

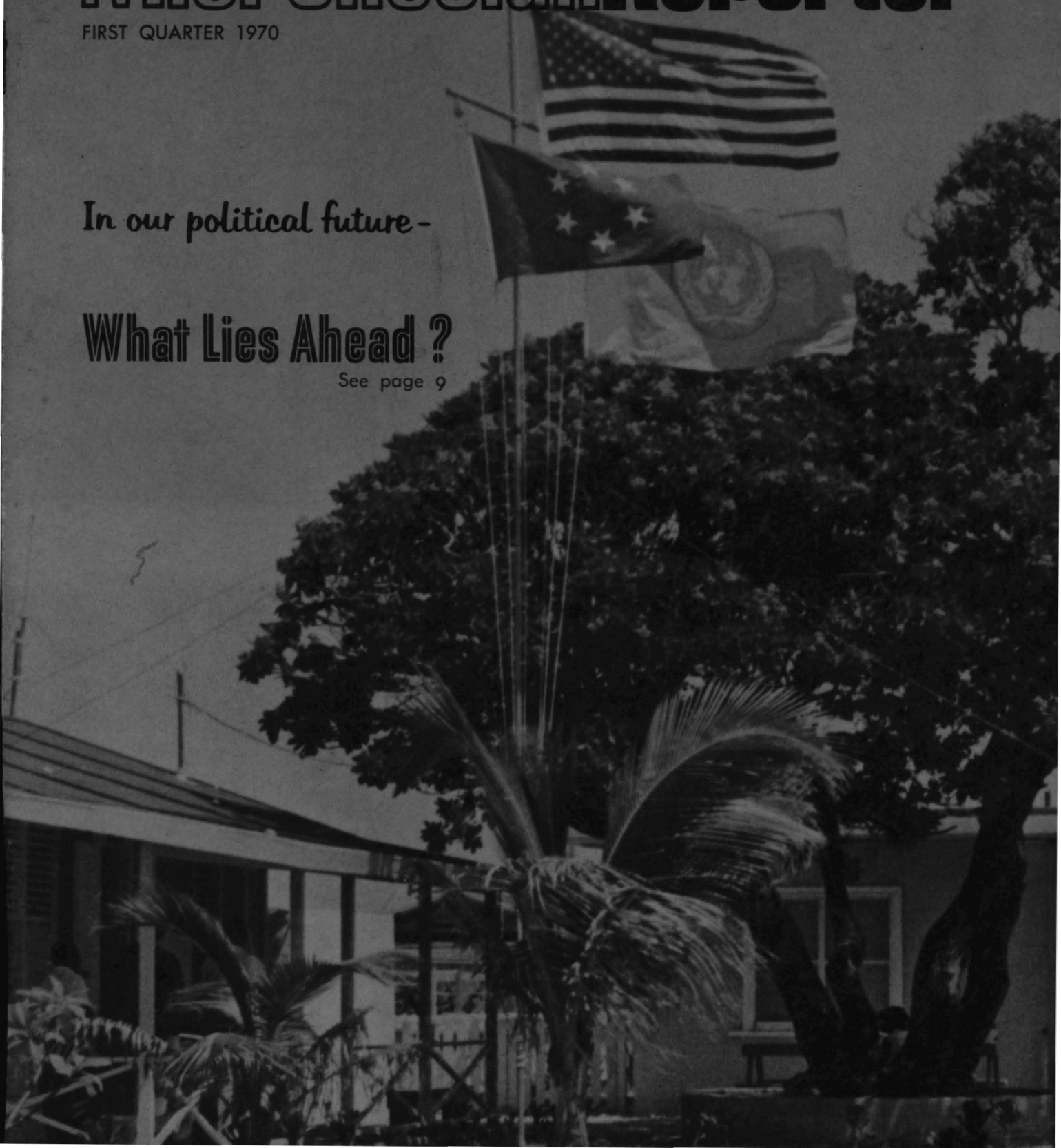
MicronesianReporter

FIRST QUARTER 1970

In our political future -

What Lies Ahead ?

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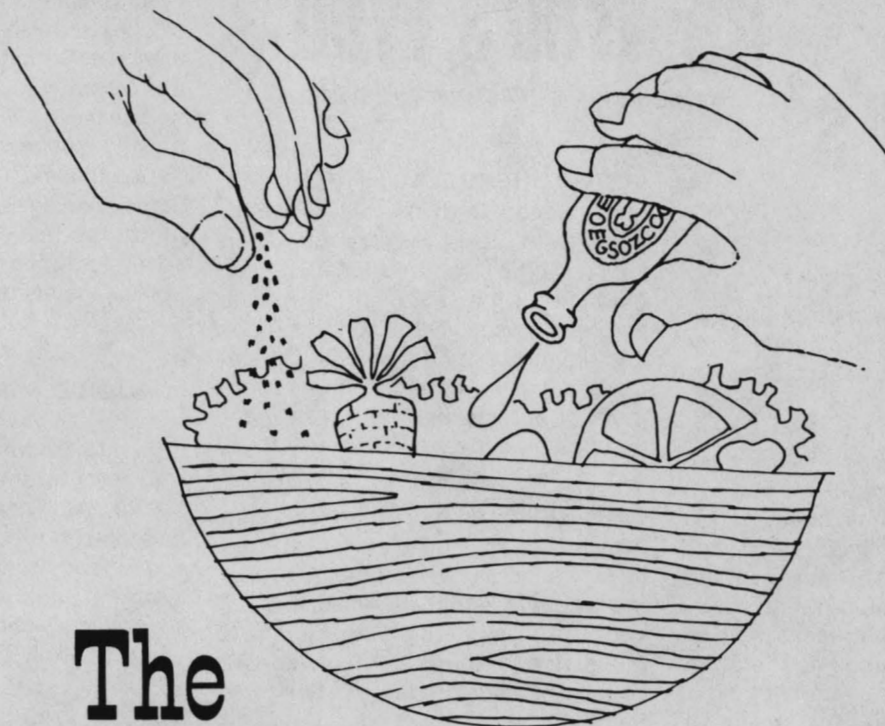
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The Potpourri Magazine

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.

This Quarter's Worth

The brand new decade of the 70's is beginning with conspicuous signs pointing to many areas of development near at hand. Political achievement, now ahead of most other growth, most likely will see some major decisions made early in the period. To examine the uppermost question, Micronesia's future political status, the *Reporter* offers three essays. Carl Heine (free association) and Chuji Chutaro (status quo) present their individual, strong feelings on the proposition. To unfold the variety of viewpoints on independence, we have asked Vic Uherbelau to gather and combine the opinions of advocates of unassociation. Not offered to settle the question, *What Lies Ahead* is intended to bring into focus the panorama of current discussion.

So that the heritage of Micronesia will not be overshadowed by the pressing concern over the future, the *Reporter* presents the remembrances of a native son of the Marianas, a walk through historic Dublon, and a chilling, true story of mutiny and bloodshed combined with a tranquil folk tale of the Marshalls. Chief Petrus of Truk concludes his recollections of the chief system in his district and talks about his anxiety over the younger generation.

As a special feature, we bring the heavens down to earth and even provide a map to find your way around. The *Reporter* felt that with peeping astronauts crawling all over its surface, the moon would no longer rhyme with June, spoon and cupid—and it would be nice to give romantics help in finding a substitute. Also, we hope *Stargazing*, the imagined constellations, and the chart will bring delight to just plain nature lovers who have been wondering about the lights and twinkles of nighttime skies. —C.M.A.

Who's Who

...in this issue of the Reporter

VICTOR UHERBELAU has been Clerk of the Senate for two years, following a year with the TT Public Information Office. The 31-year-old Palauan-born graduate of the University of Hawaii has been close to many conversations and debates over future political status and agreed to accept the assignment of putting the feelings of independence-advocates into essay form.

CARL HEINE, for more than two years the Clerk of the House of Representatives, Congress of Micronesia, now is the Deputy District Administrator for Yap. Born on Jaluit in the Marshalls 30 years ago, the fluent logician is a political science graduate of Oregon's Pacific College.

CHUJICHUTARO, from the Marshalls, former Community Development Officer for his home district, currently is TT Health Programs Administrator. The 30-year-old islander often is referred to as the young scholar who arrived in Columbus, Ohio, to enroll at Heidelberg College, with but \$3 in his pocket. A midnight airport phone call to the State Capitol brought immediate help and started a long-term friendship with Ohio's former governor, James Rhodes.

STEPHEN C. MURRAY, former Peace Corps TESL (English) teacher in Palau from '66 to '68, currently is working toward a graduate degree in international relations at UC, Berkeley.

DIRK BALLENDORF, is a former Peace Corps staff member in the TT whose strong interest in the history of the area has brought several outstanding articles to *Reporter* readers in the past. Now working on his Doctors Degree at Harvard, he also is researching and writing a spy novel based on people and events in Micronesia.

VICENTE D. LEON GUERRERO was born at Garapan, Saipan, at the close of the Spanish administration. Educated at German schools on Saipan and a communications school on Yap, he has been a community leader during the successive foreign administrations. Now, as Marianas District Statistician and former elected district official he has completed the first of several articles covering his observations of the history of his home district.

MARJORIE SMITH, a frequent contributor to the *Reporter*, has just returned home to Saipan from a trip by ship through the eastern districts of Micronesia. Tucking her one-year-old daughter in a backpack and a memo pad under her arm, she set out for stories... and we present the first of several travel pieces.

DR. JACK A. TOBIN, has been deeply involved in the present and past of Micronesia since the '40s when he arrived in the Marshalls as a member of a scientific research team. As an anthropologist, he joined the TT government when the administration of the territory was transferred to the Interior Dept. and he is presently the community development advisor as well as Bikini resettlement coordinator for the Marshalls district.

DOUGLAS RANKIN, usually found busy in a corner of Headquarters Public Works scribing lines and angles, shows his talent for shaping lines into sparkling illustrations. The former Californian has been a TT planning draftsman for the past one and a half years.

NICOLAS C. GUERRERO, is being introduced as the new staff artist for the *Reporter*. A former Asst. Sup. of the government print shop, the 29-year-old Saipanese is now the graphic artist for the Public Information Division where he can devote full time to his number one desire: drawing and designing.

INTERVIEW:

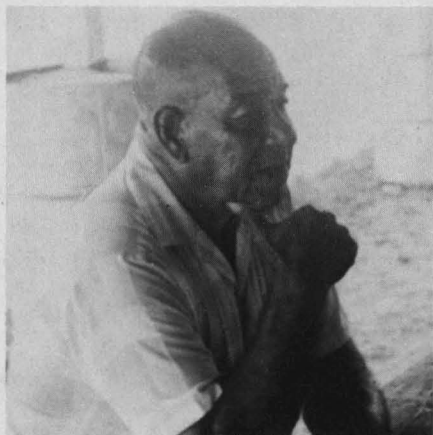
Chief Petrus Mailo

"This is my education passed on to my father," said Chief Petrus Mailo of Truk as he carefully outlined the chief system—its birth and its development—in his home district. The "chief must have a good knowledge of history of the land. He should be able to tell in a land dispute this is the true boundary. He must have the knowledge of the sea, of the weather . . . this is very important knowledge . . . education according to custom. You don't read books," he explained quietly, "but these things are passed on by your father's chief. These are very important factors, too, because the people will look up to the chief to tell them this is the answer. He has to be wise." Chief Petrus, who has been the traditional leader of Moen during the past twenty-two years, also is the elected leader; serving as the mayor of the island community. When the Congress of Micronesia was organized in 1965, he was sent to Saipan by his people to represent them and he was selected by his colleagues to serve as Vice-Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1965 and 1966.

In the last issue of the Reporter, Chief Petrus recalled the origin of the clan system in Truk as it had been told by his father and his father's chief—and the chiefs before them. Summarizing his observations very briefly: The group of descendants of the first couple to settle on Moen grew greater and greater in number as new generations were born. Each of the second generation family groups developed into a clan, but, as Chief Petrus explained, "the original clan was Sopunnupi which was the clan of the first couple that immigrated to Moen." By the third generation, the clans found it necessary to organize themselves into what may be described as a government . . . to designate individuals bearing specific responsibilities for the communities' functions; in particular, the instructing, training and developing of useful skills. The generations, he said, have been respecting the early command "that the first born baby is your chief and all the first fruits on this island must be brought to his place and all his commands must be obeyed." Through the generations, the clan leadership was passed along the female line of descendants, except "when the female line dies, it goes to the son."

And so the interview continued, seeking to determine how the role of the chief, so deeply rooted in prescriptive custom and tradition, has fared under the pressures of this century's foreign influences. Beginning late in the afternoon on the lanai of Truk's Bayview Restaurant, the conversation of more than four and a half hours was translated by Hermes Katsura, former master teacher and current Speaker of Truk's District Legislature. At times, the recollections of the soft-spoken chief were overwhelmed by the modern sounds of the community: the roaring of a jeep trying to get traction in a muddy shoulder, a popping motorboat carrying fishermen on a sunset chore, the early evening boom and jangle of the jukebox as teenagers danced the "Skate" to repeated playings of the hit of the day, "Dizzy." As the evening turned into night and the sidewalks were rolled up (had there been any), the stillness of the cool night grew in intensity, punctuated only by occasional sounds of nesting birds, and guitars coming from a moonlight serenade somewhere along the lagoon's shore. The conversation continued . . .





REPORTER: Chief Petrus, when did you first become chief and how were you selected?

PETRUS: 1947.

REPORTER: Before you who was the chief in your clan?

PETRUS: Before me was my older brother Albert, before 1947. My older brother was also assistant chief to our father during Japanese times.

REPORTER: How old are you now?

PETRUS: Sixty-seven.

REPORTER: So you were born during German times. Can you tell us how the role of the chief changed during Spanish, German and Japanese times? Let's not talk about the American Administration yet. How did the Spanish, Germans and Japanese treat the chief and how did his authority stand in the community?

PETRUS: Spanish times, according to my father, he didn't have any information to pass on to me because he said that the Spanish did not set up its office here in Truk.

During the German times, the Germans investigated the traditional chief system, how it worked locally, so that they could use this means to run their administration in Truk. At that time they found out that aside from the chief we have some four positions or offices that they called **Un**, **Au**, **Ato**, and **Fonu**.

These positions and offices aside from the chief are very important in the sense that the one who is called **Un** is a person who can assemble people easily and say "let's have meeting" and everybody comes. He has that authority over the people so that

this office can be a leg of the chief, and the chief can appoint this person to do the work for him. The chief just remains as chief. He still gets all the first food, first crops, first handicrafts, but these four positions are somewhat like the four legs of the chief.

During the German times they utilized these positions. They thought they can work effectively if these positions are active. In talking about this office of **Un** there are two sections. Besides the one who can assemble people there is somebody who is also called **Un** who knows how to organize warriors, who can fight battles against another island. He has that knowledge. He knows how to organize military battles on land and ocean. So you can see that we have two sections: somebody who can assemble people and talk to people easily in Public Affairs, then the other is strictly for battle.

Then we have the position of **Ato**. His office is similar to Immigration. He has the knowledge of who should be allowed to immigrate to this island. He also plans and sets rules when strangers come.

Then we have this office we call **Au**. He is the mouth of the island because **au** means mouth. He is like the Speaker; he speaks for the people.

There is also the office of **Fono** which means land. This position is very important because he plans how to utilize the soil and the land like the office of Land Management.

We have all these offices similar to modern government. We had these offices a long time ago. Usually the chief clan handles these offices but sometimes when they see their people, although they are not members of the chief clan, if the chief thinks that they can handle these offices they can be appointed to these offices. As long as you have that talent, that wisdom, then you can be appointed.

REPORTER: This, then, was during German times?

PETRUS: During German times this was very effective.

REPORTER: Then what happened when the Japanese came?

PETRUS: During Japanese times they developed a new chief system some-

what along the traditional lines; that is, those who went to Japanese schools, they came back with knowledge and they were appointed by the Japanese government to serve in the offices, but the traditional chiefs were also retained.

REPORTER: Was there ever any conflict between the Japanese appointed and the traditional chiefs?

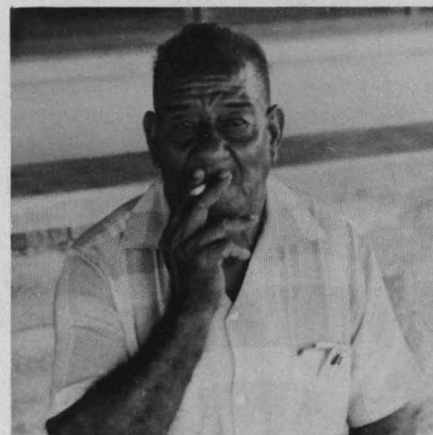
PETRUS: Yes, there was conflict of course between the two kinds of people, especially on the islands of Tol, Dublon and Fefan. If the Japanese government had survived long enough in Truk there might be more confusion. What happened was that when people themselves saw the conflict, then the Japanese also realized this. So they started putting back the male line chiefs to their positions instead of putting the people who have no connection with the male and female line. On Tol island they started putting the sons of the chief clan to occupy the offices.

REPORTER: Then is this right, that the female side held the traditional offices...

PETRUS: Right.

REPORTER: And the male held the appointed offices?

PETRUS: On some islands like the island of Tol when the conflict was obvious. On Moen there were four holding the office of **Un** who had the knowledge of how to organize people. It happened that these four people were from the chief's clan on their father's side. They didn't possess the female chief clan, but their father was chief clan. So what they did to avoid



confusion was that they elected the oldest one among them for the high position.

REPORTER: By "they" you don't mean the people, do you, but that the four selected one from among themselves?

PETRUS: Yes, from among the four. This made peace among the people.

REPORTER: Before we come to the American administration I have a couple of other questions. In times of warfare between the islands or the clans, did it happen that one clan that was more powerful might have defeated the number one clan? What happened if I were the top clan and I lost a battle? Would I retain my high status?

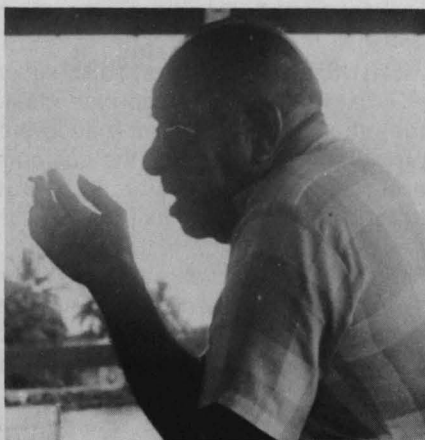
PETRUS: It didn't go to warfare, but we had cases where a non-chief clan became of great number so they planned to attack the chief clan so that they could take over the chief. That happened on some of the islands. On **Mechitiu** on this island the clan got together and they fought the chief clan. When the chief clan was destroyed, they elected one of their clan members to be the chief of them. But it happened that when one chief was elected from the three then the other two also planned to fight. This is what we call in English, people that are not so much interested in land, but are just interested in the position of chief and power and authority. That happened. If you go through the history of the individual islands you might find that today's chief clan got their office because of a battle.

REPORTER: How much reliance was placed on gods or supernatural beings in the administering of the clans?

PETRUS: Lots of chiefs at that time based their power on gods, like gods of the wind and weather, gods of the food and trees. They prayed to these gods to send them power to win in a battle, to have a good breadfruit season or even so that they would have a good catch when they went fishing. This is one of the factors.

REPORTER: Did the arrival of the Spanish and Christianity change this in any great respect?

PETRUS: Yes, when the Christians came, the power of earthly things be-



came less. The belief in these things was destroyed almost completely. Some people still believe today that we should not eat this or that before we go out fishing, because you know...

REPORTER: Yes, that's what we call superstition. Now we come to the American administration, both the naval and the civilian. When we came we brought things like a representative form of government, one man has one vote, there is a secret ballot, and majority rules. I would assume that the role of the chief has changed considerably. He has taken on new duties, new authorities, and at the same time he has lost some. Can you describe what the changes are: what is being lost and what are the new duties and new authorities of the chief?

PETRUS: The government explained to the people that the representative form of government will not change the chief system in Truk. All they want you to do is to cast your vote so if you think the traditional chief or the chief clan is still a good person who can best serve the people, all you do is cast your vote but he will still be the chief. But it turned out to be that some people have their own way of electing people... electing chiefs. Let's say that there are two candidates for magistrate. Some people vote for one candidate just because they hate that candidate and to embarrass him they voted for him so that he got elected. But he has no basic background on the responsibility of the traditional chief. Some groups of people voted for their clan, not necessarily the chief clan, just because they wanted the

name and the power and just for their own clan benefit. So we have two groups of people who do not use their votes wisely.

REPORTER: Does that bring some kind of conflict again? Who do people turn to for advice in the village on their day-to-day matters? Do they turn to the administration, or do they turn to the chief of their village?

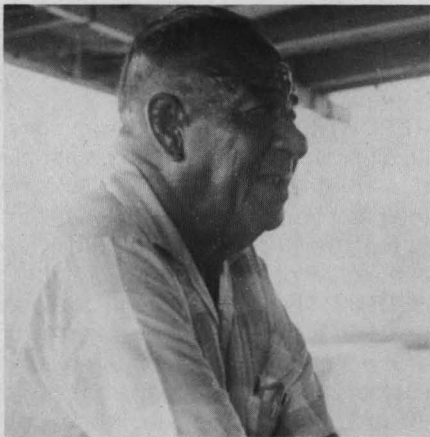
PETRUS: That is a very good question because as I observe our people today, people who are not interested in customs and culture, they don't go to the chief for daily advice. When their problems come, they would rather solve these problems themselves or they go to the administration for advice. This is one kind of people. But the people who understand the importance of customs and culture, naturally they go to the chief for advice. They don't go to the administration.

REPORTER: How does a chief deal with the administration in matters like this? If people come to him, does he advise them according to what he thinks the administration wants or does he advise them the way customs and culture would have it, if there is a difference?

PETRUS: Speaking for myself, I don't find any problems with the administration because I can advise my people based on customs and culture. I can also advise them on Trust Territory government policy, regulations or laws passed by the District Legislature and the Congress of Micronesia. So I have no problem with the Administration.

REPORTER: What is your feeling towards the District Legislature and the Congress of Micronesia? Is that a supreme authority as far as you are concerned?

PETRUS: I am not so sure about your question. What do we mean by supreme power? Are we talking about power over the people or do the people really look at the District Legislature and the Congress of Micronesia as the final or highest power in the Legislature Branch? My observation is that I doubt that the people really understand the role of power of the District Legislature or the Congress of Micronesia. Because this again depends on how much the people learn



about this new legislative branch, both in the district and headquarters or on the territorial level, the Congress of Micronesia. To me I think they have power because we are moving ahead. The only way to exercise the power within the framework of each legislative branch, both in the district and at the territorial level, is really up to the people involved in the two branches, if they know their role and responsibility and power as specified in the charter.

REPORTER: What I was trying to learn was let's suppose the Congress of Micronesia enacted legislation which was contrary to a custom or tradition. Then what is your opinion? Must you go along on a one man, one equal vote, majority rule?

PETRUS: It is happening. I can see where I argued some issues when I was a member of the Congress of Micronesia and this is going to be very touchy because when people in the Legislature and the Congress do not know their own customs and culture then the measures that they legislate will not be for the benefit of the entire people. This might be for the benefit of the younger generation, but the older generation will be left out. So this is a conflict where we have to be careful.

REPORTER: It has become very clear that we have one generation that has grown up with Trukese tradition and culture and we have a younger generation which is being taught in American style schools and there is going to be, if not already, a generation gap as we talk about in the United States.

Is there such a thing as a generation gap in Truk?

PETRUS: There is a gap you speak of in Truk. I believe this gap extends in the other districts, except maybe the district of Saipan. I think the customs are disappearing, maybe 95%. But here in Truk the gap exists and it is increasing.

REPORTER: Fifty years ago you were 17 years old and a teenager. Is there a change in respect for adults, respect for authority today, that did not exist 50 years ago?

PETRUS: Fifty years ago when I was a teenager my respect for adults, authority and all kinds of positions was very high. But when you speak of teenagers today in Truk, I doubt that there is such respect for authority, for adults, for chiefs. You can't get respect from most teenagers today.

REPORTER: Did you have this feeling when you were younger, but you didn't give in to it? Did you wish that there was less discipline and authority and need for respect? What I am trying to find out is, is this lack of respect something all teenagers have no matter what the generation? Did you feel then that you didn't want discipline?

PETRUS: Although the educational opportunity was rare, discipline at home was required. It was the responsibility of the parents to discipline their children and to teach them respect for their parents, their chiefs and to respect authority. This was a home obligation. And in this generation it seems to be that parents have lost control of their children. They get spoiled in schools or in religion, in that control at home is somewhat loose. Parents seem to be leaving everything up to schools, up to religion. They are forgetting their important role at home, that they must support whatever they learn in school, not only learning how to read, write and how to do things in school, but how to control their desires, how to behave, how to become good citizens. These are the things that are missing. This could be corrected if discipline is maintained in the home.

REPORTER: Are there some parents in Truk that are still trying to maintain the traditions and the culture and to

train their children in traditional work?

PETRUS: There might be some families still retaining our customs and are passing on things to their children, but I would say that most families today don't find the time. They find some excuse that they are busy. They are playing bingo themselves, the father spending time in the bar and never having time with the children... to sit down with the children at home and just go over in the evening some of the things that are very important... and going to movies and going with bad friends. These are things that take up most of the time of the kids. And parents don't have the force to go after them and bring them home. I would say that in addition to this, the parents themselves have not obtained any necessary customs from their parents. So sometimes you can't blame the parents today. It is the parents before.

REPORTER: Don't the children today still help in traditional things like gathering breadfruit for the family, fishing, fetching water, working around the house? Doesn't this still go on in Truk—the traditional work?

PETRUS: My observation is that our traditional activities here in Truk are dying because the parents are becoming children themselves. They are also greedy about leisure time. They think that money grows on trees and they can just wait for money and spend the money in the bar. They want to get money easily, but they are forgetting that they have to plan in order to get things. If the parents themselves are not interested in the traditional activities like going out fishing or planting crops on their farms or preserving breadfruit, how can you expect the children to follow after their fathers and mothers who are not themselves interested in local activities?

REPORTER: What do the young people here in Truk feel that they would like to have in the future? I am thinking about work and money. Do they want money, or to have a job that has status? What is it that the young people want in 1969?

PETRUS: I am sorry to say this, but I doubt there is any future planned for the teenagers, the delinquent ones.

They have no future so that is why they wander around. They feel that what they see today and how they act today is just like tomorrow. They have no future because if they had, with the help of their parents I am sure they could sit down and plan according to their skill, according to the schooling they have. But because they don't see the future they don't care what happens. They wander around drinking in the bars, fighting because they have no future plans.

REPORTER: From this year's high school graduating class what do you wish the students were trained for? What kind of jobs? If you had some way to train these young people, what would they be trained for?

PETRUS: That is a very good question and I like it because that is my concern today. I like to see the young ones today trained in practical work that could be done here in the district. Teaching them or encouraging them to raise cattle, to raise pigs, to raise chickens so that they could have eggs and produce on the farm; or encourage them to go out and fish so that they can build up interest in the fishing market; or plant vegetables that can be grown here in the district. This is practical work and this must be encouraged in our schools because then the children will realize that these jobs are not beneath them and their dignity. This is very important. You have to have these jobs in order to live. Not all the kids will sit behind a desk and this should be highly emphasized by education. These are the programs I would like the young ones to learn while they are in school. In other words the school should set up these activities that could be developed when they graduate.

REPORTER: Do you feel that all of them should be trained in areas like this? We are only a tiny spot here in the world and you have pressures about you. You must have people who are trained in economic development and international relationships and things like this which are not providing food for your daily life. Should this be neglected?

PETRUS: I believe in also making

these programs for all the kids in Truk. I would rather see two kinds of education. For those who can go on in academic work they must be encouraged and I am going to bring this to the High Commissioner's attention in our meeting tomorrow because it is very important to me. I am concerned about the majority of students who cannot go on because these are the ones that become juvenile delinquents in the district because they cannot afford to go on. They don't have the talent to go on and we must prepare them. It is our job to prepare them, the community and the government and so on. Together with all our efforts, we can line up some kind of program to help these problem kids. It is not really their fault. It is because they are frustrated that they cannot find a job. So my idea is to have two kinds of training, education.

REPORTER: I have one final question. If you were to be the DistAd, under the American Administration, and with limited funds appropriated from the United States Congress and limited local revenues, what would be the priorities for this year, and for two or three years from now, and five years from now?

PETRUS: To answer that question, with the limited amount of money, I would develop the economic aspect of the district. I would try to encourage business so that the Truk district can be a self-help district, so that we will be able to produce more things locally

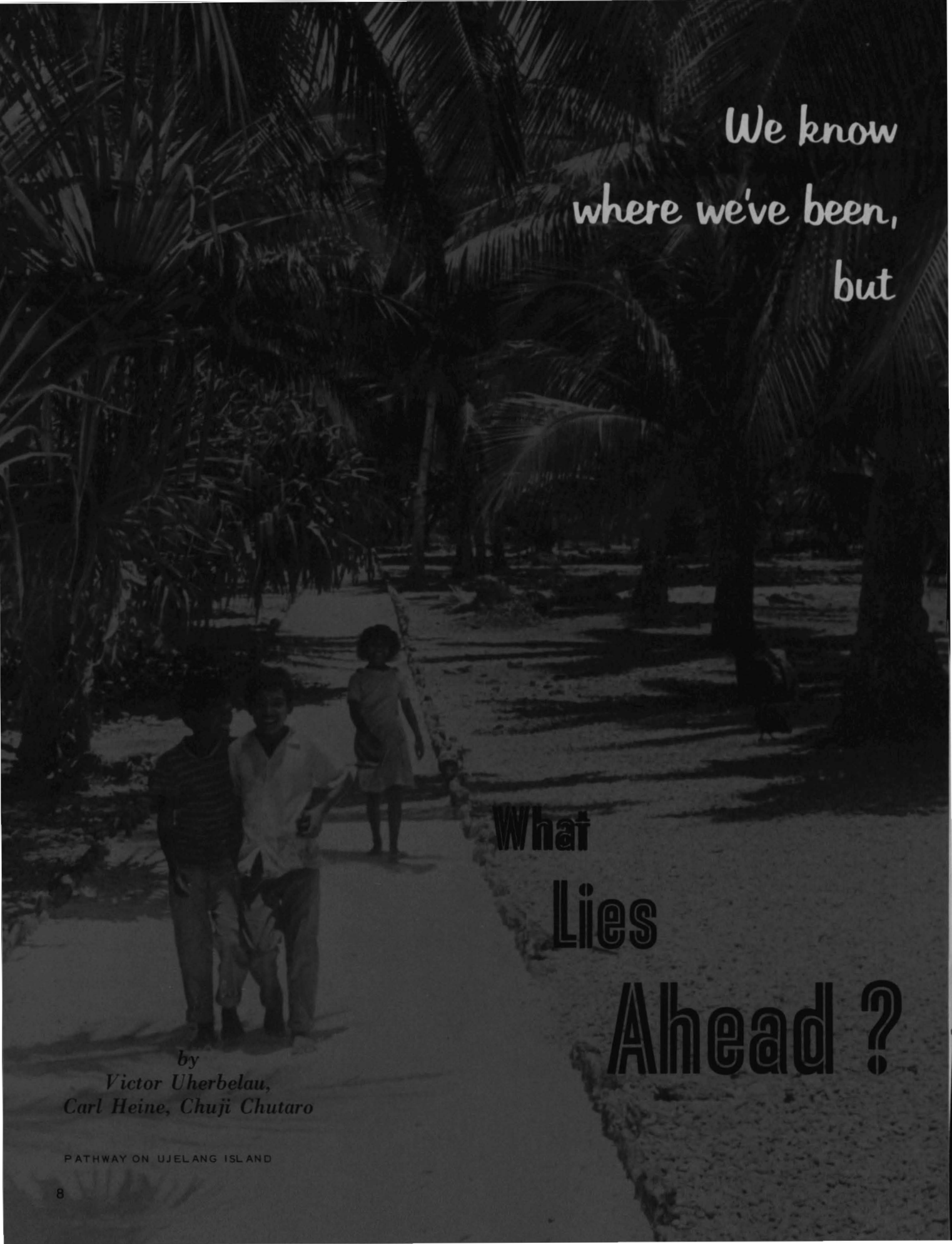
rather than import. I would find a program that would produce here in the district along this line. This is my priority.

REPORTER: Then it would seem to me that if you increase business you have to have more regulation which brings more and more involvement by the government, making the administration so much stronger. If this does happen what would happen to the role of the chief in 10, 15, or 20 years? In 50 years would there still be a chief?

PETRUS: I don't see any problems in the future as to the role of the chief with the development of more business and more laws and so on. In fact, you and I know that when things change, customs naturally change. When I say customs change, we find customs that are no longer applicable to our daily lives. Then these customs will have to go, and good customs that will bring peace and order for the safety of the people we retain. These customs and the role of the chief as time goes on will be strengthened by the good government. The chief will give advice and encourage the people to support the work of the government and it is not necessary that the chief will play a role of writing reports or technical things. He will be chief in name and dignity. We will have the government that would take the role of control of these things. A chief according to custom will retain his role custom-wise.

I have my reasons to say this because my plan is to call in the chiefs of my villages, villages of Moen. I think each chief should start planning for the future. That must be done now for the future of the younger generation. And in the planning for the future we can line up programs that will benefit our younger generation. It is only a problem because the people don't plan. We don't see the importance of planning ahead. If we have a good plan, then we can handle the future, but if we don't plan now, when the future comes we will not have prepared a good future for the younger generation.





We know
where we've been,
but

What
Lies
Ahead ?

by
*Victor Uherbelau,
Carl Heine, Chuji Chutaro*

PATHWAY ON UJELANG ISLAND

Independence!

by Victor Uherbelau

"Micronesia unilaterally

cannot terminate its current Trusteeship status under the United Nations in favor of some form of government that may be unacceptable to the Government of the United States." This proposition has been unequivocally expressed by many high officials involved with the administration of these islands in connection with the question of the future political status for Micronesia. Especially when the topic of discussion is that of independence as an alternative versus something else. Moreover, when expressed, it is always "off the record." It must be realized at the outset that its validity can very well rule out the possibility of independence as a realistic and desirable choice for Micronesia.

While we know that, as the Administering Authority, the United States is morally bound under the terms of the Trusteeship Agreement to develop the inhabitants of these islands toward self-government or independence, we still do not know for sure what her position is regarding either. If the United States is opposed to an independent Micronesia for reasons of her own, she should issue some clear-cut statement to this effect. Otherwise, it is meaningless, to say the least, to talk about independence or have it printed as a

choice on the ballot on the day of our plebiscite.

It is against this rather clouded and ambiguous background that this article is being presented as a literary discourse in an attempt to give independence the thought and consideration it deserves.

Despite numerous reports and "polling results" to the contrary, there is a sizeable faction of the Micronesian population that espouses independence as the only political status open to Micronesia. Such independent advocates range from simple, older men tending to their daily subsistence and their uneducated wives minding their taro patches to the politically sophisticated members of the district legislatures and even among some members of the Congress of Micronesia. Unfortunately, to agitate for independence now would have the same smearing effect as it did a few years back for those Micronesians who openly criticize the Administering Authority.

Like any other peoples of underdeveloped countries, Micronesians have been inclined to minimize their potential for growth and self-sustenance. This is particularly evident in the economic sphere. The emphasis has been that to develop Micronesia economically, we need outside capital. This gospel has been preached so much so that we cannot

believe otherwise.

We tend to capitalize on our differences but fail to see the similarities that have bound us for years. A quick look back to our primary school social studies courses will reveal that there is a parallel between what is happening in Micronesia today and during the period of America's Thirteen Colonies. The early settlers came to the United States from all over the countries of Europe bringing with them their own languages, cultural traits and diversified background experiences. They too had their differences, but at the same time, they knew and shared a common destiny—the goal to found a nation independent from that of the mother country. It was these very differences that became the cornerstone of America, the land of the free—the powerful and the wealthy country that we are under today.

While our languages are dissimilar, our customs and cultures varied, we too have a common goal—to establish ourselves as a nation. Whether that Micronesian state be tied in a "lasting partnership with the United States" or independent remains to be decided on the day when we exercise our inalienable right of self-determination.

The Managing Editor of *Foreign Affairs*, Phillip W. Quigg has this to

say of Micronesia. "The Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands like so many political entities today, is an historical accident of the colonial period and therefore an artificial creation." This is his way of viewing Micronesia and how it came into being. But we still can look at Micronesia as one political entity from another perspective. For centuries, we have collectively been victims of some form of exploitation or another depending upon who happens to be administering us at a given period.

The Spanish conquistadores had to seek arbitration of the Holy See to validate their claims of our islands only to use them as stepping stones to the Orient. Upon losing the Spanish-American War and ceasing to be a Pacific power, she did not hesitate to hand us over to Germany for a price of few million dollars.

During their short-lived control, the Germans succeeded in converting the native islanders, who need not sweat in order to live, into servile laborers in road construction so as to be able to get their exploits from the interior parts of the islands to the seashore for shipping abroad.

The Japanese regime, though cruel to those who remember the sufferings and destructions brought by the Second World War, left a lasting influence in all of Micronesia. With the intention to settle permanently on these islands, they came in large numbers and pushed the ignorant natives off their choice lands into living in village outskirts and swampy areas. Giving their yen in exchange for the only property we really own (and did sometimes take them by force), they so altered our

traditional land marks that as a result we now see the evidence of the most confused, least determined and often disputed land ownership. Of course, the Trust Territory Government owns more than half of it.

Yes, we share a common bondage—the foreign ruler to patronize us!

Now, it is the Americans' turn. Among other things, both good and bad, the United States has demonstrated to us the path of democracy; she has given some of us the unique opportunity for higher education. For these we are grateful. In a few years, we will be given the unprecedented privilege to make our own decision either to our accustomed status as being under foreign rule or to be on our own for a change. But can we?

After more than twenty-four years administered by the United States, we still do not know what we are to the United States nor do we know where they plan us to go. In *The Limits of Power*, U.S. Senator Eugene McCarthy states: "Agencies of the U.S. government responsible for programs within the United States feel they cannot operate in Micronesia because it is not 'domestic'; yet we cannot give foreign aid to Micronesia because it is not 'foreign'". If we are neither, what are we to the United States? There is no such a thing as "in between."

There are two things most basic to be considered in connection with political status issue. One is citizen-

ship, and the other is the ownership of lands. It seems that practically all the legislation relative to the establishment of the government for Micronesia introduced in the U.S. Congress provides that all residents of these islands be declared citizens of the United States. But is this what we want? Granted there are many benefits to be gained, but one has to express his desire for something before it is thrust in his hands. Or is U.S. citizenship so "cheap" as to be had even without asking? Already more than half of our piecemeal lands are "government lands." But even then, some entire island populations had had to be relocated in barren islands infested with rats in order to accommodate the US military. And we have had to submit out of respect to an agreement we did not sign.

Many aspects of our island life have been preserved; our colorful customs and heritage have miraculously withstood the four-century long influx of outsiders. But how much longer can this go on at the face of tourism and foreign capital flowing in to "develop" us? Having been under foreign rule for so long has made us oblivious of what we are worth. For this we have had to depend upon our administrators and we take their word for it too!

Dignity and self-respect are human elements that an islander also possesses and he says to himself: "I'd rather be wanting in the standards of affluent society and own my piece of land than to be sold in its values only to discover too late that the land that once belonged to my forefathers I can no longer call my own."

Free Association!

by Carl Heine

The "winds of change" that in the last decade brought great political changes to many underdeveloped countries of Africa, and Southeast Asia are going at a steady pace and will continue to effect many great changes in Micronesia during the new decade.

Today, after centuries of relative isolation and domination by the Spanish, the Germans and the Japanese, and after some twenty years of American administration, Micronesians feel that a change in political status must be made in this decade. For all practical purposes, the 1970s will be a decade of development and decisions with profound and lasting consequences.

The Congress of Micronesia's Future Political Status Commission, after making extensive study trips to the Islands of the South Pacific and to the Districts of the Trust Territory examining the question of Micronesia's future, proposed its recommendation for a state of Micronesia in free association with the United States. The status of Micronesia as a free and associated state would be a new governmental entity in the American system of federal government, but is not new in world-wide governmental systems. West Berlin has a curious form of participation in the West German Federal Republic; the Common Market Communi-

ty of free and associated states of Western Europe share a common interest while retaining their own political independence; Puerto Rico is a free and associated Commonwealth of the United States; and the Cook Islands has a free and associated status with New Zealand. This is a new emergent political status in the world for dependent people and for the liberation of colonial people who do not wish or may not be ready to organize themselves as independent political communities.

To Micronesians, what is basic to the concept of a "free associated state" is the question of ownership. Micronesians contend that ownership of the Micronesian islands rests with Micronesians. To exercise true ownership rights, the Micronesians must be vested with certain power of sovereignty. Thus, if sovereignty rests with Micronesians then they are asking "who governs?" or "who should govern who?" The question of sovereignty is very involved, and it should be understood that the Micronesian desire for sovereignty is derived not from a pecuniary motive, rather, it is based on the premise that a political alliance between the United States and Micronesia in which the Micronesians rights of ownership are respected is a good thing, as opposed to political subordination of Micronesia to the United States.

There will be mutual concessions by both parties involved. The element of friendship must be at the very core of the free associated state. There must be mutual respect. The free associated state is a compact among friends. It is hoped that under the concept of a free associated state, Micronesians will govern Micronesia. The report of the Future Political Status Commission states in part that "the aspiration of self-government is part of the love of freedom." Also the aspiration to govern oneself is a measure of human dignity. The demand for civic participation is a healthy thing and the United States' appreciation and recognition of these desires would be a sign of its greatness and strength.

Furthermore, the United States government should regard the "free associated state" as a balance between the present "status quo" and the "independence movement." It is a position of compromise. It comes to terms with both the past and the future. It is a choice that will assure continued economic assistance and increase capital development in Micronesia. Micronesians who oppose this status will have to realize that the world is very different now, the forces of Western culture are affecting Micro-

¹ The term "Western culture" is used throughout this article in its broadest sense . . . not restricted to American tradition alone.

nesia in many ways. Micronesia has become part of a greater world whether we like it or not. Micronesia cannot continue to live in the past nor dwell in the dreams of impossibilities.

Old myths and new realities must be taken into serious consideration. Realities cannot be brushed aside, our thoughts and discussions must be free of rigid and outdated beliefs. Of all the myths that have troubled the lives of the newly developing nations the most pervading one is that of "extreme nationalism." There have been "Pan-Africanism" in Africa, and other related slogans in the Middle East and Southeast Asia, and here in Micronesia there is a growing "Pan-Micronesism."² It is pre-eminently a state of mind rather than a state of nature, and it is gradually capturing Micronesia. It is one of the most powerful forces in world politics, and it is also the most dangerous. It is unfortunate that it has become a force at precisely the time in Micronesian history when technology, knowledge, a common language, and education are beginning to make Micronesia a single unit in the physical sense—interdependent for political, economic and cultural purposes.

The recommendation of the Political Status Commission for a free associated state of Micronesia is not only meaningful but realistic. It is a choice born out of sad and bitter experience both of past and present history. For Micronesian subsistence living has taken so much from its people and given so little in return. Under the new political arrangement, the people of Micronesia will have a chance to live and enjoy the blessings of Western culture and technology

while retaining their own respective cultural identities.

A word about culture is appropriate. Culture is a fighting word in Micronesia. Micronesians take intense pride in their culture and this has been a decisive aspect in their pursuit of a free associated state status. The districts of Micronesia want passionately to preserve their individual cultural identity, but the truth is that they are not at all united on what to do with it.

Today the few Micronesian educated elite and the middle and lower classes are divided into three basic strands: First, there are those who see no prospect of maintaining a local culture, and would promote the "status quo" and eventually settle for a territorial status. Second, are those who prefer to fight for complete independence regardless of the economic, political and geographical impossibilities. They will throw overboard what has been gained and assimilated, including the English language itself (the only vehicle of unity), and return to the origins of Micronesia itself. And finally, there are those who would refuse to do either, at least at this point in time and stage of development in Micronesia. This group insists that it is Micronesia's distinct destiny to go forward on a path of being a bridge between Western culture and Micronesian culture, blending the two to some extent but basically building on the Micronesian foundation under the stimulus of Western Cultural influences.

The "Free Associated State" status comes closest to representing the status desired by this latter group because it provides the only respectable and lucid approach in resolving the future status of Micronesia given the conditions and circumstances present in Micronesia today. It has an approach that considers not just the people's pride in their culture and

respect for their land system, but it also looks into the problems of education, public health, transportation and communication, and the economic and political realities of Micronesia. It considers the feelings and aspirations of the older generation as well as the younger generation. It has taken into account the fact that many young Micronesians today desire things not Micronesian in nature and character—there is a whole new class of people whose point of orientation is now different. This group would rather have a coca-cola than a coconut. At the same time, the Status Commission recognizes that it must also accommodate the aged, the other class of people who would rather have a coconut than a coca-cola. Accommodation of the desires of all the Micronesians is the essence of the free associated state status. The leaders in the Congress of Micronesia who advocate this new political status are well aware of the need for maintaining cultural cohesion and identity from which a society, derives its strength. They also recognize the need to provide the technological and economic advantages of Western culture available through an alliance with the United States.

The new status for Micronesia will not be easy to institute. It is hoped that at the conclusion of talks between Washington and the Political Status Delegation of the Congress of Micronesia, certain goals and objectives will be agreed upon. Once an agreement is reached on the basic broad objective, the Congress of Micronesia and the Administering Authority will have to work out the details as to how the Free Associated State of Micronesia could be established. It is certain, however, that several constitutional procedures would have to be carried out by the people of Micronesia.

² Pan-Micronesism should not be confused with Micronesianization. The latter is a civil attempt to place more Micronesians in the Micronesian civil service with greater responsibilities. Pan-Micronesism is a fanatic cry to overthrow everything non-Micronesian, and disregarding all realities and circumstances in Micronesia.

The Congress of Micronesia would have to call for a territory-wide constitutional convention, a convention that would represent every sector of Micronesia. The convention would formally adopt a draft constitution for Micronesia. This document would have to be agreed to by the United States Congress and the people of Micronesia as a whole.

After the draft constitution is adopted by the delegates to the convention, the Trust Territory Administration and the Congress of Micronesia would jointly call for a territory-wide referendum (plebescite) in which the people of Micronesia would vote whether to adopt or reject the draft constitution. Once the constitution is voted and adopted, it would then be presented to the United States Congress for final approval and formal ratification. If this constitution is ratified by the United States Congress, the people of Micronesia and the United States Government will have a formal compact, an Act that allows the People of Micronesia to enter into a joint partner-

ship with the United States as the state of Micronesia in free association with the United States.

This formal compact may also grant authority for the United States Government to go directly to the United Nations and present the new status of Micronesia as a free and independent choice made by the people of Micronesia to enter into a state of Free Association with the United States. This would signify the terminating point for the United Nations Trusteeship Agreement.

It is hoped that the State of Micronesia, upon completion of these formal constitutional steps, will call for a state-wide election to elect its own Chief Executive and a Deputy Executive officer. These constitutional steps will formalize the change-over from the Trust Territory Government to a Free Associated State Government. Micronesia will continue to use United States currency, the U.S.

postal service, and the existing communication and transportation network. This is a general picture of what might happen, details of which will have to be worked out later if and when the new State of Micronesia is created.

It should be noted that the status of Free Associated State is by nature and character, a temporary arrangement, which would probably last at least the next twenty years. Its flexibility is probably one of its finest features. For it is the opinion of this writer that there can be no real permanent political solution in this part of the Western Pacific until the question of a unified or a definite relationship between Micronesia and Guam is settled or clarified. For so long as the United States maintains its strategic interest in this part of the Pacific and maintains its other commitments in Asia and in the Pacific basin, United States policy will continue to play a leading role in Micronesia, and the Micronesian people will have to understand and become reconciled to these facts.

Status Quo!

by Chuji Chutaro

It is about time that those of us who are concerned about what is happening and what will happen here in Micronesia open our eyes and see where we are from the standpoint of our utility and integrity—utility, because we need a place to live; integrity, because we need to have a future. I am sure it is because of these that studies, consultation, and discussions have been made by the so-called “Micronesian Leaders” who have tried to formulate what will be best for Micronesia. Their determination and vision have been well recognized by all of us Micronesians.

There is no question that our leaders are concerned about our welfare. It is because of us that they have tried to row a small local-made boat on the rough and high seas. The boat is made partly out of imported materials and partly out of traditional Micronesian resources. This boat is well known throughout Micronesia. Many of our best qualified Micronesian “carpenters” have spent much of their time building this boat, with advice and consultation from our American professional people. Both the Administering Authority and the qualified Micronesian “carpenters” are very enthusiastic and sometimes very impatient for the day this boat will set sail. The year 1972 is sometimes suggested as the

date for launching.

It will be interesting from the standpoint of provisions to see how much this small boat can carry. It is also interesting to learn how many people this boat can carry to the shores of the United States of America. It is interesting to see what the advantages are for this deliberation.

From a lesser standpoint, will the people of continental America be willing to welcome us and consider us as equal partners? Will they be able to share their breadcrumbs with us? If they will be willing, how much can they provide? On the other hand, what can we give to the U.S. and its people? Our lands or ourselves?

Will we be ready in 1972? Please answer it. Why is it that all of a sudden, within five years of our political experience, we decide to find a new course? What is wrong with the present situation? Is the Administering Authority really that bad? Are we not better off the way we are in terms of our protection by the United Nations as we are growing? What kind of protection can we gain from the world if we were to be a free associated state with the U.S.A.? To what extent can we protect ourselves? Will this new free state be able to act on its own will

with limited resources—human and natural? How much can we guarantee to our young and old people alike that this new free state will provide the economic, educational, and social freedom of a democratic society?

Aside from all the present activities of our Political Status Commission, I strongly feel that we should re-evaluate our approach, because many of the social, political, and economic pressures which we feel today have influenced us in many indirect and invisible ways.

One of these pressures is the constant ideology of learning and applying the democratic process. This ideology has played a great deal in the development of our political thinking. It is true that many of us have gone through higher education and have learned the vocabulary of democracy. It is also true that the vocabularies that we have learned in the universities have inspired our hopes and aspirations for our people.

On the other hand, however, I would like to call your attention to the fact that the vocabulary of democracy that a few of us have acquired in school does not mean that we can run a democratic society. At the same time, the experiences that many of our leaders have acquired during their few years of political service in

terms of the District Legislatures and the Congress of Micronesia do not mean that we are politically mature.

Now, let me define what I mean by politically mature. Political maturation in my definition is when the majority of the people of a society can fully understand what their government is for, and can participate in that government. Even if they do have the concept, that does not mean they understand the responsibility embodied in that concept.

I would like very much to emphasize the word "responsibility" because it is one of the key words that makes a government by the people. I do not think the people who live in the outer island communities understand this new course. Can this understanding come to those who have been making their living by gathering and husking coconuts or those who have been living on the available fish resources on the reef or those who have been living with no property tax, no community tax, no direct district legislature tax, and no Congress of Micronesia tax? Are these people all of a sudden ready to pay whatever tax we may levy on them? How much understanding do they have about their role in providing such taxes? What happens if the so-called Free Associated State decides not to tax these people? What kind of relationship or identification will these people have toward our 'so-called' Micronesian government?

Our constant contact with other nations, big or small, has influenced us to act the way we are. However, we should not forget that we are the children of many parents who have indicated an interest in adopting us. Some were interested in us not because of us but because of the resources they could get out from our little islands. Others may have been

interested in us because of our "strategic value." On the other hand, the United Nations is interested in us because we are members of the world family. Our short contact with the outside world has convinced us that our present parent is stubborn with relation to our needs.

Is it characteristic that the Administering Authority has not seriously considered our needs or is it that we just begin to realize our growth? This could be both. If we are growing, then what do we mean when we say growth? In this context, we can define growth in two different ways. One is physical growth in terms of material resources. The other is human resources.

We definitely realize that both of these will not be able to meet the demand of a free associated state for 1972, even more with an independent country. Twenty-four years of the U.S. administering authority is a long period of time to many of us in terms of development. Many of us feel the development has been too slow and because of this, we want to see action. I suppose, however, we all realize that our history in terms of our different cultural entities has not allowed us to develop faster within these twenty-four years.

To be responsible for an area like this, similar in size to the U.S., with natural and social barriers of seas and cultural differences, is difficult enough for ourselves and even more so for the foreign administration. It is true that individual United States government representatives out here have failed in their responsibility, but

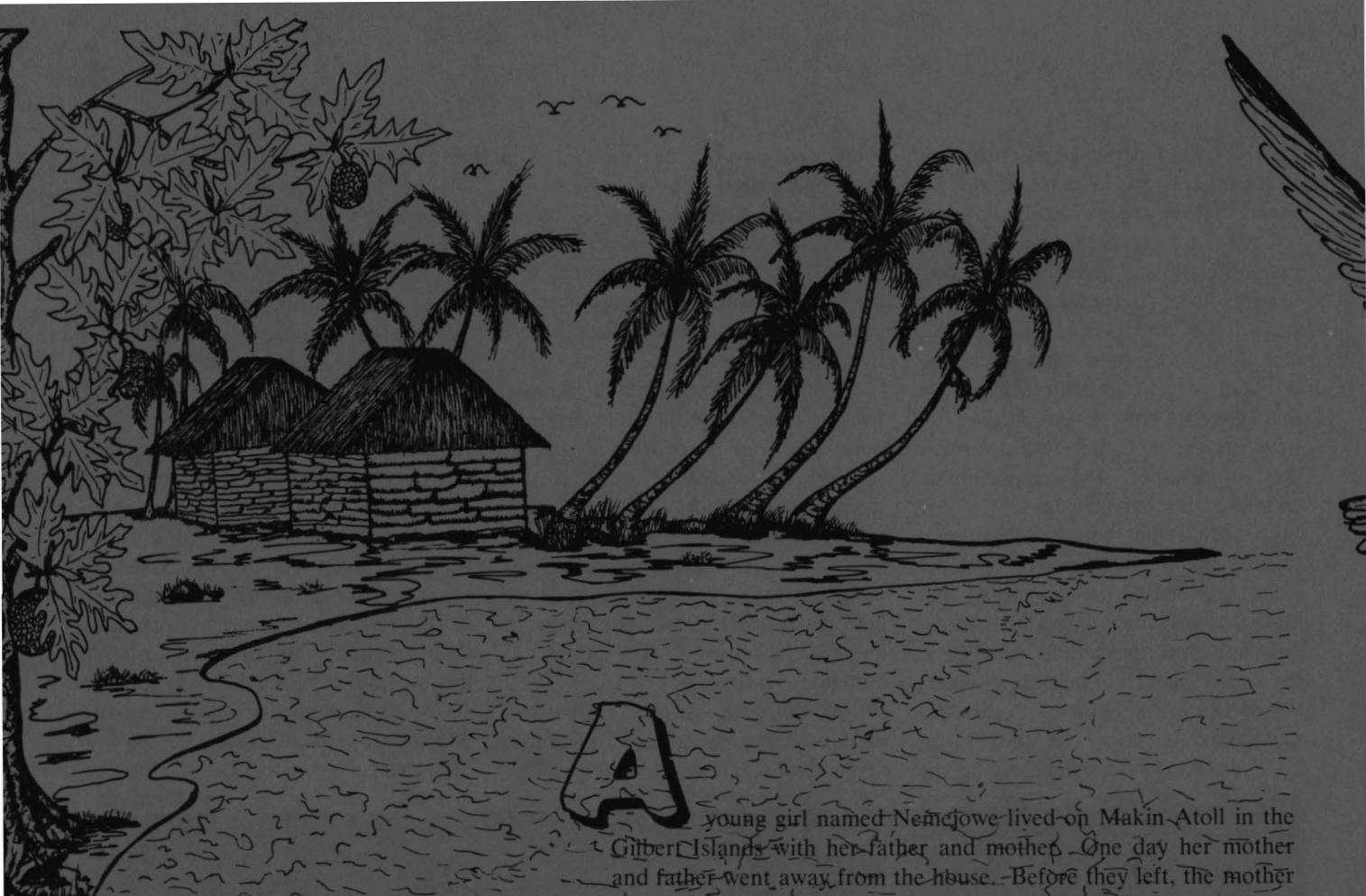
this does not mean that the majority of the American people and their government have failed to recognize our needs and sympathize with us.

If we were to compare what has taken place during previous administering authorities, we would automatically say that we now have more educated people, have our own local businesses, have more contact with the outside world, and above all, have a representative government by our people. Six years ago, there were no Micronesian District Administrators, and only one or two Assistant District Administrators. Today, most of the District Administrators and their assistants are Micronesian. At the headquarters level, many of the Assistant Directors are Micronesian. Almost all of the Division Chiefs are Micronesian. All the District Directors of Health Services and their Administrators are Micronesian.

This, in itself, shows that there is growth, but growth cannot come overnight without causing complete social disruption. Again, let us carefully evaluate what we can do as Micronesians and what we have in Micronesia.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the idea of a Free Associated State is good, but first we need to educate our people. We need more political education about all the possible alternatives for our future. We need to know more about all the advantages and disadvantages of this Free Associated State. The values of our past and a fear for our future are areas in which we need more understanding. At this time, I can only say, give us fifteen more years so that we can have time to learn and evaluate what is good for Micronesia.

I would like to quote an old saying, "Haste makes waste."



A

young girl named Nemejowe lived on Makin Atoll in the Gilbert Islands with her father and mother. One day her mother and father went away from the house. Before they left, the mother put out her mats to sun and air. She told the girl to be sure and watch them so that they would not be ruined by rain.

After the parents left, Nemejowe became drowsy and fell asleep. While she slept the different kinds of rain came and had a meeting. They said, "Let us go and rain on the mats there while the girl is sleeping." They asked each other, "Who will go and rain on the mats while the girl is sleeping?" They said: "You, 'Wutrikrik', (small, light shower) there." He said, "Not me, for I will lightly shower and waken the girl there."

They said to another one, "You go 'Wuttajo' (rain that falls in slow drops)." He said, "Not I, for I will rain in slow drops and awaken the young girl there."

They said to another one, "You go, 'Wutamommon' (pattering rain, the best kind, not too heavy and not too light)." He said, "Not I, for I will patter down and awaken the young girl there."

They said to another one, "You go, 'Mijil'il' (large and intense rain)." He said, "Not I, for I will rain heavily and intensely and awaken the young girl there."

They said, "You go 'Wutwo' (cloudburst type of rain, sudden and heavy)." He said, "Well, I will," and he rained and ruined the mats.

Nemejowe's parents returned and the mother became very angry with her daughter because the mats were ruined. She uttered a curse (kanijnij):

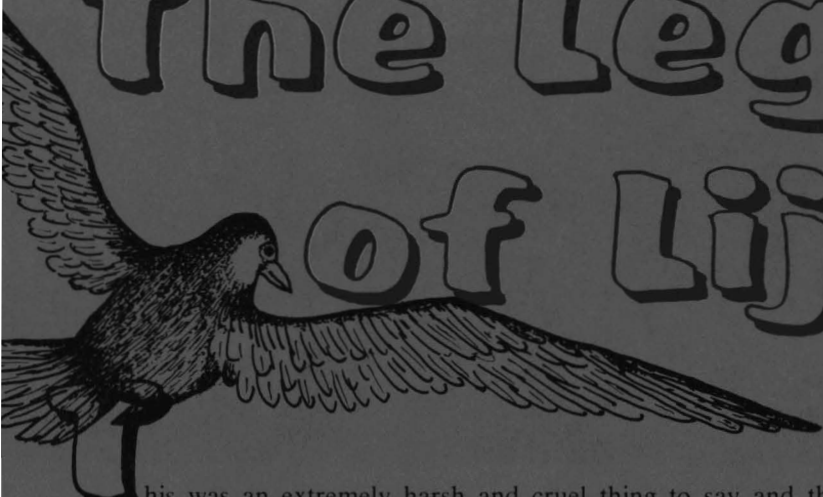
"Bikbikor kabin uliej-en jemman." (Pat the back of the head of your father—a very tabu-act.)

"Ta eo iar ba non yuk!" (What did I say to you!)

Many of the natural and cultural phenomena in the Marshalls are explained by legends which have been transmitted orally from generation to generation. Such a legend is that of Lijibake the Turtle, which was told to me in 1936 on Majuro Atoll by Tito, an elderly Marshallese known for his knowledge of folklore.



The Legend of Lijibake



by Dr. Jack A. Tobin

his was an extremely harsh and cruel thing to say and the daughter cried. She left the house and went out on a sand spit and cried. Lijibake appeared in the shape of a sea turtle. She spoke to her granddaughter and asked what the trouble was. After Nemejowe told her, Nemejowe became a sea bird, Keer (sooty tern), and flew away, flying above her grandmother, Lijibake, who was swimming.

They traveled like this until they reached Mille and Lijibake asked Nemejowe, "*Nemejowe, kwoj amnak in?*" (Nemejowe, where are you going to live?) Nemejowe replied in a chant:

"Ejap ijo in,

Bwe ebake ailin eo."

(Not in this place because it is close
to the Atoll—Makin.)

"Kwon tulok jen maninbit eo ej betok,

Bwe konaj loe."

(You dive away from this pandanus leaf here which is
drifting this way, for you will see it.)

The pair continued their journey northward, arriving at Arno, Aur, Maloelap, Ailuk, and Uterik. At each atoll the same conversation was held. They finally arrived at Bikar where they stopped. This is the reason for the large number of turtles at Bikar.

The grandmother, the turtle Lijibake, and the granddaughter, the seabird Nemejowe, can be seen between the atoll of Bikar and Mejjj Island to this day.

The brother of Nemejowe became very heartsick when she left Makin so he came to look for her in the shape of another seabird, the Ak (frigate bird). He finally arrived at Bikar and saw her there. He could not stay there with her because of the tabu relationship between brother and sister so he went north to Bokak Atoll. This atoll was round when he saw it but when he decided to stay there he changed it so that it was shaped like an Ak with outspread wings. He can be seen above Bokak today. He is a very large Ak and flies so high above the atoll that he almost cannot be seen.

Folk tales such as this one are not only entertaining but are valuable as teaching devices as well, especially in a pre-literate society. The Marshallese child, sitting at the feet of the "Dri Bwebwenato" (story teller), learned important aspects of his culture, and had others reinforced.

In this one short story for example, the child could learn several things. He could learn about weather, the proper respect relationships to be observed with others, incest prohibitions and avoidance patterns. Some of the zoological and geographical features of the Marshalls were also explained.

The children of the Westernized Marshallese society of today, however, have little if any interest in Marshallese folklore, or other traditional lore. The old story tellers cannot compete with classroom education, comic books, and the offerings of the ubiquitous transistor radios; and the movies at the heavily populated "urban centers" at Majuro and Ebeye. "Superman" and "Gun Smoke" certainly have more audience appeal than "Lijibake" and other stories from the past.

This lack of interest, motivation to learn, and consequent lack of recruitment of replacements, will undoubtedly result in the eventual disappearance of the institution of the "Dri Bwebwenato", living repositories of traditional Marshallese culture.



Living in Micronesia is likely to whet one's curiosity about the stars. After a flaming sunset over the ocean, the flickering lights emerging from the brief twilight attract the eye. In Micronesia the stars burn brighter than they do in the world's cities where they compete with the lights of buildings and cars. Seldom are the island's stars masked behind hills—instead they stretch from horizon to horizon. And Micronesia's skies obligingly remain almost free from heavy cloud cover all year.

Stargazing is a pursuit eminently suited to the balmy evenings and relaxed pace of life in Micronesia. With a small guide book and star chart I rapidly taught myself to recognize most bright stars and their constellations. I found that even a slight knowledge of them greatly enhanced my appreciation of Micronesia's natural setting and served as a pleasant nocturnal companion to the Emersonian feelings I experienced during daylight hours of beachcombing, skindiving, and horizontal reflection.

Stars are located by imaginary lines of longitude and latitude drawn upon the celestial sphere surrounding the earth. The two celestial poles lie directly above the geographic poles, and the celestial equator is a

projection skyward of the geographic equator. At any given time in Micronesia about one-half, or 180 degrees, of the total celestial sphere can be seen; but the earth's rotation causes the stars to move across the sky just as the sun does, so during the night stars are constantly setting in the west and being replaced by new ones rising in the east.

A particular star will always rise at the same point on the horizon, though each day it will rise four minutes earlier than the day before. This amounts to a change of two hours each month, so that a star which comes over the horizon at 8:00 p.m. on May 1 will rise at 6:00 p.m. on June 1, and will therefore be well up in the sky by 8:00 p.m. of this latter date. The star continues this apparent gradual westward motion each month (along with its daily rotation).

Eventually the star (1) sets just after the sun in the west, then (2) travels right with the sun (and so is invisible to us because the sun's light overpowers it all day), and finally (3) the star moves ahead of the sun and thus becomes visible early in the morning, rising before the sun. By the next spring this hypothetical star will again have moved into position to rise at 8:00 p.m. on May 1. Since most of Mi-

cronesia is near the equator, an observer can see almost all stars, both north and south, sometime during the year.

Astronomers classify stars several ways, but only two really matter to stargazers: one is magnitude, a measure of a star's brightness; the other is color, which varies from white to red and depends on the star's temperature. White stars are comparatively young and very hot; red ones, however, are old and burn at much lower temperatures, having consumed most of their fuel. Easiest to see by the unaided eye are the 21 first-magnitude stars, most of which the following discussion takes up. But even a pair of low-powered binoculars can pick out features and objects the naked eye can't see and increase one's enjoyment of the heavens, so I recommend their use if available.

As most people watch stars between sunset and around 10:00 p.m. I have discussed stars and constellations in the order in which they will become prominent in these hours during the months to come. But the person who gets up in pre-dawn hours will see stars which won't appear in evening hours for months in the future.



by Stephen C. Murray

The accompanying star chart will aid in finding stars mentioned below. To orient it properly it must be held overhead, not at waist level, and then the horizon directions matched correctly. Because it is a flat projection of a sphere, the chart necessarily distorts the shapes of the polar constellations, particularly those of the north polar region. Note also that it depicts the entire celestial sphere but that an observer can see only half of its east-west length at one time.

Perhaps the best-known constellation is the Big Dipper, Ursa Major. During the evening this spring it lolls upside down in the north, turning in its circular trip around the north pole. Most of its stars are of the second magnitude, and sharp eyes can distinguish the second one from the end of the handle as a double star. Years ago Arabs used it as a test of eyesight. The two stars at the end of the Dipper's bowl describe a line which, extended downward another four lengths, touches Polaris.

Because Polaris would be directly overhead to someone standing at the north pole, and would rest right on the northern horizon to someone standing at the equator, it lies just a little above the ocean in most of Micronesia. A person can approximate the latitude of his island by

estimating Polaris's height above the horizon. If it appears to be about ten degrees above the sea, then the island's latitude is ten degrees north. Although not apparent from the chart, Polaris itself serves as the last star in the handle of Ursa Minor, the Little Dipper, which will rotate above the northern horizon this summer.

Another well-known constellation is Orion, the Greek hunter. It has more bright stars than any other constellation, and its two first-magnitude stars, Betelgeuse and Rigel, afford fine examples of differences in color among stars. Betelgeuse, Orion's right shoulder, is a cool star and therefore has a red-orange hue; Rigel, the left leg, is a hotter one and so burns with a brilliant blue-white light. During April and May Orion will be found in the west after sunset. It will disappear all summer, but watch for it in the east late at night next October. Orion's famous belt of three stars straddles the celestial equator and can be used for a quick estimation of latitude.

Aldebaran, another red star of first magnitude, represents the eye of Taurus the bull, who battles Orion. Situated to the northwest of Betelgeuse, Aldebaran marks one end of a distinct "V" which opens to the east.

A line connecting Betelgeuse

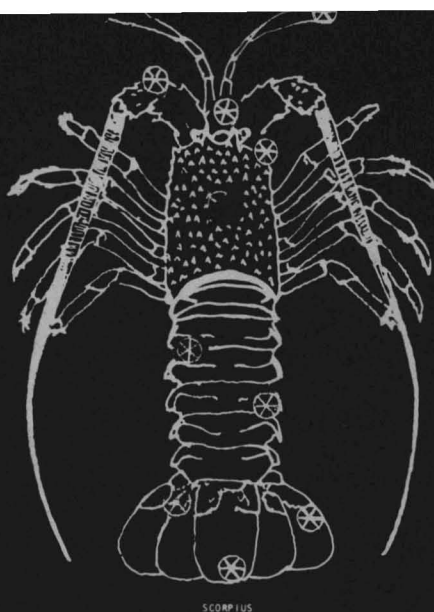
with Aldebaran and extended north-westward points to the cloudy cluster of the Pleiades, mythology's seven sisters.

Capella, a yellowish star about the same color and temperature as our sun but much larger, delimits the northern boundary of the panoply of bright stars surrounding Orion. With neighboring second-magnitude stars, Capella forms Auriga, the charioteer. Capella ranks as the sixth brightest star in the heavens. Both she and Aldebaran will become noticeable again next October, when their ascension in the east heralds the return of Orion to the evening sky.

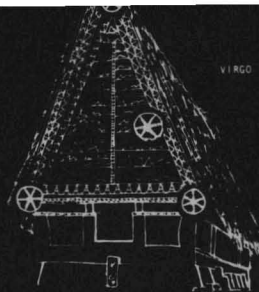
After Orion follows his dog, Canis Major—one of the few constellations that actually resemble their names. Located slightly east and south of Orion, it contains the sky's most brilliant star, Sirius, a white star that will be fiery this spring as it descends after the hunter in the west.

About 30 degrees south of Sirius lies another white star, Canopus, second only to Sirius in magnitude. Seeing these two brightest stars at once is reserved for inhabitants of southern regions only: Canopus cannot be seen from Europe or the U.S.

Northeast of Orion lie Gemini, the twins, which set two hours after Orion and about 20 degrees north of



SCORPIUS



VIRGO



LIBRA



Spica



CORVUS

Betelgeuse. To mariners of years ago Gemini's appearance forecast fair sailing weather. Curiously, in the Caroline Islands their disappearance from the night sky corresponds to the coming of the bad weather of early summer.

South of Gemini and east of Orion sits Procyon, whose name means "precursor of the dog" because in northern lands it rises just before Sirius.

All temporary residents who come from northern climes should make a point of watching the Southern Cross, Crux, this summer. It starts to appear in the southern sky late at night during April and enters the evening sky by June. This is a beautiful, compact constellation, unmistakable with its two first-magnitude stars. It lies so far south, however, that even from Micronesia it describes only a small arc above the southern horizon each night. Most of the time it reposes on one side; it stands upright only at the top of its arc. The Cross assists both Micronesian and Western navigators because its longitudinal axis points to the south celestial pole.

Just behind it, to the east, will come two more first-magnitude stars close together in a line with the arm

of the Cross. These are Rigil Kentaurus and Hadar, of the constellation Centaurus. Rigil Kentaurus, also known as Alpha Centauri, has the distinction of being the star closest to the earth after the sun. In relation to other stars in our galaxy it is neither large nor luminous, but it stands out as the third brightest star seen from earth because of its proximity (8.8 light years).

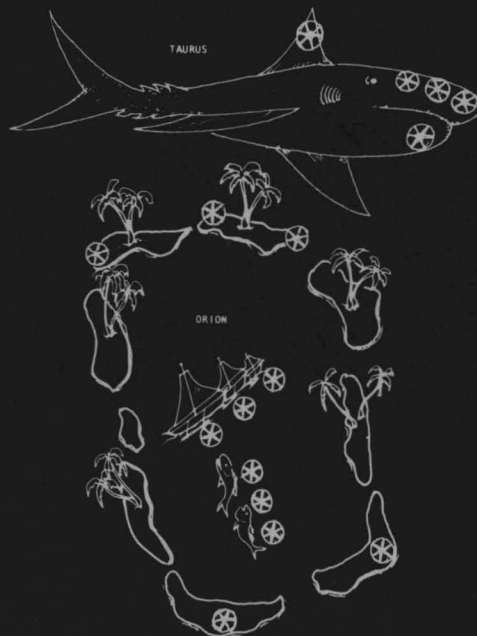
Scorpius, the scorpion, is another southern constellation that puts on its best display in the spring and summer. In mythology Scorpius stung the hunter Orion, and for this reason the two constellations never occupy the sky at the same time. By the time Scorpius rises in the southeast Orion has passed beyond the western horizon. Scorpius rising—highlighted by the sharp red of its principal star, Antares—is a magnificent sight. Situated east and well north of Rigil Kentaurus, it too makes its first appearance around April and May. Antares marks the throat of the scorpion, whose two claws project from the head and long body ends in a curved stinger. With the possible exception of Orion, the size and twisting shape of Scorpius make it the most imposing of all constellations, despite the fact that it sets ignominiously on its head.

If we turn again to the Big Dip-

per we can use its handle to find a reddish-yellow star that dominates the Micronesian sky overhead in June and July. Trace the curve of the Dipper's handle and extend it 30 degrees to the south and east, and it will intersect Arcturus, the only bright star in this region and the fourth brightest in the heavens. Continue this curved line 30 degrees further and you will find another conspicuous star, Spica. Though not so bright as Arcturus, Spica's blue-white color shows that it is much hotter and younger than its larger neighbor to the north.

Later on this summer another exceptional star competes for attention in the northwest. Vega, a sparkling blue-white, rises about four hours after Arcturus and, being nearly as bright, is easy to find. Next to it a small, faint parallelogram of stars forms the Lyre, Vega's constellation. After it climbs higher look to the south and east for Altair, whitish in color. Then from Vega make a right angle eastward from a line connecting Vega and Altair. This line points to Deneb, a lusterless white star.

These three stars outline a large, bright triangle that commands the late summer sky. Deneb means "tail," a name given it as the tail of the constellation Cygnus, the swan, also called the Northern Cross. Because Altair rises due east of most islands



in Micronesia, the Caroline Islanders use it to delineate the east-west axis in their traditional navigation system.

The next stars likely to catch the eye will appear in the southern skies. Fomalhaut lacks both remarkable color and magnitude, but we notice it in August and September because it seems to be the only object occupying its section of sky 30 degrees south of the celestial equator.

Three hours behind it follows the more brilliant Achernar, which, like the Southern Cross, never ascends very high into the Micronesian sky as it lies 60 degrees south of the equator.

The bright celestial objects which do not appear in guides or star charts often confuse people stargazing for the first time. These objects are planets, which meander around the sky against the background of the fixed stars. Although stars move at night by rising and setting, they change position with respect to each other only over thousands of years. The word "planet," however, means "wanderer" in Greek and aptly characterizes their motion.

The approximate positions of several for the spring of 1970 are

marked on the accompanying chart. But the reader should bear in mind that they do indeed wander at various rates, and for that reason do not usually appear on star charts. Planets shine with an unblinking light because they have measurable discs and merely reflect sunlight. This helps to distinguish them from twinkling stars.

Venus will blaze in the western sky this spring immediately after sunset. It will continue to appear as the "evening star" until early November, but by the end of that month it will have moved to a position such that it rises ahead of the sun in the morning—thus becoming the "morning star." Far brighter than any star, Venus ranks behind only the sun and moon in magnitude.

Mercury and Saturn will also be found in the crowded western sky at twilight; they will appear briefly near Venus in mid-April but are less bright and will be too close to the sun to be visible by May 1. Mercury will again command attention when it precedes the sunrises of early June; slow-moving Saturn will be easiest to see when it once more ascends into the evening darkness around October. Its dull yellow sphere stands west of Aldebaran and slightly outshines the star.

Mars, the red planet and Roman

god of war, travels through Taurus this spring and passes within a few degrees of Aldebaran in early May.

Jupiter is currently avoiding the planetary crowd as it accompanies Spica much further east in the celestial sphere. By comparing the distance between them this summer as they climb into the evening sky, one can see over time that the planet is slowly approaching the star. Jupiter has a yellow-white color, and like Venus, it outshines any star.

The chart shows Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter, but not Venus or Mercury; these latter two, however, always journey near the sun as if its protectors. The three remaining planets are too faint to be seen by the unaided eye.

Throughout man's history he has made numerous social uses of the stars. Their motions mark the passage of time; they guide man's voyages; and now they provide clues to the origin of the universe and its countless billions of suns.

The essence of stargazing, however, remains private: the reassurance one feels upon observing the annual, unfailing return of a familiar star in contrast to the humility that intrudes itself with the realization that life on earth is nothing more than a cosmic accident.



THE REPORTER'S GUIDE TO STARS IN MICRONESIA



Here is a
MicronesianReporter
Star Chart
 of your very own

The Twenty-one Brightest Stars

The brightest stars often are called first-magnitude stars. Here they are listed in the order of brightness as seen from the earth.

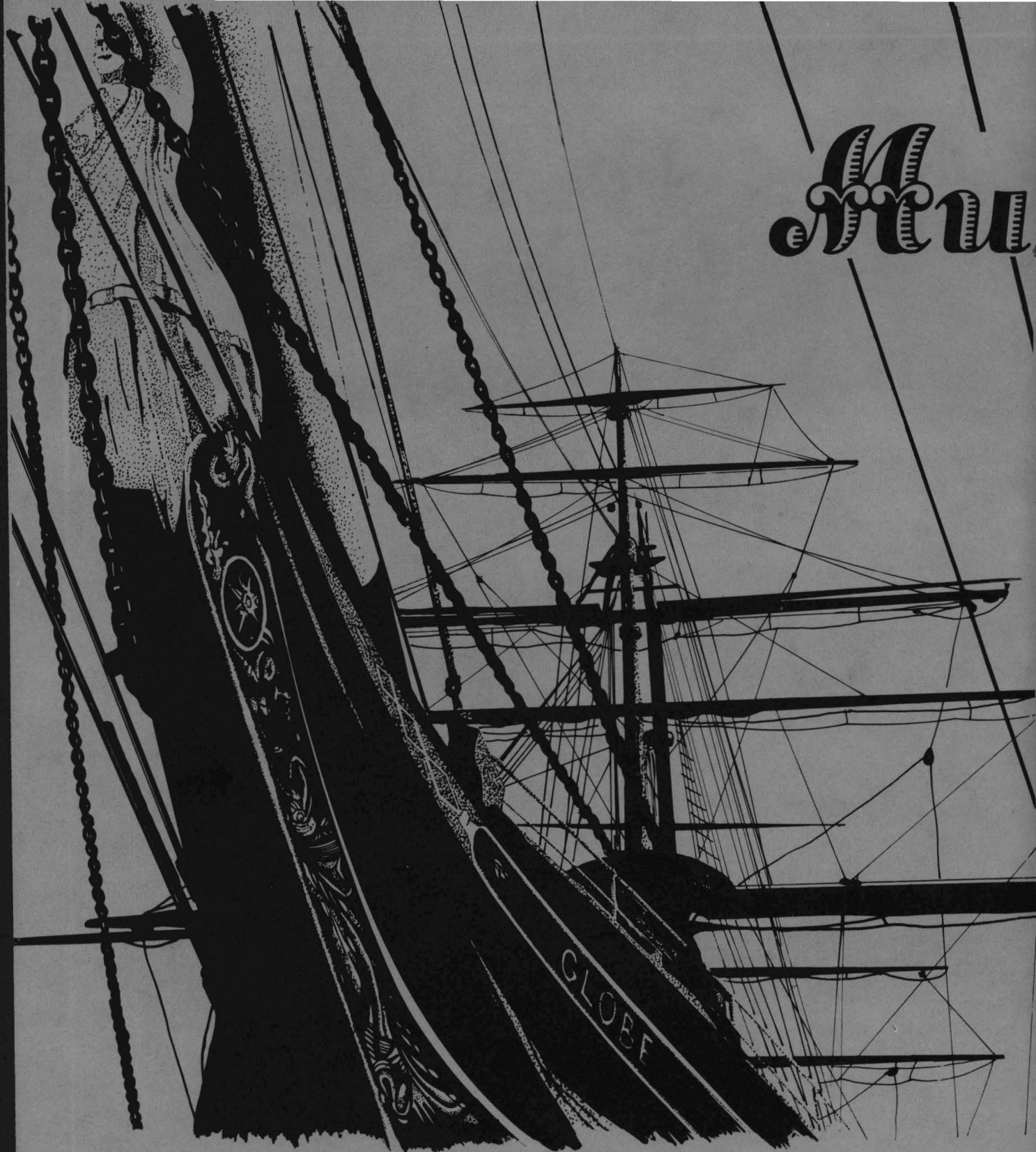
Star	Latin or Greek Name of Constellation
Sirius	Canis Major The Great Dog
Canopus	Argo The Ship
Rigel Kentaurus	Centaurus The Centaur
Vega	Lyra The Lyre
Capella	Auriga The Charioteer
Arcturus	Bootes The Herdsman
Rigel	Orion The Hunter
Procyon	Canis Minor The Little Dog
Archerhar	Eridanus The River
Hadar	Centaurus The Centaur
Altair	Aquila The Eagle
Betelgeuse	Orion The Hunter
A-Crux	Crux The Cross
Aldebaran	Taurus The Bull
Pollux	Gemini The Twins
Spica	Virgo The Virgin
Antares	Scorpio The Scorpion
Fomalhaut	Piscis Australis The Southern Fish
Deneb	Cygnus The Swan
Regulus	Leo The Lion
B-Crux	Crux The Cross

Scale of magnitudes: * 1st. * 2nd. * 3rd. * 4th. * 5th.

● Position of planets, Spring 1970

To orient the stars, hold chart overhead with sides of chart facing east and west as indicated.

Mu



*'But the most dastardly mutiny of all occurred in Micronesia
in the year 1824 aboard the American Whaleship Globe.'*

tiny on the Whaleship *Globe*

by Dirk Ballendorf

Almost everyone has heard the story of the mutiny on the H.M.S. *Bounty*. It occurred in the year 1789 in the vicinity of the Society Islands. The mutineer, Fletcher Christian set Captain Bligh and seventeen loyal seamen adrift in the *Bounty's* launch in which they travelled 3,701 miles in forty-two days over the open sea to the Dutch settlements at Timor, enduring perilous hardships along the way. Some of the mutineers put in at Tahiti where they were later apprehended and brought to justice by the British Navy. Others, led by Christian, escaped to Pitcairn's Island and thus eluded the long arm of British justice. It's an exciting tale of a dastardly deed. But the most dastardly mutiny of all occurred in Micronesia in the year 1824 aboard the American

whaleship *Globe*. Edouard A. Stackpole, curator of the Marine Historical Association at Mystic, Connecticut, refers to it as, "the worst of its kind in the long annals of the whaling industry." The atrocities committed by the pathological leader of the mutineers, Samuel Comstock, would have been enough to turn the stomach of even the petulant Fletcher Christian.

The story begins, as do many others about Americans in Micronesia during the last century, in New England. From 1820 to 1870 the Pacific was a hunting ground for Yankee whalers. During those fifty years many were the whaleships which stood out from the ports of New Bedford, Nantucket, Boston,

Plymouth, and other places nearby, bound for the great ocean to catch whales. It was a great American industry of the last century. Whale oil was used in the lamps which lighted the homes of America, and also in the manufacture of soap, candles, and even perfume. Crinolines and bodices stayed with whalebone were worn by ladies of fashion throughout the world. The head of a large sperm whale from Micronesian waters could yield as much as thirty barrels of oil. The fatty whale skin, called blubber, could be rendered to yield up to two hundred and fifty barrels or more. In addition to making fashion fineries for ladies, whalebone was also used to make umbrella ribs. At one time whalebone sold for five dollars a pound.

A young man could make his fortune whaling. Usually a company, or group of men, owned the ships

and they would hire a captain who would, in turn, gather together a crew. The profits from the sale of the whale oil and bone would be divided among the crew, and the larger the catch, the more money could be made by the individual crewmen. Of course the captain and the officers got a larger share of money for each voyage than did the members of the crew. As the number of whaleships increased and the profits in whaling grew, more men were needed. A young man could start his whaling career as an ordinary seaman, and in a few years work his way up to the command of his own ship.

Such a man was Captain Thomas Worth. A twenty-nine year old native of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, he had spent his entire whaling career aboard the *Globe*, rising from foremast hand to captain in sixteen years. He was one of about seventy captains who were sailing out of Nantucket in the year 1822. He was anxious for the trip to begin because it was to be his first as commander of the ship. Unbeknownst to him it was also to be the last whaling voyage he would ever make.

The *Globe* was owned by the firm of Christopher Mitchell and Company of Nantucket and, in November of 1822, was preparing for its third whaling voyage. There was some trouble in getting together a crew and this was causing some concern, not only to the owners, but also to Captain Worth. It was important to have a good crew for a whaling voyage. It was hard work catching whales, and often dangerous as well. The men had to work together as a team and had to be able to depend on one another; sometimes for their own personal safety. The toothed-jaws of a sperm whale could easily splinter a double-ended whaleboat and scatter the whalemen out in the sea. A right whale, cousin to

the sperm whale, could batter a boat with the thrashing of his gigantic tail. An expert harpooner, therefore, was a vital member of a whaling crew. It was he who drove home the spear which caught the whale. A shot that wasn't fatal for the whale could be disastrous for the whaleboat crew.

Captain Worth and the *Globe's* owners had advertised for a crew but the takers were slow in signing on. It was well into December before all hands were taken on and the ship was provisioned. Worth had a weakness of signing men on quickly and then disciplining them sharply if they acted out of line later on. Signing on as harpooner was the nineteen year old soon-to-be-mutineer, Samuel Comstock. Strong and capable, Comstock was already a harpooner of sound reputation. He was known to spend several hours coiling the harpoon line in the tub which stood at the whaleboat's prow in order to avoid the possibility of the line developing a kink which could prove fatal.

Sam Comstock is a study for the psychiatrists. Born in Nantucket in 1803, he had made his first sea voyage at the age of thirteen aboard the packet ship *Edward* sailing from New York to Liverpool. A year later he made his first whaling voyage to the Pacific and the ship he was on was taken by Chilean pirates. He returned safely to Nantucket though, and shipped out again in 1819 on the *Foster*, which cruised in uncharted sections of the Pacific ocean. It was perhaps on this voyage aboard the *Foster* that he conceived the idea of a mutiny, for he became irresistibly charmed with the idea of jumping ship and settling permanently on a Pacific island, ruling as a king over the natives for the rest of his days. So strong was his desire to do this while aboard the *Foster*, that he at one time requested the Captain,

Shubael Chase, that he be put ashore at an island alone. Of course Captain Chase refused this request, and in doing so may have only narrowly escaped being killed had Comstock decided then and there to mutiny. Crewmen aboard the *Foster* remembered the incident later and recalled Comstock's unhappiness at not being able to remain on a Pacific island.

A glance at the *Globe's* roster before setting sail reveals that the crew were incredibly young men. At twenty-nine, Captain Worth was the oldest among them. First mate William Beetle was twenty-six, and second mate John Lumbert was twenty-five. Nathaniel Fisher, the third mate, was twenty. These were the officers who were in charge of the ship and who would make all the decisions on the voyage. The crewmen were even younger. Joseph Prass, a Portuguese boy, was only fourteen, and the mutineer's brother, George Comstock, who was also shipped aboard, was only fifteen and was making his first sea voyage. Columbus Worth, a nephew of the captain, was sixteen, as was Roland Jones.



After some difficulties with the *Globe's* riggings, the voyage finally began on December 20, 1822. She pushed through the Atlantic to Cape Verdes and then on to Cape Horn and into the Pacific Ocean by March, 1823. By this time they had gotten only one whale so the voyage wasn't going very well. Their luck changed though as the *Globe* moved farther into the North Pacific and soon Sam Comstock and his fellow harpooner aboard, Gilbert Smith, were guiding their boats to numerous kills. Their cargo of oil grew to 550 barrels and Captain Worth decided to take a break and declare a small holiday for the crew. The ship

headed for Honolulu. Not only did Captain Worth feel that it would do the men good to have some shore leave, he also had to reprovision his ship with supplies of food, rope, wood, and water. The spirits of the men rose steadily as the *Globe* drew closer to Hawaii.

In 1823 Honolulu was a mecca for whaleships. As the only good port in a radius of two thousand miles it was normal for more than a hundred whaleships to make port there each year. Merchants who sold fresh meat, fruit, and vegetables did a roaring business. Very often the seamen could pick up mail in Hawaii which had been sent from the mainland to the Hawaiian shipping offices. But these things were not the tantalizing items which made Hawaii the sailors' dream. It was the women and the rum. There were all kinds of women in Hawaii, Samoans, Tahitians, Europeans, and Americans. The dingy waterfront bars were filled with them, and law and order was not always to be found. Many sailors deserted in Hawaii and for that reason sea captains were not always anxious to make port there.

But Captain Worth made port anyway, and not unsurprisingly, six of his crewmen deserted immediately. Being shorthanded, he had to recruit from among the questionable waterfront characters some new crew members. He succeeded, through various means, in signing seven new men aboard. Four of these new men were to play roles in the ensuing mutiny. There was Silas Payne from Long Island, New York, a shady character who hated officers and began to cause trouble as soon as he came aboard. William Humphries, a Negro from Philadelphia who came on as steward, was distrusted by his fellow crew members. John Thomas, an insolent fellow, bugged the Captain from the start and, lastly, there

was the very uncommunicative John Oliver, an Englishman. With the rangy new crewmen aboard, the *Globe* left Honolulu on December 29, 1823.



Things were not harmonious from the start but real trouble erupted on the morning of January 25, 1824 when the *Globe* was in the vicinity of Fanning Island south of Honolulu. Second mate Lumbert ordered the crew on deck. John Thomas arrogantly answered that he was still eating his breakfast and was in no hurry to obey Lumbert's orders. This insubordination outraged Captain Worth. He knew what difficulties there could be with a crew without proper discipline. Captain Worth ordered Thomas on deck, and there, in front of all the crew, whipped him severely with a rope until blood appeared and ran freely on Thomas's back.

The crew was appalled by Captain Worth's treatment of Thomas, and this caused Sam Comstock to decide that the time was now right for jumping ship. He conferred with Payne and Oliver and when the three decided that when the ship reached Fanning Island, they and as many other men as wished to, would make a run for it. But as Comstock conferred with other members of the crew, his initial plans for deserting on Fanning Island changed. He discovered that many of the crewmen were in sympathy with the idea and so he thought that with such support from his fellows, a bolder move would be entirely possible. Young William Lay, eighteen years old and a willing and obedient worker on the *Globe*, was approached by Comstock and asked his opinion in the mutiny. Lay later recorded the remarks of Comstock: "What shall we do?"

"What do you mean?" said Lay.

"We've had bad usage, Will, which shall we do? Run away or take the ship?"

Although Lay was not in favor of the mutineer's plan, he was unable to warn Captain Worth or the officers because he was watched closely by Comstock and the other conspirators. Midnight was the time set for the take over. The *Globe* was abreast of Fanning Island at 4°N lat. and 159°W long.

At precisely the time that the mutineers were plotting the overthrow, the *Globe* was spotted by another Yankee whaleship, the *Lyra*. Heaving to, the *Lyra* sent a boarding party onto the *Globe* and the two captains exchanged pleasantries while the crews fraternized openly. Captain Joy of the *Lyra* agreed with Captain Worth that the two ships would sail abreast for awhile during the night and then at midnight the *Globe* would hoist a lantern which would signal the parting of the ways for the vessels. This arrangement being made out of mutual friendliness on the part of the captains, the *Lyra's* party returned and the ships set a course together. So the *Globe* mutiny which was about to take place would happen directly under the eyes of the consort ship *Lyra* which was sailing only a few hundred yards away from the *Globe* under full lights.

At ten o'clock, two hours before the scheduled takeover, Comstock changed his plans. Instead of merely deserting the ship, he decided to murder the officers of the *Globe*, seize the ship, and sail off to some other island. Exactly why he changed his mind is not clear. Perhaps there is no rational explanation for mental cases like Comstock. Maybe he felt that the presence of the *Lyra* made it too risky to desert at that time.

When the zero hour arrived Comstock came up to the helm to find that his younger brother, George, was

on the deck watch and about to relieve himself by calling the next watch. Sam approached George and told him to be quiet and not to call his relief watch. George objected and Sam threatened him with a knife, saying that if he made any noise he would send him "to hell." George was terrified and obeyed.

Comstock, followed by Payne, Oliver, and Humphries, made their ways towards the officers' cabins. Comstock entered Captain Worth's cabin and found him asleep in a hammock which he had strung from the low ceiling. His body swayed gently in the hammock, thus providing Comstock with a moving target. Comstock had exchanged his knife for an axe which he now carefully gripped. The fact that Worth's body was swaying in the hammock was no deterrent to Comstock; as a harpooner he was quite used to shifting targets. He carefully moved his arm which was holding the axe in perfect cadence with the hammock. Then, with a swift and decisive stroke, Comstock split the captain's head completely in two. Captain Worth never knew what hit him. The sound of the axe striking the head made a sickening crunch which could be heard by the others. Again and again Comstock battered the head with the axe until all that remained was a bloody mass of bone, flesh, and hair.

In the meantime Payne came into the cabin of first mate Beetle and ran him through with a knife. Beetle awoke and struggled with Payne. Then Comstock appeared with his axe and struck him several times in the head. Beetle had no chance. Oliver, the Englishman, repeatedly knifed the dying Beetle. The ruckus woke up the other officers, Fisher and Lumbert. The mutineers made for their cabin door now enraged with the blood of two men on their hands. Sam's brother, George, horrified beyond belief, begged Sam to stop but

to no avail. "We're going to kill them all," said Sam. Comstock fetched two muskets from the captain's cabin and fired one through the closed door of the officers' cabin, striking Fisher in the face but not killing him. Flinging open the door Comstock charged in and ran Lumbert through with a bayonet. After several slashings Lumbert ceased to struggle. Then Comstock turned to Fisher who had been cornered by the other mutineers. "You've got to die," said Sam. "I'm ready," replied Fisher, seeing that there was absolutely no hope for him. At Sam's order he turned and faced the wall. With the other musket Comstock fired a ball at point blank range just behind Fisher's ear. The shot nearly blew off Fisher's head and he died instantly. Suddenly Lumbert revived and begged for his life. Comstock sneered and ran him through again with a bayonet. The mutineers then went up on the deck and all hands were summoned.

Comstock's fellow harpooner, Gilbert Smith, was scared and unsure of his status with the mutineers. He had always been a neutral figure in the quarrels between the captain and the crew. He was relieved to see that Comstock considered him to be on the mutineers' side. Remembering the signal to the *Lyra*, Comstock ordered a lantern to be hung on the masthead. The crew watched anxiously as this was done. To the relief of the mutineers the *Lyra* tacked off to starboard and the *Globe* continued on into the night. Thus one of the worst mutinies in history was pulled-off right under the noses of the crew and officers of a friendly ship.



he events which follow are sordid and tragic. Not only do they piece together the tale of the fate

of the *Globe's* crew, but they also give an account of the mutineers' contacts with Micronesians, and it is this aspect which we will focus some attention on since it is relevant to an interpretation of the character of the early islanders.

Immediately on realizing that the mutiny was a success, Comstock had the remaining crewmen swear loyalty to him. This they did. Those who were not sympathetic had no alternative but to go along with things for the time being.

Comstock now had the captain's body brought on deck and performed a dastardly deed which further illustrates the deranged mind of the mutineer. He rammed a boarding knife into the captain's bowels and drove it with an axe until it protruded from his throat. The crew observed this in amazement and in some cases with utter disgust. Then Comstock threw the body overboard. Lumbert, the second mate, on being hauled on deck, was found, miraculously, to be still alive. But Comstock gave no quarter. With Lumbert still pleading for his life Sam pushed him into the dark sea. The dead bodies of Fisher and Beetle were also thrown overboard. These deeds Sam Comstock performed single-handedly. The crew was then ordered to clean up the ship and get underway in a westerly direction.

Naturally the crew, in the hours to follow, were very uneasy. Many recalled the events of the murderous mutiny in their own minds and pondered the far-reaching effects that all this would have on their own futures. Gilbert Smith was the only one who calmly considered the day's events with opportunistic thought. He would bide his time, he thought, and look for a way out of this and try to redeem himself.

Sam Comstock made his brother George the ship's steward, thus re-

lieving William Humphries of the job. When young George went to the messroom on the morning following the mutiny, he found to his surprise, William Humphries loading a pistol. Alarmed, he asked Humphries what he was planning. Humphries replied that he had heard that Gilbert Smith, and other crewmen, were plotting to retake the ship. George directly reported the matter to Sam, who then proceeded to call everyone on deck for a hearing. On being confronted with the rumor, Smith and the other crewmen denied any further conspiracy. Humphries was left holding the bag alone. It appeared that Humphries, in taking up arms, was planning some further mischief himself. A kangaroo court was held, and, not surprisingly, William Humphries, who it will be remembered joined the crew in Hawaii and was the only Negro on board, was sentenced to death. Without further ado Humphries was called forward, bound, and a rope placed around his neck. "Little did I think I was born to come to this," he said. The entire crew, at Comstock's orders, was required to hoist the rope, and within moments Humphries dangled lifelessly from a yardarm.

Now Comstock required all those remaining aboard to sign their loyalty. He drew up a list of rules, which included among other things, that anyone not reporting a sail on the horizon would be boiled in oil. The men all signed the document with the ringleaders affixing seals of bold black after their signatures, and those innocent of blood appending seals of blue and white.

Bloodshed aboard the ship was now over and the *Globe* sailed steadily westward in search of an island hideaway. By early February,

1824, she passed through the Gilbert Islands and on one small island, attempted to make a landing. But the natives ashore seemed hostile, so the effort was abandoned. Pushing on, in a few days the *Globe* stood off the edge of Mili atoll in the Ratik chain of the Marshall Islands, 6°N lat. and 172°E long. Comstock decided to send a boat ashore to scout around.

It is very likely that the men of the *Globe* were the first white men to set foot on Mili atoll. The Spanish had know of the islands for years, and had passed through them while conducting their galleon trade during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries between Mexico and Philippines. The English had been the first to discover the Marshalls along with the Gilberts. In fact, it was the British Captain Marshall, returning from Botany Bay in Australia, who got credit for the discovery in the year 1788. But the Spanish and the English hadn't paid much heed to the low and lovely coral atolls which were the Marshall Islands. The white men of the *Globe*, to the natives of Mili, were a curiosity—an entirely "new thing."

This may help to explain the warm welcome they gave to the men of the *Globe*; unaware, of course, of the turmoil which lay just ahead. The first landing party soon returned laden with fish, coconuts, and fruit. But, more to the crew's liking, the landing party also returned with some Marshallese women. Gentle and delightful, the women's presence was no doubt the clincher which caused Comstock to decide that Mili was in fact the island paradise they were searching for.

The next day the *Globe* searched for a landing place and finally cast

¹ In 1824 some of the Marshall Islands were known as the Mulgrave Islands.

anchor in the rock expanse off Mili. The Marshallese, of course were quite curious in everything the whalemen did. They were content in these first hours of shore meeting, to merely watch the movements of the strange white men who looked very strange and acted even stranger. They watched with occasional laughter as Comstock sketched out in the sandy soil, a plan for the city he intended to build on Mili. He had no interest in prolonged communication with the islanders over his plan, and meticulously indicated the places where public buildings would be located. The Marshallese watched in rapt amazement. It is unlikely that the American missionaries who came to the Marshalls much later in 1857, would care to make any religious institutional claims through the visit of the *Globe's* crew, but it is nevertheless recorded that Comstock gave considerable attention to a suitable site for a church!

His master plan completed for the time being, Comstock ordered that the *Globe* be stripped and all cargo brought ashore on rafts. The crew proceeded to do this. But now Silas Payne became uneasy. On seeing the *Globe* unloading he conceived that Comstock was going to secure things ashore and then kill all members of the crew so that he himself could rule Mili alone for the rest of his days, enjoying the charms of the Marshallese ladies at his will. Together with Oliver, Payne considered thoughts of wresting the ship and its goods back from the command of Comstock.

On the following morning Payne confronted Comstock and they quarreled over the future of the *Globe* and her crew on Mili. It seems that the quarrel was not over who

would be in charge of things as much as with what would be done on the island regarding living conditions, length of stay, and, most importantly, with the ship. The Marshallese watched the uneasiness among the Americans with increasing uneasiness of their own. While the Marshallese had disagreements in their society, they were not used to the gruff actions of the whalers, and in addition it had been noted that the Americans had been a bit rough in their treatment of the women.

Leaving the quarrel Comstock headed for the ship and there challenged anyone to a fight. He then burned the laws of the mutineers which had been written after the hanging of Humphries, and vowed to all the crew that from now on he would live by the sword. He then returned to the beach and offered fish hooks, clothing, and food to the islanders.

Payne and Oliver watched this sight with trepidation because they were afraid that the crazed Comstock would cause the natives to band against them and kill them all. That night Payne stationed guards around his tent for protection against Comstock. The next morning he proposed to Oliver and Smith that they kill Comstock before he did something against them. Smith refused, but Oliver gladly joined in. Together Payne and Oliver, and two other crewmen who joined them, sneaked up behind a sand dune near Comstock's tent with loaded muskets.

Comstock's death was fast and unglorious. As he approached his tent he saw the mutineers with the muskets and cried out: "Don't shoot me, I won't hurt you." Knowing well from experience that Comstock's word was entirely worthless, Payne and Oliver let go with a volley which cut down Comstock immediately. Sam fell without a cry and was dead before hitting the ground. When the

men approached they saw that musket balls had passed through Sam's head and chest. To make sure that Comstock would never revive, Payne took an axe and severed Comstock's head.

The reader can imagine what the Marshallese's reaction to the scene must have been. The muskets were frightening enough, but the decapitation of a man was a brutality unheard of in Marshallese culture. The natives now took on a posture of mixed hatred and fear toward the remaining mutineers. They began to consider ways of ousting the men from their islands.

The crew was called together on the beach where Comstock had fallen. Sam's brother George was as sickened by the sight of his dead brother as he had been with the deaths of the *Globe's* officers. Sam Comstock was wrapped in a sail cloth, and with his cutlass at his side, was laid under five feet of sand on the beach.

Silas Payne now took command with Oliver at his side. He ordered Gilbert Smith, along with five others, to return to the *Globe* to "guard it in case of a native attack." This turned out to be a fatal mistake for Payne. The idea of protecting the ship from the natives was no doubt sound, as the Marshallese were already showing growing signs of dislike towards the mutineers with good reason; however sending Smith was a poor choice. Payne chose Smith since he was the one who always appeared to maintain neutrality in fights and thus presented himself as being spineless. Smith boarded the *Globe* with George Comstock, Peter and Stephen Kidder, Anthony Hanson, the cook who had been taken on in Hawaii, and Joseph Thomas. Aboard the *Globe* these six men conspired to steal the ship and abandon the mutineers on Mili. This was a bold plan indeed, and it certainly is evidence that the man Smith was by

no means spineless. The men had to work quickly in order to make everything ready before the moon rose at about nine thirty in the evening. There were still some provisions on the *Globe*, although they were depleted since Comstock, before he had been murdered, had taken much ashore. But there was enough food for six men. There was one compass, but no one on board could navigate.

On the shore Payne and his cronies were making a camp for the night. As the evening shadows deepened the men's thoughts turned to women and they began looking about for sleeping partners among the Marshallese girls. It was Roland Jones, a seventeen year old crewman from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, who noticed the shift in position of the *Globe* as she stood off shore. He was walking down the beach toward his tent with a Marshallese girl who was a reluctant but submissive partner. At first he walked down into the shallow water of the lagoon, his heart skipped a beat as he realized the truth: The *Globe* was sailing away from the island! Forgetting his Marshallese girl, he ran for Payne's tent. "The ship's gone," he screamed. "It's gone."

Payne and Smith sprang from the tent and stared in disbelief at the horizon. The dim light of the waxing moon now revealed the *Globe* under half sail heading in an easterly direction. Payne fell into a furious rage and for a time was unable to speak without spuing forth epithets. When he finally composed himself somewhat, he gave orders to communicate to the Marshallese—in whatever way the crewmen could—that the *Globe* had slipped from her moorings and had blown out to sea. But the Marshallese knew that this was not the case. And they knew also that the strange white men were now their prisoners. *(To be continued)*



A History of the Marianas

by Vicente D. Leon Guerrero



Courtesy: Vicente D. Leon Guerrero

Built at Garapan just before the close of the Spanish administration was this magnificent house of Pedro Ada, owner of two trading schooners and wealthiest of Saipan's merchants. The hacienda de Ada became the home of the Vicente D. Leon Guerrero family in 1925...and continued to be its residence until March of 1944 when it was commandeered for use as a Japanese center of military authority. Although huge red crosses were painted on its roof, the quarters was strongly fortified against street attack. The building, however, fell a casualty in the 1945 battle for Saipan.

The bell tower, page 31, was erected by Jesuit priests during the early 1920's in the heart of Garapan village. It has survived the catastrophies of wind and war and stands today beside a newly constructed chapel. Earlier, about 1910, Capuchin fathers, at about the same location, built a frame tower from which two full-resounding bells called worshippers to mass.

The political separation of the Mariana Islands took place soon after the Spanish-American War when Spain, after losing the war in 1898, surrendered the island of Guam to the United States by the Treaty of Paris and sold the remaining islands to the North of Guam and the other Micronesian islands to Germany for roughly \$4 million. Germany officially took possession of these islands around April, 1899 as her colony.

At that time, there was only a handful of people residing on the island of Saipan. Most of them had migrated to Saipan and settled in Garapan in the 1800's from the Truk atoll of Etal (Lamatrik). Others who came later were Chamorro families from Guam, such as the Cabrerias, the Castros and the Sablans.

Consequently, the German Colonial Government under Governor Fritz, desiring to induce settlement on the island, provided free passage from Guam to Saipan and the other Northern Islands for all those who intended to come and settle on the islands permanently. To every family that came, the German Government offered parcels of land for cultivation. It also introduced a sys-

tematic planting of coconut trees and established an office called Community Counter (*Gemeinde Kasse*) into which all revenues resulting from fines and land survey and use were deposited. The purpose of the Community Counter was to make available to the people loans for their personal and business use with a minimal rate of interest.

In 1907 the German Government established another agency called Community Scale Agency to weigh and inspect local copra produce on every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon before they were brought for sale. A fee of 50 *pfennig* was charged for every ton weighed. After the fee had been paid, a printed card showing the weight of copra was attached to the sack. The card served as a receipt. In those years the price of copra was set and controlled by the government.

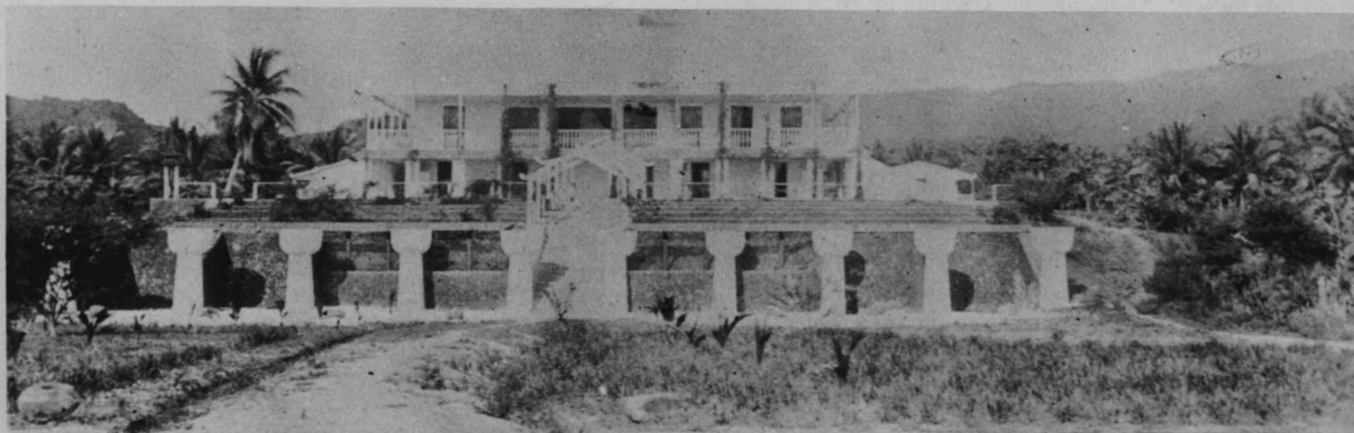
The people on the island at that time relied mainly on agriculture and coconut products for subsistence and cash. Hence, they were happy and quite satisfied with what they had and did, since each family and his neighbors were on comparably the same socio-economic level. Rice was not eaten every day because the people depended more on food they themselves raised from their local farms.

Ships were passing through these islands between April and August every year on their way

back to the United States. These ships were generally referred to as "whaleships." When these ships stopped by, the islanders were able to barter with the sailors their local produce: corn, sweet potatoes, coconuts, hogs and chickens—for luxuries such as clothes, cured beef or pork, ship biscuits, butter, mutton and tools.

The people were cooperative and helpful to one another. For example, whenever a school of mackerel or other kinds of fish were caught, they were usually divided equally among the residents. Or when someone was going to build his house, all the acquaintances, relatives, and friends came to help him. The resident Chamorros and Carolinians, alike, came to the aid of each family during tragic experiences such as a funeral. They also shared with one another happy moments of fiestas and fandangoes. The spirit of brotherhood prevailed more at that time.

Roughly in the year of 1905, Saipan was visited by a US ship from Guam named "USS Supply" which came to disembark approximately 200 Carolinians who had lived on Guam in the village of Tammuning since the Spanish time. They had always refused to wear "proper clothing," and this was one of the reasons they were deported from Guam. These people were originally from Piserat



Trust Territory files

The Garapan mansion of Governor George Fritz, German administrator, was constructed in 1902 and was occupied by the bachelor governor until 1905 when a disastrous typhoon leveled the two-story structure. In addition to providing office space for the administration, the building also was the dwelling for German secretary Kim who lived there with his wife and two daughters. The latte pillars were hand-fashioned from lime, sand and water. Soon after the 1905 typhoon, a combination elementary school/administration headquarters building replaced the governor's mansion and a large clock tower identified it as the seat of the government. But this also was destroyed by typhoon in December of 1914, just two months after the Japanese invaded Saipan. Governor Fritz built another mansion on the Garapan hillside where the foundation and steps of a garden tower remain today as one of the rare relics of German times. A recent photograph is at right.



Richard F. Johnson

Atoll, now known as Namonuito in the Truk District.

Two years later in 1907, a German ship stationed at New Guinea brought to Saipan about 300 people whose home island of Woleai had been completely devastated by typhoon. These people came and settled in a village now known as Oleai village (San Jose). Others who had had the same ordeal came from Sonsorol in the Palau District and were settled in Iliyang. These new settlers were granted the privilege of farming and collecting coconuts for copra production at Susupe and were given bullock carts as their means of transportation.

Also in the same year of 1907, around 400 people from Mortlock atolls of Satawal and Lossap were brought into Saipan after a ruthless and mighty typhoon swept across these atolls, leaving behind specks of land that were hardly capable of supporting and sustaining human life. The people from Satawal settled in the vicinity of Puerto Rico (then, referred to by the Germans as *Neueim*). Those from Lossap were given a region in Laulau for them to settle in and to farm. In the meantime, about 80 people from Pingelap were brought also by the government to Saipan, again, because of a destructive typhoon. The Pingelapese were settled among the Carolinians in Garapan.

At that time it seemed like strong winds were concentrating their efforts on the small atolls. Saipan became a refuge for the innocent victims of the evil forces of nature.

In 1908, about 200 persons were deported from their home island of Sawaii (Samoa), as the result of a revolt they organized against their ruling *Matàis*. They also were brought to Saipan and were settled in Puntan Flores, an area adjacent to Tanapag village, which was the N.T.T.U. (Naval Technical Training Unit) area. They were given carts and cattle. A water system was also built with bamboo for their drinking and washing from the spring in Sadog Mames (As Agaton).

After Japan forcibly took possession of the islands in 1914, all of those people from Woleai, Pingelap, Mortlock, Sonsorol and Samoa were brought back to their home islands.

When World War I erupted, Japan, as one of the Allied Powers, invaded the Mariana Islands along with the other German possessions in the Carolines and the Marshalls in October of 1914. Two months after the invasion, the Northern Mariana Islands were stricken by a powerful

typhoon which in two-hours time completely destroyed practically all the dwellings and crops, including all the coconut trees. The catastrophe took place in December of 1914.

Naturally, a severe famine followed. It was aggravated by a 9-month drought. Agricultural efforts were fruitless. When the Red Cross on Guam heard about the plight of the people on these islands, it dispatched two boats loaded with victuals and clothes for the people on Rota and Saipan. The Japanese Government confiscated all these commodities, thus divesting the people the supplies they needed most. On the contrary, the people had to buy from the stores of *Nanyo Boeki Kaisha* (*NAMBO*) these necessities which the American Red Cross offered as gifts. The price was terribly high to the people who had been dispossessed of their goods by the typhoon.

Due to the Almighty's grace, the people were able, in their desperate search for food in the woodlands, to find wild yams and thorny carrots. These they depended on for subsistence for the duration of the famine. Right after 1918, a U.S. warship, "USS Bittern" brought relief for the second time to the islands; but the Japanese Government confiscated all these provisions once again.

Because of the resultant miserable living conditions on the island, an epidemic of Spanish flu plagued the populace mercilessly in the early part of 1919. As a result, a darkness of sorrow and a veil of tears descended onto every household. An average of five to eight persons were buried each day until the epidemic began to steadily disappear.

Later in the same year of 1919, Japanese sugar companies came to establish themselves on the islands. The people, in desperation for better living were impelled to plant sugar cane for the companies. But the first companies did not prosper; in fact, they bankrupted. So in 1921 a more able company, the *Nanyo Kohatsu Kaisha*, came in for a major industrial venture and therefore developed large sugar cane plantations. As it needed more land to accommodate its expansion, the company began to lease from the local landowners lands for terms ranging from 10 to 20 years. The rents were often paid in advance for as many as 5 years.

At that time coconut trees abounded on the islands. They practically covered all the land. In order for the *Nanyo Kohatsu Kaisha* to clear the rented parcels for the planting of sugar cane

they burned the coconut trees, despite the land lease agreement which prohibited destruction or mutilation of coconut crops. As a consequence, very few coconut trees were left standing on the islands. Most of those which were still standing were on privately owned farms.

In order for the managers of the company to pressure the local people to lease more of their farm lands to them, they introduced a foreign coconut pest with the purpose of destroying the coconuts or at least divesting the remaining coconut trees of their productivity. When the source of cash, that is copra, to the local people was adversely affected by the pest, the people were pressured to lease their lands to the sugar company as the only possible alternative for cash income. People, however, were agonizing at the realization of the cruelty which was done to them. There was nobody sympathetic to whom they could bring their complaints and grievances.

One of the prohibitions which was binding on Japan with respect to the administration of these islands was the sale or introduction of intoxicating beverages or products to the natives. Regardless of this fact, the Japanese Government condoned the sugar factory's manufacturing of "Agees", a form of intoxicating beverage made from distilled sugar molasses. In deep distress, alcoholic beverages soon became widely used by the local people as a means of escape from the harsh reality. Thereafter, people with drinking habits began to purchase liquors from Japanese stores. The Japanese nationals, mainly the businessmen, took advantage of the natives drinking habit. They frequently intoxicated the natives and then made land and other legal agreements with them. While this practice was taking place, the Japanese Government closed its eyes and ears to it.

Later *Nanyo Kohatsu Kaisha* established an extensive railway system throughout each of the islands for hauling of sugar cane crops to the factory. This was necessary for the sugar cane was harvested from December through June. Also, as soon as sugar cane was harvested, then for another period of 6 months, firewood would be gathered and hauled to the factory. The demand for sugar cane crops was just as great as was the demand for firewood.

In response to this need for more firewood, the sugar company conducted an all out effort to plant all over the islands firewood trees, such as camachile, iron wood, and other trees imported

from Taiwan on the savanah hillsides and on the uncultivated land of the islands. The islands were not then only covered with sugar cane crops but also with trees.

The economic development of the islands of Saipan and Tinian was devoted without any reservation to sugar industry. The sugar company, in order to accelerate the rate of its expansion, imported Okinawan and Korean laborers to tend the plantations as tenants and to work in the factory.

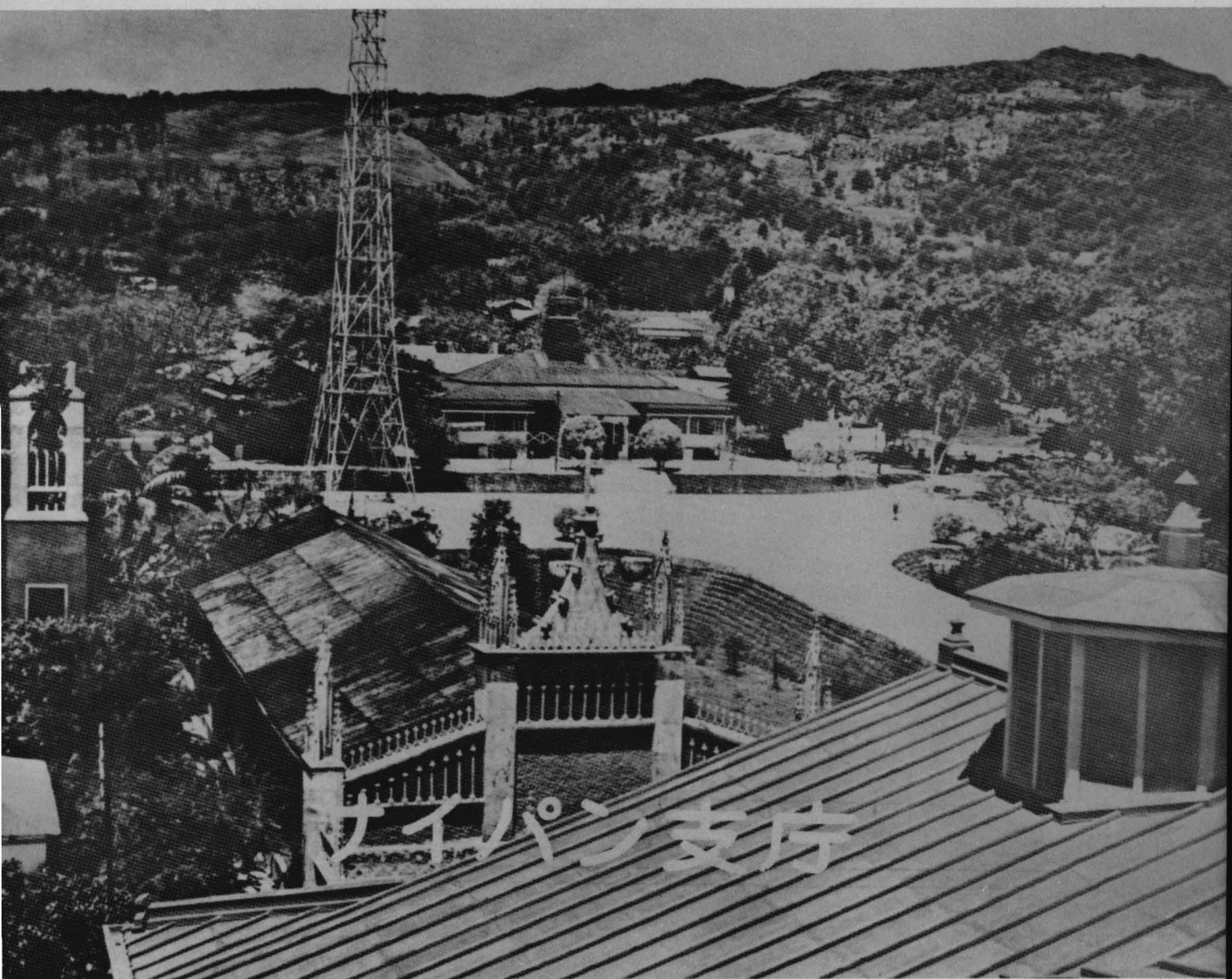
Sometime between 1930 and 1932, when the *Nanyo Kohatsu Kaisha*, started to expand its industry of sugar and alcohol on Tinian and Rota, its president, Haruji Matsue was awarded by the Emperor of Japan special recognition for his tireless efforts as a pioneer. Moreover, government officials and the company officers decided in 1934 to erect a statue of Mr. Matsue on the ground across from the Shinto Shrine where the statue is now standing. Government officials and civilians started to collect funds for the erection of this statue. Three months later, the statue was erected and inaugurated in the same year.

On March 27, 1935, when Japan withdrew from the League of Nations and later allied herself with the Axis Powers, Germany and Italy, her policies over the mandated islands became quite suppressive. Japan began to drastically fortify these islands by building ports, airstrips and fuel stations. In that same year, a trans-oceanic air freighter was inaugurated on the islands of Saipan and Palau.

Thereafter the Japanese dignitaries often arrived on the islands to inspect them for strategic purposes. The military equipment and machinery were set up according to a plan.

Then soon after the Japanese attacked the United States at Pearl Harbor in 1941, they, having prepared themselves in advance physically and mentally, soon invaded the United States Pacific territories of Guam, Wake, and the Philippines and offensively approached other U.S. and English possessions.

At the outbreak of the war, the natives were forced under duress to work on the air bases at As Lito and Marpi, both in Saipan. Those who refused to cooperate with the military government were harshly punished. It is pitiful to note that the school children from the age of six on up were also forced to work on the Susupe Airstrip for the acceleration of the "Greater East Asia Coprosperity Sphere."



Photographs courtesy of Vicente D. Sablan

Garapan was a bustling city of twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, mostly Japanese and Saipanese, during the 1930's. Nearby at Susupe, about fifteen thousand Okinawans were housed and another fifteen hundred Koreans lived near As Lito. Garapan homes and businesses were provided electricity and government offices were equipped with telephones. Streets were paved for automobile traffic. The first cars, American made, arrived in the late 1920's, with a shift to Japanese vehicles during the next decade. Above is a photo taken from the roof of the Garapan community hall. Today's bell tower is at left and the Japanese city hall stands on the site of the former Governor Fritz mansion. Scenes on opposite page show views of 2nd Street, North Garapan.



The Garapan hospital, built about 1923, provided medical care for both Japanese and Saipanese. An identical unit was constructed at Dublon in Truk district.



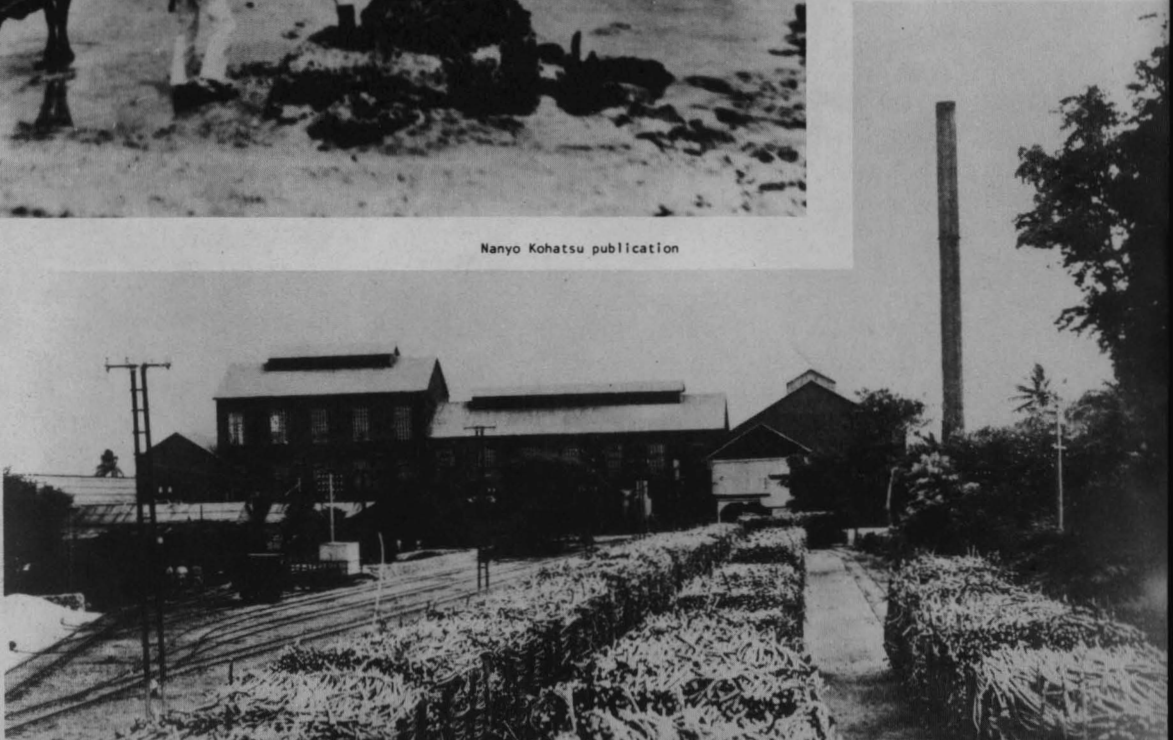
Trust Territory files

Baggage and bananas, and a pair of passengers await a carabao cart ride to the edge of Laulau beach reef, Saipan, where they will board small boats as the first leg of their voyage to Japan. Nearby is a white-helmeted Japanese policeman.



Nanyo Kohatsu publication

Saipan's sugar mill, its rail-road cars filled with cut cane, was located on the present site of Mt. Carmel Church in Chalan Kanoa.





L. Gordon Findley



L. Gordon Findley

The final official surrender of Japanese forces on Saipan took place on Dec. 1, 1945. Marching to a position in a clearing at Garapan, the passive troops then stood at attention while Japan's Imperial Army Captain Oba presented his samurai sword to US Marine Corps Colonel Scott. Saipan's farmers were greatly relieved when the large group of holdouts, led by Capt. Oba, ended their four months of hiding and raiding. Although police and marines later combed the length of the island in shoulder-to-shoulder sweeps, with no living holdouts found, a few stragglers continued to surrender both on Tinian and Saipan until as late as 1952.

In June of 1944, another chapter of history began to unfold when the U.S. Armed Forces captured the Island of Saipan and soon after, the rest of the Marianas.

On February 23, 1944 American military airplanes intensively bombarded Saipan. There were a few casualties in As Lito airbase. In the middle of May of the same year, the U.S. war planes again attacked the port at Tanapag in broad daylight. Oil reservoirs on the hill above Charlie Dock were damaged. Constant military actions began to develop drastically on and around the Marianas Islands. The Japanese Government in purposive attempt began to strengthen the islands militarily.

Before the American invasion of Saipan on June 15, 1944, the Japanese High Command ordered that all natives evacuate immediately from Garapan to their ranches and farms. The reason given for this action was the danger of imminent war. The government began to use these houses which the evacuees had left behind to house the Japanese soldiers and military officers. At that time there were about 45,000 Japanese troops, (not counting the civilians who numbered appro-

ximately 24,000) on the Northern Marianas Islands.

The Catholic Church was also taken by the military for storage use. Unfortunately, a Catholic priest, a brother, and the Mercedarian Sisters, who were in constant watch, were declared spies against the Japanese military and were concentrated on the hill at Chalan Galaide which is adjacent to As Falipe. As a result, the natives were denied spiritual services. As the war progressed most of the available buildings were converted in one way or another for military use.

While the capturing of the islands was in progress, all the civilians were put in isolated camps for security. The people who were found dead were buried. By day and night the air raids continued. The ships from outside the reef were continually bombarding the islands. When one cast his eyes on the horizon, he would see a myriad of ships ranging from small to gigantic.

Soon after the U.S. Armed Forces reached the shores, they began to press inland with tanks in the front line. All the civilians who were found were brought to camps and were given food

(K-rations), water, and shelter. At this time the ill effects of the war became evident and keenly felt. Malnutrition and starvation became prevalent among the people. Many people succumbed as a result of strain, worry, hunger, malnutrition, and injuries.

When the islands were securely taken by the U.S. Armed Forces, all the civilians and enemy soldiers who survived the campaign were gathered together in camps. The enemy soldiers were screened from among the civilians and were shipped out. There were on the islands approximately 3,500 Chamorros, 600 Carolinians, 15,000 Okinawans, 1,500 Japanese, and 1,500 Koreans. From the early part of 1946 on through May, all the foreign nationals were repatriated to their homeland. Around 1,200 people were shipped out almost daily until practically no foreign nationals, namely the Japanese, Koreans, and Okinawans, were on the islands. Only about 12 Japanese nationals, who married the Chamorros, were allowed to remain.

While the foreign nationals were being repatriated, there were also immigrants who came into the Northern Mariana Islands mainly from Yap and the Palaus. Some of those who came from Palau were descendants of the Chamorros who migrated there during the Spanish time. Others were those who migrated to Angaur in and around 1908 to work at the German phosphate mines. These Chamorros who came from Palau were able to return due to the efforts of the command of the Palau Islands. There were roughly 50 of these families. In Yap there were approximately 460 Chamorros after the war. They were also descendants of the Chamorros who migrated there from both Guam and the Northern Mariana Islands or the original migrants themselves. Between 1946 and 1948, around 216 of the Chamorros from Yap settled on Tinian.

In April of 1947 when the United Nations was organized, the Northern Mariana Islands, the Carolines, and the Marshalls became United States trust islands. However, they were under an interim administration of the United States Navy until 3 years later. Saipan was then chartered a municipality, and the late Elias P. Sablan was elected Chief Commissioner. In fostering local political development, the Saipan Municipality Congress, a unicameral legislative body, was established. After its official inception, the writer of this narration was elected in 1948 as one of

the members of that pioneer legislative body. He was also appointed Chief Election Commissioner and for twelve consecutive years he held that position.

Under the new administering authority, the Northern Mariana Islands were united as one district. Representatives from Tinian, Rota, Saipan, and the lesser islands to the north participated in the legislative functions of the Marianas union. This was an historic step forward in the area of political development of the islands.

Besides many things which it accomplished and the problems which it faced, that first legislative body posed a question to the administering authority as to whether the people of the Northern Marianas may be granted the privilege of U.S. citizenship. The reply was it was still too early to give a definite answer. The writer, then Vice Speaker of the Congress responded: "We are tired enough of the Mandate System, because we have been subject to it since the Japanese Administration." The reply came: "The time will come when automatically, we hope, you will be given this privilege."

In 1950, the nature of the administration was altered by President Truman's decree which placed the former Japanese mandate islands under a civilian authority of the Department of Interior. To the Northern Marianas Islands, this shift was shortlived for in 1952, due to the Korean War, the Navy reassumed administrative responsibility over them except Rota which retained its status under the Department of Interior along with the rest of the Micronesian islands. Then for about ten years, the U.S. Navy occupied and controlled the Northern Marianas Islands.

In July of 1962, the Navy released the islands back to the administration of the Department of Interior to join their sister island of Rota and the rest of Micronesian islands.

These are some of the major proceedings of this era. To mention details would be impossible within the volume of this brief historical account. It must be mentioned that each of the general topics mentioned very briefly in this work could be made into volumes of history in itself. The writer, therefore, acknowledges that there are many interesting and fascinating details of history to which he has been a personal witness that are not mentioned in this account. What have been mentioned are the major events from which complete understanding of the past may be derived.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Marshall The new year started with a January 1 visit by Asst. Secty. of Interior Harrison Loesch. He and staff aide Tom Whittington talked over the Marshalls' problems and concerns with members of the Congress of Micronesia, *Nitijela*, DUD municipality and the district administration. The busy conference took place during the four hours the Air Micronesia jet flew down to Nauru and back. Since last Dec. 4, on every other Thursday, the big jet makes this side trip on its way from Honolulu to Guam, opening a dramatic new route in the Pacific islands. Land surveyors and bomb exploders began arriving for work in the far-flung corners of the Marshalls. An accelerated land cadaster program will attempt to survey land and register titles in all the many widespread atolls and islands of the district. Also a demolition team of four men is detonating many left-over explosives from WW II on islands such as Wotje, Mille, Jaluit, and Maloelap. A delegation of five legislators from the *Nitijela* went up to the big city to watch the Congress in action during its special session in January. The 710 students at Rita Elementary School are cheering the efforts of a 12-man team which constructed four concrete water catchments with a 9,500 gallon capacity. The school's inadequate water supply system was rebuilt by the U.S. Navy's Seabee Civic Action Team and members of the community. Next, the construction team moved over to the high school to serve as job instructors for a group of about 50 to 60 boys. With their newly acquired skills and direction of the Seabees, the young men will undertake the construction of a gymnasium on the high school campus.

Truk The subject of fishing has been stirring up great interest in Truk District. Some residents have asked Congress to investigate one TT-incorporated fishing firm to determine whether it is truly a Micronesian business or only a "front" for an Okinawa company. At the same time there have been considerable favorable comments concerning a Japanese fishing firm proposing to set up a fishing industry in the district which would train Micronesians and eventually turn over the operation of the company to TT citizens. Under the plan, which seemed to meet the approval of lagoon Magistrates, the Japanese firm would send men to train Trukese fishermen and also provide boats and fishing gear which could be bought on an easy payment plan . . . Jesse R. Quigley accepted the task of setting up and directing the new TT Liaison Office in Okinawa and Juan A. Sablan has stepped up to replace him as District Administrator . . . A new Representative from the Faichuk area was elected to complete the term of Chutomu Nimwes who resigned from the Congress of Micronesia to become Truk's District Director of Education. The very close election saw Hans Williander outpoll Machime O'Sonis and Tatasy Wainit . . . Interior Asst. Secty. Harrison Loesch spent three days with the people of Truk, including visits to a number of lagoon islands . . . The Juvenile Delinquency Planning Council of Micronesia held a three-day conference with 54 persons from all districts attending. One of the most often blamed causes of delinquency was said to be lack of respect for the older generation which results in disobedience. Lack of respect for local culture and customs and a misguided sense of individual

freedom were also pointed out . . . Construction is going strong with the new Truk hospital more than half-finished and the Continental/Travel Lodge Hotel underway . . . The perplexing problem of transportation continues with help from the Palau Islander as a boost to assist the Truk Islander in serving the outer islands . . . Christmas was a big event for Truk. In addition to the Guam civilian/military Christmas drop in the outer islands, the Navy's "Santa's Helpers" arrived with a plane-load of gifts at Moen. More than 500 persons swarmed over the airstrip to greet the Christmas plane.

Yap With DistAd George Hoover moving up to Saipan to direct the new TT Department of Finance, Leonard Aguigui, former district agriculturist, has been named District Administrator. Carl Heine left his post with the Congress of Micronesia to become Deputy DistAd. The first Outer Islands Chiefs Council has been formed as a body with initial meeting last December on Falalop. Ulithi. Chief Hathy of Ulithi was unanimously elected Chairman of the Council. Bi-weekly meetings between DistAd and local Congressional and Council leaders have been started to create closer liaison with the people. TT Sheriffs, holding their first district-wide meeting chose Yap for two-week conference site. Among matters decided was a name change from Insular Constabulary to Police Department and from District Sheriff to Chief of Police. The U.S. Navy Seabees major project, the Map-Makiy causeway and bridge, was inspected by C.B. commander Rear Admiral Smith. The Admiral also met with local leaders to discuss progress of community projects. A serious

fire razed the general merchandise store of EMI Enterprise. Without pausing to feel sorry for himself, aggressive Ikosia Eccles immediately began rebuilding the business and planning greater expansion. Interior Asst. Secty. Harrison Loesch included Yap in his visit through the Territory. With the aid of a Navy seaplane, he was able to confer with Outer Island Chiefs who met with the Secretary in an All Men's House on Ulithi.

Ponape Jets, Jets, JETS! Finally, Ponape's out of the amphibian age, with the new airfield fully open. Regular jet flights starting in February, with the crushed coral field built on a mangrove swamp, 6,200 proud feet long and connected to Kolonia by a mile of causeway on the reef. Transportation Board contracted with Francisco Paulus' Kapingan construction group for a dynamic new terminal building, which includes old style materials in new design—plus literally miles of coconut cord used in traditional tying of the main frame members by experts from Uh Municipality. . . . Two Pingalapese fishermen finally paddling their outboard motor boat to Ponape from Pakin Atoll (some 30 miles) after having been lost at sea twice in two different boats, and a week after the air-sea search had been called off (and they had to paddle their motor boat three times in this craziest of lost-at-sea-with-self-rescue-service story). Everyone's glad they're back. . . . PATS (Ponape Agriculture and Trade School) working with four municipalities (Metalanim, Uh, Sokehs, Kusaie) in building dispensaries under MDTA (Manpower Development and Training Act) training program. . . . A new Seabee Civic Action Team now on Kusaie, with Ponape's CAT working with several community programs. "Thanks, guys" . . . Boy Scout troops chartered with Aloha Council from Metalanim, Uh, and Kolonia—and others getting ready; uniforms and marching groups all over the place. . . . Nukuoro building school, office and dispensary simultaneously when the roofing for the projects drops into the lagoon on unloading. Scuba divers

see them but can't pick 'em up. Nukuoro Lagoon with best roof in TT. . . . Ponape Island now has more bridge work around it than most dentists can do. The big Dausokele bridge in Net now solid and safe with the PTB rebuilding bad piles. . . . New Board of Education working on new school construction planning—18 classrooms going up in Kittu, Net, Sokehs, Kusaie and Kapingamarangi. . . . Mobile Adult Education Team spreading water tanks, gardens, new approaches to women's tools and techniques, economic and government ideas all over the district. . . . A cross-eyed Santa flying with the Christmas Drop made a big hit on one of the outer islands. The crate was parachuted directly on the Chief's house. Nobody was at home in the now roofless house. . . . The visit of Secretary Loesch was a real shot-in-the-arm for government workers and other residents of the District.

Palau The violation of territorial waters by a foreign fishing vessel has been the dominant topic in the district. Last October, three unidentified fishing boats raided Pulo Anna Island in the southwest. Thirty men landed on the tiny island and stole coconuts, papayas and chickens. An unlicensed Taiwanese fishing boat, Kyushin Maru No. 23, was apprehended by Palau police at Peleliu after illegally harvesting more than 5,000 pounds of clam muscles and 200 turtles in Helen Reef. The TT Court fined the poachers \$18,000 and when levy was not paid, the boat was confiscated. Another Taiwanese fishing boat, Fukuchi No. 1, was apprehended by the Palau police also off Peleliu reef. The vessel was fined \$2,500 or delivery of clam muscles at the rate of \$1.00 per pound. Enough clam muscle was delivered to pay the fine and the ship was released. Later, the Fukuchi No. 1 burned and sank 15 miles off Ngaremlengui Village when several fuel pipes in the engine room exploded, causing an intense fire which in less than three minutes spread to the deck and other areas of the ship. No one was hurt and the crew has since returned to Okinawa. In another

high seas mishap, ten Indonesians were stranded on Merir Island after drifting in two life boats for more than a week. They were brought to Koror on the M/V Palau Islander and have been repatriated. Father Edwin G. McManus passed away from apparent heart failure. Fr. McManus was a veteran Jesuit missionary in the Caroline and Marshall islands who completed an excellent Palauan dictionary as part of his 20 years of service in Micronesia. District officials conferred with municipal officials from Babelthup on additional elementary classrooms to be built pursuant to the HiCom's directive to extend school services to outlying areas. Additional classrooms will be built at Koror, Airai, Ngchesar, and Melekoek. Deputy HiCom Peter Coleman visited Palau to discuss teacher salary problems with district education personnel. The meeting was successful and it cancelled a proposed teacher walkout. Interior Asst. Secty. Loesch also visited the district, meeting with elected, hereditary, and other community leaders. A bookmobile operated by the education department is now in operation and is being enjoyed by hundreds of students and adults throughout Koror. A controversy over ownership of a proposed Palau communication site has resulted in a delay in constructing this facility. The district was host to several TT-wide conferences: Health, Juvenile Delinquency, Vocational Education. In economic development, Air Micronesia has started building its hotel and the Royal Palauan Hotel has changed management with Sawaichi and Ngirutang as the winners of the bid to operate the renowned hotel. The Palau Community Action Agency has conducted a district-wide survey of the immediate needs of the people. Most often expressed wishes were improvement of agricultural extension services and regular, more extensive services of the various government agencies. Five men on Tobi Island drank poisonous alcohol after depleting their supply of commercial liquor. One died and four were left permanently blind. A new district head has been appointed. Now acting as District Administrator is Thomas O. Remengesau who re-

placed James Flannery the first of November.

Marianas & Hdqrs.

The Marianas chain joyfully celebrated the Christmas and New Year's seasons with relative peace and ease—no interruptions by bad weather, lots of caroling, firecrackers, and only one serious traffic accident. On the day before Christmas, an Air Force plane from Andersen AF Base, Guam, flew over the northern islands dropping tons of gifts in the 18th annual Christmas Air Drop. Also parachuted were huge bundles of copra bags to help islanders get their cash product ready for loading aboard the next field trip vessel. The "big connection" has been made between Guam and Saipan with the completion of a new link in the TT communications network. Saipan is now tied in to Guam's so-called telephone system and through it to other areas of the world having phone systems. First call was by the HiCom to Secretary Hickel in Washington. Other district links to Saipan are expected this year. On the political scene, the Congress of Micronesia met in special session in January to consider work left undone last Summer and reconsider bills not signed into law. Two major bills were passed. They are a revised foreign investment bill and a measure to permit a single pay plan for all TT employees. Not approved was the controversial first income tax proposal for Micronesia and a meat inspection law which would set standards for meat export from the Territory . . . Earlier, the November referendum taken on reintegration of Guam and the Marianas was turned down by 60% of the electorate of Guam. A week later, Marianas district voters, more than 3,000 of the 5,000 eligible, sounded out overwhelmingly in favor of some sort of association with U.S.: 1,942 for reintegration, 1,116 for association with U.S., 106 for unincorporated U.S. territory, 19 for independence, 5 status quo, 1 commonwealth, 1 marked U.S.A. and one lone write-in named Japan as his choice. Interior Asst. Secty. Harrison Loesch completed a

two-week swing of the Territory with a three-day final stop on Saipan including an address before Congress. The Secretary said he had HiCom Johnston's concurrence along with Interior Secretary Hickel's backing in carrying out the Administration's action program: "I expect a deeper participation by members of the Congress of Micronesia and District Legislators in budgetary matters," he told the lawmakers. "I am delighted the machinery already has been prepared. Second, the decentralization of the TT Government is most essential. To the greatest extent possible, the Legislative Branch will determine the priorities and policies of Micronesia. This is the message I have been preaching and I think the point has been made," he said. He plans another meeting with the Political Status Delegation in Micronesia this Spring. The Land Cadaster Program was launched early in January by Secretary Loesch who set the first monument in the TT-wide land survey and registration program. The cadaster, one of the major points in the Administration's Action Plan, also saw 20 surveyors on loan from Interior arrive to set up teams for all districts. A million dollars a year for the next five years is requested to reach the goal of providing every landowner with clear title to his property . . . The first quarter of 1970 began with additional appropriations from the U.S. Congress, giving the TT the largest budget in its history: nearly \$50 million for this fiscal year . . . Leo Falcam, TT Executive Officer, served as acting chief executive for a couple of weeks during an absence of HiCom and Deputy HC. He is the first Micronesian, at least since Magellan's time, to make decisions from the top desk. The first Crown of Thorns Starfish control team has gone into action in the Marianas. Other teams in other districts will follow. On Rota, a batch of Seabees arrived to help district public works resurface the airstrip so that the big jets could make regular landings. Also improved was the road between airfield and the village, and other community projects, including a recreation park with tables, benches and barbeque pits.

ON THE GO

by Marjorie Smith

Dublon

Once headquarters for the Japanese in Truk, later mentioned as a plausible site for a centrally located capital of Micronesia, Dublon Island is a good destination for a tourist in Truk.

There are several good reasons for making a trip to Dublon, or to any other of the islands that rise from the lagoon around Moen. After the tourist has explored Moen's dusty roads and deep shady forests and crowded villages and the wonders of the shelves of the Truk Trading Company, a visit away from the bustle and paraphernalia of the district center provides a valuable contrast. Life on Moen, even at the ends of the jarring roads to Xavier or South Field is still heavily influenced by the presence of the district center with its jobs and stores and port and airstrip. Not that you'll find the other islands in the Truk lagoon "unspoiled"—depending upon your standards for that word, there may not be an unspoiled island in all of Micronesia. But you will find any island outside the district center a little less Americanized, a little closer to the old way of life.

Besides the goal of getting outside the district center, there is the boat ride. I have always considered boat rides not a means but an end. A boat

District correspondents: Marianas, Patrick Mangar; Marshalls, Laurence Edwards; Palau, Bonifacio Basilius; Ponape, Peter Hill; Truk, Tadaszy Curley; Yap, Carl Heine.

ride seems to me a good reason to take any trip. I believe any visitor to Micronesia should take as many boat rides as possible. You can't gain a proper impression of Micronesia without spending some time on the water, because the water is Micronesia just as the land is. What makes Truk beautiful, to me, is the mountainous islands jutting from the colorful lagoon—a strong aesthetic balance of land and water. From a moving boat, you watch these mountains, green in the foreground, mistier and blue in the distance, perform a slow, majestic dance, rearranging themselves behind each other as the boat moves across the lagoon, their shapes changing as your perspective changes.

And then another good reason for making any trip is what you'll find at your destination. The visitor with limited time and limited boat-hiring resources must make a choice among the many islands in the Truk lagoon. They simply can't all be visited in one day, although it is certainly possible to visit a couple of neighboring islands on one trip. I am not qualified to comment on the comparative merits of the various islands in Truk. When I had to choose, I chose Dublon, and found it well worth a trip.

Obtaining a boat in Truk may take a little persistence and patience, but if a visitor inquires at likely places (for instance, the Mar-a-Mar Hotel or the Bay View Restaurant) he will eventually locate someone who knows someone with a boat to rent. In October of last year, it cost about twenty dollars for a day once we added up the boat rental, gasoline, and fees for the operator and for the man who rides on the bow of the boat to guide it through tight places in the reefs. If that sounds steep, the thing to do is to get a group of four or six people together to share expenses.

It's entirely possible to see the most prominent sights of Dublon in an afternoon, but it probably won't add to the cost of the trip to make it a full-day adventure, taking a picnic lunch and swimming and snorkeling apparatus.

One warning: I'm told that the Truk lagoon is not always so pleasant for

boat rides as it was in October, so perhaps visitors may not enjoy the boat ride part of the expedition after all. But there is enough to see in Dublon to make it worth suffering some rough water.

It's not a very long journey, anyway. From the beach at South Field in Moen, Dublon seems close enough to swim to. (But don't try it—it's really two miles away.) Dublon has less than half the land area Moen has (2100 acres compared to 4600) but is just as dramatically mountainous—Dublon's Mt. Tonomwan rises to 1184 feet, just 30 feet lower than Mt. Tonoken in Moen.

Traveling toward Dublon from Moen you have a good view of Fefan Island, home of some of Truk's most active handicrafters and farmers, to the right of Dublon. Centered between and beyond the two larger islands will be Uman Island.

Certainly the Japanese must have had good reasons for making Dublon their headquarters in Truk. Presumably the U.S. Navy had good reasons for moving the center to Moen when they took over, despite the number of still usable Japanese-built facilities in Dublon. It is not the business of a tourist to comment on such decisions. Our job is to look at what has been left behind in this stumbling of alien cultures across Micronesia's islands.

The Japanese left considerable evidence of their intense occupation of Dublon, and I found these ghosts quite different from the Japanese ghosts in Saipan at Garapan's jail and hospital and Sugar King Park. In Dublon the Japanese ghosts are surrounded by living people, residing in the buildings that remain, using the streets and roads. You visit not just ruins (is there anywhere else in the world where tourists go around visiting thirty-year-old ruins?) but functioning villages. You see the layers of an archaeologist's midden creating itself before your eyes.

Our first stop was at Nukuna at the southern end of the harbor and seaplane development on Dublon's southeastern coast. Vast slabs of concrete slope and slump into the water,

oriented toward tiny Eten Island half a mile away which the Japanese rearranged with bulldozers until it was mostly an airstrip. At Nukuna, we clambered out of the boat and followed the slippery edges of the ramps to the shore.

An impressive one-story concrete building with walls a foot thick and steel shutters at the windows crouches there to greet visitors, called, as most sturdy left-over buildings seemed to be called in Micronesia, "the command post." I have heard others say it was a radio communications center. Now it is home for a Trukese family, and the shady veranda provides a resting place for residents and visitors.

This veranda faces The Street. The Street is one of the wonders of Micronesia: a beautifully paved and engineered concrete street, lined on either side with drainage ditches, striding along Dublon's narrow coastal plain. Perhaps the impact the street has on you depends upon how much time you have spent bumping along the dirt roads of Moen (or Koror or Kolonia or Chalan Kanoa, for that matter), but there is no question that it is startling, lying smugly there beneath the trees, lined with occasional reminders of the city once centered around it.

We walked down The Street. Where else in Micronesia can you promenade on such a sidewalk? We passed concrete bunkers, water catchment tanks, gateposts and stairways marking the spots where pretty wooden houses must once have stood. Narrower lanes branched off the thoroughfare, each lined with its own neat concrete drainage ditch.

But Truk is, after all, Micronesia's most populous district, and Dublon is home for 2,000 people. So it wasn't with ghosts and memories that we strolled along The Street, but with warm, smiling people. I wondered about the Japanese engineers who designed this street and supervised its construction so that it drains perfectly and survives the strains of jungle weather and the inroads of jungle growth; I hoped that they would be happy if they knew that this street is still an integral part of the lives of

people.

They sit on the street, the Dublonese. They sprawl on its cool hard surface, spared from bugs and the dampness of the bare ground. They sleep, read, gossip, nurse their babies, teach their children to walk on the even surface. Women squat here to weave baskets or sleeping mats. School children study their lessons, using the pavement as a smooth surface for their writing paper. Card-players shuffled their cards and deal them onto the concrete. It is the village plaza, a weirdly elongated well-drained village square.

Having absorbed as much as we could of the wonder of The Street, we retraced our steps to the command post building and were then led in the opposite direction into a twentieth-century jungle composed of *tangan-tangan* growing out of acres of concrete. Footpaths crisscrossed each other in this shimmering shadowy jungle with its silly flat dry floor with cracks in it that met at exact right angles. Our guide led us inland toward the hills and suddenly we were standing in front of a concrete-lined cave with two pairs of enormous steel doors too heavy (and too rusted) to move. From the air, this must just look like an ordinary Trukese hillside, but from ground level you see that it is a huge concrete vault, built into the hillside—apparently a place to store bombs and ammunition safe from enemy bombardment.

There are buildings lurking in the jungle, presumably part of the huge military establishment once centered at Dublon, but eventually we returned to our boat. (What we should have done was to walk and have the boat meet us at the next stop—you miss an awful lot from several yards off shore.) We traveled eastward to Ennin which is a pretty cove at the eastern end of the old harbor, crowned by a rather impressive building set high on a hill overlooking the cove—not a Japanese ruin but a “modern” structure, the residence for the Catholic priests of Dublon. On the shore of the little bay is the Catholic mission school, St. Anthony’s.

We docked the boat and were led along the shore, away from the school and up into the hills. We passed the municipal meeting house, a baseball diamond with a game in violent progress, a small Japanese shrine. The trail led past little homes where people smiled and said “*Ran Annim*” and the women, seeing that tourists were coming would reach for something to cover their chests, not in any hurry or as if they were embarrassed, just as though it were a gesture of courtesy, like tipping a hat.

A pair of massive Japanese gateposts mark the entrance to a public elementary school, one of those constructed a few years ago under the AESCP (Accelerated Elementary School Construction Program). It was lunchtime when we were there and the children swarmed around us shouting “*Ran Annim*” and “Hello.” Several children scurried off to the neighboring houses and returned to the school-ground with large enameled wash basins full of rice which they all shared.

The path led on under giant breadfruit and mango trees with concrete gate posts and occasional small shrines lurking in the thick vegetation on either side of the trail. We came, abruptly, to a crossroads and there was the hospital, almost a replica of the Japanese ruins in Saipan, two wings extending from a circular entrance lobby, high-ceilinged rooms, shiny porcelain tile lining the floor and walls of the operating room. I tried to imagine the bustling place this crossroads must once have been, but it is hard to see this isolated site as the center of anything.

We followed the path just below the hospital. It took us past more houses and then suddenly we were back at the Catholic school complex, surrounded by children saying “Hello” and “What is your name” and giggling at our strangeness.

The boat took us around to the north shore of the island, to the Kuchua area where we climbed a remarkably steep path and arrived at Finores, a peaceful complex of white buildings and manicured lawns—the Protestant mission. It stares across

the water at Xavier High School, perched on Moen’s haunch. Above the mission houses is the school and then a small, very European-looking church, built during German times.

Exhausted by the climb, we sat on the steps of the church, drinking coconut water and watching the Trukese family living just below the church go about the business of living. I tried to imagine Germans, pink-faced and determined, panting up this steep hill, sitting in the shade of this same breadfruit tree, seeing . . . what? Indolent souls in need of salvation? Acres of copra in need of harvesting and exploitation? Or imagine Japanese generals at the command post seeing not the blue and green beauty of the islands and the water but strategic implications. I thought of the Americans busy in Moen building hospitals and schools and political institutions. But what I saw most clearly were the Trukese, living on their islands, leaning on concrete souvenirs left by past rulers, building no monuments of their own except their families.

After awhile, we scrambled back down to the water and headed back to dusty Moen.

Back Cover

A

Carolinian girl
from
the island of
Saipan

Photograph by
Howard Kerstetter

