

MicronesianReporter

THIRD QUARTER 1968



DESIGN: BOB BOEBERITZ

cover story:

MICRONESIA'S UNLOVED ISLANDS:

UJELANG BY JOHN PERRY 25

EBEYE BY P.F. KLUGE 31

articles:

EULOGY TO A HOTEL BY MARJORIE SMITH 8

DISTURBING THE HAWKSBILL, GENTLY BY GENE HELFMAN 10

MAKING USE OF MICRONESIA'S UNSPOILED SOIL

BY MARY ANNE GREINER 22

pictorials:

SCHOOL WAS NEVER LIKE THIS BEFORE

P.F. KLUGE AND NORMAN SHAPIRO 13

gatefold:

MICRONESIA TRAVEL POSTER 20

departments:

WHO'S WHO THIS PAGE

INTERVIEW: JOE SCREEN 1

DISTRICT DIGEST 38

ON THE GO WITH MARJORIE SMITH 40

IN THE NEXT QUARTER INSIDE BACK COVER

CREDITS

COVER: Illustration by Bob Boeberitz

PHOTOGRAPHS: p. 1-7, Norman Shapiro, p. 11,

Gene Helfman, p. 12, Paul Callaghan, p. 14-19,

Norman Shapiro, p. 22-23, Richard J. Stone,

p. 26-30, John Perry and David Altschul, p. 32-37,

Norman Shapiro. ILLUSTRATIONS: p. 20-21, Bob

Boeberitz, p. 25, Bob Boeberitz, p. 31, Bob

Boeberitz.

TRUST TERRITORY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

A TRUSTEESHIP OF THE UNITED NATIONS

ADMINISTERED BY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Who's Who

...in this issue of the Reporter

MARY ANNE GREINER

Now returned to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Miss Greiner was a Peace Corps media specialist in Ponape District. Before her service in those rainy tropical islands, she spent two years as a Volunteer in a desert village in Iran. In between her two hitches, she worked for Peace Corps headquarters in Washington.

GENE HELFMAN

No mere eulogist of the hawksbill turtle, Helfman has been active in the campaign to preserve the species. He's a Peace Corps Volunteer in Palau, originally assigned to the Fisheries Development program there.

P.F. KLUGE

Reports our editor: "Whether Ebeye's a slum or not, it boasts some of the more surprising juke boxes in Micronesia, with Aretha Franklin and the Temptations well represented. Well, I guess maybe it is a slum. Slums usually have the better juke boxes."

JOHN PERRY

Our man in the Marshalls, P.C.V. John Perry is a media specialist who has managed to catch field trip vessels to most of the district's far-flung islands, even to isolated Ujelang. We're counting on Perry for a report on the fall-out victims of Rongelap Island in the near future.

MARJORIE SMITH

A native of Williston, North Dakota, Mrs. Smith worked as a journalist on Guam for several years, garnering more than one award for her professional efforts there. The wife of Trust Territory planning coordinator Carl Smith, she now resides on Saipan where she heads the special News Bureau covering this summer's session of the Congress of Micronesia.

MicronesianReporter

The Journal of Micronesia / Third Quarter 1968 / Volume XVI, Number 3

PUBLISHER: The Public Information Office, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. William R. Norwood, High Commissioner. June Winham, Acting Public Information Officer. EDITOR: P. F. Kluge. ART DIRECTOR: Bob Boeberitz. PHOTOGRAPHERS: Norman Shapiro, Johannes Ngiraibuuch. CIRCULATION: Fermina Benavente.

Micronesian Reporter is published quarterly by the Public Information Office, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Saipan, Mariana Islands 96950. Subscriptions: \$2.50 per year, \$3.40 air mail, payable in advance. Send check or money order to Treasurer, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. The funds for printing this publication approved by Director of the Bureau of the Budget on July 29, 1966. Printed by the Naval Publications and Printing Office, Guam USA. Stories and photographs are solicited; stories in manuscript form, photos 8x10 enlarged prints or undeveloped film. Send contributions to the Editor.

INTERVIEW:

Joe Screen

"He's no fool. He's been around." This was one observer's reaction to the Micronesian Reporter's decision to make Assistant Commissioner for Administration Joe Screen the subject of this quarter's interview. The controversial Screen has charge of the thorny, complicated departments of public works, property and supply, budget and finance, personnel, communications. His signature appears at the bottom of countless memos; his voice heard in numerous councils; his name bruited about whenever people—friendly or otherwise—discuss the operation of the Trust Territory government.

The tall (6'2") native of Cumberland, Maryland, came to the Trust Territory in August of 1966, following a two-year stint as Treasurer-Director of the Department of Administrative Services in American Samoa. Before that he was comptroller of the Army-Air Force Motion Picture Service, with assignment in Japan and Germany. A Navy veteran, Screen is an accountant by profession.

Candid, hurried,—some have called him "dashing"—Screen was invited to discuss a variety of topics, including a rumor or two about himself. His responses follow...

REPORTER: Let me begin by asking a question which often comes up when one travels around the districts. Some people there claim (and some here, for that matter) that if the government were more decentralized, it would be more responsive and more effective. If there were more power, more decision-making, more spending power on the local level, things would move more quickly and efficiently. I had a complaint in Truk, for instance, that in the building of a specific school, they couldn't buy a hammer unless they wrote to Saipan. Would you say that we have a centralized or decentralized situation now and what do you think of the situation as it exists?

SCREEN: There are primarily three areas involved where the discussions on centralization vs. decentralization generally focus. The first and most important is in the area of administrative decision-making, and to my knowledge, the district administrators are program managers in the districts. This position was reaffirmed at the annual administrative review held last September. I am sure you do not believe the complaint stated in your question. A second area of centralization recently is that in the allotment of funds. Prior to Fiscal Year 1968, there were 800 allotments in this government. An allotment was made for every program area to all six administrative districts, notwithstanding the fact that none of the dis-

tricts had the accounting expertise required to handle this line of work. Add to this the fact that a central set of books had to be kept at Headquarters requiring extensive reporting from the districts, which simply resulted in practical chaos from the standpoint of management reporting. The only way accounting can be decentralized is to put a staff in every district comparable to that at the Headquarters. It isn't feasible nor economical to do so. Another area of centralization is that of procurement and supply. Certainly no thinking person would recommend that the U.S. Government do away with the General Services Administration which is the agency charged with the responsibility for central procure-

ment and supply for the U.S. Government. It is no different here in the Trust Territory. The arguments for the centralization are too numerous and too well-known for me to go into too much detail with you in this interview. Both the centralization on accounting and supply lend very necessarily to automatic data processing of payrolls, accounting statistics, and supply accounting. We expect to take delivery and install, within this month (June—ed.), our automatic processing equipment, and in a very short time the payroll application on the equipment will be made. Our new Social Security Administration would be primarily on automatic data processing which can easily be adapted to an income tax system, should the Congress of Micronesia enact such legislation.

Involved in this centralization vs. decentralization controversy is a sort of diagram of thinking in the Trust Territory that tends to lead to six administrations rather than one administration, to six political entities rather than one entity. My own views in this situation are that the district administrators might properly be re-titled as Regional Directors if the thrust is to be toward a unified Micronesia.

REPORTER: In seeking designs for schools and other buildings in the Trust Territory, are you attempting to capture architectural concepts that exist through-





out the Territory?

SCREEN: Yes, we are. In our master planning contract, the architectural concepts there are appearing to identify as being indigenous to our area and are submitted on that basis for our designs for new facilities. The Micronesian congress and the various districts have indicated their definite interest in various resolutions to effect this.

REPORTER: When I remarked to one of your subordinates that I would be interviewing you, I was asked to inquire "are we developing Micronesia or the Micronesians?" which I take to mean which has the higher priority, the training of Micronesian manpower skills or the development of these islands in terms of capital improvements, construction?

SCREEN: Well, I'd have to say that these things go together. I don't think that one has the higher priority than the other. They both have probably the highest priority of anything we're doing. I just do not believe that one could have a higher priority than the other. In developing Micronesia we are developing Micronesians. They'll be working in these programs. We're going to—while we might not actually require—we're certainly going to encourage and stay with contractors to hire Micronesians in their work and I'm sure they're going to because it's to their advantage to do so, in terms of the wages paid for one thing. It's very expensive to bring out an American to these areas to work and we have to search out and locate and identify those artisans who presently exist, who are carpenters and plumbers and electricians, so that these people can be made known to contractors and made available to them in their construction. In addition to that we have to train people who can

do this work because not only are we going to be building but later we have to maintain and certainly this creates a wide field for people who are interested in the vocational arts. That's the reason that the occupational center in Palau is originally going to stress the construction trades more than other types of trades.

REPORTER: Is there or has there been a reduction in American manpower?

SCREEN: No.

REPORTER: Or, is there supposed to be an increase in Micronesian manpower?

SCREEN: Well, the Micronesian manpower increases are greater than we anticipate the American manpower increases to be, but I can see an increase in the American manpower here over the next several years. I don't think it's going to go down. I think it's going to go up. Hopefully it's going to go up, and I'm sure it's going to go up in the areas where the need is the greatest, in education, and in medicine. We are successful now, Dr. Peck's been quite successful in locating doctors that can be recruited and come out here. We now have a doctor in Ponape, one in Saipan, we have one recruited for Yap, there's one scheduled for the Marshalls, Truk, and Palau, and I expect to see that completed possibly by the end of this fiscal year. And in the past years we have had hardly any American doctors, except for one in Truk. If you are referring to an increase in employment possibility in government for Micronesians, I would have to qualify my statements. Certainly, throughout Micronesia, as the economy develops and until our training programs bear fruit, there will be an increase in training more manpower. There does, however, seem to be some thinking in Micronesia that "the government trained us, therefore they should make jobs for us." This obviously cannot be the policy of the government and certainly should not be one which the Micronesians should want or appreciate. There is a great need for managerial talent in the private sector of economy and for the government simply to create jobs for returning college graduates I believe is demeaning.

REPORTER: Since there will be in the foreseeable future more Americans coming out here, let me ask if you were writing a letter, a candid letter, to someone in the States who'd been hired to come out here to work in the government, and who wanted to be informed as to the

ABC's of the Trust Territory operation and the conditions that he would be encountering, what are some of the things that you would say to him? Assume that he's already had experience with government in the States, but you want to inform him about what special conditions he'll encounter here.

SCREEN: I would like to know what program area—

REPORTER: O.K., let's say a public works officer in a district.

SCREEN: Well, ordinarily when we hire someone like that we have a pretty good idea which district he's going to. I would certainly want him to be aware of the fact that this was a wide-ranging job that went all the way from actual construction to maintenance, repairing a screen and painting. I'd want him to know that he will be working under adverse conditions from the standpoint of having a limited budget, that it would be a matter of having to program his funds in the areas of highest priority—he would have to be able to establish: "Do I fix this piece of equipment or do I paint this building and what are the relative benefits and what are the relative long-range effects of not doing it?" We're down that low in some areas, particularly in public works. I'd want him to know that the equipment he was working with is, in some cases, in very poor shape but we have got a program for replacement. I'd certainly want him to know that the living conditions were something less than Los Angeles, California and that the food availability isn't all you'll find in Los Angeles. As far as working in government is concerned, he would have to be told that he would be the man who developed his program here. Once the funding was set however, it would be up to him to do as much as possible with the funds available. He would get very little interference from Headquarters. The public works director in the districts works for the district administrator.

REPORTER: Right now I know you're concerned with the availability of funds. What do you think has been the main bind, the main problem, the restraint that administration has encountered out here. We're all acquainted with the low budgets that until recently, perhaps until now, we've had in the Trust Territory. Is money the major problem or is it not? I have a statement from the Department of Interior's request for appropriations this year in which they say that "funding

has not been the reason for the delay in specific accomplishments. Administrative know-how and follow-through have been lacking." So, to what extent is it at the fault of money and to what extent are we running into other problems?

SCREEN: Well, it's always been my philosophy that when you were short of funds in terms of what you needed to complete a full program, that was when you needed the strongest administrative people to know how to use those funds properly to get the most out of them. There's no question in my mind that money has been a problem but equally so is the lack, or the shortage, of good administrators who would use this money. When I say administrative people, I mean not only in areas of administration but in areas of programming effort. They require good managers, particularly so in a program effort where you find you're short because you have to make those funds do the best job that can possibly be done. Also, I think that it would be a fair statement to say that the Trust Territory, for years operating on small budgets, was picking up retired persons and saving money in terms of salaries. Today we are in the process of recruiting administrators and program managers for some areas, and I have to admit to you that this has not been easy. Good young administrators have not been brought in to the Trust Territory in the past, or if they were, it wasn't possible to keep them so that they could develop within the area. We are, of course, working with Micronesians in an effort to tap this resource for our future managers. For the present however, we simply must find expertise in the United States to fill these top positions and it has not been easy.

REPORTER: Do you think the turnover

rate has been too high among people who come out here? What do you think would be the appropriate stay for a non-contract employee, in other words for someone who's hired for a continuing position?

SCREEN: Well, I would think that six years would be sufficient in the Trust Territory. I don't believe that for more than six years an employee is going to continue to have any kind of drive or motivation to keep things moving. I've seen people in other overseas areas that are much much better off than the Trust Territory, in big cities in Europe and Japan, and six years is all they should have been there. There's a way of losing your perspective, there's a way of living in a very small area, they're living on an island, it gets to the point where you just have to be so friendly, you're living so close together so that everybody is very close and friendly and they don't have that interaction of maybe just a little abrasiveness that I like to see, that creates ideas and gets a job done. You just don't have that. They really do lose their perspective out here too easily, I believe, to stay more than six years. I think that six should be the maximum.

REPORTER: But, don't you pay for that too? If you have a turnover every six years or less, of the administrative presence, doesn't this result in a certain chop-piness of policy?

SCREEN: Possibly it does, but it shouldn't. Uniform administrative policies and procedures and manuals of administration provide the references needed for new employees wherever they are employed. A new employee is not just cut adrift to learn the best way he knows how. In areas such as education which seems to have our largest turnover, I don't see any alternative to that. I would like to see them stay longer in terms of the number that are turning over, but we have some that have stayed quite too long in this area. I think many of them may have lost touch with the educational advances being made in the States and many of them actually leave and they give that as their reason for wanting to go back, to get back in touch with these things, to stay up with their profession. It's really something you can't get from reading a book or trade papers.

REPORTER: You talk about the need for a cutting edge, or abrasiveness on the part of the people who are stationed out here. I have heard attributed to you, and

I ask you to confirm or deny it, the feeling that when everybody hates you, you know that things are going well in your administration.

SCREEN: No! No! Not at all, I am sure I never said that. Apparently, it was generally true that persons employed in the Trust Territory at this overseas area had their first overseas experience. As a result, there appears to be a certain permissiveness in administration of personal benefits, for example. There was also evidence of what, for lack of a better term, could be called a defeatist attitude as to what could be done with severely loaded budgets. Certainly, there was a lack of any fresh ideas, probably caused by limited care-taker budgets.

An administrator basically directs human endeavors, and in the urgency to identify and motivate those program managers with the know-how and the need to impart a sense of urgency in the planning and programming and follow-through, it is sometimes necessary to be somewhat abrasive, kill a pet project and change the direction of previous efforts where it is determined not feasible. I realize that in the Islands a group of island people even, numbering up to 50, will not take a course of action if one of them is against it simply because it isn't necessary to offend the sensibilities of anyone of the group for a course of action that could just as easily be postponed. I personally do not believe in administrative direction by consensus; at some point the decision must be made and cannot be postponed because it might go cross-wise to the beliefs of one of the groups. It has always been my experience in previous areas and jobs that once a decision is made by the appropriate official, the program decided upon is carried forthwith with all the energies of the unit. I must report that such is not always the case in this area where people have been around a long time and they are seemingly waiting for the official who made the decision to leave so that they might get it reversed. This is an impossible situation, of course, and possibly, by insisting on follow-through immediately after decisions are made, I have been less than loved. When we talk about abrasiveness as speaking merely of a clash of ideas which most times will result in the formulation of a course of action most likely to succeed, is the kind of abrasiveness I strongly recommend.

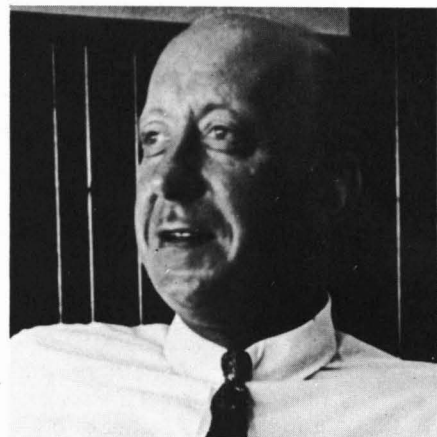
REPORTER: By the time our readers see



this you will have been here for two years. Have things improved to your satisfaction in this period? How do you like your work—I guess that's what I'm asking.

SCREEN: No, things have not been progressing to my satisfaction, that there has been progress is without question, but the real hardware in-place is not yet in existence. There is a combination of circumstances that causes the situation resulting in things moving too slowly in the Trust Territory to my satisfaction. Our lack of a modern communication system, adequate sea transportation and heretofore inadequate air service contributed largely to our problems, and the very long time required to get the materials and equipment also contributed to a slowness of getting the job done. The problems of communication and sea transportation are on the way to solution with a modern communication system designed, funded, and in the process of procurement today. It will be 12 months, however, before inauguration of this new sea transportation has been taken. It should be able to provide us, possibly, with direct shipments from the West Coast to the Trust Territory, which is so badly needed. Our air service, in terms of equipment, has recently been brought to the 20th Century with jet service in and out of the Trust Territory. However, we have problems with some of our airfields which must be corrected before this service is fully implemented. We have not been successful in recognizing our public roads and maintenance efforts, and for the first time in Fiscal Year 1969 have funded maintenance to an extent that it should result in a definite improvement in this area. We have our water, sewer, and power engineering reports for all district center islands and we have recently taken delivery of the pre-final submission of our master planners, thereby completing the physical planning required in any major building program. In reorganizations, it is unfortunate but some dislocations take place with regard to existing personnel and it has been necessary to reduce the number of personnel in certain areas of competence to replace them with personnel skilled in other disciplines. The use of Peace Corps Volunteers, middle-of-the-man manpower, has made it possible to move ahead more quickly, primarily in the area of education and teaching English as a second language.

Our district administrations have been strengthened with the addition of Americans as district budget and finance officers; however, in one area which needs much greater improvement is that of planning, programming, and budget, particularly budget. I am not at all satisfied with our effort in this direction. Specifically, I do like my work, with all its frustrations. A lot of the first two years of Mr. Norwood's administration which pretty well parallels the two years that I've been here has been more or less developing the capability to be able to move ahead, and this capability is developing, and there are signs that we now have the capability to move ahead and handle these larger appropriations that we're anticipating. Just as an example that I can give you, the money for the full funding of the Truk Hospital is in the 1969 budget which begins July 1. And in July, we will actually hit the street with the drawings and specifications to bid that hospital. It is this kind of advance planning and building up the capability to be able to handle this kind of appropriation that's been going on for the last two years, and I think it's going to move a lot more quickly. But the one big accomplishment in the two years, I believe, is the developing of the capability to move ahead and identifying what resources we have, identifying what the problems are, and identifying what the costs are likely to be in a project to move ahead with it. Once you get contractors in the area and they're working on contracts, then the rest of it seems to fall in pretty easily. We're also fortunate enough to get the appropriations to buy a great deal of construction equipment that was so badly needed and this is going to enable us to move ahead faster. I expect to have, by September, three operating efficient rock crushers in the Trust Territory, whereas today we have none. We didn't have this capability before. There's a lot of construction equipment coming in that gives us a capability that we didn't have before. When our modern communication system will be finished, we will have better logistic sea transportation as well as administrative field trip capability to free the copra field trip service from that burden. Our Public Works reorganization should result in better programming and follow-through to completion, telephone service would have been added in district centers enabling them to operate much



more efficiently and as our program out here moves into full gear and gets the proper publicity, we should have an easier time attracting doctors, teachers, construction people, and administrative personnel.

REPORTER: Why do you feel this sense of urgency in regard to the Trust Territory? What's urgent about it? What's the rush? Why are you concerned about time?

SCREEN: Well, I think it's probably involved with the fact that for twenty years the United States has been out here. The world is going to leap upon these people. It's not going to pass them by. That's for certain. This is no place they're going to bypass. They are going to leap right on these people and the people are not going to be ready for it. It's difficult for me not to feel any urgency. For example, on Saipan where it is the largest urban area in the Trust Territory, some 9,000 people live on this island, and yet there's an area with some 45 staff houses in which we're bringing out Americans that don't have potable water. Now this is beyond my ken. I just don't understand this thinking at all. And certainly the people, the natives themselves, the Saipanese living downtown. . . If you've ever tasted the water you know whereof I speak. . . It's just something that should have been done a long time ago. The scope of the thinking toward the Trust Territory has changed considerably in the last two or three years. Prior administrations were here as a caretaker type of an organization. It was not until along about the spring of 1966 that they started to feel a sense of urgency to get a program of trying to bring these people sufficient services in terms of utilities, to bring their standard of living up con-

siderably in this way. The educational facilities and opportunities were quite limited. As you know, in the United States itself the drive to educate children has been given tremendous emphasis with the budgets that Health, Education and Welfare is getting and that of course spilled out over here too. And just every year that we delay in getting one child into school, that educational opportunity is lost forever. And we simply have to move today or next year we have the same situation all over again. The United States Congress has been very generous to the Trust Territory in its ceiling legislation as well as with our actual appropriations. I do not believe any other agency in the United States Government received the percentage increases given the Trust Territory over the past two years. This is not to say there is sufficient funding for all that needs to be done, but it is a start and as we demonstrate our capability to use these funds effectively and efficiently for the purposes for which the Congress appropriated them, we will, with justification, be able to seek even larger appropriations, so there is a definite urgency to move ahead on those projects for which we have funding to build facilities and install the utilities in an efficient and effective manner, and in the Fiscal Year in which they were funded.

REPORTER: Let me ask you a question that we discussed the other day. According to reputation the Trust Territory Administration has, at various times, experimented, it seems, with bringing in people from other areas to work here. I guess there were some administrators here a few years ago with experience in Puerto Rico. We have had some, and I suppose still have, some who have had prior experience in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. And we have some—and you're one of them—with prior experience in Samoa. Could you compare your experience in working in the two areas?

SCREEN: Well, first of, Samoa in no way physically can be compared with the Trust Territory nor can its administrative problems be compared with the magnitude of the problems here in the Trust Territory. The vast magnitude of the distances here, the present lack of an effective communications system, and just logistically supporting these areas with ships or air service, makes it a tremendously different situation than Samoa. There are some valid areas, however, of comparison. The islands are quite similar

to a great degree. The types of construction or the architectural concepts used in Samoa certainly would be valid here. Obviously, what we want to do in each of our districts is to try to have designs which more or less fit in with the architectural concepts that the people themselves have. However, I might add that I haven't seen much of the local type construction from the old days which shows what kinds of architectural concepts they have. We do have the *abai* (community house—ed.) in Palau and we have the architectural design in Yap, but I see nothing on Saipan to indicate the presence of any Spanish time, or any German time, or any local thinking at all. So it's very difficult to know. But the architectural concepts that we used there (*in Samoa—ed.*), the open-type buildings, free flow of air, certainly are valid in the Trust Territory. The bringing up and training of the local nationals, the Samoans, certainly did not differ and should not differ from the effort to try to train Micronesians in the areas of responsibility presently requiring Americans and in areas that we know there are going to be jobs available. There's another problem involved and that is should the Micronesians ever, in a plebiscite, form some future political association with the United States they obviously, some of them, are going to emigrate and I would hate to see the Micronesians be cast in the same light the Samoans were before the program down there to get the education ball moving, whereby they move to Hawaii and they become the dishwashers and street cleaners, so to speak. This happened in Hawaii. I want to see our people get education, not only so they can work and live in the environment of Micronesia, but in the immigration factor, they can have enough education to support themselves when they move to the United States. Because I think you're going to find a migration of some of your better people.

REPORTER: If you've driven around this island after the typhoon, you've seen that the private residences seem to be going up pretty much as they were before with the same materials, perhaps somewhat less of them, but essentially the same corrugated tin and wood. Are you satisfied with the reconstruction of the island?

SCREEN: Well, I would have hoped that we could have moved more quickly in this emergency shelter program. We

were successful in getting this O.E.P. assistance on the emergency shelter program. The tin things that you've seen going back we do not consider as constituting emergency shelter. Basically, they're just two walls and a roof in some instances. Those persons will qualify for an emergency shelter. We have what I think is a fairly attractive design and it is designed to stand there in a pretty good wind too—I think about a 130 miles per hour. And it could result in more than just an emergency shelter. There were many many houses on Saipan that blew away that were really minimum-type housing. There's no question about it. They were minimum-type housing, whereas this new housing, while it's minimum from the standpoint of being four walls and a roof has the possibilities of additions, four-foot lengths, instead of putting a lean-to on it. Add a four-foot length to it. Increment it this way as your family grows. You can put in the necessary utilities also, plumbing and water, and this is what we want to encourage people to do. It was provided slightly slowly but the wheels of government do not grind all that fast and they did grind fast enough certainly to get back the necessary utilities to them. The water and so forth. The military responded magnificently in coming in here and setting up the field kitchens and taking care of the immediate emergencies for health and feeding, but the on-going program is going to take some time, some long time. Now there is a low-cost housing loan fund and you might be aware of the fact that Senator Metcalf recently added the Trust Territory to the Small Business Administration authorizations and this will go a long way in the future. As of today, of course there has



been very little reconstruction except with what was possible in terms of power and water; however, the O.E.P. moved in quickly and materials will shortly be in the pipeline or are already on the way to begin reconstruction.

REPORTER: A moment ago you said the world was going to leap on Micronesia, that it would not be passed by. What form do you see this change taking? Do you see tourism, and if so, from where? Are you talking about economic development of the sort that was contemplated in the Fox proposal (*a private American firm development program—ed.*)? Are you talking, perhaps, of the return of the military to part of the Trust Territory? What do you see happening, not just in the district centers, but in the outlying islands as well?

SCREEN: Well, certainly I can't rule out the military, the possibility of military involvement in this area. This is something, however, that we know nothing about, but it certainly is always a possibility. This could happen. I think, and I'm just not sure about this, but I should think the Micronesians themselves would have to settle their political future before this could happen to any great degree. But certainly tourism is going to play a large part in changing the patterns of these people. There are going to be many many tourists coming here. I'm convinced of this. Air Micronesia is already amazed at the amount of travel they actually have. But I don't think we should try to encourage tourism too extensively until these hotels get built, or we will be giving ourselves a very bad name in tourist circles. Let these hotels get up first so the tourists have comfortable, adequate places to stay and then I think they're going to beat a path right to these doors. Tourism in the Pacific has just grown by leaps and bounds and it's just impossible to think that they won't be coming out here. When they come out here they are going to want to see the outer islands. They're going to want to see the people living more or less in their own village habitats, and they're going to do a lot of this. I know the people of Yap—I've heard that they were disturbed that one of the locations that was tentatively slated for the hotel, the tourists had to go through the village, and they weren't too happy about this. Well, whether or not that road goes through the village to get to the hotel, you can believe that when those tourists get

there, they're going to go back to the village even if they go by another route. And they're going to want to go through that village. And the twentieth century's going to come in here because these young children are being educated up to a point where we've got quite a few of them in college. They're going to come back and they're not going to be happy to live in their regular village life. They are going to want the amenities of, well, "civilization," of having inside plumbing and inside laundry facilities and electricity and all the other good things of life that they became used to when they were out of the country and as a result a lot of their families are going to be displaced because these kids are going to emigrate unless we have economic development here to the point that they'll have a job. Certainly with Guam pushing for economic development there are many opportunities for jobs on Guam which today the Micronesians cannot qualify for, but they will qualify for them in the future and I see no reason to import Filipino help on Guam with so many Micronesians around that, hopefully, will be trained to take up any slack they have. As you know, there's no unemployment in the Trust Territory basically; there's under-employment. They recently had a problem just getting enough stevedores to offload a vessel. This is a real problem here. As they get to know more about the world, too—and this fast communication system is going to have a lot to do with their knowledge of the world because one of the things we will be doing is buying an A.P. or U.P.I. service and they'll be getting more world news on their radios, with the radio stations upgraded and operating longer hours, they're going to learn more about what's



going on in the world and really going to become a part of it. The twentieth century is going to come here, we don't have to come to it. And before it comes, we've simply got to assure these people that they have an adequate potable water supply, that they have electric power, that they have a sanitation and sewer service that is adequate to do the job. And the outer island areas, those people are going to migrate to the district centers, they're going to migrate towards where these services are available. That's one thing they're going to do for sure. Many of them in the far outer islands might never get this type of service from their government because, let's face it, if you live on top of a mountain in Northern California, the Greyhound bus doesn't come by there. It's just never going to go by there, and that's likely to be the case here.

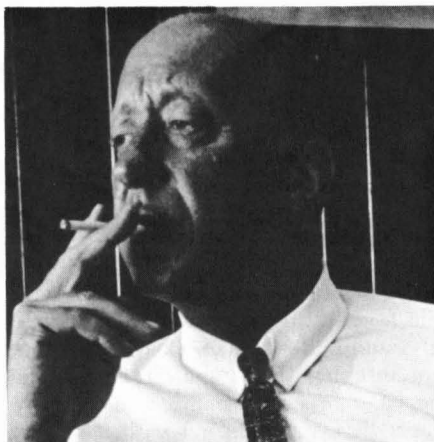
REPORTER: Often the administration of the Trust Territory is compared by the Micronesians to the prior administration by the Navy and even to the administration by the Japanese. As a result they seem to have what to me are high expectations of things that government will do for them in terms of development. Do you think the Micronesians' expectations in regard to the development of these islands are reasonable?

SCREEN: Well, I should think that they have been somewhat disabused of this certainly over the last several years, where they've heard lots of talk of higher appropriations and higher ceilings and they've seen very little actually happen. I think that there was a feeling in the Trust Territory that the government was going to be doing lots of things for them. I think that one of the things they've got to be educated to is that much of this, they are going to be doing themselves. We can sometimes provide an economic development loan but the man who gets the loan is going to be actually creating the economic development. We can give them a boost. I hate to see the government doing anything for the people if the people can do it for themselves. If they can be an integral part of it, they should be. We have a grant-in-aid fund. It's not used as effectively as it should be by the people because it's one of these things where it's a self-help program and they should be doing this, they certainly should be doing this. And there's another area in which the people assist the government. They only have two things,

basically. They have land and they have their labor. There will be probably an income tax some day where they'll also be contributing money to their Congress of Micronesia for appropriations, but we don't expect them to give away their labor. However, we would expect that the wages would meet some level of productivity requirement, and if productivity increases, wages should increase. But wages just can't be set in terms of what it costs them to buy things. That isn't a base for setting wages at all, which is sometimes felt by Micronesians that that's the way it ought to be. The other thing they have is their land. They're very much attached to their land and it's certainly understandable. However, if they are reaching out for education like we believe they are, we're going in to build an elementary school—we've had a situation where we actually got held up, with a contractor on the site, with materials on the site, in getting a piece of land for the elementary school. Now I can assure you this isn't going to make it easy to get appropriations out of Congress, if this situation would sustain all over. This land problem for building facilities that are actually of service to the people has got to be resolved quickly. Now another area that I can think of right off hand is roads. We've got to do a lot of road paving here and it's more than just road paving. The roads have to be crowned and they have to be ditched and there has to be a base course going on before you can pave them. I don't see the U.S. taxpayer putting up money to buy the rights-of-way. Because the roads exist today, the people are eating the dust from the roads today. Those roads are going to be there forever, just that way, unless they donate that right-of-way. Then we can go in and do the paving. This is the type of involvement we need from the Micronesians to speed up the development of infra-structure.

REPORTER: Do you think the U.S. style of government is applicable to Micronesia?—to the island environment out here, or should the old system of hereditary chieftains be retained?

SCREEN: Well, I would say that some of our islands, most notably Yap, have a really integrated cultural system of authorities that they've granted to certain hereditary chiefs, whom, basically, you work through and with; you don't try to work around them at all, you work with them. That isn't true, for example



on Saipan, where you work through elected representatives. You work through elected representatives in Yap too, don't misunderstand me. That's going to change over the years to where the elected leaders become a new power elite. I don't think it hinders anything at all. As a matter of fact it's usually very helpful, it should be a very helpful situation, to have that kind of structure exist so that you can work with it at the local level. I don't think it hinders us at all. If you mean by U.S. style of government democratically elected representatives and governing with the consent of the governed, I would say definitely yes, this style of government is applicable to Micronesia. The main job will be to gain universal acceptance of the Congress duly elected to govern an area with at least seven different languages and seven separate cultural backgrounds.

REPORTER: Do you think there might be too many people in the Trust Territory government?

SCREEN: In terms of the number of people we have, possibly yes, very true. But in terms of our wide dispersion of people, no. If you likened this area to the United States and you had seven States in the United States, spread from Maine to California and Florida and Oregon and you still had only a few people in those areas, you'd still have to have the administrator there in the area. You see each administrator, and often times this is forgotten. For instance, he's the consular agent, he issues United States passports or visas, and recently we've had problems of foreign ships coming into the areas. There has to be somebody there who's a good administrator to pick this up and actually place those people under arrest when they

come within that three-mile limit—this is a sovereign area from that standpoint and these are items that the district administrator has under his responsibility, which are sometimes forgotten. The people in the districts insist on having their district administrator. They need someone in authority who can make a decision, give an order, and our district administration, you'd be surprised, is of very little cost in the overall administration of this government. I think it's less than a million dollars (*all the district administrations—ed.*).

REPORTER: What about the Palau Air-strip situation and the Kusaie Hospital?

SCREEN: The Kusaie Hospital is well along, the equipment should go on order this week, the buildings are already on order, it's a panel-fab type construction, and they're already working on the site. The Palau airstrip—we have some trouble with. We have some real serious trouble with it. The drainage on that strip is just in very bad shape and we are now in the process of bringing in the soils engineer necessary to review it, give us some idea of what the cost might be, either to repair it or at least hold it while we get a new strip funded, possibly a new strip on the reef using coral fill. And we might find ourselves in the situation of having to land at Peleliu, but we're moving on it very quickly to get the soil people down there to tell us what can be done and what the likely costs are to keep that strip operating. I do not believe that a jet will ever land there in the condition that strip is in today.

REPORTER: You mentioned that after six years the beneficial abrasiveness goes out of even the toughest Trust Territory employee. Do you feel that your own keen edge is being dulled by your work experience in the Trust Territory?

SCREEN: Thank you very much—but if anything, I have to say that the challenge presented to us here in the Trust Territory, at least for the time being, seems to be resulting in an even sharper desire to see things happen here. I would say that with time not bolstered by a sense of accomplishment, the dullness will obviously set in. I wish to point out, however, it has been three years (*one year in Samoa and two years here—ed.*) since I have had any home leave and I hopefully hope to get away this summer for a couple of months, as soon as the Congress of Micronesia completes its 1968 session.

There it is—the fabled hotel of the South Seas. Every story by Somerset Maugham and James Michener has prepared the traveler for it. The driveway, rough and gravelly, attempts an elegant sweep from the main road to the entrance and then loops back. The drive threads its way between the hotel and a detached lanai, romantically thatched, which provides a shady place for an afternoon drink, room for a special party, and on plane days serves as the baggage check-in point for the inter-island airline.

Entering, the newcomer walks between two primitive wooden statues, almost life-sized, representing typical island handicraft. Passing through a small foyer, in which a couple of hotel

island as a teacher several years ago. Now he works for a local businessman and finds, perhaps, that life is as good on this island in this ocean as any other.

The bar has a false thatched roof over it, and holding it up are posts carved by a native artisan. Leaning beside one post as they talk are the artist and the supply officer. The artist married an island girl back in the States, and came to the islands for a visit. Now the hotel lobby is lined with his paintings and he looks like a carefully cultivated replica of Gauguin in his hat and beard. The supply man came out on a short two-year contract with a private firm, married a local girl, and then moved on when the job ran out. But after two years he is back, with his wife, and saying in an emotional voice to anyone who has time to listen, "It is so good to be home." At a nearby table, the two wives talk softly, comparing notes on their travels away from the island and on the changes while they were gone.

In the lounge area, before the huge screened window that stretches from the floor to the ceiling and overlooks the hotel's lawn, are other people, perhaps less picturesque, although in one corner the American woman who has lived on this island the longest is sipping a drink after a day's work at the museum, while her scientist husband talks to the airline man about their reservations next week to go on home leave. Overhead, huge fans turn lazily, and though the half-dozen Peace Corps Volunteers relaxing below them were never envisioned by Maugham, the fans and the sagging rattan chairs and the end tables stained with the marks of a hundred glasses were.

The dining room with its square tables covered with oil cloth and the rickety folding chairs, an artificial rose in a vase on each table beside the salt and pepper, shoyu and tabasco—this too has been seen and described by Michener and Burdick and Ulman. So, too, have the hallways, stretching off either side of the lobby, leading to the bedrooms and the community bathrooms.

It isn't the Grand Pacific Hotel or the Queen Emma or the roominghouse in Pago Pago where Maugham found "Rain." But its name is as good as that of any other Pacific establishment. There it is, fabled hostelry of Micronesia, the Royal Palauan Hotel.

But perhaps it has seen its day. Eight hundred miles north is another hotel, newer, more elaborate, and apparently very successful. At Saipan's Royal Taga there are carpets on the floor and furniture which was carefully selected by a professional decorator to carry out a Spanish conquistador theme. The bar is airconditioned and has a view of the pool and the lagoon beyond, the dining room is elegant with heavy tablecloths and huge menus bound in simulated leather. There is a barber shop, a gift shop, a chrome-plated, gleaming coffee shop. There is luxury everywhere, and all the rooms upstairs, along the quiet, carpeted hallways, have private baths and private balconies. The bar is always smoky and crowded with people and the dining room is often full. But somehow the picturesque characters are missing. The lobby is cold in its elegance, and the rather conservative people who inhabit the hotel sit there only while waiting for the bus to take them to the airport.

But the Taga is the harbinger of things to come. When Continental Airlines begins to build the hotels it has promised in each district, it is safe to bet the style will be more like that of the Royal Taga than that of the Royal Palauan. And the tourists, undoubtedly, will be glad of the comfort.

But a few of us will be nostalgic for the old—the atmosphere, the characters, the camaraderie in the dining room. I may not really miss the rats and the cockroaches—but I'll regret the absence of conversation starters.

The rooms were newly painted when I paid my last visit to the Royal Palauan, and there were new towels in bright stripes, handed out in the lavish allowance of two per guest per day. Some rooms had new curtains, too, and the bedspreads, used from time to time, were color coordinated with the walls. The shower curtain in the private bathroom of Room 2 had a garland of blue plastic roses at its top, and the maids made the beds almost every day.

The hotel was almost empty when I first arrived, and due to some problems Air Micronesia had getting started, it remained empty for a week or so. I had the Room 2 suite then—a sitting room, a bedroom and a private bath. It was extremely comfortable, but when a crowd of people finally arrived on the first Air Micronesia flight, I (rather generously,



eulogy to a hotel

by Marjorie Smith

employees might very well be lounging, the visitor finds himself in the lobby—heart of the hotel: indeed, heart of the town, at least as far as the foreign element is concerned.

Here is the bar where the characters from a dozen famous Pacific stories can be found night after night. There is the maintenance specialist who works for the government by the week and disappears on his fishing boat on weekends. Even indoors he wears his trademark hat of weathered straw, two fragrant ginger blossoms tucked in the shell hat band. The tips of his bushy mustache are waxed. He drinks his three nightly beers and goes quietly home.

At the end of the bar is the Puerto Rican, bearded and quiet, concentrating on his drinking. He came to the

I thought) offered to move into a single room to make space for a married couple who had arrived from the States. Peter, the Palauan-Japanese manager of the hotel gratefully accepted my offer.

Unfortunately, the newcomers weren't quite so impressed with the room's comfort. At a party the next night, the woman, after complaining about the hotel's service and facilities, added, "And this morning I saw a cockroach in my room!"

"But you haven't seen the rat yet?" I inquired sweetly. I told her about the morning I was awakened by something brushing my arm and then a scampering across the bed. Thinking I was at home where we had a couple of three-month-old kittens accustomed to galloping across the bed at break of day, I sat up to scold the cats. It was just getting light outside and I could barely see the large, dark, short-haired long-tailed animal sitting at the end of the bed. It dived underneath the bed in a panic and I lay back quickly. Good heavens! I thought. There's a rat in my bed. After awhile I got up and got the lamp from the other room and put it on the floor beside the bed so there wouldn't be so many dark shadows. But I couldn't go back to sleep somehow—I kept imagining something nibbling at my toes.

After breakfast I told Peter that there was a rat in my room. "Ah, so," he nodded with great sympathy. "A lat in your loom." I left the door open all day and didn't see the animal again, although later I talked to other people who were acquainted with him and considered him a permanent resident of Room 2.

But the lady I told about the rat at the party found the story less than humorous, and the next morning when she came in for breakfast it was rather obvious that she hadn't slept at all. And when my husband arrived for the weekend on the plane that day, Room 2 was available for us.

My husband returned to Saipan and I gave up the big room for the movie people when they arrived, wet and dreary after a six hour trip from Angaur necessitated by a one-day closing of the Airai airstrip. Lee Marvin's business agent and lawyer, they had come to check on the progress of the boat the actor was having built at Palau boat-yards.

The first night they wandered, looking dazed, about the hotel, taking pic-

tures of the characters at the bar and in the lobby and even photographing the room register that lists, for all Koror to see, the occupants of every room.

"Welcome to the Royal Palauan," I said and they answered with confused thanks. But they turned out to be extremely pleasant people, interested in everything around them, once they had had some sleep. In the lobby and in the dining room, they sought out other hotel guests who told them tall tales of the Trust Territory.

They, too, were unimpressed by Room 2's relative elegance, but they thought the food was fine, and the cheapest they had seen anywhere.

The food at the Royal Palauan, according to connoisseurs, is not as good as it was a couple years ago, although there is still excellent sashimi served at the bar on Friday nights, and the cheese-burgers still come with kimchee instead of pickles. The service has improved and the dining room is more comfortable than the corner of the lobby where guests used to eat.

The staff is larger than in years past, but Ana is still there to growl at people who change their minds after they've ordered, and to get things done in a special hurry for those who win her heart. Once a visiting reporter from a Honolulu paper described the lunch-time situation at the Royal Palauan as an example of the lack of cooperation between Trust Territory employees and Peace Corps Volunteers. "The Volunteers sit at one table while the TT people are at another," said the reporter. The Palau Peace Corps Volunteers objected. "Ana won't let us sit at the table with the people having the regular lunch," they said. "She makes all the sandwiches sit at the same table. All those TT people are living at the hotel and have to eat the regular lunch."

The new dining room is more like a restaurant and the sandwiches sit with the lunches in peaceful integration. Koror residents come in quite often for dinner now, having made reservations ahead of time, and if it is a special party, there is a white tablecloth that goes over the oil cloth and under the vases of artificial roses. But it is good to know that Ana is still there to keep all the guests in line.

The bar still attracts a noisy crowd on the most improbable nights. One Sunday, a strange assortment of Peace

Corps Volunteers, Guam and Saipan visitors and Palauans held a hootenanny in one corner of the lobby while at the bar, the island's liveliest priest led an apparently hilarious discussion on a vast variety of subjects. For guests who wanted to sleep, things may have been a little difficult, but for those looking for entertainment, it was a good night.

It is hard to imagine a hootenanny in the lobby of the Royal Taga Hotel in Saipan. Then again, it is also hard to imagine a cockroach there as arrogant as the one which strolled across my room one afternoon at the Royal Palauan. The plane that morning had been loaded and people were doubled up throughout the hotel. I was back in my small single room and spent the late afternoon reading, with the hall door open for ventilation. Suddenly I saw the monstrous roach. I've lived in the islands long enough to get used to them. I don't panic, but I avoid killing them if at all possible. They make such a mess and then you have to dispose of the corpse, unless you're the patient type and want to wait for the ants to haul it away.

I watched the roach for a moment and then, since my door was open, I leaned over with my magazine and gave it a good swat to send it through the door and into the hall.

My aim was good, and the roach was swept out the door, across the hall and under the door of the room opposite mine. Well, I thought, that wasn't really very nice of me, but I can hardly go over and knock and say, "May I have my cockroach back?"

So I shut my door and started to get dressed for the party which was being held that evening. When I stepped out into the hall half an hour later, the couple in the room opposite were checking out.

"Where are you going?" I asked, feeling very guilty about that cockroach and remembering the incident with the rat two weeks before.

"I don't know," said the woman, her eyes somewhat glazed. "Somewhere else."

I suppose that many people will go somewhere else once the Continental Hotel is open. But I think that I will return to the Royal Palauan whenever I return to Palau. There's a lot to be said for atmosphere, after all, and Somerset Maugham never found any stories that I know of in a Hilton.

The hawksbill turtle is a beautiful animal and a useful one. From the overlapping plates on its back are made watchbands, rings, earrings, combs, and many other kinds of ornamental jewelry. The plates mingling deep browns, golds, and creams with fine white lines, can also be individually polished and carved. Many cultures include turtle shell in some of their most sacred rituals: in Palau, entire plates are polished and made into ceremonial "women's money." Fish hooks are also made from the shell, and the meat and eggs of the turtle are popular foods. Everything considered, the hawksbill turtle is a valuable animal.

But it is also becoming a very scarce animal. Because of its large size and strength, it has few enemies on the open ocean besides the shark. And by laying large numbers of eggs, the hawksbill can afford to lose many newly hatched turtles to birds and large fish. But it is weakest on land, where a new and deadly enemy has appeared within the short period of a few thousand years. Until men settled on the islands of the Pacific, very little was risked when the female turtle, almost blind when out of the water and clumsy and slow on land, would crawl up onto the beach and dig a hole in the sand to deposit her 100 or so eggs and then make her lumbering way back down the beach to the water. Unless tides or rainfall drowned the eggs, or an occasional crocodile (in Palau) ate the female, the hawksbill had few land enemies.

Today, the hawksbill (*Chelonia im-*

bricata) and its cousin the green sea turtle (*Chelonia mydas*) are relentlessly pursued both in the sea and on land. A swimming turtle can easily outrace a man in the water, or for that matter a paddled outrigger canoe. However, it cannot outswim an outboard motor or a speargun. Today men sit and wait at night for the female to come lay her eggs on certain popular nesting beaches. Once a turtle has scooped out her hole in the sand and started to lay eggs, a naval invasion will not move her. Then it is only a matter of walking up and flipping the turtle on her back (any two men can do it), where she will helplessly remain while her enemies go off to another beach to turn another turtle. The nests, although carefully covered, are not difficult to discover with a trained eye and a pointed stick. It is a sad fact that turtle eggs only slightly disturbed during the first two to four weeks after laying will not hatch, so the thoughtful hunter who only takes a few "off the top" usually destroys the entire clutch. It is only with a certain amount of expert ability that a nest can be disturbed during this critical period and not destroyed.

One of these experts is 50 year old Olkeriil Melimearang, the conservation officer in Palau. With the help of his assistant, Harson Shiro, he patrols the waters of the Palau District in the 22 foot Palau Boatyard built conservation boat. His duties include the enforcement of anti-dynamiting laws, protection of endangered species such as dugongs (the often mistaken mermaid),

and educating Palauans as to the why and wherefore of conservation laws and practices. Olkeriil's background for this job (besides a lifetime in home waters) includes a six month training program in conservation and law enforcement at the East-West Center of the University of Hawaii. This training was sponsored by the Trust Territory Fisheries Development Office, which supervises the conservation programs both in Palau and Truk.

A few miles south of the District Center of Koror are the Rock Islands, some of the most scenic limestone formations in the world, and the filming location of a \$4 million motion picture starring Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune. In the middle of the Rock Islands is Seventy Islands, a picturesque cluster of rock cliffs and sand beaches that was set aside as a conservation area by the Palau District Legislature. It is to the dozen beaches of Seventy Islands that the hawksbill turtles come to lay their eggs, between the months of June and January. Beginning July 21, 1967, Olkeriil and Harson also began checking the conservation area for eggs. During the next six months, they gently disturbed 49 nests. Olkeriil has the ability to locate a nest, open it, remove an egg, peel back the shell and know to the day how long it has been since the eggs were deposited. He then covers the nest over, marks its (general) location with a wooden sign, and gives an estimated date of hatch. Under perfect conditions, he says, the eggs will hatch in 60-62 days. This means two months of fair weather

by Gene Helfman

DISTURBING THE HAWKSBILL

and sunshine, an occasional high tide for wetting, and no disturbance. During this period, the nests will be checked and the hatching date revised according to the weather. At the end of the predicted period, the two men return to the nest site, dig up the nest once more and with a high degree of accuracy, find as many as 125 one inch turtles struggling to climb through two feet of moist sand, egg shells, and brothers to make a dash for the sea.

Olkeriil says that the developing eggs are threatened by many things but only eaten by one. Their chief enemies are plant roots and rain water. Heavy rains cause growth of the plants on sandy beaches. Roots grow through the nest and the rain water collects on the roots, making the nest continually wet and killing many unhatched turtles. Wind driven high tides also cause damage, but salt water is apparently not as deadly as fresh water. Two other enemies of the eggs are the land crab and incubator bird (megapode). Neither of these animals are known to eat turtle eggs—it's more a matter of fighting over a nest site, and the eggs can't fight back. Crabs may often dig their holes in the loosened sand around a recently made turtle nest. When they reach the nest, they either push the very sensitive eggs around, or create a passageway to the surface which allows too much warmth to escape or too much water to come in. Sometimes, a turtle will dig her nesting hole in the large soft sand mounds built by the incubator birds. When the male megapode returns to check his nest, he is likely to

PHOTO: PAUL CALLAGHAN



GENTLY

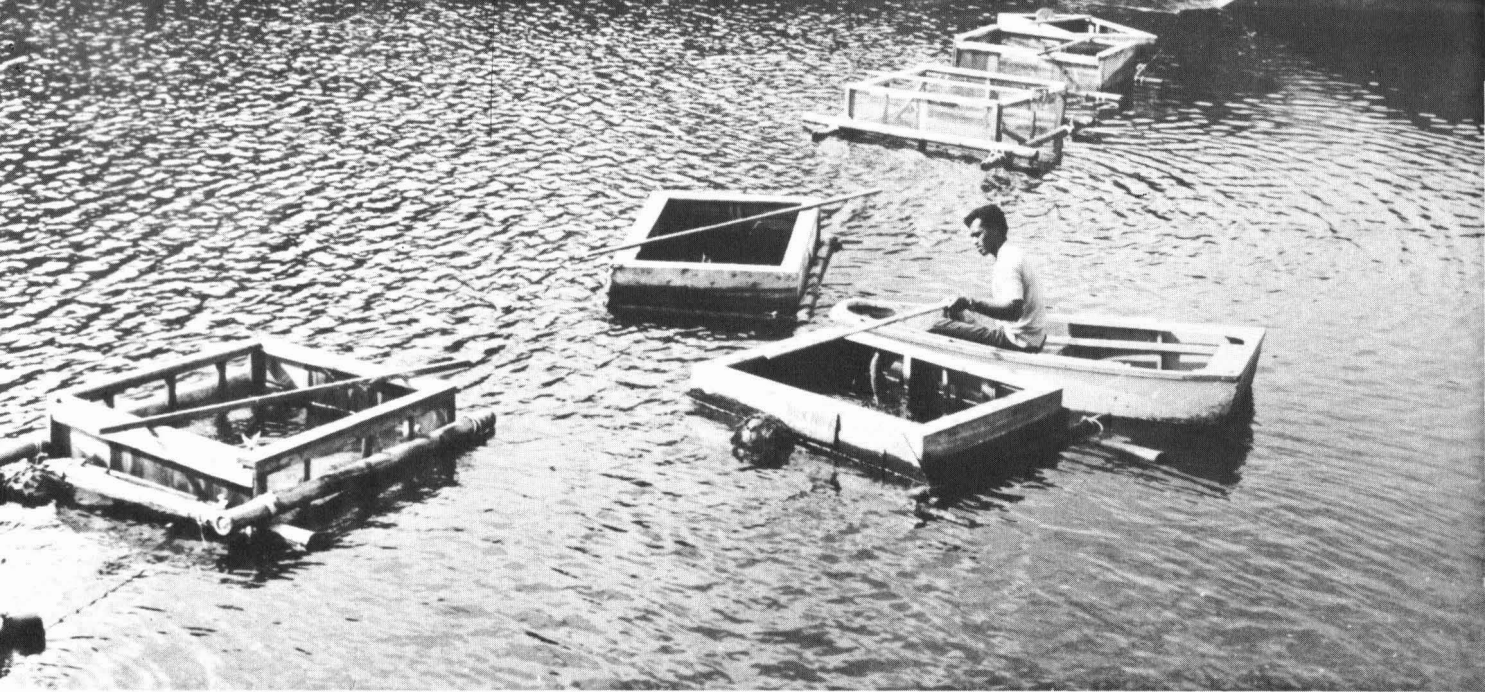


PHOTO: GENE HELFMAN

remove the turtle eggs and then refill the hole. But the only enemy that is known to eat the eggs is man, although he risks a \$100 fine (plus \$1 per egg) and six months in jail. Olkeriil says that since the turtle raising program has begun, the local people disturb fewer nests, particularly in the Seventy Islands area. Yet the various hazards listed above may result in anywhere from seven to 125 of the original 150 eggs hatching.

The hatching turtles are taken back to Koror, where they are placed, according to their size, in one of eight wooden and wire boxes that float in the protection of an old Japanese drydock. The problems that arise are many. Before the turtles were moved to the drydock in mid-November, Palau sat through three near typhoons. The losses caused by waves and upset boxes reduced the number of turtles from 800 to about half that number (although these animals probably escaped much injury and might be classified as "early releases").

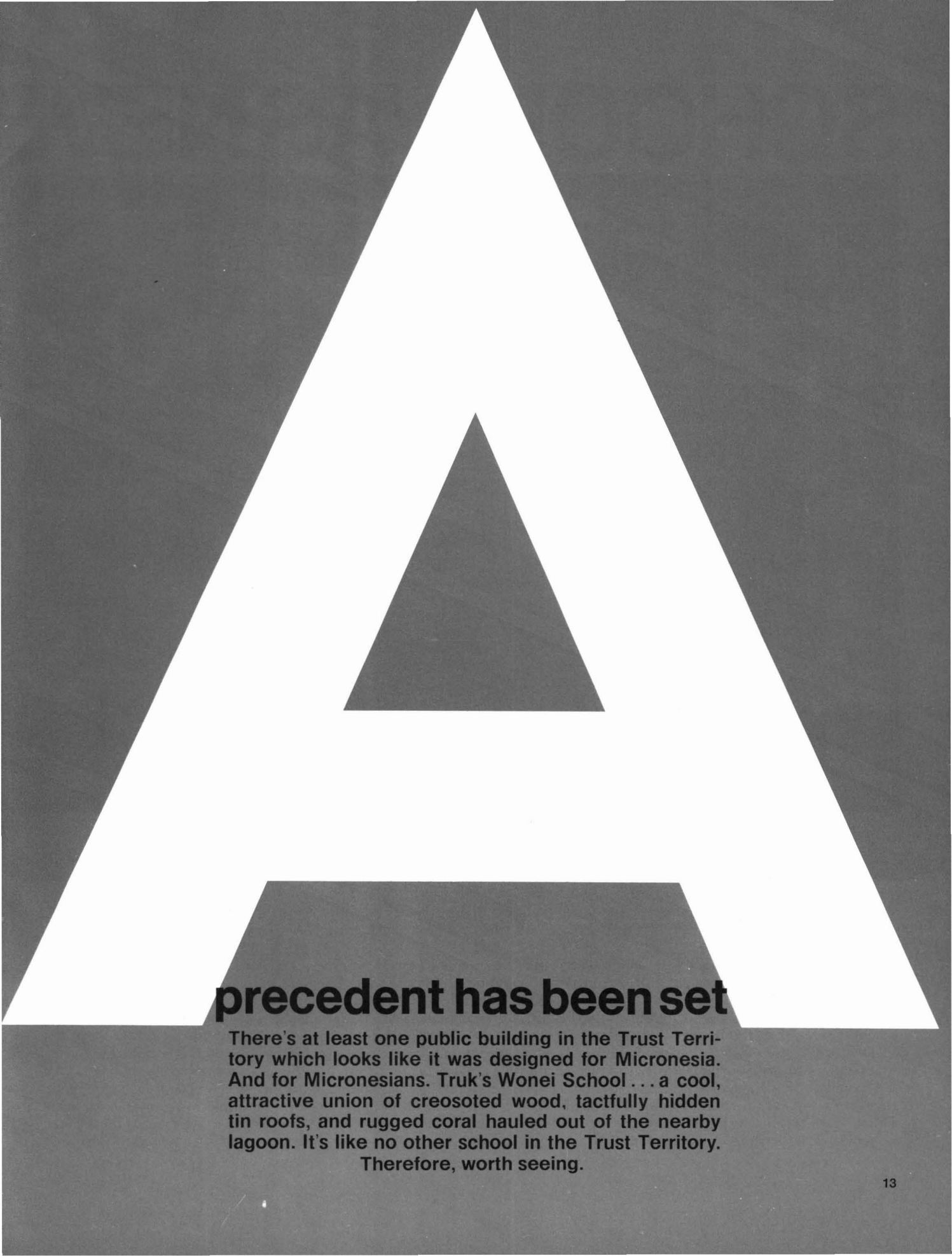
One of the biggest difficulties is satisfying the large appetites of several hundred growing turtles. The turtle raising program was started after the budget was made and therefore has no desig-

nated funds. The money available to the Fisheries Development Program was designed to go towards fuel expenses for the conservation boat and little is left over as "turtle food." Nine hundred hatching turtles consume 15 pounds of fish a day, and slightly larger turtles may require twice that much. To meet this demand, Olkeriil keeps his own throw net on board the conservation boat in case he spots a school of sardines while patrolling the Rock Islands. Harson has spent many hours scraping oysters off the walls of the drydock to feed the youngest turtles. Van Camp Sea Food in Koror's Malakal Harbor has contributed tuna, and the Palau Fishermen's Cooperative has supplied both fish and cold storage. The Palau Boat-building Association has also chipped in with materials for the holding boxes.

The growing turtles require constant care. Sick individuals must be isolated, algae is scrubbed off the backs of the hawksbills and the sides of the boxes twice a month, and the boxes must be repaired and new ones built when more turtles come in. Fortunately, few turtles are removed from their boxes by visitors. This is due to the strong support given

the turtle raising program by the Ibadul (High Chief) and the cooperation of the people of Koror.

On January 2, 1968, after five months of care and feeding, Olkeriil and Harson rode back down to Seventy Islands and released 291 of their healthiest six inch turtles. They left 900 more of the younger hawksbill back in the boxes, with the typhoon season officially over. Is it worth all the trouble? One scientist has figured that a female turtle may lay as many as 3,600 eggs in her lifetime—only two of these must reach adulthood to replace her and her mate in a balanced population. The most deaths occur just after hatching, when the soft shelled baby turtles are gobbled up by seabirds and all types of fish, including sharks, jacks, and barracuda. By raising the hatchlings to a size where they are larger and stronger and more able to escape their enemies, they will have a much better chance of living to an old age. The arithmetic of the situation makes it easy to look forward to the future of the hawksbill turtles in Palau, which means more jewelry in the shops and more money in the pockets of Micronesians.

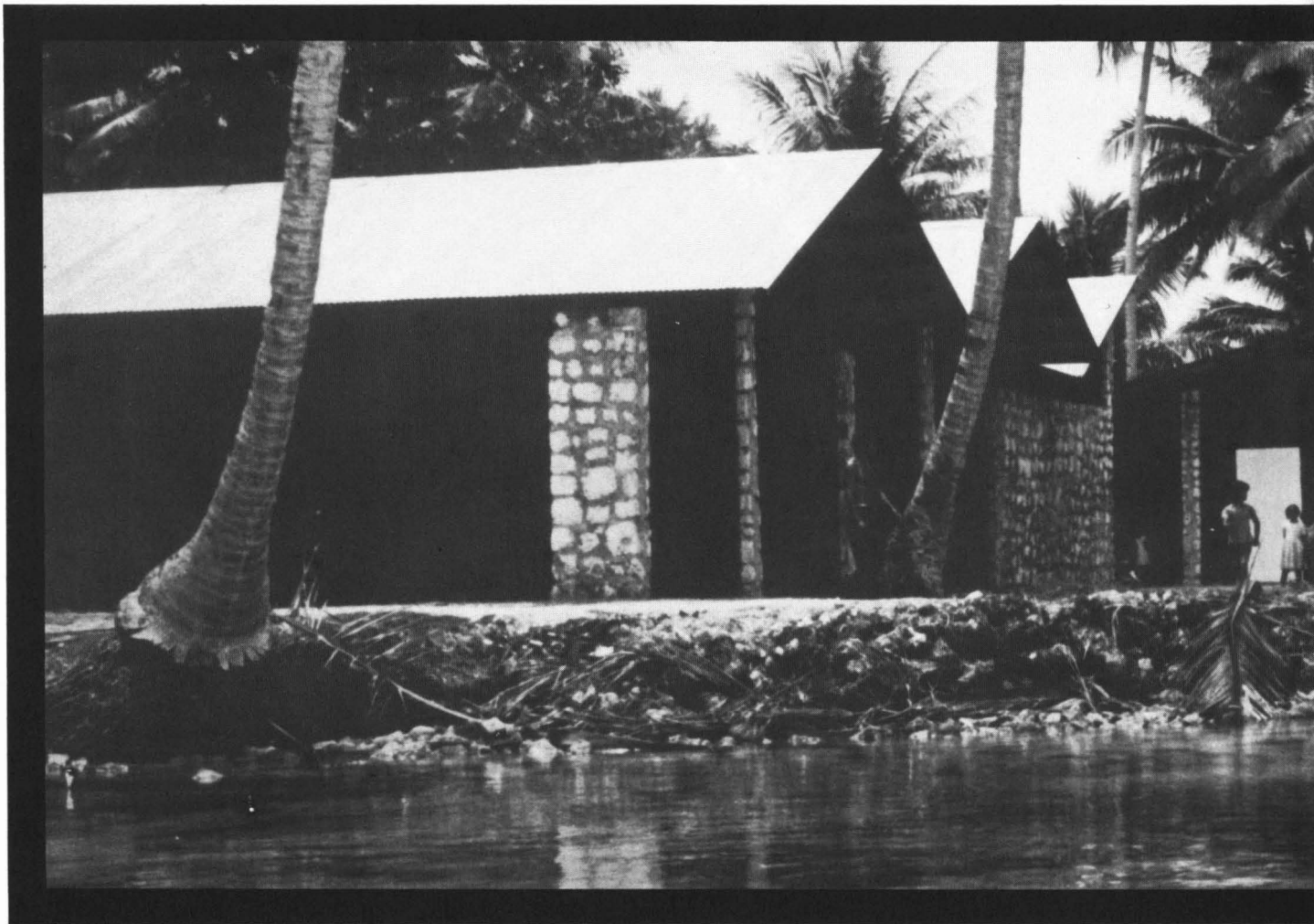


precedent has been set

There's at least one public building in the Trust Territory which looks like it was designed for Micronesia. And for Micronesians. Truk's Wonei School ... a cool, attractive union of creosoted wood, tactfully hidden tin roofs, and rugged coral hauled out of the nearby lagoon. It's like no other school in the Trust Territory.

Therefore, worth seeing.

SCHOOL WAS NEVE



text by P. F. Kluge photographs by Norman Shapiro

"There are two kinds of people in the world," remarks Tom Brunt, the Peace Corps architect who designed the recently-dedicated Wonei School. "There are those who want to get something done and who'll do anything to get it done. And there are others who'll tell you why it can't get done."

There is ample evidence that Brunt should be included in the former category. The most telling piece of evidence is the complex of classrooms, libraries, office, kitchen, cook-house, lavatory-wash room that today is poised on the grassy bank of Wonei Island.

A striking contrast to the costly standardized structures erected around the Trust Territory a few years ago, the Wonei School is a handsome compound of Brunt's ingenuity and the people of Wonei's patience and dedication.

The Wonei School is good to look at as you come in from the dock; pleasant to walk around; cool and light to sit inside. The people of Wonei, headed by their alert magistrate Nopubuki Suzuki, know that they've got something special. The school's principal, Teruo Bokuku and his teachers are becoming accustomed to having visitors drop by.

One of the school's most pleasing features is negative—the absence of the glaring expanse of bright corrugated metal roofing that crowns most edifices in the Trust Territory. The metal is there alright—there are no viable alternatives to it at this moment—but Brunt wisely decided to slant and angle the roofs, folding them almost out of sight. But it is the architect's choice of coral over concrete blocks that constitutes the school's most attractive feature—and one of its most economical. The school's coral walls present a rugged natural surface, an off-white which mellows and ages into a light whiteish-green. Roger Gridley, the Peace Corps Volunteer who supervised the construction of the school, reported "It's hard to work with,

R LIKE THIS BEFORE



hard to take out of the ocean, hard to pull, hard to carry—it's all hard, but it's cheap. It's like carving out of marble with a machete. And right after you take it out of the water it smells bad. And it's wet." . . . Tough material to work with, to hack away at . . . but worth the trouble.

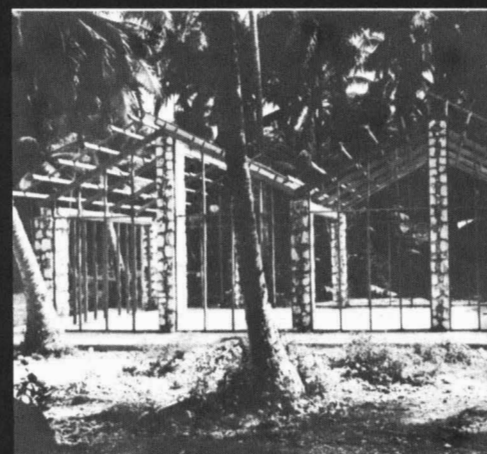
Hacking away at wet coral with a machete may seem like hard work, and so it is. But that wasn't all that the school's backers had to hack away at. They hacked away at getting Brunt's drawings approved—Peter Hill, then Truk District Educational Administrator, handcarried them to headquarters on Saipan and speeded their approval. ("First they said it would never be approved, then they said it would never be built," remarks Brunt in regard to sceptics in and out of government). They had to hack away at getting funds and supplies. ("We had to write to Saipan to buy a hammer.") All the predictable conflicts amongst people in different agencies, at different levels, on different islands, cropped up. At one point, work was brought to a near-halt for four months because of lack of supplies; at another time the project was considered abandoned. But—almost a year in construction—the school did get built. And the precedent—original design, local materials, Micronesian labor has been established. And Wonei has the best looking school in the Truk Lagoon and the people of Wonei know it.

"I don't think they understood the models or the sketches," Brunt remarks. "I don't think anybody ever dreamed it would happen. They just agreed, said yes. The same old routine. But when we put the roof up they looked back and recognized what it would be like. 'So *that's* what it's going to look like.' And the school is not something that the Peace Corps dreamed up. This was something the people wanted. There's a lot of talk in the lagoon about the Wonei school. They're proud of the fact that they've got something different."

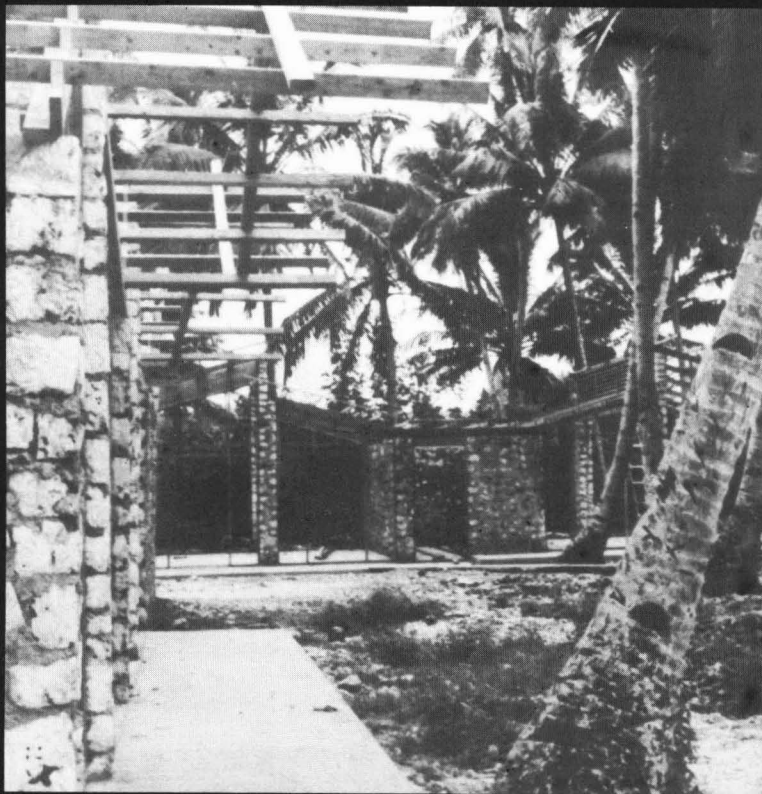
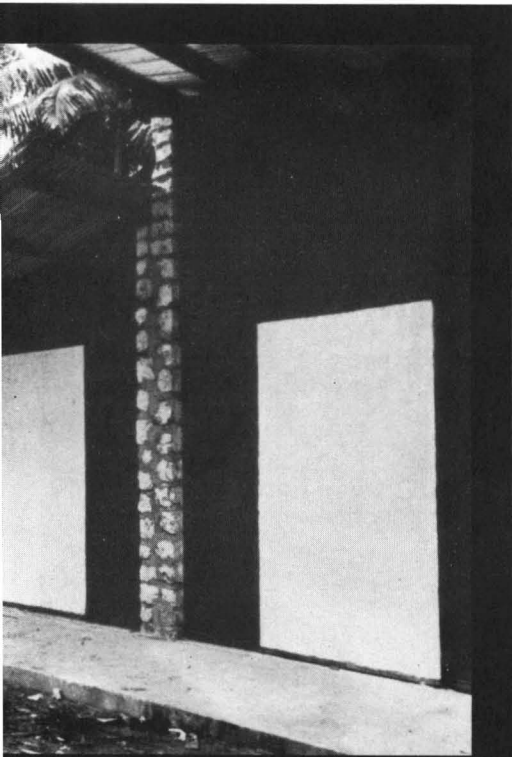
A precedent has been set.



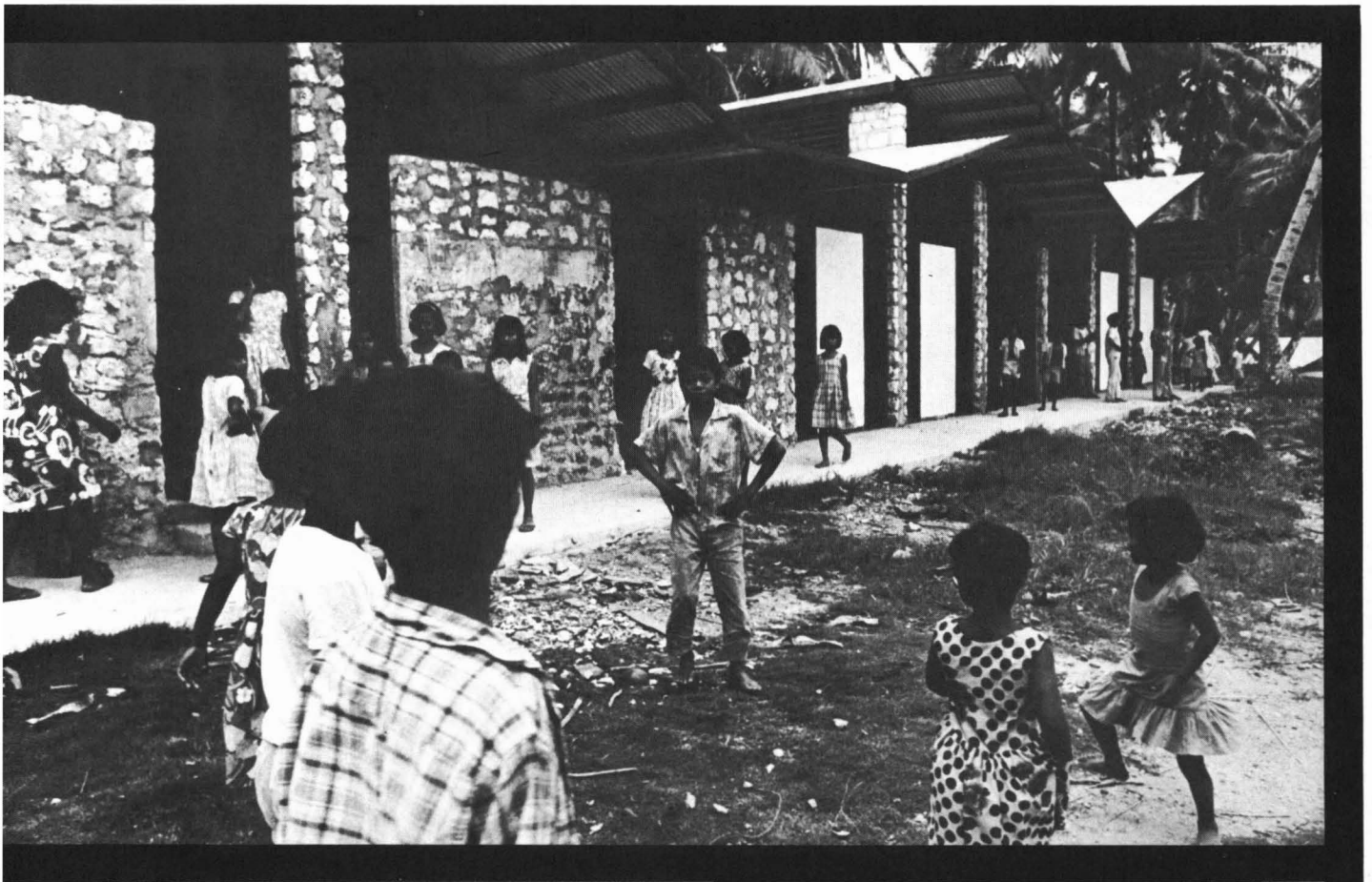
The labor was Trukese, the money was American. The coral walls came out of the lagoon, the tin roofing came down from Saipan. The coral was hard to work with, the distant tin was a long time in coming. There were depressing slack periods when the crews marked time or halted work altogether. At times it seemed the school might remain a topless Trukese Stonehenge. But at last the roofing came, the school had a completed identity. Wonei's people could step back and look at their school.



struggling towards completion...



a building becomes a school



Dedication of the school came late in June, with ceremonies that the people of Wonei had been months rehearsing. Everyone from the High Commissioner on down was invited. It was an impressive ceremony but still only a ceremony. Months before, Wonei's children had become part of the school. And the school had become a part of them. Today it's the first thing you see when you visit the island.



and the school belongs to the island

Surveyed from an incoming boat or approached by inland path, the Wonei School is a pleasing, graceful complex, a union of somber brown and mellow coral-white. None of the glaring tin and battered slats of the standardized school, none of the clearing-in-the-wilderness Fort Apache atmosphere. The school looks as if it belonged on Wonei. And it does.



unspoiled soil for the jet set.

marianas
yap
palau
truk
ponape
marshalls



Here
is your
very own
Micronesia
travel
poster:
tear it out,
pin it up,
and come
on out.



At the Trust Territory Farm Institute in a remote village on Ponape Island, thirty six Micronesians are learning the latest farming methods. Soon they will be practicing their new learned skills throughout the six districts in an effort to meet the agricultural demands of a growing Micronesia.

MAKING USE OF MICRONESIA'S UNSPOILED SOIL



by Mary Anne Greiner

The Micronesian depends on land — what little of it he has. He counts on land to feed him with breadfruit, taro, or yams; to quench his thirst with coconut milk; to build his home with rough logs, thatch, and woven leaves; to heal himself with medicinal herbs or tree bark. Moreover, the Micronesian's land is the embodiment of tradition and lore, the dwelling place of a mangrove swamp ghost or the source of a clan taboo. His life is his land. He lives accepting nature rather than fighting it.

Change, however, has been inevitable. And so enters progress. Death from epidemic disease has been checked and the war-free population increases.

Heroic and selfish reasons . . . a desire for education, self-betterment, a salaried job, island progress, or an outboard motor . . . have pulled many a Micronesian from his village or island to the more populated areas. He has come to depend on purchasable food at the same time the farmer who remains on his land begins to feel the need of a cash income. Traditional farming methods require modernization as a monied society emerges. The soil must be coaxed to yield enough to fill the growing cash demand for food.

Actual training of the Micronesian in modern farming techniques is in its infancy in the Trust Territory, but the need for it has been recognized. High schools now offer limited agricultural courses. Some elementary students work in school gardens. Sparse district agricultural staffs have been supplemented by Peace Corps Volunteers, enabling extension work to be carried on more widely.

The most ambitious agricultural training goes on at the Trust Territory Farm Institute, a school ruled by the "learn by doing" concept. Its first class

began in 1962 in the municipality of Metalanimw on Ponape Island in the Eastern Carolines. Three groups of young men from all districts already have completed a nine-month course of extension agent training at the school. In 1966, the course was expanded to 20-months, with a wider curriculum. Eventually the school may offer a three-year junior college degree according to Dave Ivra, Supervisor of the Farm Institute and former agriculturist at Majuro in the Marshalls.

The Institute's 300 acres, parceled into coconut plantations, forests, black pepper gardens, fruit tree plots, cattle pastures, vegetable gardens and cacao areas, are entered by boat from the dock at Pelangus in Metalanimw harbor, half an hour away from the Nan Madol ruins. A one-mile road slowly winds up to the center of the Institute. Students may be seen bringing logs from the mountains for pepper vine supports or pruning cacao amidst the honking of three Toulouse geese, the Institute's mascots. A teacher might be demonstrating copra drying techniques. Action, practical learning sense, is everywhere evident.

The 36 students now attending the Farm Institute are supported by government scholarship which provides tuition, room and board, transportation, and \$10 spending money every other week. Next year, entrance requirements will demand a high school diploma, the passing of a college entrance examination, a recommendation by the applicant's District Agriculturist, and approval by the Superintendent of the Institute.

The Farm Institute student is expected to work hard; the days are long and crowded with field and classroom learning. Late afternoon and evening hours are comprised of supervised sports and study periods. The week day begins at 6:00 a.m.; 15½ hours later it ends. On Saturday mornings, the student works on the project of his choice such as a poultry enterprise or vegetable garden.

The present Farm Institute acreage was originally part of a 2500-acre coconut plantation started around 1930, according to a diary-type account entered in a cash ledger by Mr. Manuel Sproat, now Director of Agriculture for the Trust Territory. The land was leased from the Japanese government by Nanyo Boeki Kaisha (South Seas Trading Company) and 125,000 coconut trees were

planted. In early 1942, the plantation was taken over by the Japanese military, who used the land to make oil and raise hogs for the troops during World War II.

A U.S. Company attempted to operate the plantation during 1946 and 1947, but only a few tons of copra were produced. "More harm than good was accomplished as laborers were allowed to hack the coconut trees and cut copra on the existing roads and trails, filling the ditches with the husks and other debris," according to Sproat's account. Cattle were brought in, but most of the 44 head, tethered to trees during this period, had escaped by the time the Navy Department began rehabilitation of the area in 1948.

By 1948, there was widespread dense overgrowth, only 20% of the trees were bearing, roads were eroded, and buildings had deteriorated and were overrun with vermin. Mr. Sproat directed the plantation's restoration and remained until 1957.

Clearing brush, reclaiming roads, renewing copra production and planting, and introducing new crops, hogs, and more cattle had begun by late 1949. During the next five years, until the plantation was placed on a self-supporting basis in 1954, nearly \$62,000 was returned to the T.T. government from copra profits. At this point "a day's work on cutting copra consisted of 330 pounds per man, bagged and brought to the roadside." Fiscal year 1955 alone yielded a profit of almost \$27,000 from copra.

During Mr. Sproat's supervisory years breadfruit, pineapple, bananas, fertilizer experiments, citrus plantings, spices, and a dozen or more trial crops or projects were undertaken. Most of the Toulouse geese and ganders that were introduced—of which only the three mascots survive today—either died or produced non-hatchable eggs. But two varieties of experimental cacao trees were planted in 1952 and eventually led to a new export crop for the Trust Territory.

In November 1954, 1700 acres of the plantation were opened to homesteading. Within a year, 60 Pingelap, 24 Kapingamarangi, and 33 Losop families were living on the land. The entire village of Mandt is homesteaded property, and eight more acres were recently released to Mandt for new school grounds.



According to Dave Ivra, the people have satisfied the conditions of the homesteading contract and now own the land outright.

The plantation was converted into an agriculture school in 1961. Existing buildings were transformed into classrooms, work shops, dormitories, and other school structures. The copra drying warehouse has recently been converted into a recreation hall. Kazu Matsumuro, present District Agriculturist for Ponape, and Tony Cruz from Guam, undertook the original curriculum and supervision of the newly established Trust Territory Farm Institute, a branch of the Department of Agriculture. Its first class of students arrived in the fall of 1962. Nine completed the nine-month course. In 1964, 12 students graduated, and 1965's class totaled 26... all receiving Certificates of Completion in the Science and Practice of Tropical Agriculture. A few graduates returned to their family farms to implement their newly acquired skills. The majority however, due in part to the lack of sizeable plots of family land, are employed by the Agriculture or Education Departments of the Trust Territory. Rarely do Farm Institute students have the opportunity to continue their education. In fact, only one of the upcoming graduates even expressed the hope of attending a university.

Dave Ivra, named one of the outstanding young men in the U.S. by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1966, is completing his second year as Supervisor of the Institute. After obtaining a master's degree in agricultural chemistry, he spent two years in the Peace Corps teaching and helping to establish a Solar Energy Institute at Lyallpur Agricultural University in West Pakistan. In addition to Ivra, Peace Corps Volunteers Jim Foster and Ray Battestilli and visiting instructors from the Agriculture Division, the East West Center, and the University of Hawaii teach most of the courses including such subjects as animal husbandry and pasture management; farm machinery, management, and buildings; the sciences of soil, botany, zoology, entomology, and math; plant pathology; commercial crops and ag economics; forestry; fertilizers; English; and rice culture, taught in the nearby co-op rice fields of Sapwalap. Seven maintenance employees and two cooks complete the staff. The Assistant

Supervisor position is currently vacant, but will soon be filled, probably by a Micronesian.

At the Institute, morning lectures are followed by practical application sessions in the afternoons. Nearby private farms as well as the Institute's facilities are used for student field work. Small groups of students, afforded considerable personal attention from the teachers, gradually learn to bud citrus, prune cacao, breed better cattle, greatly increase copra production, grow a multitude of vegetables and fruits previously unknown to them, diagnose plant diseases. They work in mud up to their knees because they believe in the necessity of their work.

The general atmosphere of the Farm Institute is low key and informal, but it seems to be tempered with intense activity and student awareness of the importance of their chosen field. A spirit of dedication has been cultivated; the student is realistic about entry into a low-paying field. Second-year student Richard Sigrah from Kusaie expressed the apparently prevalent feeling: "I know that an agriculture career will mean I'll probably make less money than a teacher or person working in an office. And some people may look down on me because I work with my hands. But this won't bother me because I know that what I'm doing is important."

The students live in dormitories, wash with catchment water, do their own laundry at nearby mountain streams, and enjoy electricity for 3½ hours each evening—enough power for weekend movies. They have their own student organization. The elected leaders stressed its aspects of informality and fair-play. When they have a complaint, they said, they merely talk it over with the teacher involved or with Dave Ivra. They appear to have accepted their relatively few defeats with maturity. Their sole complaints hinge upon school improvements such as more text books and better equipment. Considering the 15½ hour day at the Farm Institute, the standard student grievance against too much work is surprisingly absent.

The Farm Institute budget this year, appropriated through the Agriculture Department, is \$61,000. After the costs of salaries and student upkeep and transportation have been deducted, only about \$10,000 purchasing power re-

mains. Copra harvesting is done by share crop contract, and all profits from Farm Institute produce revert to the T.T. government.

Sorely needed are more physical facilities and more staff if the school is to expand or become a junior college in the future. Proposals have been made for a water system as the present catchment system is inadequate to meet even the present needs; poultry, pigs, and compost units; and more dormitory and staff quarters. A vastly improved library selection of reference material and text books, more shops, knowledgeable instructors in mechanics and construction, and a science lab equipped to service botany, plant pathology, chemistry and other sciences are also among Ivra's priorities for the near future. Presently, the staff counts on ingenuity and scavenging to supply needed materials. A salvaged engine from a Navy weapons carrier served for a machinery shop demonstration and a boat slipway was constructed from remnants of old Japanese carts and railroad tracks.

As an extension of the present program, an auxiliary area of home demonstration is also included in Farm Institute hopes. Under a current proposal a section of Farm Institute land would be parceled into home demonstrations plots where married couples would receive agricultural training while homesteading the land. The couple will receive practical low-cost homes and a subsistence allowance until the land begins to yield. Both man and wife would be schooled in modern agricultural methods. The husband would develop the land according to newly-learned scientific techniques; the wife would concentrate on home economics, nutrition, health, sewing. In meeting these requirements over a two-year period, the couple would fulfill the homesteading contract.

Land in Micronesia must yield more. Widespread training of agricultural agents and individuals in modern techniques is imperative. An attitude of change must be infused into a society of varied cultures scattered over a three million square mile area. It is a vast undertaking; it is but one of many priorities; it has begun. But, given present staff and budget, the Farm Institute will have to struggle to meet the burgeoning demands of a changing Micronesia.



Micronesia's Unloved Islands

Ujelang

by John Perry

Standing on the fantail of the *M.V. Miliobi*, I realized for the first time the real meaning of loneliness and desolation. It's Ujelang—the inhospitable island in the northwestern Marshalls which now holds the people displaced from Eniwetok by the nuclear tests of the late forties. There are around three hundred of them on Ujelang—a restless, unhappy footnote to the history of American administration in the Pacific.

When traveling by boat in Micronesia, you always look forward to landfall—your first glimpse of something butting out of endless seas. On the *Miliobi*, I remembered how people talked of coming on deck, sick or not, to see the great shield of Ponape cut the horizon. But what we saw as I approached Ujelang late last year was nothing like Ponape. It wasn't even a good stereotype of a coral atoll. It was a series of



Landfall at the end of the world. Three hundred miles from the nearest atoll inhabited by fellow Marshallese, six hundred miles from the district center of Majuro, the people of lonely Ujelang have been plagued by their isolation.

small, half-grown, embryonic sprouts, a long thin skeleton necklace dangling a large green and brown mass of land at one end, wedging the disconsolate Eniwetokese against the sea.

I had seen many other islands of the Marshalls. Earlier I had stood on the same ship awed by the splendor of such coral atolls as Majuro, Kwajalein, and Jaluit. But here at Ujelang things were different. We had been at sea for days and, approaching the island, I felt as if I was on a lost ship entering an unknown harbor through deserted waters. Missing were the long, grey-misted satellite islands trailing off over the horizon, signifying other land and other life. At Ujelang, the main island and her ring of miniature islets are all there is.

Aboard the *Militobi*, which had been specially chartered for this voyage to Ujelang, were Marshalls District Administrator Dwight Heine and his wife. Heine had chartered the ship out of Kwajalein for an emergency run to carry

\$8,000 worth of food and supplies to the most problem-plagued island in the Marshalls. Also, he intended to pick up the field trip officer who had remained behind on Ujelang after restless islanders had besieged the last visiting vessel, swarming aboard, threatening to abandon the island en masse.

I was in Majuro at the time and flew to Kwajalein, gambling that the *Militobi* would still be in port. Luckily, it was suffering from a sick generator when I arrived and departed hours behind schedule.

The problems of Ujelang seemed as vast as the stretch of ocean that separated it from Kwajalein and the rest of the Marshalls. At the date of my trip, early November, 1967, the islanders were at the peak of their long-standing pyramid of troubles: irregular and inadequate field trip service; lack of basic necessities to cope with an environment poorer than their former home, Eniwetok; crying need for rat extermina-

tion and agricultural rehabilitation. All this was topped off by endless requests to return to Eniwetok, their unforgotten home.

As the *Militobi* slid over the shallow Ujelang pass, edging into a vacant lagoon, my mind skipped back twenty years, back to the crucial days which brought the people of Eniwetok to the island I was about to visit . . .

After World War II, Bikini was claimed for nuclear testing. Next, to go was Eniwetok. In a letter to the United Nations Security Council, the U.S. government contended that closure was "necessary so experimentation relating to nuclear fission could be conducted there." In less than two years the second of the Marshalls nuclear atolls was wrapped in a cloud of security that lingers to this day.

In early December, 1967, the Atomic Energy Commission issued a press release stating that the Eniwetokese themselves would select their new home. A

few days later, on Eniwetok, the Governor of the Marshalls proposed a move to Ujelang, then uninhabited. Principal reason: it was government land. As a formal gesture the two Eniwetok *iroijs* (landowning chiefs) Ebrean (now dead) and Joanej were flown to Ujelang to inspect the island. Naval reportage declared that the two *iroijs* had reacted favorably to Ujelang. But at that time the Navy had been encountering criticism for the way it handled removal of the Bikini people, and, in light of this, I planned to query Joanej about his exact sentiments at the time the Ujelang move was proposed.

Four days before Christmas, 1947, a box-like LST hauled 136 Eniwetokese across the 120 miles of open ocean between Eniwetok and Ujelang. With them were their belongings and their high-masted sailing canoes. The Navy described the Eniwetokese as eagerly going ashore to their new home on Ujelang. But I had already received testimony from a workman who'd been on that LST. He recalled that the Eniwetokese had gone ashore weeping.

The civil administrator of Kwajalein flew to Ujelang the next day, remaining till Christmas day. He reported the Eni-

wetok move a success and predicted Ujelang would become one of the wealthiest and most productive atolls in the Marshalls. The prophecy was premature. As I approached Ujelang twenty years afterward, it had firmly established its reputation as one of the most chronically unhappy spots in the Pacific. The prophecies of the long-gone civil administrator sounded like ancient history. At the time of my visit, copra production was nil and the food supply nearly exhausted.

Interestingly, the Eniwetokese continue to venerate the military. They had seen its strength during the war, and to them it was the military that got things done. It was the Navy that built houses on Ujelang and it was the Navy that came to their rescue years later, with desperately-needed material goods.

Perhaps it was because of their respect for the omnipotence of the armed forces that the Eniwetokese gave the Navy no trouble when they were told to leave Eniwetok. Perhaps this too is why, if you go to Ujelang today, you may see *iroij* Joanej wearing his brown khaki Air Force shirt, complete to the lagoon blue stripes on the shoulder.

... It was afternoon when the *Militobi's* rusty anchor-chain went screaming to the bottom off Ujelang Village. The island had a rugged look about it. The lagoon beach had been raked over, years before, by a tremendous tidal wave. Coral debris was scattered like sand over the island, in some places to a depth of two feet.

In the center of the village, which was approximately the center of the island, stood a green tin church, reportedly the best structure on Ujelang. Flanking it was a rusting, two-story tin school. Closest to the lagoon was a newly-built Peace Corps house. It was thatch-roofed with sides made from the wooden crates and boxes the newly-arrived Volunteers had brought with them. The people of Ujelang had been able to supply no building materials themselves. Elsewhere the evening sun cast a dull reflection off a flock of rusting tin roofs and rotting wood-frame houses.

The famous sailing canoes of Ujelang were parked on the beach like an armada of battleships. Hoisting an old gray patched sail, one came to meet the anchored *Militobi*. Like the other canoes, it was in dire need of sail-cloth

and repair materials. From her bow hung a band of coconut palm strippings. In olden times these were attached for magic, but now only for decoration. She took me ashore. She was long and beautiful and cut the water like a razor. When the wind caught her sail, she bit into the sea like the great bako (shark) going for the kill. It was no wonder these boats were considered the fastest in the Marshalls.

Six months after my visit most of the Ujelang fleet would be operational again. Thanks to a grant-in-aid for repairing and outfitting, nearly a dozen



On an emergency visit to Ujelang, Dwight Heine, Marshalls District Administrator, promised programs that would end the pillage of the island's coconut crop by multiplying predatory rats.

When a rare vessel makes Ujelang a port of call, sailing canoes hasten out to greet it and the islanders rush to purchase whatever goods they can afford. Cash on hand is often limited, however. And the credit can't continue forever.



boats again would sail. But at the time of my trip nearly all of the sleek Eniwetok-built canoes were beached.

Coming ashore, the District Administrator was greeted by *iroij* Joanej and other Ujelang leaders. He told them he had brought food and supplies. And for the next two days there ensued a myriad of boat trips between the village and the *Militobi*, trundling numerous bags of rice, flour, sugar, and other supplies ashore.

One of the first men I met on Ujelang was Ataji Balos, one of the central characters in the drama which had occurred a few weeks before. Field trip officer on the *Ralik Ratak*, Balos had seen his vessel swarmed by a number of Ujelang people determined to leave their ill-fated island and move to Majuro, the Marshalls District center. All the islanders were prepared to leave, except one family with a man too old

to travel. They planned to remain until he died and then leave themselves.

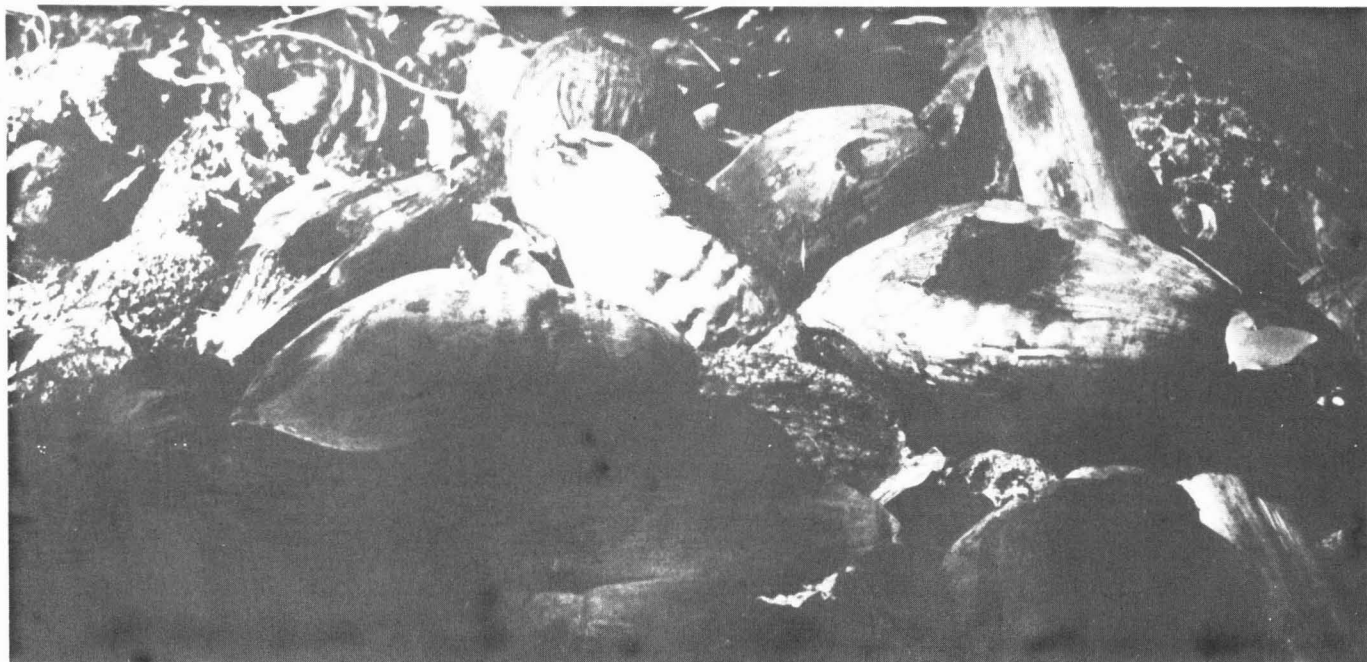
In some brilliant maneuvering, Balos appeased the irate islanders by requisitioning a two-week food supply from the ship and then promising to remain on Ujelang until additional relief arrived. He told the people that if they starved, he would starve with them. He also reminded them that the Marshalls Administration had the power to transfer Ujelang back to Ponape District. (In Japanese times, Ujelang was administered from Ponape). This was a sobering prospect to the residents of Ujelang, who feel culturally closer to the Mar-

to Ujelang had lived before leaving in frustration after four months.

In a letter to the Ponape weekly, *Senyavin Times*, one of the two Volunteers described the pair's first encounter with Ujelang rats—a meeting which transpired in the same building now being filled with the island's precious food supply. "As we lay on the wooden platform, we heard the muffled scurry of little feet in the rafters around our heads," the letter said. "A flashlight brought into view the unhurried meandering of four or five rats that showed as much concern for our presence as commuters on a rush hour subway." The

Asiatic house rat introduced into the Marshalls by shipping is thought the common copra killer. The indigenous Polynesian rat or mouse is not suspected as a killer, though sources disagree on this point.

Ujelang's rat menace has been increasing for years. It wasn't until 1965, however, that the residents started to "howl," as one government official put it. Immediately attacking the problem, the government dispatched an extermination team to Ujelang. They put out poison for the rats, but this stratagem's repugnant result was the death of 65 pigs who consumed the poisoned food—a



Pierced coconut husks, telltale signs that the rats are more than able to compete for food with the human beings on Ujelang. Result: few coconuts to eat, virtually no copra to sell. Today a rat extermination program is alleviating situations like this.

shalls than to Ponape.

Balos was gambling on the government to come to the rescue. Fortunately, it did.

The *Marshall Islands Journal* called the boarding of the *Ralik Ratak* a "boat-in." By whatever name, it was a daring and effective stroke on the part of the hitherto passive Eniwetokese. There could have been no better demonstration of their impatience with the situation on Ujelang.

While on shore, I watched the emergency supplies of food being stored in a small tin shed about fifty yards from the boat landing. This is where the first two Peace Corps Volunteers to come

Volunteer remarked that some children had rat gnaws on their feet. The original two Volunteers have been since replaced by three more, including an agricuturist working in rat control.

I didn't have to scout around far to photograph some of the damage wrought by Ujelang's rats. Many young coconuts on the ground evidenced the lethal trademark of the copra-killers: a small hollow scooped out near the top of the nut. Some islanders reported that if you lived on Ujelang long enough you would soon grow accustomed to the thump of falling coconuts being preyed upon by the rats.

Rattus rattus or the European or

major catastrophe on an island like Ujelang. Only recently did the disaster of the poisoned pigs become public. Not wanting to get the exterminators in trouble, the people of Ujelang failed to report the incident.

Entries taken from field trip reports testify to growing rat infestation. One, dated September 1966, records slight rat damage to the island. Two months later another entry stamped the problem "very worse."

The most effective exterminator sent to Ujelang has been the common house cat. Since last year numerous cats have been imported, creating a drastic decrease in the rat population.



Compounded of weathered wood and rusty tin, this rickety structure characterizes housing on Ujelang. The island's residents hope for new building materials. But hoping isn't buying.

I spent most of my time photographing and walking the island. Stopping at one house, I passed a few moments in conversation with the owner. Standing in front of the deteriorating structure, he told me it was not a very good house, but was the best he could do with what was available. He was right. It wasn't a good house. The tin roof was several shades of brown, and in some places

where rust had eaten through, it frayed out like a dead coconut branch. Of course it was useless as a water catchment. And in an area as dry as the northwestern Marshalls, every drop of water is vital.

Several other houses were made completely of tin that had deteriorated long ago, and the people were living in the rusty shell. There had been some speculation that building materials were available on Eniwetok. But no such materials have yet shown up on Ujelang.

Moving around through the village, I came upon two small boys. They were opening a newly arrived can of corn-beef. Later, in Majuro, I was to discover that some of the Ujelang residents gained as much as twenty pounds in the months of plentiful food that followed the *Militobi's* emergency visit. It's feast or famine on Ujelang.

The climax of the emergency trip was Dwight Heine's meeting in the church with the 300 islanders. Women and children were seated on one side of the isle, men on the other. Regarding Eniwetok, Heine told them that a return to the atoll was up to the U.S. Departments of Interior and Defense. Like the Bikinians, the Ujelangese have always kindled hope of returning someday, especially the older people who were born on Eniwetok. The younger generation, Ujelang-born, has never seen Eni-

wetok and knows of it only from stories told by the elders. It was at a meeting similar to this one some years ago that one of the Ujelang leaders told the government representative: "Tell your boss that we want an island like Eniwetok, not Ujelang." The statement pretty well sums up the islanders' feelings.



Ujelang Peace Corps Volunteers Andy and Barbara Rowles pose before the house they constructed out of the wooden crates their supplies came in. Building materials are all but unavailable on Ujelang.

Ujelang's sailing canoes—most of them built on the island of Eniwetok—are famed for their speed and grace. But in Ujelang's depressed community, the vessels deteriorated on the beach—until a recent grant-in-aid set them at sea again.



Heine said he would try to arrange employment for young men, that he would set up an aggressive rat extermination program, that he would finish planting Ujelang with coconut and breadfruit trees and that he would bring more children to Majuro for schooling. Our boat left with eight new students for Majuro schools.

Of course the islanders petitioned Heine for a return to Eniwetok. They also requested the construction of new houses and cisterns, free transportation within the Marshalls District, exemption from taxes and payment by the district of municipal salaries until copra production is increased; and an augmented trust fund. (Ten years ago a trust fund of \$150,000 was set up for compensation of the Eniwetokese. The annual interest from this sum amounts to about sixteen dollars per year per person. Most of this goes for supplies from field trip vessels—when they come.) Heine decided to

take iroij Joanej and the magistrate of Ujelang back with him to Majuro and on to Saipan to personally petition High Commissioner Norwood. This he did.

It was morning when the *Militobi* sailed. I was topside when Joanej came up to wave a farewell to his people. He stood there, wearing his air force khaki, whipping a colored towel through the air while his people moved down the island, keeping abreast of the ship as long as they could.

A few minutes later I asked Joanej what he told the Navy when he was first taken to inspect Ujelang. Naval reportage quotes the iroij as praising the abundance of fish, depth of the top soil, number of trees, and the island's land mass. Through a translator, Joanej denied this. He said he was told he was going to a new island. When he saw it, he told the Navy, "This is no new island. We know this place. It's Ujelang." He was not impressed. Asked why he signed away Eniwetok, he said because he trusted the Navy.

It's been half a year since I traveled to Ujelang with the *Militobi*. For the moment, the situation seems temporarily better. For the moment. As I write, the people have food. So much in fact that some has rotted or been invaded by worms. For this food, the islanders have gone thousands of dollars in debt. Who will foot the bill? Some believe the islanders themselves will, others think the islanders believe the government will....

The field trip service in the last six months has been better than ever, with Ponape's *Kaselehlia* supplementing the Marshalls' service to the island. How long Ponape will continue to send the ship is unknown as the Ujelang islanders have no copra and little money to purchase food supplies.

Interestingly, the coming of the *Kaselehlia* fulfills one of the recommendations made over thirteen years ago by Dr. Jack Tobin, former Marshalls District anthropologist. At that time he also documented Ujelang's other problems and proposed administrative action that could be taken. The problems facing the island today are the same ones enumerated by Tobin thirteen years ago.

The rat extermination has been boosted by the assignment of a Peace Corps agriculture worker to Ujelang. He is currently carrying on an interim



A can of corned beef—part of an emergency shipment dispatched to Ujelang—rapidly succumbs to the ministrations of two island youths. Elders complain that fishing off Ujelang can't compare with fishing off Eniwetok. Hence, the corned beef.

rat control program until an extensive plan can be formulated by the National Science Foundation. He declares that the island should be cleared of rats by the middle of this year. "The eastern half of the island has been covered with traps and cats are multiplying, and no rats are in the houses," he reported by radio.

Plans call for eventually turning Ujelang's excess cat population loose on several of the smaller islands to combat the rat menace there. Also, a bounty system has been set up. Rat tails now bring a nickel each—with Ujelang's youth responding to the bounty-hunting proposition.

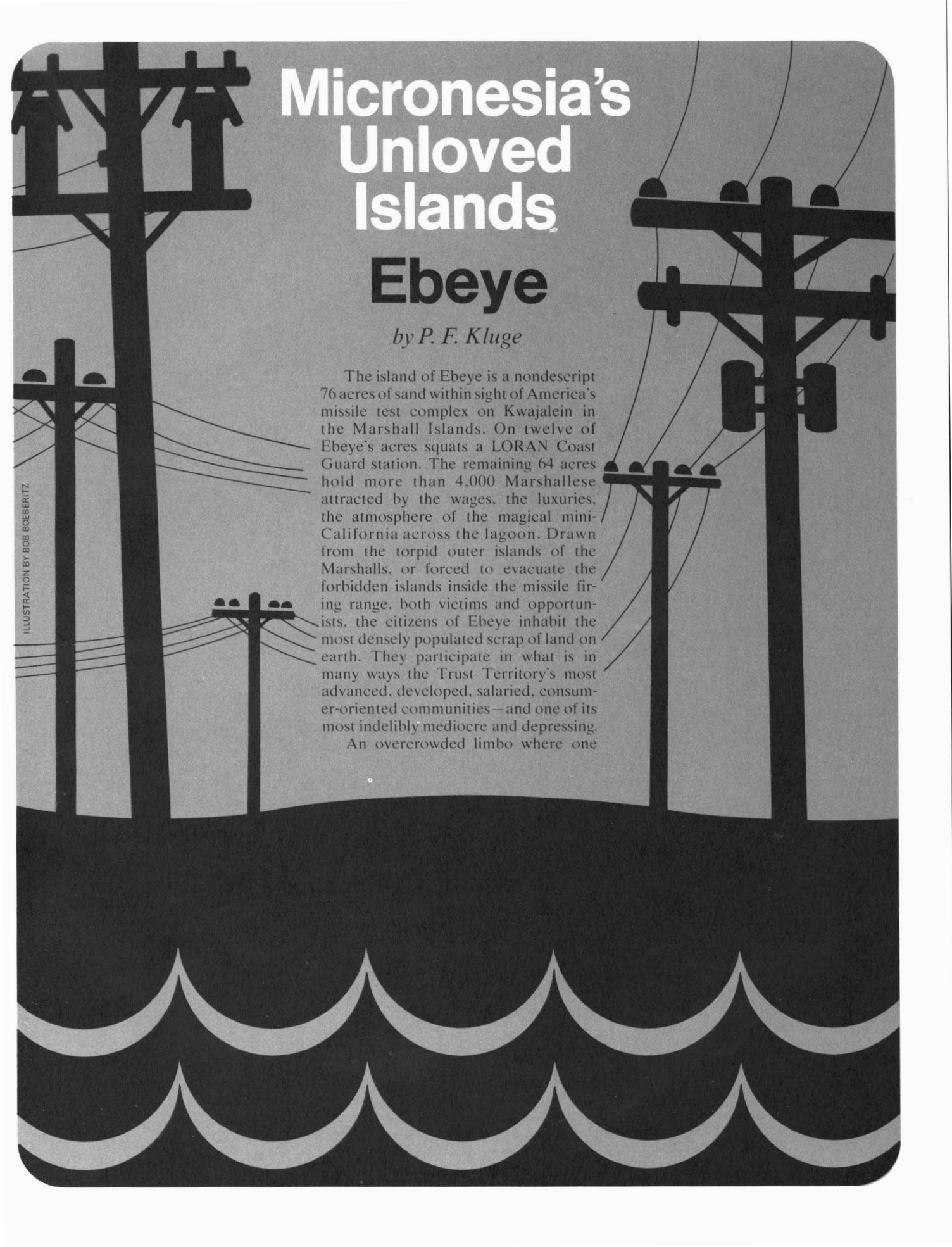
Finally, the question of return to Eniwetok still nags away. The islanders cannot forget about Eniwetok, with its land mass four times that of Ujelang, and the tremendous lagoon sixteen times larger than Ujelang's. But the prospect for a return at this time is quite dim. When

the Assistant Secretary of the Interior visited the Marshalls recently, he held a hard line for supporting the people on Ujelang rather than speculating about a return to Eniwetok.

Possibly the people of Ujelang may soon reap some indirect benefit from Eniwetok as negotiations have been mentioned to obtain surplus materials on Eniwetok for transfer to Ujelang.

When they lived on Eniwetok, the islanders were an isolated population. On Ujelang today they are still isolated. They are 300 miles from the nearest atoll inhabited by Marshallese and over 600 miles from Majuro. They were isolated on Eniwetok, but they were independent, self-sufficient there. On Ujelang they are ceaselessly petitioning dependents. How long they will remain so is a question that has echoed in the ears of the government for years.

Today there is feasting on Ujelang. But tomorrow is another day.



Micronesia's Unloved Islands

Ebeye

by P. F. Kluge

The island of Ebeye is a nondescript 76 acres of sand within sight of America's missile test complex on Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands. On twelve of Ebeye's acres squats a LORAN Coast Guard station. The remaining 64 acres hold more than 4,000 Marshallese attracted by the wages, the luxuries, the atmosphere of the magical mini-California across the lagoon. Drawn from the torpid outer islands of the Marshalls, or forced to evacuate the forbidden islands inside the missile firing range, both victims and opportunists, the citizens of Ebeye inhabit the most densely populated scrap of land on earth. They participate in what is in many ways the Trust Territory's most advanced, developed, salaried, consumer-oriented communities—and one of its most indelibly mediocre and depressing.

An overcrowded limbo where one



After the Tarlang departs at dawn, there's little to see on Ebeye's waterfront. A study in lethargy, the remaining islander is more likely to spend the day polishing a car than baiting a hook.

can glance back wistfully—and with partial sincerity—at the days of easy subsistence living, fish and taro, on one's native islands. Or glance ahead at the luxuries and privileges of the snug, exclusive American enclave on Kwajalein, its stores and movies. But in the meantime the Marshallese live on Ebeye, live there for better or for worse, suspended indefinitely between a lost yesterday and a vague tomorrow?

How do they live there?

"The Slum of the Pacific," "A Labor Camp for the Army," "An Island of Affluent Paupers." To these phrases, garnered throughout the years, ever since the lure of employment on Kwajalein started attracting laborers to Ebeye in the late forties and early fifties, a fourth term might now be added: "The Suburbia of the Pacific."

The degrading squalor, epidemic overcrowding, smell of excrement, manic-depressive atmosphere, that earlier observers remarked on Ebeye have

more or less disappeared, replaced by a pervasive, thorough mediocrity. Long rows of army-built housing—ugly, monotonous, but there you have it—cover much of the island. Garbage is regularly collected. More than forty cars and some crowded buses bump along Ebeye's scant two miles of roads. The hundreds of Marshallese who commute to Kwajalein all get paid minimum wage or a little better—an annual payroll of two million. Which—in the backward economy of the Trust Territory—puts the Ebeyeans among a moneyed elite, makes them Micronesia's first bonafide suburban commuters and citizens of what economist Thorstein Veblen would readily have called a "pecuniary society."

What one today encounters on Ebeye is not an arrestingly bad community but a dull one. Not a grindingly poor citizenry, but a purposelessly affluent one. Such is the measure of progress on Ebeye. This is what Ebeye is like today.

Without Kwajalein there would be

no Ebeye—this is the first truism one encounters. Kwajalein needs laborers, people to paint its walls, unload its ships, maintain its buildings. And Kwajalein's matrons need help mopping floors, keeping house, washing dishes and clothes, currying their diminutive lawns and gardens. For these services, they are willing to pay; for this money the Marshallese—all residents of Ebeye—are willing to work. Five hundred and fifteen work for Global Associates, the omnibus management outfit that runs the test site for the army; 250 more are privately employed as maids and "yard men."

And so it happens that, just as early morning buses carry loads of maids down Fifth Avenue, from Harlem to the svelte apartments in Manhattan's sixties and seventies, a sepia ark of domestics about to spend a day scrubbing floors or pushing racks of clothing in the garment district, so the population of Ebeye drains out of its jerry-built housing at dawn, filing towards the dock where the

U.S.S. Tarlang ferries them to another day's labor at Kwajalein. Each of them wears a badge with a mug shot and a serial number and an occupational category. I could find just three of those: "Services," "Industrial" and "Domestic."

Early in the morning, while the light is still turning from a mellow gold to an electric platinum, the boat leaves its dock and the passengers on the 6:40 to Kwajalein queue up for breakfast, line rows of deck pews. A few of the women are poised leggy secretarial types—I spotted one of them later at Macy's behind a cash register—but most have the heavy bodies and permanent-pregnancy waistlines of the outer islands. They sit drinking coke and coffee, chewing quantities of sweet rolls, slapping down playing cards, smoking cigarettes at the center of their mouths. The *Tarlang* quickly nears Kwajalein's Echo Dock and, at this distance, at this hour, in contrast with Ebeye, the test site is an impressive place. An alabaster city, it seems, with white roofs and pearly domes, sidewalks that are swept, roads that are washed, lawns that are groomed and sprinkled, gardens that are looked after.

The Marshallese don't live in these houses, the island isn't theirs anymore. They only work there and at night its back up Fifth Avenue to Ebeye and make sure your purse doesn't look too heavy. At night they leave America and return to Micronesia, the half a thousand who sail with the *Tarlang* at dawn and dusk. But what about the rest—the thousands of unemployed hangers-on remaining on Ebeye? And what about Ebeye itself, the ghetto island, Kwajalein's weak, dark sister?

The Ebeye the *Tarlang* leaves in its wake at dawn is an empty dull place during the day. Physically, it resembles an exceedingly mediocre seaside resort in the states, one of those stretches of sand dune that mercenary builders—usually they call themselves "developers"—parcel into lots and cover with thickets of bungalows, leaving about enough room between dwellings to hang out a wet bathing suit. During the day one walks the rows of army housing—308 apartment units in all, uniformly built, painted, landscaped, row upon row, one passes tiny yards and polished cars, women washing in a six foot plot of shade to the rear of the houses; one goes through the painful effort to discern



The 6:40 from Ebeye to Kwajalein. Without the consolation of a morning daily or a car radio, these commuters on the U.S.S. Tarlang play cards on their way to another stint at the missile test site.

The guard is tired. He works the night shift and the morning boat is the end of his day. But for the hundreds of Marshallese who jam the decks of the Tarlang, the day is just beginning. And other guards will scan their comings and goings on Kwajalein.





Security is the name of the Kwajalein game. Name, number, occupational category and mug shot place this man in his appropriate niche on the missile site.

the idiosyncratic human touch, that distinguishing individual whim which differentiates one residence from another—and is disappointed, more often than not, at finding one house like another, one row like the next.

The quality of the housing per se is not worse than in any of the other population centers of the Trust Territory. What makes Ebeye exceptional is the concentration of so much on so little land and, more important, the inevitable and flabbergasting contrast with Kwajalein a few miles away. With Micronesia and America living next door to each other, the contrast between the two, between fat city and beantown, the pearly garrison town and the ramshackle labor camp, becomes more striking, and more disturbing. Add to this the fact that the residents of the one island are all statesiders, mostly white, and the residents of the labor camp are mostly Marshallese and brown, and the whole thing becomes uncomfortably metaphor-

ical. Ebeye's houses and cars, envy and ambitions, hopes and jealousies, are all tied to the carefully guarded, scrupulously maintained piece of real estate across the water.

One resident of Ebeye who casts a somewhat jaded view at Kwajalein is Dr. William Vitarelli, High Commissioner—District Administrator Representative on Ebeye. Vitarelli's catch-all title suggests the variety of his tasks since assignment to Ebeye eighteen months ago. Since departed for a year's sabbatical at the University of Hawaii, the Columbia University Ph.D. (in education) arrived on Ebeye when conditions were at their worst and the island's population, since reduced as a result of Operation Exodus, numbered some 4,600. He recalls his first sight of the island: "I was aghast, dumbfounded. The people were living in a gruesome shelter and nobody—neither the Army nor the Trust Territory—gave a damn. There was no concern for water, sanitation,

ventilation."

Since Vitarelli's assignment, the critical conditions he first encountered have been relieved—the main change being the seven million dollars of adequate, if unimaginative housing which, according to Vitarelli, the Trust Territory and the Department of the Interior "literally forced" the Army to build.

But now that the colors of crisis on Ebeye have shaded from emergency red to drab grey, Vitarelli, a specialist in community development, seems less hopeful about the island's future development. And, for the island's lack of direction, its poverty of community spirit, its transient trailer camp atmosphere, Vitarelli holds the Army at fault: the Army on Kwajalein specifically, and the military mentality in general. "Ebeye is completely dependent on a monster," Vitarelli maintains. "We're depending upon a force of destruction. I had hoped that the Army would realize its responsibility to the people who sweep its floors and cook its meals and work its lathes. But the responsibility goes as far as paying money. After that, it's get the hell out and don't take anything with you.

"Our objectives," he contends, "are so different. The military establishment is basically destructive. The army's attitude and policy and regulations are all geared for a kind of society which says 'You do what we say.' Underneath its purpose is destruction. You can't relate humanistic policies to that kind of structure."

Vitarelli's prophecy for the future of what he calls an "army labor camp" is somber. "I often think," he sighs, "if I could stay here for the rest of my life it would be possible through community development to teach the people to be sufficient. But the umbilical cord with Kwajalein!—it will never be an entirely natural thing . . . it could become a little more viable. Taxes could be instituted. They could pay for their services. It could become quite an interesting community—it would take at least ten years of somebody's work, and I don't know who he will be."

Not all Americans on Ebeye take the Kwajalein authorities to task.

"I question whether the Army has a responsibility to Ebeye," remarks Don Daniel, principal of Ebeye's Elementary School. Daniels has a number of problems—a couple of hundred kids out on

the street and a school which couldn't handle them if they all decided to enroll anyway—but he doesn't figure the Army is one of them.

"I know a lot of people disagree with me. Ebeye was created because of the Kwajalein Missile Test Site. But the Army isn't in civil administration. And let's hope they don't get into civil administration, or it would mean the end of democracy. I think the Army has more than met its responsibilities. They meet those responsibilities when they pay \$1.60. Every relationship I've had with the Army, they've bent over backward to help me."

But some problems are inevitable, even for Daniels. While Global Associates attracts workers to the missile site with the assurance of the minimum hourly wage rate, Daniels has problems recruiting teachers. "I can start a teacher at 38 cents an hour plus 25% differential," he explains. "Our teachers can't live on indigenous food. There isn't enough

money for the family to support itself. We keep losing good teachers."

And other Americans on Ebeye run into inevitable difficulties with Kwajalein. Peace Corps Volunteers, for instance, find themselves in a nagging philosophical bind. Their skins render them indistinguishable from the Americans on Kwajalein and so—unlike their Marshallese friends and neighbors—they have easy access to stores on the missile site, purchasing top quality goods at cut-rate prices. But some of them feel obliged to spurn such privileges. They insist on living off the local economy—but that sort of dedication can be uncomfortable. They find that local stores balk at handling orders for people who could as easily secure their goods on Kwajalein. And the Volunteers themselves find they have to turn down Marshallese who ask them to make purchases on their behalf.

Surely, Americans on Ebeye have problems—as the turnover and early

termination rate among Trust Territory employees assigned to the island will testify. Yet for most Americans Ebeye is a stopping place, a matter of a year or two. But the Marshallese who live on Ebeye, migrating there from other islands, linger for an indefinite time. Consider, for instance, the case of Eddie L. Balance. Born on Ailinglaplap island, Balance came to Ebeye fifteen years ago and has done rather well. Today, he's probably the highest ranking Marshallese employed on Kwajalein and is considered a power to be reckoned with—particularly by those Ebeyeans on line for employment at the missile test site. Balance lives in army housing and, at the time of our interview, sat in his living room experimenting with a color polaroid. Yet, even though his stay on Ebeye is stretching into comfortable decades, Balance persists in talking of his home island. His stay on Ebeye, he maintains, is a matter of expedience. "Wherever I can make money and save

Arriving on Kwajalein, Marshallese women head for another day in America's kitchens. Two hundred and fifty domestics and yard men help keep up the missile test site's appearance.





In the heat of the noonday sun, Ebeye's hangers-on, human and canine, duck into the shaded welcome of one of the island's several pool halls. Meanwhile, friends and relatives are grinding out that hourly minimum wage on Kwajalein.

for the future of my kids. I'll stay in that place. I can make money on Ebeye, so I'll stay here. I like it here because I can save money for the future."

Most of the people who live on Ebeye have come there from other places—and it is other islands that command their ultimate allegiance. The feeling that they are transients, visitors on Ebeye is at the root of the island's indifferentism. To most of the people who live there, Ebeye is a place near the money, a convenient island from which they can nibble at the affluence of Kwajalein. It is a trailer camp. Although they live there, they don't call Ebeye home. This feeling of transience, is unfortunately buttressed by Ebeye's political system—current laws provide that only residents of Kwajalein atoll may hold office in the local municipal government. Thus, James Milne, a local merchant who names distant Ebon Atoll as his home, remarks "I think no one regards himself as an Ebeyeian. They cannot vote for magistrate or run for office. Nobody will be loyal to Ebeye."

And yet, Milne continues, no one is anxious to leave—despite their complaints about Ebeye and eulogies of the older, simpler life on outer islands.

"I would say that most of the workers don't want to go home," says Milne. "They enjoy the movies, eating ice cream. And the food and handling big

Nothing rushes this young girl, loitering outside of one of Ebeye's schoolrooms. Some day she may find a job on Kwajalein—or even marry one of the missile test site's employees. Thirty-three such marriage applications were pending at a recent date. Not many of these marriages last.



money. They're getting interested in the outside world through association with Americans. If they leave, they lose out. So they withstand the pressure and send the kids to school. Then maybe they'll go home. I send my kids to school in Hawaii, and I plan to send them to college. If I go home we cannot afford to send three-four children to school."

But staying on Ebeye and considering it home are two different things. Even Milne contends, "People don't want to stay here forever. I'm thinking of going home but right now I have a lot of obligations."

The people on Ebeye always talk of someplace else. They can look ahead, at Kwajalein, an island of the future. Or they can look backward to the simple island life most of them still remember. You hear this talk of life on the outer islands again and again. It is impossible to escape. An insistent refrain, wavering snatches of an old song carried by the wind.

"On outer islands you eat just anything you want, reports Judge Lino, one of the powers of KITCO (Kwajalein Island Trading Company) the firm which, largely as a result of its buying privileges on Kwajalein dominates Ebeye's commercial life. "Everything is plentiful. You're free to fish. Or you do some copra production, if you want. Fishing and copra production settled the day. Here, with jobs on Kwajalein, jobs on Ebeye, it's an eight-hour day."

And Jalle Bolkeim, the island's magistrate, also offers an impressive memoir of the simple life. "The people here eat rice and corned beef, but they want to go back and eat fish and coconuts. They would choose fish over steak. And on those islands they just sleep under a tree. Here they have to lock up and worry about a drunk coming in. This is not their home."

Jude Samson, reverend of Ebeye's United Church of Christ, remembers the outer islands' communal patterns. "If you go to the outer islands, each morning if you cook rice or donuts you take a portion of the food to relatives thirty yards away. But here I have seen people three inches apart who don't share. They save, they budget."

Yoda Nysta, editor of the island's lively mimeographed weekly, the *Ebeye Voice*, is another resident who talks of leaving Ebeye. "You don't have money, you can't live here," he observes. "On



He's old enough to remember other days. Pre-missile days. He could tell you about other islands, other ways, another pattern of life. But memories are irrelevant on Ebeye.

the other islands you walk along the street and people say hello and they ask you in and you have to eat something. Here, unless they're related—it's like an American city."

Laibon, an articulate and argumentative *alub* (landowner) of Ebeye maintains "It's just like being in jail. People have no home, no land, they have to stay in a house they don't like, under a different *alub* (landowner) a different *iroij* (hereditary king). They lost their beaches, they lost their reef. Now they're ready to move. Better to go back and get killed by the fall of a missile than live here in a cage like an animal in the zoo."

Talk is cheap on Ebeye. Talk about return to the outer islands, talk about discomforts on Ebeye, complaints—often valid—about treatment "downtown" on Kwajalein. But however inviting a picture they paint of life on other islands, very few Marshallese have chosen to leave Ebeye. "Some of the old men would go back and die on their old islands," I was told, "but the young you'd have to force."

For the fact is that the Ebeyeans are both victims and opportunists. If they have been the pawns of historical forces they could not control—the war, the

location of the missile test site, the evacuation of the mid-corridor islands—they have also contrived to take most advantage of those forces, and even, to profit by serving them. To regard Marshallese solely as passive victims is to belittle them, for such a stereotype of victimization overlooks what is shrewd, adroit, litigious in their natures.

It took more than the war and the missile program to establish and sustain Ebeye; it took people's acquiescence (at least) and outright appetite (at most) for the superficial ornaments of a different culture. It is doubtful that the women sitting on the *Tarlang*, bound for a day in porcelain kitchens and air-conditioned living rooms will readily return to the desultory subsistence living of their native atolls. Ebeye, freakish island that it is, is peopled by folk who want to be there. Consider it, then, a triumph, an incontestable triumph, for the American way of life, its tin cans and cars and bars.

But only a partial triumph. For Ebeye is a slovenly compromise between two cultures and the people of Ebeye are suspended between the islands of the past, where they lived with little work, and the island of the future Kwajalein,

where they work but cannot live. Meanwhile they live on Ebeye, which is nowhere.

In time some of Ebeye's problems may be settled: a political reform may improve the quality of its municipal life; local taxes may flesh out community services; schools may improve and school teachers, along with other Ebeye workers, may be accorded a tolerable salary; an embryonic co-op may enliven the island's stultifying economy; the island's hustling Youth Corps may galvanize the generally listless years of adolescence on Ebeye; settlement of unpopulated Carlson Island nearby could relieve crowding on Ebeye and inaugurate commercial agriculture; Ebeye might even be sundered from the Marshall District and administered as a separate entity, and a unique one.

But the basic problem of identity and commitment will remain: the nagging fact that Ebeye is suspended motionless between two ways of life and that its citizens can participate fully in neither. Sooner or later Ebeye will have to go one way or another. Right now it's a crowded no-place, a permanent make-shift.

Landscape in concrete. Ebeye's legion of urchins idle away their hours amidst some of the seven million dollars of housing erected by the Army on Ebeye.



DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Marianas

Those of Saipan's bright red flame trees which survived April's typhoon ushered early summer into an island still marred by effects of the disastrous Jean... Military field kitchens won the enthusiastic acceptance of many residents before leaving May 6... Distribution of food staples (rice, meat, cheese) continues, with village commissioners supervising... Electricity and water were quickly restored to most of the island, and Saipanese praised the rapid re-opening of schools... The big question, however, was housing... Just as many structures were going up in the same style as before, only smaller; just as observers began to fear that Saipan would not—or could not afford to—profit from the lessons of the typhoon, the Office of Emer-

gency Planning came through with 500 houses for Saipan. Though termed "emergency" houses, it's likely that these pre-cut all-plywood structures will endure for some time. "This allotment should come awful close to meeting the need," reported one Trust Territory spokesman. The District Administration is awarding houses to families on the basis of amount of destruction suffered and ability (or inability) to reconstruct... And Hawaii Architects and Engineers, already known for the master-planning throughout the districts, embarked on a crash program to design the restoration of numerous public installations wrecked by the typhoon... Tanapag, one of the most thoroughly devastated of Saipan's communities, was slated for a thorough renewal involving re-routed roads, re-

drawn property lines, exchange of lands, etc.... Twenty mobile homes (i.e., trailers without wheels) helped meet the immediate need for government housing... As summer, and the Congress of Micronesia, approached, Saipan, though dusty and battered was back in some sort of shape... Josie's, a popular legislative watering-place in Garapan, re-opened early in July... Air Micronesia officials speculated that two half-hour TV documentaries recently filmed on Saipan would boost tourist traffic. One will feature dedication of memorial to Okinawan war dead, another offers a Cook's tour of the island... Early in June Saipan conducted a memorial mass for Robert Kennedy outside the Mt. Carmel cathedral which features a glittering white bust of his older brother...

Yap

For the first time in history, Yap and its neighbor islands boast a comprehensive district legislature, with 12 members from Yap proper, eight from the neighbor islands. Such involvement had been sought for years, but until recently neighbor islands had balked at joining in a district-wide government, partially out of fear that the Yap contingent might take advantage of its traditional hegemony over them. The expanded legislature convened its first session in June... But not all the problems of the neighbor islands have been solved. The sad death—on the day he

was to graduate—of an outer island high school senior underscored the need for rapid action in regard to requests for medical evacuation. District officials may request future air evacuations directly from Guam, rather than route requests through Saipan... A three-month drought forced weeks of water rationing on Yap. According to one picturesque account, for much of the day "toilets are marked 'no water, do not use'; drinking fountains hiss air, but no water, and the Snack Bar sells no iced tea"... District Peace Corps director Leo Moss departed Yap to accept a staff position at

the "Micronesia desk" of Peace Corps-Washington... Yap's Red Cross nearly doubled its fund-raising goal, collecting a total of \$650... After a few hitches, Air Micronesia service to Yap seemed to have smoothed out, with the DC-6 regularly landing on a former fighter strip still flanked by the remnants of scores of Japanese zeros caught on the ground in World War II. According to *Mogethin*, Yap's lively offset journal, "the DC-6, while not a jet, cuts travel time from Yap to Guam by half an hour. It flies above bad weather, and is air-conditioned, boasts drinks and pretty stewardesses."

Palau

Despite months of preparation and anticipation, the two week South Pacific Commission fisheries conference scheduled for Palau in June was cancelled. Reason: last minute withdrawal of the chartered French Air Force plane that was to transport most of the participants. Nevertheless, five fisheries experts already in Koror did hold a conference, concentrating on recommendations for fisheries development in the T.T., including discussion of a science

lab slated for Palau in the 70's... Raymond Ulochong returned to political affairs department in Saipan after acting in place of Palau's assistant district administrator Tom Remengesau, who had personal business in Hawaii. Yoich Kohama is now in Palau as personnel administrator, after several years on Saipan... An increase in juvenile delinquency in Koror, including drunkenness, theft, and even a possible manslaughter, has caused wide concern, with the formation

of a Youth Council of Palauans and Americans... A Jesuit priest, Father Thomas Flavin, returned to U.S. for medical treatment. He trained with the Peace Corps last summer on Udot and had been in Palau for ten months... Training programs flourishing here: health aides for MacDonald Hospital, Head Start, Youth Corps, Job Corps, and so on... Actor Lee Marvin evidently hasn't forgotten Palau. He contracted the local boatyard to build a craft for him, costing at least \$17,000.

Says he'll be back to use it and vacation here. New Palau Peace Corps Director Terry Clancy has a recently-arrived deputy, Jim Byrne. From Peace Corps Palau also comes word that of 36 terminating volunteers, 11 have extended—the highest number from any T.T. district. . . . Air

Micronesia has proved persistent in trying to resolve air transport problems in the T.T. After a series of somewhat confusing incidents—not all their fault by any means—plane service now is pretty good. But scheduling of the 727 jet for Palau (which now gets the DC-6) is still

—pardon the expression—up in the air. Airai's airstrip, plus rain, plus a sort of "elastic-like" fill in the strip seem to be major hangups—plus fueling problems. . . . Details not available yet, but Palau will see groundbreaking of site for Continental-built hotel sometime this year.

Truk It was a day, as one observer noted, which put down all the sceptics with one big blow. Truk, smack in the middle of Micronesia, was an essential stopover in inaugurating jet service to the Trust Territory. In the weeks preceding the May 12 test run every obstruction from algae to coral was tugged from the Truk airport, and heavy trucks dragging tarpaulin made rounds of the airstrip as if it were a baseball diamond. And, as if readying for the big game, breadfruit growers and government officials alike placed bets that Air Micronesia's 727 would or wouldn't land. On May 12, it landed, not only not late, but ahead of schedule. Since then it's shown up four times a week. . . . "I just want to

confirm a lot of rumors that have been going around the district that I'm leaving next month," said District Administrator Alan M. MacQuarrie, 54, at May's government staff meeting. And, on June 3, he and his wife Elizabeth boarded a jet for Guam and eventually California after two and a half years in Truk, 25 in Micronesia. Future plans: a year of study at the Center of South Pacific Studies at the University of California's Santa Cruz campus. . . . No replacement has yet been named. . . . Typhoon Jean lent its share of wind to Truk in April, destroying sources of a year or more's food on many outer islands, as well as shattering docks, dispensaries, and homes. . . . The hepatitis outbreak was acknowledged an "epi-

demic," with more than 500 persons already afflicted and the number still climbing. No deaths have been reported among patients, although two fetal deaths are known in pregnant women who contracted the disease. . . . A man accused of a baseball-bat murder on his home island, Dublon, in January, was sentenced May 31 to 10 years in prison, with half the sentence suspended. . . . District Legislature bills recently signed into law give Truk a \$40,000 grant-in-aid package. They also require helmets on all cycle and scooter riders. . . . And Xavier High School captured the 1968 championship in the first Truk Baseball League.

Ponape A Japanese construction firm under-bid four other companies, capturing contract to complete building of 6,000 foot Ponape airstrip on an island in the harbor area. . . . However a local construction company was busy too, erecting a new home for the district's Community Action Agency. . . . Ad-hoc Ponape Education Study Commission, a joint headquarters-district venture, recommended 14 ways education could be improved. Among their suggestions, made after six weeks of study, were more English and occupational training in high school, higher pay for teachers, more participation by community in educational process. . . . A

special session of District Legislature passed a revised sales tax bill, levying five percent taxes on road vehicles, tobacco, alcoholic beverages. . . . Legislature also passed \$117,000 supplemental appropriations bill for fiscal 1968. . . . Trust Territory Farm Institute threatened with closing because of absence in budget allocation for 1969. (See "Making Use of Micronesia's Unspoiled Soil"—page 22) . . . Micronesian Teacher Training Center opens new facilities, doubles capacity to 90 students. . . . Ponape Teacher Training Center for 35 district teachers also opens. . . . Father Hugh Costigan opens summer leadership program for 75 Ponape males. . . . Ponapean high school-

ers win four of six prizes in Law Day Essay Contest. . . . PICS High School debate team defeats Truk High, arguing *con* on Viet Nam. . . . Kusaie Farmers' group becomes district's fifteenth cooperative, TT's 28th. . . . Wapar School captures Ponape island's first elementary school volleyball championship. . . . An American and an Australian spend a month in Ponape on "Andante," Pacific island-hopping yacht. . . . University of Hawaii professor gathers data on district's "unique" fruit flies. . . . Italian business from Thailand inspecting fish resources in district. . . . American doctor arrives for duty.

Marshalls Fifty mid-corridor people residing on the island of Ebeye, near Kwajalein, received retroactive payments from the Army, with allowances totaling nearly \$85,000. In addition, subsistence payments were increased from \$25 per month to \$40. Payments were for Marshallese who were forced to evacuate the fifteen islands included in the Kwajalein Missile Test Range. . . . Jack Tobin, Community Development advisor, returned recently from Washington, D.C., where he met the Atomic Energy Commission officials dis-

cussing the possibility of a return to Bikini for the former residents of that atoll. Most of them now live on Kili Island. According to Tobin, no decision has been reached yet. A.E.C. officials discussed the Bikini situation with Tobin and others before going into a closed session. Their decision, whether positive or negative, will be in the form of a recommendation to the Department of Defense, which today controls Bikini. . . . Work on the Carlson Community in Kwajalein Atoll was begun earlier this month as a team from Majuro started laying out roads,

buildings and land boundaries. The team, headed by Ed Inskeep of Hawaii Architects and Engineers, first surveyed boundaries, then chopped through dense undergrowth to mark roads. Uninhabited since 1950, Carlson Island will eventually support 1,000 people, most of whom live on crowded Ebeye Island nearby. The village's economy will be primarily agricultural. Iroij Albert Loëak of Carlson is reported "very enthusiastic" about the plan. . . . District Administrator Dwight Heine returned to Majuro after two months leave on Ebon.

ON THE GO

with Marjorie Smith

The Ngardmau Falls

For the tourist-adventurer with a few days in Palau and a desire to visit out-of-the-way places, the interior of northern Babelthuap keeps a spectacular secret: the Ngardmau waterfalls.

Be warned, however. The Ngardmau hike is for the adventurer, the visitor who wants to get away from the hypnotic views of the rock islands surrounding Koror, the swimmer who wants to season his idyllic white sand beaches and crystal (but warm) snorkeling water with a trek through some true tropical rain forest to cold fresh water streams; the kook who enjoys hiking for several hours in order to be able to say, "Yes, of course, I've been to Ngardmau Falls."

For those who qualify, and who can equip themselves with a rented boat, long pants, comfortable walking shoes, socks, a bathing suit, a lunch, and an entire day for the project, Ngardmau can provide a memorable addition to a visit to Palau.

Arrangements are not difficult to make. A boat must be rented for the day, and if the trip can be made on a week-day, it is not difficult to find a boat through one of the Palau businesses. The Western Carolines Trading Company, for instance, charges ten dollars a day for the boat, 80 cents an hour for the operator's time, and the cost of whatever gas and oil is used. For a group of four last May, the cost averaged out to six dollars apiece.

The boat trip from Koror's T-Dock to Ngardmau village halfway up the west-

ern coast of Babelthuap takes about two hours, and it's wise to start as early as possible. The one problem is the tide in the channel leading from Ngardmau dock, an impressive ruin left from the Japanese bauxite-mining enterprise which flourished there before the war, into the village. At dead low tide, the channel cannot be used, and an additional mile is added onto the hike.

A guide to the falls is an absolute necessity. Our party had the services of an extremely capable eighth grader. In May, there was no set rate for the guide's fee. We sent up a gift for him on the next boat from Koror. The two Peace Corps volunteers teaching in the village are encouraging hikes to the falls in hopes of bringing some tourism into the village, and can help in lining up a guide.

The hike to the first of the two falls takes from an hour and a half to two hours, depending on the condition of the hikers. The distance is not great and the trail, surprisingly, is not steep, but it is very difficult to follow. The Japanese had a small dam for a water system at one of the falls, and a concrete pipeline brought the water down to Ngardmau village. This pipe was laid in a wide ditch and then, apparently, covered over with loose coral and dirt. Through the years, much of the covering material has washed away, and the hike consists of trying to stay on the eight-inch-wide top of the pipe without falling into ditches which may lie on either or both sides. Tangled jungle grass in many places makes it impossible to avoid stumbling into the ditches, and the hiker's climbing muscles get a good workout simply clambering back out of ditches.

The trail-pipeline crosses eight fairly deep gorges. The first two are spanned by highly respectable bridges composed of numerous steel rails placed side by side. Then the quality of the bridges drops sharply. The remainder are either two rails with a space between them, the slippery concrete pipe itself, or in one breathtaking case, a large tree trunk which is quite obviously rotten. But to the adventurous, anything less challenging would be a waste of time. Right?

The final leg of the trip involves wading across an extremely shallow stream, scrambling up an extremely slippery, muddy bank, and pushing through a thicket for a view of the first waterfall. It is impressive: 100 feet high, 40 feet broad. In dryer seasons, water wisps

over it in bridal veils. During the rainy season, I'm told (although I'm doubtful anyone could reach the falls during a really rainy season) it bears a striking resemblance to Niagara Falls, on a Micronesian scale, of course.

Another steep climb, aided by conveniently placed vines and trees, brings the hiker to the top of the falls. Unlike the traditional tropical waterfall with its bathing pool at its foot, Ngardmau's swimming hole is at the top of the falls. And why should Babelthuap follow tradition, anyway? Here are deep pools of incredible coldness. This may be the only place in Micronesia where you can leap into water and actually feel your blood temperature lowering.

From here, it's not far at all to the other waterfall which is quite different. Instead of dropping over a sheer cliff, the river tumbles down a long, lava-lined, slanting mountainside. Here and there all over the face of this black stone hill are short waterfalls leading into pools providing, once again, a cold swim. A yellow algae growth on the rocks in places makes them ice-slick, and if you don't really care about the seat of your bathing suit, you can slide into some of the pools from above, just like the Happy Talk scene from "South Pacific." Where the rocks are bare and black, traction is excellent and in barefeet or in shoes one can climb right up the cascade and investigate the source.

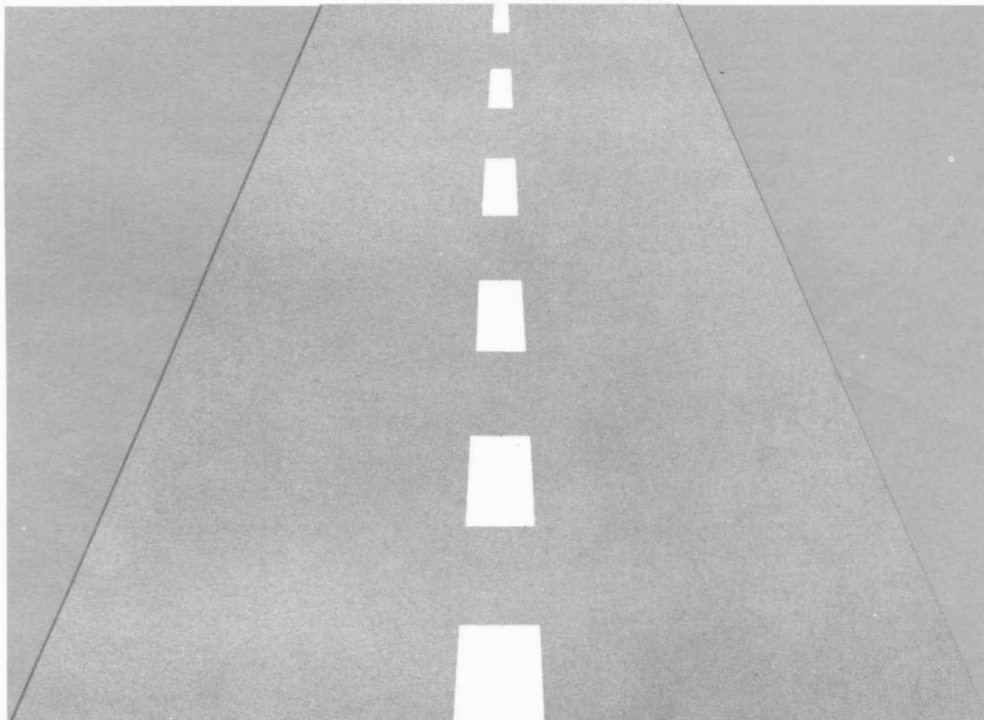
This turns out to be the remains of the tiny Japanese dam around which the water now flows by plunging underground for a short distance. For those intrigued by grottos and caves as well as waterfalls, a short swim into the opening from which the stream issues is an exciting, slightly spooky experience.

Remembering that if it took you two hours to hike to the falls, it will take two hours to return to the village, and considering that it is always a good idea to get back to port by dusk when traveling in an unlighted boat, allow yourself four hours of daylight for the return, even if it means tearing yourself away from the icy pools.

In ancient Hawaii, such pools were reserved for royalty. In modern Palau, they are yours simply for the taking. But you earn them. The classic "Daniells Map of Palau" shows Ngardmau Falls and notes: "These falls are so remote that few persons have ever seen them." Now that's travel status!

in the next quarter

TO BUILD A ROAD



The Ponape Transportation Board pumps new blood into the district's deteriorated arteries.

Congress of Micronesia

Issues and personalities of the Fourth Regular Session atop Mount Tagpochau.

Crisis At the Farm Institute

A promising school threatened with closing because of lack of funds.

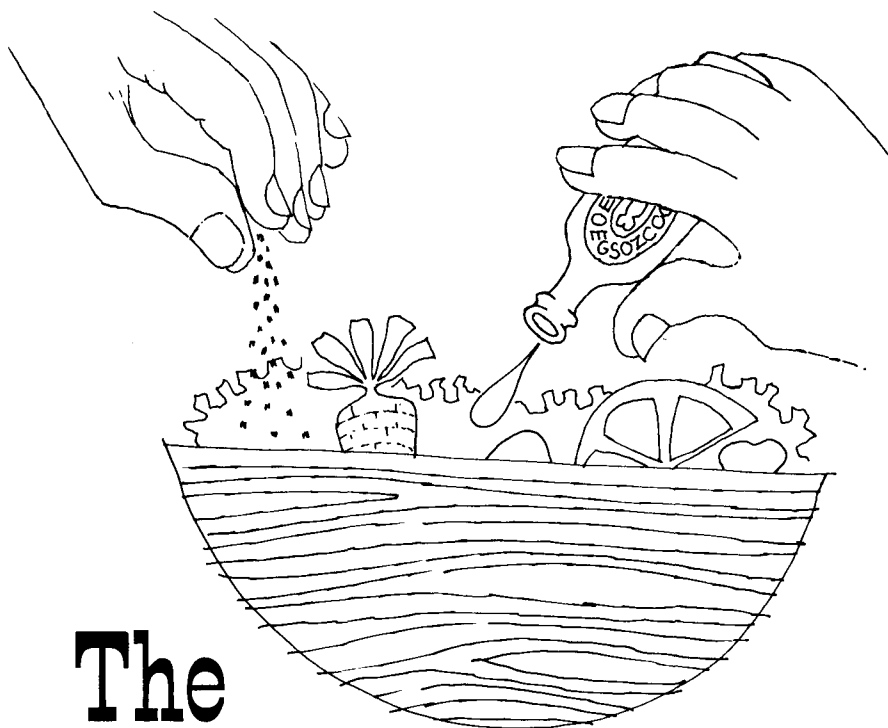
The Reconstruction of Saipan

Wracked by Typhoon Jean, an island struggles towards recovery, wavering between temporary makeshift ghettos and promising planned communities.

The Maligned and Beloved Betelnut

Some authoritative—and surprising—words on Micronesia's answer to fluoridation.

The Micronesian Reporter regrets that Robert Owen, Trust Territory Entomologist, is not among the contributors to this issue. Major back surgery compelled Mr. Owen's travel to Honolulu and delayed completion of his report on Palau's notorious crocodiles. We wish Mr. Owen a speedy return to his laboratory—and his typewriter.



The Potpourri Magazine

A pinch of this and a dash of that. The Micronesian Reporter is like a salad. There's a little something for everyone. For nature lovers there are articles about turtles and crocodiles. For world travelers there are travel tips and guides. For anthropologists there are articles about the people and their culture. For geography enthusiasts there are articles about the different islands. For teachers and students there is material for history classes. For farmers there are items of agricultural interest. For entertainment seekers there's adventure and romance. For people interested in other people there are regular interviews with lively personalities. And for news... there's a capsule digest in each issue of what's going on in Micronesia. This, then, is the Micronesian Reporter. Yours for the reading.