and to the south—there was the great *mahl* at Salapuk, with the valleys of the streams feeding the Lehnmesi river boldly spread out far below us. Then we saw the lagoon and Kitti reef, with its sand islets; and at last there was the open sea, with Ant Atoll off to the side, near the edge of the horizon. Dreamy, picture-postcardish, it hadn't anything to do with us, tucked safely away in our mossy fairyland on the ridge.

To the north there was another view. We could check up on progress on the new airfield, dredged into existence by a Japanese contractor. It looked as though most of the sand was in place, across the mangrove swamp, which will be the first closeup future visitors see. Most of the view was taken up by the Nanpil River valley and its tributaries. Yosio pointed out how we would drop down off the ridge and skirt a promontory to the northeast, gradually losing elevation, till we got down into the main valley.

After a substantial rest, amidst the feeling of being in another world—stunted, windswept trees, mossy spongy ground, ferns, moss and orchids decorating everything,—we worked our way down the north side. Yosio was in the lead and I looked between my feet to see him! It was not terrifying only because of the vegetation—with trees around, I get convinced that you can't fall—so far, the feeling's been supported by events. I started with a good sense of north and south (but a complete jumble about where we'd been) and kept it all the way.

The trip down was relatively quick and easy. Intermittent rain was not uncomfortable—on such a walk you're wet with sweat anyway, so rain means that you stay comfortably cool, although things get rather slippery underfoot. However, the mountains of Ponape are

almost always pretty damp, no matter what the weather. Swamps and bogs exist there on slopes of forty-five degrees!

We lunched just south of the high ridge, with tuna salad the whole menu. This was a combination of canned tuna and heart of *kotop* palm—a forest palm found over much of Ponape. It's remarkable in that, although it grows quite tall, 40-foot specimens can be cut down with a dozen machete strokes, and the terminal bud can be gotten out in a minute. It's fresh and crunchy and furnishes lots of water; reminds me of celery, and goes well with tuna. Yosio stuck to the tuna, possibly because of some sakau-induced digestive problems he was facing with great strength of character.

So, we dropped on down to the river system, first hitting a major stream at a junction of two flows, just above the prewar Japanese power dam, which recently broke down, but remains as a landmark on either shore. We walked along the concrete flume running from the dam to the generator site, guite a few hundred yards downstream. It's kind of sad to think of this early development work, which is now nothing but a ruin. I've heard that the system was substantially in running condition after the war, but in those days, nobody thought of the possibility of there ever being a need for much electric or other power, so it just went back to nature. The frames still stand for transformers and control mechanisms that sent electricity down into Kolonia.

By now it was nearly dark, and having gotten to the Nanpil road, we moved along pretty fast. Still, we didn't make Kolonia until after dark, and so the first thing we saw on entering town were Christmas lights across the Kolonia-Nyt road. We tried for beer at the first bar. having concealed our weapons in a nearby store, but we found the town was pretty dry, what with the M.V. Gunner's Knot nearly a full month behind its original schedule. So we settled for a rather elegant dinner in Joe Henry's Restaurant and moved on to the Club Kolonia, where we'd heard beer was still available. We got refreshment at the club and there managed to dispose of the pigeons at a figure well above the prevailing 50 cents per bird. So, with that kind of warm feeling that a couple of country boys had taken the city slickers, we went off to my house, a shower and to bed. We slept well and long.

POVERTY IS

by Gonzalo Santos

Poverty is getting married at 23, earning 50¢ an hour. This includes not having a house. Poverty is you expect to live with your mother-in-law, with 4 kids.

Poverty is going to your neighbor to wash your clothes, clothes you have worn several days to work.

Poverty is what you saw at your neighbor's.
Poverty is finding the cupboard empty.
Poverty is what you put on the table for your family's meal, of nine.

Poverty is looking at your wife's rosy cheeks turning pale.

Poverty is seeing your brother get kicked out of school.

Poverty is always fearing preferential treatment, knowing that someone else always gets the eye of your employer.

Poverty is owning a house built by materials from crates as old as World War II halfway eaten by termites and weather beaten, cracked.

Poverty is having diseases destroying breadfruit and coconut trees all over the place

Poverty is planting crops on barren soils.

Poverty is your home demolished, losing your clothes, finding broken dishes, soaked rice sacks and broken chairs, after each typhoon.

Poverty is living with 6 people in an 8' x 16' shack for three months, with a baby 60 days old

Poverty is picking up pieces and putting them together.

Poverty is seeing choice land rotting away that no one can do anything with.

Poverty is trying to live as the Americans taught you.

Poverty is dressed with creases on your worn trousers, faded and mended shirt on your back. Poverty is seeing them wear earrings, wrist watches, carrying cameras.

Poverty is seeing them wearing dark glasses, laughing.

Poverty is seeing them live comfortable, in concrete houses.

Poverty is seeing mowed lawns with gay colored flowers, overgrown grass in my yard instead.

Poverty is seeing air-conditioners protruding at each wall.

Poverty is not washing your dishes with warm water, with soap.

Poverty is getting wet going to the bathroom. Poverty is taking a shower with a trickle for water, the water running red from corrosions in the pipes, 20 years old.

Poverty is not having huge glass picture windows to watch scenery and the ship docking.

Poverty is hearing that new furniture and cushion covers are constantly changed, to

match the draperies on the walls.

Poverty is seeing your darling children, with their tummys growing bigger from worms. Poverty is paying or not being able to pay the hospital bills.

Poverty is getting sick.

Poverty is catching the flu and the only medicine you get is aspirin tablets.

Poverty is not having rice on the table, \$7.00 or more for a 50 pound bag.

Poverty is seeing the prices of merchandise changing everyday.

Poverty is seeing the prices of lumber, nails at 15¢ per pound hiked up overnight to 65¢. Poverty is knowing that a marked up good netted 100% profit.

Poverty is buying a can of spam for 70¢.

Poverty is seeing your children attending classes at school, under army tents.

Poverty is having only one library.

Poverty is having your electricity knocked off.

Poverty is seeing your island overgrown with

Poverty is seeing your island overgrown with tangantangan trees.

Poverty is having a confined experimental agricultural station.

Poverty is water pipelines knocked out. Poverty is selling imported cows to the people, for breeding.

Poverty is getting surplus equipment, excess needs of other federal agencies.

Poverty is having holes on the roads. Poverty is seeing a bulldozer on the road shoulder, for a week.

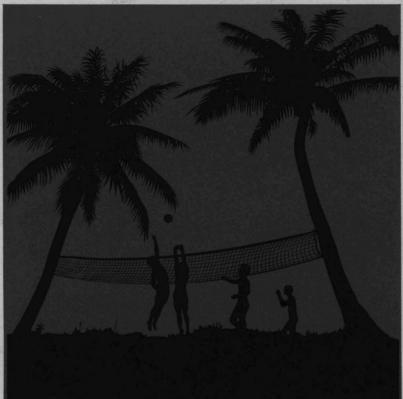
Poverty is when it rains the roads are flooded. Poverty is knowing that you had three different forms of government.

Poverty is politics.

Poverty is unequal representation, the Micronesian Pay Scale.

And Poverty is when you are face to face sitting down at the table, mumbling, "Bless us O Lord, and these thy gifts ..."

To some of our readers, Mr. Santos' definitions of poverty may seem little more than a catalog of gripes; others may find his essay more compelling. Sympathizers may nod at the writer's indictment of poverty in the world around him; critics may insist that the poverty is in the thoughts of the writer himself. Whatever our reactions, all of our reactions, to the author's specific complaints, we may detect in Mr. Santos' semi-poetic, semi-autobiographical expression, the notalways-happy tones of an authentic Micronesian voice, and it is as such that we publish it. Whether we locate poverty in our world or in ourselves, we can still hope to correct it... From those who agree or disagree with Mr. Santos' composition, we welcome further contributions.



AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF WAR

No one planned it this way—but it's interesting to see the anniversary of the savage battle for Saipan celebrated by an unprecedented peacetime competition: the Microlympics. This time the Japanese and Americans are on the sidelines—this is strictly a local, friendly affair, as athletes from all six districts converge on the capital of Micronesia for one week of unmatched athletic excitement.

Around the central Pacific, on dozens of far-flung islands, they're getting ready now—staging, rehearsing, drilling, competing—preparing for the second invasion of Saipan. D-Day is July 4, 1969, and then—with the Congress of Micronesia, guests and observers from around the Pacific and the world looking on—the contest will begin: track and field, baseball, basketball, swimming, volleyball, etc. Also—would you believe—outrigger canoe sailing, underwater swimming, coconut tree climbing, spear-throwing?

Now, right now, they're getting ready, on dozens of islands to the east and west. They're different people, they speak different languages, have different cultures, but they have one common purpose: victory on Saipan.

Remember. Saipan. July 4 to July 12. Micronesians take the field.

MICR&LYMPICS