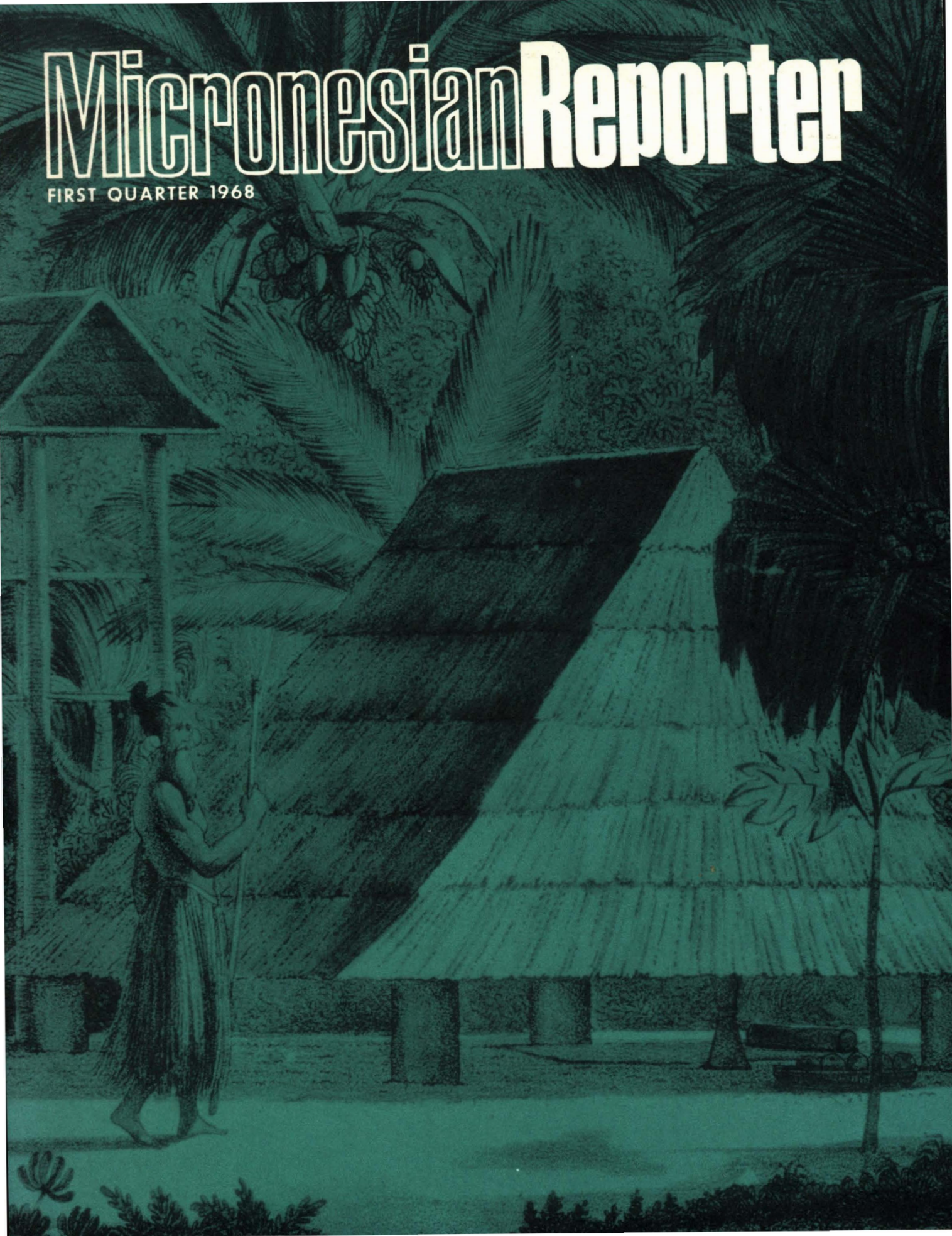


MicronesianReporter

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TRUST TERRITORY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS
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Tourists Visit Udot

The *Oriental Lady*, a sailing yacht that had been reported missing between Guam and Truk, was moored at Mwanituu Village on Udot January 8, bringing with it Udot's first two tourists, Captain Edward Walsh and his crewman, Karl Hill.

The sailors were followed by a third tourist, a 75-year-old retired orange grower from California named Nick Cook.

Mr. Cook, bound for Australia and New Zealand, will continue on through other sections of Micronesia and the Philippines.

Born in New Zealand, Mr. Cook had maintained an interest in the Pacific islands throughout his life. He explained that his two-day stay on Udot was especially gratifying because he was able to observe the native Trukese in their day-to-day activities.

All three of Udot's first tourists said they were impressed with the low room and board rates offered there at \$4 a day and with the friendliness of the people in whose houses they stayed.

Udot's magistrate, Kintoki Joseph, presented certificates to the visitors stating they were the first tourists Udot has had.

The magistrate expressed hopes that Udot will someday become a center for tourists who would like to spend a few days off Moen. Working toward this goal, islanders are making efforts to improve the beaches and provide additional facilities.

reprinted from the January 19, 1968 issue of Met Poraus

MicronesianReporter

The Journal of Micronesia / First Quarter 1968 / Volume XVI, Number 1

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

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

STOP! ***Don't turn the page.***

Not just yet. Before you do, we have an announcement to make.

This is the premiere issue of what, in essence, is a new magazine. It still bears the same name but little else, if anything, remains the same. We have a new editor, an art director, and lots of fresh new ideas. Our aim is to provide you, the reader, with a journal that truly represents Micronesia and its people—and does so in an entertaining and appealing way. This will be accomplished from all points of view covering a wide range of Micronesian life. We feel this issue has a good balance of what we are aiming for.

In this issue you will...

Relive an exciting exploration of the Marshall Islands.

Take an emotion-packed field trip on the *Ran Annim*.

Meet a remarkable missionary from Yap.

Discover the effects of change on the inhabitants of Udot.

Learn how to succeed in big business in the Yap District.

plus much more...

Now you can turn the page.

Who's Who

...in this issue of the Reporter

MARY A. BROWNING

The wife of a Western Electric Company engineer stationed on Kwajalein, Mrs. Mary Browning confesses that "a lifelong urge to know how things got to be as they are prompted me to begin reading *Pacificana*, narrowing my study to Micronesia and then finally to the Marshalls. I've developed a great affection for these bits of land which seem to float on the sea, and for their gentle canny inhabitants." Mrs. Browning now contemplates writing a complete history of the Marshalls.

CARL HEINE

The Clerk of the House of Representatives of the Congress of Micronesia, Carl Heine recently was requested to research the historical development of what is today the Trust Territory. "Under Four Flags" summarizes Mr. Heine's study of what is past, and passing, and to come in Micronesia. Born on Jaluit in the Marshalls district, Mr. Heine received his B.A. in Political Science from Oregon's Pacific College.

P. F. KLUGE

A regular contributor to these columns, P. F. Kluge edits the *Micronesian Reporter*. Dr. Kluge is a Peace Corps Volunteer attached to the Trust Territory's Public Information Office on Saipan. To earn "cigar money" during graduate school years, at the University of Chicago he frequently worked as a reporter for Time Inc.

FRANK MOLINSKI

Currently assigned to media work in Yap, Frank Molinski was one of the hundreds of Peace Corps Volunteers to complete training on Udot Island in the Truk Lagoon last year. His notes on Udot are excerpted from a lengthy continuing study of change on that island.

JOSEPH TILLOTSON

Joseph Tillotson, PCV, is currently attached to the Economic Development Office of the Yap District administration in Colonia. Prior to this job, he served as a business advisor to the Yap Cooperative Association, observing all sides of this many-faceted enterprise.

Letter Dept.

A Golden Opportunity:

If ever you felt like speaking up about something that appeared in the *Reporter*, something that either annoyed you or pleased you . . . then here is your chance. This new department really belongs to you—the reader. You write it. It is your soapbox. We'd like to hear from you regarding anything at all about the magazine. If you feel like blasting us, then feel free to do so. Or if you would like to praise us, we'd welcome that too. Your comments will give us an indication of how we are doing, where we may be off the mark or right on the target. You tell us. You let us know.

Address your letters to the editor, *Micronesian Reporter*, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Saipan, Mariana Islands 96950. All letters must be signed. Unsigned letters will not be used. Names withheld upon request with sufficient reason.

A magazine is not just a one-way operation. Without you, we wouldn't be. So please speak up . . . We'd like to hear from you.

INTERVIEW:

H. Clay Barnard

The poised, dapper subject of this quarter's Micronesian Reporter interview is H. Clay Barnard, general manager of Saipan's new luxury hotel, the Royal Taga. A canny veteran of nine years in the hotel business, Barnard exercises round-the-clock control over the most talked-about enterprise in the Trust Territory. With its fifty-four graceful units, capacious dining room, inviting swimming pool, frosty bar, its springy carpets and painstaking landscaping, the Royal Taga could mark the beginning of a tourist boom in Micronesia—if it succeeds. And if it fails, it would be hard to say who would dare to try again.

Nine years ago Clay Barnard was a clerk for a west-coast steamship company. "I didn't know why I was so unhappy," he recalls, "and I discovered one day it was because I was unhappy with my work. So instead of taking it out on the world I decided to get into a job that I liked." He began near the bottom of the ladder, as a desk clerk in Berkeley California's Claremont Hotel, moved to Honolulu's Hawaiian Village for a stint as a bar manager. Then came a term at the Cliff Hotel in Guam. Now Barnard holds a two-year contract as manager of the Royal Taga.

Interviewed over morning coffee at the Taga, Clay Barnard revealed a pleasing soft voice, an air of being at home in the new hotel. He had about him the relaxed aura of a man who has things pretty much under control. If one would hesitate to say of him, or of any man, that he is imperturbable, then one at least could say that Barnard seems to have been rarely perturbed . . .

REPORTER: One thing that I've been struggling to describe in letters home is the nature of this hotel. I'm sure a lot of people have the same problem. How would you compare it, for the benefit of our readers in the states, with things that they might encounter along roadsides there, on trips along the Pennsylvania or Ohio turnpikes, or with some of the beach operations in Florida?

BARNARD: Well I think it compares very favorably with the beach-type or resort-type hotel anywhere in the states. It's literally . . . the line is "this is the finest thing west of Hawaii" as it stands now. It's on a smaller scale of course than the larger beach and resort hotels in the states. We have only fifty-four units here

. . . Mr. Jones is planning to enlarge the place to 150 units and then of course, when it reaches that stage, it will compare, it will be as good if not better, than some of the beach- or resort-type hotels that I have seen in the states.

REPORTER: How would it compare with some of the hotels in Fiji or Tahiti?

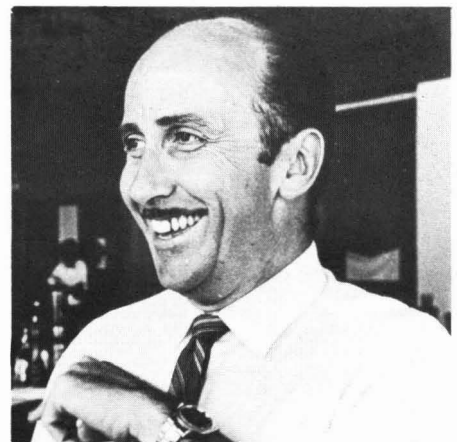
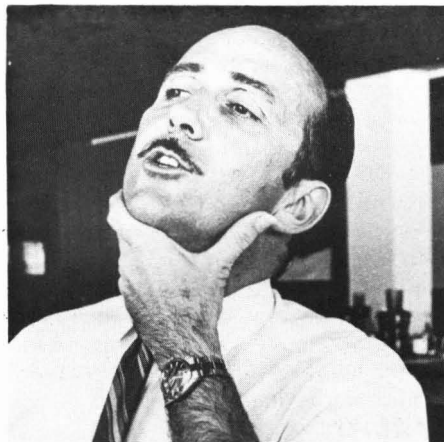
BARNARD: Well never having been to Fiji or Tahiti I can't honestly tell you. I do know that as far as Hawaii is concerned—I can speak for Hawaii—it's a beautiful hotel, compares very well with the Hawaiian hotels. I think it has something that the Hawaiian hotels do not have and that's the Saipanese to run it. To work in it.

REPORTER: How many do you have?

BARNARD: There are 86 employees in the hotel as it stands right now and there are ten I think who are not Saipanese, so it's about 75 or 76 people.

REPORTER: I wonder how the Saipanese who do not work here regard the hotel. Do you find that there's any hesitancy about setting foot in here or any feeling that this is a sort of an American stateside luxury scene in which they cannot participate?

BARNARD: Well the curiosity of course has been great with the local people . . . they were at first a bit frightened of the hotel because it looked so fancy but I think now that it's been open for a while—Of course the young people were not frightened at all. They came in droves



and they haven't really been any problem to us. Sometimes they get in the way but otherwise they're a pretty good group of people. The older people I think were afraid to come in at the beginning because of the menu. They had not seen a copy of the menu and they were sure that the prices would be terribly high. A woman of, oh, we'll say upper middle class, a local woman came down who was arranging a luncheon one time and she said "Well these prices aren't expensive at all," and I think from this the word gets around because more and more we do see local people in the dining room having dinner with their families.

REPORTER: How is the staff working out? I assume most of them had no prior hotel training?

BARNARD: There have been, oh, I would say maybe half a dozen who have had any experience but the rest of them you could say started right from the ground up and they're doing a magnificent job. They really are.

REPORTER: I'm interested in the sorts of persons who stay in your hotel. Who are they? Where are they from? What sorts of jobs do they hold and what are they here for and how long do they stay?

BARNARD: Well, most of the people of course who come here . . . well, let's see, how should I . . . what classification should I put them in . . . the Japanese tourist of course comes in on the package tours that are sold in Tokyo. Then there are a lot of people from Guam who come over. We get a great many of the Trust Territory people, they come in from the other islands, the other districts. The average stay I think runs two to three days. Some people will stay longer. Well several people I've had have stayed three-four weeks at a time, over the holidays partic-



ularly. We've had a lot of people who are just here for two weeks, three weeks at a time.

REPORTER: How do the tourists react to Saipan? How do they spend their days? Do you know what they do when they leave the hotel and the grounds?

BARNARD: Yeah, they get out and they want to see the island. They want to find out what there is. We have maps of course that are supplied by the Chamber of Commerce or someone, and they're very very good. They show them Marpi and the abandoned airfield and where all the tourist spots are to see, the Sugar King monument and things like that.

REPORTER: What role does the hotel itself play in arranging tours and encouraging this sort of thing?

BARNARD: Well right at the moment we do not have a tour service set up. We have applied for a license to run sight-seeing tours around the island. They have rental cars here of course and that's what most of them have been doing. We eventually will have a bus and a regular tour that goes around. I've been on one of them myself. Takes about four hours to see just the Marpi end of it and the Sugar King, the hospital, and the jail.

REPORTER: With the type of tourists that you get, what have been the best type of customers that you've had? How do you compare the Americans and Japanese?

BARNARD: The thing is the Japanese people, when they come in, they're all wrapped up, they know exactly what they're going to do and what time they eat dinner and what time they eat breakfast and when they go on tour and when they go shopping. They have X number of hours of free time.

REPORTER: Are they guided?

BARNARD: Yes.

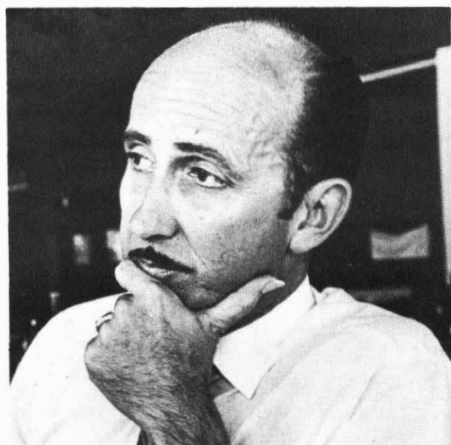
REPORTER: What sorts of outfits are these? Are these travel clubs in Japan?

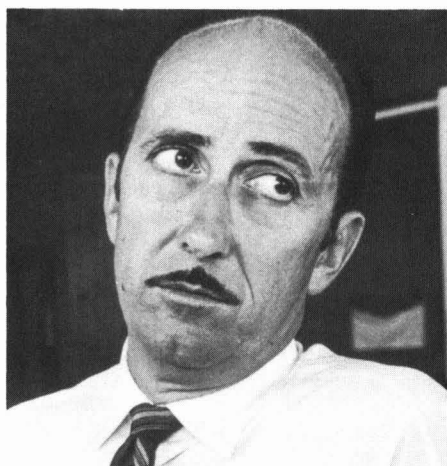
BARNARD: Well, we have companies who book a group down here. For instance we had some Japanese salesmen in one group from a candy company. But most of these are just groups of people. The Japanese are very group-oriented. They love to travel in groups. They do this often. And they come in, you know, 25, 30, up to 40 people at a time, all at one time, and they go to exactly the same places and see exactly the same things. They're very little trouble of course because everything's set up for them. The other type, of course, the regular tourist—they're not difficult at all to handle. And they're nice people. We've had an awful lot of good people in this hotel. I haven't really had any big problems since we've opened.



REPORTER: Some of the entertainment that you've been bringing in has attracted comment. I think last week you had—what was it?—the Joanie Gilmore trio? What sort of response have you gotten to the groups that you've brought in and what do you contemplate in the way of future acts?

BARNARD: Well, Mr. Jones and Mr. Yoshimoto, our Tokyo representative, they sort of keep their eyes open for entertainment that's coming in this direction and if they're booked into Guam then they just try to book them for a certain length of time over here. This last one was a long one, a week, and we were pleased to have them because they were so great. The first stateside act we had was this one. We had one group from Japan that was here for the opening and then one local entertainment from Guam.





REPORTER: I notice that your menu is printed in both Japanese and English for reasons that I can understand. What I wonder about are the problems involved in offering things like veal marsala and Chateaubriand for two daily?

BARNARD: Well there are no real problems as far as keeping the food here. The big problem of course is getting it over here. The meat all comes from the states, it's U.S. choice, with one exception—there is a New Zealand steak on the menu. But we haven't any real problems as far as serving it daily. When the holidays were here and we had a large house there were quite a few chateaus went out...

REPORTER: Do you often run short on items?

BARNARD: We have not thus far. We have run out of things like milk and eggs occasionally and butter, but we're getting it to the point now where there's a weekly order coming over on the ships.

REPORTER: What's the name of the man who makes the soups? Everybody raves about the soups here.

BARNARD: Well, the soups are made by the cook on duty. Chef Lane of course has been sort of in charge of them, training them up here.

REPORTER: He's the gentleman who works at the Red Carpet as well?

BARNARD: No, Jim is actually the baker for J&G Pay Less markets but he is also a qualified chef and he's been doing a fantastic job here with training the people. There are a couple of the cooks in the kitchen who have had a bit of experience, but they still had to be trained on this particular menu, and how to prepare some of the items that some of them had never seen before. You mentioned ear-

lier the problem with the chateau... the big problem is getting the waitress to understand that "chateaubriand for two" means that two people get one meal. We had one girl that ordered chateaubriand for two twice because there were two people at the table.

REPORTER: So you had a meal for four there. How did you work out of that?

BARNARD: Well, as it happened, someone, who came in immediately after she had placed her order and picked up her order, wanted a chateau. It worked out very nicely, as a matter of fact, and they wanted it cooked a little more than the one previous.

REPORTER: If they'd wanted it more rare—

BARNARD: We might have been in a little bit of a problem.

REPORTER: From what you've seen, do you foresee the day when there's a row of hotels along here?

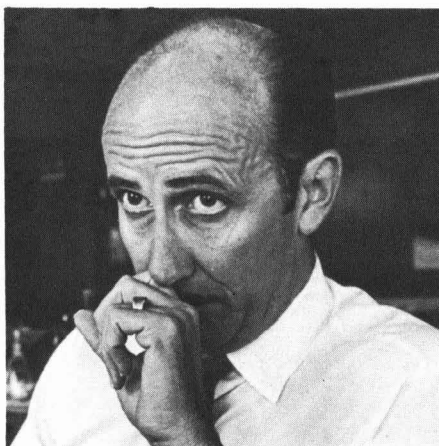
BARNARD: I wouldn't be the least bit surprised, because I think the potential is here. It's—I say this with mixed feelings because I think that the island as it stands now in its sort of natural state is very beautiful and should not be changed, but by the same token you can't stop people from coming and if they come you've got to have hotels, you're going to have to have activities and restaurants, something to keep them busy. I work for a company of course that is going headlong into it and I enjoy it. I like the island, but I don't think that in ten or fifteen years I will enjoy it as much—because it will have changed so completely.

REPORTER: And the change your talking about is increased tourism?

BARNARD: Yes.

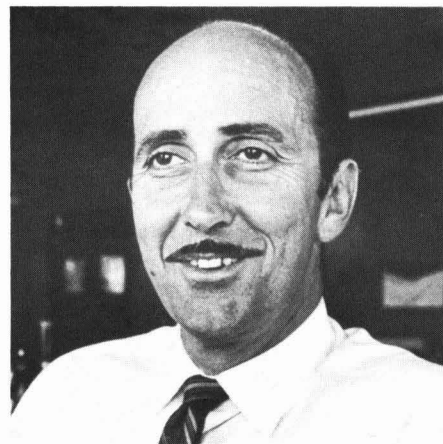
REPORTER: And hotels?

BARNARD: Yes.



REPORTER: How about the places that tourists can go when they're not at the hotel? Do they find that there is much of a nightlife here?

BARNARD: I think you and I both realize what the nightlife is here. It's interesting. And I have a lot of people of course say "Well, gee, do you know somebody who can take us around and show us some of Saipan's nightlife?" And there are a few people available to do this sort of thing. They get to see what they asked for.



REPORTER: Could you be more specific?

BARNARD: Well, the Saipan Hotel of course draws a lot of people because on a regular basis they have dancing on weekends. I understand there's another couple of bars that have dancing on weekends too but I have not had the opportunity to get out and see them because I'm kept pretty well occupied here. There are other restaurants. Hamilton's is going strong up there.

REPORTER: How do some of the other establishments that you've been to compare with what's available here?

BARNARD: Well, there's no comparison, and it's unfair really to compare the two—this place and any other establishment on the island. Hamilton's has a certain amount of charm, and so does the Fiji Bar, you see, but it's certainly not a comparable situation as far as the Royal Taga and the Fiji Bar.

REPORTER: If you hadn't gone into the hotel trade and had remained in your initial and unhappy line of endeavor, and succeeded as I assume you would, what do you think would bring you to vacation on Saipan. What do you think would attract you to the place?

BARNARD: Well, I don't know whether I would ever have been attracted to



Saipan because when I discovered I was coming to Saipan I had only heard the name and wasn't really too clear on where it was. I knew it was in the vicinity of Guam but I had no idea what was here or anything about it. Had I been financially able to I probably would have come to Saipan just because I enjoy going to places that I've never been and meeting different kinds of people, different cultures. This, I think, this island and this hotel and the other hotels and such that are going to be coming up, potentially speaking this island has more value, snobwise, for travel and tourism than any other place I can think of. There are very few places left, for instance, in Europe, that you can go, you know, that just about everybody and his brother hasn't been. There was a new place discovered not too long ago, I think, in Italy, called Santa Stefano or something, and this was supposed to be the pure real Italy, and this small village, the charm and the Italian culture at its best. But now everybody and his brother—I mean you read about it in the *New York Times* or the *Los Angeles Times* in the travel sections, and people nowadays can go, like that, to Italy and spend a week. And so it's gone. But here it's a little different. There are not too many people who can sit around a dinner table at home and say "Oh, we spent last winter vacation on Saipan at the Royal Taga Hotel." You're not going to find too many. And it will be that way for a few years. But eventually of course it will be like the rest of the islands.

REPORTER: May I ask you what it's like to work for Ken Jones?

BARNARD: It's an interesting and exciting situation to watch this man. Ken Jones is one of these people who works better under pressure, like most people if they

really know their job. When we were opening here the last week—I arrived here December 4 and we opened on the ninth, believe it or not—and when I arrived here on the fourth I would never have believed that... but we did and Mr. Jones was around here doing manual labor just like everyone else. At one point I caught him out here on the patio sweeping the floor, and this is the kind of person he is. He enjoys pressure, he enjoys working under this pressure. It's interesting working with Ken Jones.

REPORTER: Do you know, can you speak of what intentions he may have, further intentions in terms of tourism here and elsewhere in Micronesia? What about the addition to the hotel?

BARNARD: From what I understand they are just building another wing similar to this one. And there are also cabanas being put up over to the left of the main building... he also plans on putting a sort of entertainment pavilion down near the beach, to the right.

REPORTER: What would this entail?

BARNARD: A large—well, the plans could change as they oftentimes do—but a large A-frame with bandstand, dancing, cocktails... he also of course has the Japanese restaurant on the third floor which will be open in, oh, probably 30 to 45 days, in which they will have music as well.

REPORTER: How will that differ from what is offered down here? Same kitchen, different menu?

BARNARD: Japanese menu.

REPORTER: Totally?

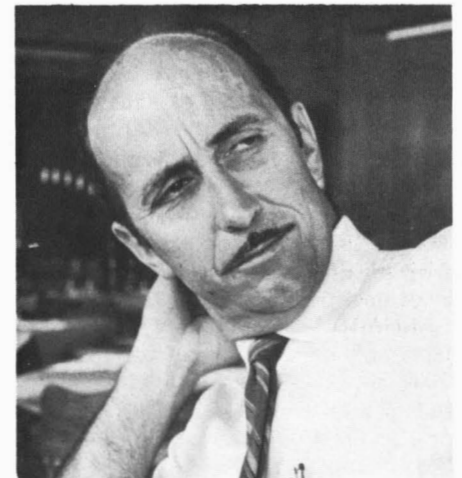
BARNARD: Yes.

REPORTER: Is he using the same kitchen down here?

BARNARD: Yes. They have a Japanese chef that they brought in from Japan to

prepare the food. A lot of your Japanese food of course is mostly prepared at the table. The soups and things like that will be made probably down here and served from down here. But your sukiyaki for instance is cooked right at the table. And the waitresses and such will be trained to cook sukiyaki at the table. We have a girl here who's come from Japan just specifically for that purpose—to train in the cooking of sukiyaki and other things, shrimp tempura.

REPORTER: Is the decor going to be Japanese?



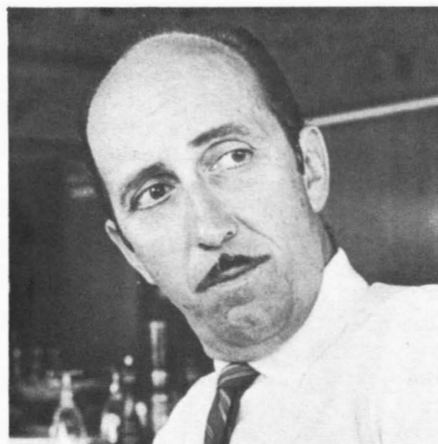
BARNARD: There will be private rooms around the wall with sliding doors... one or two of them can be opened for a large party.

REPORTER: How much time and how much opportunity have you had to see this island? To get around? Have you yourself been to Marpi?

BARNARD: I've seen a little of it. I have only seen the Marpi end. I keep saying every week that I'm going to get to the other end of the island but I always end up going back to Marpi because I'm fascinated by the Grotto. And that area out there. It's so beautiful—the natural state of things as they are out there. The colors in the water for instance around this island and in places like the Grotto are indescribable to me anyway. I find it difficult to try and explain to people when I write to them how beautifully blue, or green, or blue-green, this water can be...

REPORTER: What if Ken Jones said to you tomorrow, "Clay we're opening up a large operation in Yap or Palau."?

BARNARD: I'd rather he said Pagan. Because I have heard rumors that he would like to do something in Pagan...



if his plans go through on something like that, if I'm given the opportunity, I certainly will take it. This would be great . . . in someplace like Pagan, as I understand it, you literally would have to bring in everything but again the natural beauty of the island would be one of the biggest drawing cards.

REPORTER: You mentioned that you liked to go to places that you haven't been to before. What place strikes your fancy at the moment?

BARNARD: Well, right at the moment, Saipan, but my paradise is the Mediterranean. Spain is what I consider paradise . . . I have stayed for two, three months at a time in fishing villages on the Mediterranean and this to me is the best way to live. I'd like to be able to have a small business of some sort in Europe, in Spain particularly, that I could work for about nine months a year and travel for three. Just lock it up, put a few chains around it, and disappear for three months.

REPORTER: What do you figure is the ideal nine-months-a-year business?

BARNARD: Well, unfortunately it has to be something involving tourists, because there are the high seasons and the low seasons. Of course, the way it's going now on the Mediterranean . . . well, the hotels close down, the restaurants close down in the winter. A few local bars and a few restaurants stay open. Oh, a restaurant would be nice. I'd enjoy that, a speciality type of place that features a special type of cuisine from a country. This would be good. Or just . . . almost anything. A small inn that I could run for about nine months of the year.

REPORTER: Your own place?

BARNARD: Yes. Yes, I will have my own place one day.

REPORTER: Now that the hotel has been



open for a couple of months, how is it doing business-wise?

BARNARD: Very well.

REPORTER: Are you making a profit, would you say?

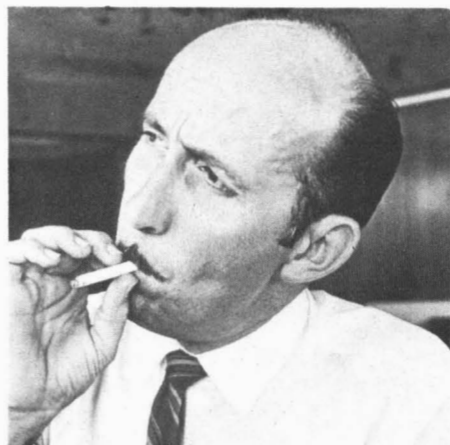
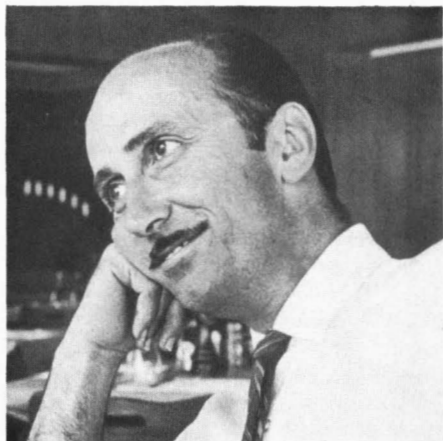
BARNARD: Well, no new hotel makes a profit for the first few years really because you're paying the hotel off. But the occupancy rate has been good. We've had several 100% nights and of course our first really big Saturday was this last one. We were packed. We had the Rotary group here and a full house of just reservations, Japanese tourists, what have you. The TT airlines of course helped us a great deal by not being able to go out so it filled us to the gills. And business has been pretty good. The beginning of the week's very quiet, very slow, and it builds up on weekends, which is typical. Eventually I look to the day when it will be filled pretty much all the time, or we'll average—oh—in eighty-five to ninety percent range.

REPORTER: What are you averaging now?

BARNARD: I really haven't taken an average. I would say 60. Average. 60-55.

REPORTER: I want to thank you for bringing paperback books to the island. And magazines. A lot of us want to thank you for that.

BARNARD: Well, there's a need for all these things. (PAUSE) Again, it's still with mixed emotions as far as what we're doing, how we're doing it, and how much good it's going to be to the island itself. Economically speaking I guess it's good for the island because it helps employ quite a few people and the salaries are, the wages are, just a little bit higher than the normal on the island, so there's more money being spent. Everybody's getting something out of it.





Field Trip

To a statesider the term conjures memories of frivolous pastel days away from school, chartered busses, class mothers, and box lunches. Visits to the Empire State Building or the zoo or the state mental asylum. But in Micronesia the term carries much more serious meanings. To the few hundred residents of the isolated islands of the Northern Marianas, "field trip" means the first sight of a vessel in long months, a chance to sell copra, to replenish their exhausted supplies of rice, flour, cigarettes and beer. It brings mail from other islands, a priest to baptize new babies or visit the graves of the recent dead. A dentist to pull teeth. And a doctor.

by P. F. Kluge

Pagan, Anatahan, Agrihan, Alamagan—the wild volcanic islands strung out north of Saipan. Black sand beaches, hot springs, rocky points, cone-shaped peaks and radiating valleys that run downward like the spokes of a wheel, or the fingers of a clenched fist. Beautiful places. But hard to get to. At some times, impossible. Here's how George Fleming, captain of the *M.V. Ran Annim*, recalls an abortive voyage last winter: "The last trip, we came up in rough weather. We had to turn back. The children were crying, the women were screaming. Some of the people were even swearing at me saying 'You want to kill us?' So we turned back."

The *Ran Annim* tried again last January. Although not formally designated as a field trip vessel, the ship carried a doctor and dentist assigned to look after the health needs of the 250 or so inhabitants of the Northern islands—many of whom would be receiving their first

medical attention in several months. Dr. Carlos S. Camacho was one of the first to appear on board the *Ran Annim*.

"Dressed for surgery, isn't he?" commented one dockside bystander when the youthful, soft-spoken graduate (1962) of the Fiji School of Medicine bounded up the gangplank of the *Ran Annim*. Attired in casual, short-sleeved shirt, black slacks and physical-education class sneakers, Camacho had little of the traditional medic about him. And during the first night of the voyage "Physician, heal thyself," was the order of the day. While the *Ran Annim* bounded through rough seas, passengers slept with hands clasped to both sides of their bunks, bracing themselves against the ship's rolling. Camacho dipped into his medical kit for two round pink pills. "I usually get sick as soon as I come on board. The roughness makes me sick . . . and the



Dr. Carlos Camacho disembarks at Agrihan.

diesel fuel." That first wretched night, while the *Ran Annim* bounced its way on a trampoline sea, Dr. Camacho shifted about restlessly. There were no empty bunks—at first he stretched out on the Captain's dining table, then moved into a berth with another passenger. But at 3 a.m., as the *Ran Annim* sighted Anatahan, Camacho was up and ready for work. The island's handful of residents, copra-makers and subsistence fishermen, were about to receive their first visit in five months.

Coming into the Northern Islands, even in calm, in daylight, is a taxing business. At night, in rough seas, with no lights, no docks, no buoys, few distinct landmarks, the exercise becomes more difficult. The vessel's searchlight probed towards shore, groping over black water, through fog, and at last stumbling against a cliff that might be brown, covered with vines that might be green. Anchored offshore, the *Ran Annim* watched a small boat, name "Kinrohsi" dabbed on its hull, row out from land, move into the beam of the searchlight and moor alongside. The visiting priest, Saipan's Father Arnold, the captain, George Fleming, the doctor, Carlos Camacho—a trinity of emissaries—greeted the half dozen islanders who came on board, shook hands, accepted cigarettes. There were fifteen tons of copra on shore, they learned—that would have to wait for calm weather on the return trip. There was a medical case on the island too. "There's a boy with a laceration, a knife wound, evidently at the joint of the ankle," Dr. Camacho reported. "The best thing we can do now is get them to stop using the herb medicines and start on antibiotics. The herb medicines can sometimes be effective but also can infect wounds. I'm not too worried about this—he's had the wound since Christmas."

The boat moved off, carrying a few bags of rice and other supplies (it's hard for the islanders to purchase much unless they first cash in their copra). Rowing off, down the floodlit alley, the *Kinrohsi* soon became indistinct, the searchlight suddenly snapped off, darkness fell, Anatahan resumed its gloomy silhouette,

black against gray. The *Ran Annim* sailed north to Alamagan.

"I've been to this place a hundred times, but I've gone ashore only once," commented a senior member of the *Ran Annim's* crew. "As soon as I opened my mouth there were fifteen dozen flies inside."

Alamagan is a deceptive island. Scanned from the sea, it has considerable allure: black, volcanic shoreline gives way to palm-covered slopes, which yield in turn to what appears to be high emerald meadows—an almost Alpine scene, green and pastoral.

On closer inspection, this judgment is highly modified, if not reversed. The green meadows turn out to be waving fields of sword grass, thick, chest-high, and cutting. The island abounds with flies, drawn in hoards to the drying copra and abundant pigs. Dogs, cats and pigs share the shade under the floors of houses.

"Whenever the wind knocks these houses down, they rebuild them smaller," commented one veteran of fifteen years' field trips. "There was a lot more here when I first came. The kids go away and they don't come back."

A small, hard, lonely island, Alamagan still has a few dozen inhabitants, good people who greet field trip visitors with plentiful pork, yams and taro. Sometimes they get sick and need help. One of them was sitting in the doorway of a house in Songsong Village—a worn looking man in his late thirties, with his right leg gingerly extended in front of him and a crude wooden crutch at his side. Dr. Camacho sat beside him in the doorway and examined a puffed, curious knee.

"It's a reinjury of an old wound he's had since 1947. He went out in an outrigger and his knee got pinned between the boat and a rock. Now he can't flex his knee. We'll take him to Saipan for X-rays."

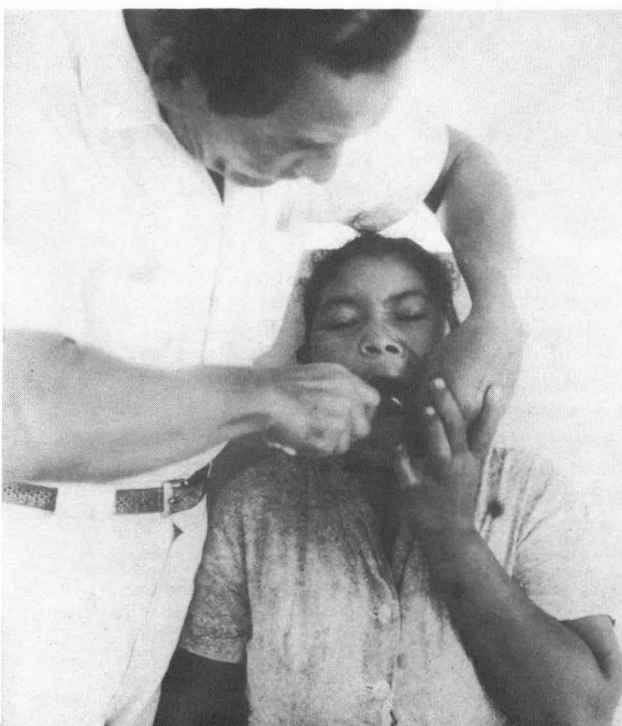
A game leg is not the gravest or most exciting of medical problems. Yet any visitor to an island like Alamagan soon finds himself wondering what would happen if a more critical medical emergency arose. The first one you always think about—almost fingering



Agrihan inspects dispensary's new kerosene refrigerator.



Dr. Manuel Aldan finds some good teeth . . . and some bad.



your abdomen at the very thought—is appendicitis. Appendicitis on an island without electricity, without oceangoing ships, without even sideband radio contact to the outside world. Where, one wonders, would help come from?

Two members of the *Ran Annim's* contingent were asked—what about acute appendicitis? Their answers were forthright.

"You die," replied one.

"That's the risk you take out here," added the other.

Unless one's appendix elects to rupture on one of the three or four days a year when the *Ran Annim* is offshore, the complaint is liable to prove fatal. Smoke signals have, on occasion, succeeded in attracting the attention of passing military planes, but this makeshift alarm system is unreliable at best.

Dr. Camacho left a supply of medicine with one of the local women—some pills and bandages—along with instructions in their use. Having traded their fifteen tons of copra for rice and beer (the former, one hoped, would last longer than the latter), the residents of Song-song village, Alamagan Island saw the *Ran Annim* leave at dusk. Its next visit would be—might be—in three months. Or five.

From the sea, Alamagan again appeared beautiful.

There was—until very recently—a young man on the island of Pagan, an elusive fellow whose attachment to his home island was equalled only by the health department's insistence that he be evacuated to Saipan for medical treatment. He suffers from hemoptysis—a spitting of blood which can be an indication of tuberculosis. On two previous field trips, doctors had urged him to ship for Saipan. Twice he had eluded them by hiding in the boondocks until the ship departed. He constituted Dr. Camacho's most important task on the island of Pagan. Hemoptysis is a communicable condition and the youth amounted to a public health hazard.

Not that his reluctance to leave Pagan can't be explained. For one thing, it costs money. "Saipan is a money economy," Dr. Camacho observed. "These Northern Islanders don't have to worry about the hospital bills, but they have to find a place to stay and eat."

Then, too, Pagan is the loveliest of islands, and of all the northern chain, the most obvious candidate for resort and tourist development. Some of the few visitors able to make the comparison liken Pagan to Kauai, the garden island of Hawaii. Several volcanic peaks—one still deemed active—, extensive black sand beaches, a fresh-water lake, hot sulphur springs and a dilapidated but still usable Japanese air-strip may someday win Pagan a wider renown than it today enjoys. Now it's a quiet, if lovely, place with fewer than one hundred people—engaged in small farming, catching coconut crabs, and manufacturing some of the thirty-five tons of copra they loaded on to the *Ran Annim* last month . . . (for which they received \$85 a ton).

It was on Pagan, while Dr. Camacho was worrying about his elusive patient that Dr. Manuel Aldan, trip dentist, began work in earnest. Spreading a small kit of surgical tools on the table of the Pagan Dispensary,

the veteran Saipanese practitioner reflected upon dentistry in the Northern Marianas. He confessed that, in the absence of any drill, he was unable to do much about cavities. "We mainly do emergency work, extractions and restorations," said Aldan. "No drilling or filling of cavities. Most of these people are in pretty good shape. They get to Saipan sometimes and we come up every four months or so."

There's nothing coy about the practice of dentistry on a field trip. After bagging five teeth in the dispensary, and scanning a score of mouths, Dr. Aldan walked from house to house. "Psst! Boy! Mila (Come)!" he ordered a strolling youth. Dropping by at a relative's home, he found a cousin, Francisca Aldan Cruz ensconced in a Micronesian domestic scene—sitting in a friendly cook-house, fire flickering, dogs, chickens, and humanity at peace with the world. Within ten minutes his cousin was short a molar.

"People are reluctant to come to the dispensary when the field trip vessel is in," Dr. Camacho later explained. "They're talking and loading copra, busy and excited. So we sometimes have to go around ourselves."

The hemoptysis sufferer remained a question mark.

"I found him in the house over there and he agreed to come—maybe he's just trying to get rid of me. But he has some copra and he has to come and get his money. It's already been arranged that he get his money last. If he comes here and we can't persuade him to go we'll call the I.C. He's a public health hazard now and we can

legally take him off . . . It's all in how you approach people. You just can't come here and order him around."

But that night, the doctor's diplomacy seemed to have failed—and the *Ran Annim* sailed for Agrihan, northernmost of the inhabited islands, without the sick youth.

Agrihan. The field trip routine repeats itself. The doctor and dentist lower away in the dinghy, wade to the beach through surf, open up the dispensary-radio shack. Dr. Camacho inventories the island medical stock and, as he checks shelves of pills, questions Juan Mettao, the resident health aide on the island.

Who is the midwife here?

My wife.

Under supervision?

(No answer)

You help each other?

Yes.

You sterilize the scissors?

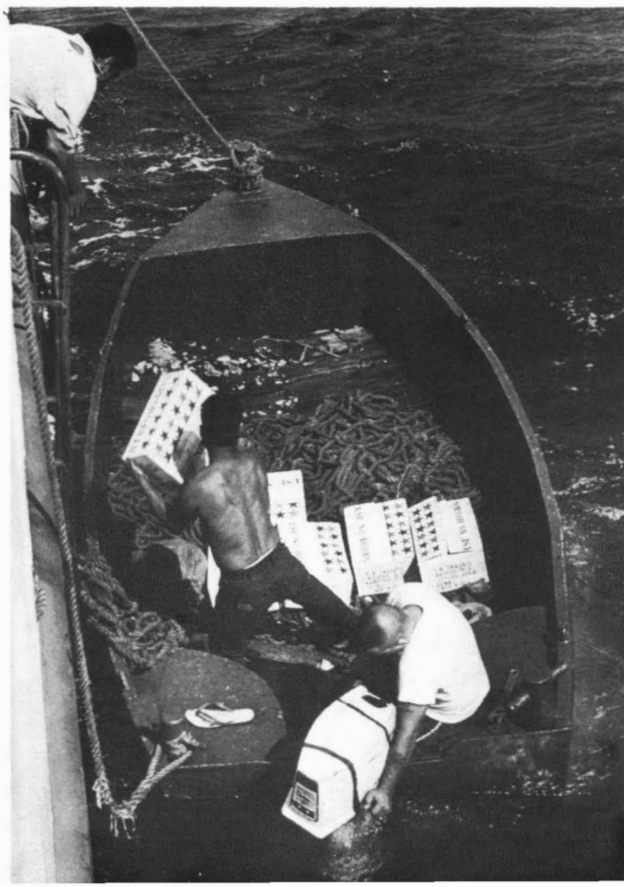
Yes, we sterilize.

Then follows the house to house visitation, a walk up grassy flowered slopes to Agrihan's only village, past grazing cows and small gardens and numerous burrows which serve as typhoon shelters. In one house the doctor finds a thin anemic-looking woman, recently pregnant, suffering from internal bleeding. After an examination, he instructs her to pack and prepare for departure the same day. Another house produces a young girl with an ugly skin condition dappling her legs. In a third house a cheerful old woman benignly

Loading Copra



Beer for Copra



hubbards a covey of grandchildren.

"I went into the house and asked the old woman whether everything was O.K. She said 'Yes, I'm fine.' Then I said 'Well, let's shake hands. And she couldn't find my hand. She said 'I'm already blind. A coconut fell and hit me on the head.' A coincidental thing probably. A coconut hit her on the head at the time she was going blind and she blames it on the coconut."

Southward bound, the *Ran Annim* returned to Pagan and the doctor quickly went ashore, landing at the crowded dock. There, all splashed with moonlight, in the shadow of a bullet-scarred shinto shrine, was half the population of Pagan. There, too, was all the paraphernalia that travels south with copra—bound, pungent, hysterical pigs, haltered chickens, a caged fruit bat, mats and bundles.

Concerned about the hemoptysis patient, Dr. Camacho moved along the dock, hastily locating a member of the Insular Constabulary who had happened to be on board the *Ran Annim*. There followed a low conversation in a closed group, a consultation from which the words "handcuffs" and "diplomacy" and "make sure he's on the first boat out" could be heard.

He was there, already packed, sitting in the moonlight, stroking the long white feathers of a chicken. He went out to the *Ran Annim* on the first boat. The hemoptysis case from Pagan; the lame man from Alamagan; the bleeding woman from Agrihan—these were the three who came to Saipan; who were met by an ambulance at Charlie Dock two days later.

Who can say what is the obligation of the Trust Territory government, or of the medical profession, to the handful of humanity which clings to these remote, beautiful islands? Two dispensary shacks, a handful of medicines, some first aid training, a quarterly field trip—these have constituted the effort to date.

Radio contact with the Northern Islands is a faltering affair and one is tempted to hope that the installation of reliable radios on all inhabited islands might not prove an unreasonable project.

Yet whatever the poverty of equipment, the performance of individual human beings remains impressive. The efforts of Drs. Aldan and Camacho, for instance. The former, a laconic, competent man treated a number of patients with a minimum of fuss. "No puti (pain)?" he would ask after an extraction. "No puti" was the answer.

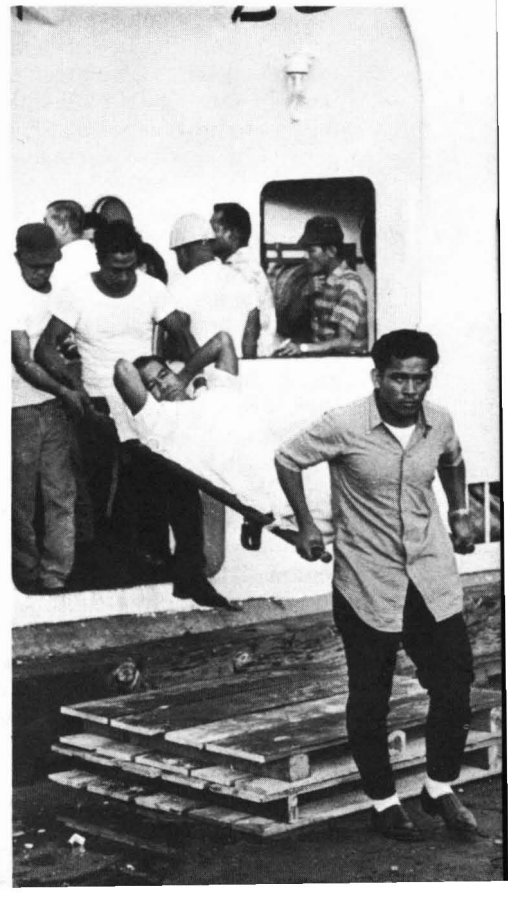
And Dr. Camacho is an example of a skilled medical officer whose concern for the people of the Northern Islands extends beyond medical care to such projects as the rehabilitation of water catchments on Alamagan, the restoration of a fractured Japanese dock on Pagan. To have seen these men work on the lurching, bounding *Ran Annim*, visiting house to house, wading—even swimming—to shore, is to have seen the Trust Territory government at its current best . . . making a little go a long way. Which if it is not an end in itself, nonetheless constitutes a respectable attempt to cope with things as they are.

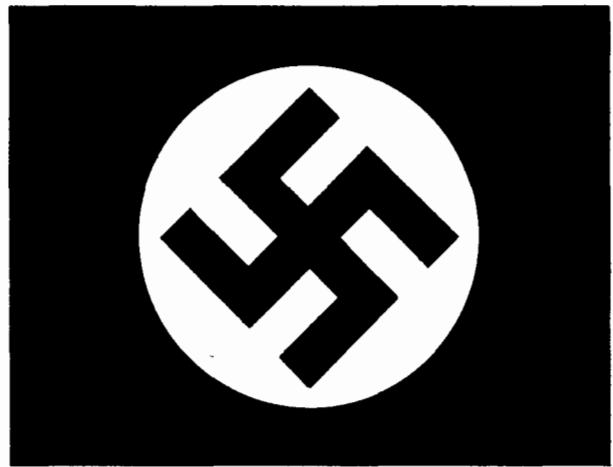
For the Northern Islands are a long way.

a leg that will not bend

Stricken on deck

Evacuated to Saipan





UNDER FOUR FLAGS

by Carl Heine

To many people outside of Micronesia, the word "bikini" has come to mean girls wearing two-piece bathing suits beside a swimming pool, or drinking martinis beneath a summer moon. But to the inhabitants of the islands of Bikini, the word "bikini" now means atomic bombs—an island contaminated by radioactivity, a population compelled to leave its ancient home.

Bikini is a tiny atoll in the central Pacific Ocean—twenty-five separate islets adding up to around 1,200 acres of land. There's not much on Bikini today—most organic matter was seared and blackened by the nuclear tests conducted on the atoll in the late forties and fifties. But Bikini, such as it is, is part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, one of the last two areas in the world still included under the United Nations Trusteeship system.

There are a number of names attributed to this area. Washington, with its diplomatic jargon, calls it the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands and the United Nations with its legal mind insists that it's a United Nations Trusteeship. The anthropologists say it's Micronesia, meaning tiny islands. A contemporary writer has styled it "Paradise In Trust." But to ordinary people it is simply the "South Sea Islands," land of the noble savage, naked girls, happy and carefree people.

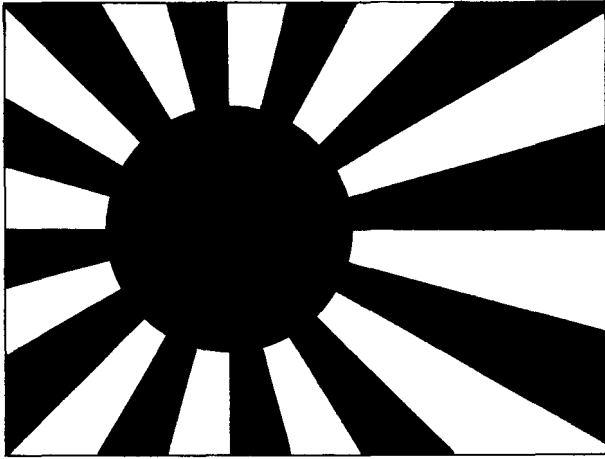
Prior to the United States administration, the islands were ruled by the Spanish, the Germans and the Japan-

ese. While it is true that Hollywood and fiction writers have succeeded in painting a distorted picture of these islands and their people, the modern world has indeed engulfed this island-empire, and a new twentieth-century society is now in the making.

Micronesia has been under the United States administration since the end of World War II. The advance of western civilization reached Micronesia in the sixteenth century, at approximately the same time that it approached the United States. A brief look at historical records will show that as early as 1521, Magellan reached the Marianas; in 1529 de Saavedra scanned the Marshalls and in 1543, Villalobos touched the Caroline Islands.

Most of the islands were entirely neglected by the Spaniards, whose main colonial activities in Micronesia centered in the Marianas. Under the Spanish the islands did not get much of anything in the way of social, economic, and political progress. The people of the Mariana Islands did, however, acquire new names and new blood relatives. Because of the lack of written records from the Spanish time, it is difficult to make any assessment of the Spanish influence except to say that they were here first. The Roman Catholic faith is their legacy in much of Micronesia.

In the late 19th century, Germany, eager for colonial expansion in the Pacific, saw an opportunity in the Marshall Islands. At about that time, Spain had fought

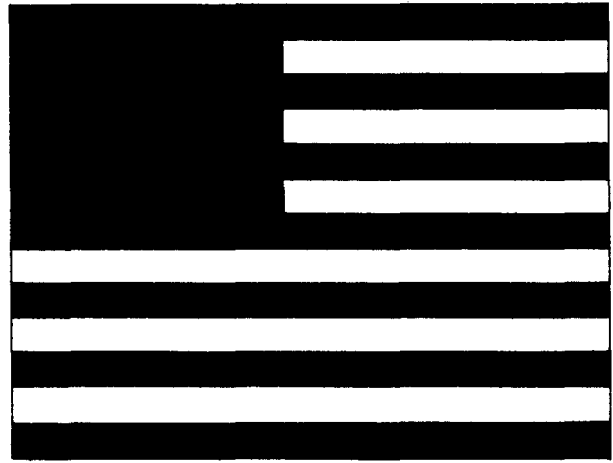


and lost in the Spanish-American war of 1898. She then sold her holdings to Germany, and the German regime in Micronesia commenced.

German policy was to develop colonies which might prove economically profitable for herself. She neglected any kind of program for social and political development of the people. As a result the people remained unchanged and indifferent to the world at large. The Germans left behind some names, some docks, and some memories. Their stern administrator in Palau, Winkler, is still remembered, figuring in local stories and legends as "Binklang."

When Germany lost World War I, her overseas possessions were taken away. Under the Treaty of Versailles, the former German territories in the Pacific were given to the Japanese as mandate. This was the beginning of an administration which was to last for nearly thirty years. Thirteen years after Versailles, the Japanese withdrew from the League of Nations, but retained the islands and continued to rule them, using them as military bases during World War II.

The island's inhabitants received a certain amount of training during the Japanese administration. Education continued to the fifth grade, vocational training was also provided in carpentry, fishery, and handicraft work. Some police and military training was available. No actual program was set up to increase political awareness and advancement. The Japanese main goal



was to use the islands for the benefit of the mother country. Specifically, they were interested in fishing, sugar cane, phosphate, shells, copra. They had very little concern for the social improvement of the Micronesian people.

As World War II approached, the Japanese became more dictatorial. They put people to hard labor and took control of all land and agricultural products. They even executed some of the people whose loyalty was not completely with the Japanese regime.

Thus, once again, the people whose discovery by the western nations dated back to the sixteenth century, were placed in a state of stagnation. Under those conditions, no real political, economic, educational and social progress could be made.

World War II was a "war of liberation" as far as the Micronesian peoples were concerned. After having lived under the Japanese regime during the war years, most people were happy to be freed from the hardships they had encountered. By far, the present administration has the highest respect of the Micronesian peoples. They have come to like and respect the Americans, not necessarily for the accomplishments they have achieved, but rather, for what they are trying to do.

Because of the unfortunate experiences which the Micronesians have had under previous colonial rulers, the presence of the American flag and its more open and free atmosphere, the adjustments to a new way of

life have been difficult. Life under the Japanese regime was greatly regimented, and under the Micronesian's traditional life, it was uncontrolled. Now under the Americans it is another thing.

The American concept of freedom involves responsibility. Freedom cannot exist without law and order. Thus, for a people whose traditional lives had been easy and carefree and whose experience under previous colonial administrations had been rather monotonous and domineering, democracy presents a new kind of experience.

Micronesians are happy and grateful that they can claim association with the world's richest and most powerful nation, but some of the headaches and problems of the modern world have also become theirs—the difficulties of a money economy, the crying need for education, the complicated concern about the political future of the territory. True, the twilight of western colonialization has virtually come to an end in this century. But to a certain degree Micronesia is still under it, and will be for a good many years to come.

Until around 1960, Micronesia was closed to outside news media. The territory had been some sort of government "museum" in which only authorized persons were allowed to make visitations and tours. Those allowed to visit were usually anthropologists or nuclear scientists. The anthropologist came to study customs and cultures, the scientist to conduct research and atomic tests. As a result, little has been known of Micronesia in the outside world.

What about social and educational development? During the last twenty years in which Micronesia has been under American administration, the government has spent approximately \$150,000,000. In that same period Micronesia produced several dozen college graduates, a few mechanics and technicians, no M.D.'s, one lawyer and a few agriculturists. To a nation which is now building a Great Society and to a nation which has itself revolted against colonialism, these conditions, these needs, must speak out.

Under Truman's administration, Micronesia was formed and organized into a trusteeship, after which followed a period of stagnation and little interest. Most recently, under the Kennedy-Johnson administration, things have begun to move. Micronesians feel the impact of the administration. However, much remains to be done—in health, education, agriculture, manpower training.

Progress is being made in many areas, but too slowly. There is no clear basic policy in Micronesia. What are we all here for—Americans and Micronesians alike? What are the primary objectives? What is the government of Micronesia doing with respect to what the people really want? These and many more questions have not been given a definite answer. We—the Congress of Micronesia, the administration, all of us—must find answers.

At the same time, we must realize that there are problems peculiar to Micronesia—a lack of some natural resources, linguistic and cultural differences,

lack of trained personnel, indifference to responsibility, and lack of social and political awareness. Unless these basic problems are solved, there is little that can be done in attaining self-government, self-respect, a healthy and growing society. They all stand in the way of achieving social and political stability.

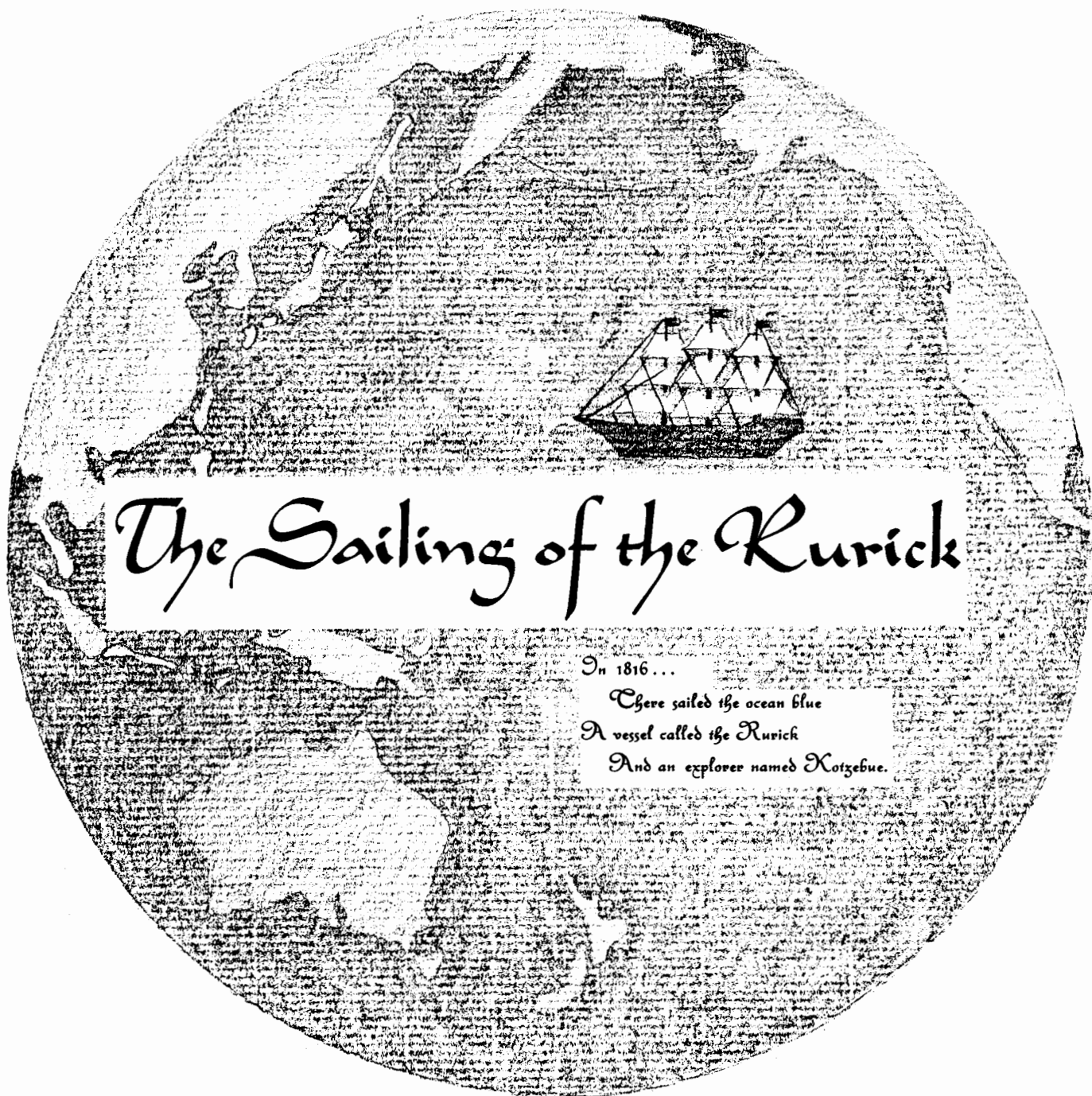
The future offers two things for Micronesians: a challenge and an opportunity. The challenge calls for bold and creative leadership. Shall we move towards the modern world which is gradually engulfing us? Shall we move backward? Or shall we maintain the status quo? Or shall we call for a synthesis, based on the belief that there are certain wisdoms from the past which one should try to retain and reconcile with what is acceptable from the present? Micronesia has the opportunity to take part in an endeavor that is full of rewards as well as problems. These, no Micronesian can dare escape. History will be a stern judge.

The educated Micronesians favor closer association with the western world. The older people don't care because they don't know. Today's leaders must start to assimilate and find the goals for twentieth century Micronesia. The modern world has brought many perplexing problems as well as new institutions. The influence of these upon the youth of Micronesia cannot be underestimated. These institutions—education, a money economy, modern travel—have changed Micronesian attitudes and are on their way to establishing a new way of life here. Micronesians cannot continue to live under false assumptions. They cannot assume that everything is going to be OK, that the U.S. is going to keep on pouring in money. We must accept responsibility. We cannot assume that everything is going to turn out automatically.

Living under various administrations has qualified the Micronesians to distinguish between what is good and what is bad. It has also taught them to be cautious and to have restraint. Under Spanish, German, and Japanese rule, Micronesia made little progress. Under the present administration, a new atmosphere has been created which has tended to enhance the wealth of a few, provide an opportunity for education of youth. For the older folks, I don't know.

The present generation of Micronesians will decide the ultimate political destiny of the Territory—whether that destiny be a federation of many islands, a self-governing territory, an outright territory of the United States, or an independent nation. Micronesians must face problems and help strive to loosen the archaic order, and become part of the mainstream of the modern world. They cannot afford to remain silent and indifferent to the outside world.

To those who have accepted modernization, their emancipation from the traditional order has already been accomplished. There is already a degree of rising expectation for better things, a better life. The problems are here. Micronesia must embrace the present with all its blessings and problems, aspire to the future with all its passions and hopes, and build a new society of Micronesia. The course is "Forward ever—backward never."



The Sailing of the Rurick

In 1816...

There sailed the ocean blue

A vessel called the Rurick

And an explorer named Kotzebue.

by Mary Browning

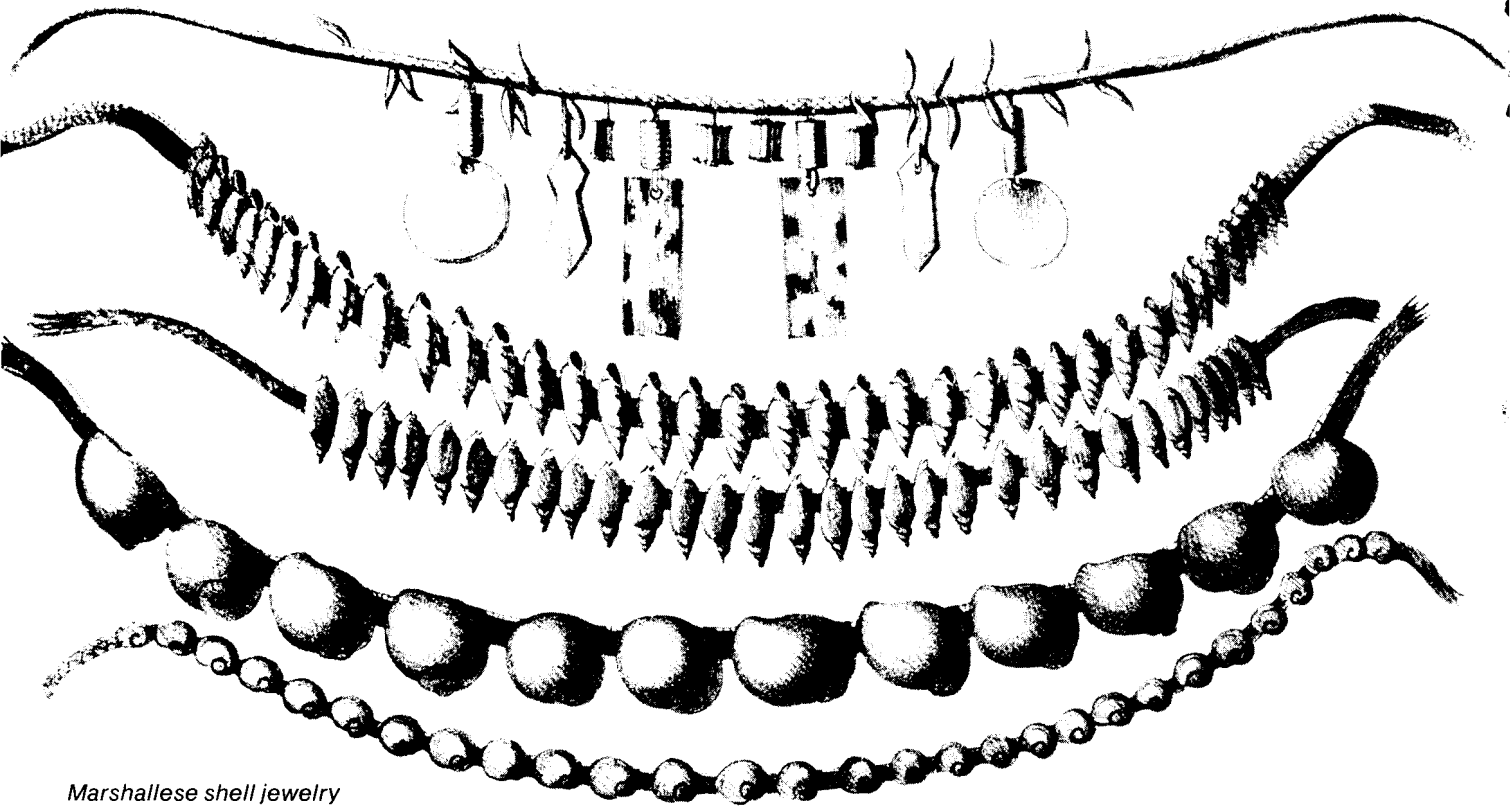
Although Otto von Kotzebue was not the first European to visit the Marshalls, he was the first who paid much attention to them. His two voyages to those islands, especially the first in 1816, seem altogether remarkable from planning to conclusion.

Kotzebue himself was an officer in the Imperial Russian Navy who had sailed Pacific waters with Krusenstern

from 1803 to 1806. His patron and sponsor for the 1816 voyage, Count Romanzoff, Chancellor of Russia, financed the entire expedition; his ship's company included gifted men in special fields who helped to gather vast quantities of information: the scientist Chamisso; Eschscholtz, a zoologist, and Louis Choris, artist. They neither romanticized the islander nor lamented his condition.

They were, exactly, explorers.

On July 30, 1815, they sailed in the *Rurick*, and on January 22, 1816, entered the Pacific by way of Cape Horn. A northwest course was followed to Easter Island, through the Tuomotus, to Tongareva, and through where the charts indicated the "Mulgrave Chain" lay without sighting anything. (The name Mulgrave has been used to mean



Marshallese shell jewelry

variously the whole Marshall group; the Ratak, or eastern, chain of the Marshalls; Majuro atoll; and the three southern atolls of the Ratak chain: Majuro, Arno and Milli.) Kotzebue may have sighted Taka and Utirik, but apparently did not associate them with the Mulgraves on Arrowsmith's chart which he was using.

Kotzebue continued on his north-west course until he reached the Kamchatka Peninsula in June, sailed east to California, and crossed westward to Hawaii, reaching those islands in November. In the middle of December he sailed southwest.

Gliding before the trades, the *Rurick* again passed through the area of the Mulgraves without making landfall. But, as a good omen for the new year, on the next day, Jan. 1, 1817, Mejit was seen and appropriately named New Year's

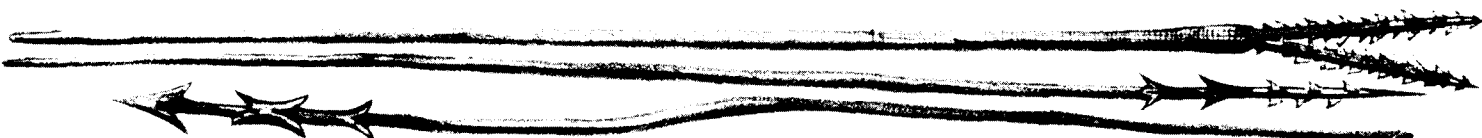
Island.

As the *Rurick* moved closer to the island the following morning, seven canoes approached and the half-dozen men in each "surveyed the ship with astonishment." Kotzebue records that they made no cries or grotesque movements, that they had leaves or tortoise shells in their ear lobes, and that the canoes had raised seats upon which the "commanders" sat and blew on shells to signal their crews. None would go aboard the ship, but they bartered their shell trumpets for iron and were described as "honest, lively, witty, and clean."

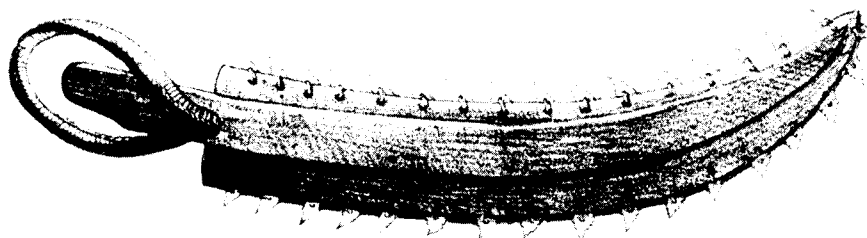
A landing party headed by Lieutenant Schischweroff set off in two ships' boats—closely followed by the Mejitese canoes. Another party was gathering on the beach—and many of its members had barbed lances in their hands. The



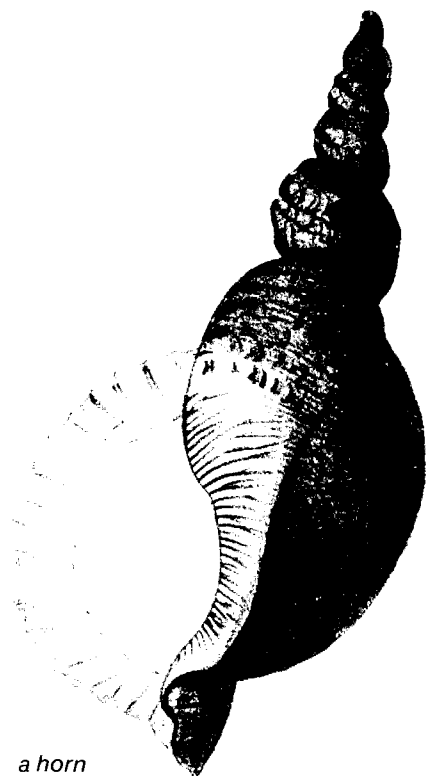
a drum,
a piece of
hollow wood,
covered at
one end
with shark
skin



spears made of wood



a weapon which resembles a sabre, the cutting sides have sharks' teeth



a horn made out of a trumpet triton shell

Lieutenant decided not to try to land, but several of the Mejitese swam out with trading materials of mats, necklaces, coconuts and pandanus, lances (weapons "by means of sharks' teeth"). After some peaceful bargaining the islanders seemed to tire of the game and mockingly began to offer sea water; an old man insisted on getting into the Lieutenant's boat and literally had to be beaten off by Schischweroff who finally hit him on the head with his fist when all else failed; another was equally determined to take the rudder off the other boat. Both boats retreated to the *Rurick*.

Not discouraged by this uncertain welcome to the Marshalls, Kotzebue ordered the ship to sail in search of more islands. On Jan. 4, after sending the resourceful Schischweroff in the boat to guide the *Rurick* through a reef passage, the ship sailed into Wotje lagoon. A sailing canoe, with an old man at the helm, ran from the Lieutenant's boat. When overtaken, the elderly helmsman threw some fruit into the boat and was given pieces of iron in return.

Next morning several canoes came out from the nearest island behaving as a man who sees a stranger approach his isolated house might choose to deal with the unknown visitor outside. Sailing around the ship, following Schischweroff ashore, the Marshallese sailors kept right at the Lieutenant's heels while other islanders fled into the woods. A little trading was eventually done, followed by a brief interview with the chief.

On January 8 Kotzebue took ashore seeds and yams, chickens—all acceptable—and six goats which terrified the entire populace. He explored the island and found that it was wooded, mostly with pandanus and breadfruit, but with few coconut trees; fauna consisted of

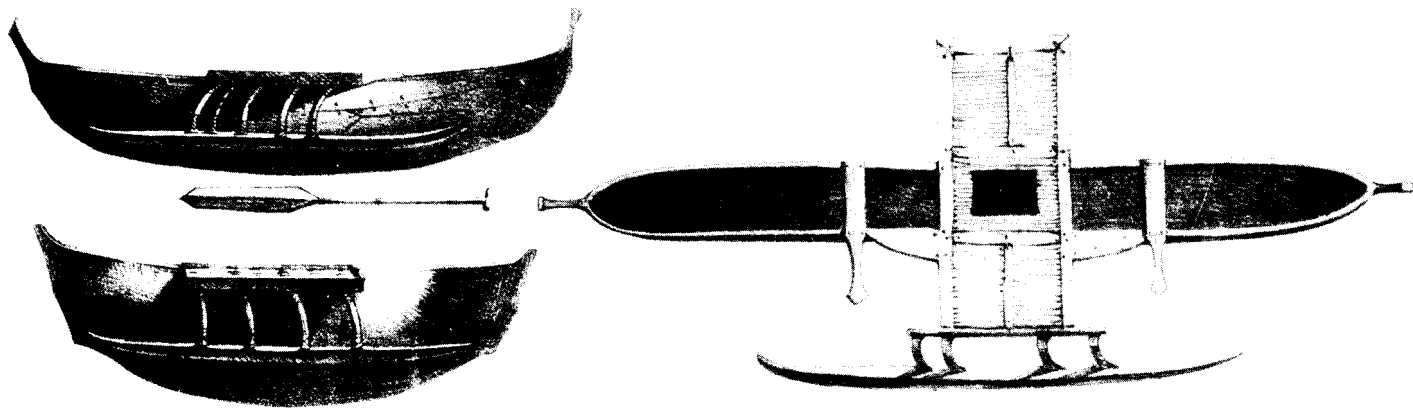
rats and lizards; there was a square pit of water on a low area of the island. He named the bit of land Goat Island.

Other islands in the atoll were examined. At one, the ship was approached by a 35 foot canoe whose commander, Rarick, presented a shell trumpet to Kotzebue, a custom which he reported to be followed in wars when the vanquished presented a shell trumpet to the conquerer. Rarick's gesture of appeasement must have been gracefully accepted for he then determined to go along with Kotzebue in the ship's boat. He had second thoughts, though: he jumped overboard, swam to his own boat and then followed at a safe distance.

The following day, Rarick made the friendly gesture of exchanging names with Kotzebue, thereafter calling himself Totabu. He also finally decided to sail aboard the *Rurick*.

Ormed, larger than Goat Island, seemed long-settled with many huts, large trees, lots of people, and an interesting tomb of coral stone, which, Kotzebue was told, was the tomb of a chief. It seemed that commoners, after death, were given to the sea, but important chiefs were given a precious bit of land for burial.

A sailing canoe easily kept pace with the *Rurick* as it sailed on to Rarick's home island. (Kotzebue himself commented on the similarity between the name of his ship and that of his Marshallese friend.) On this island Kotzebue had the great advantage of endorsement by a local resident. He made friends with an old man named Lagediack who told him the local name for the atoll—our current phonetic interpretation of it is Wotje, Kotzebue's was Otdia—, and of the island, also Wotje. Lagediack drew a map of Wotje and then another of



Marshallese outrigger canoes

Erikub, pointing out the channels in each.

Using seeds from Hawaii, the men planted a garden, fenced it in, and marked it by two pandanus fiber knots which showed to one and all that the plot belonged to Lagediack and Rarick.

Before the *Rurick* left Wotje, Lagediack drew another map which indicated the three groups to the north: Ailuk, Utirik and Bikar; Likiep to the northwest; Maloelap ("Kawen"), Aur, Majuro ("Mediuro"), Arno and Milli to the south.

The *Rurick* sailed after more than a month in Wotje lagoon and, within the day, sighted Erikub. The wind was wrong, the channel couldn't be entered, and Erikub was by-passed.

Maloelap was sighted on Feb. 10. After standing off shore for the night Kotzebue directed the ship into the lagoon where canoes like those of Wotje came out from shore. Word of Kotzebue's good intentions must have preceded him, for Chief Labadeny, accompanied in good local fashion by his treasurer who took charge of the gifts, didn't hesitate for a minute to come aboard the *Rurick*. The formalities dispensed with, Labadeny and his suite retired to their canoes and followed the *Rurick* as it sailed eastward in the lagoon to Tjan. There, Labadeny carried the captain ashore, introduced him to the inhabitants and led a tour of the island. Tjan had fifteen or twenty families, cord-fenced groves of trees, a few fowls and several taro pits. The islanders' method of searching out and disposing of lice, their way of starting a fire, their cleanli-

ness impressed the strangers.

Toroa, Chief Labadeny's own island was visited on the 16th of February. Chief Langedju of Olot, whom they met there, drew another map which added Jemo and Mejit to their steadily accruing collection of charts.

On Airick they were entertained by a silent and dignified chief's mother and by a princess who performed a drum-accompanied song about Totabu replete with rolling eyes and furious gestures.

For the first time an armed boat was sent ashore when a sailor was found to be missing. The incident was described thus: "The sailor who had been missing candidly confessed that love had led him astray, that the girl would not make him happy till after sunset, and had till then conducted him to a hut in the interior of the island; here a number of islanders had assembled, who would not let him go; they lighted a fire, and stripped him; all fell on the ground as if struck by lightning when the shot was fired, and my sailor fortunately escaped."

The *Rurick* sailed south toward Aur, and as it approached four large canoes came alongside. The men spoke to the crew; some came aboard, among them a man called Kadu who asked to remain although his friends tried to dissuade him. Kadu was from the Carolines, where, three or four years before, he'd been driven off course during a fishing expedition and—after eight months at sea—had drifted to Aur.

On prosperous, populous Stobual island, Kotzebue heard of Chief Lamary and began a narrative about him which forms the base for much of what we now

know of early warfare in the Marshalls, and of the political intrigue which formed an important part of the islands' culture. Lamary controlled all of the islands from Aur to Bigar. He was absent just then—off gathering military forces for a planned seizure of Majuro. The people of Majuro often invaded Aur, Maloelap and Wotje for provisions and on Wotje they had destroyed what they couldn't carry off.

When the time for departure came, Kadu, who was determined to go with Kotzebue, said goodbye to his friends and Kotzebue left gifts of lances and grappling hooks to be used in the coming war.

The *Rurick* now sailed north past Maloelap and Wotje, and on March 1 stood off the main island of Ailuk. Men in the canoes which came out recognized Kadu and quickly guided the ship through a pass into the lagoon.

Ailuk had poor soil, no breadfruit and even pandanus was raised with difficulty. A few domesticated fowls were seen, but they were raised for their feathers.

Northward at Capeniur, today's Kapen Island, Kotzebue was visited by the temporary chief, Langemui, who verified the story of Lamary's recruiting trip. He also told the captain quite a bit about the Ralik Chain to the west, drawing a map which showed both island chains. He named the two chiefs of Ralik: Lagadack-nanait, the Erud Ellip, and Labondagin. A great ship with white men, he said, had been seen from Ailing-laplap ("Odja") long ago and another had been seen from Bikini.

On March 13 the *Rurick* sailed again, this time toward Utirik which was sighted but into which no passage could be found. An important—if temporary—resident came to them, however. When four canoes approached, Chief Lamary proved to be in one of them. Kotzebue learned from him that he was a native of Arno who had gained his large kingdom by murdering all the chiefs of Aur, Maloelap and Utirik. He was leaving soon for Bikar to gather turtles for war provisions.

Kotzebue himself sailed for Bikar as Kadu told a story of that small atoll's mythical inhabitants. The story involved a blind god and his two sons who lived on Bikar protecting the turtles and birds. When the Marshallese visited the uninhabited islands for provisions, they adopted the names of the two sons so that the god wouldn't know they were there. They sang songs flattering the sons while on their way, and prayed that there would be a few pools of rain water for them to drink. Kadu also reported that the sharks of Bikar didn't eat men. Gods and sharks alike eluded

Kotzebue, however: adverse winds prevented the *Rurick* from reaching the atoll. Soon afterward, Kotzebue left and headed for North America.

After a return stopover in Hawaii, the *Rurick* re-entered the Marshalls on Oct. 30, when they once again saw Wotje and their old friend Lagediack who was in one of the welcoming canoes.

Kotzebue must have been disappointed to discover that Chief Lebenbit of Aur had come to Wotje, helped himself to most of the donated iron and goats. A few months later, Lamary had come and had taken whatever Lebenbit had missed. He'd stayed for two months gathering food for the war and, when he'd left, had taken all the men, too. His army was now assembled and well-provisioned.

The tireless captain replanted the ruined garden, for he noted that if food were more abundant the murder of children would stop—his only mention of this unpleasant, but perhaps economically necessary, custom.

After hearing a selection of new songs praising Totabu, (Kotzebue's

Marshallese name) and leaving Kadu, who thought he'd had enough adventuring, the ships' company set sail again.

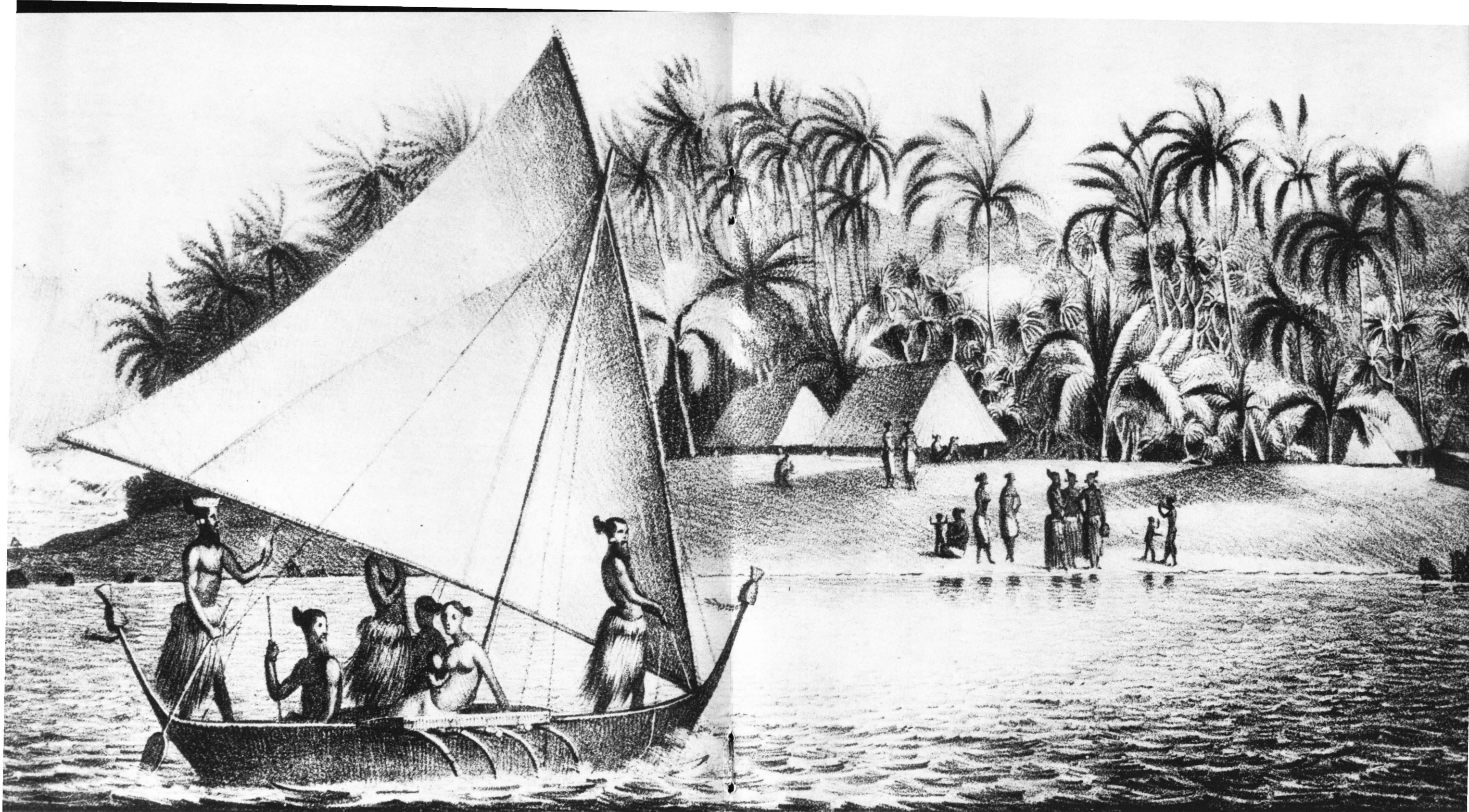
On Nov. 5, Likiep was reached. Chief Lamary had been there, too, so the residents knew of the ship. These people, who seemed taller and more robust than those of other atolls, gave directions for reaching the Ralik chain and Kwajalein ("Kwadalen").

The *Rurick* neither saw nor looked for more atolls as it passed through the Raliks, though, for it was time to go home. After stops in Guam and the Philippines, the *Rurick* reached home port in August of 1818.

Kotzebue's narrative of this first voyage ended with some general observations. He had, throughout his record, noted the cleanliness of the people, and had also described the custom of piercing the ear lobe and stretching the hole, keeping in it a springy rolled leaf or thin roll of tortoise shell which exerted a constant gentle pressure to enlarge the hole. The very bad, often broken teeth of the people were mentioned. The chiefs, he said, were usually tall,

The houses of the islanders consisted only of a roof placed on four low posts; the roofs were made of coconut and pandanus leaves; the ground (floor) was formed of coral and shells and covered with a mat. A coarse mat served as a bed, a block of wood as a pillow.





On the 24th of December, the explorers reported: "A great canoe with an immense triangular sail did not delay in approaching our vessel. We returned on board (they had been collecting botanical and other specimens) and waited impatiently for the visit of the islanders; but they lowered their sail and remained in place; about two gunshots away. Meanwhile, they showed us coconuts and pandanus fruit, repeatedly shouting the word 'Aidara.' After a while we perceived that they meant 'friend.' We called them, but they did not want to approach us. We dispatched a small canoe and made exchanges with them. They did not willingly accept glass trinkets; to the contrary, they exchanged their produce with pleasure for iron. Business finished; they left us."

but never fat, and were distinguished by the amount of tatooing they wore. His descriptions of the necklaces, flower and shell headdresses, men's fiber skirts, women's mats and other details of dress are borne out in the sketches which Choris, the expedition's artist, published.

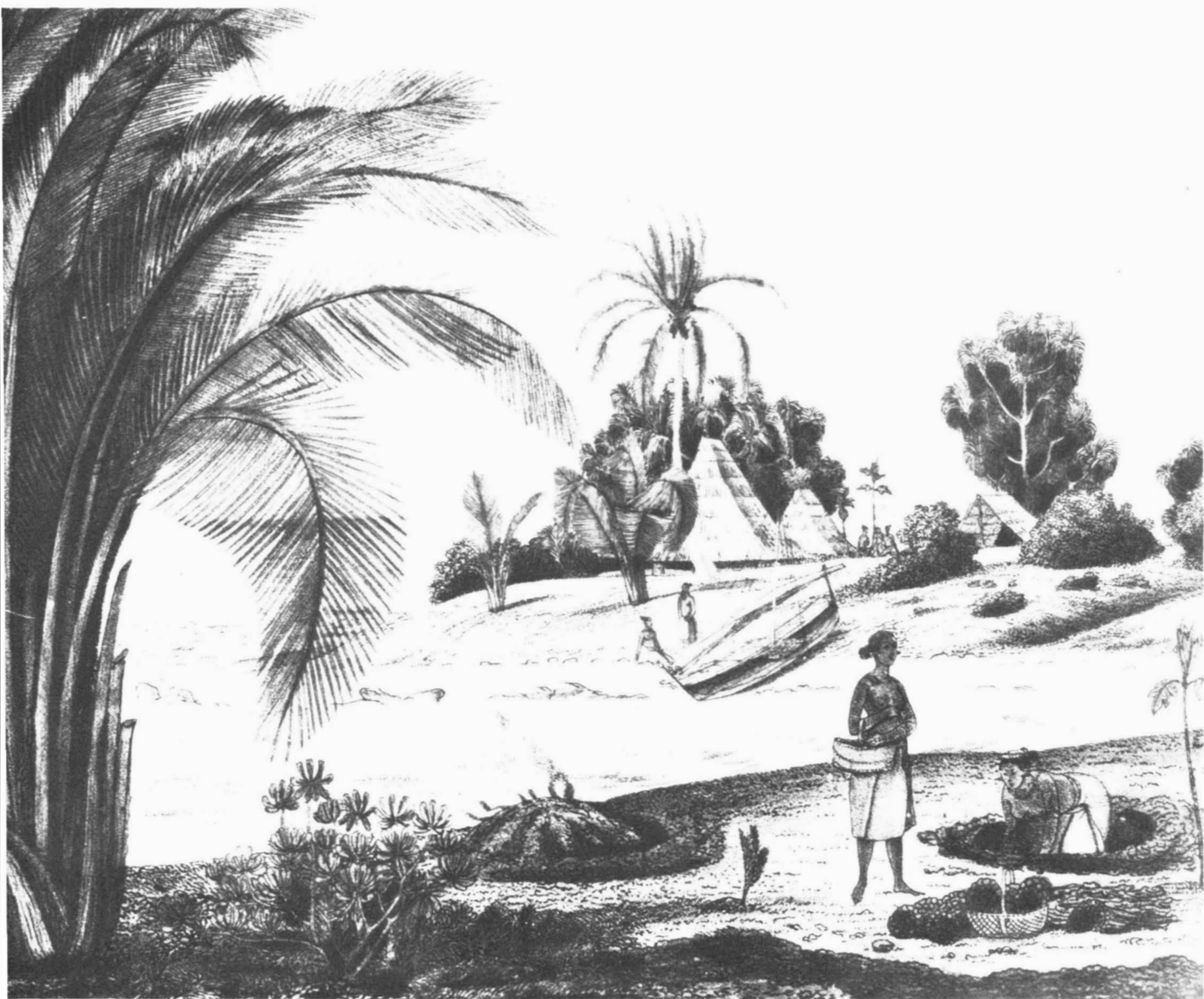
When he asked about religious beliefs, Kotzebue was told of the "Anis" to whom tributes were paid before important events. He found that there

were trees which were inhabited by these spirits, but that there were no temples or priests. Tatooing was undertaken only after certain ceremonies had been performed.

Chiefs, he said, were shown no particular respect, but did have arbitrary rights over all property. Chiefly succession he thought to be passed from an elder brother to a younger, and then to the elder's first-born.

The weapons he saw included a pointed staff which was thrown in a cartwheeling arc and would strike with either end (a weapon whose existence was hotly disputed by later German informants), slings, five-foot darts which had sharks' teeth or barbs on the ends. He said the women participated in wars by beating drums, carrying supplies, and throwing rocks. Fortunately he had no opportunity to find with what deadly

Pandanus fruit supplied the islanders with their major source for food. It was either eaten raw or cooked in dug-out holes.





accuracy those rocks could be thrown by the Marshallese.

This general round-up of information did not end Kotzebue's experiences in the Marshalls, though. He returned to the islands in the spring of 1824, for a brief visit.

When he sailed once again into the lagoon of Wotje where he had spent so many weeks in 1816 he found old friends, among them Rarick and Lagediack. Though the story of his previous visit was formally recited as a highlight of their recent history, Kotzebue found that he had been more than source material for dramatic presentations: he'd also been the unwitting cause of trouble. He knew, of course, that Lebenbit and then Lamary had raided for the gifts of iron. He found now that Lamary had come again and taken everything missed the first time—animals, plants, tools, everything. The people of Wotje had then raided Maloelap and were now expecting Lamary to retaliate.

Kotzebue was told the results of the war which the chief had been plotting. Lamary's fleet had consisted of forty boats, the war had lasted for six days and had resulted in five enemy deaths and one among his own men.

In a story-telling mood, the people of Wotje presented several dance-dramas. One demonstrated war tactics, showing two opposing armies, each having two ranks: men with lances followed by women with baskets of pandanus representing rocks. The women sang of the warriors' valor, the shell trumpets were blown, the two armies approached each other, and then broke into a comic dance which lasted until all were too tired to continue.

Another dance-drama told the story of a girl who preferred death to the acceptance of a husband she didn't want. The principal parts were performed by Langedin and a young girl. They danced in a circle of men and women to an accompaniment of songs, drums and shell trumpets. The young woman danced violently until she fell as though dead; Langedin's dance slowed to a stop and a pose of grief.

Leaving the people of Wotje to their dramas and songs, Kotzebue continued toward Likiep, and then northeast to carry out a commission in the Aleutians during the summer months.

In the fall he sailed again through the Marshalls sighting Utirik, Ailinginae and Bikini, in a final farewell to the islands.

It is amazing that there were only minor "incidents", all quickly resolved. Foolish disasters befell so many later visitors, not surprisingly. When suspicious, fearful and isolated people are suddenly confronted by suspicious, fearful and obviously powerful interlopers, it is a miracle incidents don't occur.

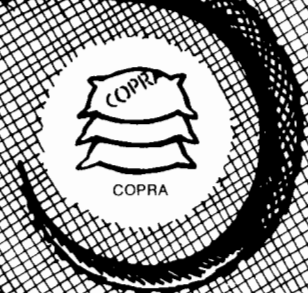
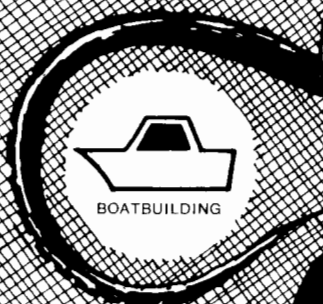
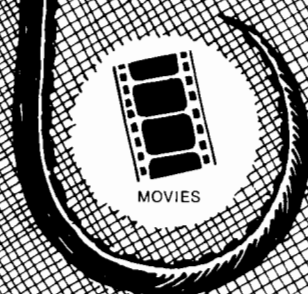
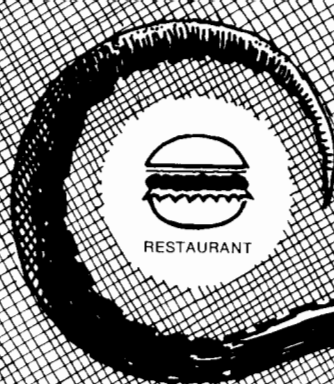
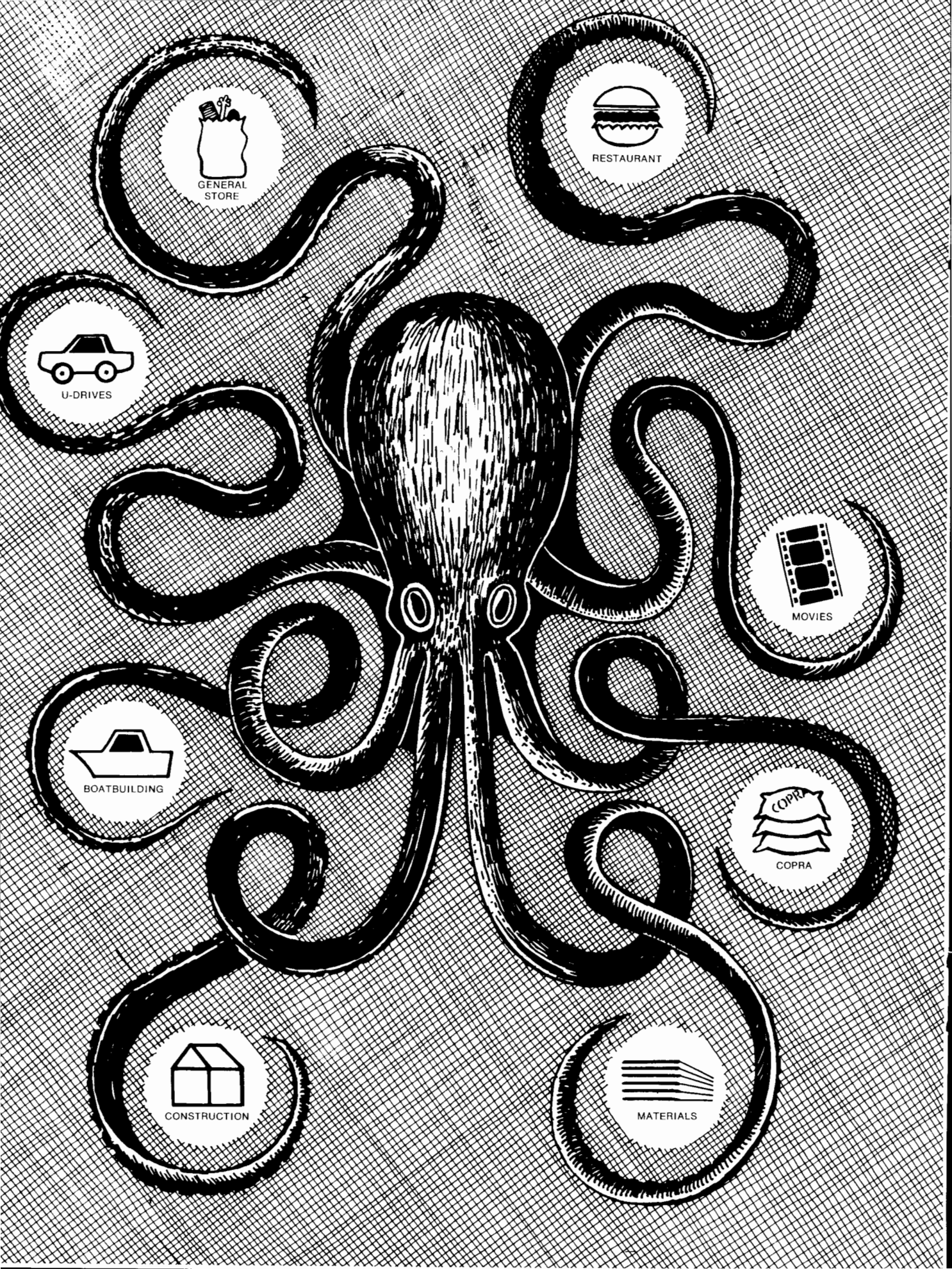
No less amazing is the amount of valid useful information which these men managed to obtain from visiting what was actually a very restricted area. These were not hit-and-miss operations; guess work, superficial observation, and quick judgment were not their methods.

Rather, patience, genuine good will, unbounded but discreetly expressed curiosity and endless faith in the ultimate practical good sense of their fellow men seemed to determine all their actions. Their records are a legacy to us all; a priceless and vivid picture of how it was... way back when.



LOUIS CHORIS





Here a tentacle, there a tentacle

As an enterprising enterprise, the Yap Cooperative Association means business — Big Business. —by Joseph Tillotson

Yap, noted for its stone money, grassskirts, betelnut, and Captain O'Keefe, was once a quiet place. Outrigger canoes milled about the lagoon; people strolled to and from villages; low-decibel music was sung by people sitting underneath the coconut trees. Now, at least in the district of Colonia, the quiet good old days have bowed out to "Progress:" the roar of the outboard motors in our once quiet harbor, the "Vroom" of the Hondas (and the screams of the people evading their path); and the blare of the juke-boxes which are capable of lulling to sleep anyone, whether they like it or not, with such romantic tunes as "I've got the hongries (sic) for your luv."

What has been the prime force behind this sudden shift from a Walden Pond type existence to a miniature boom town? Well, of course, the Yapese themselves have chosen to buy these modern gadgets and diversions, but they wouldn't have been able to buy them unless someone else had brought them to Yap, right? We're talking about the Yap Cooperative Association, an institution which began in 1951 with practically nothing and has grown miraculously ever since. Sales last year totalled almost \$1 million. Few people had

any idea that the YCA would develop into such a large octopus of a business. After all, only in the last decade has the change been made from a stone money to a paper money economy. At that time, the Yapese's desire for store-bought items wasn't large or sophisticated. In such a subsistence level economy, the hottest selling item for a while was loin-cloth material.

But gradually, as the government payrolls fattened, the sales of the YCA became pleasingly plump also. New products were brought in, sometimes without regard to utility or the effect on the populace. In order to reach the many people living in the villages, the YCA (the Yap Trading Company at that time) stressed co-op and small store development. Says one company spokesman: "The growth of the YCA in its early years can be attributed to the corresponding growth of the small stores that grew up to service the villages. Since the YCA was for all practical purposes, the only importer, the small stores bought from the YCA."

Credit must be given to Russ Curtis, YCA advisor for a number of years, and currently the general manager of United Micronesia Development Association, whose sharp eye constantly sought profitable opportu-

nities. Under his leadership, the YCA rapidly achieved the take-off plateau by vigorously soliciting investments into the company and by recruiting and training staff personnel. From its original facilities—the store-room of today's O'Keefe's Oasis, and a small stock of merchandise, it grew into a large semi-modern general store; an adequate food and building material warehouse; a snack bar; and a movie theater. Besides these enterprises, YCA also has a copra buying division; and recently it has gone into construction, having built the Yap Legislature building, the Peace Corps staff houses, as well as boats. And, although a separate entity, the Yap Shipping Cooperative Association is closely allied with the YCA through management and investments.

By now, some of you might have the impression that the YCA is a sprawling octopus-like creature, with its tentacles feeling around in many pies. Until about two years ago it would have been defined by economists as being a monopoly. (Some arm-chair economists still think so today.) Now, other entrepreneurs are giving it a nudge. What of its semi-monopolistic position? Jim Scherer, the present advisor of the YCA, says this: "Monopoly always connotes large profits because of no competition. This has not been the case with the YCA, if we are looking for the source of the inefficiency of the YCA, it is not that it is big and complex. A co-op as a monopoly would be fine with every consumer sharing in the benefits of its monopolistic position. But the complexity and bigness of the YCA is not good particularly where the sophistication of management is not great." Some feel that the Congress of Micronesia is not helping the "bigness problem" by the new Public Law 3-32 which requires importers to pay their import taxes upon receipt of the merchandise. Observes Ray Straugham, Peace Corps accountant: "The law is retrogressive because it requires importers to pay their taxes before they have the opportunity to liquidate the merchandise. The large businesses can afford the large investment in goods and taxes while the small businesses cannot."



The organization does not have a departmentalized accounting system for its trade goods, hence one can't say which trade good division is the most profitable. Sales records by departments are kept however. These indicate that the food store is far ahead in sales, with the general store and the snack bar trailing behind. The movie operations lost money last year but the stock holders demand the service anyway. (Net operating income for 1966 was only about 2% of net sales.) The above trend, with grocery items leading the way, reflects an adaptation of the Horatio Alger myth. The version here in Yap is that through buying canned goods and displaying them, the people will buy and you will grow up to be a wealthy person. There are now about 52 "mom-and-pop" stores which attests to the trend. Most of these stores buy from the YCA at wholesale. With practically every village having a "store" it is no wonder that grocery sales are number one. On trade goods the YCA gives a 10% discount on the retail price. This system virtually sets prices on the island—at least for those stores buying from the YCA. Anyone selling above their prices will usually find their customers buying elsewhere.

The Snack Bar, although second in profitability, is certainly Number one in entertainment. It is a rare place indeed where one can go for a cold brew and see some of the clientele dressed in loin-cloths. Between the soul sounds on the juke-box, a red-mouthed customer might break out into a Yapese song and dance which probably has been performed for hundreds of years. In this colorful atmosphere, the Snack Bar acts as a present day version of the old English coffee houses where people come to talk, sometimes seriously, and sometimes lightly. The general store offers a rather large variety of goods, its clientele including the Yapese, Americans, the Peace Corps and tourists. The Yapese, though, are the most important. Their demand for some items is predictable (i.e.: fish hooks, loin-cloth material). But some items ordered and bought by the Yapese are surprising indeed.

There was once even a flurry of bra buying among the Yapese women, many of whom just don't need such a thing. It seemed, though, that some enterprising young lady found that by wearing the bra around her waist, it made wonderful containers for betel-nut in one cup, and in the other, odds and ends. The idea caught on quickly.

The Snack Bar houses the only restaurant in town. It is quite difficult to say at what hour it will be open, but when it is the menu is adequate—as long as one likes rice, stew, and a variety of sandwiches.

Although very popular with the Yapese, the movie is losing money. Four new movies are screened at the YCA every week, with offerings ranging from "War and Peace" to "Gorgo." The second type are very big with the people—little dialogue and plenty of action. The movies are influential. One might notice people affecting a sexy Marlon Brando-ish smile, or an Elvis Presley sneer, or a Kim Novak pout after having seen one of their movies. In the absence of buttered popcorn, the clientele usually bring betel-nut.



The YCA also has a tentacle in the neighboring islands of Yap with its trade good store and copra operation on the field-trip ship the *M/V Yap Islander*. The YCA representative on the ship is Issac Yibol, a colorful and intelligent Ulithian who speaks 5 languages fluently, his English being spiced with colorful Navy jargon. (Nimitz's fleet was parked in his backyard during the War.) It is Issac's job to select the goods to be carried out to the neighboring Islanders whose buying habits aren't always predictable. Rice, sugar, canned fish and cigarettes are the basics, but occasionally, a few odd items are sent out—things like watches, yeast, and walkie-talkies. Yeast makes more than bread rise for the neighboring Islanders involve it in their potent local beverages, or "jungle juice." The walkie-talkie is used for intra- and inter-island communications. One bewildered Ulithian man, whose code name was "Sky King" was talking to his friend from across the bay one day, and almost had a Navy plane land at his island. The Navy plane had picked up the radio conversation loud and clear. His code name was also "Sky King."

The people of Yap are ambivalent about the YCA's position in the economy. They enjoy the goods and services made available by it, but some castigate it for not giving other people the chance, although the recent trend has contradicted the latter view. "The YCA has been for the past two years trying to hold the line on expansion to other fields by encouraging, aiding, financing, and helping other individuals and groups to get started in a new service or business," says Jim Scherer, the advisor to the YCA. Whether this effort has been successful or not is a moot point. Other people at the YCA have other opinions concerning its goals. Says Franc Nuuan, the President of the organization "We have come to the point where we have to re-examine our company. If we have the skilled manpower, adequate capital, and the plant facilities, the company should go into all the areas where it is economically feasible. Lack of skilled manpower and an adequate capital base are the barriers that we have had to overcome. The

management of the YCA has not done it's part in formulating a long-range plan for growth to give us direction. However, expansion is inevitable."

The present problems of the YCA are shared by many firms of comparable size in Micronesia. One might call it the "bad business syndrome of Micronesia:" sparse buying information, months for the goods to arrive, unproductive and slow-moving inventories, and tied-up capital. Working capital has been a recurrent problem of the YCA but direct guarantees of loans by the TT government have helped ease their situation.

The prices of the YCA, although maybe not one of *their* problems, could be considered a problem to the consumers. Although YCA's prices are competitive with firms in the TT as well as some of the firms in Guam, the YCA relies on a theoretical average mark-up of 27%. This is not a modern pricing method. It gives little consideration to demand, but it does make for easier financial statements. Comments Jim Scherer again, "It is not to say that there are not problems, just



as there are not problems throughout Micronesia. The YCA has not made the most of its capital; it does not always provide the needed consumer items when they are needed; and prices have not always been as low as they might be. We don't have enough trained, competent people who see as some of us do the need for hard work, responsibility, and a divorce of local customs from the business world. The YCA will emerge as a highly efficient organization only when Micronesia does."

Concerning the YCA's future. It has done a relatively good job since its inception. But will outside investors establish large, modern, efficient shopping centers and seriously challenge the YCA? Or will the YCA rise to the occasion by having an eye tuned to future opportunities, to the advent of tourism? We will probably have to tune in about ten years hence at the same time and at the same place to know for sure whether the YCA and opportunity live happily ever after, or whether one dies of old age.

THE UDOT INVASION

For the people of 1,200 acre Udot, this invasion—the result of two Peace Corps training programs; one last summer, another last fall, resulted in a doubled cash income, 46 wooden cottages, money for boats and outboard motors, a striking increase in English fluency and some problems with disorderly conduct.

I was part of the first wave of this invasion. In early July, suitcase in hand and camera slung from my shoulder, I walked along a quiet and peaceful Udot path to my assigned newly-built house in Tunnuk village.

On that day and the days that followed, I wondered how—and if—these people would change as a result of the training program—a project so sudden and so large that it almost created a new society on the island.

During the summer I saw Udot's economy become closely tied to the Peace Corps' project. Families doubled their previous monthly incomes and some almost completely changed their work patterns.

Copra, previously the major source of income, could be gathered, cut and dried at the will or whim of the worker. But for 46 families, meals to trainees had to be served at specific times and, in some cases, to the tastes of Americans. Boat drivers and construction workers also had to be on time and do their assigned work.

When I returned to Udot in November, training had been going on for five months, and most of the island's families had gotten used to and liked their changed life. The children loved singing "Old MacDonald" and "Do-A Deer"

with trainees and also enjoyed prattling "What's your name?" and "Where are you going?" Mothers cooked spaghetti, beef stew and sloppy joes, and became fascinated by American's love of catsup and dislike for soya sauce. Men on Udot learned new ways to plant gardens, raise chickens, build houses and construct water catchments.

One of the impacts of the training program is the startling amount of English the Udot people speak, or at least understand. Nearly everyone comprehends simple English phrases and a surprising number can carry on conversations in English.

Little children ask a visitor for his name, where he has been, where he is from. Americans told me about adults—some of them rather old, who suddenly began speaking English. Among these

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SHAPIRO



What happens when the twentieth century—with \$40,000 cash, more than \$60,000 worth of construction, and a contingent of 150 Americans—converges on the 900 Micronesian residents of a small island in the Truk lagoon?—by Frank Molinski

were individuals who had never been known to speak English before.

An island that is now going through economic change, Udot has had its economic ups and downs before. During the Japanese administration an estimated 2,000 persons lived on Udot. The Trukese then helped build (often by forced labor), and sometimes benefited from, water catchments, concrete buildings and fishing programs.

From the end of World War II to 1958 Udot's economy returned to subsistence level. In 1958 copra was weighed and purchased on the island itself. That brought immediate cash to the people. In 1954 two school buildings and four contract teacher houses were built.

What will happen now that training is over remains anybody's guess. Will people return to their old way of life—

making copra and taking each day as it comes?

Some Udot residents, including the island magistrate, chief Kintoki Joseph, hope that the higher standard of living enjoyed during the training will be maintained.

Kintoki said that plans have been made for a fishing cooperative, for renting some houses to tourists, and for selling vegetables in nearby Moen, district center of the Truk Lagoon.

According to a November issue of *Met Poraus*, Truk's semi-independent weekly, Kintoki said Udot may be turned "into a vacation center . . . with tennis and volleyball and swimming areas."

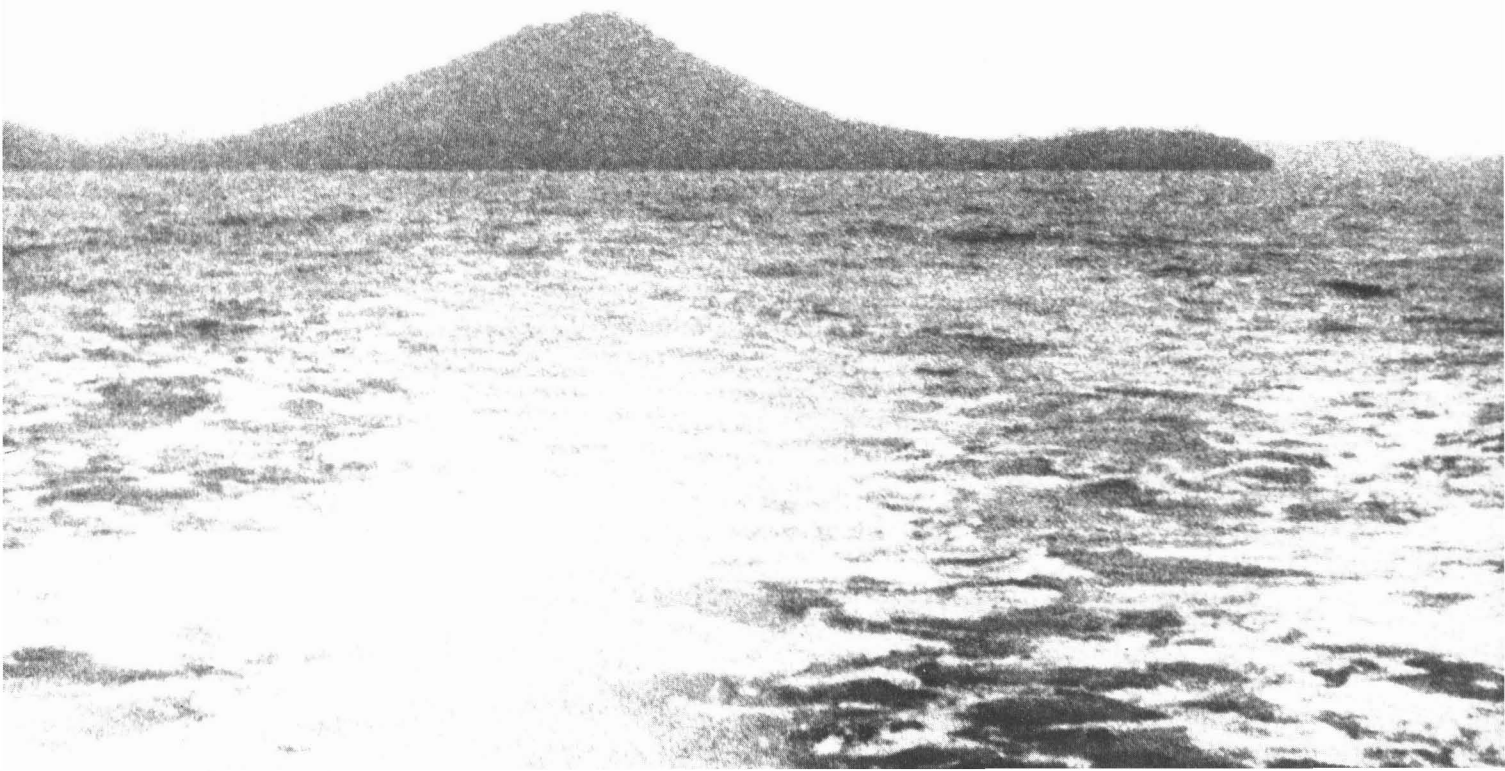
When I last saw Udot—in November, I saw what was happening to the new wooden cottages the Peace Corps had built. The first house I saw was

painted a pale green with white trim. Rather striking by itself, but even more striking next to a ramshackled tin and thatch hut which had been the family's home for years. Farther down the path I saw a bright pink and black cottage. Some Trukese remarked that, because of its color, this was considered the number one house on the island.

Not all the cottages showed this improvement. I saw other houses that were not painted. On these, the nails were rusting and the wood darkening from the rain and the sun. Some of the canvas window covers, used in case of storms, were torn or ripped.

But some house owners had a few gallons of paint set aside and planned to paint in December. Water catchments and furniture were also in the offing.

Udot was continuing to change.



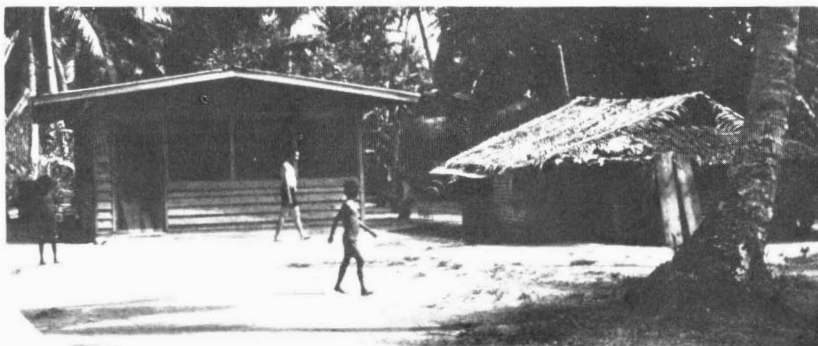


mosquito coils, toothpaste, gum, soft drinks, soap . . .

UDOT

photographed by Norman Shapiro

In conference: Palauan language teachers and PCV.



Udot housing: new and old



Bob Gould, Director of Training

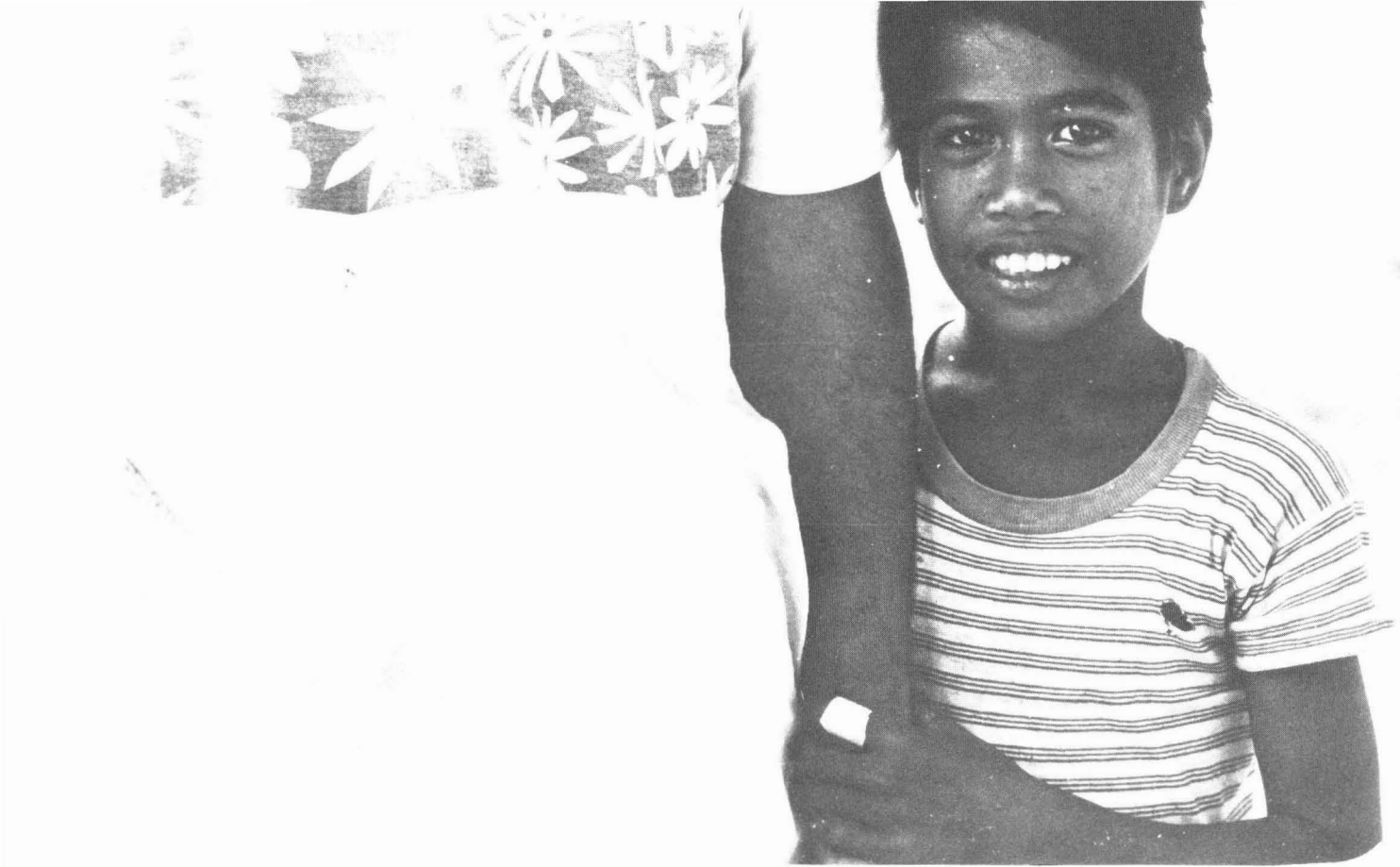


Mrs. Maura Milkie teaches demonstration class.

curious eyes



Alone



Friends



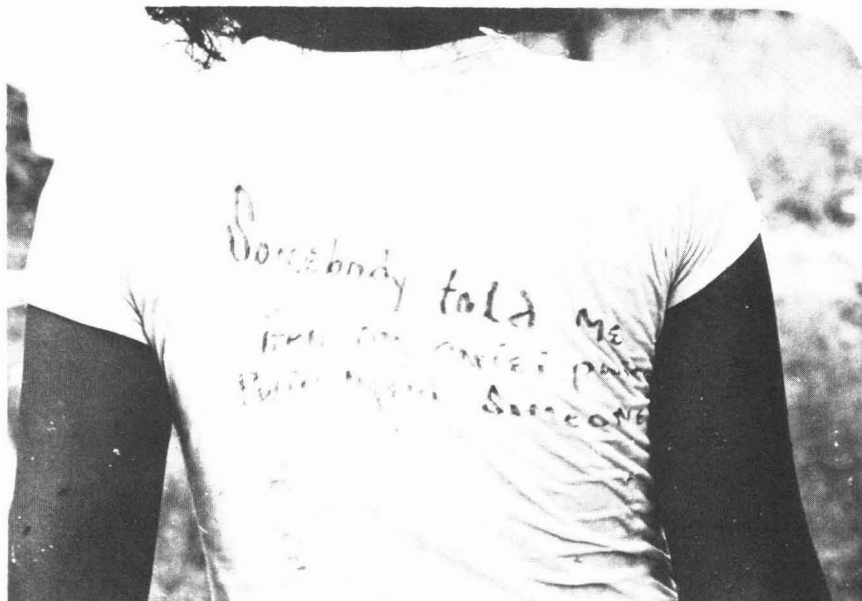
Neighbors



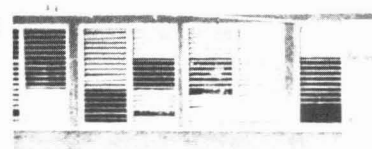
piped water: a wasday miracle



Come again?



a little on the shy side



Left turn?

Afternoon shadows in the schoolyard



Life at

by P. F. Kluge

Any visitor to the islands of the western Pacific is likely to be impressed by the fact that, two decades after the trusteeship began, debate continues—among Micronesians themselves—as to whether the founding idea, the initial assumption, the very notion of a “Micronesia” is sound: whether the residents of 2100 scattered islands, speakers of nine different tongues, can ever know or care about one another. Does Micronesia make sense? Is it anything more than a historical accident and administrative headache?

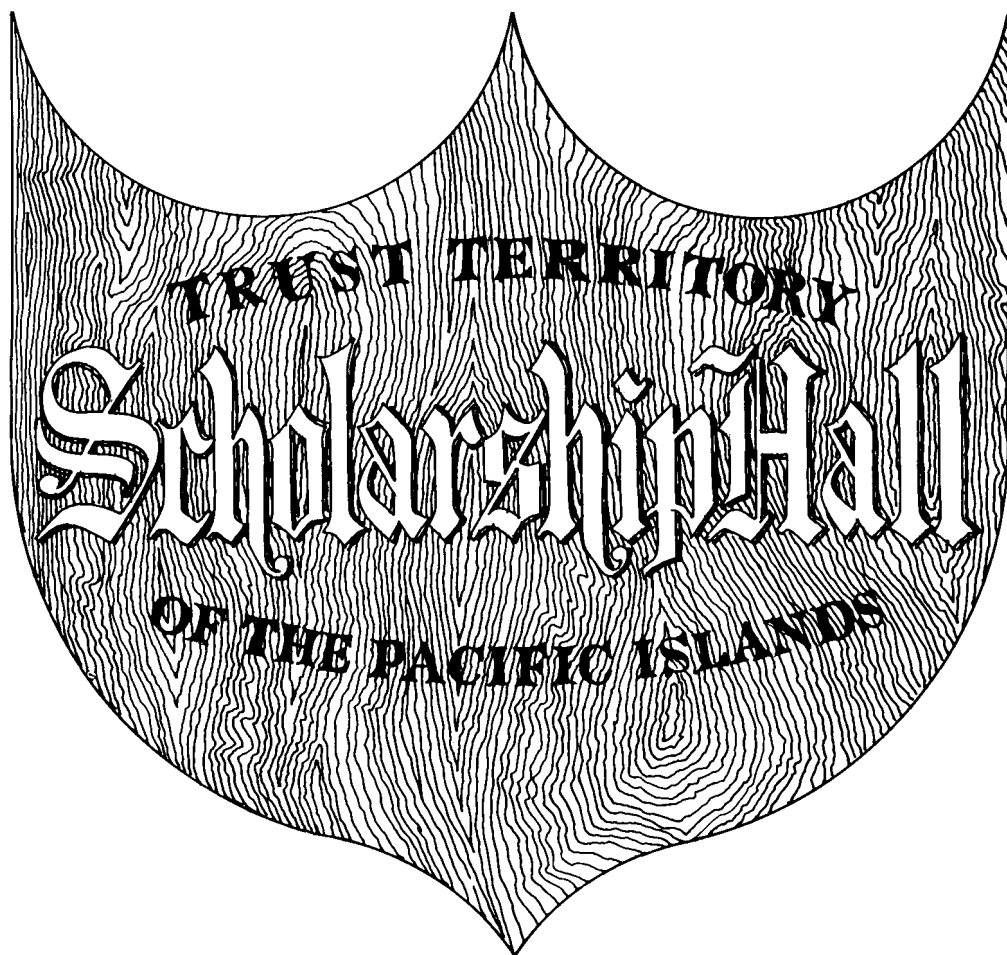
Debate continues. But one crucial test of Micronesia, occurs at the Trust Territory Dormitory at the College of Guam, in Mangilao. Here, in a worn converted barracks and two overcrowded cottages, sixty-two scholarship

students from all districts reside. Together they tolerate noisy corridors, crammed quarters, weathered furniture.

It's not much of a building, as campus buildings go. In appearance it seems as if someone looked at an old navy barracks—two stories of grey metal and greyer concrete—noticed the drab building's lack of color, decided to decorate, and been supplied with a half dozen oversize pastel crayons with which to accomplish the task. But its wistful painting and general decrepitude notwithstanding, this dormitory could be considered the capitol of Micronesia—a microcosm of the present and a harbinger of things to come. If the idea of Micronesia works, it might start working here. And if it doesn't work, this may be the first place it begins to die.

“Ethnically speaking—as a melting pot—it's just not working. In rooming, where we don't permit students from the same district to live together, there's some communication. But outside of the room, they stick together, speak their own languages. And we like to think we have the more enlightened representatives of the districts here. I guess this shows we've still got a long way to go.”

The speaker is Fred Malefyt, the lanky straightforward counselor of Trust Territory students at the College of Guam. Assigned to the dormitory several months ago—he was at Saipan's Hopwood High School before that—Malefyt has no illusions about running a miniature United Nations. District languages and cultures impede ready



socializing and communication between students. Anyone who strolls about the dormitory—into the television room, along the hall, outside on the parking lot *cum* basketball court, quickly recognizes clusters of students divided according to their district of origin.

But nowhere is the power of district ties more evident than in the dining hall, where students take their morning and evening meals. (Lunch is usually purchased—or skipped—on the nearby campus.) In the dormitory cafeteria students generally join their fellows from other districts, indulging in the understandable convenience of their native tongue.

"They very seldom mix in the cafeteria," concedes Malefyt. "One time I tried to mix them, but when I wasn't

there they reverted back."

Students themselves are among the first to recognize the somewhat peculiar institution in which they participate. "Actually, living together in one place doesn't help much," remarked an education major from Palau. "The close relationships with other students are in the room. But outside, in general we always divide: Yapese, Palauans, Trukese and so forth. When we eat we always sit together . . . I think there is a general feeling that Trukese are Trukese, Palauans are Palauans. To me, the idea of the Micronesian is still missing in the minds of the students."

The potential secondary school teacher paused and thought for awhile. The sounds of a radio, of a conversation, could be heard from down the hall. His

interviewer glanced about the room. Rather sparsely decorated—none of the travel ads and movie posters, beer signs and snap shots he recalled from college days. The pasteboard partition which separated this room from its neighbors was open at the ceiling and the floor. If the dormitory is breezy it is also very noisy: currents of sound carry as easily as currents of air. The student began another sentence, "As Micronesians . . ." he paused again, smiling, almost laughing. "It doesn't work."

The Trukese youth who walked into the dining hall that night scanned the room and located the reporter who had interviewed him earlier in the afternoon. "You see, it's like I told you." He pointed from table to table. "There are the Palauans, there are the Trukese, there

are the Saipanese." Some students overheard his comment, looked up from their trays of pork and rice. But there was no one in the room to contradict him.

After dinner another Trukese student was sitting at the sidewalk waiting for a basketball game to begin. "Someone should try to make us more cooperative," he commented. "We have a lot of sectionalism. If you stay here long enough you will see." Except for infrequent dormitory-sponsored parties, most districts go their own way socially, although all dormitory residents face certain common problems: the high cost of living in Guam, a limited stipend (\$40 a month) and the relatively isolated location of their residence in Mangilao.

Yet if the ties of the district remain powerful, particularly at dinner time, if the understandable pleasure in one's language and culture, the whole experience of one's youth, continues to restrict exchanges between districts, it would be wrong to infer that the Trust Territory dormitory is the site of implacable bickering regionalism.

On the contrary, the atmosphere is that of a relaxed residence hall at any balmy sunshine college in the United States. Older students agree that rela-

tions today are much better than when the dormitory was first established in August of 1963. (Before then Micronesian students often were housed in the former Trust Territory Headquarters compound which is now the site of the Hotel Micronesia.) Former residents of the dormitory recall the quarrels of the early days. One student remarked that disputes between individual students at that time quickly ballooned into confrontations between districts.

But whatever problems remain, the days of outright regional quarrels are probably over. "I think we can see progress," declares Alfonso Oiterong, dormitory manager. "Since 1964-65 I haven't seen anything like a fight between districts or even an argument." One of the older students at the dormitory agrees, finding the situation "very much improved" over previous years. "The idea of mixing in the past wasn't really understood," he commented. "Now they're more familiar with the idea of mixing. The new students, when they first come, stick together but later they drift off."

And the same Trukese student who pointed out the division in the cafeteria confided, "when I first came here in



a student



Alfonso Oiterong, Dormitory Manager

1966 I stayed only with the Trukese. Now I don't care. I stay with anybody from any district. My roommate is from Yap. And I like him very much."

Opinions vary as to what effect the dormitory plays in impeding—or retarding—relationships between districts. To be sure, no one questions the need for the dormitory itself. "Without this dormitory system," observes Alfonso Oiterong, "we'd have to have sponsors for the students to live with and we don't have enough of them now. We have about 100 college students already living with sponsors and 300 high school students."

By providing ample numbers of district friends and acquaintances, the dormitory encourages continued use of district languages and consequent division into district cliques. But the isolation of the dormitory and the high cost of surrounding Americanized Guam does throw students together. The result is a scene reminiscent of any of the small lonely colleges in America's New England or Midwest: the same arguments about the administration, the perennial complaints about curfew hours ("They treat us like children!") the frequent—and in this case manifestly accu-

rate—complaints about leaky roofs, creaky steps, painful overcrowding, un-enforced quiet hours. And here, too, one encounters the familiar groping inquiry "Why am I here—to please my parents or because I want an education?"

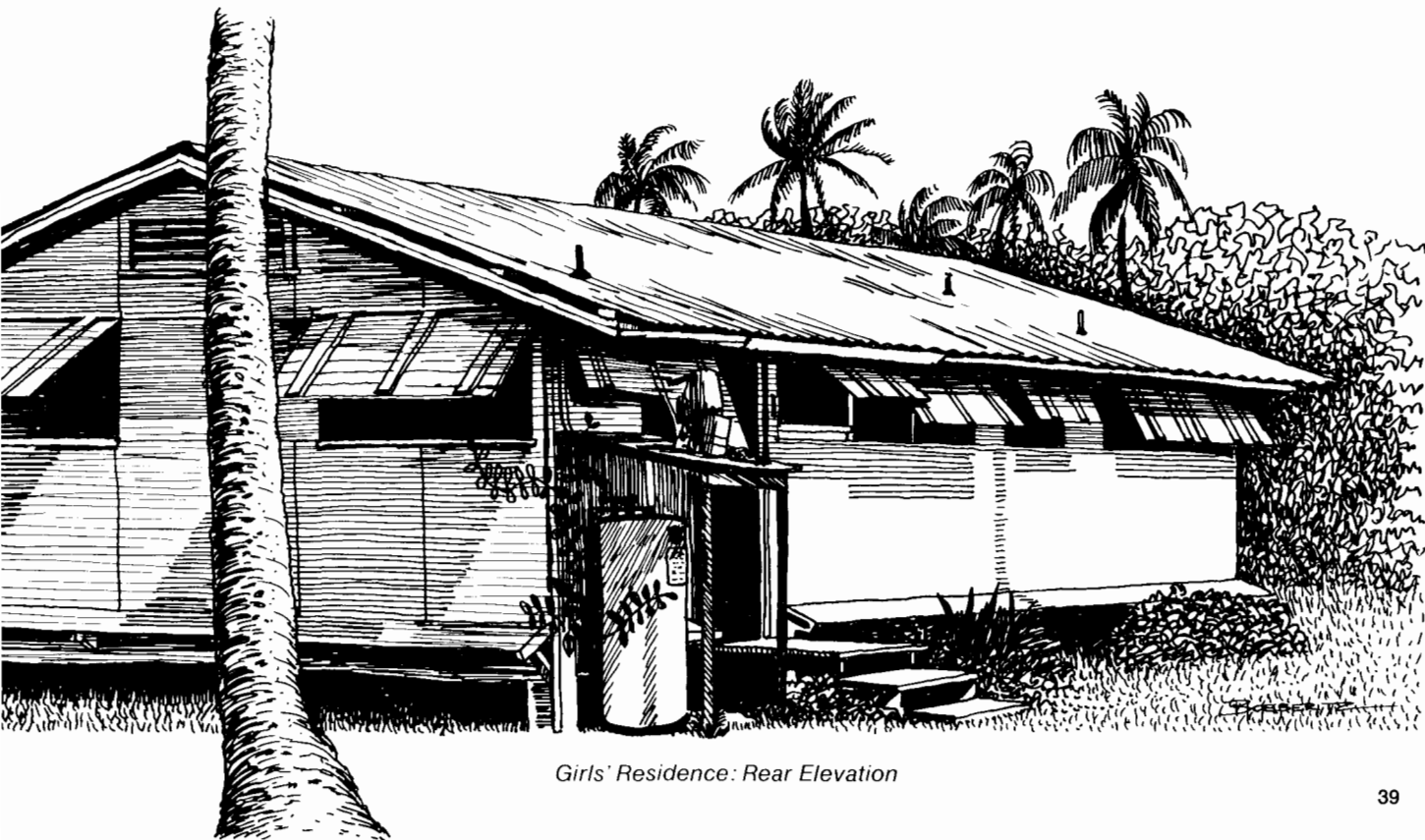
The dormitory provides little in the way of recreation and students are cast upon their own limited resources. "One night we throw pebbles from the stoop to the parking lot; the next night we throw them from the parking lot back to the stoop," one girl declared. On particularly ambitious evenings students chuck pebbles at a string of unprotected light bulbs over the parking lot—a difficult shot in any league, but only one bulb has survived the industry and accuracy of loitering students. And Guamanian television challenges the most rigorous academic schedules. Current favorite is "Mission Impossible."

It would be hard to pinpoint what the current climate of the Trust Territory Dormitory bodes for the future of Micronesia. Whatever their intrinsic merits, the district cultures and languages remain formidable obstacles to the sort of friendly union that America

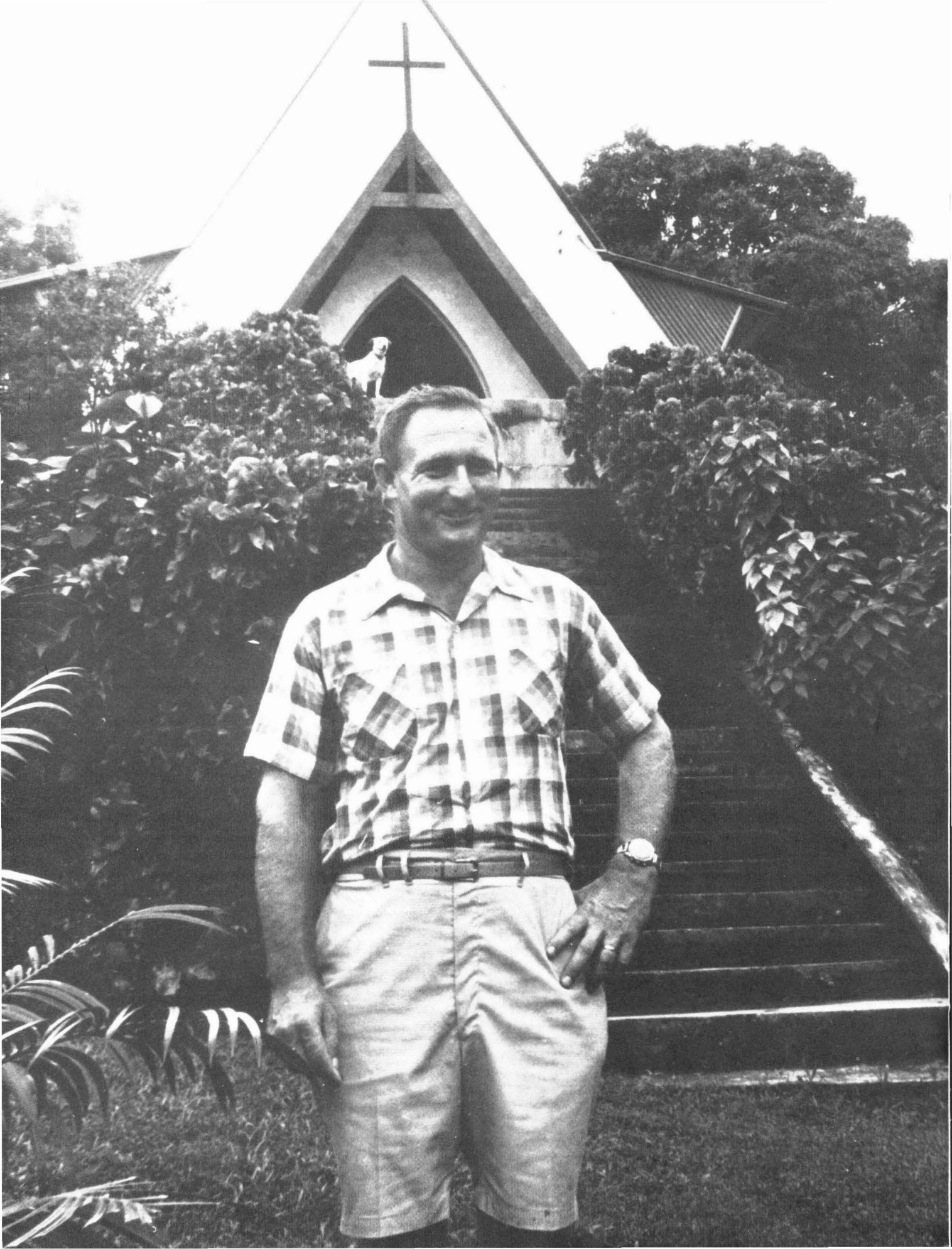
might once have contemplated for these islands. Viewed in Guam, the district identities remind one of the role played in college by Greek-letter social fraternities, and much the same discussion surrounds them: do they do more harm than good? do they actively discriminate? do they hinder studies? and what might replace them? Should a Deke go to a Delt's party or sit at his dining room table or trouble to pierce the capsule of ritual and private experience that surrounds him?

Fred Malefyt has an interesting anecdote in this regard. The maintenance of the dormitory's halls and rest rooms, the cutting of the grass, have been entrusted to work parties organized among the students. At first parties were a conglomerate of students from different districts . . . but the jobs didn't get done. Students and administration alike recognized that the system failed and agreed on a shift to district work parties, alternating from job to job. Now, Malefyt reports, "one group does well and the others compete."

Which is one way—perhaps not the only way, perhaps not the best way—of cleaning halls.



Girls' Residence: Rear Elevation



A Missionary in Yap

by P. F. Kluge

"The missionaries, mainly Jesuit, are among the most effective Americans in Micronesia. 'If you want to get 50¢ out of every dollar, let the government do it,' says one U.S. trust-territory officer. 'If you want to wring \$1.10 out of every dollar, let the missionaries do it.'" — Time (Nov. 3, 1967)

Standing at the pulpit of Yap's Liebenzell Mission, he looks like a German Protestant missionary: close cropped sandy hair, bullneck, blacksmith's hands, straightforward gaze and erect ramrod posture. Whether reading the liturgy in Yapese at the 8:30 a.m. Sunday service, or delivering an English sermon on "Harmonious Living" at 10:30, or hubbarding a congregation of wavering voices through the third verse of a slow-moving hymn, Yap's Reverend Edmund Kalau strikes a visitor as the sort of clergyman who could be doing other things than preaching from a pulpit in a short-sleeved white shirt and black tie. And, as many readers in the Trust Territory and elsewhere are beginning to learn, Reverend Kalau usually *is* doing other things.

One has only to look at the ground of the Liebenzell Mission to some of the other things that Kalau has done since his assignment to Yap in 1959. The terraced hillside overlooking "benjo bay" shoulders several monuments to the industry and resourcefulness that have gained Kalau a growing reputation as one of the Trust Territory's most effective missionaries. Both *Time* mag-

azine and the *New York Times* have noticed the missionary's efforts.

Reporting on a recent swing through the districts, *Time's* Frank McCulloch presented Kalau as "a hard-driving missionary . . . who is building a youth center in his home base of Colonia featuring hobby shops, an art studio, handball and tennis courts and Micronesia's first roller-skating rink."

The New York Times' Robert Trumbull noted Kalau's hopes for medical service to remote islands of the Yap District: "A German protestant missionary who was once a pilot in the Luftwaffe plans to install what may become an airborne medical service. The Rev. Edmund Kalau, pastor of the Lutheran mission in Yap, is awaiting the delivery of a six-passenger Cessna with a 1,300 mile range that can land and take off on short airstrips. He plans to use it for medical work."

Some local observers in Colonia have been likewise impressed by Kalau's bustling enterprise.

"At first he strikes you as the sort of person who just spews out these fantastic ideas that nothing will ever come of," comments one parishioner. "But the

only thing wrong with that," he continues, "is that everything he's talked about has come true. He really produces."

What has Kalau produced? When he first arrived in Yap after a stint in Koror, his congregation was small (the overwhelming majority of Yapese are Catholics) and his mission was negligible. He remembers his first Sunday worship service with a handful of people in a tin roofed hut—"a very shaky building."

"Little by little," Kalau recalls, "we gathered our congregation. Not all can come at one time. We go out to the villages and hold our services in men's houses or under the trees." Today the mission claims more than one hundred adherents.

Far more striking than Kalau's modest congregation or elementary sermons is his work as a missionary builder, his unmistakable impact on the very landscape of the district center. The Liebenzell complex, orange-roofed, clay-colored walls, crisply terraced grounds, constitutes a pleasing exception to Colonia's generally nondescript vista of ramshackle metal and wood structures.

Farthest up the steep hillside is Kalau's church, a bright airy building. Open at both sides—"It's breezier and typhoon-proof: the winds just blow through"—the church retains the A-frame characteristic of Yapese architecture. "It looks like a men's house," Kalau observes. "I didn't see any reason to bring in our own architecture—they have so many nice things of their own."

But Kalau's major project—one which has preoccupied him for the last two years—is the Yap Youth Center, an imposing structure located directly below the mission on a plot of land recently reclaimed from Benjo Bay. This large (5,400 square feet) building, likewise ornamented with an A-frame entrance is an imaginative response to some of the difficulties, actual and potential, confronting island youth.

Originally Kalau intended building a school but, he notes, "When we came back here in October 1964 after a leave abroad, we saw terrific changes. There was an airport and a high school and many more Americans. The Trust Territory was doing so much to promote education that it seemed useless to build a school. But we saw the problems with young people—drunkenness, gangs, even some assaults." Thus originated the Yap Youth Center.

The Trust Territory government agreed to fill in a 100 by 300 foot section of Benjo Bay. Kalau designed the building and supervised construction, which began in the spring of 1966.

Even today, Kalau is uncertain about the origins of much of his financial support. When asked how he secured funds Kalau quickly replies—without a trace of irony—"through prayer." Evidence suggests that the Reverend and his wife have been praying mightily and that the Almighty has responded in kind.

"Money came in from people we never met, from places we never heard of . . . We pay everybody who works on the Youth Center. We don't want to take advantage of people's goodness." Although the

Liebenzell Mission receives only \$80 a month official support from abroad, the Reverend meets a monthly payroll of \$300.

Attired in weathered khaki work clothes, Kalau really escorts visitors through the Youth Center, passing from a spacious (24' x 72') all-purpose room to a planned library with a capacity of 5,000 volumes. The library will be air-conditioned with donated equipment and filled—Kalau hopes—with donated books. Other rooms are intended for classrooms and games. The Youth Center will feature an art room, including ceramics, mosaics, oil paintings, local handicraft. The art project, cautions Kalau, remains particularly open: "We don't want to introduce a different art here. It must be their own. Otherwise it wouldn't be genuine. The initiative in art must be their own."

Two patios, soon to be fully screened, adjoin the rear of the building, near the Youth Center's cafeteria. The cafeteria kitchen is equipped with a grill and stove, deep freeze, refrigerator, and (donated) ice cream machine. Kalau figures on offering the equivalent of a soda-fountain at the Youth Center. "We will serve pop and have juice dispensers. Now if the young people want pop they have to go to bars."

The specific program of the Youth Center has not yet been developed—but promises to be flexible. "Everything we do in the Youth Center is tentative and experimental," declares Kalau. "We may have to revise our whole program if we discover that youths want something else."

"Education of Heart and Mind" is the ruling slogan of the Youth Center—but it might also characterize the career of Kalau himself. Born in a part of East Prussia now absorbed in the Soviet Union, Kalau grew up in Hitler's Germany: "I was raised in Hitler's Germany as an atheist and I rejected every religion. The only religion was faith in Hitler."

Kalau learned at least one useful skill during the war, however, and it may yet be of benefit to Micronesians: *flying*. Fortunately, the German military was collapsing, retreating across Russia and Poland, by the time he completed Luftwaffe training. Kalau never saw any air-combat. "I never participated in any 'glorious advances,'" he chuckles.

After the war, Kalau went to Hamburg, taking "any job I could find," painting souvenirs, studying fine arts and philosophy at night. It was not until the winter of 1947, influenced by an evangelist in Hamburg that he became a Christian: "I didn't want to become religious. I didn't expect to." But he did, and his career as a missionary was born.

His career as a flier may not be altogether over, however. With the completion of the Youth Center, Kalau expects to concentrate on providing air service to the outer islands of the Yap District. Already he is concerned with weather stations, landing strips, and a plane. These—along with the mission's print shop and boat building activities (Kalau envisions an airboat much like those used in the Everglades) should keep him busy.

For a while.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Marianas

Two new commercial enterprises attracted comment on Saipan last quarter. Deftly managed by H. Clay Barnard (see interview, p. 3) the Royal Taga Hotel became a must see for visitors and local residents alike. More than one Saipan citizen speculated whether, and how often, and at what cost, he could find happiness at the Royal Taga . . . In January Saipan gained another restaurant, the Gualo Rai, on Middle Beach Road in Garapan. Owned and operated by Mrs. Ana G. Fajardo, Gualo Rai (capacity 64, plus bar) features Chinese and Filipino cuisine . . . The *American Bear* called at Saipan in December: first time in ten years that a sizable vessel has sailed directly from the states to Saipan without pausing at Guam or Japan. Vessel carried 95 surplus jeeps, 50 jeep trailers, for government use . . . Dave Sablan elected president of island's newly-organized Rotary Club . . . San Antonio Church, begun in September of 1966, slated for completion by Easter . . . A stubborn District Two, Chalan Kanoa team faced and upset the favored Breakers to capture island volleyball championship. . . A nocturnal fire ravaged a classroom, storeroom and two restrooms at Hopwood High School, resulting in an estimated \$10,000 damage to building and materials . . . KJQR boasts new 176-foot tower, highest in Micronesia. Station anticipates 50% increase in range, with reception much improved in Northern Marianas . . . Four Marianas priests transferred: Father Marcian from Saipan to Tinian, Father Cornelius from Rota to Saipan, Father Lee from Tinian to Guam, Father Thomas Camacho from Guam to Rota. . . Saipan's covey of youthful musical combos bracing for annual, popular "Battle of the Bands" . . . College of Guam offering extension courses on

Saipan in accounting, psychology, education, and English composition. Surprise: political science cancelled for lack of takers.

Yap

November saw release of a study by Austin, Smith and Associates recommending construction of a \$904,000 sewer system and a \$2,708,000 water system to service Colonia. . Latest census figures for Yap showed island's population stood at 4,024 . . . Another figure of importance was a drop in the price of eggs from 15 to 10 cents a piece . . . Wayne Richards, a Yap High School teacher, was appointed principal of Ulithi High School, succeeding James Boykin, who resigned in October . . . In December, Trust Territory officials announced that a new telephone system was planned for the island in 1968. They also reported that an emergency generator had been ordered for the local radio station . . . Yap Shipping Cooperative announced plans to start an island bus system in March or April. Four twenty-five passenger buses will provide service to the high school, bring government workers to the district center, and provide several shopping runs during the day . . . Early in December construction was finished on a new \$45,000 power line from Yap High School to the airport. The weather station was completed in early 1967, but remains unoccupied because of the delay on the power line . . . Twenty Yap policemen graduated from a four-month law training course taught by three Yap Peace Corps Lawyers . . . Air transportation became more ragged as the year ended. Passengers and cargo were bumped in increasing numbers, climaxing shortly before Christmas when mail bound for Yap was bumped in Guam . . . Visiting Air Micronesia officials pronounced the local air-

port capable of taking 727 Jetliners when service begins in May. They eyed Balebat as the most likely spot for their new 25-room hotel . . . January saw construction on a new theatre by YCA after an unsuccessful attempt to find an outsider to take over the business . . . Yap's four year old district newspaper, the Rai Review, ended in January, replaced by a new, independent offset publication called "Mogethin"—Yapese for "what's new."

Palau

Big news was the mid-January visit by members of the U.S. House and Senate as part of their T.T. inspection tour. A continuing rainfall of questions fell on outer-island trips to Babelthuap, Angaur, and Peleliu, and the Congressmen frequently emphasized hopes to return to the T.T. again . . . Local excitement ran high with the first marriage in Palau of two Peace Corps Volunteers. Distad Mackenzie performed the marriage of PCV's Marty Maynor and Dave Durian on January 17 . . . Fisheries personnel and Palauans finished their night-time search for crocodiles in Palau, but no figures are available yet on the number counted. If it's high enough, a trained crocodile hunter may be called in to exterminate them, and a private company will sell the hides . . . Filming is underway for Selmur Production's still untitled Marvin/Mifune movie, but unofficial word has it that filming may take longer than expected. If so, at least Koror residents will be happy, because it's "open house" nearly every Saturday night on the "Oriental Hero," the production crew's leased ship . . . Selmur Productions made a quiet and generous contribution at Christmastime by providing 37 cases of candy for distribution to Palauan children . . . WSZB station manager Herman Rodas is happy

about new lights recently put in at the station, but is still awaiting installation of his 1,000 watt transmitter and erection of a new tower . . . Palauans are proud of Francisco Uludong, sophomore journalism major at the East-West Center in Hawaii for his election as president of the Center's Grantee's Association . . . The local legislature, in a special session, allotted \$450.58 each to Yap and Rota for typhoon relief . . . and Japanese is being taught at night at Palau High School—principal Gil Nelson says possibly for the first time in the T.T. since World War II.

Truk

When U.S. Congressmen toured Truk in January, they were greeted with two Trukese non-customs: girls with short shorts and men with long tales. But while leggy twirlers were meant as compliments from Mizpah High School, lengthy tales were far from complimentary. They were, instead, part of an unusual speak-out effort on the part of the normally reticent Trukese to "tell it like it is." One of several open letters printed in *Met Poraus* invited the visitors to visit Faupo Village on Tol Island to "see first hand, a terrible dock, a poor excuse for a school, and a broken down dispensary . . ." And, Rep. Thomas Foley obliged, legging the rigorous trek . . . Social dancing has provoked talk in Truk lately. Roger Bellinger, then Truk High School principal, advised students that because their parents were concerned dancing didn't end with the music, the co-ed activity would have to be dropped from the school's Fun Night. The administration is still reviewing the matter, while many students spend Fun Night reading in their dormitories . . . And what dorms they are! Ask Sam Murphy of the Headquarters Department of Education who in December proposed model schools in the district as a partial answer to the "filthy, vandalized, horrible conditions" of the present facilities. Accompanying the education official on his tour, local administrators also threw in a problem or two, but mainly let the schools, chiefly elementary, speak for themselves . . . Boosts to Truk's economy seem imminent. William Rhyne, T.T. Economic Development Director, stopped by the district in December to advise, among other things, of a visit from an American

company interested in a quarrying operation here. Rock samples from throughout the district center are being examined in Guam. And in February, the Bumble Bee Company will buzz through the district, long enough to explore prospects for a fishing concern similar to Van Camp's in Palau . . . If these two companies decide to give it a try, they will probably get the nod from the U.S. government. But it was a different story when a Japanese fishing boat, sans permission, chugged to the shores of Losap Island in late December. District Sheriff Keigo Ezra led five khaki-clad policemen, armed with rifles and a sub-machine gun, to Losap. The Japanese, enjoying the sun and bananas, reluctantly boarded their fishing boat and were escorted back to Moen where the court clamped a \$500 fine on the captain. After paying in 3,333.3 pounds of fish, the skipper headed away from T.T. waters.

Ponape

A hepatitis outbreak caused problems in Ponape district, with an estimated fifth of Kusaie's 3,200 people coming down with the disease . . . October session of District legislature failed to pass sales tax, created Ponape Transportation Board to handle all transportation matters in District . . . In December Ponape started field trip service to Marshalls District atoll of Ujelang . . . ABC-TV sent four film-makers to shoot documentary footage on Father Hugh Costigan's Ponape Trade and Agricultural School . . . Continental Airlines' party saw a long wait for jet service in Ponape's airstripless district center . . . Ponape dispatched Speaker of House Bethwel Henry and Senator Dr. Hiroshi Ismael to represent Micronesia at Nauru's Independence Celebration . . . Kusaiens accepted government plans to build \$200,000 geodesic dome hospital . . . After many delays, Andreas Weilbacher, well-known Kolonia boat builder opened his boat building yard in early November. Though Mr. Weilbacher had been building boats for many years, this was the first time he had a waterfront site and power tools. Mr. Weilbacher's project was made possible with a Government Economic Development Loan, according to District Cooperative Officer Mort Colodny. The loan provided enough money to build the boat house and buy power tools costing

nearly \$700 . . . Mr. Weilbacher had orders for six boats, and expected to hire three experienced Mokilese boat builders. At least two boats could be constructed at a time. Slack periods would be used for making furniture.

Marshalls

Last quarter saw impressive progress in Youth Corps programs in Ebeye and Majuro . . . In congested Ebeye the Youth Corps completed a handsome block and frame structure designed by Dr. William Vitarelli. Supported on two eight-foot high cement walls, the edifice features second story living quarters connected to the ground floor by a retractable stairway . . . Other Ebeye Youth Corps projects have included a school toilet-house. Thus far, the Youth Corps has been financed partially by the Trust Territory government, partially by a generous contribution from the Yokwe Yok Women's Club of Kwajalein, partially by income from work. But, despite progress already made by the 20-man contingent, there is concern for the future of the program—particularly its financing and continuing leadership . . . From Majuro, PCV's Peter Olotka and David Taylor reported that their fledgling Youth Corps unit had been involved in a beach clean-up, building renovation, ship repair, gardening, and carpentry. One Youth Corps merchandising effort has been the sale in Majuro, at a slim profit, of produce shipped from Kusaie. Taylor and Olotka reported "The Youth Corps has received no outside support, providing its slim budget from jobs it has done. The boys hire out at 36¢ an hour. This money goes into a common fund. From this fund the boys are paid 50¢ a day. Every other week, they don't receive the cash. Rather, it is put into individual savings accounts. These accounts will be turned over to the boys at the end of one year in the Youth Corps." . . . Other News: Dwight Heine, Marshalls District Administrator made two trips to Ujelang to discuss the situation of the displaced Eniwetokese who now live there . . . Marshall Islands District Legislature holdover committee sets date for legislature's first meeting in two years, March 18 . . . MV Militobi stuck on rocks at Wotho Atoll . . . Fuel shortage in Majuro . . . Peace Corps training speculated for Majuro, Arno, or Jaluit Atolls.



in the next quarter:

The Marvin-Mifune Opus

American actor meets Japanese actor on location in the rock islands of Palau. A follow-up to Sept.-Dec. 67's "The Right Spot."

The Unsolved Mystery of Nan Madol

Fact, legend, and theory about the awesome age-old ruins in Ponape. Who built it? Why? What for?

Crocodylus Porsus

Would you believe that Palauans risk their lives when they go fishing? It's true. For in those waters there lurks the most ferocious man-eating beast known to Palau.

They Are Here, Lest We Forget

Remains of prosperous times, tributes to men who gave their lives, relics of a bloody battle... a pictorial tour of Saipan and it's haunting memories.

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