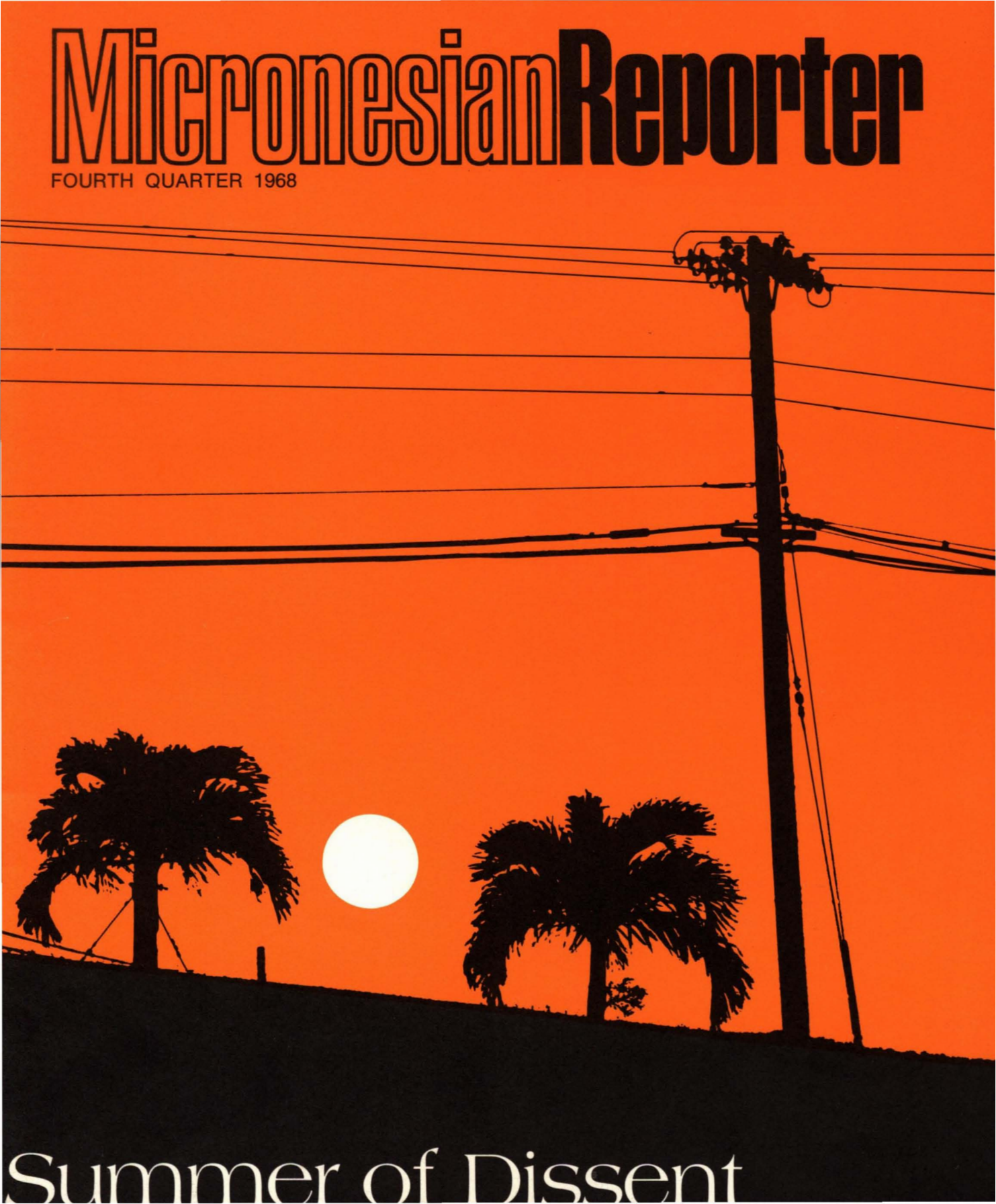
Micronesian Reporter

FOURTH QUARTER 1968



Summer of Dissent

CREDITS

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Letter Dept.

Dear Editor:

As a Micronesian student currently studying abroad, I'm a regular recipient of the *Micronesian Reporter*. The Second Quarter 1968, Vol. XVI, No. 2 issue especially attracted my attention and it is this issue which I wish to refer to here.

Because I belong to the post-war generation the only knowledge I have of the World War II battle which took place on Saipan was transmitted to me by my parents. Such information was chiefly limited to the sufferings and hardships the Saipanese people underwent. It included no clear description of how Saipan was secured from the Japanese. Never before had I heard or read a detailed account of "how the battle was won" on Saipan.

The seven-page portfolio about Saipan by Robert Wenkam was also interesting. I can't remember when the *Micronesian Reporter* included a picture-story (of that length) on my Saipan.

Thank you.

Guadalupe C. Borja
University of Hawaii, Hilo Campus
Hilo, Hawaii

Dear Editor:

I am writing an article on the "Last of the B-29 Super-fortresses" and would appreciate any information your readers may have on B-29s, intact or otherwise, that still remain in the Trust Territory.

Richard M. Keenan
Washington, D.C.

Address your responses to Mr. Keenan at 4640 Reservoir Road, Washington, D.C. 20007—ed.

Dear Editor:

I especially thank you for the interview with Mr. Lazarus Salii. I feel that similar common sense, objective comments by representative Micronesians are definitely in order.

I am sure you would approve, but I would like you to know that we have translated this interview into the Ponapean language for distribution to all our participants in the Community Leadership Training Program here at Ponape Agriculture and Trade School. I am sure it will lead to much interesting talk among the trainees.

Rev. Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.
Ponape, Caroline Islands

Dear Editor:

Even though the title of this magazine implies things Micronesian, except for an article by Carl Heine and an interview with Congressman Lazarus Salii, Micronesian participation in its write-up has been minimal. Consequently, very little Micronesian voice has been heard; very little Micronesian opinion has been solicited, and very few sentiments, ideas or aspirations of the Micronesians have been expressed in the magazine. With this thought foremost in mind, I am submitting this letter.

I wish to address myself to the topic of "Congress of Micronesia" in general, and the compensation of its members in particular.

We are told that some key officials, Micronesians included, involved in the administration of the Trust Territory were reluctant to urge, if not opposed to, the formation of the Congress of Micronesia. They had their doubts as to its timeliness and the political maturity of the Micronesian leaders. To these handful of non-believers, it is a miracle that the Congress has not only survived the torrents of four sessions, but the elected have produced a good number of qualitative legislations as well. Whether their apprehension was valid or not is inconsequential to us Micronesians now. The only thing we are concerned about is that we are grateful that, after twenty long and stagnant years, we at last have a legislative body through which a unified voice of the people governed could be heard.

It goes without saying that, in the initial years of any legislative body, the best qualified candidates should be selected to represent the people. Statistics show that 2/3 of the incumbents were re-elected in the 1966 general elections, and that these are the leaders in whom the Micronesian populace have vested their confidence for the last four years. All the Micronesian senators and representatives have performed their congressional responsibilities well, and thus they have commanded the respect of the people they represent.

A good number of the congressmen, in the last four years, have felt secure in that they could go back to their posts in the executive branch of the government. Now, at the advent of Amendment 4 to the Secretarial Order No. 2882 (the Order by which the Congress of Micronesia was established), they are suddenly faced with the most difficult decision in their short-lived careers as legislators. On the one hand, it would seem that the Congress will be "crippled" if the incumbents all decide to stay with the administration; in which case the Congress will be manned with "newcomers", and perhaps by Micronesians with lesser legislative ability or experience. On the other hand, the annual salary as proposed by Amendment 4 is so unbelievably low ($3500) as to warrant no other choice. Many of the present congressmen make well over $4000 per annum in the administration, some much more!

It is interesting to note that the Political Status Commissioner, in reviewing the proposed Organic Act for Micronesia (H. R. 16183), fully endorsed the annual salary of $6000 as proposed in the Act for the members of the Congress. It is only too clear that the $3500 figure, like the proposed target date of June 30, 1972 for the Micronesian plebiscite, was not negotiated for by the people of Micronesia. Certainly, not by the members of the Congress who are directly affected. This is a sure evidence of the long-existing lack of proper consultation, at least, with the Micronesian leadership on issues critical to the general well being of the people concerned and the future of their islands.

The contention in support of $6000 annual salary is that the salary should be attractive enough as to encourage the best qualified Micronesians to run. The position of a congressman should also be prestigious and highly respectable. But, it is not too commendable for a congressman to be paid the same salary or less than his next-door neighbor. This elective position in the highest legislative body in the territory may lose its meaning.

The constituents are up for disappointment if the men of their choice decline to run this coming November election. Yes, the administration too needs well qualified Micronesians, especially if the theoretical policy of replacing Americans with Micronesians in the top positions is to be encouraged. But to have the financial seesaw too weighty on the side of the executive branch is not doing the incumbents much justice, for they are

presented with almost no alternative.

The incumbents are further hampered by the restrictive clause of Amendment 4 in that "No member of the Congress shall receive any compensation, other than that provided for in this order, from the government of the Trust Territory or any political subdivision thereof".

But to some Micronesians the amount of the compensation is immaterial at this stage. They argue that for the congressmen to be on full-time basis and paid out of the federal grants is in itself a blessing. Some term this changeover "an end to divided loyalty" and the beginning of full devotion to only one branch of the government. Beginning in January next year, the elected representatives of the people will have to wear one hat until their terms with the Congress expire. No more of this introducing resolutions in the summer and writing replies to them in the winter!

While the decision is undoubtedly a difficult one, nonetheless, the constituents reserve the right to know where their candidates stand as soon as practicable. And if certain candidates do elect to run, they should solemnly pledge their resignation from the administration if elected.

The decision of those who will choose to remain with the administration ought to be equally respected. Ever since the creation of the Congress of Micronesia, a mistaken notion has emerged among Micronesians and Americans alike that the Micronesians are automatically identified with the Congress and the Civil Service employees with the administration. And this is an erroneous philosophy and one that is hard to erase. It should be emphatically clear in the people's minds that it is not an act of disloyalty, as many Micronesians may have already been led to believe, for the incumbents to remain with the administration. Who knows! Perhaps they know they have more to offer for the development of the Micronesian people and their islands while serving in the executive branch! The idea of the Congress meaning Micronesians and the administration Americans was further intensified by the fact that the two draw their coins from separate purses. One-government-one-purse is the goal as yet to be attained, and the compensation of the Congress members to be paid out of the federal grants is a big stride in that direction.

The democratic theory of having three branches of one government became a reality in Micronesia with the institution of its Congress in September 28, 1964. But for the Trust Territory government to succeed in its various joint undertakings largely depends upon the quality, sincerity, personal sense of dedication to duty and responsibility of those who would occupy the upper brackets in the executive, legislative, and judicial branches. It would seem, however, that this end may never be achieved if the government of the Trust Territory continuously exercises unequal treatment, may it be the salaries, housing priorities, employment benefits, etc., to the members of its different sectors.

There is, I am afraid, a general feeling among many Micronesians that the administration is synonymous with the government and that the judiciary and the legislature are only its inferior subdivisions. This wrong and extremely detrimental interpretation of our government needs to be eradicated. And so to those who will run, best of luck in November and the subsequent elections! To those who will pursue their administrative careers, congratulations!

No matter which branch of the government we may be in, let us collectively strive for the day when the Trust Territory government is made a true representative government of the governed, and that it exercises equality in all respects to all of its employees irrespective of the branches.

Victor Uherbelau
Saipan, Mariana Islands

Who's Who

... in this issue of the Reporter

DAVID ALTSCHUL
A Ponape District Peace Corps Volunteer, Altschul traveled to Saipan to cover the Congress of Micronesia for the Micronesian News Service. If his scholarly, objective narrative of "The Kaselehlia Affair" reads somewhat like a historical essay, credit may be due the University of Chicago where Altschul did honors work in history.

DIRK BALLENDORF
Former Peace Corps director in the Palau District, later Program Officer for Peace Corps-Micronesia, Dirk Ballendorf has returned to the United States to do graduate work at Harvard. *Micronesian Reporter* readers may look forward to more prose from this student of battles and betelnut in the next quarter

BOB BOEBERITZ
Escaping from the drawing board of the Public Information Office's Graphic Arts Studio, our art director Bob Boeberitz spent two days legging it amongst Rota's rugged landscape. Looking several pounds lighter upon his return, Boeberitz is keeping further travel plans confidential.

P. F. KLUGE
"Getting to Ponape is a story in itself," reports our editor. "I hitched from Ponape to Truk aboard a Coast Guard buoy tender and returned via SA-16 seaplane. There's something exciting about covering a story in Ponape. You never know when you'll get there. Or how long you're going to stay."

JOHN PERRY
Most recently a reporter for the Micronesian News Service, photo-journalist John Perry has been primarily assigned to the Marshalls District. With PCV Perry's return to his home district, readers can count on more articles from little-visited islands like Rongelap and Ujelang.

CARL SMITH
As Planning Coordinator for the Trust Territory, Carl Smith has had first-hand experience in the meetings and excitement that have accompanied Saipan's recovery from Typhoon Jean. In pre-typhoon days Smith was a Hawaii Architects and Engineers master planner on Saipan.

MARJORIE SMITH
Observer and analyst of the Congress of Micronesia, Mrs. Smith was Bureau Chief of the Micronesian News Service, the cadre of Peace Corps Volunteers and Micronesian trainees who garnered unprecedented coverage for this summer's Fourth Regular Session.

DOUGLAS WATTS
An accomplished American betel-nut chewer, Douglas Watts was a contract teacher on Kayangel Atoll, Palau District, from 1964-1966. Before that he was a Peace Corps Volunteer in the Philippines.

INTERVIEW:

Hirosi Ismael

This quarter the Micronesian Reporter conversed with Hirosi Ismael, a Kusaiean medical officer and a senator in the Congress of Micronesia. The articulate and incisive Ismael attracted our notice by several dissenting notes he struck at this summer's conclave on Capitol Hill. When so many Trust Territory residents regard the advent of tourists with something like the reverence accorded to the second coming, Ismael proudly boasted that Kusaie was among the most beautiful islands on earth—and that he would shoot the first tourist to set foot on his land. Less coy, less playful, was Ismael's criticism of the solons' decision to applaud the establishment of a United States congressional status committee to ponder Micronesia's future. Ismael's feeling—which he echoes in this interview—is that the future of Micronesia is for Micronesians to decide. Which is less of a platitude than you might think.

Ismael—his name echoes the days when his home island of Kusaie was a storied whaling port—is himself an example of the increasing pragmatism, irony, and tough-mindedness of Micronesian leaders. Born on Kusaie 32 years ago, Ismael began his political career as a sanitarian, graduated from the Trust Territory School of Nursing and last, attended the Fiji School of Medicine, where he became the fourth student in the school's history to capture gold medals in both surgery and medicine. One resident of Ponape who has known him for almost twenty years told us "Before he went to the Fiji Medical School he was a mild, easy-going guy. Since his return, he's become more outspoken. He's dissatisfied with the rate of progress here. Kusaie has been promised so much and seen so little."

Like many of his colleagues Ismael faces a decision this fall: whether or not to continue as a member of the Congress of Micronesia. Even the non-partisan, apolitical observer will find it easy to regret the loss of the pungent, acerb qualities which Ismael brought to the Congress of Micronesia . . . and to this interview. But, whether or not Ismael returns to Capitol Hill, it's not likely that this maturing, toughening voice will be silenced for long.

REPORTER: I think I'd like to begin the interview by asking what I should call you—senator or doctor?

ISMAEL: Well, I think I'd be more proud of being called a doctor at any time.

REPORTER: Does this imply that in the fall your role as doctor will be more important to you than your role as senator and since you'll be forced to choose between them will you continue to be a doctor?

ISMAEL: I don't think that's a fair question. At this point in time it would be unfair to ask me that question. As a representative of some 19,000 Ponapeans. I should look into the matter with some concern before I decide as to what the future should hold.

REPORTER: Of course that is an important decision to make. What do you think are some of the things that you'll weigh when you make the decision?

ISMAEL: The most important philosophical question will be: would I meet the qualifications accorded a representative of my people if I were to be on full time and yet be paid by the Federal Government? I will say this: if the Congress of Micronesia appropriates funds to pay its congressmen on a full time basis I'll be the first one to say I'll be a congressman. As it is, if I were to be a congressman but were paid by the United States Government, I would have a feeling that the United States is going to throw in an influence that may not be of my liking. And so therefore, at this point of time, I question whether or not I should commit myself into the Congress knowing that I don't agree with the idea of the United States paying for my salary as a representative of my people.

REPORTER: I see, you feel that the control of the purse strings is dangerous.

ISMAEL: That's right.

REPORTER: Well, we'll look forward to that decision when you make it. I'm sure many people are wondering about what's going on in the minds of many of the members so affected. Let's go back however a few years and discuss the beginning of your career in medicine. I gather that you have specific acquaintance with three Trust Territory government hospitals: the Ponape Hospital, the hospital in Truk to which you were assigned very shortly after you return from Fiji, and the hospital in Kusaie which has most recently been your assignment. Describe those hospitals—you walked into the Truk Hospital after returning from Fiji. What did you find? What was the situation like there?

ISMAEL: Well, I think we should go back to find out exactly why I'm in medicine today. Back in 1955, I was assigned as an interpreter for someone visiting Kusaie. I was 18 years old at the time. But the deplorable health conditions in Kusaie gave us an insight into what our careers

would become. When we walked into the Kusaie Hospital we saw the most dilapidated hospital you could ever find in this world. We saw patients whose wounds were undressed because of lack of material. We saw patients lying there moaning with pain but there was no medication to give them. Not because of any neglect on the part of the staff of the Kusaie Hospital at that time but because of lack of material support. This aroused our interest as well as our sense of obligation to poor Micronesians and especially poor fellow Kusaieans—as far as I was concerned. So I decided I was going to go into medicine. I then resigned from the position I held as Assistant Audio-Visual Specialist. Upon returning to Ponape I went up to see our late Director of Public Health Doctor MacDonald and asked him if he could send me to Fiji. He said, "Son, you're just not qualified", but at that time there was a sanitarian seminar and he said, "I will let you go and enroll in the seminar." Three months later I was a certified sanitarian. I was still not satisfied. I went up to him again and said "How about it? Can I go to Fiji now after completing the course and being a sanitarian?" He said, "You're far from it. I'll send you to Nursing School." So he did. He sent me to the Trust Territory Nursing School, and in November of that same year he wrote me a letter saying you may sit for an examination for all applicants that would like to go to Fiji School of Medicine. I took this examination and I was number seven among the whole Trust Territory. Now he had to send 7 students to Fiji that year and during the Council of Micronesia meeting in Guam, the Rota delegation demanded that a Rotanese be sent, so that placed me number eight. Now in Truk there were two boys that had previously attended the medical school and failed in their second year. So he decided that he was going to send them. So there again it placed me number ten on the list. Therefore back in 1957, I was not sent. I graduated from the nursing school in 1958 and by January 1959 I had the first priority to go. Upon returning I worked in Ponape for three months and at that time they had a measles epidemic in Truk which caused us a lot of problems. The Director of Public Health in Truk requested for additional medical staff and I was then assigned to go there to help them for three months. The challenge for me medically in Truk was such that I felt I should stay there.

REPORTER: What sort of challenge was

this?

ISMAEL: The challenge was this: Truk has the highest population. We see more cases, much more than we would in Ponape. And because of the fewer number of medical officers available in Truk you are being more exposed to medical problems than you would be in Ponape.

REPORTER: That's a rough school to come up in. What sorts of medical problems did you find yourself dealing with . . . both in terms of hospital facilities and human ailments?

ISMAEL: The challenge was this—for the first time I was on my own, the medical demand upon my training was more in Truk than it was on Ponape where I was kind of pampered, being an intern. I was given only so much to do and so much responsibility. In Truk where there was so much demand for medical officers' services I was put on my own feet and either I did the job to the best of my knowledge or else it meant some obvious defect to that particular patient. Also, I think you'll appreciate the fact that I am surgically inclined and we have more major surgery in Truk per week than we do in Ponape. Throughout my three months stay in Ponape upon returning from Fiji we had only three major operations. In my first week of work in Truk I saw four major operations and I participated in them. So this caused me to realize that in Truk I would be more exposed to medical practice and so get better experience there than I would in Ponape.

REPORTER: As an 18-year-old interpreter, you said you walked into the Kusaie Hospital and were shocked by the conditions there and you eventually, after passing through this obstacle course, returned to the Kusaie Hospital. So let's talk about its condition today and its future in the next few years. What sort of hospital did you leave behind when you came up here to attend the Congress this summer?

ISMAEL: I think the spirit of calling my hospital a "hospital" is very noble, but when you come right down to earth and designate that structure as a hospital we'd rather say it with our eyes closed so we won't see it.

REPORTER: Well, if I walked through it with my eyes open, what would I find?

ISMAEL: You'd probably get sick and have a heart attack. Let me qualify this particular statement. The Trust Territory government, after 22 years of administration has never built a Kusaie Hospital. Kusaieans have been building them. This is the third hospital that they have built. They had two wooden hospitals before, but they—by wear and tear—eventually got torn down. And back in 1956, Kusaie Municipality government requested for grant-in-aid of twelve thousand dollars. They got it and they also requested technicians. The Assistant Director of Public Works was sent down there for one solid year to give the supposed technician assistance while they were building this hospital. In terms of service from this hospital we got, for every penny the Trust Territory sunk in as a grant-in-aid, ten thousand dollars worth of curative medicine. However, in terms of the structure *per se*, it's a concrete block building with concrete ceiling and roof and it's built not like any other Kusaiean concrete block building in that it is poorly built. It is now cracking up with great big lumps of concrete falling off every so often.

REPORTER: Into the wards?

ISMAEL: On to the patients. The nurses. Me.

REPORTER: You're hit by pieces of falling roof as you make your rounds?

ISMAEL: Let me tell you a very funny story: I was doing an appendectomy one day. First and foremost, my light went off. The only light I have in this operating room is a 60 watt bulb and it's about four feet above my head . . . So during this operation, my light went off. I had three nurses assisting me, so one of them rushed out looking for a scooter to run down to Public Works and ask the Public Works people to come and put the light back on. And so I sent one of the nurses to look for a flashlight. She found a three cell flashlight, brought it there and put it on so I could proceed with the operation. Just as I was closing the wound after having cut off the appendix, the light

turned on and just as I had placed the first 4 x 4 gauze on to the wound, a lump of concrete fell right on top of the 4 x 4.

REPORTER: So, but for a stroke of luck, you'd have a Kusaiean walking around today with part of the hospital roof . . . we hope he'd be walking around...

ISMAEL: If I had not proceeded with that flashlight shining on him and were to wait, open the wound up and wait for the light to turn on I would probably have spent a couple of hours looking for that lump of concrete inside the wound.

REPORTER: Well, I hear that Kusaie is getting a new hospital, I've been hearing that for some time and have heard it described in a number of ways. I gather that there have been quite a few plans. What's coming as far as the hospital in Kusaie is concerned?

ISMAEL: We're going to have a fabricated metal structure which would cost $225,000 and which will be sent down hopefully after we build the three and a half miles of road connecting the 21 miles of road in Kusaie together so that it will be more accessible to everyone. The plan has been drawn up, but when I came up to Saipan I made some changes. For example, I didn't want to see my nurses in one building while my inpatients are in another building. So I changed it and the final plan has not been drawn up since after my suggestions were adopted. Hopefully by next June, we should be able to have a brand new hospital in Kusaie that will last up to 15 to 20 years.

REPORTER: You're pleased with this?

ISMAEL: Let me say that a beggar can't be too choosy. However, it will be like moving from Vietnam to Geneva...The Kusaie Hospital is the most critical hospital building in this whole world, and if you walked in there you would see poles with 4 x 4's on top of the ceiling trying to hold off all of this falling debris so that it won't hit someone and crack his skull.

REPORTER: Well you're a medical officer, an M.O., and obviously a good one. However, there are no Micronesian M.D.'s now. I hope that someday there will be and I'm sure you do too. What are the chances of our seeing one in the near future?

ISMAEL: Well, we have a lot of boys out in various colleges—in Guam, Hawaii and back in United States. It will be sometime before we could hope to have a Micronesian M.D. back with us, but there are plans now to train some of the aggressive—shall we say—Micronesian medical officers in Micronesia, to send them on to various residences that our Assistant Commissioner for Public Health is now studying. For example, say that I'm interested in surgery. There is this Ponape Referral Hospital that they're planning to have in Ponape. I may then, if the Commissioner of Public Health thinks that I could qualify to do surgical work he might send me for up to three years of residency in surgery so that when I come back I would not only be able to do abdominal surgery which I could do now, but might possibly look into the possibility of doing chest surgery.

REPORTER: You painted earlier a quite squalid and probably justified picture of public health condition in Kusaie sometime ago and you focused on the hospital. Well, there are other aspects to medicine as well. You can have a robustly healthy population with a poor hospital or you can have a glittering hospital which is produced by a sick population. So there is another side. What about health care, medicine outside of the hospital in Kusaie? What about the well being of the population apart from whatever hospital you may have?

ISMAEL: That's a very interesting question and one that I've given a lot of thought. In Kusaie we have what we call Environmental Health Care. This is bringing the service of trained personnel right into the villages. I have four dispensaries besides my Kusaie dilapidated hospital and I have started a program of preventive medicine in Kusaie and I've designated a Peace Corps nurse and two of my staff on a full time basis along with a sanitarian who visit each and every village once a week so that we are selling a modern concept of health into the homes and try to get the people to incorporate these concepts into their way of life, so as to displace their beliefs in their folk medicine.

REPORTER: What is the status of folk medicine in Kusaie now?

ISMAEL: There is a very little need for using of folk medicine except for massaging which we cannot supply. You know that there is no hospital in the Trust Territory besides the rehabilitation center in Majuro that provides for physio-therapy treatment. So in Kusaie I make use of the fact that a lot of people know how to massage and I so advise patients to go and seek out these people and get help from them when it comes to a need for such service.

REPORTER: You recommend or prescribe the use of the masseur's services, is there anything else involved in what they do. Are there any elements of magic or do they use herbs at all?

ISMAEL: Some people still use herbs but we are very fortunate in Kusaie in that we have managed to bring up the standard and the respect of the Department of Public Health to one that is highly respected. We are probably enjoying a status not known anywhere else in the Trust Territory with regard to the whole population looking up to the medical department as if their word means more than say the strong influence of the church of Kusaie. For this reason, anybody that practices herbs in Kusaie does not want me to know about it.

REPORTER: Do you make an effort to know about it?

ISMAEL: I do, in fact I'm very interested in some of this. I think that they might have some potential pharmacological effect on medicine, but on account of lack of knowledge of the analysis of these by-products, we don't know. It may help us later.

REPORTER: Are there people coming to you who also use herbs? People who go to two doctors?

ISMAEL: Yes, there is one particular type of illness that people would prefer to use herbs for in Kusaie. This particular illness is called children's illness, infant illness. This is nothing more than lack of Vitamin A. And of course from the moment a child is around ten months to four years in Kusaie there is hardly any Vitamin A in his normal diet. We clear this up in no time with Vitamin A and D syrups and tablets. Until we started attacking this problem, everybody believed that there was no medicine, western medicine, for

such an illness.

REPORTER: Is there a lot of Vitamin A in these herbs?

ISMAEL: Yes, they do nothing more than get green leaves and mash them and mix them with water and force the child to drink them. That's Vitamin A.

REPORTER: You're a native of Kusaie. This is your home, it's got a population of 3,500 and it's the fourth biggest island in terms of land mass in the Trust Territory, which means that it deserves a good deal of attention, attention as far as all government services are concerned. Education and public works, roads and shipping. Evidently Kusaie is not satisfied or Kusaieans are not satisfied with the attention they've been accorded because they have asked for sub-district and district status. Most recently for district status. What's behind that plea?

ISMAEL: Well, Kusaieans reckon that they're not only being ignored but they have been placed in a peculiar category not of their choice. It would be like getting Saipan and throwing it with Truk and classifying Saipan and Truk as a district when you consider Kusaie and Ponape. Kusaie is the fourth largest island in the Trust Territory and potentially the greatest agricultural region in Micronesia. It has a culture of its own, a language of its own. The environment and community there differ from anywhere else in Micronesia. They cannot see why they have been neglected for the past 22 years. When a small island like Ebeye is placed on master planning, Kusaie is being ignored. They cannot see why with all these differences in culture, in language and in geographical distances from anywhere else, they should be placed under any other district, other than their own. They cannot see the logic behind the administration to classify and to throw Kusaie anywhere they wish it if designation of district would be on the basis of one group of people being under the district administration. If all of the Marshalls are classified as a district, that has logic in it because this is one particular type of people that speak the same language, that have the same common culture. We are just as different from the Ponapeans as Saipan and Kusaie are. And we are just as far away from Ponape as Majuro is from Ponape or as Yap is from Saipan.

REPORTER: Isn't Kusaie actually closer to Majuro than Ponape?

ISMAEL: Yes, we are further south between these two islands.

REPORTER: Alright, I'm the High Commissioner and I have just made Kusaie a district of its own and I have appointed a district administrator. So what? What are the benefits to you?

ISMAEL: The benefit will be in terms of sharing the overall economic development of the islands of Micronesia, sharing the impact of the jet-age. Being one with the rest of Micronesia, when we could classify ourselves as becoming a member of the whole world society than isolated islands that are being by-passed and are primitive and could not cope with the rest of the world's problems.

REPORTER: You talked about the economic development of Kusaie and I've heard a bit of gossip that this is an economic development in which you are participating. That you have interest in land in Kusaie. What do you see happening to this land? What do you see happening to Kusaie in terms of economic development in the next ten years?

ISMAEL: Well, the greatest economic potential of Kusaie lies in its being probably the most beautiful island in the world. It will probably attract the whole population of Communist China, Communist Russia, India, United States and the whole world if they could afford to come down and look at this place. Now of course you could have a look at it and you could land on it, but don't you dare step on my own particular land.

REPORTER: Well, would you like all these people to come?

ISMAEL: Yes, they would be welcome providing they could read because when tourists start coming into Kusaie you will see a great big sign in black and white, I will write No Pests, Foreign Sailors, or Tourists permitted to enter.

REPORTER: You've just ruled out all the potential visitors. If you don't have the R&R people (military on leave for rest and recreation—ed.) and the tourists, who's going to come?

ISMAEL: They can all come to Kusaie but not on my piece of land...

REPORTER: Not on your land. Incidentally how big is that piece?

ISMAEL: It's not small by Kusaiean comparison but it's mighty small by your comparison.

REPORTER: How are you going to stop these people from coming on to your land? Are you going to build a fence? That's not a Micronesian custom to have a fence, is it?

ISMAEL: You're wasting your time building a fence, wall or anything. Your friends will tear it down because they would like to visit you.

REPORTER: With all these visitors coming in you will need an airport, won't you?

ISMAEL: Yes sir, definitely. We do not have an airport and we do not have a dock or a wharf.

REPORTER: What do the ships do when they come?

ISMAEL: They throw in their lines and we take them and tie them to a coconut tree.

REPORTER: How often do the ships show up?

ISMAEL: Once a month. And sometime the Kaselehlia comes down there every three weeks. We also have M/V Tungaru which calls there every three weeks when it's running.

REPORTER: Currently, there is at least a partial recognition of Kusaie's importance by the fact that an administration official called a District Administrator's Representative resides on Kusaie. There have been two so far. What kind of job is that?

ISMAEL: A Distad Rep. in Kusaie is the coordinator of all administrative functions in Kusaie. For example, he is my immediate boss inasfar as my Director of Public Health is way over in Ponape some three hundred miles away. He coordinates the problem and sees that all our needs could be satisfied within limits of the availability of funds and materials. If you have a good Distad Rep. in Kusaie you'll be running in your activity as smoothly as possible within limits of availability of materials and funds. Right now incidentally we have an extremely efficient Distad Rep. and we hoped that he could stay longer in Kusaie.

REPORTER: Do you think that a Micronesian could qualify and could hold this post and could also gain the necessary following and be acceptable to the population? I've heard that there is some prestige, that Kusaieans consider it a sign of status of prestige, that they have an American Distad Rep. How would they feel about the appointment of a Micronesian, whether or not he was a Kusaiean to that post?

ISMAEL: I think you misunderstand the concept here. There is a prestige of having a Distad Rep. It's not that he is an American or a Micronesian. The very fact that a Distad Rep. is there indicates some interest of the Administration in Kusaie. And so therefore if a Kusaiean is quali-

fied, to be in that post, he will still carry that prestige.

REPORTER: If you were Distad Rep. in Kusaie, or in any position of power there, of general government administration, something outside of medicine, what would you accord priority, what would be your first two or three most important projects for the development of Kusaie?

ISMAEL: The first project, if I were in an administrative position to accord priorities would be to get experts into Kusaie to study the potentiality of citrus. I think that without exception, Kusaie's tangerine is one of the sweetest tangerines in the world. And the Administration falls flat on its face, in that it does not develop this potentiality.

REPORTER: Its made no efforts?

ISMAEL: Absolutely not, until last year when they assigned George Nakanishi a Japanese-Hawaiian agriculturist who noticed this potentiality and who started to interest the Kusaieans in planting as much as they possibly could. Look at our brother Pacific nation of Cook Islands. Its total internal revenue was derived from a million sterling New Zealand pounds annually out of tangerines, citrus fruit. Kusaie is of the same nature of island as the Cook Islands and it could produce just as much if it gets the attention it deserves.

REPORTER: What kind of attention? Does this agriculturist reside on Kusaie?

ISMAEL: He's such a terrific man that Manny Sproat transferred, promoted him to be the Director of Agriculture in the Marshalls. Now we have no agriculturist.

REPORTER: Well is it an agriculturist that you need or a marketing specialist?

ISMAEL: We need an agriculturist. First and foremost. And when, within the next five years, we are able to produce so much then we will need a market possibly in Japan. Right now we could open market if we could ship every pound we have available to Kwajalein.

REPORTER: Why isn't that done? Doesn't the ship go from Kusaie to Kwajalein?

ISMAEL: It is done now but not with the skill that Kusaie needs. For example, you put in a hundred pounds of oranges in a basket and you leave them on deck for three to four days. By the time it gets down to Majuro, three quarters of your oranges being squashed underneath this weight will be lost.

REPORTER: Well, there's something else that you need apart from a marketing specialist and an agriculturist and the good shipping system. You need people who are willing to work hard in the field of agriculture and who are willing to sweat producing citrus, and obviously the reason that they do such work is that they desire to have the cash return from their produce. Do you have such people now, is there such a cash incentive recognized in Kusaie?

ISMAEL: Yes, definitely. But there have been so many attempts in the past, abortive attempts, with regard to cash crops. Some people came down there and they developed a market between Kusaie and the Marshalls for bananas. When everybody started planting bananas there was no more ship to bring their bananas to the Marshalls to market. And then we started coal, started a charcoal market, and everybody started cutting and making charcoal and within two to three months time we lost the market.

REPORTER: What happened?

ISMAEL: No ships.

REPORTER: When was this?

ISMAEL: I was a child of ten or eleven years old when every Kusaiean started producing charcoal. And in one year's time we had tons of charcoal and no place to send it to.

REPORTER: You can save it for barbecues for the Communist Chinese who come down there and swarm the island. Any other abortive attempts in agriculture?

ISMAEL: Yes, we started at one time to plant guavas and other vegetables like your watermelon, cucumbers and what have you. So there was this fever in Kusaie. Every farmer went out and cleared thousands of acres of arable land. Planted everything. No boat.

REPORTER: When was this?

ISMAEL: This was when I was in Fiji, between '60 and '64.

REPORTER: Well hasn't the boat service improved in the last six or eight months with the large ships stopping at Kusaie?

ISMAEL: Recently, yes. But you see because of the fact that you put your vegetable on the deck exposing them to the salt water, to the wind, to the sun and because of poor packaging, we are losing a lot of money.

REPORTER: Isn't there any refrigeration on the ship?

ISMAEL: Yes, but then at the consumer end of this deal, it decays so much and you may not be able to sell your fruits and vegetables. We are presently negotiating with Ebeye Cooperative Association whether they could have chills into which they could transfer the vegetables from the boats and make them available to the consumer. There is no use having your vegetables in the chills and moving them out of the ship and putting them under the hot sun in Kwajalein or in Ebeye and have them destroyed within hours.

REPORTER: I count four doctors, medical officers, in the membership of the Congress of Micronesia, which has brought you to Saipan and kept you here for the last month or so. You'll be finishing in a few days. It seems to be a popular occupation or a hobby for a doctor. Why did you run? You could be back in Kusaie now ducking pieces of falling ceiling and tending patients.

ISMAEL: Well I was in Truk when they elected me to the Senate. I had a dispatch from a group of young Kusaieans asking me if I wanted my name on the Senate ballot. Back in 1966, I said, "Well why not?" I wasn't going to be elected. That's what I thought. Have fun if you want with my name on it, I don't mind. So I was working and I was assigned to go on a ship down the Mortlocks back in November 1966. Near Satawan I had a message conveyed from Ponape to me congratulating me for being elected as a Senator.

REPORTER: Then there's no campaigning at all?

ISMAEL: No campaign.

REPORTER: How do you explain the election?

ISMAEL: Apparently I was the only Kusaiean on the ballot and all the Kusaieans went for broke, electing me. And within three months I was in Ponape, I must have been a good physician to

some two hundred people on Ponape because I had won some two hundred ballots from Ponape.

REPORTER: Were those the Kusaieans living in Ponape?

ISMAEL: They're not that many. There would be about 50 of them. And I don't know where the rest come from.

REPORTER: How many Ponapeans were in the election?

ISMAEL: There were eight besides me.

REPORTER: So obviously the Ponapean vote was divided among the candidates.

ISMAEL: It was divided such that the Kusaiean candidate won.

REPORTER: Is there any reason why you couldn't continue doing that and have the Kusaieans vote for Senatorial seat from the district?

ISMAEL: There is a strong possibility that if I were to quit being a government employee and open up a private practice in Kolonia I would probably make so many friends that it will be an extremely difficult task trying to unseat me from the Senate. But whether or not I want to be in politics or being a doctor is the question now.

REPORTER: Well let's talk about your experience in politics today and specifically your experience with the Congress of Micronesia this summer on Saipan. Why didn't you think that it was a good thing that the U. S. Congress appoint a status commission on the future of Micronesia?

ISMAEL: Well, my experience with the House of Representative Insular Affairs Committee was very unfortunate and that I was fairly sure that these people came out here with some preconceived ideas as to what they feel that we should do, in what direction they'd like to see the future of Micronesia being decided. I don't mind the U.S. Congress having their own political status commission to supplement our own. But when it comes to this final decision of the future of Micronesia, it's Micronesians that should decide in what way they want to go. It is not the U.S. Congress, it is not the President, it is not the Director of the Peace Corps, it is not Dean Rusk, it is nobody else's business but the people so involved.

REPORTER: Well, you described what should be the case. What do you think will be the case? How do you think the decision will be made?

ISMAEL: It's a very interesting story. Let's be practical. You think that being a Trust Territory of the Pacific that under the Trusteeship Agreement to promote these areas economically, politically, socially, educationally the voice of Micronesia may carry some weight. But in fact that is not so. The United States by virtue of its concern for its defenses will require these islands for some time. But I doubt it very much whether this interest with regard to our points of land scattered in these three million square miles of ocean will be for a long duration. The Defense might need it this year but not necessarily 25 years from now. However, I think that probably the strongest bargain that we could have is this; the United States needs our islands more than we need them. Sure we need their economic stability. But if the United States were to broaden its view to the next hundred years, it realizes that there is a population explosion. Look at the potential of our islands where you have a scattering of low islands being surrounded in the lagoon by a barrier reef. Look at this tremendous bed for potential agricultural produce that hasn't been touched.

REPORTER: What is that?

ISMAEL: The inside of the lagoon.

REPORTER: Under water?

ISMAEL: Under water.

REPORTER: What are you going to grow there? Agricultural products?

ISMAEL: How do you know?

REPORTER: Well, I certainly don't, that's why I'm asking.

ISMAEL: Look about this need for food in the future. See in what way the United States from 50 to 100 years from now may be able to convert this useless bed so surrounding and so protected by a barrier reef into something potentially able to grow food for the rest of the world. This is where I think the importance of our islands lie. The technology and the science of the United States is one of the highest in the world. There is no doubt that one of these days if given the chance these useless lagoons that are surrounded by a calm bed of water may be converted into something that may meet some of tomorrow's requirements.

REPORTER: That's very interesting. Granted that a number of people, Micronesians and Americans, are interested in these islands to a varying degree for varying periods of time. Let me again press you somewhat, though, and ask you how you think the decision—I know it involves speculation—but how do you think the decision about the political future of these islands will be made and what part would you like to play as an individual Micronesian in making that decision?

ISMAEL: I think that there are various... if we're speaking in terms of the political future of Micronesia in the very near future, there are various alignments and various ways in which we can see right now that the Micronesian political status will lie in such and such direction. It could affiliate with the United States. It could affiliate with Japan. It could become an independent republic. Now the affiliation with these two nations that are spoken of, or affiliation with other independent island republics or nations, is interesting. Right now you realize that the Japan and Okinawa U.S. bases will be phased out. For this reason the islands of the Marianas and part of the Carolines and the Marshalls will hold some defense interest. For this reason I think that we would be forced to have affiliation with the United States, if we're not careful enough about the selection of the future of Micronesia. The United States carries two veto powers, carries the power of veto in the Security Council and any changes with regard to the Trusteeship Agreement can never be made without the agreement of the U.S. Congress. Any changes in Micronesia will never be made without the consultation and consent of the defense department of the U.S. So you see when you come right down to it, we don't have much of a bargaining power—excepting the fact that let's sell ourselves as expensive as we can.

REPORTER: It's a matter of setting prices, not deciding on the sale?

ISMAEL: As you look at it right now, but

you are setting up prices only because you want to affiliate with the United States at the highest cost, and then of course you could bring in the whole world into the picture and sell the idea that we are being exploited and we could demand complete independence in which case if the U.S. pulled out you're going to be in the soup. I mean you as a Micronesian, any Micronesian. If you want to have a nation that could be self-sufficient economically speaking, we need the United States. How are we going to go about it? It's the most interesting problem.

REPORTER: The Marianas really have very little in common with the rest of the territory, certainly the eastern districts that I've seen, and they could very well support that major kind of military interest that the United States might have in the Trust Territory.

ISMAEL: That may be so, but we want to look at this problem in two ways first and foremost. So what, so if the United States were to establish itself in Saipan or Marianas and let us fragment ourselves into smaller units. So the Palauans are going to invite the Japanese there. In Kusaie, I would sell Kusaie to the Russians if it means development of Kusaie. United States Defense obviously is not going to buy that sort of thing. Secondly, as I said a while back, any change in the international agreement between United States and the Trusteeship Council requires approval from both parties. And the Trust Territory is a unit. The fragmentation into various districts is an administrative policy, it's not included in that Trusteeship Agreement. So therefore, as far as the Trusteeship is concerned, there's nowhere in this unit that is called the Marianas District or Palau or Yap, Ponape, Truk or Marshalls.

REPORTER: Well, isn't it conceivable that the Marianas could be cut out of the Territory?

ISMAEL: With the approval of the U.S. Congress, the President of the United States, and with the approval of the Trusteeship Council, yes.

REPORTER: You think that's possible?

ISMAEL: If there are to be changes in the Trusteeship Council there should be consultation from the Congress of Micronesia. We're getting mighty tired of people deciding what should be good for me and what's not good for me. I reckon that we have grown up insofar as the Secretary of the Interior has given his blessing to the establishment of a united representative body of the whole Trust Territory. We should be given some of the say into what's what.

REPORTER: What would you say if you were asked what's what?

ISMAEL: For all the interest of Micronesians, the political future of Micronesia, we will be that much weaker if we fragment ourselves into smaller units than our present state. Alright, so if the United States needs the Marianas for its defense, the Marianas are a part and parcel of the Trust Territory and let's sell the idea as expensively as possible.

REPORTER: What if the people of the Marianas don't feel that way?

ISMAEL: Well, if the people of Kusaie want to become a territory of Russia, will they allow me to?

REPORTER: Probably not.

ISMAEL: Probably not. So I don't allow them to do what they want if it is at the expense of the rest of the Trust Territory.

REPORTER: In what way would the fragmentation, the separation of the Marianas from the Trust Territory be at the expense of the people in the remainder of the Trust Territory? Of the people in Ponape?

ISMAEL: The people in Ponape would like to share the pie of the advantages that would be inherent with the impact of military establishment in Micronesia.

REPORTER: How could they share in the benefit of the establishment—such benefit as there would be—in the establishment of a military base, an Anderson Air Force Base or a Pearl Harbor in the Marianas?

ISMAEL: If we so decide one of these days to be an independent nation we will turn around and charge the United States government so many millions of dollars for their establishment in any area in Micronesia and, as we haven't decided the future of Micronesia, we don't want to lose any potential bargaining power that we may have.

REPORTER: You know, that sounds rather mercenary. Is it because of your feeling of kinship with the people of the Marianas that you insist on this? Or is it your desire that Ponape should profit from a wager that occurs 1500 miles away.

ISMAEL: No, it's not that. What I'd like to establish here is this. Insofar as none of the islands in Micronesia have any say as to what they want to do, let us all

be in the same boat. What if Kusaie tomorrow wishes to join the Republic of Nauru? There would be a hell of a lot of opposition toward it. Now why should we let Marianas get away with it when all of us are in the same soup?

REPORTER: So it's really a question of Ponape and Kusaie getting the money for what the people of the Marianas suffer in terms of the burden of outsiders, the grants of land and so forth.

ISMAEL: On the other hand, it means an attitude of friendship and concern on the part of the people of the Ponape district toward those people in the Marianas when we think that they're not doing the right thing for the future of their children.

REPORTER: I don't understand. Would you explain that?

ISMAEL: In the Marianas right now there are two parties, the Popular and the Territorial. The Popular Party is the majority party here. They still want affiliation with Guam so that they could have the military, the U.S. Military move into here. This is not necessarily the right direction for Marianas just because the Popular Party overrides the Territorial Party. The interest of our people towards the welfare of the Marianas is extended here on account of the fact that we feel that we should support them as much as we can because some of them are our people. The Trukese section of the population of this island are people of the Eastern Carolines and we hold ourselves responsible for their welfare, just as we do for our own people.

REPORTER: How seriously do you think that the activities of the Congress of Micronesia are taken, not by the administration (which is what people usually talk about) but by the members them-

selves? How do they regard coming up here? Do they regard it as a serious task or is there a sort of convention or holiday atmosphere about the whole thing? Certainly, this is a charge that people make. There is this sort of social side of the Congress of Micronesia. Does this perhaps predominate or does this get more attention than it deserves? How seriously do the legislators take this whole business of coming to Saipan every year for a month and a half?

ISMAEL: I think that without exception each and every one of us are very much obliged to our people and we are here with the intention of seriously getting down to the needs of the people of the Trust Territory. Now, of course, by the grace of the people of the Marianas and Americans as well as Trust Territory citizens we have been invited from one party to the next and as we are enjoying ourselves socially this arouses questions in the minds of many people as to whether or not we're serious about filling in the role of being representatives of the people of the Trust Territory. That I leave to the interpretation of each and every one of you, but I'm serious about representing the people of Ponape District just as any other congressmen.

REPORTER: Are you concerned with an image, a political image at all? For example, there was a congressman arrested for drunken driving. What kind of an image does this create?

ISMAEL: We were concerned enough so that for five days in the Senate this was the topic of heated conversation and you don't see legislative matters that require five days of several hours of discussion, if it does not arouse, the interest and the obligation of the members of the Senate.

REPORTER: What was the substance of the discussion?

ISMAEL: The discussion was based on whether or not there is in fact harrassment of congressmen, discrimination on behalf of the local forces here in the Marianas.

REPORTER: And the conclusion was...?

ISMAEL: And the conclusion was that there was no tact nor diplomacy on the part of the police force towards the duly elected honorable individuals from various districts in the Trust Territory up here for an important session.

REPORTER: Well of course the Congress of Micronesia is not alone in this problem. There have been several U.S. con-

gressmen who've had run-ins with the law. This is not an unusual problem and I don't even think that a particularly embarassing one when seen in the light of what happens to elected bodies or members of elected bodies all over the world. I'm interested in what you're going to say when you return to Kusaie and someone asks you—a Kusaiean how things went with this session of the Congress of Micronesia.

ISMAEL: I think this session . . . I could only talk in terms of comparing this session to the last session. I think in this session we have brought in a lot of bills and resolutions which are really hitting the heart of this legislative matter.

REPORTER: For example?

ISMAEL: Each and everyone of us is extremely concerned with the small size of land in Micronesia and we hold land extremely selfishly because this is our bargaining, this is our future, this is one of our very few resources that we could call on. And of course you know that we have passed a bill this morning to repeal the whole chapter, chapter 20, of the Code of the Trust Territory pertaining to eminent domain and you realize that we have not only passed a Senate bill 74 which was an identical bill to Senate bill 41 last session but we also wanted to override the High Commissioner's pocket veto of Senate bill 41 last year . . . The circumstances surrounding this concern is that insofar as there is a duly elected representative body of the whole Micronesia, of the whole Trust Territory that the Congress of Micronesia should be involved in the decision-making as this deals with the greatest natural resource of Micronesia. Secondly it deals with the interest and the direction in which the economic development of Micronesia will come. Lastly it deals with leasing and uses of land in Micronesia. And we're concerned about the changes inherent in the amendment of the secretarial order. Many of us feel that it is not important, that the pay scale of the Congress of Micronesia has only one importance, and that is to attract the right type of people into the Congress. Some of us feel that it doesn't matter whether we get one hundred dollars a month or fifty dollars a month so long as this money would be appropriated out of the general fund of the Congress of Micronesia. Some of us feel that the representatives of the people of Micronesia would get paid irrespective of what sources so long as they do a good job of representing the interests of our people. We have various legislations that are very important and we have put on priority with regard to appropriation any business of the Congress so as to represent the interests of our people.

REPORTER: What was the reaction in Congress when word came, you just referred to it, that the secretarial order had been amended and as a result of that amendment in the future members of the Congress of Micronesia would receive a salary of $3,500 annually. What was the reaction?

ISMAEL: Well, this was welcome amendment but it brought up some very interesting philosophical discussions on the floor. The congressmen realize that to run the Congress of Micronesia at the expense of the administration is just not the right thing. Take any of us in the Congress. There is but one that is not an employee of the Trust Territory government. The congressmen realize, the senators anyway realize that there will be a change. If the rest of the Congress of Micronesia, the rest of the senators, decide to hold their job, we're going to have a new group of senators coming in next session. This is going to weaken the Senate extremely so. If the compensation for the senators is $3,500 a year there's probably only one senator that is earning less than that at present. There's only one. All of us are within the $4,000 bracket up. So we're not so much concerned about the pay status right now as we are about the fact that it is going to be paid out of federal funds, and my pocket will carry some attachment to it. So then it might limit the function of the Congress. This is the important thing about this amendment.

REPORTER: Do you think that the Congress should be self-supporting and maybe salaries then be paid through taxation as one form of income within Micronesia?

ISMAEL: I think that if the administration introduced its proposed income tax bill next year and it should be passed, Congress should be able to support itself financially. I would go as far as this: whether I'll be in the Congress or not, I would rather see the Congress of Micronesia use up to 1/3 of its revenue for its function and do a damn good job of it, rather than to have the U.S. pay its budget.

REPORTER: Do you think that most of the Congress feels the same way you do on this issue?

ISMAEL: I don't think I'm qualified to answer that question. This is my personal opinion.

REPORTER: To move slightly to the question of appropriations . . . in past years there seems to have been a kind of understanding in the Congress that the money would be divided up somehow among the districts. In one Congress it assigned $60,000 to $70,000 per district and last year it was roughly $100,000 a district although some got more or less. This year I've heard rumors afoot to divide up what money is available equally to the districts. I had a talk with one of the representatives from the Marianas last night and he was very upset about that. He seemed to think that the districts should get as much out of Congress as they put in. It should be a measure of how much you contributed. And he said the people of the Marianas are fed up, they could just as well do without the Congress of Micronesia rather than give their money to other districts. Nowhere in this discussion have I heard anybody say, well the money ought to be invested somehow to the greatest economic benefit of the whole Territory. Nobody was saying let's put it all into Ponape rice because that will feed all of the Eastern Carolines or let's put it all into cattle on Saipan . . . I haven't heard any arguments that take Micronesia as a whole. People seem to be thinking in districts.

ISMAEL: Yes. But that is natural. All our appropriations measures arise from the House. And each House member is held responsible to particular election districts in their own administrative district. So obviously they're going to fight for the right of those particular constituents in that elective district that they represent. And to get the total consensus of both houses to devote all the money into one particular project is a noble thought, providing that the particular region where you're going to develop does not fall within the limit of any district.

REPORTER: Well, I realize that it's a problem, but you were talking before about unity, about keeping the Territory together, and I was wondering how strong you feel the sense of unity really is.

ISMAEL: We in Micronesia have never had any concept of unity whatsoever until the Congress came into being. This is the fourth year of operation and I have no doubt that this unity, sense of unity, is going to build up eventually into a concrete unit. First you had 13 states in the United States. None of those guys ever thought that those 13 colonies were going to be the greatest nation today. Who knows that Micronesia is going to be the greatest nation in the world some twenty million years from now.

REPORTER: Maybe less than that if the others blow themselves up . . . Certainly there's been a lot of discussion about military coming in, about tourism, about outsiders in general, about the American administration. You represent the people of the Eastern Carolines, Ponape and Kusaie, reputed to be most friendly, hospitable, generous . . . and yet you and your colleagues from the Ponape delegation number among the most outspoken of the congressmen against tourism, against military expansion in the Territory, not necessarily anti-American, but certainly not inviting a flood of people in, certainly not in the sense that the Marianas Legislature could write a resolution inviting the U.S. military to come into the Marianas. How do you explain this?

ISMAEL: It's very easy to see. This is a psychological question. As an individual and as a representative of some 19,000 people, I realize that I don't have much say in the way of guarding the interests of my people or putting them in a cage and safeguarding them from the influx and impact of civilization. It's coming . . . whether you like it or not. My dissent from this trend toward civilization is one which indicates that I'm concerned, I'd like to go easy. They're coming, and we'll accept them, but at our pace. When you open the gate wide open for military activities, you can't help it, you will have no more say in what's going on in your own islands. So therefore that's why I have this guarded feeling, sense of not wanting them now. Let's go easy. A gradual process. We're going to expose each and every Ponapean and Kusaiean to this but let's feel our way, let's organize ourselves. Let's not have technology and science crash onto us. But let's organize ourselves and accept them and be ready.

REPORTER: What dangers do you see, specifically?

ISMAEL: The danger I see is that there are only 93,000 people in Micronesia, all of whom are by U.S. standards illiterate or just barely literate. Our people cannot compete right now. Our children of tomorrow will be able to compete and if you don't give them a chance to be on their feet, right on their feet, and if you expose them to competition now they're going to be extinct from the face of the world. There won't be a Micronesia as you see it today. You'll get a piece of the United States with its international racial complex and dump it into Micronesia to replace this present Micronesia. That's what my fear is.

REPORTER: Well, the indications that we've had from observing the Congress of Micronesia and from our acquaintance with you, is that you're competing quite well, and whether we call you senator or doctor next year—a decision which we'll observe with interest—we're sure that you'll continue to play an influential and striking role in the future of these islands.

ISMAEL: Well thank you very much . . . I appreciate an interview with you.

REPORTER: And can we step on your land when we come to Kusaie?

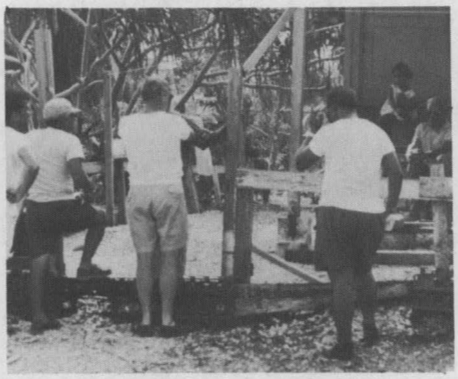
ISMAEL: If you're my guest, yes. If you're a tourist, no.

"Metabolism of fission products in man: Marshallese experience" . . . "hematological characteristics of Bikini radiation injury" . . . "radiochemical analysis" . . . Ph.D. thesis: "some autecological properties of Scaevola serica and Messerschmidia artentea" . . . studies printed in English, German and Japanese . . . A growing library of medical reports, radio-ecological studies and theses is being accumulated by the United States Atomic Energy Commission and world scientists analysing and hypothesizing about a small Marshallese community and their island exposed fourteen years ago to nuclear radiation. Prior to 1954, Rongelap Atoll, in the northern Marshalls, was just another island. But an accident of history—a miscalculation, a freak shift of the wind—cast the Rongelapese before the eyes of the world. Since then, Rongelap and the Rongelapese have shared history with the neighboring, world famous nuclear test site, Bikini Atoll.

. . . It was early morning, March 1, 1954, when a nuclear bomb was detonated at Bikini Atoll, in what was then called the Pacific Proving Grounds, 105 nautical miles from Rongelap. Officially it was a "high yield" thermonuclear device . . . a hydrogen bomb. As it happened, the yield was "higher" than anyone had thought.

"I was making morning coffee", recalled Rongelapese Billiet Edmond on the day of the explosion,—"when I saw an object like the sun rising in the east . . . It started upwards . . . It was very clear . . . stronger than the sun rising in the morning. I thought they had dropped the bomb outside our lagoon".

Within a few hours of the blast, Edmond and his people were engulfed in a cloud of radioactive fallout. The duration of the cloud passage was estimated to be between eight and sixteen hours. The deposit of a significant amount of fallout on the Rongelapese, according to the A.E.C. (Atomic Energy Commission), was attributed to an unpredicted shift in wind direction.



Every March brings house-to-house medical visitations on Rongelap. Mixing business and pleasure, the survey team brings movies as well as test tubes to the isolated atoll.

Standing on the warm Rongelap sand, facing the direction of the explosion, Edmond described the first sign of fallout for the *Micronesian Reporter:* "Four or five hours after the flash we started seeing powder-like particles falling. It was white like powder, just like powder. When it fell on a damp part of the ground, it turned yellow". The powder was so thick, according to Edmond, that when a plane (perhaps on reconnaissance) flew through it, he could see the trail it made.

Between the bomb flash and fallout, a period of approximately four to six hours, Rongelapese John Ainjain went fishing. "I was in my canoe", he recalled, "when I first saw the particles falling . . . I finally had to quit fishing because the particles got in my eyes. When I came back to Rongelap, the island was almost white, The powder covered everything".

With these words, remembered after fourteen years, Ainjain edged to his feet from beneath a green breadfruit tree flanking a gray section of the A.E.C.'s Rongelap examination quarters. Politely, he excused himself and disappeared down a coral path. Ainjain had completed another annual medical examination. Next year, in March, he would be back again, and the year after, perhaps for the rest of his life.

FOURTEEN YEARS

For Ainjain, Edmond and the other exposed Rongelapese, March is a unique time of year. For over a decade, a gathering of doctors, researchers and technicians from Brookhaven National Laboratory in New York, under contract with the A.E.C., have been conducting extensive studies on the irradiated islanders. In previous years many stateside medical institutes have been represented on the Rongelap studies, including the Maryland Naval Medical Research Institute, New York's Long Island Jewish Hospital, and Texas' Anderson Hospital, along with the Trust Territory Department of Public Health Services.

Exposed to nuclear fallout fourteen years ago, the Rongelapese annually give blood samples to a medical survey team. Specimens are returned to the United States for analysis.

Since exposure, medical examinations have become a way of life for the islanders. Two days after the Bikini detonation, the Rongelap population was evacuated to Kwajalein Atoll for an initial series of examinations lasting for three months before being transferred to Majuro Atoll until their home island, three and a half years later, was declared safe for re-inhabitation.

In 1954, eighty-two Rongelapese received the largest fallout, and around these are based the most extensive medical research. However, a control group, consisting of the Rongelapese and others not on the island at the time of exposure or those who have since returned to the island, is examined on alternate years by the A.E.C. for comparative data. The radiation studies, however, are not limited exclusively to the Rongelapese, though the major medical findings have been detected among this group. Besides the Rongelapese, three other groups were exposed to varying amounts of radiation in 1954. A second Marshallese population, 157 people on the island of Utirik, was slightly contaminated—enough so to bring the A.E.C. medical team to the island every other year usually after completion of the Rongelap survey. North of Rongelap on the day of the detonation was a small Japanese fishing boat, the *Lucky Dragon,* with twenty-three crewmen aboard. All were subjected to approximately the same amount of exposure as the Rongelapese. Today the fishermen are still being studied annually in Japan, and, according to the A.E.C., their effects of radiation are similar to those of the Rongelapese. Also, twenty-eight American servicemen on a small island between Rongelap and Utirik were within the fallout cloud. As findings were negative the servicemen were returned to duty.

Over the years, a spectrum of medical data on the irradiated Rongelapese has been amassed. Besides major areas of examination such as a complete medical and physical history, blood and thyroid studies, as well as growth and development data on children, there have been extensive specialized studies undertaken ranging from studies of a special serum protein first detected among Australian aborigines, to application of research to other world populations as far abroad as the Alaskan Eskimos.

Dr. Robert Conard of the Brookhaven National Laboratory checks elderly Rongelapese men for thyroid abnormalities.

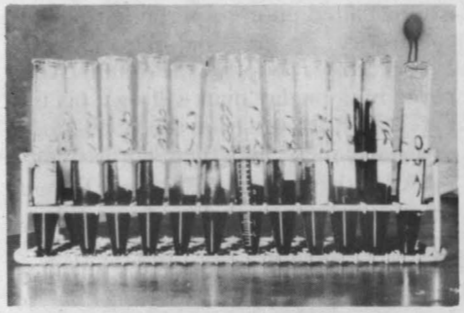
AFTER THE FALL

by John Perry

Also, the Rongelap coconut crab, *Birgus latro,* has been followed with interest. The innocent-looking crab, once a principle food source among the Rongelapese, has been banned for years as a food item since the stubborn creature has refused to shed its high concentration of radiation. To date, there is no indication when the crab will again be fair game.

This year marked the fourteenth annual medical survey. For the Rongelapese gathered along the shore to welcome the medical expedition it meant a time of colored pills, X-rays, urinalysis, blood tests and physical exams, as well as a time for parties, movies, and perhaps an evening game of volleyball or baseball. Overall, it was a meeting of doctor and patient brought together by the unpredictable nuclear age.

There is a bustling atmosphere about Rongelap in March. At dawn an old man or young child may be seen clad in their Sabbath best, clutching white rolled paper forms, traveling back and forth down the small coral topped village turnpike, A small line may be forming around the X-ray or physical exam quarters. At a nearby house, women prepare local food for a coming party. Evening may bring a movie—the most popular item the A.E.C. brings each year. This year yet another intrepid Western gunslinger galloped across the bedsheet screen plastered on a wall near the examining quarters while the island audience nestled around on pandanus mats, benches, and in nearby "balcony" trees. Due to projector problems, the gunslinger was soundless, but the action still prevailed in living color . . . and before the rainbow projection beam disappeared from over the heads of the enthusiastic Rongelapese many a badman bit the dust in a haze of silent smoke.



Souvenirs of the Marshalls, these blood samples are taken from exposed Rongelapese and from unexposed control groups.

Machinery on Rongelap can at times be as stubborn as tired mules. Take for instance the night the A.E.C.'s main generator stopped . . . threatening to spoil a day's supply of growing blood cultures neatly tucked away in a heated corner of the lab . . . as well as Sunday turkey . . . and only sputtered back to life after an array of sleepy doctors held glaring flashlights while an A.E.C. technician, brought along for such an occasion, pounded away at the big engine. Or the time the middle-aged woman showed up for her X-ray wearing a crisp red dress complete with all undergarments only to find out the hightoned X-ray unit had an aversion to photographing brassieres.

Aesthetically, perhaps no other place but Rongelap could offer such a remote and serene setting for medical research . . . or reporting. It is indeed a beautiful island, giving one the impression of a great and lovely lady who has suffered and survived, still to be beautiful. The long sandy beach, perhaps the finest in the Marshalls, rambles past the main village dissolving into the pitted tentacles of darkening rock. On a March evening you can sit on the sand and watch the silver smoke from the village fires hanging over the gray roofs, listen to the low roar of the lagoon and homeward-bound outboards, and the yearly sound of the A.E.C.'s generator, restless after a year's idleness, sturdily pumping electricity into iceboxes of test tubes in the island lab.

An important part of the radiation studies involves growth rates among children. Here the left hand of a young girl is being x-rayed, to be analyzed over the years.

Rongelap prosperity is apparent: neat fish-gray, government housing, among the finest in the Marshalls; a modern A-frame church, an assortment of sunbaked automobiles that shuffle back and forth on the narrow road, and a host of outboard motorboats . . . all testimony to the United States government exposure compensation, and the nearly one million dollars paid the Rongelapese.

Atop the mass of medical knowledge, the major finding to date has been the development of thyroid abnormalities among Rongelap children. Sitting in the comfortable air-conditioned A.E.C. trailer on Rongelap (doubling as a kitchen and X-ray facility) Dr. Robert Conard of Brookhaven National Laboratory, who has directed the Rongelap survey and research since its conception, talked to the *Reporter* about the thyroid findings. "Following the acute medical findings (among the Rongelapese) which included depression of blood elements, development of beta burns of the skin, and absorption of internal radioactive materials, we have found that in the last three to four years there have been a number of cases of thyroid abnormalities developing in the exposed population. We now have nineteen cases of such abnormalities . . . and we feel these are due to the radioactive iodine that the Rongelapese absorbed in the fallout material during the first two days on Rongelap before evacuation."

Apparently, radioactive iodine (iodine 131) was internally absorbed by the thyroid glands of the young Rongelapese eating and drinking contaminated food and water following exposure.

"Most of the cases", Conard continued, "have occurred in children . . . children that were exposed at less than ten years of age. Eleven cases have been taken to Guam and the United States for operation . . . and fortunately most of the thyroid nodules (the abnormality) have proven not to be malignant. Only one case has shown to be cancer".

It was the possibility of thyroid cancer, especially among children in whom the nodules were discovered and failed to disappear after treatment, that led to removal of part, and in some cases all, of the thyroid of several children.

"We have noted with findings of the thyroid abnormalities there is some correlation in some retardation of growth development in some of the children", Conard added, ". . . and we believe this retardation is now related to some injury to the thyroid gland producing a lack of production of the thyroid hormone. We have instituted a treatment schedule for all the exposed people giving them thyroid hormone by tablet form . . . We hope this will reduce instances of thyroid abnormalities, and prevent development of any cancer and enhance growth and development of the children. We have seen some spurt in growth of some children that have been retarded." This year Conard and his team discovered four new cases of thyroid nodules and the Rongelapese are scheduled for surgery before the end of the year.

Thorough annual medical examinations place the people of Rongelap among the best-cared-for populations in the Trust Territory.

The pyramiding medical data compiled each year into a variety of reports and papers is, like the parallel studies of the survivors of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, a living chapter on human beings exposed to nuclear radiation.

This year there were the new areas of research: "We are growing white blood cells (blood cultures) to determine if the cells of the irradiated population grow as well as do cells of unexposed people", Conard explained. "We are also interested to see if there is any age effect in the growth response of the blood cells". Next year may bring new questions.

Again next spring, Ainjain and Edmond and their sons and daughters will be called upon to perpetuate medical history . . . and continue to be the best-cared-for people in the islands. And, perhaps, someday man will owe his life to research derived from this small group of Rongelapese and their coral island.

After the nuclear flash swept Rongelap, a Rongelapese calmly went fishing just as his father had done before him. Things continued . . . perhaps changed . . . but continued. The Rongelapese remember the exposure . . . live it . . . and go on. Perhaps, too, man will remember the Marshallese experience.

The Road to Ponape

For twenty years the citizens of Ponape Island contemplated the slow ruin of their pre-war network of Japanese-built roads. Once some of these roads circled much of the lush, verdant island, and others probed its fertile interior. But, after the war's end, Ponapeans watched one thoroughfare after another deteriorate, victims of landslides and washouts, weeds and neglect. Then—as now—administration efforts were confined to the district center and the Public Works department had its hands full keeping Kolonia's roads barely passable, let alone maintaining or constructing roads away from the district center. And so, as bridges rotted and roads became pathways, Ponapeans took to the water, circling the island in outboards, at the mercy of tides, rain squalls, cramped space, and mechanical breakdowns. Perhaps someday, they reflected, someone would restore the old Japanese roads. They waited—for years. And then, about a year ago, they stopped waiting, and started building. Acting through an aroused and enlightened district legislature, they formed as curious a construction company as you'll find anywhere: the Ponape Transportation Board (or PTB). And the PTB is what's happening in Ponape today.

There are some who say—and some who believe—that someday a generously-budgeted Trust Territory administration, blessed with heavy equipment, droves of engineers, skilled laborers and technicians, will garland Micronesia's major islands with smooth modern roads, that it will arch bridges and purchase rights of way, that it will meticulously reimburse owners for the scantiest stalk of taro its bulldozers disturb, that it will survey and landscape and bank and grade and fill and do all those things which need to be done. One veteran government servant in Ponape recently remarked that nobody, but nobody was going to put roads around the island until "Joe Screen (Commissioner for Administration) comes down with around ten million dollars."

Whatever pleasure one may take in regarding this prospect, Ponapeans have discovered that there is another way. Their own. Using local labor, men, women and children who work by day or night, according to the tides or the moon or the press of business; using hands more often than machines; working with local coral, not imported asphalt; using existing rights of way; letting contracts in lengths of fifty feet and subcontracting lengths of five feet or less; and eliminating obstructing boulders not with dynamite but by heating the rock by fire for a week and then pouring cold water on it—by such methods as these roads are being built in Ponape. Today. The PTB way.

And is *that* any way to build a road in this day and age? One headquarters official recently visited Ponape with just that question in mind. Upon returning he pivoted his sizable frame in a swivel chair, fathomed the depths of a coffee cup, and told us his answer.

"When I heard about it, I said this is crazy. It can't work. It shouldn't work. Who ever heard of building a road in sections of fifty feet? Or five feet? But I got down there and it is working. They've really got something going."

The answer, very simply, is that in the absence of a ten-million dollar millenium, this is the way roads are being built in Ponape. The only way, and therefore, probably the best.

by P. F. Kluge

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ALTSCHUL

Stone by stone, a yard at a time, Ponape's Sokeh's road moves towards completion. What the Ponape Transportation Board lacks in cement-mixers and earth-movers, it makes up for in community involvement and local pride.

Indelible trademarks of the PTB's approach to road construction are these side-long hammocks of coral. The coral must be hauled out of the sea, brought to land in barges, dragged through mangrove swamps up to the road site.

A recent stroll along Sokehs Island Road with Wayne Judd, the burly Californian who serves as commissioner of the PTB showed the outfit's beguilingly simple yet strikingly effective style. Often compared to Hawaii's "Diamond Head," high, precipitous Sokehs Island is one of Ponape's handsomest landmarks. It is also one of the district's most populous areas, with more than 1,000 people living along its shores. Despite the absence of electricity and piped water, housing on Sokehs is generally above average by Trust Territory standards, with many of the houses belonging to government workers employed in nearby Kolonia. But—until recently—the Sokehs road was an obstacle course, impassable by car or jeep. It took government workers hours to get to work in Kolonia, a scant two miles distant. With the PTB's completion of the Sokehs road, commuting time should be cut to twenty minutes. Sokehs needed a road and will profit from one—but the building of the road is by far the more exciting part of the story.

Judd walked across the old Japanese bridge connecting Sokehs with the main island; he pointed to a half-dozen men, waist-deep in water, walking a raft-full of coral towards home. "It's rough work," commented Judd. "They've really had a job. They found that the coral was five miles away at the head of the island. So they have to walk the barges out, take out every piece by hand and walk the barges back five miles to the road site, cut a channel through the mangrove swamp and carry the coral up to the road."

The men doing the work, Judd explained, were members of the newly-formed Pingelap Village Improvement Association (PIA) most of whom resided somewhere along the Sokehs road. As he continued walking, Judd pointed out mounds of coral placed between marker stakes, one five-foot pile next to another, all of them giving a collective appearance of a series of fresh, closely-packed, heaped-over graves, laid side by side along the road. These are the PTB's much commented upon "subcontracts"—the indelible trademark of their approach to road construction. Each represented the efforts of an individual or family or small group of men. Their five feet of road.

"Our philosophy," Judd remarked, "is to spend as many dollars on as low a level as possible." He related that the 4,000-foot road had been divided into 80 fifty-foot sections and that specifications for each section had been posted—in Ponapean—at points along the road. In the bidding that followed, 78 of the 80 contracts were awarded to the PIA (Perhaps because of the local nature of the enterprise, residents agreed to waive compensation for any crops or trees lost in construction of the 14-foot roadway—thus ducking a problem which plagues many orthodox Trust Territory programs). Bidders walked the road, studied the contract specifications for widening the road, rebuilding the road base with block coral, then adding a surface of finger coral. For perhaps the first time in Ponape's recent history, the demanding nature of a contract was made clear: that the work had to be done in a certain way by a certain time.

The results surprised everyone. To be sure, there were a few defaults and some substandard work—all of which were checked and noted—but most of the work has been satisfactory and completed ahead of time.

Here are the results: block coral covered with finger coral, levelled, packed and rolled. Fully wide enough for two jeeps to pass, the Sokehs road is as ambitious a reconstruction project as the Ponapeans have seen in decades.

Repair of the decrepit, if picturesque, Net Bay Bridge is the key to opening up the eastern half of Ponape Island. The twenty-year-old span is now deemed unsafe for all vehicles, but the PTB hopes to win the contract for its repair.

"Originally the PTB had a supervisor out here, but it wasn't necessary," said Judd. "It's their baby. I can't tell them how to get the coral. The PIA's own supervisor, a Japanese trained Ponapean named John Materne provided all the on-site supervision that was necessary. It's impressive and it bears consideration that the Ponapeans are most aware of the best ways of doing things like this, and of the problems involved. They're capable and responsible and they've shown they can handle projects like this."

A walk through a PTB project (even the initials have a new-deal flavor) can be instructive. In the absence of much machinery and heavy equipment you find men and women working in groups, carrying burlap sacks of wet coral on their shoulders, placing the sack on the ground and then placing the coral one piece at a time—*a brown sweating hand, veins protruding, clasping a mud-colored coral boulder wrenched out of a lagoon* —one piece next to another along the road. The scene is timeless, could be out of any period in history when men placed one stone next to another to build something. The Appian Way was built like this. And now the Sokehs road.

"We feel it's better to spend money on men and their labor rather than on the operation and maintenance of machinery," says Judd.

How does this method compare with conventional construction strategy.

"We use people and they use equipment."

Well, what about the cost?

Judd figures the first 4,000 foot section will come in at $1.00 a running foot—"an excellent price" in his view.

High above Sokehs road is the Palikir road, another instance of the PTB's handiwork. Many Ponapeans can recall when the Palikir road, part of the belt road around the island, was a high speed (35-40 mph) thoroughfare. Although maintenance stopped in 1945, the road remained useable into the early fifties, when landslides and undergrowth finally choked it off, leaving only a few rutted paths behind. Here the PTB joined forces with another alphabet-agency, the Ponape Community Action Agency (CAA) and recruited a couple dozen local youths who had been aimlessly loitering away their days, gradually making reputations for themselves as troublemakers. These were organized into the SNK Construction Company (Sokehs-Net-Kolonia) and set to work preparing sections of the Palikir road for resurfacing, clearing, brushing, widening, ditching and leveling the old highway. Financed by the District Legislature—the chief mover behind most PTB projects so far—the SNK group has covered almost a mile of road thus far.

The PTB is an example of how Ponapeans—whether out of despair or pride or some combination of the two —have stopped waiting for outside miracles. Using their own labor, their own materials, they are acting through their own district legislature to build their own roads. One member of the district legislature, a youthful clerk of courts, Judah L. Johnny, gave this account of the PTB's progress.

"It's very new," said Johnny, "but so far due to what the PTB has done—reef-markers, roads, bridges, im-

provements—the people are very happy. We had had the money appropriated since 1964, but it had not been used because there was no one to do the work. We were waiting for the Trust Territory and the municipal government to take the responsibility and they were not, so we formed this transportation board. The money we've appropriated has been fully expended. We're really moving now especially because the people see the work being done in their community."

It's men like Judah Johnny, and board chairman Bailey Olter and speaker of the legislature Kasiano Joseph who established the PTB in November of 1967. The legislature had been impressed with work on the Awak road, a prototype construction project in the municipalities of Net and Uh near Kolonia. Here, the methods later adapted by the PTB were given their first test. Working with Judd, the chief magistrates of Net and Uh, Max Iriarte and Andreas William, were named contracting agents and each of them supervised construction in his community. Work on bridges and culverts was completed ahead of schedule; local people did the labor, supervised by local leaders and paid by local funds. Impressed with the success of this formula, with its economy and speed and local involvement, the legislature decided to establish its own executive arm. They found an able commissioner in Wayne Judd, formerly a Peace Corps Volunteer teacher at the local high school; they located a trained engineer in Martin Heede, another Volunteer. And, just as important, they found money locally. Between forty and fifty thousand dollars was available in untapped, backlogged funds which had been appropriated over the years and gone unexpended, mainly because there was no agency primarily responsible for translating appropriations into action. ("The money was sitting around and it didn't look like anything was going to get done with it," recalls Judd.)

Often, the requested projects were piled on the government's Public Works Department which, as its head, Mike Hughes, readily admits—is in no position to do much more than maintenance around the district center. An ex-officio member of the PTB, Hughes reveals little sense of professional rivalry with the PTB and seems relieved that another agency is in the field. ("They're going to have a million problems and I hope they solve every one of them," he said recently.)

How far can the PTB go? "We're looking forward to building a road around the island," exclaims Judah Johnny. "People living on the other side of the island can't come here now and they can't all purchase outboard motors. With road construction, people could communicate with Kolonia. They could bring their crops to market."

Wayne Judd has expressed much the same hopes, but both Judd and Johnny recognize that it will take money, probably more money than the district legislature can raise through taxation, to open up the back side of Ponape Island. So far the legislature has contributed the majority of the $240,000 worth of construction projects the PTB has under its authority, but the Congress of Micronesia appropriations and government grants-in-aid also are coming in. And, with time, the PTB hopes to win the confidence and respect of the Trust Territory government.

"We realize," says Judd, "that someday the Trust Territory will begin a road construction program. Anything that we do on the roads now will be of aid to the Trust Territory later on. And we hope that they will channel funds to this agency."

The PTB's strongest bid to capture a Trust Territory contract revolves around the controversial Dausokele or Net Bay Bridge. This decaying wooden plank bridge connects Kolonia with roads to the whole eastern side of Ponape Island, including the potential agricultural breadbasket around Metalanim. There is no alternative crossing except by foot bridge far up the Nanpil River. Constructed in 1948 by the Navy, the bridge was always considered "temporary" but, like so many other such structures, was used far beyond original intent. The 296-foot bridge still spans Net Bay today, but—with wooden piles being gradually eaten away daily—has been declared closed to vehicle traffic. Months ago the PTB submitted plans for the repair of the existing bridge, estimating costs at about $60,000 an amount already funded by the Congress of Micronesia. Some headquarters officials have doubted that the work could be done for so little money and others have questioned whether it is sensible to repair the facility at all. They argue for a new and much more expensive bridge, costing up to $500,000. At last report, the PTB's proposal had gotten tangled in the underlying philosophical debate as to whether it is wisest to repair an existing structure or hold out (e.g. wait) for the bountiful appropriations that will permit construction of a permanent bridge.

Whether or not the PTB makes its case, it's initiative has impressed government officials. Robert Halvorsen, district administrator during the board's early days, evidently takes the PTB's ambitions seriously. Halvorsen has said that "if it appears that there is nothing of permanance to be built in the near future—five years or so—then I think the expense of $60,000 would be warranted and I think the PTB, with some assistance from Public Works, can do the job locally."

The Net Bay Bridge is a key to opening up Ponape Island, but the board does have numerous other projects in mind, throughout the isolated back side of the island. Indeed, its low-level local labor men-not-machines formula is being felt throughout Ponape District. Among PTB projects are a road into the coconut groves of Pingelap, a dock on the island of Mokil, a bridge connecting the two reef islands of remote Kapingamarangi.

Whether the PTB will succeed in bringing miles of roads around Ponape, in casting bridges over the numerous rivers that cascade off the island's jungled slopes, remains to be seen. But it is safe to say—and good to know—that people are working daily to recognize Ponape's possibilities—possibilities so long noted, so routinely complimented, so poignantly evident to the most hurried visitors. Today work is going forward. Foot by foot, and stone by stone.

this was the summer that was . . .

DRAWINGS BY BOB BOEBERITZ

The Summer of Dissent

by Marjorie Smith

From the moment some of the Marshallese delegates stepped off a plane at Saipan's Kobler Field on the Fourth of July and announced, "Independence is the only answer to Micronesia's land problems," it was clear: The 1968 session of the Congress of Micronesia was going to be different from those of the past.

And different it was. Perhaps it was only a matter of degree, for Amata Kabua has always been critical of the Trust Territory administration, just as Franc Nuuan and Isaac Lanwi have always clowned in the Senate and the Ponapeans have consistently come up with provocative comments on sides to questions everyone else had overlooked.

But there was about this Congress a stimulating sense of energy and change. Some of the members termed it "The resurgent Congress" but the phrase seems not quite accurate. Rising and surging the Congress was, but it was not resurging, for the Congress has never fallen back, the tide has never ebbed.

It was just a dozen years ago that thirteen Micronesians convened in Guam for the first meeting in history between leaders of the various districts. Four members of the present Congress were there—Amata Kabua, Namu Hermios and Petrus Mailo as members of "The Inter-District Advisory Council" and Soukichy Fritz as an interpreter. They heard the American department heads explain, probably for the first time, the functions of the various government agencies. And they heard the territory's acting High Commissioner, Delmas H. Nucker, say, "I have been asked by the United Nations each of the last two years when I appeared before the Trusteeship Council when we were going to have a territorial legislature. I will be very honest with you people and tell you what I told the United Nations, that I did not know when we would be ready for it, because I wanted to be sure that our municipal governments were functioning and when they were chartered and were the best we could make them, and our district governments were running right and serving the people—then I would be ready to talk about having a congress for all."

Ready or not, from the day those thirteen Micronesians met in Guam, Micronesia has been caught up in a tidal wave that is the inevitable result of a decision probably never consciously made: to teach American-style democracy to Micronesians.

The wave was slow in building and for years the rising political awareness, the sense of power and confidence that comes with the teaching "All men are created equal and have equal rights", was barely perceptible. But lately the waters of progress and change have rushed in upon Micronesia more swiftly. With the creation by the Secretary of Interior in 1964 of the Congress of Micronesia, forces were gathered for a powerful wave that crested this summer in Saipan. But it is not the last wave. The lovers of the status quo, the comfortable, the wearers of white pith helmets and the keepers of anthropological zoos should beware: in Micronesia, the surf is up.

It had long been recognized that the fourth session of the Congress would be one of transition. According to Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall's Order No. 2882 which created the Congress, during the first four years Micronesians in high-level positions in the administration could also serve in the Congress. Beginning with the fifth session, however, each man would have to make a choice between the security, the relatively good pay of a career in the executive branch, and the uncertainties and relative poverty of continued congressional service.

There had long been concern about a mass exodus from the Congress in its fifth year. The Congress had attracted a remarkable collection of young, well-educated leaders. But most observers believed that few of these men could afford to give up their government jobs. Then came an amendment to the secretarial order providing for annual salaries of $3500 for members of congress. With this money to be paid by the U.S. Congress, the members of the Congress of Micronesia began to quietly discuss supplemental expense accounts which they might allow themselves from their own funds, and the worriers reversed themselves, beginning to fret about a mass exodus of outstanding Micronesians from the administrative branch.

Before the secretarial amendments ever arrived in Saipan, the congress of transition was making itself known as the congress of dissent. For some members, perhaps, the decision had already been made to remain in the Congress no matter what the financial hardships. For others, the choice was yet to be faced. Yet no one seemed inclined to soften his views or defend the administration just because he worked for it and might want to continue doing so. When support of an administration official or program was heard in the Congress, it came as a voice of reason or logic and not as appeasement of an employer.

What are the issues on which the members of Congress expressed their dissent? And how can we best portray the particular flavor of that six weeks in Saipan in the summer of 1968?

There was Eminent Domain, always spoken of in capital letters. There was the remarkable territory-wide scholarship bill passed in lieu of pork barrel capital improvements for individual districts. There were the critical speeches resounding through the halls of Congress, wafting down over startled American officials who

were forced to realize that they no longer occupy the highest point in Saipan, geographically or politically.

What all the issues and all the criticism came down to was the simple fact that in at least one of its stated aims, the American administration has done a thorough job in Micronesia: It has succeeded in instilling respect for and belief in the democratic processes.

The eminent domain issue has been with the Congress since its creation. The existing law allows the government almost unlimited power to take private land for public use. The administration and the Congress agree that this power must be limited. They are unable to agree on how.

In 1966, Senator Kabua introduced an eminent domain bill which the Congress passed. The High Commissioner vetoed it. In 1967, the administration submitted its proposal on the subject. The Congress amended it extensively so that it came out almost the same as their 1966 version, and passed it. The High Commissioner failed to approve it.

In 1968, the Congress tackled the matter from several angles. First, they voted to override the High Commissioner's veto on the 1967 bill. Then, because there was considerable disagreement as to whether the Congress could override a pocket veto, or whether there had been a pocket veto, the Congress introduced and passed, before the first twenty days of the session were up, a bill identical to the 1967 version. Finally, the Congress passed a bill repealing the existing eminent domain statutes.

The High Commissioner vetoed the 1968 bill while Congress was still in session, so there is no question but that the veto could be overriden next summer if the Congress should decide to do so. The High Commissioner acknowledged receipt of the override bill, but said it was still his opinion that there had been no veto, so there could be no override. However, he forwarded the matter to the Secretary of Interior to obtain his interpretation on the question. At this writing, the administration had not yet taken action on the bill repealing the existing eminent domain law.

Land is Micronesia's scarcest resource and its most precious—precious not only because of its scarcity but because of the role it plays in traditional cultural patterns. The American administration has acknowledged this fact and has protected the land for Micronesians by providing that non-Micronesians cannot own land.

Then what is the fight on eminent domain about? Military use of Micronesia's land. For although the American government recognizes the value of the land to the people, it also considers Micronesia's 700 square miles as land of strategic value to the free world. Americans died by the thousands fighting for these islands twenty-four years ago. The islands were crucial then, and they are evidently considered even more crucial now in the protection of America's interests in the far Pacific and in the protection of the continental United States.

Members of the Congress of Micronesia are willing to grant that a number of Americans employed by the Trust Territory government have worked through the years with the idealistic aim of improving the lot of the Micronesians. But Micronesian leaders also know that the reason the United States has been in Micronesia all these years has been for the safety of the United States, not out of altruistic impulses to help an underdeveloped country.

Acceptance of this fact is not recent. Micronesians are realists and are natural political scientists—life within the confines of island society necessitates such qualities. But this summer it became clear to the Americans in Micronesia for the first time that Micronesians understand why the United States is here. And this understanding has given the Micronesians confidence. This summer for the first time, they faced the Americans as equals instead of as wards asking for favors.

The eminent domain issue is simple. The Congress insists that it be consulted in all cases where Micronesian land is taken for U.S. military use. The administration, for a time, ducked behind a trite "That is not a legislative function"—possibly an irrelevant comment in a situation where the legislative branch is the only branch of government elected by the people. But toward the end of the summer, the administration came closer to admitting the truth and said that the eminent domain controls proposed by the Congress would be in conflict with the trusteeship agreement. In other words, it isn't that decisions on taking land for military purposes are not a legislative function—they are not a Department of Interior function. Decisions to veto an eminent domain bill are not made in Saipan or in the Interior Department. They are dictated by the Departments of Defense and State.

All right, say the dissenting congressmen. Amend the trusteeship agreement. The land is ours and we have a right to say how it shall be used.

And who, one might ask, gave the members of the Congress the idea that they have this right? America did, in its highly successful sales job of the democratic system.

Money is always a matter of concern in legislative bodies and the Congress of Micronesia is no exception. Members of the Congress asked which of the revenues generated in Micronesia are theirs to appropriate and which must be returned to the administration. They asked to be given more voice on how the money appropriated for the Trust Territory by the U.S. Congress is to be spent. And they agonized over how to spend the money that is theirs to spend.

Their decision on this problem was one of the most dramatic moments in a congressional session that was never dull. After taking care of operating expenses and a number of other obligations like the Social Security system, the Congress was left with about $280,000. This is all it had to spend on projects and capital improvement requests from the various districts totalled at least a million and a half.

The Congress took a courageous, unexpected step. In an election year, the members agreed to forego capital improvement projects in the home districts. Instead the money would go into a scholarship fund, to be administered by a newly-organized Congress of Micronesia scholarship board. And the scholarship money was to be used to train Micronesians in skills and professions considered necessary by the congressional board. The congressmen made it clear that they do not always agree with the priorities set by the existing executive scholarship board.

The question of priorities came up again and again in the highly critical speeches that were heard in the Congress during the summer.

The congressmen expressed doubts about the low priority they feel is being given by the administration to agricul-

tural development. They were just as dubious about the apparent intention of the administration to concentrate on tourism as the principal means of economic development in Micronesia.

The congressmen questioned other government priorities in spending particularly where capital improvements are concerned. They were not convinced that the administration had always chosen the best places to make improvements, and some members complained that too much attention was given to making life comfortable for Americans in the territory. The dramatic plans for Saipan's recovery from the effects of Typhoon Jean drew criticism from delegates from less developed districts.

Congressmen were critical of administration personnel. In some cases, they singled out individuals and questioned whether they were doing their jobs properly. In general, they expressed disappointment with the attitude of administration personnel toward the Congress, and with the preparedness of administration representatives who testified before them.

But what almost all the excitement in Saipan this summer really revolved around is the question of Micronesia's political future.

What the congressmen were saying when they repassed the eminent domain bill over the High Commissioner's veto was: The people know what is theirs and what they want. What they were saying when they appropriated $200,000 for scholarships and created their own scholarship board to administer the fund was: We know what our people need and we know best how to get it. And what they were saying in exactly so many words in a number of speeches and informal remarks was: We know what our people need better than any outsider can know.

It is not a very long step from knowing what the people want and saying "They shall have it." And from there an even shorter step leads to the word "independence."

Americans who grew up firmly believing in the American revolution, believing that colonialism was bad and revolution good, should not be shocked to hear the word, although it was seldom heard in Micronesia until very recently. And Americans should not be too startled to find themselves wearing the black hats in this particular melodrama.

The self confidence exhibited by the Congress this summer was an important aspect of the new respectability of independence as a spoken word. "For years we have been told that we can never be independent because we have no resources," said the congressmen—Amata Kabua and Atlan Anien from the Marshalls, Franc Nuuan from Yap, Lazarus Salii from Palau, Bailey Olter, Hirosi Ismael and Daro Weital from Ponape. But this is not true, they insist. "Our marine resources alone are completely untapped!" Nuuan says. "Our agricultural potential has been ignored and underdeveloped," Weital and Ismael shout. "Our manpower resources are our greatest asset," say Olter and Salii. And in their quiet, Marshallese voices, reminiscent at weirdly appropriate times of the sinister tones of Peter Lorre, Kabua and Anien say, "Our strategic location alone can support us."

Someone, somewhere told the Marshallese that the United States is paying a hundred million dollars annually for lease of military bases in Spain. Perhaps it is not possible to find out if this is true. But the Marshallese are saying "If we were an independent country, the United States would have to pay rental on her bases at Eniwetok and Kwajalein." An independent Micronesia could be run very nicely on a hundred million dollars a year, the Marshallese hint, and there is always the simple truth that it is much easier to get money from the United States Congress for defense needs than for Department of Interior projects.

At first the word independence hung there heavily in the air after the Marshallese had uttered it, and everyone stared at it with some awe—just as three years or so ago the politicians of Guam stared, mouths agape, when a prominent "statesider" unexpectedly remarked "Of course, statehood is the only equitable status Guam can aspire to." In Guam, the word "statehood" hovered awhile and then settled over the island and suddenly politicians all over were saying "And we mustn't discount statehood as a possibility," where before they had mouthed a ritual "Of course, statehood is out of the question."

So it was in Micronesia. The word independence buzzed around the heads of the Marshalls delegation for awhile and then suddenly there it was on the other side of the territory, and Palauans were saying in their intense, late-night discussion tones, "We could support an independent Micronesia on the lease money from Babelthuap."

At a press conference at one point during the summer, High Commissioner Norwood hastened to point out the danger of basing an economy strictly on military spending. It fluctuates a great deal, he noted, and of course everyone in the world hopes that eventually no military bases will be needed.

And Micronesian leaders nodded wisely and said to themselves that until the oil runs out in Kuwait and until the phosphate is gone from Nauru those tiny countries enjoy the world's highest per capita incomes—and invest much of it for slimmer days.

It is difficult for an observer to know how many, if any, of the members of the Congress actually take independence seriously as Micronesia's political destiny. The important point is that they have the confidence to say the word, to use the ideal as a bargaining point in any discussions of future status. Just about a year ago, some American officials raised eyebrows at the nerve the Congress of Micronesia had shown in setting up its own political status commission when the President of the United States had clearly announced his intention to establish such a commission. This summer, some members of the Congress were expressing their indignation that the United States Congress and the President should consider establishing a commission without consulting Micronesians for advice, without including Micronesians on the membership roll.

The Congress of Micronesia extended the life of its political status commission for another year, emphasizing that the commission's assignment in the area of political education, hardly touched upon during its first year, must be accomplished this year.

But perhaps the members of the Congress took the first step in the political education process when they pronounced the forbidden word "independence." They got Micronesia's attention. Now all of the other alternatives can be discussed and explained.

The congressional session of 1968 started a debate on a territory-wide scale. It is unlikely that the discussion could be stopped now, even if anyone wanted to stop it.

Who are the members of the dissenting Congress? Who are these men who kept American eyes and ears fastened on the highest part of Capitol Hill this summer?

The Congress is young. All but eight of the 33 members of the Congress are in their thirties. Six are in their forties, the Marshalls' Dr. Lanwi is 50 and Micronesia's elder statesman, Chief Petrus Mailo of Truk is 65.

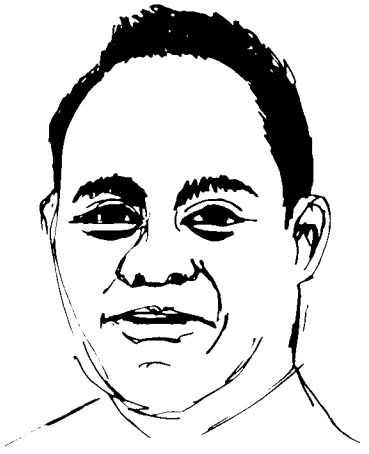
The congressmen are well educated. Twenty-six of the members have had either college work or medical training. Seven of these men have bachelor's degrees and two have associate degrees. There are five medical officers in the Congress, graduates of training programs at the Fiji School of Medicine, Guam Naval Medical School and special courses in the Philippines and Hawaii. Senator Tosiwo Nakayama of Truk missed the '68 session of Congress because he was in Hawaii completing work on his bachelor's degree.

The congressmen, despite their youth, are politically experienced. All but ten of them have served in their district legislatures. Four of the college degrees are in political science.

The congressmen are well traveled. Twenty of the thirty-three have toured the continental United States. Another seven have traveled to Hawaii or other parts of the Pacific. Seven have also toured the Orient, and one (Nakayama) has traveled in Europe.

The congressmen have good jobs. Of the 24 members of the Congress employed by the Trust Territory government, twenty are on the "C" or professional scale, with salaries ranging from $2800 to $6000. Other members are employed by district legislatures, community action agencies and private business.

What are some of the individuals like in this group of young men?



Bailey Olter—dreamer of the great dream...

Perhaps the member who had the greatest impact on this Congress is Senator Bailey Olter of Ponape. Olter was the author of the scholarship bill, the dreamer of the great dream that politicians facing an election in November could afford to sacrifice capital improvement projects for their home districts in favor of an idealistic attempt to influence the future of their country by providing for training its youth.

Energetic and exuberant, Olter attracts followers. He served as Senate vice president during the first two years of the Congress and has been chairman of the Senate Ways and Means Committee for the past two sessions. His infectious gaiety outside the halls of Congress contrasts with the gentle politeness that is characteristic of many men from Ponape. In the Senate, he is often the calm voice of reason, sturdy before waves of emotional rhetoric.

The fact that Olter was able to persuade almost every other member of the Congress to vote with him on the scholarship bill is testimony to his leadership abilities. If the bill is signed into law, and if the Congress can administer a successful scholarship program, it will still be many years before the results of Olter's dream can be seen. It took courage to dream, it took confidence in the future.

Another influential member of the Congress is Political Status Commission Chairman Lazarus Salii. Where Ponapean Olter exhibits some of the boisterous characteristics of the stereotyped Palauan, Palauan Salii is quiet, thoughtful, often enigmatic.

Salii has been dubbed by some American officials who have worked with him as "sure to be Micronesia's first elected High Commissioner." Other American officials see him as a dangerous man who should be watched. It is difficult to see in the calm face, the wide, innocent eyes, either the leader or the subversive. But in conversation, it is impossible to overlook the brilliance of the man.

"You criticize America for its fatness, its mercenary attitude, its excesses," he tells a grumbling Peace Corps Volunteer. "I want you to explain to me how a country with so many bad ideas and attitudes can support such an idealistic luxury as a Peace Corps? Tell me what it does right."

But he, too, can be quick with criticism for America. "There is a danger," he told the Congress the night it adjourned, "that ballots for Micronesia's plebescite will be printed in Washington . . . it is humanly impossible for non-Micronesians to determine what is best for Micronesians."

Though he heads the influential status commission, Salii has had his upsets in the Congress. He served as floor leader of the House during the first two sessions of the Congress. In 1967, Ponape's Ambilos Iehsi, a freshman representative, was elected to the post, to Salii's surprise and dismay.

Since then, Salii has used a needle when effective and a baseball bat when necessary to keep the administration aware throughout the session that Micronesians, if they don't yet know what they want, at least reserve the right to say no to what they don't want.

Lazarus Salii—quiet, thoughtful, often enigmatic.

Amata Kabua—a power to be reckoned with...

Amata Kabua is another enigma. Exhorting the virtues of democracy, the rights of the people, he is one of the highest ranking of the royal Iroij and sternly defends the traditional Marshallese system of land ownership, one of the least democratic systems ever invented. And while he indignantly denounces the Trust Territory government for failing to develop the economy of the islands, he has, from time to time accepted government aid in rescuing his business interests from financial ruin.

Soft spoken and calm, he wields an obvious influence over three of the four Marshallese in the House. And he is a power to be reckoned with in the Senate where he serves as floor leader.

Tradition's most important representative in the Congress is Truk's Chief Petrus Mailo, mayor of Moen, president of the Truk Trading Company. He is vice-speaker of the House of Representatives and the only member of the Congress who uses an interpreter. He sits sometimes for days, patiently listening to the proceedings (legend insists that he understands most English when he hears it, even if he doesn't speak it), grunting occasionally to signal to his aide that he needs a translation.

When he decides to speak on an issue, the entire house listens intently. The guttural Trukese comes rumbling forth from his lips. Then calmly, never blinking, he waits while the English version is presented. Then the rumble begins again.

Chief Petrus does not really want to be in the Congress. At his age, it is an exhausting six weeks work, and with his language handicap, it must be rather frustrating at times. The fact that in spite of this he is in the Congress and is probably the strongest vote of confidence the concept of a united Micronesia could receive.

In 1966, Chief Petrus insisted that he was going to concentrate on running Moen and the trading company—he would not be a candidate for Congress. His Trukese colleagues in Congress were alarmed. If Chief Petrus didn't run for re-election after serving in the Congress for its first two years, they were afraid the Congress would lose status in the eyes of the people of Truk. "Chief Petrus went to Saipan for two sessions," people would say, "and he decided this Congress of Micronesia isn't really worth the trouble." It took the others a long time to persuade Chief Petrus that his continued participation was essential to the reputation of the Congress in Truk, but just before the deadline for filing of candidacy, he relented and was, of course, almost unanimously re-elected.

If Chief Petrus' belief in the Congress of Micronesia is an important tribute to its ideals, so is Olympio Borja's—on a very different plane.

Petrus Mailo—tradition's most important representative...

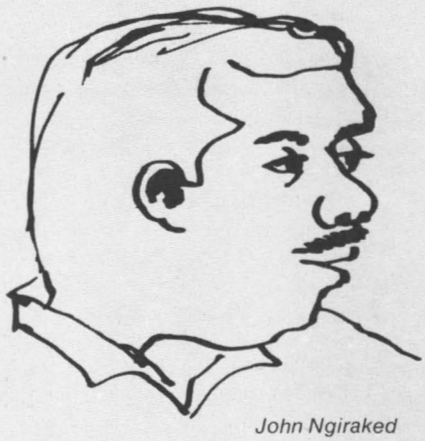
Olympio Borja—he sees the follies of his people . . . and knows their capabilities.

Borja represents the Marianas in the Senate and like his slightly schizophrenic constituency, he is a study in contradictions. Warm and loquacious, he looks more like an Italian restaurateur than an island politician. He is, on one hand, Chamorro, involved in the identity search of his people, looking toward Guam for leadership and inspiration, totally committed to a future connection with the United States.

And on the other hand, he is a Micronesian, exposed these four years to the dreams of Amata Kabua and Bailey Olter and Lazarus Salii. He is too intelligent to accept the traditional Chamorro view of the people from the Carolines and Marshalls as primitive savages. He sees the follies of his people, but they are his people after all, and he knows their capabilities, and how history has complicated life for them.

And so he defends against the sarcasm of his fellow senators his resolution asking that Micronesians be allowed to enlist in the U.S. military. And he goes to Japan with some of Saipan's outspoken leaders to ask for aid after Typhoon Jean. And he faces another election knowing that "Reunification with Guam" may very well be the cry of the winner this year in the Marianas, but unable to believe in it after four years in the heady atmosphere of the Congress of Micronesia. And his fellow senators sigh wearily when he begins one of his interminable speeches. But they elected him to represent them next year at the United Nations.

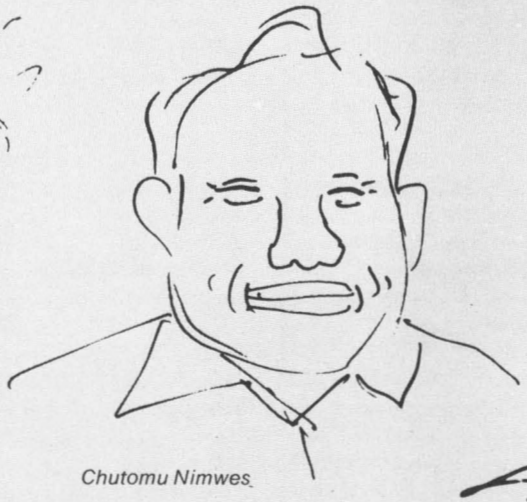
David Ramàrui



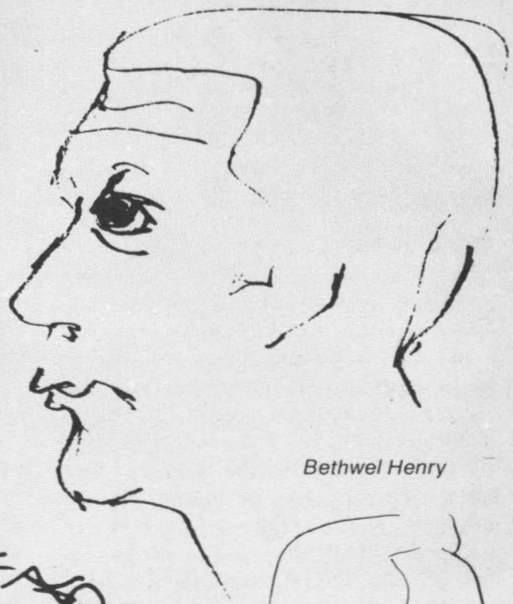
John Ngiraked

Luke Tman

Ambilos Iehsi



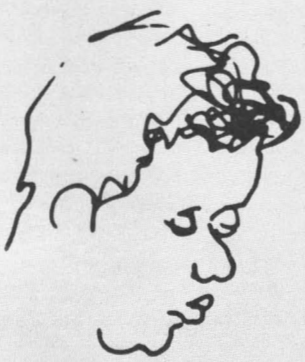
Chutomu Nimwes



Bethwel Henry

Ekpap Silk

Isaac Lanwi



Jacob Sawaichi

Polycarp Basilius

Benjamin Manglona

Andon Amaraich

Hirosi Ismael

The faces, the personalities in the congress of dissent are varied. There are the hard workers. In the House they include Speaker Bethwel Henry, quiet, thoughtful, the politest of all considerate Ponapeans, his sense of humor easing occasional difficult moments; Ponape's prodigy, Floor Leader Ambilos Iehsi, inevitable cigarette clenched firmly in his teeth, energetically keeping the proceedings in motion; Luke Tman, the handsome Japanese-Palauan adopted by a Yapese clan, worried about his position as a congressman and as a headquarters official and about the conflicts of interest inherent in his heritage; Benjamin Manglona, young and sincere, struggling to represent an anomaly known as Rota which, having once been a district cannot accept sub-district status; and Joab Sigrah of Kusaie, quietly pleading for some attention to the problems of his long-neglected island. There are the Trukese —tough, stocky Raymond Setik, kept out of Congress this year after an automobile accident (it is interesting to wonder how Bailey Olter's scholarship bill would have fared had Setik been chairing the House Appropriations Committee throughout the session); cheerful Chutomu Nimwes, the "giant Micronesian" who will represent the House at the United Nations next year; Mitaro Danis trying to straighten out Micronesia's tangled land problems; Soukichy Fritz, studying for hours the technical language in the small bills many others would prefer to ignore. And Palau's Jacob Sawaichi, looking pleasantly inscrutable and absolutely immoveable.

And there were the loud ones. Ponape's Daro Weital, sophisticated, pouncing upon opportunities to use his gift of rhetoric; Ekpap Silk, anxious in his role as representative of the Marshall's anti-Kabua faction; Manuel Muna of Saipan and Polycarp Basilius of Palau, frequently the petulant voices of regionalism, redeemed by flashes of humor.

The Senate, too, had its loud dissidents, led this year by Ponape's Dr. Hirosi Ismael (see interview, page 3) who saw another side to almost every question and brought it forcefully to light. The conscientious Trukese in the House had their counterpart in Andon Amaraich in the Senate. Amaraich seems always serious, reflecting the careful conservatism of his constituents, a quiet voice of reason when debates get overheated. A certain air of solemnity also characterized the front of the chamber where Palau's John Ngiraked presided, taking his responsibilities very seriously, grave in his comments, careful in his parliamentary rulings, an almost conservative contrast to Palau's other senator, David Ramarui who is more aggressive, sometimes demanding.

And then there is Yap's Senator Franc Nuuan known for his antics on the floor of the Senate. He is a traditional Yapese, he is a modern businessman; he can be charming and open, he can be almost orientally inscrutable.

"Whenever a resolution is referred to my committee," he confided one night at the Royal Taga bar, "I go through it and take out all those clauses that begin 'whereas.' We have too much to do in thirty days. We don't have time for the whereases."

Nuuan has always been a dedicated opponent of minor resolutions, maintaining that while the Congress' power to legislate is limited, it has unlimited power to communicate through resolutions. But, he says, the power of resolutions can be easily diluted, if too many of them are adopted.

Franc Nuuan

"What do we need the whereases for, anyway?" he asked. "If it is a good resolution, it doesn't need much justification. You can say: Resolved that Kusaie should have an airstrip because it has four thousand people and doesn't have an airstrip. Why do you need whereases about jutting peaks and glimmering bays? And if it is a stupid resolution, all those whereases only make it stupider."

During a discussion in the Senate one morning on a commendatory resolution, Nuuan asked, "Mr. President, may I be permitted to speak some nonsense?" The senators good-naturedly allowed him to continue. "Mr. President, we have too much to do in 30 days," Nuuan said. "I therefore move that next year, in the fifth session, we don't have any resolutions."

In a stage whisper, he said to his sometime partner in clowning, Dr. Lanwi, "You second it."

Lanwi grinned. "No, I'm sorry. Nonsense I don't second."

And then during the last days of the session, it was Nuuan who pushed for quick adoption of a resolution that would have asked President Johnson to establish in his office an advisor on Micronesia. Texas Millionaire Fred Fox had come to Saipan and suggested the resolution. Some of the senators were dubious and speculated that Fox had his eye on the appointment if the job was created.

"My colleagues have suspicious minds," said Nuuan, preparing another wad of betel nut, pepper leaf and powdered lime and smiling blandly as the Senate decided to refer the resolution to the Political Status Commission.

And American observers puzzled over Nuuan's interest in the resolution, just as they puzzled all summer over the statements, the contradictions, the actions and the decisions of the congress of dissent, the voices of a new democracy.

BETELNUTMANIA

Hillbillies have their chewin' tobacco, Victorians had their snuff, Sherlock Holmes had his opium and Micronesians have their betelnut

by Dirk A. Ballendorf and Douglas Watts

T. F. Henning, in his book, *Buritis in Paradise*, related with good humor his first experience with a betel-nut chewer in Colonia, Yap. He noticed a Yapese spitting a huge glob of deep red saliva from his mouth, and Henning, thinking the fellow was sick or hurt, sought to help him. He found, much to his embarrassed surprise, that the Yapese was enjoying himself chewing betel-nut and lime.

His reaction was not untypical of many visitors to Micronesia who encounter the practice for the first time. For some it is amusing, for others, obnoxious. Because betel-nut chewing can be habit forming, various scientific explanations for an individual's motivation to chew have been offered by psychologists and physicians.

It has been variously estimated that from three to twenty-one per cent of all foreigners, mostly Americans, in Micronesia chew betel-nut habitually, and that at least forty-three percent have tried it at one time or another.

Betel-nut chewing is most widely spread in Yap and Palau, with some small practice in the Marianas. The Marshalls, Truk, and Ponape, are not noted for their chewers, although there are some chewers living in those districts.

While betel-nut chewing is not typical of Micronesia alone, it is characteristic of the country generally, and it is therefore surprising that comparatively few foreigners understand it. Many in fact condemn it, even those who have been here for many years.

Micronesians chewed betel-nuts long before the first Europeans arrived, and will continue to chew for a long time to come. It has been suggested that perhaps an offbeat though possibly lucrative business could be started by some enterprising Micronesian by putting up betel-nut chewing "stands" for tourists. (It should also be noted that others have contended that such an enterprise would drive tourists away!)

Various encyclopedias state that the betel-nut is used as a masticatory by fully one tenth of the human race. As described by the encyclopedias, it is picked between August and November in Southeast Asian countries. The fibrous husk is then removed and the hard kernel is boiled, sliced, and dried in the sun where it becomes hard and brown. When a chew is desired, a slice of the dried nut is wrapped in a betel or pepper leaf and pinch of quicklime is added. When chewed, the juice resulting from this combination is brick red. It is variously described as being a stimulant, vermifuge, myotic, and capable of rotting one's teeth in a few years.

In Palau, the betel-nut is picked rather green all year round. There is no special preparation of the nut itself. If it is small, the nut is split open, some of the juicy center pulp is removed, with a knife or fingernail, and a pinch of lime is added to the middle, after which the nut is wrapped in a piece of kebui (pepper) leaf. Only a half or a third of larger nuts is used at a time. Due to the scarcity of kebui, only a small portion of kebui is placed atop the lime part of the nut. If desired, a piece of twist tobacco or a piece of a cigarette may be added to the lime part. The combination is placed between the back molars and chewed.

The juice resulting from mastication of the prepared nut is bright red, although duller and greenish shades result from the chewing of old nuts or using a substitute leaf in place of kebui. There is evidently a factor in the betel nut-lime-kebui combination that acts as an indicator for alkali. The lime is white; the kebui, green; and the betel nut is green husked with a yellow or pinkish-yellow inside. The juice one spits out when chewing the combination, as mentioned above, is bright red. Lime chewed with kebui alone gives a greenish-yellow color to the juice. Lime and betel nut alone give a pinkish color. The juice, drooled on one's shirt or pants, results in a stubborn stain which is rather permanent. The stain can be effaced by rubbing it immediately with lime (the fruit) juice, vinegar, or bleach.

Being of an alkaline nature, betel-nut juice, if swallowed, acts as an antacid if one has a tendency to have acid indigestion.

Lime is obtained by burning staghorn coral with hardwood. The calcium carbonate of the coral is converted to calcium hydroxide or quicklime. When too much lime is used in preparing a betel-nut chew, the excess can burn the mouth rather painfully, like any alkali. If the juicy center pulp of the nut is not removed before the addition of lime, the juice may flush the lime out before it becomes mixed with the nut and cause a burn.

Kebui, which is related to the plant which bears black pepper berries, is a creeping vine which grows around the trunks of tall, straight trees. In many villages and in Koror there is a scarcity of kebui. The shortage is so severe in some villages that ordinances have been passed which require all persons who go about in the village at night to carry torches made of bundled coconut leaves or kerosene lanterns so they may be seen and identified. It is not permissible to carry a flashlight as it can be quickly switched off and the person carrying it can then escape identification by the village patrol. Members of the patrol know where all kebui vines grow in the village and inspect them periodically during the night to determine whether or not any leaves have been stolen. The responsibility of enforcing the ordinance is given to a particular age group within the village. This group forms the night patrol and can keep all fines levied on persons who are found with stolen kebui or are about without a torch. The rule applies to all persons in the village including the chief.

Kebui is always in short supply in Koror where the price ranges from one to three cents per leaf, depending on the size and condition of the leaf. It is sometimes available at the various markets in Koror operated by persons from the villages one day a week. The stock is usually sold out within a few minutes after the market opens. Persons returning from Yap and Saipan by plane or ship frequently bring kebui to sell from those districts in which there is usually a considerable surplus. At times, when no kebui at all is available, a variety of leaves may be used as a substitute, none of which gives a particularly satisfactory chew. The seed and flower stalk of the kairs plant may also be used, but its flavor is bitter rather than peppery.

Claims by old-time observers (but not samplers) that betel-nuts have narcotic properties are quite groundless. A person chewing a betel-nut for the first time experiences a sensation similar to that experienced when he smoked his first cigarette. As one continues chewing, these sensations disappear as they do when one continues to smoke.

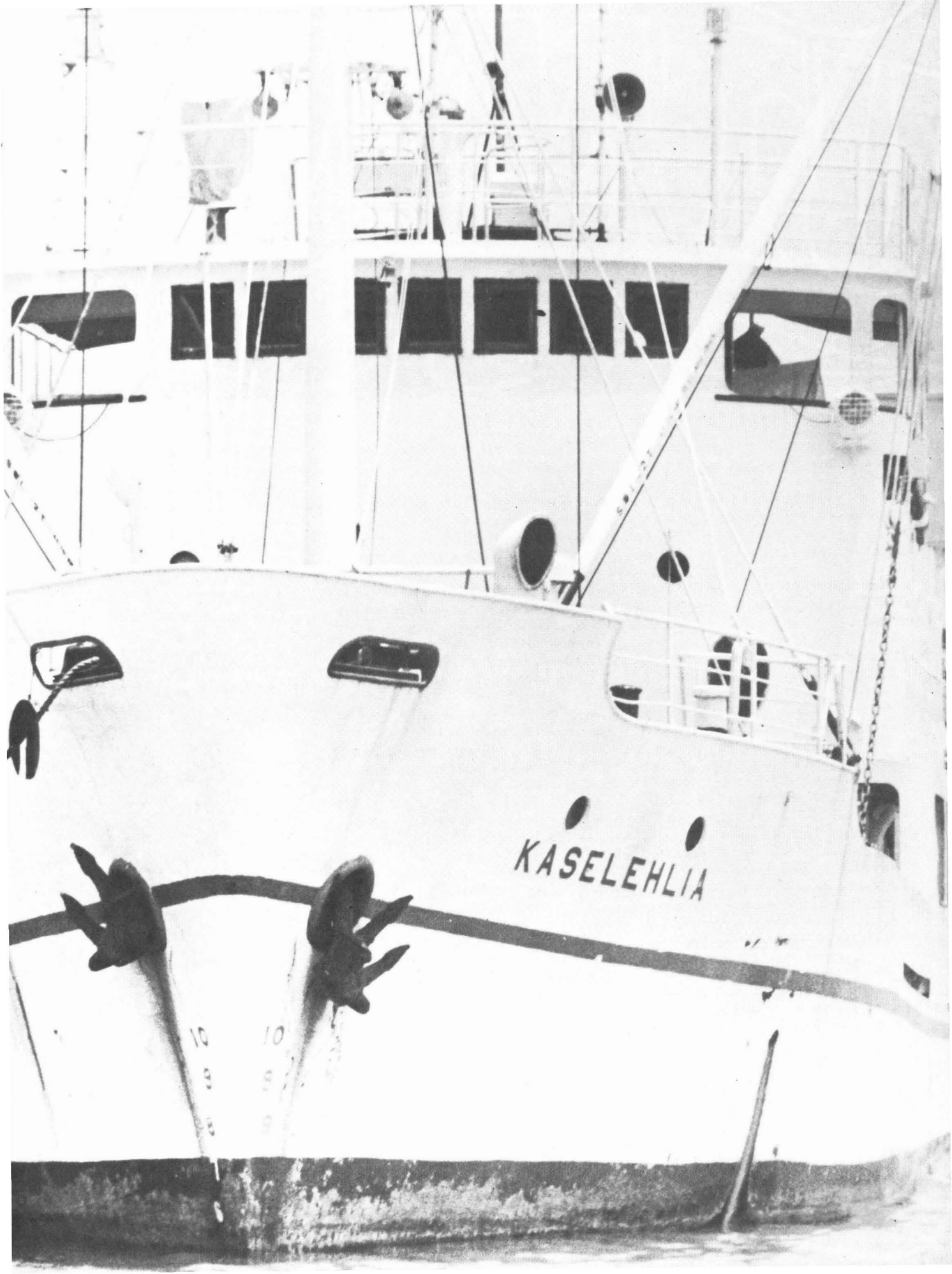
When small children chew betel-nuts they usually get quite silly. This could be an effect of the nut itself but more likely of guilt feelings associated with doing something elders frown upon.

Frequent chewing of betel-nuts causes the teeth to become red. Ordinary toothpaste is quite ineffective in removing the stains, but a rather abrasive Japanese tooth powder, "Smoca", neatly whitens the exposed surfaces of the teeth. But the backs and spaces between the teeth are harder to police. After many years of chewing, if a person has been negligent in cleaning his teeth, they will become quite black.

There is no evidence that betel-nut chewing causes or enhances tooth decay. In fact, it may be beneficial in that the frequent presence of alkali in the mouth may neutralize the acids produced by oral bacteria which are responsible for tooth decay. Very old people who have lost most of their teeth due to other causes usually carry a small mortar and pestle with which they pulverize the ingredients of a chew before putting it in their mouths.

Some college parasitology texts state that the incidence of certain intestinal parasites among betel-nut chewers is less than among non-chewers. This may be in part due to the possible effectiveness of the swallowed juice as a vermifuge and also to the fact that the constant spitting of chewers helps rid their throats of larval worms which otherwise would be swallowed, continuing on a devious route through the body into the lungs, trachea, and throat.

Some Americans have found it helpful to chew betel-nuts when among older people in the villages. It goes a long way in breaking the ice and helping the new person to identify himself with the people. It also gives him something to do when sitting for hours while at a meeting, waiting for a boat, or trying to learn the language.


KASELEHLIA

The Kaselehlia Affair

This summer, while the Congress of Micronesia met atop Capitol Hill, controversy flared around the M.V. Kaselehlia—a field trip vessel assigned to the Ponape District. While congressmen charged the administration with unnecessary delay in the drydocking of the vessel and a callous disregard for the needs of Ponape's outer islands, the administration replied that the delay was not its fault—perhaps the ship's crew and operating agent were to blame. While these charges were being exchanged, the ship was moored at Saipan's Charley Dock, far away from drydock in Japan or service in Ponape. Making the best of an indefinite stay, the ship's crew made topside repairs, played cards, and even worked as stevedores unloading other ships. Any controversy has two sides and David Altschul, a Micronesian News Service reporter, took the time to hear them both. His narrative, which follows, points neither to heros or villains, right or wrong, but instead anatomizes a besetting problem which all reasonable men at work in the Trust Territory are bound to encounter...

The affair of the M V Kaselehlia is a study in microcosm of all the frustrations, the suspicions, and most glaringly the failures of communication which plague the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands.

"Kaselehlia" is the musical greeting which welcomes you to the rugged and enchanting island of Ponape. Kaselehlia is also the tubby little 145-foot field trip ship which wallows a little drunkenly through the tropical ocean, carrying rice, cigarettes, and medical supplies to the district's far-flung outer islands. From the thatch-roofed, coral-floored Polynesian atoll of Kapingamarangi, near the equator, to the high lush, garden isle of Kusaie, north to the lonely atoll of Ujelang, where the displaced people of Eniwetok — one of the Atomic Islands — patiently scrape together a living, the Kaselehlia pitches and rolls, sputters and belches, and occasionally even drifts under makeshift sail in a valiant attempt to maintain the slender strands that connect the people of these islands with civilization.

The M V Kaselehlia is owned by the government of the Trust Territory and operated, under contract, by the Ponape Federation of Cooperative Associations (or more commonly "the Federation") a many-sided organization, Ponapean owned and run, which markets copra, supplies the co-op stores, runs the field trip service, and handles the airline agency.

Under the contract the Federation is responsible to "maintain the vessel . . . in good state of repair and in efficient operating condition . . . such as will entitle the government at all times to the highest classification and rating for vessels of this type." The Federation is also responsible to "drydock the vessel and clear and paint the underwater parts . . . not less than once about every twelve months." The whole of Article Eleven, on Drydocking, attached no responsibility to the government except for two lines subsequently added—properly initialed—to the original form of the contract: "It is understood and agreed that drydocking and annual overhaul will be for the account of the government." In other words, the Trust Territory picks up the tab.

But Micronesia is not what you would call a law-oriented place. "How-we-did-it-last-time," and "what-we-have-always-done" carry as much if not more weight than any heavy, mimeographed collection of hereby's,

by David Altschul

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN TIBBY

Awaiting word on dry-docking, the Kaselehlia's Captain Melander and his crew lingered at Saipan while angry legislators deplored the ship's absence from field trip service to Ponape.

therefore's, and appurtenances thereof. And therein lies the seed of the affair.

The affair of the M/V Kaselehlia surrounds the question of drydocking, but it was difficult for this reporter even to find out when the last drydocking was, much less "how-we-did-it." An angry young senator from Ponape complained to the High Commissioner that "the M/V Kaselehlia has not undergone drydocking for three years." But the harried Transportation Officer claims to have bills in his files for drydocking which took place less than two years ago.

In fact, the affair probably never would have occurred were it not for the untimely death last October of the former Transportation Officer, James Cook. His successor, Kenneth Allen, arrived in April inheriting both the accumulated headaches of an office six months vacant, and a 150-knot typhoon named Jean which sank two ships and left the 4500-ton Pacific Islander hard on the reef. Allen's ragged blue empire, which he administers with the aid of one assistant and one secretary, encompasses not only shipping throughout the 2,700-mile-wide territory, but air transportation and roads as well. As is true for most of the high officials of the Trust Territory government, Allen's area of administrative responsibility is so broad, so physically difficult to reach—in person, by voice, or by written word—and so endlessly productive of paperwork that often he is tied to his office on Capitol Hill, far from the docks, the ships, the lagoons of the hundred islands which his ships service.

In any case, before Allen ever arrived the Kaselehlia was overdue for drydocking. This was recognized by the Master, Captain Tetrick Melander, the round, sometimes stern, sometimes smiling Kusaiean grandson of a Swedish-American sea captain. On three separate occasions in January and February, Captain Melander approached the Ponape District Cooperative Officer with a request that an engineer be sent from Headquarters to help work out the specifications for drydocking. Of course the Transportation Office at Headquarters is not responsible, under the contract, to provide an engineer, but no one ever told the Captain that. After all, in the past he'd had personal assurance that if he ever needed any help running the ship just to ask.

The then District Cooperative Officer, a cynical, crusty veteran of the California Cooperative League, who once remarked that if he had cut a notch in his typewriter for every unanswered memo sent to Headquarters, he would be writing out his memos longhand, assured Captain Melander that the request had been forwarded and that an engineer was coming. But Allen, who had not yet arrived in Saipan at the time, has nothing in his files indicating such a request. "I was never informed that they needed an engineer," he claims. "Everywhere in the world it is the duty of the ship's crew to make up specifications for drydocking. It just never occurred to me that they could not make up the specifications themselves."

Allen arrived in April, and alertly recognizing that the Kaselehlia was overdue for drydocking he requested repair specifications. What was supplied was, in Captain Melander's words, "a rough draft." These Allen found totally unusable:

"The language was unclear, the descriptions vague. The items in need of repair were not specified clearly enough for a shipyard to be able to bid on them." How this problem was solved the last time Kaselehlia went to drydock is unclear. By the Captain's admission, no engineer was needed or requested from Headquarters. "We made up a rough draft and sent it to Mr. Cook," he explained. "Mr. Cook fixed it up, and he notified us when to leave for drydock."

Finding the first set of specifications unusable, Allen requested a second set. The Captain could not understand why, "if he disagreed with the specifications we made, he didn't send the engineer I was asking for." Allen, for his part, was still unaware of the request —or the need—for an engineer. In mid-June, when he still had not received a new set of specifications, Allen sent his assistant, a Palauan named Elias Okamura—who is not an engineer—to Ponape to see what was going on.

What actually happened in Ponape is not clear. Okamura and Captain Melander describe a meeting which was held with officials of the Federation, but their respective accounts vary. Captain Melander's impression is that Okamura had with him a second set of specifications—which the Federation had just sent to Headquarters—and that he went down the list, checking off each item as OK, with the exception of some pipes in the engine room for which he needed sizes and lengths. The group then moved to the ship where Okamura made the required measurements. He then instructed the Captain to leave immediately for Saipan and then on to drydock. Okamura says he did not have the second set of specifications because they did not reach Saipan until after he had left. What specifications he did have or what he was checking off, is not clear. Okamura did make some measurements in the engine room. And he did tell the Captain to leave Ponape.

And so the ship departed—but problems lay behind and ahead. Foremost was the fact that even if a usable set of specifications had been available at the time the Kaselehlia left Ponape, it would have taken at least three or four weeks to get bids on them and award a contract for drydocking. As it was, a controversial period of delay on Saipan, was virtually inevitable. "I can't remember exactly what I was thinking at the time the Kaselehlia left Ponape," Allen says. "To tell you the truth, there was just not enough coordination between this office and them (the Federation). This may have been where we defaulted."

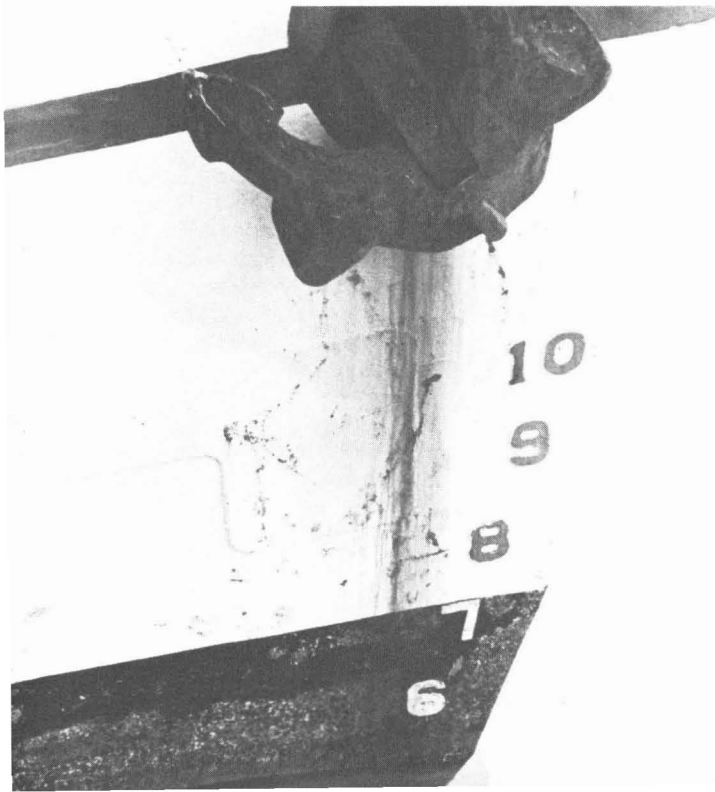
But this is not the end of the story. After arriving in Saipan, the Kaselehlia was sent on a quick charter run to Truk. While passing through Guam, she was subjected to an inspection by the Coast Guard which found that the vessel was totally unseaworthy. Fire extinguishers were empty or rusted solid to the bulkheads, unguarded lights and bulbs were dangling on frayed wire, fuses were jumped with pieces of copper, pressure in the fire hoses was low, and the bilge pump leaked.

Unloading other ships, making topside repairs, and playing cards occupied the Kaselehlia's captain and his crew.

At this point the specifications, worked out with the help of an engineer hired by the Federation, had just been put out to bid. Since it was apparent that the Kaselehlia would not be going to drydocking for three or four more weeks, the Federation requested that she be allowed to return and service Ponape District in the interim. But Allen, cognizant of the true condition of the ship, could not in good conscience allow her to put to sea. To top it all off, the Ponapean congressmen were annoyed that the Kaselehlia would now be absent from the district for an extra month—and they were expressing their annoyance quite publicly.

It is easy to understand the problems of an official—any official—trying to administer by memo and dispatch, everything from the Majuro airstrip to the Koror ferryboat, airdropping medical supplies to a sick woman on Peleliu, rescuing the Yap Islander, stuck in an outer island lagoon with a full load of passengers and no engine, handling many shiploads of typhoon relief materials for Saipan—if only a Transportation Officer could have time to visit an outer island, if only he had a chance to ride a field trip ship, to see first-hand the problems of supply, the primitive longshore operations, the general condition of his ships. Yet the affair of the Kaselehlia is an example—and a classical one at that—of a problem with which even the angriest observer must ultimately sympathize: the vast distances, short-handed staff, and poor communications, which can frustrate the most able and sincere administrators. If transportation in the Trust Territory improves—as it is, and likely will continue to—the affair of the Kaselehlia will be remembered (though not fondly) as the sort of problem it was necessary to surmount.

Parties debated when the Kaselehlia had last been drydocked, but there was no question that it was due for repair again.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SAIPAN

by Carl Smith

Typhoon Jean smashed into the Marianas on April 11, 1968. The damage to Saipan and Tinian was incredible. A few figures tell part of the story. Sixty-four per cent of the private homes on the island were damaged in excess of a loss of roof and scrambled interior partitioning. Four large warehouses (2/3 of the total storage space) housing the Central Supply function were totally destroyed. In those warehouses unissued supplies worth $700,000 were destroyed. The district administration center was declared a total loss. Thirty-three percent of the schoolrooms on the island were destroyed. Another 64% were so damaged as to require major repair. After their first two weeks of work, survey teams estimated a preliminary total of 8.5 million dollars worth of damage to government facilities alone. Since then, the total has risen by at least 20%.

Those of us who crawled out of shelter early in the morning of April 12 were in no position to make so dispassionate and calculating a judgment. We were wet, miserable and thankful that the winds had finally quit. At first light, as we woke from a short and fitful sleep, we went out to see how we had fared in comparison to our neighbors. Once outside, convinced that we had indeed been shattered by a violent storm, we heard the sound of the first hammer. Soon the chorus grew until the pounding was heard from every side. Saipan was on the road to being rebuilt.

That was, and will be for the next year, the name of the game—rebuild. Rebuild our schools, our homes, our utilities, our businesses. But more than that, we have the opportunity to build better, stronger, and with an eye to the future. An island shattered by a wartime invasion and then hastily rebuilt in the press for victory now has a second chance to emerge from the backwater of worn-out temporary facilities. We have been given the chance to make a new and modern community rise from our second experience with devastation inside 25 years.

The day after the typhoon, the first wave of a massive relief project broke over us. The primary aim of this stage was to restore the necessities of life. Food, shelter, water and communications took first priority. Representatives from the Office of Emergency Planning (OEP) and the Navy's Officer in Charge of Construction Marianas (OICC) arrived to help us in our effort to assess damages. For two long weeks, while emergency supplies poured into the island, taxing our manpower and remaining facilities to the limit, a few of us wrestled with the problems of pinning down the full extent of our losses. Once we had achieved this it was a time for decision making.

How are we to rebuild? OEP has vast resources at its command, but its role, once the Marianas are declared a disaster area by the President, is limited to restoring pre-typhoon facilities. In other words, they can restore supply facilities, public works yards, utilities and schools, but only to the extent that these facilities can operate at the same level as before the typhoon. OEP cannot finance any expansion of facilities no matter how badly such expansion is needed. Luckily, most of our facilities are so badly damaged that repair is impossible, and a total rebuilding is necessary.

Where are we to rebuild? Fortunately, we have a semi-completed master plan for the island of Saipan which we can use. Many of the decisions on optimum location of various facilities had been thought out before the typhoon. After a careful review of the plan we discover that most of the recommended locations are practical, and we can go ahead with the restoration following the plan. One hurdle has been cleared.

What is the best way to rebuild? We have a massive design job to accomplish before a single building can be started. In weighing the alternatives, we decided that we should attempt to put large design and construction packages together instead of going on a facility by facility basis. The packages are put together, and we are ready to move.

When can we move? On April 19 the President declared us a disaster area. We were ready. Within one week the necessary design contracts were negotiated. The architects and engineers moved in. We had taken the first step toward permanent rebuilding of the governmental facilities.

But two important considerations were still hanging fire. First, our people were homeless. We felt that we had to find a program which would help to restore our housing stock. Again, OEP help was possible. Before the typhoon our staff in Public Works had completed plans for a plywood, wood-bent building. The plans were quickly adapted, and we had a low cost, sturdy emergency shelter. Armed with these plans and the housing damage report put together by the Peace Corps in the Marianas, we put the proposition to OEP. Would they consider using this shelter in an emergency housing program?

After several weeks of negotiations, we had our answer. Indeed, OEP would help us. The final resolution resulted in a three way partnership between OEP, the Trust Territory Government, and the people of the Marianas. OEP was to furnish the building supplies. The Trust Territory government was to supply coral pads, concrete for slabs, precut building parts; likewise the government was to supervise construction. The people of the Marianas were to provide land and labor. The goal was to erect five hundred houses by October 13, 1968, three months after the arrival of the building supplies on the island.

The second consideration was our desire to rebuild and expand certain facilities. We were well aware that OEP funds could only put back the equivalent of that which was lost. In certain areas, particularly in schools and utilities, we felt the need to expand and upgrade the pre-typhoon services. The obvious answer was to get additional funds from another source. Accordingly, we put together a supplemental budget request for submission to the U.S. Congress. The High Commissioner and se-

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOEBERITZ

lected members of his staff went back to Washington to present our request for supplemental funding to the proper agencies in early May.

Meanwhile, on Saipan, the flow of emergency supplies,equipment and manpower had eased off. Clean-up was well under way, and sporadic water service was restored in some areas. Power lines were coming back up and the people began to see hope for recovery. Perhaps the reopening of the schools presents the most dramatic evidence of the effectiveness of our early recovery effort. Under the direction of the Education Administrator and the various principals, teachers cleared the debris of the fallen buildings and salvaged any usable supplies and equipment. Classrooms which still had roofs were cleaned up. Those without roofs were readied for temporary repairs. Temporary trusses were fabricated and put in place. Tarps replaced the missing roofing. On April 22 the first six grades and the high school seniors returned to school. Gradually, as space became available, the other grades were phased in. By the time the schools closed in June only grades 7 thru 9 were still unhoused.

The "can do" spirit displayed by the educators was duplicated in most areas of governmental activity. The hospital continued in full operation throughout the period because of the dedication of its staff. The public works operation was stretched to the breaking point by the workload placed upon it and the total loss of its shop and warehouse complex. Even so, debris was cleared, services restored, and temporary repair work accomplished throughout all governmental facilities. Again, a dedicated staff came through. The supply operation was perhaps the most heavily taxed of all. While tons of supplies poured onto the island, only a single warehouse remained standing. Yet these supplies had to be issued in an orderly and systematic manner. Above that, an inventory of loss in the destroyed warehouses had to be taken and a massive salvage effort mounted. Even in this area a semblance of normalcy was restored in a very short period despite the tremendous workload. Our operations people, in the month following the storm, did great credit to themselves and to the government.

While temporary restoration continued, we had started working with architect-engineer teams on the permanent repair and replacement of facilities. First, site plans were developed using the master plan as a guide to location. Then the involved process of interviewing the Directors of the various functions to be restored began. There wasn't a program director who didn't know what he wanted and needed in the way of new facilities. Naturally, some of those wants and needs had to be cut back because of budget limitations, but in the end most everyone emerged with a smile. It began to look like we were really going to get new facilities.

The architects and engineers who were chosen to do the work were given an extremely short time to complete the job. The major contract was given to Hawaii Architects and Engineers. The contract was let on May 13, one month after the typhoon hit. The task was to design facilities destroyed in the major areas of supply, public works, municipal administration, education administration, utilities, and dock facilities. This ended up with the design of seventeen major pre-engineered buildings, a municipal council hall, and numerous utility and building repairs. On June 21, two days prior to the six week term of the contract, the plans and specifications were delivered to our contracting agent, OICC Marianas. Our other contractors, Thomas J. Davis and L. K. Johnsrud Associates performed as well in their smaller part of the design action. By the end of July all designs were in and open to bidding. The Architects and Engineers packed up and left. We were left in period of calm.

But not all that calm. Building supplies started rolling in. The month of July saw several major ships docked laden with nuts and bolts, cement, nails, lumber,plywood, steel, and the various things necessary to rebuild the island. Our biggest visitor was the Pacific Victory with 3,000 tons of supplies off the west coast for our emergency housing program. She represented a great victory for us. Our stevedore crews were put to their severest test. They responded by cutting a highly optimistic expected unloading time by a full 36 hours. The unloading was accomplished in 30 hours. The "can do" spirit was still with us.

It was during July that the first signs of strain began showing. Our work crews started to slow down a bit. They had been going from dawn to dusk, seven days a week, for three months. Our men were getting tired. To their credit the rebuilding kept on going. They were tired, yes, but not too tired to rebuild their island, to rebuild their homes, to rebuild their community. These men, as always, are the real heroes of the crisis which we still face. They are the ones who suffered the most shattering losses. They are the ones who work themselves to the bone in the rebuilding effort.

July also saw our supplemental appropriation passed in Washington. This gave us a considerable lift. We could now start, with combined OEP and appropriated funds to upgrade our sorely outmoded water, power and sewer facilities. A new high school would rise. The civic administrative center could move out of its quonset huts into new well designed buildings. And, most important, we had a one million dollar housing loan fund which could be used to get permanent private housing on the move.

The temporary housing program, which had been unspectacular until the arrival of the Pacific Victory, really began to show results in late July. Prior to the arrival of supplies, we had been busy in getting sites cleared, coral pads in, and slabs poured. As soon as the supplies arrived they were hauled to the precutting yard. As soon as units were precut the delivery to the sites started.

All over the island shelter started rising. Again, the "can do" spirit showed up. Neighborhoods formed construction crews. The men, bone tired from their regular jobs, donated their few spare hours to building houses. House after house was raised. The pace was frenetic. Today, thanks to efforts like these, the October 13 deadline doesn't seem unreasonable.

At the time of this writing we still have a long way to go in our rebuilding. The government and the people have a lot of recovering to do. But the framework appears to be set. We are going to emerge from our losses with a new and better place to live. To date we have let construction contracts totalling 2.6 million dollars. We still have more than 7 million dollars to go. Those facilities are properly placed in the community. They will set a deliberate pattern which will guide future development. Saipan will become a unique modern community, partially as a result of its trial by the winds.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

by P. F. Kluge

Viewed from an approaching plane, the size of the islands of Micronesia never fails to impress a visitor. Islands like Ponape and Saipan, Babelthuap and Kusaie, are not at all the tiny islands one had expected. Instead, they are sizable challenging hulks of green; they are rolling and expansive and very much the sort of places dreams are made of. In Ponape, for decades, the persistent vision has had something to do with agriculture. Visiting planners and thoughtful local leaders have always regarded rain-full, peaked, rolling Ponape as a potential garden island. They have pictured its high mountainous slopes covered with forests of timber, mahogany and eucalyptus, to build Ponape's schools and houses and boats. They have envisioned its lower slopes rich with coconuts, pepper, citrus and cacao to feed Ponape and export elsewhere. They have seen its wet, fertile low-lands cultivated with rice, enough to feed not only Ponapeans, but all Micronesians. Therefore, it was in Ponape that much of the Trust Territory's effort to develop agriculture was concentrated. Here the promise of a district, a whole territory able to sustain itself and import to the outside world would first be realized. And in the especially fertile section of Metalanim, on the site of an old Japanese plantation, the government established the Trust Territory Farm Institute, which would provide not only the seeds and the cuttings but also the trained agriculturists who would form a leadership cadre which would make use of "Micronesia's unspoiled soil." Ambitious plans for agricultural development were reflected in no less ambitious plans for the Farm Institute. Among those plans —reported in the last quarter's *Micronesian Reporter*—were hopes for nothing less than a junior college. Many such plans, reported in Miss Mary Anne Greiner's article, were far-off. The road ahead was difficult and long but a promising beginning had been made. The elements of a staff, a school, and a program, were on hand and there were few who could argue against the potential of it all. What was lacking, however, was money, and the related priority that could secure money. And thus, early this year, the prospects for an ambitious agricultural training program took an abrupt turn when funds were cut. Thus, agricultural officials and all those who had pictured Ponape a garden island, were faced with—the closing of the Farm Institute.

The Trust Territory Farm Institute's brief career ended on June 30, 1968. Its buildings and grounds were re-named the Metalanim Forestry Station—a district-level caretaker operation with a much lower budget (and much lower level of expectations) than the Farm Institute had known. The buildings and grounds will be kept up: the coconut plantings, the experimental stands of eucalyptus and mahogany, teak and Norfolk pine, the dormitory and classrooms, residences and sheds. And the place may witness some short-term programs. Officials hope that the Community Action Agency may become vigorously involved in the station. They are also hoping to interest Ponape's lively district legislature in supporting the Forestry Station. But the vision of a prospering Trust Territory Farm Institute seems to have been suspended indefinitely.

At first it seemed there wasn't much of a story in Metalanim. The budget had been cut and the Institute had closed and what else was there to say? Except, of course, everything. When

interviewed late last June. David Ivra, the Memphis-born ex-Pakistan Peace Corps Volunteer who served as the Institute's Superintendent was at first understandably laconic. He'd spent the morning in Kolonia seeing some of the last of his students off at the airport and he himself was preparing for a visit back to the States. Not the sort of day to give a long detailed interview to a visting reporter, to retrace the whole history of the Institute, from modest beginnings to moderate success to abrupt and indefinite decline.

Of course one reason for Ivra's taciturnity might have been the fact that the crucial decisions relating to the fate of the Farm Institute had been made by other people in another place, at Trust Territory headquarters on Saipan. The prospect of closing had arisen last March when it was learned that, instead of securing a requested increase in appropriations the agriculture division's budget would suffer a substantial cut. Agriculture officials had hoped for an increase of $50,000 to turn the Farm Institute into a viable operation. Added to the prior budget, the increase would have brought the Institute's annual operating budget to around $110,000. With these funds, additional staff could have been hired, enrollment could have been increased from 24 to 72, and sorely-needed kitchen, laundry, and dormitory facilities could have been added.

Early in the year, prospects for the increase seemed favorable, but in March came an overall cut of $72,000 in agriculture's budget. "We expected an increase in agriculture's appropriation," Director of Agriculture Manuel Sproat told a reporter. "Instead we were cut $72,000. We didn't expect that. It really hurt us."

The consequences of the crucial budget cut were not long in coming. Soon they were felt in Ponape, at the old coconut plantation on the slopes of Metalanim. Sproat, whose pioneering efforts had founded the Farm Institute, who had scrounged and wheedled and hammered the school together, was forced to decide where to absorb the cut. In the agriculture stations scattered throughout the districts? In the salaries of perhaps half-a-hundred Micronesians employed by the agriculture department? Or at the Farm Institute?

Dave Ivra, walking the grounds of the Farm Institute, offering perhaps the final tour of the three-quarters empty installation, reviewed the issues in his superior's decision. And agreed with his course of action. "The plan was to cut the one program that needed money the most. The Farm Institute needed it most and wasn't going to get it."

Walking through a cramped little dormitory, through a crude kitchen facility and lastly to the rocky stream where students were obliged to do their washing, Ivra observed "No one in his right mind would continue with this. I just couldn't see this anymore. No program at all would be better than the program we had because it would force people to comment."

Rather than muddle along, rather than solace itself with the something-is-better-than-nothing outlook, officials had decided to close up shop. But they were still aware of what might have been. Back inside his quarters, Ivra reviewed what had been planned for agriculture. "We haven't even reached the threshold yet," he said. "Forestry hasn't been tapped at all, except in a very minor way. We could have timber on these mountains that now are covered with nothing but scrub—timber that we're importing now. Mahogany would grow very well here, eucalyptus too. Wood for boats. There's black pepper, cacao, fruits and vegetables . . . pineapple. We might grow a really superior pineapple. And there could be a small canning plant here. Or we could ship to Guam..."

Even as the Farm Institute closed, the prospects for agricultural development remained evident. As Ivra drove down to the Institute's boat dock along a lovely, sloping trail, he paused at a handsome grove of trees. Passing from row to row of nara and teak, mahogany and eucalpytus, he paused and reflected "To have come so close to a goal and to miss it because of a measly $50,000."

Doubtless, agriculture officials had hoped that the closing of the Farm Institute would cause comment, sufficient comment to boost priorities and permit the establishment of the sort of program they had wished. To be sure, there was comment, in the press and on the floor of the Congress of Micronesia, where the Ponapean delegation expressed alarm at agriculture's overall low priority and the evident consequent dependence on tourism. (House Floor Leader Ambilos Ieshi pointed out that agriculture was not mentioned at all in the High Commissioner's "State of the Territory" message to the Congress and commented "It looks for sure as if the economic future is based on tourism.")

Among others commenting on the closing of the Institute, was former Ponape District Administrator Robert Halvorsen. On his last day in office before departing Ponape to take a position in the Political Affairs section at headquarters, the veteran administrator entered his regrets about the Institute's fate. "It was a matter of either doing the job right or giving it up," he remarked. "There's quite a bit of feeling that the Farm Institute is important and necessary and that a large part of Ponape's future is in agriculture—large scale production rather than subsistence agriculture . . . There's potential in timber production—although there are just three small saw mills operating off and on now. Most ordinary lumber is now imported from the United States and the finished millwork comes from the Philippines and Taiwan. And Ponape could produce enough rice for the whole territory. With Truk and the Marshalls on either side of Ponape, we've got eighty percent of the population of the Trust Territory."

Halvorsen's evaluation is shared by district agriculturist Kazu Matsumoro. A handy man with a pencil, Matsumoro calculates that the cultivation of 300 acres of rice, harvested twice a year and yielding 3,500 pounds per acre per harvest, would meet Ponape's demand for rice and put around $200,000 in local pockets. Expansion to the populous surrounding districts of Truk and the Marshalls, and finally to the entire territory, would further augment the cash return. No less profitable is pepper. One hundred poles, occupying ¼ acre of land, could return $180 annually.

These are promising calculations, projections into the future. But, for the time being, other calculations, budgetary calculations, seem to have carried the day. Such calculations cancelled planned research on the deadly Pingelap breadfruit disease and forced cancellation of a proposed rice production feasibility study. And such calculations prompted the metamorphosis of the Farm Institute into the Metalanim Forestry Station. And so, new visitors will come to Ponape, and there they will find, not a cultivated garden island, but a green, fallow hulk —129 square miles of possibility.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Marianas The Congress of Micronesia wasn't the only dissenting body on Saipan this summer. No sooner had the Congress adjourned its fourth regular session than the Marianas District Legislature started making news with a variety of lively resolutions and debates. One resolution requested reunification of the Northern Marianas with the U.S. Territory of Guam but another resolution, looking northward, beckoned Japanese volunteers to the Marianas. "This will be a good testing ground to determine who is better, between the Japanese volunteers or the Peace Corps," commented one legislator. (In fact, Saipan did have a taste of a kind of Japanese Peace Corps this summer, with the visit of 19 students from Tokyo's Takushyoku University. The students worked as volunteers in the typhoon rehabilitation program. The municipal administration hosted the all-male group). Another District Legislature resolution expressed dissatisfaction with the operations of Air Micronesia, alleging cancellation of confirmed reservations and discrimination against Micronesians. The District Legislature also endorsed the suggestion that the Congress of Micronesia move to another district. The notion arose in the Congress itself, when some members claimed harassment by the local constabulary. The district legislators backed the police and urged the Congress to seriously consider the notion of moving on . . . July 4 was enlivened by the disappearance of district education audio-visual advisor James Kleist and his wife. At sea in a sailboat, they were lost for 24 hours, drifting forty miles offshore. The pair were rescued in good condition, however . . . Chief Steve Aiken reported that Saipan's Marpi district would be cleared of World War II explosives by early September. With the close of Aiken's demolition project, scenic Marpi will be open to visitors and no special pass will be required for entry . . . There were many signs of typhoon recovery around the island (see Carl Smith's "The Reconstruction of Saipan," page 36); not least was the opening of a brand new bar in Tanapag. Its name (in Carolinian) is "Amatugula"—translated, it comes out something like "Satisfy Yourself."

Palau Interest in the Congress of Micronesia's activities dominated in Palau during the Congress' summer session. For the first time, Palau's two paramount chiefs attended a session, and talked to the High Commissioner, especially about Palauans having to pay for the materials used to re-build houses after Typhoon Sally in 1967. But no change in policy was made, and the T.T. government must still be re-imbursed for the materials distributed to the families whose homes were destroyed . . . School was officially out, but many Palauans were hardly aware of it—especially the 41 teachers who received high school diplomas in August. Some of the teachers had been earning credits towards their diplomas since 1946 . . . College of Guam held extension courses in Koror, and miscellaneous other classes took place, including a band class for children and a ceramics handicraft class designed to teach ways of making traditional Palauan products so the techniques will be preserved . . . Reconstruction of seawalls and jettys destroyed by Typhoon Sally is complete. However, emergency stop-gap measures were necessary on the Malakal Causeway, which leads to the boatdock . . . Palau Community Action Agency opened a produce market. The agency also started a teacher training program for elementary school teachers which will last the entire school year. Other programs planned are auto mechanics training, construction training, and a visitors bureau . . . A local report on the "rape" of Helen Reef, a small outer island in Palau, on a field trip, brought to the public's attention the need for conservation legislation and maintenance of laws prohibiting slaughter of wildlife. Distad Mackenzie issued a "standing order" to regulate field trips to the Southwest Islands to prevent recurrence of such incidents . . . Isidoro Rudimch of Palau was elected President of UMDA's Board of Directors . . . After the Palau Youth Service Committee determined that consumption of alcohol by minors is a major factor contributing to juvenile delinquency in Palau, a request was made directly to the High Commissioner for additional policemen. The Committee stressed that additional policemen would be able to patrol the bars, but there are too few policemen now to handle the job . . . There will also be one less bar though, with the storied Boom Boom Room closing after a fracas between Coast Guard men and Palauans. The Boom Boom was bruised to the tune of about $8,000 . . . And a letter from Hollywood brought word of the Marvin-Mifune film's latest title: not "Hell In the Pacific," not "The Cowards" but "The Enemy."

Yap Tourism continued a big topic of discussion on the island. The controversy over tourism was sparked early this year when a pair of American visitors from Guam walked uninvited into a village meeting on Rumung, the most isolated of Yap's major islands. In response to the unscheduled visit, Rumung acted to ban all future visits by outsiders unless the island was given three days advance notice and then consented to the visit. Local tempers were fanned further when one of the same pair of visitors tried to remove a piece of stone money from the island. Export of stone money is severely restricted by the Yap Islands Code. The Yap Island Legislature got into the act by passing a resolution urging that Rumung's travel ban be extended to other municipalities. In a more positive approach to tourism, the legislature also named a ten-member tourist study commission and

petitioned the High Commissioner to require that any hotel undertaking in the district during the next five years have majority Yapese ownership . . . Japanese travel experts, visiting the island in June, ruled out Yap as a prime tourist stop; but an Air Micronesia spokesman, visiting in July, felt Yap was ideal for a short stop . . . Yap's Peace Corps director, Leo Moss left in July and was succeeded by William Anderson, a former attorney from California . . . Yap's new bus system began operation July 1, but the four buses soon proved inadequate and two more were ordered. The buses travel about 20 miles of roadway between the north and south ends of the island . . . Word was received from Saipan in July that work will begin next April to replace the storm-severed causeway across Chamorro Bay in downtown Colonia . . . Medical service in the district got a big boost with the arrival of three new American doctors in July . . . a site was selected in August for a $6,000 athletic field. Funds for the field were approved last year by the Congress of Micronesia, but were not made available to Yap until this May. The site selected is near the present hospital, in an area which traditionally has been used for United Nations Day activities.

Truk The weather doesn't change, but summer in Truk is marked by a lull in activities: schools recess, officials take annual leaves and hired workers change positions. This summer saw an important change in leadership when District Administrator Alan M. MacQuarrie bowed out June 3 and Assistant Distad Ray Setik took charge until he changed hats and became congressman for the summer. Next came Robert Law, Assistant Distad in the Marshalls, who headed Truk's executive branch for the rest of the season. Now Truk awaits the arrival of a new Distad—Jesse Robert Quigley, in September . . . Peace Corps Truk also saw some shifts as Jesse McElroy, deputy director, moved on to head Peace Corps Marianas. Edward Duperrett replaces him in Truk . . . Six-year-olds were active this season as about 950 of them participated in the second summer Head Start program. The program's opening was overshadowed by a cook's strike, but all finally got underway when a raise from 83¢ to $1.00 a day was agreed on . . . Summer was also a time of training, with approximately 80 Peace Corps Volunteers doing their bit on Uman Island and 26 Truk High School graduates learning teaching techniques. The Distad's office also ran a training program and Personnel Head Podus Pedrus promised all '68 graduates can be hired . . . The Truk Hotel has been sold to the United Micronesia Development Association. They'll raze it and then pass the materials on to a new hotel corporation on Moen Island . . . Another new group here is the Young Women's Christian Association . . . and Truk was wondering where the yellow went as the hepatitis epidemic at last faded.

Ponape The last quarter in Ponape will be remembered because of three days: the duration of the annual district-wide track and field competition celebrating Micronesia Day. The delegation from large outer island of Kusaie again walked away with most of the prizes in events ranging from swimming to baseball. All of it was a good start for the Micronesian Olympics scheduled to debut in July 1969 . . . Stranded Micronesian transients and tourists should applaud the resurrection of dredge work on Ponape's jet airstrip. A Japanese firm sent in a score of men and equipment to finish piling coral on the reef island of Takatik. The strip, when completed in December, will measure about 6,000 feet with room to expand another 3,000. The strip will lie just below the nose of dramatically blunt Sokehs Island Rock, Ponape's Diamond Head . . . The "Garden of Micronesia" received compliments for both her present beauty and potential bounty. Two well-heeled travel editors called it the "world's most beautiful island," or possibly "second to Bora Bora" . . . Earlier a visiting rice specialist had said 1000 acres of rice-land were ready for cultivation. Only 50 acres are presently being worked . . . Fifty new Peace Corps trainees arrived at their camp site in the island's isolated Kiti municipality . . . An almost equal number of veteran Volunteers returned to the States upon completion of two years of service . . . Kiti lost its traditional leader, Nanmwarki Benito who died after many years of sickness. Like most occasions, the funeral was marked by a huge feast or Kamidipw . . . Headquarters education officials responded with virtual unanimity to the 14 recommendations made by the Ponape Education Study Commission of Americans and Ponapeans. The points are to be put into effect with the help of the new Educational Administrator Richard Grievell, a Wisconsin school administrator and teacher, who arrived with family this quarter . . . Kusaie island made a bid for its section in the District Digest with the adoption of a resolution by the Congress of Micronesia asking that the high, populous eastern island be made a separate administrative district, the Territory's seventh.

Marshalls Once again the Marshalls Islands caught the attention of the world and journalists and photographers scurried towards Majuro. This time it was Bikini, former hydrogen bomb test site, at last declared safe for reinhabitation by human beings. The Trust Territory commissioned the MV James Cook to call at Kili, where the Bikinians now live, and pick up eight representatives of the displaced population. From there the Cook headed for Bikini, with representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission, Department of Defense, the Trust Territory, and the world's press included in the survey party. They scanned the famous island and began planning for its resettlement . . . Meanwhile, the homing instinct caught up the former residents of Eniwetok, now living on isolated Ujelang. Following a strategy adopted last year by the Bikinians, the Eniwetokese directed a petition to the United States Trusteeship Council, asking for the exact day, month, and year of their return . . . Meanwhile the Congress of Micronesia requested the High Commissioner to provide for the return of the people of the mid-corridor islands in the Kwajalein atoll or a renegotiation of the original agreement with the Nike-X Project Office . . . Former Majuro Peace Corps Volunteer William Vandling was named District Administrator's Representative on Ebeye Island—a post formerly held by Dr. William Vitarelli . . . Majuro may soon have a football field. Work is planned on the diamond near Uliga Park, a combined effort of the Marshall Islands Amateur Athletic Association, the Community Development Office, Hawaii Architects and Engineers and the Majuro D-U-D Council . . . High Commissioner Norwood addressed the 1968 Marshall Islands High School seniors in June, stressing the need for continued education and the importance of learning English . . . The *Mieco Queen*, one of the Marshalls field trip ships, has been sold to ACME importers. However, the boat will still serve in the Marshalls.

ON THE GO

with Bob Boeberitz

The Island In-Between

To the North you have Saipan—Trust Territory capital of Micronesia. To the South there's Guam—unincorporated territory of the United States. Both are relatively busy spots with daily flights back and forth. Twice weekly these non-stop flights are interrupted by stops at Rota, the island in-between. Some consider this a nuisance. But to those getting off there it's a different story. Rota, I recently discovered, is worth a look.

This particular trip started rather excitingly. Air Micronesia's big DC-6 seemed to hit the runway much faster than usual. Then I had the sensation that we were sliding. We were. The runway was muddy and the mud was splashing against the windows. The plane finally skidded to a stop. Even more compelling was the trip into town from the airport, ten miles over bumpy, often muddy, road. (There's no luxury of an airport bus, you'll have to hitch with someone—probably in an open jeep or truck). You're lucky if it's not raining as it often does. Regardless, the ride can be pleasant (with the bumps taken in stride) and affords you a first look at Rota (from the ground). The road cuts a path through the trees, occasionally offering glimpses of the shore beyond. At one point you'll pass three immense rocks on the beach. An impressive snapshot. The coastline is beautiful with the surf pounding against the coral surface. And the water is the bluest I've ever seen.

"You are now entering SongSong Village, population 1,265" a hand-lettered sign on your right informs you. The trees then give way to a clearing of tin and wood houses and some concrete buildings. This is it. Rota's one and only village. There's the hotel, to your right. You can't miss it. It is literally the bright spot in town. Painted yellow with red trim, it may seem somewhat garish at first, but after awhile you may find it charming. It's a two story building of which the hotel and its eight double rooms occupy the second floor. Downstairs are four additional single rooms, a bar, a grocery store and the Air Micronesia office—where you can check on your flight to Saipan or Guam. For $8 you'll get a bed and three meals a day.

You won't find much luxury at the Rota Hotel, but you will be quite comfortable. There's a nice family atmosphere about the place. But don't expect too much privacy. Everyone shares the same bathroom and the walls are paper thin. You'll like Angie, the hotel's innkeeper and chief cook. She'll take good care of you while you're her guest.

After you've checked in, take a walk around the village. Down the road a piece is Rocky's Bar, the only other bar on the island. Beyond that is the Catholic church with its well-kept grounds. And a circular shelter that looks something like a merry-go-round without the horses—this is the Round House where dances and meetings are occasionally held. The village itself is situated on a narrow peninsula at one end of the island. It is flanked on both sides by the roaring surf. Inland, jagged cliffs tower above the village and at the peninsula's end, there's a hill that looks like a wedding cake. During your walk you may become aware of the people's friendliness—they may smile or exchange greetings. And it's real. They are not playing you for a tourist. Money is of little concern to them, although a little boy might ask you for a nickel.

A pleasant though rather ambitious hike is along the beach. On one side of you the cliffs rise straight up and conceal numerous explorable caves. On the other side is the coral beach with its countless pockets and pools of varying size and depth. You might pause to plunge into one. It's refreshing, but be sure to wear zoris or sneakers as the coral is jagged and sharp. The stumbling and climbing over rocks and along ledges is tiresome, but the natural wonders of this coral formed beach are remarkable.

Come back around six, you'll probably be starving, and settle down to a family style dinner and don't worry about leaving the table hungry. On one recent night the menu consisted of pork chops, salmon patties, chop suey, rice and fresh cucumbers with sour cream. Help yourself. There's plenty for everyone. You'll sit at one big large table with all of Angie's guests. Best be on time though. Once dinner is served, no one waits for late comers. After dinner, guests usually retire to the lobby or the bar downstairs. Take your pick.

With the exception of Rocky's Bar or an occasional dance at the round house, nightlife centers around the hotel—particularly the bar downstairs. There'll be people standing under the Schlitz sign carrying on conversations with a drink in one hand. Inside, the soulful jukebox will be belting out something like "you make me feel like a naturel woman" for anyone who feels like dancing. If this is not to your liking you can always retire to the lobby upstairs with a good book.

Or maybe you'd like to go coconut crab hunting. There's always somebody anxious to go. They'll show you where the picking's the best or where you can spear a lobster. Take a flashlight though. The reef is not the best place to be stranded when you can't see. But if you're like me you'll prefer just to eat the lobsters and let someone else do the catching.

Although life on Rota centers around SongSong Village, there's much to see on the rest of the island. There's a road which circles around the island and if you can get a jeep it's a worthwhile trip. Rota has no taxis or rent-a-cars but you might be able to make a deal with hotel owner John Diaz. Also a guide would come in handy too. There are no standard rates for such services so use your own discretion. The entire trip will take from three to four hours.

As you leave the village the surrounding foliage becomes quite dense, hovering completely over the road. You can hear the surf a few yards away but you can't see it. Keep a sharp eye out to your left and you'll soon spot the Japanese towers that once supported cable cars which carried phosphate from the mines high above to the waterfront far below. Now they are nothing but the skeletons of a profitable era long gone. Further on a frightening reminder of less peaceful times lurks over the road. A huge Japanese gun aimed at the sea seems out of place in such quiet surroundings. But

there it sits inside its giant pill box as if it was still maintaining watch over Rota. From here on the jungle thickens—turn back if you like or plunge onward. But don't get lost. You may never be found.

Within walking distance of the hotel is one of those awesome spectacles of nature that geologists marvel at: the cave. A short hike up an incline makes this particular cave easy to get to. You'll pass the remains of a Japanese Buddhist shrine. This, I was told, was once a funeral altar where people paid their respects to the dead. Beyond the shrine is the cave itself—a huge cavern intertwined with stalagmites rising from the floor and stalactites descending from the ceiling. Some of these have been "married" thus forming a giant pillar from floor to ceiling. "This cave is big enough for all the people of Rota" said one of the workmen getting it ready for future use as a shelter. First a Buddhist temple and then a hospital during the war, the cave came in handy last November when Rota was hit by Typhoon Gilda. Now they are putting in concrete floors which follow the contours of the cave. Only the tin roofing, which catches leaks that otherwise drip to the floor, mars the natural beauty of the cave. The workmen seem proud of their cave and look forward to days when it will be more than just a shelter. "We'll put a large table here" one of them says "and people can eat food and have drinks . . . and we'll make that a barbecue over there..."

For those interested in the cultural history of the Chamorro people, a journey to the latte stones is a must. You'll need a guide and a jeep to get through the back roads. You'd never make it alone. My guide, Leon Taisikan of the Rota Community Action Agency, showed me the way.

"Turn here."

"Where?"

"There, to the right."

"Where?"

I wondered how he knew. You couldn't even tell where the roads were. But he got me there. We passed through what was once a Japanese village (according to Leon, 15,000 Japanese had been scattered all over the island). Only one structure remained: a two-story concrete building that served as a watchtower for approaching planes.

Soon we came to the excavation site for the House of Taga. Leon explained what we saw. Taga was a legendary high chief of the Chamorro people. He was a giant of a man with great strength and power. It was at this site that his house was to be built, a dwelling worthy of his size and power. Here they had begun to carve the rock out of the earth which would become the pillars of his house. These stones are called "latte stones." Today you can see several excavations in various stages of completion. But the house was never built. Why?

News soon reached Taga that another chief, stronger and more powerful than he, lived on the island of Tinian. He left Rota to battle with this chief that threatened his power. After the chief's defeat, Taga built his house on Tinian.

There is evidence of smaller homes built of latte stones nearby. These stones were shaped by scraping them with a piece of shell. Like Greek columns they consisted of a shaft with a crowning cap. Between these stones boards were placed to form a roof. Chamorro belief keeps the people from doing anything with these stones except to leave them where they are. Leon told me an interesting story that illustrates this belief.

There was a Mr. Brown who administered the island during Navy days. He discovered the latte stones and decided they would look nice out in front of his house. A few days after they were installed he suddenly became ill. He couldn't move. Upon examination the Navy doctor was baffled. He could find nothing physically wrong. But a local witch doctor knew what the cause was. Mr. Brown was possessed by evil spirits. He gave him herb medicines but told him he would have to return the latte stones otherwise the spirits would not go away. Brown took the witch doctor's advice and soon became well again. So much for ancient Chamorro legend.

On the way back to the airport to catch my flight back to Saipan, I pondered the ultimate question I would have to answer: What is there for a tourist to do on Rota? I turned to the person sitting next to me. Interested in someone else's viewpoint, I asked him the same question. Without pausing to think, he answered, "Well, you can go swimming or hiking and you can eat and sleep."

What more could one ask for?

in the next quarter

Peleliu, Today and Yesterday—A retelling of one of the Pacific's least celebrated battles—and a glimpse of the scarred battleground-island today. **Economic Development In Micronesia**—A former Trust Territory employee's underground paper on the future of the islands. **The Beaches of Saipan**—Getting to the island's fantastic seascapes is an adventurous and sometimes frustrating undertaking. This special section will make the trip a lot easier. **Architecture In The Trust Territory**—A professional observer offers a candid and specific view of today's communities—and some thoughts about tomorrow's. **Island Medicine**—Dr. William Peck explores the frustrations and the challenge of medical practice in Micronesia.

A Call for Entries

This is an invitation to participate in the first annual Micronesia Arts Festival to be held in Saipan next March. But now is the time to do something. Anything. There are eight different categories to choose from, and prizes in each one. So choose your field and enter now. You could be a winner.

WHO CAN ENTER

Anyone who is a resident of the Trust Territory. This includes all TT citizens, non-citizens employed in Micronesia (Americans, Japanese, etc.) and Peace Corps Volunteers. There is one children's category: ages 4-12. All other categories are for adults (anyone 13 or older).

CATEGORIES

There are eight categories in all. Four two-dimensional categories in Group A, three three-dimensional categories in Group B and one children's category in Group C. They are as follows.

GROUP A: Two Dimensional Categories

PAINTING—Media: either oil, caesin, watercolor, designers colors, or acrylic paints. Painting surface: either canvas, cardboard, illustration board, water color paper or masonite. Paintings must be submitted unframed (except for frames of white matboard for watercolors or drawings). Paintings done on glass or heavy materials like wood are not acceptable. Paintings must be completely dry before being submitted.

DRAWING—Media: either pencil, crayon, pastel, charcoal, felt-tip pen, or pen and ink. Drawing surface: either illustration board, cardboard or any kind of drawing paper (bond, charcoal, vellum, etc.). All drawings should be sprayed with fixative to make them smudge proof. Do not frame drawings (except for white mats).

MIXED MEDIA—Any combination of media. Field of expression is up to the artist, but must have a central theme or definite purpose. For example, an illustration can illustrate a story for a book or an article for a magazine. A poster or sign sells something. Other possibilities: collage (designs made of cut or torn materials pasted up). Graphic art prints (etchings, woodcuts, silk-screens, linoleum blocks). Design projects (architectural renderings, product designs, inventions, package design). The field is yours. Experiment. No frames, mats only—do not mat posters or signs.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Black and white prints only. Minimum size: 8" x 10". No color slides. No snapshots. Commercially made prints (by Kodak or other similar concern) are acceptable but photographers are encouraged to make their own prints. Mounted prints are preferred.

GROUP B: Three Dimensional Categories

WEAVING AND TEXTILES—Anything woven, sewn, or embroidered by hand is eligible. Possibilities: baskets, mats, rugs, dresses, garments, bedspreads.

JEWELRY—Anything made by hand to be worn on the body for ornamental purposes. Possibilities: rings, beads, bracelets, necklaces, watch bands, pins, broaches, earrings. Materials used must be of local origin except for clasps and fastening devices.

SCULPTURE—Any three-dimensional object or relief that is carved or molded by hand. Possibilities: storyboards, busts, masks, bowls, pottery, love sticks, figures, miniature outriggers and abais. Materials used must be of local origin.

GROUP C: Children's Art Category

A category for children only—ages 4-12. Any artwork solely executed by a child, using supplies and materials available in and around school and at home. Teachers will act as preliminary judges. Entries must be submitted through schools, Headstart programs or Community Action Agencies.

JUDGING

Entries will be judged on the basis of originality and execution. They will be scored in two areas: (1) the idea and how well it communicates (what is the artist trying to say?) and (2) how well is the idea carried out (does the manner in which it is done enhance the idea?). There will be a panel of seven judges, each one having a particular interest in one of the first seven categories. Judging will be done by secret ballot on a point system basis. It will take place during the week of February 24, 1969 on Saipan.

AWARDS

Each category will have a First Place prize of $25.00, a Second Place prize of $15.00 and a Third Place prize of $10.00. There will also be a maximum of three honorable mention certificates for each category. Certificates and ribbons will accompany each prize. Also, one of the eight first place winners will be selected as "Best in the Show" and will receive a Grand Prize of $50.00.

QUALIFICATIONS

All entries must meet the following requirements or they will be disqualified.

(1) all entries must be accompanied by an official entry blank properly filled out and attached to the back of the work being submitted (in case of some three dimensional pieces and jewelry: attached by string).

(2) Entries must fall within and not to exceed the following measurements: 20" X 30", or 22" X 28", or 12" X 36". Items larger than the above measurements are acceptable if they can be folded down or rolled up to meet the desired size.

(3) items smaller than 8" X 10" except for jewelry and sculpture categories, will not be accepted.

(4) No single item can weigh over ten pounds.

(5) No one person can submit more than five entries in total. In Group A categories: no more than 5 entries per person. In Group B categories: no more than 2 entries per person. Entries for Group C are to be submitted by a teacher with only one entry per student and no more than 5 entries per teacher.

(6) Each entry must be the work of the individual submitting it. No group entries. However, organizations can be represented by an individual's work.

(7) Entries found to be in poor taste or pornographic in nature will be disqualified.

(8) All entries must have been executed after January 1, 1968.

(9) District submission limitations: Because of expensive shipping costs and handling problems each district will have to be limited in the total amount of entries it can submit. Group A Categories: No more than 40 entries per district. Group B Categories: No more than 30 entries per district. Group C Category: No more than 15 entries per district. The district coordinator will be responsible for final selection of entries to be submitted.

DEADLINE

All entries must be submitted to your local Peace Corps office no later than February 1, 1969. All entries must be submitted to Saipan no later than February 24th.

PRIVATE SHOWING

Prior to the public showing, a private preview showing will be held for the High Commissioner; the Assistant Commissioners, Representatives of the Congress of Micronesia residing in Saipan, the Marianas District Administrator, the District Legislature, the Mayor of Saipan, local businessmen and other invited guests. Proceeds from this showing will go to pay for the prize money, shipping costs and materials.

SALE OF ENTRIES

All entries will be subject to sale with the permission of the artist. To give the six districts an equal opportunity, sales will be conducted on a sealed-envelope-bid basis. Potential buyers will pledge a certain sum toward the purchase of a particular item. After receipt of all bids, the item goes to the highest bidder. Each item in the show will have a minimum bid price. Unsold entries will go on sale at the Micro Crafts shop in Saipan or will be returned to the artist upon request. Items not sold after six months will be returned. Proceeds from sales: 60% to the artist, 40% to the ArtFest Committee (Micro Crafts will receive a 10% commission for the items it sells).

THE SAIPAN SHOW

Opens March 8th for two days. It will be free to the public. The show will consist of a maximum of 25 pieces in each category for a total of no more than 200 items in all.

THE ROAD SHOW

The road show will consist of all the award winners (plus honorable mentions) from the Saipan show (Maximum of 48 items) and will travel to all other district centers. This show will be free to the public.

SUPPLIES

Supplies to aid the artist in Group A categories are available at your district Peace Corps office. They are available on a loan basis, and have to be returned within 24 hours so that others can use them. A sign out sheet will keep a record of what materials are out at what time and by whom. Supplies available are: watercolors, watercolor paper, poster paint, poster board, pastels, crayons, charcoal, ink pens, india ink, various drawing papers and pads, construction paper, rubber cement, brushes (not to be used for oils), erasers, fixative, matboard (for mounting) and mat knives and 8 X 10 photographic paper. Materials used for Group B categories are to be of local origin. For the Group C category, supplies at schools are to be used.

entry form

The Saipan Committee for the Micronesia Arts Festival
Box 48, Saipan, Mariana Islands 96950

name	sex
address	age
district	zip code
occupation	nationality
employer (or school)	
category	
title of entry	
I'd like to sell my entry for at least	
I do not want to sell my entry ☐	

The Micronesia Arts Festival is a non-profit enterprise and the Committee needs financial support in order to sponsor this event. Pledge your support now so Micronesia can have an arts festival. Send your contribution to the Committee.

Art fest

TOURIST BEWARE

Beware of Micronesia. Nobody rakes the beaches here. Or manicures the grass around the palms. If you step on a piece of rotten breadfruit, or get bitten by a mosquito, or sweat through two shirts a day . . . that's too bad. Beware of Micronesia. Especially if you go for blitzkrieg tours, fawning service, and linen tablecloths. They're hard to find. The tourist industry (ugly phrase!) hasn't captured these islands yet, and outsiders are still visitors, to be greeted and wondered at; not tourists to be gulled and bilked. So look out for yourself. Beware of these thousands of islands, isolated, handsome and—for the most part—oblivious. Beware that, in the sweat of the day or the quiet of the night, while waiting for an unscheduled boat to some obscure, little visited, unspeakably beautiful island, you admit to yourself that you've been captured by it all. Undeveloped, unhurried, uncut, unregimented as it is. Beware of Mirconesia. Its rough natural beauty may catch you unaware. In a world of cadillacs and yachts, its frightfully easy to fall in love with jeeps and outboards.

micronesia

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE: OFFICE OF TOURISM/ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, TRUST TERRITORY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS, SAIPAN, MARIANA ISLANDS, 96950