Micronesian Repurter

FOURTH QUARTER 1969

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This Quarter's Worth

Long Hot Summer

The coolness of winter should bring to readers an atmosphere for calm reflection upon two lively events of 1969's mid-year period. The Micronesia Olympic Games swept through the 9-days between July 4th. America's Independence Day, and July 12th, Micronesia Day. A pictorial section in this issue recalls some highlights of the intense rivalry that developed as all six districts of the Trust Territory joined for the first time in athletic competition. A week later. beginning July 14th, the Congress of Micronesia began a 45-day session. Once again some contention was evident, as is customary about the world, where the legislative branch during its briefer period of decision making. seeks to emulate the executive branch which has the full year to call the signals.

The Second Session of the Third Congress was billed as a "Summer of Decision," by some, because of the major questions which were to be examined. Perhaps it would be more apt to describe it as a summer of caution, as suggested by Luke Tman's analysis titled Congress Faces a New Day,-"For after all, great decisions are not made hastily." Tman's article and Coming of Age in Micronesia, by Philip W. Quigg, offer an excellent chronicle of the pressures which were bearing down on the members of Congress at the beginning of calendar 1969 and how the issues were being met during the summer session. Both articles, we feel are worthy of current study and permanent reference.

Truk's Adam and Eve

This issue of the Reporter carries the first of two parts of a fascinating interview with Chief Petrus Mailo, Mayor of Moen Island in Truk District. It may not start out appearing much like an interview, since the reply to the first question continues until the last page ... but the foundation that is laid by the knowledgeable chief in this Quarter will provide readers with a clear background for understanding the position of a chief in the past and the role he is sharing in today's administration. The narration appearing in this issue. according to Chief Petrus, is the first time such a detailed accounting has been given of the development of the chief system in Truk. And as such, it is perhaps the closest thing in print today to an historiography of Truk.

The Eastern Districts

Not forgotten, but not always fully covered in past Reporters, have been activities of the Eastern Districts of the Territory. In addition to the interview this Quarter there are three other features originating from that area. A newlook in adult education is reviewed by Ray Battestilli who shared in the Ponape program this summer. Barbara Teitge wends her way from Johnston Island to Ponape in a delightful woman's eve-view of how to enter the Territory as a tourist and leave being loved by the local population. Would that all visitors practice Teitge's travel tips.

Countless anecdotes about the SA-16 land-sea plane have accumulated during the past 15 years. Few of the stories sound real to outsiders, but to old-time residents the SA-16 is a fountain of unbelievable memorabilia. Our editor, in searching for one such tale to salute the departing Albatross aircraft, recalls his sharing an emergency flight. While the situation and the characters are honest-togoodness real, the details of the early morning takeoff admittedly have been stretched just a little in telling the story.—C.M.A.

Who's Who

...in this issue of the Reporter

LUKE M. TMAN is the special assistant to the Trust Territory's commissioner for public affairs and is the director of the government's political education program. He calls on his experience in Congress as a Yap District member of the House of Representatives ('65, '66, '67) and his former service as the TT's public information officer to report some observations on the summer session of Congress, 1969.

PHILIP W. QUIGG, managing editor of the American quarterly review, Foreign Affairs, is a rare traveling journalist. Inquisitive and deeply perceptive—on the scene but briefly early this year—he has produced an eloquent, in-depth study of Micronesia as it reached age 21.

RAY BATTESTILLI, former Peace Corps agriculture volunteer at Kaping-amarangi Atoll, upon nearing the end of his 2-year term stopped at PATS, Ponape, to teach animal husbandry. Here he participated, observed and wrote about the TT's new Community Leadership Training Program.

BARBARA TEITGE, one member of a wedded team of wanderers, describes a leisurely trip through the eastern districts of Micronesia. Wife of a Pan Am pilot, Mrs. Teitge made her trip to Ponape to join her husband who had helped crew a sailboat from Hawaii through the Pacific islands.

HOWARD KERSTETTER is by vocation the Territory's Deputy Commissioner, Elementary/Secondary Education, and by avocation a top-flight photographer. His return from a Yap Outer Islands field trip not only brought pictures of progress in education, but also a series of island scenes including the outstanding photograph on the back cover.

C. M. ASHMAN, our editor, in looking for a parting tribute to the SA-16 land-sea plane, recalls his own involvement in an unscheduled flight...one of the Albatross aircraft's many thoughtful favors granted during its 15 years of Micronesian benevolence.

INTERVIEW:

Chief Petrus Mailo

The legendary history of Truk was unfolded clan by clan and generation by generation as Chief Petrus Mailo, Mayor of Truk's main island of Moen, recalled the teachings of his father during an interview with the editor of the Micronesian Reporter. The quiet conversation began late on a humid summer afternoon on the lanai of Moen's Bay View Restaurant and continued enthrallingly until well after nine in the evening. Chief Petrus, who has been the traditional leader of Moen during the past twenty-two years, also is the elected leader, serving as chief executive of the island on which the district center of Truk is located. Although he expresses and clearly demonstrates a deep concern for the welfare of his home district, the fatherly chief is not the least bit provincial; having traveled in the States and the Orient and having maintained a continuing interest in a sprawling and restless world in which his land often is not represented on the map with even the tiniest dot. Through the hours of a warm afternoon, a brilliant sunset display and a showery evening, the chief detailed the evolution of the system of clans now existing in Truk. This was followed with an examination of the chief system in the light of this century's foreign influences. The time passed quickly. With the chief speaking softly in Trukese, his thoughts were translated into English by Hermes Katsura, the Udot Island-born Speaker of the Truk District Legislature. Katsura was a master teacher in the education department before he took on full-time duties with the Legislature. Some of his anthropological work is recorded in Trust Territory archives. Together, Chief Petrus and Hermes Katsura's words are being presented to Reporter readers in two parts. The first, an account of clan history, appears this Quarter. The second, for our next edition, will offer Chief Petrus' thoughts on the role of a Micronesian chief today and the prospects of this role continuing into the future.

REPORTER: Chief Petrus, in addition to the thousands of copies of the MICRONESIAN REPORTER that are circulated in the Trust Territory, we have many more that go to other parts of the world. In those foreign countries there are people who have a deep interest in Micronesia, including many who have never been here. We thought that before we talk about the role of a chief in Truk today, we would first ask a few questions about the chief system, when it started and on what it was based.

PETRUS: Since you are interested in the chief system here in Truk, I might as well tell you the story of this island of Moen. According to legend and history there was a couple, a man and a wife, who immigrated to the shore of this village called **Mechitiu**, across the airfield. And when this couple came to Moen there were no trees and no human beings on this island, no birds, no animals on the island, so that they decided to move to the area where the administration building is located now.

When they started to live in that section, they lived in a cave above the DistAd's residence on the hill. During the daytime they came down to the valley and looked for things to eat and went back to the cave to sleep at night. While they were looking for things to eat they noticed that trees began to grow along the beach. At the same time they could find honey from the bees. This was their main food at that time.



The woman became pregnant, so the husband built a house for his wife and told her to live alone in the place called **Unungonota**. The type of house he built for his wife was nothing like the thatch that they use now. Pandanus was the first tree growing along the beach and there was the breadfruit they call **onoas**; the kind which has nuts inside. You can see this kind of breadfruit trees in the outer islands, not many in the lagoon—it is very rare. They have a vine they know how to weave and they used leaves and made a roof out of these leaves.

The husband himself left the wife and started living on top of the mountain, up here called **Tonachau**. He built himself a house up there and left instructions for his wife that when the pain comes, if it is at night you build a fire so that I can see the flame and come down. If the pain comes during the day build the fire anyway so that I can see the smoke.

The pain came and it was at night and the man came down just as the wife was about to deliver the baby.

The man cut the breadfruit bark and used it as a place to lay the baby down. They named him Mwanichi, and there is a very important meaning attached to the first born son. In English it doesn't mean much, but in Trukese Mwanichi means "man or person who gives orders." He is the one who says "let's do this" or "let's do that," and that is the real meaning of Mwanichi. In English it is not an important person, but in Trukese the word has significant meaning as a person who commands or who gives orders.

This will help clarify because you are interested in learning about the chief system in Truk. The word Mwanichi was well understood by the followers or descendents of the first born of this family; that generation after generation according to custom must obey the **Mwanichi**. Because he was the one that was born first, therefore everything must be obeyed. This was well understood.

The second child born to this family was a girl and they named this second child **Nobufonu**. It also has a significant meaning—the first woman born to this man or first to set foot on this island of Moen.

The third child was a boy and they named this child **Onuk**. This word has a significant meaning in Trukese. It means the person who looks after the body and takes care of the needs of the human beings. The role of the son named **Onuk** is very important. Today our word **uouonuk** is derived from this word **onuk**. This means somebody who doesn't follow instruction. He says things but doesn't follow them. It is very important to know that this position was created a long time ago.

The fourth child was a girl and she was named **Neuofonu**. The meaning of this name is a person who plans what should be grown on this land and how land should be divided so that human beings have their maintenance. It is a very important role and has an important meaning.

To summarize the names given to these four children, so far: you have to have a master who commands, which goes to the first born child; the second was the first girl who set foot on the island; the third child was the one whose role was to look after the body because if you can't take care of the body you cannot obey the master; and then you have the fourth child who was the one who planned what should grow and what trees should be planted. These are very important. They have very significant meanings.

During that time here on Moen the father gave instruction as to the responsibility of each; emphasized the role and the responsibility of each. He emphasized the role and responsibility of the first born baby-that he must be respected, he must be obeyed, and the word aurosom was used. Aurosom means give the first respect. loyalty and faithfulness to your master because he rules above everybody. because he is the first born. And this is how the word Somon was derived from the very word of the father who was giving instruction to his children. When you speak of the word aurosom then the word for chief is derived. Somon means chief.

While the trees started growing on this island, they had a bird that immigrated along with the couple. They observed the bird and whatever the bird ate they thought must be edible and this was how they found out what they could eat and could not eat. So the idea of giving first food to the chief came about because the first food was given to the first born baby. As they grew up he had first to taste before everybody. So you can see that this is how the chief system was being developed.

The couple had 12 children altogether: six boys and six girls. As they grew up, the six men and six women, the father placed the men in the different villages on this island.

He put the first man on the mountain called **Witipon**. The second on the mountain of **Wichap**. And the third on **Tunuk**. The fourth son was here on **Mwan** and the fifth one in **Mechitiu**. The youngest one was with the father on the mountain on **Tonachau** and the youngest son's name was **Souoniras**.

As to the girls, he put them accordingly and the youngest daughter, with the youngest son, was with the father.

As time went on the father was worried about not having children on the island, so he and his wife planned something. When they sent the daughters to be with the sons they knew that they were brothers and sisters to begin with. So their plan was to have one daughter and one son on different occasions to take them to the water in Mechitiu that they call Neutumas which means "playing and splashing in the water." The purpose of the plan was to change their thinking of their blood relationship. They also called the water "water that changes people's mind" because while they were playing they began to realize that they were man and woman and maybe they were not related anymore. That is exactly what took place because they became man and wife at that moment. So, purposely the mother and father let them stay there for two or three days.

Then they went out and looked for them, but by the time they saw them together they knew that they were already man and wife.

They did likewise to all the brothers and sisters. And as time went on the first man and wife, after they got together, had children. The instructions given to them were that when the pain came they were to deliver the baby with their mother and at the same time the old father must name the first born baby. From there on the man and wife can name their own babies, but the first born baby must be named by the father.

It happened when the first couple had its first baby, it had a mole similar to his father so that they called him **Atisor** because of this. Likewise when a girl was born they called her **Niesor**. **Sor** means mole; **ni** means female and **ati** means male. This was the beginning of the clan **Sor**.

When the second couple had their first baby born the father instructed the mother to make sure that the daughter gave birth outside the house. At the time the girl gave birth between two rocks. So the father came down and asked where the baby was born and he was told between these two rocks. He said I am going to name him

Atikachau which means "man born on rocks." And the same thing when a girl was born, she was called **Nienkachau**, ati, for the male, **ni** for the female. And that was how the clan of **Achau** was originated.

When the third couple's time came the mother instructed the son to take the daughter away from home and do some outdoor work. They went looking for dried coconut leaves to fish at night and use as torches and while they were looking for dried coconut leaves, the pain came and the daughter gave birth next to the taro swamp, that was called Pon. So they called the father and said the daughter gave birth to a child. He came down, took the child to his home and named the boy Atinpon, and if a girl, Nienipon. That is how we have the clan Pon in Truk.

The fourth couple's time came and it was the same thing. While they were playing outside under the breadfruit trees (the kind with the nuts inside) the pain came and the daughter gave birth under the breadfruit tree outside the house. They called the father and he was told that the baby was born under the breadfruit tree and he called it **Atinimei** and if a girl **Nienimei**, and that is how we have the clan **Fanimei**, meaning under the breadfruit tree.

The fifth couple's time came and the same story. The mother took the daughter near some wild trees they called **Puereka**. So when the baby was born the father named it **Atiniperik** and if a girl, **Nieniperik**. That is the clan **Puereka** today.



The sixth couple's time came and the daughter was taken outdoors and she gave birth to a child underneath a very hard tree called **Rekich**. They called the boy **Atirek** and if a girl **Nierek** and the clan today is called **Rak**.

So this gives you a fair picture of how the chief system was developed and how the clans were developed from the one family. As generations grew, they were able to intermarry because there were different clans. The children can marry as long as the clan is different today, but the original clan was **Sopunnupi** which was the clan of the first couple that immigrated to Moen.

And **Sopunnupi** bears very significant meaning. Pi means beach where they immigrated and **Sop** means the section of land. That is how you can see the chief clan today is **Sopunnupi**.

When the father and mother saw that children were born to the six couples, they decided that it was time that they formed their first government . . . the first local government. So he instructed all the children by calling them and he said 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.

To support this chieftain, we must prepare ourselves by creating different positions. That is why you hear this word **sou**. **Sou** means instructor; instructor in carpentry, house building, fishing, planting. You have this word **sou** and you just attach the word **fanafan** meaning carving canoes, or attau meaning fishing, etc. But a chief alone is not enough. For a government you must have these departments . . . even an instructor in medicine, navigation. They even have women's departments . . . instructors who weave clothes, baskets and mats.

As these different departments or activities developed, the father decided to try out their skills as chiefs, like at a fair, to see what the women can weave and see what the men can catch or build, and any kind of skill that was their role. So for the first time they were brought here to compare

and see what they could do among themselves. So in this respect the father instructed that all the first products must be contributed to the chief to show their respect that he is the master and chief and because of this in Truk until today you have a system of umusamon which means the first fruits, the first of anything . . . it could be materials . . . not only food. The other things are dying out, you know, but the giving of fruits is still retained today . . . that you bring the first fruit of the year to the traditional chief. This should show how local government was first developed. It was not until the third generation that the first government was set up.

As years and time passed all the children's children travelled to different islands in the lagoon, but the instruction given by the father was "wherever you go you must remember that the original clan was this. But when the original clan disappears then you must bear in mind that whatever clan you build, you can set up your own system similar to the first local government."

There are two chief systems today. I can be very definite that on most islands today are not the original clan. It is somewhat similar to the American way of electing their chief or president because when the chief clan of the female line died out then the clan of the father had no choice but they have to be the chiefs. But the real chief clan is the female line. However, when the female line dies it goes to the son. They didn't necessarily bear the chief clan because they are not from the female line and therefore today you have two types of chief systems. One they call Mueu that carried the chief's clan from the female line, and the Murara is the second chief system in which the chief clan is the father's or any clan. Therefore when you speak of chief system today you can be correct to say that we have so far two chief systems: the chief clan from the female line and the male line of clan. Perhaps you can say that a third system might be developed; that some people might be elected to be chiefs, but they are not in the chief

clan nor in the male's clan. They have nothing to do with the male clan or the female clan, but the fact that they are elected they are called chief.

It is true that under the American system today we have elections. But when you speak of election, people still tend to vote for the people who fall in the line of chief clan either by the female line or the male line. The reason this custom is so strong up to today is because we know that when you are chief you are expected to have land, you have property, you have all those valuable things. The chief should be looked up by the people. Whenever there is famine he can call in people and say I have land. you can work on it and help yourself. When people are in need, you know, the chief should be able to help his people.

But unfortunately some people are elected just because maybe they are popular or they have educational background and so on. But they do not possess what a chief must possess. So when his people suffer from hunger or from anything, he cannot help because he does not possess those valuable things in life such as land and property.

When you asked what the chief system is based on, it is based first upon land and valuable property like canoes and houses, meeting houses. Those are very important in our custom and tradition. The second base is that a large number of clan members are in the chief clan. Because when you have many females in the clan, whenever they marry there is no question that their husband will benefit from the marriage because they fall in the chief clan. They also support the chiefs because he can order them to do things and they benefit from it. This is also considered an important factor—to support a chief.

Another important factor you must base your vote on, is that that 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 . . .



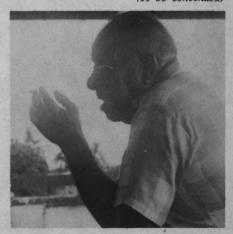
education according to custom. You don't read books, but these things are passed on by your father's chief. These are very important factors too because the people will look up to the chief to tell them that this is the answer. He has to be wise. These are important factors I am talking about. I think by now you should be aware that all of these factors were originated from the first couple because of the skill that they developed in the activity of human lives . . . skills to build canoes, build a house, farm the land. All these things come from the chief clan and that's what a chief is expected to know and at least have some skill in these lines.

Another important factor is the fact that when you speak of chief's land, a chief's land extends to the ocean. They have jurisdiction over the water, not only land, but the water as well. Along the line of a chief's kingdom or jurisdiction it is very important to know two factors when you speak of the water. There is a term in Trukese amoupi which means that the kingdom, the jurisdiction, extends until the beach is hidden; that is, when you look back you don't see it anymore. But when you go beyond the reef, then you have another term matauen eningen fonu. You travel so many miles and when you see another island then that is the boundary between the two big islands.

You can see that when you speak of a modern government, either Trust Territory government or American government, when you speak of international law, American law and so on, you must remember that we have our own law, our own international law. So to apply this international law you must consider what has been the customs and traditions of the people because people tend to follow the traditional customs and when you speak of a new government you must bear in mind what is the local way of following laws and rules and customs. This is the chief system in Truk.

REPORTER: This has been extremely interesting and enlightening, Chief Petrus . . . I think your observations should be brought to the attention of all those persons who have some authority in the administration of Micronesian matters.

PETRUS: You are right that these things should be known. These things should be known by people like the High Commissioner and the DistAd who have important jobs in Micronesia. I have worked with anthropologists who would like to get the truth from me about customs but I have not been able to give them the details. You are the first one to get a fair picture of the chief system because you are so very much interested in finding out about local government and how the chief system was originated. Because of that I am telling you these things because I disagree with people who say that we have no first government, we have no local government. That is not so. We have our local government. I have learned a lot from my father about Yap, about Saipan, because this is my education passed on to my father. (To be continued)



Congress Faces a New Day

by Luke M. Tman

hallenged by a time that demands resolutions to many long-standing issues affecting the lives of its constituents, the Third Congress of Micronesia convened its Second Regular Session this summer with high hopes and expectations. Yet it was not without a pulse of anxiety as it attempted to tread the realm of new responsibility and obligation. Representing some 95,000 Micronesians dispersed in three-million square miles of ocean, the 33 members of the Congress-12 Senators and 21 Representatives -were determined more than ever before to exercise, to the fullest capacity, the solemn mandate given them in dictating the course of events in a new era in Micronesia's long history. It would be a time that exacted decisions from the Micronesians themselves on many unresolved problems of the past, accentuated by the needs of the 20th century. It would be a period that challenged their mental dexterity as they addressed themselves to the contemporary issues of present day Micronesia, it would be an epochal point in Micronesia's political development that required ingenuity and courage to forge a still invisible yet viable future.

Even from the outset of this summer's session, anticipating the significance of the time confronting them, Senate President Amata Kabua of the Marshalls reminded his fellow Senators in his opening remarks that this was a "Summer of Decision." The theme soon rang in the hallowed chambers of the Congress and continued to permeate into the minds of many Senators and Congressmen who took their work seriously throughout the 45-day session. And adhering to their motto, the Micronesian lawmakers meeting day and night atop the Capitol Hill in Saipan were deliberative and cautious in pondering major issues. For, after all, great decisions are not made hastily. Great and lasting decisions are the products of long hours of mental toil; often exhaustive and agonizing hours filled with many doubts, fears, and uncertainties.

And Micronesian citizens—from the far-flung Marshalls in the east to the western quarter of Palau, from the Northern Islands of the Marianas to the southernmost Polynesian-speaking islanders of Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro Atolls—awaited in suspense as the deliberations of the Congress were broadcast daily through Micronesian News Service dispatches on all the territory's radio stations.

hy was the 1969 summer session termed, and perhaps appropriately so, the "Summer of Decision"? What significance did it import? despite its high expectations, was the Congress plagued by a certain anxiety? Why were the Micronesian voters held in suspense, like their Congress, with a mixture of anticipation and apprehension? Was the "Summer of Decision" truly the session that preoccupied itself with the hope of resolving the major problems that confront Micronesia and her people?

When the Congress was gaveled to order in mid-July, the one single issue of utmost interest as well as of gravest concern to Micronesians was the question of their future political status. In 1967 former President Lyndon B. Johnson, acting at the request of the Congress of Micronesia, proposed to the United States Congress the formation of a Federal Commission to study Micronesia's political future. He suggested 1972 as the date for a plebiscite. Since the creation of the Micronesian Future Political Status Commission by the Congress of Micronesia itself in 1967, this subject has commanded the greatest interest of all concerned: Micronesians, themselves, whose future is at stake, American administrators in the Territory who, in a sense, are the agents of the United States and her democratic system, interested observers from outside who are generally sympathetic with the Micronesian cause whatever that may be, and officials in Washington, both in the Executive Branch and the U.S. Congress. President Johnson's legislative proposal was never enacted by the U.S. Congress, but the date 1972 has stuck in the minds of many Micronesians, particularly those who are doubtful that they will be ready for political self-determination by 1972.

Moreover, when the Congress met in July, the six-member Status Commission had just concluded its two years of research and study into the possible political alternatives available to Micronesians. During these two years of study, very little of the Commission's work had been publicized. There was practically no concrete indication as to what the Commission would finally recommend to its mother body, the Congress of Micronesia. Only sporadic and unofficial comments by the Commission members gave some hint that independence as a possible political choice was not being entirely ruled out: This in turn gave rise to speculation, particularly by the press, that Micronesians were opting for independence.

But as a final phase of its mission, the Commission traveled from April to June throughout the six districts of the Trust Territory trying to appraise the people of its work and to ascertain their wishes regarding their political future. On April 17, at the beginning of their territory-wide tour, the long-awaited announcement was made. Commission Chairman Lazarus Salii of Palau officially announced before the Palau District Legislature the recommendation: "That the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands be constituted as

a self-governing state and that this Micronesian state-internally selfgoverning and with Micronesian control of all its branches, including the executive-negotiate entry into free association with the United States." The much headlined and talked about movement for independence-an aspiration ushered, so assert-the critics of American administration in Micronesia, by the United States failure to live up to her trust commitments and obligations-was treated as the second alternative, but only if the first choice proves unacceptable to the Administering Authority.

The reactions to the Commission's recommendation among the Micronesians were many and varied. Some, allured by the thought of an exclusive government by and for Micronesians, welcomed the recommendation. Others were allusively skeptical. And there were those, pleading ignorance, who entrusted their political destiny to the better judgment of the Commission and the Congress. Still some appeared disinterested in their future government but demanded immediate development programs from the present government. The Commission also was obliged to report a "particular circumstance" in the Marianas District, where residents-often emotionally charged—overwhelmingly denounced the Commission's recommendation and insisted on their right to seek a union with the U.S. territory of Guam.

Early in the year, in May, Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel made his first visit to Micronesia. His announcement of the United States interest in achieving a permanent partnership with Micronesia increased the tempo of the future political status issue. Although many members of the Congress of Micronesia welcomed the Secretary's statement as the first official expression of U.S. interest and position regarding the Trust Territory, several legislators misinter-



The highly-respected leadership of the Congress: House Speaker Bethwel Henry, left, and Senate President Amata Kabua. This session saw greater challenges, more work, heavier responsibilities and a new spirit of Legislative/Executive cooperation.

preted the Secretary's invitation to the Congress to send representatives to Washington in the fall to assist in the drafting of organic legislation which would terminate the present Trusteeship Agreement. They were apprehensive that the United States might force on Micronesia a territorial status, which they argued was unacceptable. The opponents of the so-called "organic act" maintained that the Trusteeship Agreement guarantees Micronesians the right of selfdetermination, and the U.S. has no business in proposing any term or terms which might in any way abridge the free exercise of that right. Some of them even tried to persuade the Congress to decline the Secretary's invitation and instead, dispatch a Congressional delegation directly to the United Nations.

osphere in Micronesia during the summer of 1969. The increased political tempo, ushered by a certain march of events, certainly gave an illusion that the Congress was to assert its preference on the future political status of Micronesia during the session.

The debates and discussions on the future political status question primarily centered around the consideration of the Status Commission's final report to the Congress, a Senate joint resolution endorsing in principle the Commission's recommendation of "free associated state," a resolution asking the United States President to seriously consider the future political status of Micronesia, and a contrasting resolution asking the United States to refrain from taking any legislative action that might change the status quo until the Micronesians fully express their wishes, and also a bill appropriating funds for the delegation to Washington. Unfortunately, most of the interesting and important debates on political future issue were muffled under the cloak of "executive sessions" with such a jaw breaking coinage as the "Special Committee of the Whole Senate in Executive Meeting" used to detour around the legal requirement that all congressional sessions, including the committees of the whole, must be open to the public.

It is, therefore, impossible to give an accurate account of what transpired in those numerous secret meetings. A mere speculation is not attempted lest injustice is done by not presenting the facts. But the fact that

the proceedings of those covert meetings were guarded secrets not only prompted curiosity but also suspicion among Micronesians as well as interested American officials. Many Micronesians outside the congressional circle insisted that they too had the right to know what was being said and decided for their political future.

But toward the closing days of the session, though not without some opposition, the report of the Commission was finally accepted in both houses as the property of the Congress. The Senate, however, pigeonholed the resolution which would have endorsed the principal recommendation of the Status Commission. The joint resolution asking the United States President to seriously consider the future political status of Micronesia was rushed through both houses in time to be presented to President Richard Nixon during his stopover in Guam enroute on a goodwill tour around the world. And, as of this writing, a ten-member Political Status Delegation is in Washington, where meetings with members of the U.S. Congress and officials of the State and Interior Department are taking place.

In the final analysis the dialogue on the political status question now has begun between the United States and the Micronesians. A new chapter in the political development of Micronesia has also begun. A new day has come, and the high noon of that day is fast approaching.

side from the palpable excitement in Micronesia's political future which marked the July-August session, the members of the Congress of Micronesia also found themselves standing on another threshold. It was a new theme of "Forward Together" in which they played, and hopefully will continue to play, an ever-increasing role in shaping government policies and programs. Ushered in by the new

Administration's approach, the idea of "Micronesianization" of the Trust Territory Government and its programs is not entirely a new concept. The United Nations' Trusteeship Council has diplomatically goaded the Administering Authority for more than a decade to give Micronesians more internal self-government. The previous Administrations endorsed it as a major objective. And the Micronesian himself has been griping for years: "Let me make my own mistake and suffer the consequences, blaming no one but myself, rather than having someone else make that mistake for me to suffer and blame him for it." But the new Administration and its translation of the theme "Forward Together" as it applies to the Trust Territory, have given it a new impetus. Having the strong backing of President Richard Nixon and Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel, new High Commissioner Edward E. Johnston pledged in his "State of the Territory Message" to the Congress of Micronesia in July that his Administration will pursue it with vigor.

he scenario of "Micronesianization" was first unfolded by Interior Secretary Hickel in early May when he visited Saipan as President Nixon's personal emissary, bringing along with him Mrs. Elizabeth Farrington, the new director of the Office of Territories, and the new High Commissioner. In his speech to the leaders and people of Micronesia, the Secretary said: "We do not come here to outline our plans to you. The President does not believe in the government ruling the people. Instead, he believes in the people ruling the government. He does not believe in Washington imposing its will on the people. He believes in government voicing the will of the people."

The Secretary candidly acknowledged, "For years you have had little voice in your government. This is wrong."

Emphasizing that Johnston's Administration would be committed to consult fully with the people of Micronesia in seeking their views and counsels, the Secretary said he had directed High Commissioner Johnston to "move rapidly and decisively" in bringing more Micronesians into responsible positions in the Trust Territory Government.

"You will be brought into the planning and decision processes as full and equal participants with American personnel. . . . Your Congress of Micronesia can participate more fully

Typical of community meetings Status Commission member Rep. John Mangefel discusses



in the vital governmental process of budget development," the Secretary stated, reiterating essentially what the Micronesians for years have been asking for.

The "bold new action plan" for development of Micronesia disclosed by the Secretary and later reiterated by the Territory's new Chief Executive, charged with the responsibility of carrying them out, included, among other things: upgrading of Micronesian personnel qualifications through accelerated program of imaginative training; gradually eliminating the disparity in existing pay scales between Micronesian and American personnel; improving the judicial system to give Micronesians a stronger voice in its administration; developing an equitable "system of laws and procedures" to protect Micronesian ownership of land; proposing legislation to give Micronesian products preferential, duty-free status and remove travel restrictions to allow freer Micronesian entry into the United States for educational, employment, and business purposes; promoting tourism, fishing, agriculture, and export trade through encouragement of every possible means of capital investment: and improving vitally needed public works facilities. Although the revived idea of greater Micronesian participation and the "bold new" scheme outlined in the State of the Territory and Budget messages appealed to them, most of the Congress members, manifestly restrained themselves from becoming overly optimistic. They adopted and mutually shared the "let's wait and see" attitude. Somehow, they appeared at first to have overlooked the fact that the success of the new approach proposed by the Administration required the participation and endorsement of the Congress.

This bit of cynicism, perhaps, is not difficult to explain. In recent years it has become more and more apparent in the attitude of many Micronesians. Each succeeding administration has come and gone, leaving only the memory of its unfulfilled promises, so claim many Micronesians. Perhaps, it is not really just for Micronesians to cling to such an allegation. For certainly in spite of its shortcomings, each preceding Administration has contributed materially to slow but steady progress in Micronesia. But to a Micronesian, overwhelmed by the immense gap between his contemporary living conditions and his dream of a better material world yet to be attained, he sees

very little departure from his plight of the past. Moreover, having taken no direct part in the planning of programs or influencing the course of his progress, he often fails to identify himself with government projects and accomplishments.

However, when the Administration presented a \$66 million preliminary budget plan to the Congress, the members soon realized that they had been called upon to take part in the "vital governmental process of budget development." In his budget message, High Commissioner Johnston warned the Congress that the budget as presented was "an unfinished one."

But Johnston said, "This is as it ought to be," because the Trust Territory's request for Federal funds ought not to be in final form until the Congress of Micronesia's views and recommendations have been incorporated into such a request. Stating that the Administration was earnestly interested in seeking the views of the Micronesian people through the Congress rather than a "pro forma" presentation of the budget plan as required by the Secretarial Order, High Commissioner Johnston invited the Congress to critically and constructively scrutinize the budget. The task before the Congress was tailoring the budget to fit within the \$50 million appropriation ceiling currently authorized by the U.S. Congress. This meant not only trimming off \$16 million from the budget as presented but also carefully reviewing each program area and establishing program priorities based on what had been planned for the current fiscal year, what should be included in the 1971 fiscal year budget which was under review. and what should be scheduled for the succeeding years.

The Congress was unaccustomed to reviewing an unfinished budget. Some legislators at first informally charged that the High Commissioner

the committee's recommendation at Peleliu and High Chief Obak rises to direct a question.



was passing to the Congress the unpleasant task of trimming the budget so that the Administration could turn around and stab the Congress in the back by telling the people: "Your Congress made the cuts!" But by August 15, the day when the Congress recommendations were to be submitted to the Administration. members of the Senate Ways and Means and House Appropriations Committees conceded that it was the first real opportunity the Congress had in examining the Trust Territory budget in depth. Most agreed that it was an educational exercise in a decision-making process. Moreover, when the High Commissioner was invited to make extemporaneous closing remarks the last night of the session, Johnston assured the Congress that he was endorsing "nearly all" of the major budget recommendations. The members were elated that their effort was not another exercise in futility.

t appears that the new Administration has succeeded from the outset in establishing a good working relationship with the Congress and its leadership. While there is still room for further improvement in the relationship between the two branches in many areas of mutual concern, the new rapport is an encouraging beginning. There are two factors that have contributed to the development of this relationship: the Congress feels that the new Administration is more responsive to Congressional views, and the communication between the Congress and the Administration has markedly improved.

As a specific example, the Congress welcomed the Administration's reactions to the recommendations made by the six-member Committee

on Government Organization, which had recommended realignment of executive departments. High Commissioner Johnston earlier assured the Congress that he was not effecting any organizational changes until the report of the Government Organization Committee had been received and thoroughly considered by the Administration. The Committee's report finally came out in July and the High Commissioner later told the Congress that he was proceeding with the organizational changes along the lines recommended by the Committee.

The improved liaison between the Congress and the Administration was greatly enhanced by the weekly breakfast meetings attended by the Congressional leadership and the High Commissioner and his key staff members. Though informal, these meetings were often candid discussing matters of mutual concern. Frequently, over cups of steaming "coffee, which makes the politician wise," to quote Alexander Pope, differences of opinions were ironed out, misunderstandings were cleared, and informal agreements and compromises were reached, facilitating the formal enactment of decisions later.

The Congressional leadership also noted the new spirit of cooperation which was so evident throughout the summer session. Pleased with the Administration's efforts in implementing the recommendations of the Committee on Government Organization, Senate President Amata Kabua said: "In a sense, a new link in our relationship with the Executive Branch has been forged." In the House of Representatives, Speaker Bethwel Henry of Ponape also welcomed the new spirit of cooperation and understanding between the two branches, and said: "There have been criticisms made of Administration policies

during this session and in special reports, but these have not dampened the new relationship which has come about through the efforts of High Commissioner Edward Johnston and his staff. Rather, the Administration has sought to make the Executive Branch truly represent the needs and desires of the Micronesian people. We in the Congress," the Speaker continued, calling for reciprocal cooperation from the members, "now have the opportunity and the responsibility to have a dramatic impact on the future course of Micronesian development by working closely with the Administration for the benefit of our people."

o be sure, the present state of harmony will be interrupted by occasional strains over such issues as eminent domain, land acquisition for either public or military use, rigidly detrimental foreign investment control, and other economic development policies. But if both sides could discuss these issues without inhibition and distrust across the breakfast table. at the same time they could work towards satisfactory compromises. In this way, many unnecessary and embarrassing clashes could be avoided in Committee hearings, in floor debates, and in the use of vetoes, which so often become convenient weapons for those who wish to perpetuate the idea of "Administration vs. Micronesians." Accentuating differences in opinions breeds further disagreements and drives those opinons into an irreconcilable state of polarity. To avoid this kind of stalemate, which impedes progress, the Congress and the Administration should capitalize on the new spirit of cooperation in forging a new Micronesia.



MIGRONESIA OLYMPIC GAMES

photographed by Johannes Ngiraibuuch and C. M. Ashman 1969

with commentary by C. M. Ashman



No Greek astrologer, back in 776 B.C. when the first Olympiad began, dared foretell that during the month man first would set foot on the moon he also would be climbing coconut trees and spearing fish as part of an Olympic-style competition. The Micronesian All-Around, fashioned after the decathlon, measured islanders for their skills and stamina in diving, underwater swimming, spearing fish, coconut tree climbing and husking coconuts.



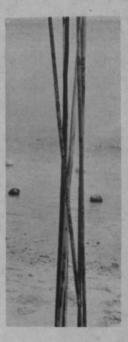
Floating coconuts, anchored in the reef, served as target fish for the spear throwing event.

Above:

The coconut husking record: twenty nuts in less than two minutes.

Preceding page:

Tree-top targets were tapped by athletes who scampered up as fast as they slid down. For four tall trees, each spaced about sixty feet apart, the record time was thirty-seven seconds.



Olympic Games was something like trying to bake a cake for the first time . . . and not having any recipe to follow. Here were all the ingredients spread about, each one easily identified when standing alone, but when all were thrown together and thoroughly mixed, who could foretell what the outcome would be.

For the first time in the long history of Micronesia, athletes were brought together from all six districts of the Trust Territory, to match their muscles, skills and cleverness. Billed as a test of an individual's performance, the Games couldn't be steered away from home town feelings. If there were to be found any place in the Territory where district differences have blended somewhat it would have to be the headquarters atmosphere of Saipan. And although a great effort was made to soft-pedal inter-district rivalry, when the first teams began arriving July 1, Saipan's Palauans quickly became Palauans again, the Trukese crystalized. Ponapeans, Yapese and Marshallese also separated to welcome and to join their visiting cousins. And the Marianas hosts, gracious in their hospitality and hard-working in their preparations, were not about to give any hope for points on the field to any individual guest or team.

The groups of 75 athletes from each district left their island homes, many persons for the first Winner of four gold medals, Ishiro Hairens joins hands with two runners-up in a long-distance event. Gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded in each competition.





Five American sky-divers delivered baseballs autographed by President Nixon and Interior Secretary Hickel. Four parachutists landed right in the ballpark. Another landed in the hospital after floating beyond the target, skillfully maneuvering over the packed grandstand and dropping himself onto a refreshment stand, feet up.

time, to be caught in a swirl of carnival activity . . . pretty maidens with leis to greet them at the airport . . . fond, attention from close and distant relatives . . . an air of camping out at the Micr-Olympics Villages (Hopwood and Mt. Carmel High Schools) . . . sightseeing by bus, including fabulous Capitol Hill, home of Congress and the Administration as well as 92 Micronesian and American families . . . even a stop to view a hole-in-the-wall called The Snack Shop about which one overwhelmed young visitor exclaimed, "Hey, it looks just like a picture of a Paris sidewalk cafe."

The exhilarating atmosphere intensified for the 450 athletes on the eve of the Games. A signal bonfire atop Saipan's 1530 foot Mt. Tagpochau climaxed a U.S. Navy band concert and showing of Olympic films. The following morning, marching through villages proudly and neatly in their district uniforms, the chosen young men and women of Micronesia stood before the palm-thatched track and field grandstand. Suddenly they no longer were kids from back home but the athletes of the first Micronesia Olympic Games. And the glory of their districts now rested on their untested shoulders.



thletically, the MicrOlympics did not produce record breaking champions. It was not expected. While barefooted, uncoached players occasionally had gotten together in the past for village or district competition, it was not until this year that territory-wide concentrated interest was shown in developing top-flight athletes. Most sporting contests previously had been limited to high school events or to special holidays such as United Nations Day and Micronesian Day when communities celebrated with picnics and games. Palau perhaps had the best preparation with its history of more than two decades of holiday track and field matches. Ponape, with its setting of islandwide streams and pools, has always had fun with its swimming meets and boat races.

This past experience became evident in the first MicrOlympic games. Of the 148 Medals awarded, 102 were divided between Palau (59) and Ponape (43). Athletes from Palau won 26 gold medals, mainly for short distance track and the relays, plus men's swimming, baseball and basketball, while Ponape took 17 gold awards for long distance track, women's swimming, paddling



and sailing. The other districts shared the remaining eight gold medals.

Baseball offered the single, most exciting, continuing contest through the 9-day period. Truk and Palau, knocking off their opponents one by one with scores sometimes reaching 20 to 5 and 26 to 4, eventually paired off in the last dramatic game. Palau squeaked by 1 to 0. An identical countdown in basketball placed Palau one step ahead of Truk.

Favorite of the fans was a deer chaser from Ponape, Ishiro Hairens. The 26 year old farmer won four gold medals (greatest individual number) by taking all the distance foot races from 1500 to 10,000 meters. Having developed his speed and stamina through overtaking deer in the hills of his home island, Hairens easily could become the darling of the tobacco industry. During the 6.2 mile road race he paused at times to take a drag from bystanders' cigarettes. Upon his entering the track for the final lap, a butt dangled from his smiling lips and he flung his arms in warm embraces to the groups of spectators cheering him on.





ach district brought bits of its own culture . . . an interesting variety of many things from morals to magic-making. And anthropologists and sociologists would have had a hey-day eavesdropping at MicrOlympics village and trying to tie actions on the field to their book learning.

Was it true that the Trukese contingent had brought, as one of its athletes, an apprentice witch doctor to bedevil others? Could the Palauan cheer leaders, grinding and bumping in what they called their "very special exotic dance," zap a spell across the field? Could any group, chewing pieces of certain sorcerous plants, breathe clouds of bad luck around their opponents? Would the Marshallese, chanting their age old incantations, produce more whammy than anyone else's witchery? Even though such wonderment was not a major factor in the playing of the Games, there was some concern and the questions did arise in soft spoken conversations. In fact, the Yapese, just for a little added protection, requested marching a safe distance from the Trukese during the opening day's parade.

Puzzling, during events which were supposed to bring out the driving determination of each athlete to do his best, was the frequency in which those coming in last would drop out just before the finish line. After poor showings in the first two sailing canoe races, the Marshallese did not enter the third. Swimmers failed to show up for some meets because they were more interested in watching other events. Was it face saving not to be recorded as being last? Or might it be that some folks would rather do what they wanted, rather than what they should? Or maybe it makes good sense not to struggle after a cause has been lost.

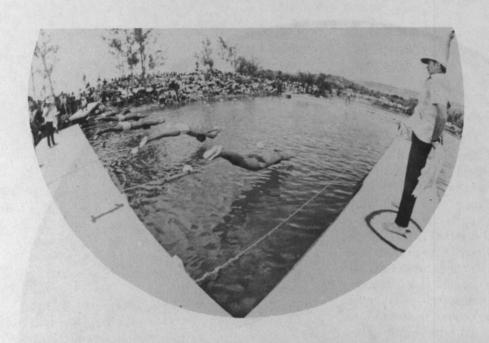
To show a woman's thighs is conduct unbecoming a lady in much of Micronesia. Competition in the hurdles and high jump suffered through this moral standard . . . also the swimming events. Can you imagine perhaps having a special Microllympics 50 yard backstroke for girls in their ankle length grass shirts . . . topless? Maybe next time.

The Trukese sportsters in their attractive pink and white uniforms at times comprised the liveliest cheering section. In one baseball game, after taunting their opponents with chants for nine innings and eventually winning by a lopsided 24 to 0 . . . when the final out was made, the jeering and cheering stopped abruptly, as if by signal, and the Trukese in their renowned humbleness quietly emptied the bleachers.

The Games were unique in other ways. Where else could you find an Olympic size swimming pool, rising and falling with the tides of the Philippine Sea, using floating coconuts as lane markers, and bearing a sincere concern by officials over how to prevent sharks from turning a free-style event into a free-for-all.

Names of athletes and coaches made an interesting study: eyeball bobblers such as Ngiraecherang, Ngirchohit Tolngli, Yleisah, Fanagyiluy, Falanyoruw, Kadnanged, as well as a baseball player whose full name, first, middle and last, amounted only to Max; sweet sounding first names as Shine, Neighbor, Salmon, Belly, Swiney, even Sweeter; and a long list of most illustrious personages including Caesar, Napoleon, Jesus, Barnabas, all the Apostles, Pius, and a track star named Hitler. Overcome by respect alone, anyone would have a tough time trying to defeat Ponape's table tennis duo made up of Ben Franklin and Moses.











hat the first MicrOlympics was a resounding success is beyond question. High Commissioner Edward E. Johnston told a nation-wide TV audience "it exceeded the predictions of the most optimistic." Interviewed on Saipan by a touring network television film crew, he gave special credit to the Peace Corps Volunteers who nurtured the idea of the Games, helped in training athletes in all districts, assisted in drawing up rules and constructing facilities, and acted as officials in most contests. He also credited the Congress of Micronesia and District legislative bodies for their

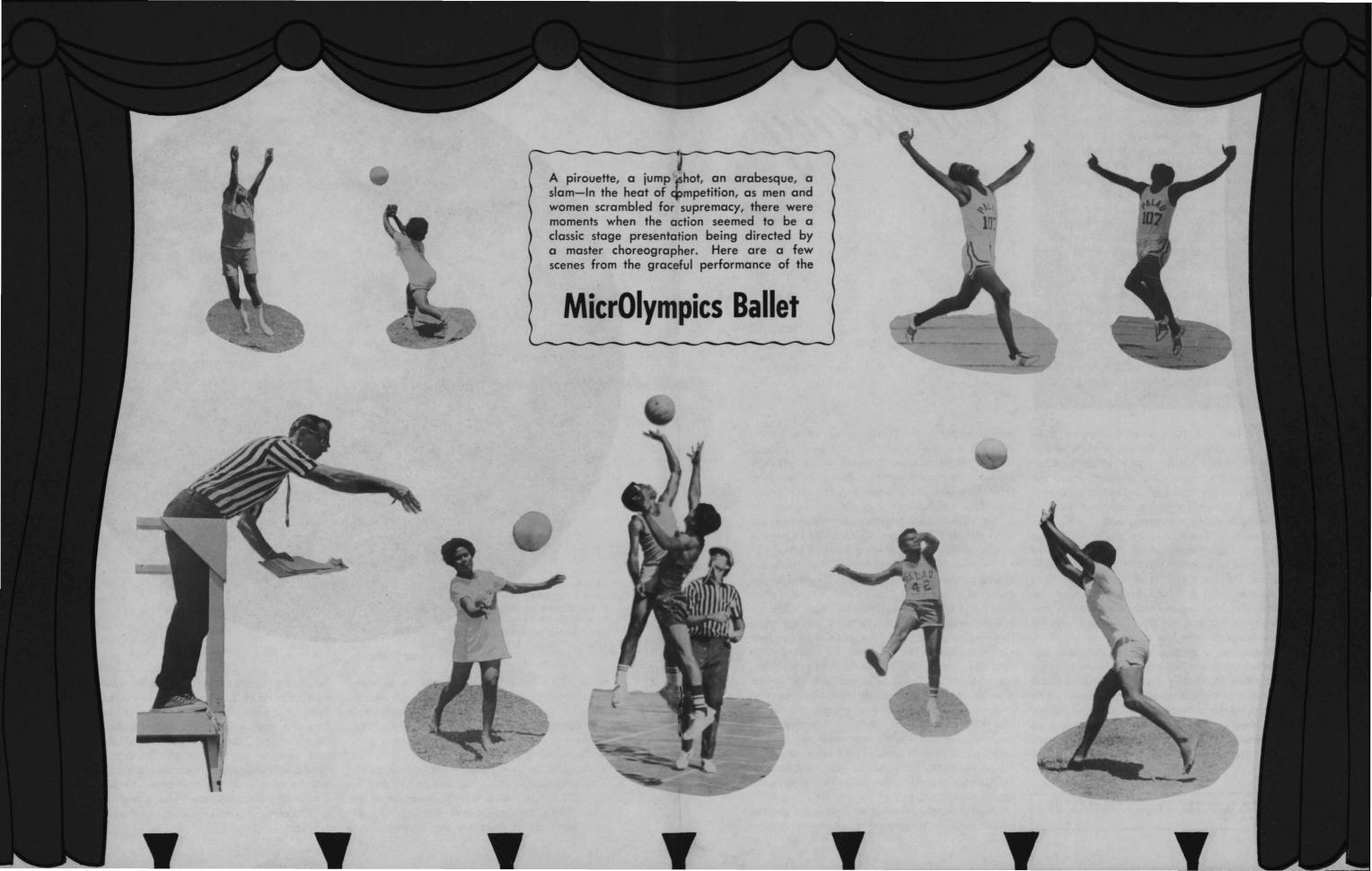
foresight in providing funds. To the U.S. military, "our friends who are often criticized," he paid tribute for their various forms of assistance, especially the air transportation of athletes which saved a considerable amount of money in air fares. Countless other residents and business firms also hustled for the big event. It was a mammoth public undertaking that exceeded the dual goals of training Trust Territory young people for competition and bringing together for the first time, in a non-political, non-governmental fashion, the peo-



ple of all six districts of Micronesia. It showed a remarkable spirit of cooperation. It also brought Saipan its first major traffic jams, Micronesia its first network radio sports coverage, and the Trust Territory its initial set of official records for a wide range of sports events.

Already, the second Micronesia Olympic Games is being sketched. Palau has asked to be host for the 1971 affair which will be followed by the next South Pacific Games. Between now and then, the Territory's athletes can be expected to

buckle down. Much more is known now about what is to be expected at an Olympic-type event. Even though times and distances of the first Micr-Olympics were substantially below South Pacific Games records, there is no reason to doubt the next two or three years will produce several Pacific area champions from Micronesia. Perhaps with modern research and extra drilling, some district may come up either with a new technique for exorcising or a striking magic spell with double zap and whammy.



Last year the Trust Territory reached age 21, an important milestone in man's life and an equally significant moment for Micronesia. Some meaningful observations on this occasion were set to print by Philip W. Quigg, Managing Editor of Foreign Affairs. Since this article was written early in 1969, some forward steps have been taken through two sessions of the Congress of Micronesia, the appointment of a new High Commissioner, and an Action Plan known to have extremely strong support from the Interior Department and the Office of the President of the United States. Because Mr. Quigg's commentary is such a comprehensive study of this particular moment in the history of Micronesia, the Reporter is reprinting the article in its entirety.



E had best take note of Micronesia. It is, with Samoa and Okinawa, the one area of the world where "American colonialism" is an incontrovertible presence, where our responsibilities are not a matter of policy preference but of law. Except for Papua-New Guinea, which is officially headed for independence, it is the only remaining U.N. Trust Territory, and a unique one at that. No one knows where this splattering of Pacific islands is headed politically and perhaps only the Defense Department really cares. But having completed 21 years under American authority, the Micronesians are expected to vote soon on whether they will freely associate with the United States or strike out on their own.

How is one to become concerned about a people so limited in numbers that they could be fitted into the Rose Bowl, though they are scattered over an ocean area the size of the United States? With all our problems at home and abroad how can we worry about a hundred thousand lotus-eaters on their picturesque atolls which total only 700 square miles? The answer is that we have a particular

legal obligation to the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands unlike any other; that we have a national, strategic interest in the Territory which is hardly exceeded anywhere; and that failure to recognize these obligations and interests may carry stiff penalties. That we also have a special moral obligation to the Micronesians, who have been pawns of the great powers for a century, is an added factor that will be acknowledged by some if not by others.

A measure of the Micronesians' condition today can be gained from the fact that their second largest export is scrap metal from World War II. Their population is half what it was a century ago when Spain dominated the islands, as it had for three centuries, bringing them little but Christianity. In the 1880s came the Germans to challenge the Spaniards, first with gun-boats, then with the equivalent of \$4.5 million to purchase the islands after Spain's defeat in the Spanish-American War and our seizure of Guam as part of the spoils. The Germans encouraged trade, increased the production of copra and seized lands not actually occupied by Micronesians. These lands, constituting 53 percent of the total, are still inaccessible to the Micronesians, for whom the United States holds them in public trust.

Next came the Japanese who, having seized the islands early in World War I, administered them

from the pen of

under a League of Nations Mandate in the interwar years. In their drive for self-sufficiency, the Japanese used Micronesia as an extension of their home islands, subsidizing agriculture, building fisheries and populating the islands with their own. There were incidental advantages for the Micronesians and, despite the harsh military occupation that concluded the period, many islanders look back on the thirties as the happy days. Then, in a matter of hours, all that had been built up was serially destroyed by war. A quarter of a century later that infrastructure still has not been replaced. The pot-holed roads are those the Japanese left and some of the bomb-scarred structures of reinforced concrete are still in use, supplemented by Quonset huts and other corrugated monuments to the Second World War.

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. It is composed of a number of distinct cultures and at least nine languages plus many dialects. It includes two Polynesian islands but excludes Guam, which is one of the Marianas and therefore should belong. Of its 2100 islands less than a hundred are inhabited; yet even this number is too large, for only with greater concentration of population will it be possible to achieve significant economic development or provide adequate public services.

Each of the six administrative Districts into which the islands have been divided contains one dominant cultural group plus minorities (generally on outlying and therefore neglected islands) who feel as put-upon as any in the world. Some people believe the Territory should not be pushed into one mold, but under the terms of our treaty with the United Nations we are obliged to treat Micronesia as an entity at least as long as the Trusteeship lasts. By then it seems likely that the Micronesians will have achieved enough cohesion to turn their backs on all suggestions for fragmenting the area. Nevertheless, their sense of strangeness, even fear of one another, is one reason they may oppose the option of independence when it is offered.

Like Japan, the United States has provided Micronesia both military and civilian administrations. Until very recently, the budget for the whole Territory was about \$7 million. By the time the salaries and emoluments of the American administrators had been paid there was little left for development, and Micronesia stagnated. The official justification for so small an appropriation was that we did not want to make the Micronesians permanent wards by establishing a budget which they could never hope to meet from their own resources. By a coincidence which does not escape the notice of Micronesians, a change in this philosophy occurred as the war in Viet Nam began to escalate and as the Japanese heightened the pressure to force us out of Okinawa. Whatever impetus these events added, the change was in fact planned before they became significant.

Within a few years, the budget has risen to about \$40 million, including supplemental appropriations and emergency funds to repair the ravages of Typhoon Jean, which swept through the islands a year ago. The outgoing Administration has asked for \$41.2 million next year. So far, the increase has not shown dramatically. Micronesians complain that the lion's share of the budget goes for goods and services which primarily benefit the American administrators. It is true that electrification and sewage have a way of ending at the edge of District centers where Americans are concentrated. Except on Saipan, which is the headquarters of the High Commissioner, almost nothing has been done to repair roads and only nine miles of resurfacing is budgeted for the next fiscal year. There are more studies than development projects going on. Inexplicably at a time of increasing budgets, the Farm Institute on Ponape, the only place where was serious agricultural research experimentation, was simply eliminated last year "for lack of funds." Transportation and communication except between District headquarters are lamentable, though it must be admitted that an adequate system would be uneconomic in the extreme—as is the case with so many things that need doing in Micronesia, where so few people are scattered over such an enormous area. Also, high salaries are required to induce competent Americans to service in Micronesia and transportation costs may double or triple the price of a school desk or an earth mover purchased in the United States.

evertheless, progress is being made and there are some real achievements. Our best efforts have been in health and education. There is some question, particularly in the minds of Micronesians, whether the education offered is that best suited to the people, and certainly vocational education has lagged till now. Adequate training for municipal officials and lesser bureaucrats is not yet even contemplated. Also the education available has varied enormously from one District to another. In Palau and the Marianas, for example, it is estimated that 90 percent of those who want to go high school are accommodated, while the

figure for Truk and the Marshall Islands is probably 25 percent.

The Peace Corps has helped, though their overwhelming presence, which has doubled the American population, is a matter of controversy among Americans and Micronesians alike. There are more Volunteers in relation to population than any place in the world—some 600, of whom only a small minority have a skill. Some lack the dedication associated with the Peace Corps and some are no doubt incompetent, as the professional educators in the Territory are disposed to believe. But what particularly galls the administrators is that the Peace Corps Volunteers are "meddling" in local politics, which they are expressly prohibited from doing. The Volunteers reply that Micronesia is not an independent country whose sovereignty must be respected, that their commitment is to the people whom they elected to serve and that they are under no obligation to defend policies of the United States with which they disagree. In some respects they cause considerable mischiefas when they proliferate rumors about impending military installations or, on moral grounds but without consideration of the economic sequences, they encourage Micronesians to demand equal pay for equal work (with Americans). Yet they are making a contribution which would not otherwise be made on the same scale, and on balance even their political activism may be beneficial in goading the Administration and alerting the Micronesians to their rights and interests.

Our greatest achievements in Micronesia have cost next to nothing. These have had to do with the creation of democratic institutions, including legislative bodies, the rudiments of a free press and the principle that free speech is not only tolerated but encouraged. Popularly elected Municipal Councils and District Legislatures are well established. The Micronesian Congress, consisting of a 12-member Senate (two from each District) and a 21-member House, is now in its fifth session. Its legislative powers are heavily circumscribed and subject to veto by the High Commissioner, but the Congressmen are gaining experience and emerging as a focus of pressure on the Trust Territory government. Soon, though, they must be granted greater responsibilities.

Most recently the beginnings of a press have appeared, publicly subsidized but remarkably free.

¹ The Judiciary is independent of the High Commissioner to the extent that the Chief Justice and the two Associate Justices (all Americans) are appointed by the responsible to the Secretary of the Interior. Judges of the lower courts are Micronesians and in murder cases two Micronesians sit with the Chief Justice or the Associate Justice.

A Micronesian News Service, with headquarters on Saipan and staffed largely by Peace Corps, serves both District radio stations and twice-monthly mimeographed newspapers printed in parallel columns in English and the local language. A majority of the news items are of course locally produced and are supplemented by editorials and letters, but the News Service, by providing material of Micronesian-wide interest, is helping to force a sense of collective identity among the islanders. In addition, a quarterly Micronesian Reporter, in English, does a highly professional job of reporting and analyzing major problems and issues of the Territory, not fearing to explore the most controversial matters. None of these periodicals hesitates to be outspoken and critical (and sometimes misinformed), with the result that the Trust Territory Administration is in a constant state of tension between its pride in having established a free press and a feeling that one or another of the local Micronesian editors has really gone beyond the pale.

Actually it is not easy for Micronesians to learn that they may express themselves freely. It was not permitted in their chiefly tradition and it was not tolerated by their former colonial masters. Within their cultures it remains unseemly to be outspoken. But there are enough thoroughly Westernized Micronesians around to put the Americans' principles to a severe test.

II

t is often said that we are giving Micronesians education but nothing to do with it. The most recent visiting mission of the United Nations, whose detailed report was fair and balanced, was particularly critical of our failure to provide economic opportunity. The Nathan Report said, among other things: "There is also the ever-present possibility that further increasing government employment while neglecting the needs of private enterprise will absorb most of the available supply of both skilled and unskilled wage workers and thereby create an economy supported mainly by the government and increasingly dependent on imported goods of all kinds."²

The sorry truth, however, is that Micronesia's potential for economic development is very poor. Some of the obstacles to development are cultural. Perhaps the most serious is the extended-family system whereby wealth must be shared and any have-not is entitled to cadge on a relative who has.

This social pattern, so familiar in the underdeveloped world, does not encourage individual enterprise or the accumulation of capital. It is reinforced in Micronesia by the very ease of living, where all the essentials of life are at hand for the taking and there is no need to lay up stores against a harsh winter (though in fact Micronesians prefer imported foods, especially in cans). A third factor is that a people who have had four colonial masters within living memory, who have seen things given and things taken away in apparently aimless or contradictory ways, are likely to have developed a psychology of dependence. The wonder is not that so many Micronesians are passive supplicants, but that so many are showing enterprise in solving their own problems (though here the difference among the peoples of Micronesia is marked). For example, the Palauans are exceptionally competitive and the Ponapeans support their own rice research and are building roads on a base of coral rock laid by hand.

Much more serious than any cultural obstacles is the simple fact that Micronesia has little natural wealth. So far, the only significant money-maker is copra, and even this is subsidized by artificially low shipping rates. Fishing, the only activity that the Japanese found profitable despite enormous effort, is one of the very few enterprises that has real promise, and much more effort needs to be put into it. Thus far there is only one commercial undertaking-a tuna catching and freezing operation in Palau; meanwhile Micronesians buy quantities of canned fish from Japan, much of it no doubt taken out of their own waters. Strangely, Micronesians do not especially like the sea; many fear the open water and most fishing is done within the lagoons, where the supply may become exhausted.

While agriculture can be improved so as to reduce the heavy dependence on imports, the search for export crops other than copra has so far been unrewarding. At the moment, cacao and pepper look promising, but an experiment in rice growing on Ponape is floundering. Ken Jones, Guam's multimillionaire entrepreneur, has leased a large tract on Tinian and is experimenting with beef cattle, for which there is a good market in Guam. Similarly, an effort is being made to prove that mechanized truck farming is possible on Rota, which is also accessible to the Guam market. But none of these modest operations will have a major impact or alter the fact that the soil of Micronesia is poor and that probably only 15 percent of the land is arable. Much of the rest may be suitable

² Robert R. Nathan Associates, Inc., "Economic Development Plan for Micronesia." Summary Report, Washington, D.C., April 1967, p.3.

for forestry, which would both reduce erosion and lessen the need for building materials from abroad, but lumber for export, except to Guam, is not likely to be economical.

The same applies to light industry, and for the same reason: there is no sufficient concentration of labor or materials in one place. Many Micronesians ask why they cannot have processing plants for their coconuts. The answer is that, as compared to the Philippines or Indonesia or New Guinea, there are not enough coconuts potentially within economic reach of a plant. Although there is underemployment in Micronesia, there is no unemployment and the labor force is so small and scattered that labor-intensive enterprises are impractical.

Another deterrent to private capital investment is that Americans cannot own land in Micronesia—a reasonable precaution if the islanders are to be protected from exploitation and if we are to fulfill our obligation to hold their lands in trust until such time as they are capable of handling their own affairs. But the effect is to discourage investment, and even to deter Micronesian enterprise, since American bank loans are hard to obtain where mortgages are meaningless. Meanwhile, economic development is further slowed by the very uncertainty of Micronesia's political future.

principal hope is tourism, about which the Micronesians feel-with some reasonambivalent. Most realize that they must exploit such slender resources as they have, and the beauty of their islands and their unspoiled culture, especially in the remoter islands, can be an enormous attraction as soon as minimum facilities are available. Continental Airlines, the only airline providing service in the islands, is committed to building six first-class hotels-one for each District-in the next three years. Many Micronesians are unhappy about it. They correctly see that the intrusion of thousands of tourists will alter their way of life and that what now is natural may become vulgar and commercial. The Yapese are particularly opposed to outsiders and their District Legislature has passed a resolution opposing the construction of a hotel for tourists. Nevertheless, tourism is on the way partly because improved transportation makes it inevitable, partly because a significant group of Micronesians is in favor of it and partly because the Americans see it as a necessity. The Japanese are already there, visiting their shrines and the graves of their war dead.

What is left as a source of revenue? Micronesia's most treasured possession, land. By leasing land to the Defense Department at high rates, the Territory could obtain an important source of revenue, while the indirect flow of cash in the form of wages and expenditures by servicemen could be very substantial. It is a matter of profound controversy among Micronesians whether they should do so, assuming, as most people do, that the American military is—or will be—interested.

So far, the Americans have not asked but taken, and negotiated the price afterwards. We drove Micronesians off Bikini and put them on Rongerik and Kili; we lifted them off Eniwetok and put them on the now rat-infested island of Ujelang, 300 miles from the nearest island and 600 miles from the District center; we pushed them off Kwajalein and dumped them on Ebeye, which for years was a ghetto of the most appalling sort. Nothing we have done or failed to do in 22 years has caused so much bitterness as this arbitrary removal of people from their land without adequate compensation.

By law we were entitled to do so. When we took over the islands from the Japanese, we were obliged—consistent with our assertion that we fought the war for no territorial gain-to put Micronesia under U.N. Trusteeship. But we insisted on having the islands designated a Strategic Area in which we had the right to install military bases in the interest of Western defense. Sumner Welles at the time called the agreement "a vicious precedent." According to the agreement, we are responsible not to the General Assembly, as is the case with other administering powers, but to the Security Council where we have a veto. Actually, there are still no bases as such in the Territory; the islands confiscated were or are used for atomic testing and experiments in developing anti-ballistic missile systems. Now that our days on Okinawa appear numbered and our bases in the Philippines are a political football in a highly unstable domestic situation, the Defense Department is undoubtedly giving careful study to the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands as a fallback area. Every District is alive with rumors that this or that piece of land is about to be confiscated and used as a base. The rumors have some basis in that many plans undoubtedly exist; but it seems equally likely that no decisions have been made.

One reason is that, until the future status of Micronesia is clear, the Defense Department is reluctant to put large investments into property that is not ours. Another is that until the new Administration in Washington decides what role we should play in Asia, what sort of presence in the Western Pacific is required to support our policies, the military can hardly determine what forces and facilities are needed. And basic decisions with regard to Okinawa must certainly precede those with regard to Micronesia. From a purely physical standpoint, there is enough real estate on Guam (a U.S. possession) to replace our facilities on Okinawa and most of those in Japan, though of course one would not want to put all one's military eggs in so small a basket. But so far there is no visible expansion of facilities even on Guam. The State Department also has an interest in postponing any military decisions with respect to Micronesia, for the construction of military bases there, despite its legality, would cause a storm in the United Nations. But understandably the Micronesians are not convinced that further seizures of land are not imminent, and their elected Congress has passed a strong resolution (vetoed by the High Commissioner) to the effect that Micronesians must be consulted before any further military installations are constructed.

Although many Micronesians, especially among the young, are bitterly opposed to military bases of any kind, on any terms, it seems likely that a majority of influential Micronesians will voluntarily accept bases if the price is right. They realize that American interest in the Territory stems largely from considerations of strategy and that bases must bring a greater measure of wealth and opportunity than anything else in prospect. But no one is happy about it, and Micronesians who favor bases are determined to drive the hardest possible bargain. Judging from the precedent set in Kwajalein after extended litigation, the price will start at \$1,000 an acre for occupied land—possibly somewhat less for "public lands" now held in trust.

ndeed, this determination to obtain the best possible terms is at the heart of the movement—such as it is—for independence. Even among Micronesians who realize that independence is not economically feasible, some assert that "only if we are independent will we be able to negotiate with you Americans as equals. Basically, real estate is all you want and all we have to sell [read 'lease'] and we're determined to get a fair price for it."

Actually most Micronesians don't know what future status they want. The Congress of Micronesia has appointed six of its most able members to a Status Commission to explore the alternatives.

to inform the people on the range of possibilities and ultimately to define the options on which Micronesia may conduct a plebiscite, originally requested for 1972, but now almost certainly at a somewhat later date. On the American side, President Johnson asked the Congress to establish a parallel commission. The Senate complied, but the House refused, partly out of personal pique on the part of Wayne N. Aspinall, Chairman of the House Interior Committee, partly out of a feeling that a plebiscite would be premature and partly out of the belief of some Committee members that they themselves constituted the appropriate body to make recommendations. Though one can argue that we ought to improve our performance as Administering Authority before the Micronesians are asked to make the critical decision, it is almost certain that we will not be able to better our administrative record as fast as the mood of selfassertiveness will rise among the Micronesians. Therefore a delay is not necessarily to our advantage.

A widespread view in Washington, especially in the Defense Department, is that independence is not a realistic option and that it would therefore be dishonest to offer it. The State Department rightly points out that we are legally obliged by treaty with the United Nations to offer the alternative of independence, and that the U.N. will insist upon it, however impractical.

One of the problems of the Micronesian Status Commission is to reduce and simplify the possible alternatives to manageable proportions without closing out options on which the people are entitled to a choice. In order to obtain a substantial majority, it would be desirable to reduce the alternatives to two; three would be the maximum. The most likely three are: continuation of the Trusteeship Agreement, free association with the United States, and independence. Some Micronesians feel that the first alternative could be dropped simply by waiting until there was an evident consensus that some new arrangement was desired. Since the majority of Micronesians still follow the counsel if not the orders of their chiefs, the number of people who will actually make the decision is likely to be relatively small. Most Micronesians today, even among the well educated, agree that they simply do not know enough about what the alternatives mean to make an intelligent decision. Nevertheless, there is already an unspoken assumption among Micronesians as well as Americans that the islanders will opt for association with the

United States. One of the critical questions which has not yet been faced is whether the terms of that association will be fully defined before or after the plebiscite. Almost certainly, the Micronesians will insist that they be spelled out in advance.

If we believe that independence is either impracticable or contrary to our national interest or both, then there are things we can and should be doing to encourage the outcome we want:

- 1. We should assure the Micronesians now that we will not confiscate land or establish military bases in the islands without full consultation and fair compensation. Pending a more permanent status, it would be understood that this was a matter of policy not of right, and that its continuance was subject to their negotiating in good faith and without intolerable delay, should' the occasion arise. On our part, every effort should be made, if bases are deemed necessary, to use public lands which will involve a minimum displacement of people. Meanwhile, a little more candor on the part of the military as to what they are, or are not, up to would not endanger our security and would do much to improve the climate of opinion in Micronesia.
- 2. Until the future status of the Trust Territory is determined, its administration should be taken out of the Department of the Interior and placed directly in the White House. For more than two decades, Micronesia has been everybody's stepchild. The Departments of Interior, Defense and State bicker over their conflicting interests, but nothing gets resolved. Micronesia has no constituency and each Secretary has bigger fish to fry. Washington has no agreed policy with respect to Micronesia and it will take a great deal of head-knocking to get one even within the Executive Branch. This will be only the beginning, for then the President must obtain the support of Congress, the acquiescence of the United Nations and the approval of the Micronesians. For the next few years, the subject of Micronesia, with all its colonial and strategic overtones, is going to be too important a matter to be treated like a poor sister to the Virgin Islands.
- 3. To encourage the Micronesians to tax themselves, to encourage a sense of unity among diverse island peoples and to remove the Micronesian Congress' sense of impotence, the United States should agree to provide \$3 for every \$1 collected in taxes by the Micronesian Congress—the whole to be appropriated as the Micronesian

Congress sees fit after due consultation and coordination with the Administering Authority. The entire sum would still be only a small fraction of what is being spent, but as it is now, 95 percent of the funds available are those appropriated by the U.S. Congress, which has shown no inclination to let a penny out of its ultimate control. This, combined with the power of the High Commissioner to veto any legislation passed by the Congress of Micronesia, is an invitation to irresponsibility and precludes any genuine experience in the appropriation of funds and the administration of projects. Many Micronesians wonder whether they are participating in a shadow play and whether the whole exercise of ostensible self-government is not a mockery. The Congress of Micronesia is composed of shrewd and able men and if they are not given something to do commensurate with their talents they are going to cause us a lot of trouble. Moreover, if Micronesia is to emerge as an entity bigger than the collection of disparate linguistic and cultural groups out of which it has been created, Micronesians must learn to look to their central government confident of some return. As it is now, for most Micronesians, their Municipal Councils and District Legislatures are more important bodies than the Congress, and they collect more taxes.

- 4. Remove all barriers to the entry of Micronesian products to the United States. It is absurdly anachronistic to treat Micronesia as a foreign country when we are providing not only regular Congressional appropriations but also poverty funds under the domestic Office of Economic Opportunity and emergency disaster funds (for typhoon damage). Although removal of duties would not be of great economic importance immediately, by the same token it would not hurt domestic producers, and the act would have a significance beyond the dollars involved. For example, it is inexcusable for us to apply a 35 percent duty on canned fish, one of the very few industries that Micronesia may be capable of achieving-the more so when other countries are prohibited from investing in Micronesia.
- 5. Let us at least explore further the possibility of admitting foreign capital. Theoretically, under the "most-favored-nation" clause of our treaty with the United Nations, if we let one country in, we must let in all, including the Soviet Union and Communist China. But many knowledgeable observers believe that a way around this requirement could be found. So far, only Japan

has shown a keen interest. One obstacle to its admission has been Japan's stubborn refusal to pay \$5 million in cash against Micronesians' wardamage claims. After negotiating for fifteen years, while the Micronesians and the United Nations became increasingly impatient, we now appear to be near a settlement-on Japanese terms. With that out of the way, we should announce that proposals for investment will be considered on their individual merits, that approval must be obtained from the Micronesian Congress as well as the Administering Authority, and that stiff conditions will be laid down with respect to length of leases, the training of Micronesians and the admission of Micronesian capital to the venture. The most likely investment is in fisheries, which Micronesia particularly needs, and since the Japanese are already doing by far the greater part of the fishing in their waters, Micronesians ought to get some advantage from it. Imposing the three-mile limit, when it can be enforced, is no disadvantage to Japanese fishing boats, though it is sufficiently inconvenient that the Japanese have sometimes sabotaged their own ships as a means of obtaining entry into Micronesian ports for fresh food and water.

11

erhaps the most important thing we can do at this stage is to give the Micronesians a greater sense of participation in their own affairs. The concern uppermost in the minds of their leaders is that we are irreparably affecting their society—almost unthinkingly and often without consulting them. They feel overwhelmed by the impact of America and Americans. Their poignant hope of preserving their culture while achieving the good things of the modern world will not be realized; they know that the outcome will be a fluid and unsatisfactory compromise, but they would like to feel that they have some control over their own destiny.

Possibly the best and worst that any colonial power has done, or is able to do, is to give its subject peoples the gift of what it most cherishes—whether it be British justice or French culture or American conceptions of democracy and individualism. When it has done less than this, it has generally become quite simply exploitative. We have not exploited the Micronesians and we have not imposed our democratic institutions on them; they have been sought after. But in subtler ways we are doing what all colonial powers have done—assumed that we knew what was best for our wards, without much regard for their own preferences.

Micronesia is particularly vulnerable because it is so small and fragmented and its culture has bent to so many winds in the past.

When we left the Micronesians largely to their own devices, we were accused of following a "zoo" philosophy, of romanticizing a primitive state of nature which was already gone. Now that we have finally plunged into the tasks of development we are accused of being too aggressive in pursuit of progress. It is a harsh dilemma and an administrator can fairly say that if he consulted the Micronesians at every step, nothing would get done. By American standards, Micronesians like to take ample time to ponder a decision and their tradition of operating by consensus (where they do not simply take the orders of a chief) is time-consuming and means that action can easily be blocked.

done, especially at the highest level—that of the Micronesian Congress, composed of the most Westernized element in the population—to improve consultation and joint planning. Committees of the Micronesian Congress should sit regularly with the Commissioners (department heads) and their staffs. Instead of submitting only the budget to Congress, the plans on which the budget is based should be submitted well before the proposed budget is forwarded to Washington. School curricula, which are generally patterned directly on the American model, are of particular concern to Micronesians, and their views deserve to be taken more fully into account.

If development is thereby slowed down somewhat, the price will be well worth it in terms of improved relationships and a lessening of Micronesian fears that they have no alternative between abysmal poverty in independence and being steamrollered into something they do not want to be by a well-meaning but heavy-handed America. We are entering a critical time in our relationship with the Micronesians. These gracious and friendly people deserve our very best and, as the world's most articulate anti-colonialists, we have a special obligation to ourselves to improve on past standards in the field of colonial administration. After years of appalling neglect, we are now doing a responsible but uninspired job. The Micronesians and their incomparably beautiful islands would be an ornament to the United States. If we have selfish reasons for hoping they will freely elect to continue their association with us in dignity and selfgovernment, so much the better for the Micronesians, who have no viable alternative.

Government

and

HOPE

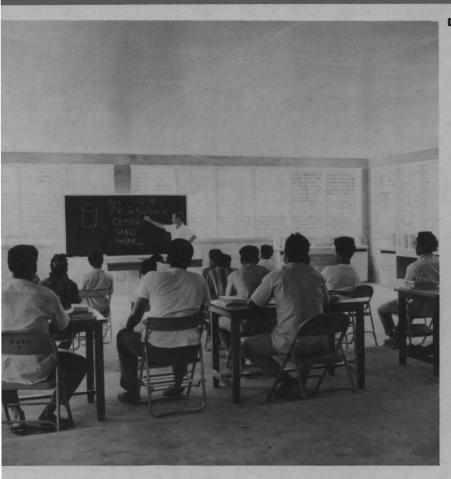
the Private Sector

have become partners

in providing

FOR THE JEGLEGIED ADULT

by Ray Battestilli



here is little doubt that the future of Micronesia will depend on the steps taken today to properly prepare the young people. As Micronesia increasingly identifies as a whole, functioning as a single entity, with each district contributing to the well-being of all, her young people are taking advantage of available educational facilities. More programs are being offered which prepare students in the vital areas of education, government, and today more so than previously, practical skills: carpentry, surveying, mechanics, construction, communications, agriculture, et cetera. Perhaps such programs which concentrate on practical skills are overdue and can be greatly expanded, but nevertheless these programs are evolving. This requires new thinking which is manifesting itself more and more as concerned people become aware of the necessity to get on with such skills-oriented programs for the young.

Such programs have gained priority in the Congress of Micronesia as well as in the Department of the Interior. In his address to the people

of Micronesia, Secretary of the Interior, Walter J. Hickel said this:

"....I also want to note that we plan to expand and upgrade facilities and personnel in the tremendously important fields of educationI commend the Congress of Micronesia for its efforts to provide advanced education for Trust Territory students in American colleges and universities. We pledge increased assistance in this very important program."

The past generations notwithstanding, it is evident that the present and future generations will be better qualified and have more opportunity to change as is dictated by circumstance.

In light of this, a simple question comes to mind: What is being done to enhance the skills and education of the adult population of the Trust Territory? As social and economic changes take place, and as modernity imposes itself, the adult usually finds himself incapable of making this change. There is that portion of the population which has little desire or need to change. Value-judgements can be made as to the validity of changing adult attitudes and lifestyles, as compared to the influencing of young peoples' attitudes. But what about those who sincerely want to educate themselves, equip themselves with a skill, and thus become more a part of the present world they see shaping around them? This is an area which needs more articulation, more thought, more action on the part of those who hold positions of responsibility and decision-making. For to ignore that portion of the adult population seeking an education or a skill is to miss the essential point of helping the Micronesian help himself.

In all segments of the working world in Micronesia there exists an overall shortage—administrative, educational, technical, highly-skilled, semi-skilled, and even unskilled job openings remain unfilled, or are filled by outside personnel. That all jobs be filled by Micronesians, now or in the future, is not herein being implied or advocated. This is the decision of those who make policy and can substantiate their decisions. However, it is in order to bring to attention the present lack of meaningful programs which are directed towards the education of the adult population of Micronesia.

Perhaps a definition of what is meant by adult is needed at this point. It refers to those people who are out of the realm of formal education and lack qualifications to work in jobs they desire which assume some sort of previous training. Also, it refers to those people who are ambitious, inquisitive, capable, and above all, responsible. This age group could run from the teenager of eighteen to people of middle age.

here is not a total neglect in the area of adult education. There are various programs which are in existence which are structured to promote the education of adults. Some of these programs are sponsored by the government, some by private organizations, and some by individuals (such as Peace Corps Volunteers). One program which merges the efforts of government, private organizations, and individuals is the Community Leadership Training Program, held at the Ponape Agriculture and Trade School (PATS), Metalanim, Ponape. This is a fine example of the nascent steps being taken to include the adult population in educational programs in the changing world of Micronesia.

June 1, 1968 was the official starting date for the first Community Leadership Training Program. This joint effort involved the Ponape Community Action Agency (CAA) and PATS. The CAA is funded through the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), an agency of the United States government. Included in the actual teaching operations were var-

ious people from PATS, the government (here on Ponape), education, and the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits.) Seventy-five students participated. Thirty-five studied Community Leadership Skills; twenty studied Community Construction; and twenty studied Community Mechanics. All students were selected from 300 applications by a committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the CAA. Preference was given to those individuals who held positions of responsibility in the communities from which they came.

The course content for the Community Leadership Skills people consisted of such topics as bookkeeping and accounting. The Association of Public Municipal Officials, which provides mutual assistance within the district, was formed. Understanding of cooperatives was greatly promoted, and the Standard Cooperative Association Charter was translated into Ponapean. This translation was made into booklet form, and reproduced in sufficient numbers to be given to all students studying cooperatives.

Interpreting blueprints and the fundamentals of drafting were taught to the Community Construction people. Both of these subjects were taught with a great deal of success, and the progress achieved went beyond expectation. Field work accompanied class room study, and a low-cost home was constructed. Another phase of the field work dealt with the construction of a cement bridge, thus completing the road to a far point in the municipality.

The trainees of Community Mechanics concentrated on the operation and repair of outboard motors and automotive engines. A number of motors needing repair and overhaul were worked on by the students and returned to their owners in operating condition.

This program which ended in mid-August of last year has justified itself in many ways. In all areas, employment has been secured by a large number of the students due to training received. Organized cooperatives, private construction companies formed, small-repair businesses started—these are tangible examples of success and accomplishment.

Student reactions? Questionnaires given to the students at the end of the program yielded the following: 1) every student desired to return for the 1969 program, 2) most wished a "continuation of the program through a newsletter and visits by the teachers during the year," 3) a large number felt an expansion of the curriculum would be advantageous, especially in the area of animal husbandry, and 4) all teachers received the respect of the trainees.

The staff felt this way: 1) most said that while the program started slow, it gained momentum, due, they felt, to high interest and maturity, 2) better long-range planning in the area of ordering materials was needed, 3) grading or reports of progress could be instituted, and 4) staff availability during the entire year was willingly stated (which has come about).

This is an incomplete overview of the first Community Leadership Training Program. But it is complete enough to demonstrate clearly the validity of such a program. With the initial experience which was gained, it has been possible for an expanded and more comprehensive program to evolve this year. The enthusiasm on the part of PATS and the Ponape CAA has been channeled into an adult education program which is, at this writing, functioning extremely well, and promises to culminate successfully.

he 1969 Community Leadership Training Program began May 26th and will be concluded July 18th. This year's program has been reduced in length of time by one week. It was felt that eight weeks would be long enough to complete the desired goals, yet short enough to keep interest and productivity high. Some

problems of teaching adults (unfamiliarity of formal educational time structuring, separation from family, to name a couple) were defined last year, and necessary changes made.

A noticeable change is the number of students. A twenty-five percent increase was made, thus involving 100 students. Forty of this year's students are people who participated in the program last year. All who were asked to return were those who demonstrated the necessary qualities for more education—desire, ability, and responsibility. For these people the course content is more advanced and technical than previously.

As requested by the students of last year, courses in animal husbandry have been included this year. There are fourteen students in this phase of the program. The needs of agriculture in the Trust Territory require a scientific approach. The basics of this approach highlight the curriculum, in the areas of swine and poultry production. Classroom instruction involves the explanation of basic nutrition, feeding, housing, and breeding practices, disease prevention and control, and proper record keeping. To supplement this, a basic introduction of cooperatives has been given with an emphasis on the need for supply and market co-ops. Sources of supply and marketing outlets must be developed if agriculture is to advance and production increase.

As is the case with the other courses of study, about fifty percent of the students' day is spent in practical application. Planting leguminous hog pastures, constructing an inexpensive shelter made of local and imported materials, incubating eggs in a low-cost incubator, and preparing feed rations consisting of local and imported feeds are examples of what this practical application entails. Instruction is headed by a Philippine graduate of animal husbandry who is a faculty member of PATS, along with the aid of a Peace Corps Volunteer.

The Cooperative and Community Skills and Leadership group (a more inclusive designation of title L this year) is more advanced and is made up of 2nd year students as well as new students. A more comprehensive program includes courses in accounting, community finance, community law, community government, cooperative theory, community credit unions, community economics, and office procedures. Other courses supplement this curriculum. Instruction comes from CUNA International (an international credit union organization which is based out of Madison, Wisconsin), SELA (Social Economic Life in Asia and the Pacific), and the Peace Corps.

This year the Community Construction students are studying construction estimating, construction mathematics, surveying, economic and industrial shop, along with similar courses offered last year. Practical application accounts for one-half of the study. Faculty members of PATS and a Peace Corps Volunteer carry out instruction.

Community Mechanics has been expanded to include economic management of shops, welding, diesel engines, and other related topics. This is advanced study/work which has been preceded by study of the function and repair of the two-cycle engine. Also, the proper use of manuals, price lists, and orders is part of the curriculum. Morning instruction and application of subject matter is carried out by members of the PATS faculty and a Peace Corps Volunteer. To make possible the realization of these skills, and to insure a service to the communities from which these trainees come, the Community Leadership and Training Program has supplied each member of the mechanics class with a complete set of tools.

his has been a brief summary of the 1969 Community Leadership Training Program. Again, the validity of such a program becomes clear. Stated briefly by Fr. Hugh Costigan S.J., director of PATS, in a program outline submitted to the president of the Ponape CAA, the program for 1969 is "aimed at a continued upgrading of Ponapeans in the skills required to develop their community, family, and business life." It is not difficult to pin-point exact feelings and reactions concerning the effort being put forth here at PATS. A clear sense of purpose, of worth, and of action permeates. An energetic student body and enthusiastic staff attest to the fact that there are indeed adults in Micronesia who desire knowledge in areas so relevant and basic to them, and that there are those concerned enough to put together such a program and carry it to completion.

The question of what is being done to enhance the skills and education of the adult population of Micronesia begins to get answered. Such programs as the two described here have evolved because of a serious and decidedly dedicated outlook on the part of people with foresight and compassion, people who realize that Micronesia will not develop under present methods alone. But these programs are not enough. More is needed. Long-term programs with more complete funding are required. To again quote Fr. Costigan:

"Some experimentation with adult education has been done in the past few years by the Ponape Agriculture & Trade School, and others. These courses have generally been only of a few days' duration, and seriously hampered by limited funds. Results have primarily served to demonstrate that short-term projects conducted with minimal facilities do not have the impact that is so necessary at this time. They have shown that the only way new socio-economic developments can give the fullest benefit to Micronesia is by a large increase in the field of adult education."

Thus, improvement on any situation is possible. One measure of the needed increase in the area of adult education is in the developmental stages. It is the proposed Community Leadership Training Center, to begin formal operation in October of 1970, with 36 students from all over the Trust Territory. Heading the organizational activity of this training center is Fr. Costigan. In Father's words:

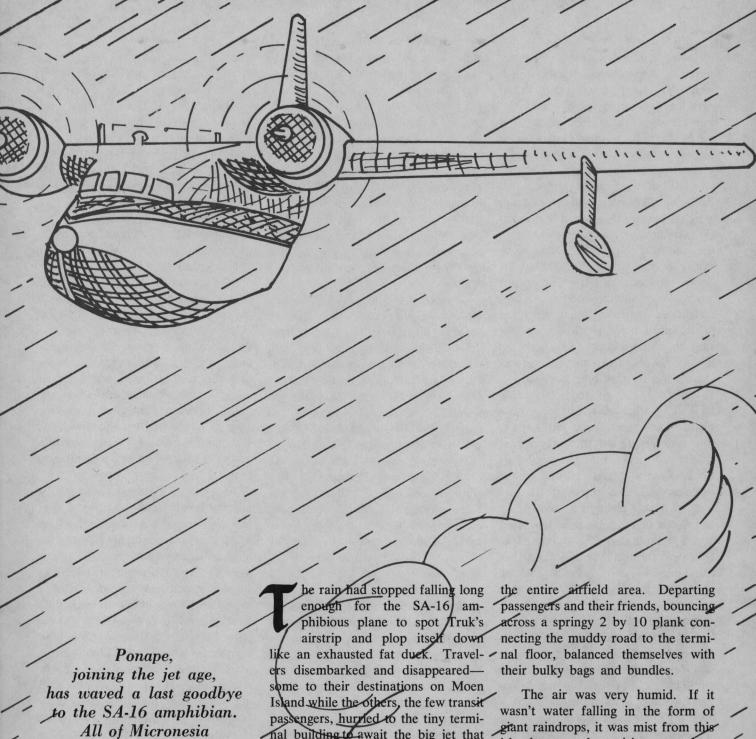
"The encouraging results of the summer programs, and the realization that this is a need in all of Micronesia, has led to the development of plans for a complete adult education school. Courses will be directed towards the social, economic and community development fields for men and women from all districts. in Micronesia. For six months of the year, instruction will be in English on subjects of importance to the development of Micronesia, and offered to Micronesian leaders currently involved in developmental areas. Experts in fields of socio-economic problems of developing nations will be secured to give Micronesians the finest instruction possible to obtain. These will be men who have had long experience working with people in developing nations, have a genuine understanding of the problems facing Micronesia, and the dedication necessary to assist them. . . . The remaining six months will be devoted to programs for Ponapeans and taught in the Ponapean language. These programs will be from two to six months' duration in fields directed towards the development of the total community. As in the summer programs, cooperative principles, trade skills, sanitation, health, animal husbandry, and technical assistance to the local community leaders will form the bulk of the courses offered."

he Community Leadership Training Center will be a joint effort of the government and private organizations. Presently pending is \$96,-000.00 in program grants, besides the 1968-1969 appropriation of \$72,-000.00 (which help make possible the two Community Leadership and Training Programs, plus the 1970 Program). The estimated total budget for all programs of the Community Leadership Training Center (1969-1972) is \$248.576.81. Private organizations such as SELA and SEARSOLIN (Southeast Asia Rural Social Leadership Institute) are contributing personnel and planning material; MISEREOR (the Catholic Bishops' Commission to assist overseas development needs) and other private foundations will contribute funds, along with the grants.

Beginning in August of this year, a faculty training program will take place. This will involve study on the part of three key members of the summer program staff who will attend SEARSOLIN classes in the Philippines. Following the initial step of faculty training will be construction of buildings. By August of 1970, the inauguration of the radio-programming studio will take place (radioprogramming is one segment of the total program which will center on the perpetuation of local radio programs, written and produced and conducted by Micronesians).

The full scope and content of the Community Leadership Training Center is too broad to adequately describe here. But it is clear that an idea has exolved; its time has come. The proposed center is exemplary of what can be done if enough people express the will, and act on this will in a concerted effort.

The answer to the question stated at the outset? Something. Something very significant. And this something is well worth taking note of as it passes through its infant stages into maturity. All of Micronesia will be better for it. The Good Samaritan



will cherish affectionate memories of a plane and crew which for 15 years have been a very present help in time of trouble.

nal building to await the big jet that would carry them on to Guam or Saipan.

It was an hour and a half before the Air Micronesia 727 jet was due on its island hopping flight from Honolulu to Saipan. More travelers, who were to join the jet at Truk, began arriving at the airport. The morning's heavy rainshowers had created a yardwide moat around the small terminal building and gushy mud surrounded

island steam chest rising towards a mid-day sun burning somewhere above the layer of dull gray clouds. Patches of slimy green algae on the concrete runway were standing up, quenching their thirst in the puddles of water.

Unconcerned about the rain, several workmen, thoroughly drenched, continued nailing lengths of bamboo and palm fronds to the sides of the

terminal building as part of the community's airport modernization program. Obviously a temporary measure, the decorations were transforming the appearance from that of a cattle corral to an illusion of a South Pacific bamboo house. The transformation still had a long way to go.

The jet's scheduled arrival time came, but the aircraft did not. Fifteen minutes passed, then a half hour went by without word. Local plane watchers started drifting off to other locations, to find where the action was. Some headed for the waterfront where they said the two inter-island freighters, unloading their cargoes, would need more sidewalk supervision than the twice-weekly airplane arrival. Forty-five minutes passed slowly and then an hour dragged by. Friends bid their goodbyes, returning to work or other island afternoon pastimes. Passengers stood impatiently; the mud drying on their shoes and flaking off onto the damp earthen floor. Some travelers sat on the hard wooden benches, shifting from one uncomfortable position to another.

A stir of excitement in the small group surrounding the communications set was the first indication that the Thursday jet was finally making its approach run at Truk's shoreside airstrip. At the same time, a bank of coal black clouds was moving from the opposite direction, pushing a waterfall over the tip of the island and across the airstrip. The huge silver jet could be seen dipping downward to the landing strip. As the awaiting travelers clasped their hand luggage, anxious to jump aboard, the aircraft swept down the runway at full speed and shot out of sight into the turbulent black curtain of rain. Almost with one voice, people were saying hopefully to each other, "It's only the first pass. They have to make sure there's no animals on the runway."

A quarter hour passed by. Then from the airport manager, "Ladies and gentlemen, the captain has radioed he is continuing directly to Guam. The next flight will be Monday afternoon."

My heart sank—I could actually feel it dropping into the pit of my stomach. This was to have been a beautiful surprise. My wife, on her initial trip to our new home on Saipan, was on the plane. She didn't know I had business in Truk and planned to join the flight there. And now she also didn't know there'd be no one at the end of the line to meet her. My heart hit bottom when I realized this.

When a fellow gets knocked around enough and hard enough through life, he learns to construct defense mechanisms. Maybe he'll whistle in the dark when he's frightened, or laugh aloud when he's embarrassed, or make noise to cover his shyness. One way to overcome the feeling that the world has suddenly collapsed about you is to look around . . . there's always someone worse off than you are. Perhaps this is a common defense of children of the Depression years who, when they complained they were hungry, were told, "Think of the poor starving Chinese. They have nothing to eat at all."

or what seemed an awfully long, time, I sat on the wooden bench, head in my hands, staring at the dry mud splattered over my shoes and cuffs. The world had stopped turning . . . where was the nearest exit?

Beside my feet I saw a pair of simple, black shoes and the water-soaked hem of a Nun's gown. From the droop of the ankles, as one foot rested atop the other, it was evident someone else had a sinking spirit. Here was a Catholic Sister, a teacher at a Truk school, who had been called home to the bedside of her dying father. Earlier she had told me that just a year ago, while she was studying in the States, her mother died before she could return to Saipan. Now

her father was asking for her. "Will I be too late again?" she had suggested earlier.

Leaning over the counter was an anxious business man, the secretary of a Micronesian corporation. "The board of directors is meeting tomorrow in Palau," he told the clerk. "They've come from all over, including the States, and I have the agenda, the recommendations, the annual report material . . . everything. We've got to do something right now. I've got to be on that Palau flight!"

A crumpled brown paper bag caught my eye as it was nervously shifted from hand to hand by a tiny, elderly Trukese woman. There was distinct sadness in her deep brown eyes. She held a bag of native herbs that she wanted hand carried to her daughter who was a student at the Trust Territory's nursing school on Saipan. Word had been sent to Truk that the girl was very ill. An anxious mother had hoped to give comfort to her sick child.

A young American couple, he six feet tall and she little more than five, stood staring aimlessly at each other. They had attracted considerable attention when they arrived at this tropical airport carrying two sets of snow skis and heavy boots stretched in racks. From their conversation with others, I assumed they were school teachers. They were on their way to the ski slopes of Japan during the Christmas and New Years vacation period and had spoken of spending two days of their two-week vacation just in getting to the Moen Island airport. Their bubble, a year and a half of anticipation, had just burst.

Pointing towards the dark cloud that had swallowed the shiny jet was a young Trukese from the outer islands. Five hundred and fifty miles on the other side of that cloud, Airmen at Andersen Air Force Base on Guam, were putting finishing touches on plans for their annual Christmas air drop. Each year, several remote islets and atolls receive parachuted

gift boxes from Air Force personnel on Guam. This Christmas season, four tiny spots of sand in the vast Truk District, hit by typhoons during the year, had been contacted by radio to stand by for the Santa Claus plane. This outer island resident, now grounded, was to help the navigators make sure the packages for the two islands of Pis and Losap were not dropped on the single, similar sounding Pis Losap island, and that it was Satawan and not Satawal that received presents. The guide now would not be on that flight.

Sitting across from me was an enormous middle-aged island woman, fanning her flushed face with her boarding pass and pulling at the bodice of her flowery muumuu trying to circulate air over her heaving chest. Her son, who had accompanied her to the airport, had left an hour ago. The anguished woman was scheduled to undergo major surgery at a Guam hospital tomorrow.

As the stranded passengers rose to join the line at the counter, I began to wonder—if there weren't enough seats for all of us next Monday, how could I ever think of asking for a priority over the others. The heavens opened up. Torrential rains pounded the tin roof and flooded the earth. The afternoon turned pitch black.

n early evening message from the District Administrator said, "The SA-16 is making a special flight to Guam tomorrow morning at six. Airport time is 5:00 a.m." Evidently enough passengers had been left behind to make the unscheduled trip on the 16-passenger land-and-sea plane possible.

Well before 5:00 a.m. all the travelers seemed to be at the airport. The first dim glow of dawn outlined the massive bulk of the odd-looking amphibious aircraft. At first it appeared to be an enormous bath tub; then, with more daylight, it slowly shaped itself into a gray whale;

and finally it became an ugly, fat, flying monster with popping eyes, broad wings and husky claws. Sunrise came and at the moment the boarding card was passed into my hand, the SA-16 transformed itself into a beautiful gold and silver carriage awaiting a team of twelve white flying horses.

A police officer strode through the terminal, heading towards the plane, balancing the aircraft's coffee urn...the aroma of fresh coffee... a gracious gift from the policeman's thoughtful wife.

"You think you're gonna reach Guam in that thing?" the young baggage clerk asked the dark-suited man standing in front of me.

"Yep," came the reply.

"A Navy flyer just came through here and said this SA-16 is nothing but a bunch of spare parts flying in close formation," the broadly smiling Micronesian taunted.

"So?" asked the old traveler, an American whose face bore the sunbaked skin and the squinty eyes of one who has spent years in the tropics.

"Did you know that 14 minutes after you take off, that plane is due for its annual overhaul," the youngster joshed, adding, "Whose gonna climb out on the wing and check the engines for you?"

"The Great Mechanic will take care of that."

"Okay, Father, you win," laughed the baggage clerk as the cleric picked up his black hand case and stepped into the group of passengers heading for the plane.

Seat belts fastened and checked, life jacket demonstration over, the pilot and co-pilot began the routine steps of the pre-flight procedure. From the cockpit their muffled voices could be heard: "Ignition? . . . Off . . . Parking brakes on? . . . Check Flaps up? . . . Check"

Meanwhile, the male flight steward who had been on his hands and knees diligently searching below the seats and behind pieces of equipment, finally stood up and asked the passengers in the forward section of the plane, "Did anybody see two cartons of paper cups?"

No reply.

"I think I brought them up here someplace," he puzzled. "Anybody sitting on them?"

Those close enough to hear laughed.

Then, leaning towards a very large woman whose flowered muumuu overwhelmed the seat like a balloon the steward said softly. "I think I put them on this seat."

The obese woman raised herself slowly, reached between her and the seat, and drew out a large manila envelope filled with flight papers. Shifting her weight to one side, she groped beneath her again and tugged out the steward's officers cap, now flattened to where it looked like a cut-out from a corn flakes box. Again she grabbled, then withdrew first one and then the second carton of paper cups, both pressed thin as cardboard.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry," the highly embarrassed woman spoke haltingly, covering her face with her hands. "I only thought the seat was broken," she tried to explain.

First scratching his head, the attendant then looked at his hat, punched it into shape with his fist, slapped in on his head, looked down at the flustered woman, and broke into a pleasant laugh. "Nobody will believe me," he chuckled. As the old woman feebly tried to return a smile, the tension in the cabin eased and the rest of the passengers relaxed.

Soon the plane's engines sputtered, chugged into revolution and the craft began taxi-ing towards the strip, vibrating with such intensity that one's teeth buzzed and eardrums hummed. Once the flying boat was in place at the end of the runway, the Captain called back to the steward, "Don't forget, the minute we're airborne, I want a cup of coffee!"

The attendant jumped, rushed for-

ward to explain. After a string of ungentlemanly expletives by the pilot, the amphibian turned about and bobbled back to the terminal where the crewman leaped to the ground and raced into the nearly deserted building. Two or three minutes passed before he returned, carrying three waxed paper cups.

"That's all I could find," he told the captain.

Came the sharp reply, "Okay. One for the crew and two for the passengers. Anybody who doesn't want to share, doesn't drink. I'm first."

While the craft again rolled into takeoff position and the pilots went through their checkoff routine, I began searching through my shaving kit . . . sorting through a bottle of vitamin pills, assorted safety pins, nail file, bacitracin ointment, tiny mirror, Boy Scout knife, Ex Lax tablets, diarrhea pills, box of fish hooks, sun tan lotion, insect repellent, chunk of salt water soap, band-aids, sewing kit. . . .

My search was interrupted by a shout from the co-pilot: "Ow . . . whee . . . wow . . . wow . . . hot damn . . . that really bit me!"

"What happened," blurted the captain.

"I don't know, but something really gave me a shock."

"Maybe you're sitting in a puddle of water?"

"Feels more like an electric chair. All I did was flip this switch like this. See? Nothing now."

"Okay, let's start over again," directed the captain and the droning voices resumed the check list. "Carburetor heat? . . . Normal . . . Fuel cross feed? . . . Normal Cowl flaps? . . . Closed. . . ."

Back to the shaving kit and poking through the mess, I dug around among the tweezers, thermometer, pen flashlight, Chapstick, waterproof matches, Sleep-Eze, No-Doz, Murine, Bible in Brief, family snapshot . . . and there it was. I

finally had found it. Stuffed beneath a folded page-size map of Micronesia was my treasured, plastic, collapsible drinking cup.

I recalled how often, while shopping at surplus stores and those conglomerate drug stores in Honolulu, picking up odds and ends for a survival kit, I had wondered which item would be the first to save life. Would it be the signal mirror that attracted the roving eyes of a search plane which discovered me as the sole survivor of a field trip vessel sunk during a tropical typhoon? Or would it be the bacitracin ointment that prevented gangrene from taking over the stump of my leg where a crocodile had attacked me during a hike across Babelthuap? No, it was nothing so adventurous. It was the common, simple first-aid device that starts the first pulse of blood through the bodies of millions of half-alive people throughout the entire modern world . . . the cup that bears the morning's first swallow of hot coffee.

By the time I had located the cup, the plane had bounded down the runway, slid off the end of the airstrip and slowly ascended, inch by inch, over the coconut tree frosted, flat islands of the Truk lagoon. The warm coffee, weaving a gossamer of contentment, brought reflections of the role of this ugly duckling SA-16. This Albatross really was a flying machine that looked like one. Even though it had an appearance that people would say only its mother could love, it did have many admirers . . . even some lovers.

n a fifteen year history of service to the Trust Territory, not one fatal crash. Of course there were many scary near misses: the water landings in the dark, the games of tag played with typhoons, the times the tired engines fizzled at crucial moments. There was that Ponape landing in 1964 when the engines conked out just as the plane was ascending the ramp and its load of pas-

sengers went drifting beyond the reef. In 1959, a trip from Guam to Majuro with the High Commissioner aboard, along with a pair of newly-weds and others, turned into near tragedy. A sudden loss of power and everything had to be jettisoned . . . cargo, baggage, wedding presents, all except passengers, crew and a shivering dog. The SA-16 asthmatically gasped and puffed its way back to Guam at 200 feet above the ocean, then gave up in a last minute water landing. Two years later, passengers were not so fortunate. One fractured his spine when the plane called it quits short of the Palau runway and quickly sank in the crystal blue water.

But weighed against the celebrated near-tragedies were the thousands of island hopping journeys successfully completed, often filled with the urgencies of yesterday's waiting passengers and the humor of today's early morning takeoff.

Now droning through glistening towers of white and grey cumulus clouds was the pot-bellied odd-ball that wasn't designed for looks, but destined for fame as the ready roust-about who would take on any flying job, as the speedy link that helped consolidate 2,000 far flung islands into a territorial union, as the befriender of critically ill and injured persons . . . a very present help in time of trouble.

I wondered how lengthy must be the list of those persons who today are on the roll call of the living, who otherwise might be dead. Looking back through the cabin, I studied the array of brown, tan, white faces . . . vesterday's sad faces. As I watched, their expressions of contentment began to link them to the words of a familiar parable: But a Samaritan, as he journeyed, came to where the injured man was; and when he saw him he had compassion, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring oil and wine; then he set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

The District's new \$2.9 million hospital is half-completed with a target date of mid-1970. The 150-bed unit will offer complete general medical services... Having been without hotel facilities for many months, Truk welcomed the first in a new series of hotels, the Maramar, a tastefully designed island inn. Continental/Air Micronesia has begun construction of its new hotel due to open in 1970... Truk's staff physician. Dr. Alfonse Van Schoote, famed "atoll doctor" who is noted for his outer island dedication, and his Trukese crewman, Amanto, have been missing at sea since leaving Guam for Japan in July . . . Field trip service to the outer islands has been touch-and-go with the Truk Islander tied up in the lagoon for about a month and then sent off to the shipyard for dry-docking and repairs. A shifting of vessels in the territory brought aid to Truk with the arrival of the MV James Cook on temporary duty . . . In addition to the Truk District Legislature, in session for two weeks in August, another significant meeting was the conference of district magistrates which brought together the 38 leaders at the municipallevel. The group not only discussed their communities' needs and priorities and means to improve the functioning of their offices, but also worked over problems relating to transportation, the use of U.S. Dept. of Agriculture foods and other urgent issues . . . Community Action Agency (CAA) directors from all six districts, joining at Truk for a conference, discussed (among many other subjects) the possibility of introducing a legal services program to the territory and the suggestion of sending aid to the U.S. through VISTA volunteers from Micronesia to American communities.

annPonape Transportation Board is swinging—working with the Seabees on a ford across the Kahmar River, one of Ponape's biggest. This will be the first improved ford in Ponape's history and is a challenge because the frequent floods raise the river level some ten feet or more, and even the fish get frantic . . . The Micronesian Teacher Education Center's new director, Bob Lorenzen, has arrived and is working with staff on the new programming, which shifts MTEC's role from an in-service teaching training institution to a pre-service operation. It still takes teachers from all over the territory and this year there will be 36 experienced teachers plus 48 who are just entering . . . Pingelap celebrated completion of its reinforced concrete 2-story (yes, TWO-story) community center/municipal office in July—the first building of its type in the district. DistAd participated and it was a bang-up affair. (Pingelap's just bursting with new concrete private houses, too.) . . . Long-time Ponape Educator Gus Moses is off to his new HQ job as secondary education coordinator for the whole TT ... A record 13 Boy Scout troops are getting help from Hawaii councilman Lee Prentice. Scouts definitely on the move . . . Kapingamarangians are watching the sun rise and set from their brand new. self-built, concrete footbridge 500 feet long, connecting the two inhabited islets. Moonlight group singing reported fine from the middle of the bridge ... Very, very successful community leadership and skills training program completed during the summer at PATS (Ponape Agriculture and Trade School) under Fr. Costigan's skilled directing, and with OEO funding through our CAA. Some 70 men from all over the district took part.

The Yap District Legislature, years in the making, met for the first time in June. The former Yap Islands Congress represented only Yap proper, not the outer islands which are now included. Most of the session was spent re-adopting earlier laws that lost effect through the change. But they took time to hear a report from the local tourist commission recommending caution in tourist development, greater Micronesian participation, funds for a full-time director and a guide system to control touring activities within villages. Major attention of lawmakers centered on construction of a new road to Map Island and efforts to breathe new life into the long-dormant Yap Islands Housing Authority. The Map causeway project which received a \$15,000 construction appropriation from the Legislature got another boost in August with arrival of a 13-man U.S. Navy Seabee Civic Action Team. By late '69, the team was at work on the causeway, as well as a village dispensary, water system and several other road projects...Yap will have to build a new airport before the island can receive jet aircraft. That was the verdict of an Air Force survey team that paid a summer inspection visit. The present, 6-year old strip, would virtually have to be rebuilt and a new airport across the road appears to be a better proposition. Money has tentatively been appropriated for fiscal year '71 ... High Commissioner Johnston toured Yap in Aug. as part of a territory-wide visit-promised greater attention to district problems, including roads, shipping and economic development... The downtown section of Colonia will have a new look. The Yap Cooperative Association announced a major expansion program

to include a new super service gas station scheduled for completion in Dec., a new supermarket with real cash registers, and a new office building for the Yap Shipping Cooperative.

nong QA new batch of Peace Corps Volunteers, some 47 of them, completed basic training on Laura Island in Majuro Atoll. Most of them (30) will be teaching while another large group (14) will devote their service to agriculture. In order to teach English as a second language, the PCV's struggled through a quick course in learning Marshallese as a second language ... U.S. Navy Seabees arrived and, while setting up their facilities, the men and machines turned to on the roadway through DUD, compacting and smoothing the surface. Water catchments are high on the list of jobs to be done, and there is hope the Civic Action Team will be in Majuro long enough to smooth out the 35-mile road to Laura, the TT's longest automobile pathway...Three men drifted in a 2x4 raft three days after landing their small seaplane in the Pacific near Jaluit. Rough seas sank the Aeronca which was to have been the nucleus of a new flight service in the district. The pilot and the company say they're not out of business... The rehab of Bikini was begun in Feb. with the Defense Atomic Support Agency directing a cleanup phase for the Department of Defense and Atomic Energy Commission. By Oct., DASA dumped at sea or buried 300 truckloads of debris, and restored the 4,600 foot airstrip to good shape. Now groups of about 30 former Bikinians are rotating employment opportunity planting 100,000 coconuts during the next year in preparation for families to return. With radiation levels today well below levels of the U.S. mainland and with Bikini leaders talking about the construction of two tourist hotels, it may not be long before the Bikini also returns to Bikini . . . Former Eniwetok residents, now living on Ujelang, received a \$1,020,000 check from the U.S. government as an ex-gratia payment "in recognition of the hardships faced, the long standing removal from

their home atoll, and the fact that their return is not possible in the near future." At an August meeting with local leaders, HiCom Johnston was asked to invest the sum where it would bring maximum growth with minimum risk. First deposit of the million dollars was in the Majuro Bank of America vault which nearly burst at the seams.

deducation remained the byword in Palau-a 30-teacher team from the National Science Foundation in Hawaii spent six weeks studying astronomy, meteorology and geology. They instructed Micronesian teachers from all districts in methods of employing natural materials for instructional purposes in the classroom...In order to give "the opportunity to every student to get a high school education," Bion Blunt, principal of Palau High, instituted a temporary 3semester system, under which students will attend school two semesters a year . . . The Micronesian Occupational Center began its first stage of a 3-stage program in Sept. with a building trades drafting class. A 2nd-stage implementation is planned for Feb. and a 3rd-stage in Sept., 1970 . . . At that time enrollment should reach 500, with a total of 21 occupations being offered . . . Mamoru Nakamura, who had received his Doctor of Jurisprudence on May 18 from Willamette Univ. in Oregon, went on to pass his bar exam in North Dakota. With that hurdle taken, Nakamura became the first Micronesian to be admitted to the bar...The Palau Legislature awarded 22 scholarships to qualified students desirous of a college education...The HiCom's Development Coordination Committee visited in July and learned from the Legislature that the land held in Public Domain and the slow economic development were the district's sorest problems . . . A heavy rain washed away last-ditch efforts to fill in road potholes, and High Commissioner Johnston found his first trip to Palau a little rocky. In a meeting with the district government's dignitaries, the HiCom expressed two priority areas in Palau: the MOC and the development of marine resources . . .

Early summer saw the completion of the Palau Museum Bai, an exquisite traditional men's meeting house in the district center...The Palau cable-ferry (12 auto capacity) began service between Babelthuap and Koror, Oct. 1, carrying in seven minutes what formerly took 30 minutes.

anang The Marianas chain, just about set to celebrate near full-recovery from disastrous Typhoon Jean of Apr. '68, got socked by Typhoon Elsie on Sept.23. Pagan and Alamagan were smashed by 125 knot winds of a storm the weather bureau dubbed a "supertyphoon." No deaths, no injuries. Meanwhile, on Saipan the new civic center and numerous schools, partially funded by Typhoon Jean rehabilitation money, were placed into operation. The \$900,000 civic center, is being widely applauded for its distinctive architecture. But not everyone is cheering the bright color scheme of the schoolhouses and district buildings. They are, though, a brilliant improvement over the customary government greens and creams . . . Mt. Carmel High School, reported about to close its books, has decided to continue operation and is looking ahead to a longer life of service to the community . . . Eddie Pangelinan has returned home after earning his law degree at the Howard Univ. School of Law in Washington, D.C. and passing the D.C. bar exam in Sept. . . . New HiCom Johnston selected Marianas Dist-Ad Peter T. Coleman to join headquarters as Deputy High Commissioner. Taking over as DistAd is Saipan born, Francisco C. Ada, the second Micronesian to fill a district's top spot... While the Congress of Micronesia's Future Political Status Delegation was in Washington discussing various forms of "free association" with the U.S. (or status quo or independence as second choices), the Mariana Islands and Guam were preparing for a Nov. plebiscite on the question of reintegrating into one territory as part of the U.S. Betting odds favor a majority "yes" vote . . . While no crime wave exists, some records have been set. A \$7,000 burglary of the Town House

department store was committed and solved. Also a well-trained government print shop employee published a batch of phoney \$1 and \$10 bills, passing a few before being nabbed by the constabulary. With no law against counterfeiting, the skillful printer was convicted of cheating.

District correspondents: Marianas, Patrick Mangar; Marshalls, Laurence Edwards; Palau, Bonifacio Basilius; Ponape, Peter Hill; Truk, Tadasy Curley; Yap, George Dell.



with Barbara Teitge

Eastern Micronesia

It is amazing that an area as vast, and as beautiful, as Micronesia is almost unknown by American tourists. Trying to get information about how to travel and where to stay was a major chore. Even Air Micronesia, the only air line in the Trust Territory, was uncertain about the whole operation. But eventually it all worked out, and we were on the jet from Honolulu to Majuro. "Just tourists" you are not, and the protection and care of the innocents began. Each cabin crew has one Micronesian and one Caucasian girl. Their jaunty straw hats and short shifts, split to here, are eye catching. They were happy and informal, the service was good, and the trip a pleasure.

A brief touch down at Johnston Island, a U.S. Government base, made a neat transition. There we were whisked from the plane to the little waiting room and told not to touch, and hardly to look or listen. This hiatus gave us a first chance to meet the other passengers, to learn that they are mostly government and construction workers—interested, and interesting.

Several hours later and Majuro Atoll. It was our first sight of an atoll, and we were awed by its perfect beauty: a ring of small islands in neat oval, palms waving, turquoise water in the lagoon, white sand beaches, waves breaking around the outside reef. And then the plane circled the landing field to clear it of pigs and people-apparently in that orderpigs having been hit, people, hopefully never. On the ground Majuro provided contrasts. In town the veneer of our civilization seemed to have brought mostly dirt—tin cans, bottles, rusty bits of machinery-to detract from nature's beauty. Once out of town it was fresh again, and native houses are neat and orderly. Pigs are everyplace, but they are such a part of island life we quickly learned to accept them and soon found ourselves looking for the tiniest piglets. That grass houses are slowly disappearing saddened us. The reasons are practical: tin roofs make excellent water catchments. badly needed here; tin siding nearly solves the bug problem; and, most important, it does not need replacing each year. There are still enough thatched houses left however, to cheer the romantic.

The Mieco Hotel is different. Overwhelmed by kindness we could easily overlook the spareness of the room, the splotches of plaster in the bathtubs, leftover from how many months ago! Water is rationed, so twice a day it's a rush to shower and brush teeth. The inside rooms, black as a hole the minute the lights are off, however have air conditioning that never missed a beat. Tasty food was served in a dining room open to the lagoon. Surrounded by all the lush tropical growth outside, we found the dining

room decorated with plastic plants!

We rented a car one day and drove to Laura, a flawless white sand beach. That the beautiful 35 mile drive there took over two and half hours will give you a rough idea of the road, and no pun intended. My companion remarked that she always had wondered how it felt to live inside a rattle and now she knew. We stopped to shell along the beaches. Almost always the native youngsters were there to help. Their shells were donated with big shy smiles. One, a bit more daring, handed us his treasure asking "You want? You take." We found this generous attitude extended to their elders as well. Perhaps the loveliest surprise of the Majuro stopover was our walk on the living reef. The coral grows in dozens of fantastic shapes and patterns, and the colors!—bright magenta, pale lavender, perfect pink, chartreuse, gold, green-we were speechless. Even the sand was tinted pink!

Soon we were airborne again and Majuro was left behind. We stopped briefly at Kwajalein, long enough to send letters home. As we walked away from the familiar red and blue box I said, "Guess what? I've just mailed my ticket and boarding pass." The young man at operations was kindness itself, and how many times we said that before the trip was over! The huge Micronesian who came from the Post Office department to open the box for me had a laugh large enough to match his size.

Three hours later we were at Truk. and without people. Truk might have proved a bit dismal. The lagoon is huge, large enough to hold the entire Japanese fleet during the last war, as people kept reminding us. We felt boat trips to the smaller island would surely have been a delight. However, we were on Moen, the big city island, and with only two days, we didn't venture far. We had been told there was no hotel, hence we would be housed in a dormitory style quonset hut, to which we eventually found our way. It was immaculate, but proved to be the men's dormitory. We were whisked up the hill to a house: living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and two baths, all this for \$2.50 a night each. The spacious accommodations also included dirt, millions of ants, enormous cockroaches, and plumbing that didn't work. That we discovered these fringe benefits more or less gradually was probably just as well.

During our stay we visited the District Administrator's office-kindness again, also maps, information, and offers of help at any time. We hardly anticipated that "any time" would come the next day, "our" holiday Washington's birthday, to fix the plumbing. We also visited the Truk Trading Company: two enormous quonsets filled with every kind of food, clothing, household, and hardware material imaginable. We met the manager and his beautiful Scottish wife and had the pleasure of visiting their apartment over the store. There they had collected a small museum of lovely things.

Their second in command guided us to the "Club" where we were served drinks and dinner along with Trukese charm. We also learned something about their sacred mountain on Moen, including the interesting tradition that taught only white men would land there. Sure enough the Spanish, Germans, and Americans all came to Moen, but the Japanese landed on nearby Dublon Island.

The following morning we met our first Peace Corps couples. And such a magnificent job these dedicated young people are doing! Without exception as we saw them working with the Micronesian people the love and respect was unmistakable. We had the young couples to "our" house for cocktails that evening, and the small piece of cheese and half can of peanuts left from our picnic lunch were obviously as welcome as rain would have been. We insisted on taking them to dinner, to the Kukkun-nu; a joint project of a farsighted Trukese family and an ex-Peace Corps Volunteer. It passes as a coffee house, but it is much more. We had tuna sandwiches, each sandwich a small loaf of home made bread sliced in half, piled with tuna. French fried breadfruit, and fresh limeade were followed by home made cookies and coffee. The total bill for the six of

us was \$3.60!

We left in the morning without too much regret, yet with enough feeling of curiosity to return one day and see how the new hotel is coming along, if nothing else. The flight to Ponape on the pre-WW II, SA 16 float plane was about two and a half hours. It was unique in this day of jets and inevitable crowds. The plane holds fifteen passengers who share the cabin with the freight. We loved it. The plane came down on the lagoon at Ponape light as a feather to the applause and cheers of all aboard.

Ponape is a tropical paradise of flawless beauty. The hills are high and rugged, the rocks are a picture. The palms wave—as they should—but they are not alone here. Breadfruit, banana, mango, papaya, mangrove, kapok, citrus, flame trees, the list is endless and they all grow on this lovely island. There are also hibiscus, orchids, lantana, rice, pepper, and such unlikely things as corn and watermelon. Tree ferns grow higher than houses. The turquoise of the lagoon somehow seems more perfect here. Our trip, which was to have covered more island, ended here, as we simply could not bear to leave.

The Kaselehlia Inn is owned by the Trust Territory and operated by a cooperative. There are ten rooms with a bath between each two rooms. As they lock one another out of the bath, guests can easily get acquainted, and lovely friendships bloom fast on Ponape. Our spotlessly clean room looked out over the lagoon, and the three delicious meals were included for under \$8.

We arrived to find no dinner that night. However, instead there was to be a huge party. "Everyone was coming" to welcome the new District Administrator and his wife. So we were guests as well, sharing food, drink, and entertainment enough to satisfy all. Sitting on the floor was a quick lesson in why so many women wear graceful long dresses, but we tugged at our hems, squirmed a bit, and had a wonderful time.

We made a trip on the Peace Corps mail boat. Two villages had to be reached through the mangrove swamps, a new and beautiful experience. The interlocking roots support huge trees and many exotic fern gardens. At one stop we walked up to the little village through a perfect jungle scene, even a caribou and her baby. We found the visit to the government school was not long enough to enjoy fully the island children, surely among the most attractive, happy, healthy and lovely youngsters in the world.

Another day took us to the awesome ruins of Nan Madol at the north end of the island. No one knows for sure who built this city on over a hundred islands, connected by canals—a South Pacific Venice. No one knows for sure just how old it is, nor how the tremendous black rocks were taken there. No one knows for sure what happened to these master builders. We knew, though, that we had a bad tide, and not enough water to tour the canals. In fact we had to wade in, and wading through that sand was like pulling through sticky syrup. On the way back we visited our first Peace Corps home. a lovely little thatched house by the river. The matting on the sides was very distinctive, and the interior, about ten feet square, was spotless and most attractive. Our two young hosts were from Pennsylvania. As always, the young people were surprised to see tourists and delighted to have "mothers" to talk to.

Our last two days turned out to be the climax of our trip. We'd been hearing about the song and dance festival at Wene, and everyone urged us to stay for it. So we did, and Friday morning found us on the Peace Corps boat once again. Upon our arrival at Wene, no one seemed to know just what to do with us, but we drifted about for a few hours, meeting people and watching the villagers arrive by the hundreds. This was the first time in over 20 years the festival had been held. It is sad but true that the Protestant missionaries had discouraged the traditional native dances, and finally the young Catholic priest at Wene decided to revive this art before it had completely vanished.

The natives arrived all in their Sunday best, shining clean, and almost everyone wearing a mwarmwar the lovely flower head-wreath typical of Ponape. Each family clan also brought their own food, transported on strong bamboo poles in lovely baskets quickly woven of palm fronds. Some families had huge square carriers, taking up to twelve men to transport. The food was all cooked, mostly pork, breadfruit, coconut and yams. Some carriers were decorated in fancy designs of flowers and greens; we even saw two huge sea turtles. We dined that night with the Peace Corps. Our hosts cut off a huge chunk of pork, gave us half of a roasted breadfruit, served on a banana leaf. Our only tableware was the machete they provided.

The entertainment finished, we were sent down the jungle path to the home of the man who had headed the dispensary at Wene for 21 years. Although his English was not the best. and our Ponapean was nil, the hospitality of his family needed no words. We were shown our room, and a lovely mat was spread on the floor. Before we had hardly settled, more house guests came, three delightful Catholic sisters. The superior had come from Spain many years ago, and the young girls were from Truk and the Marshalls. Their bubbling good humor was contagious. And soon we faced another dinner-more pork, breadfruit, yam, fried green banana, watermelon, oranges, papaya—and a surprise, clam chowder. On a picnic the day before the sisters had gathered tiny delicate clams, less than an inch in size. These were cooked in coconut milk, served over rice, and surely nothing ever tasted better.

The sisters said they were going to the stream to wash and asked if we would like to come along. Our light was the moon, and through the coconut forest we wandered. It still seems unreal that we could have bathed in a jungle stream by moonlight! Back at the house we found that in our absence we each had acquired a mattress, also clean white sheets, pillows embroidered with flowers and tender messages, such as Sleep Well and

Good Night. We didn't learn until the next day that the mattresses from the dispensary beds had somehow disappeared!

The dance festival continued through the following afternoon. The mwarmwars worn by the dancers seemed to be more beautiful than ever. The women, many of whom were bare breasted, wore their bright cotton skirts dyed to identify their village origin. The men wore grass shirts, each dyed a different combination of colors, but tending toward the reds and yellows. Their waist bands were magnificently decorated with shells and seeds. Each entertainer had coconut oil rubbed on his upper body, arms and face, and their beauty gleamed in the sun. For the most part the performers were on a stage that can only be described as a huge shadow box. about three feet deep with one center shelf. It had been constructed of bamboo, palm and banana fronds, and decorated with red ginger blossoms. The men stood on each level and the women sat in front of them. There were 114 chanting dancers performing in the first number. On their laps most of the women had boards on which they beat with small round sticks, in an amazing variety of tempos. The men used their arms and hands and just a slight swaving of their upper bodies. Their performance was so beautiful and dreamlike. Occasional dances were also performed on the ground in front, including one exciting stick dance. When we realized we had to leave, the dancers had just moved into the Nahs house-the large community building for each village. As we left would you believe we heard the strains of "I've been working on the Railroad"!-in English?

This account only highlights some of the unexpected adventures that came our way. We knew when we left home that Mr. Hilton hadn't been to Micronesia and this was the way we wanted it. We tried always to respect the local customs, to avoid troubling people, and never to complain. We felt we did fairly well. It was a dream fulfilled in every way. Changes are certain to come. About most of these

we are apprehensive, but we are confident the people will remain, unique in today's chaotic world.

Who is a Micronesian Reporter?

A recent visitor to the
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first sight of the islands...
a Micronesian returned home
from college in the states...
a veteran civil servant...
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Tell us about that big story
you've been sitting on.
Get us to write it.
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Back Cover

Sogrui, a Yapese Chief from the island of Fais.

Photograph by Howard Kerstetter

