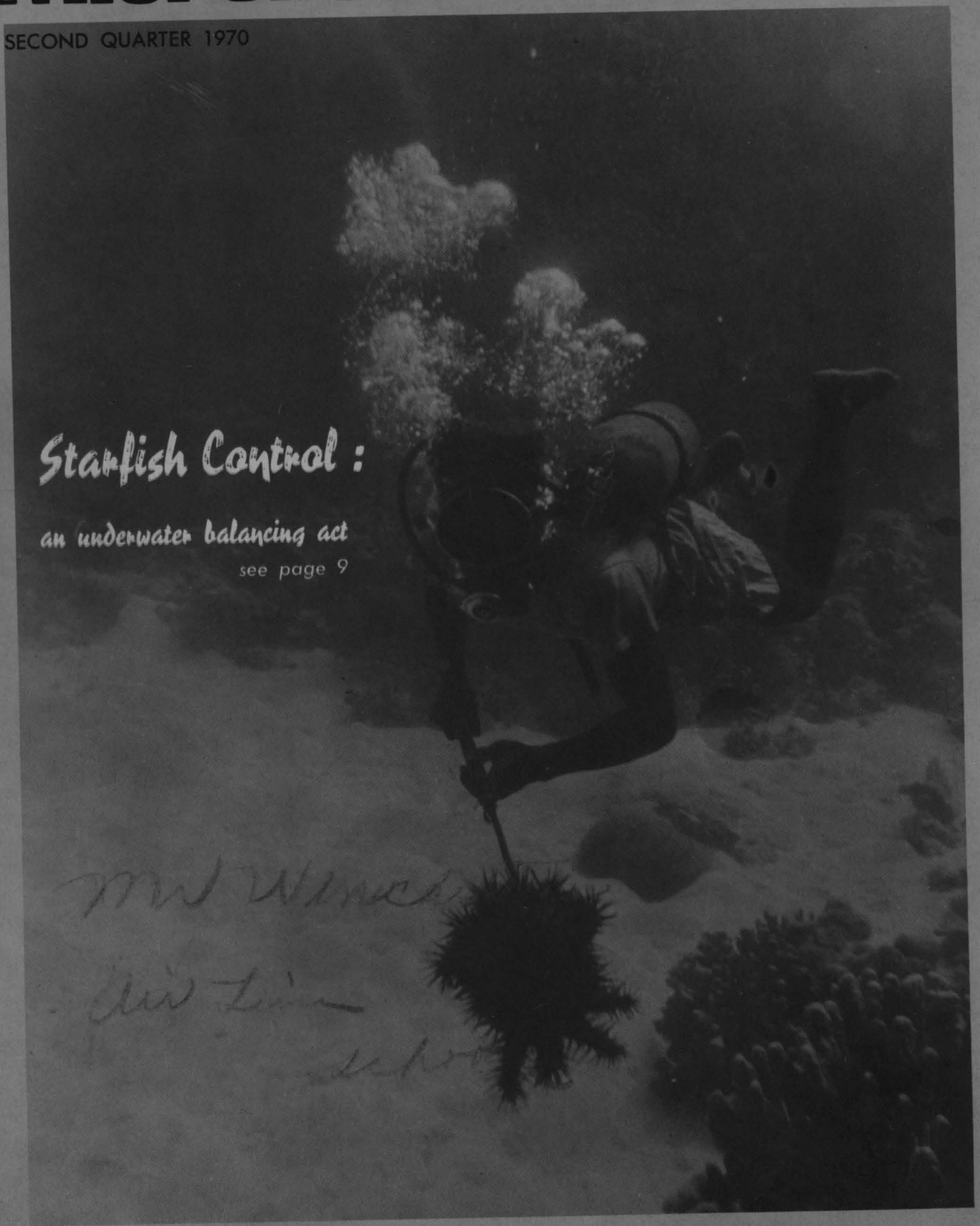
Micronesian Reporter

SECOND QUARTER 1970



Starfish Control :

an underwater balancing act

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This Quarter's Worth

Another Cross to Bear

For nearly two thousand years, the expression "crown of thorns" has been linked vividly with agony, pain and sorrow . . . with one notable exception: The term had been given to a purplish-red starfish which, although venomous as are many sea animals, is a fascinating attraction as one of the beauties of life beneath the sea. Striking in appearance, the spiny animals do resemble regal crowns perched atop heads of coral as they share their home with others in the colorful, luxuriant reefs of the Pacific. But somehow, during the past few years, someone or something has disturbed the reef ecology and man now is scrambling to regain and retain the balance of life in coral areas. For Micronesia, the destruction being caused by this particular starfish is of critical proportions and the term "Crown of Thorns starfish" also is beginning to mean agony and sorrow for Pacific islanders. Where the action is in starfish control becomes our cover story for this issue of the *Reporter.*

Stepping on the Gas

This quarter sees the end of the first year of a new administration. Compared with the previous twenty years under United States direction, this has been an exceptionally lively period. Spending budgets hit ceiling limits. Political activity was at a peak. Micronesian involvement reached new proportions. Many goals and promises stated at the start of the year seemed unattainable. This issue's *Interview* tries to capture the thinking of the man who is leading the new administration.

A Relaxed Ocean Journey . . .

For about two years, Micronesia Interocean Line, Inc. (MILI) has been operating a small fleet of ships throughout the Trust Territory on runs starting in Japan and the west coast of the U.S. While primarily delivering cargoes from port to port, the vessels also offer travelers cabin or deck space, meals, and an atmosphere that allows islands to retain their character as tiny spots in a vast ocean. *With Water in Between* tells how the normal 7½ hour jet flight from Saipan to Majuro can be relaxed into a 30 day ocean voyage.

and A Relaxed Art Show

Micronesia's second annual Art Fest lacked the luster and hullabaloo of the first, but it displayed the fine craftsmanship that makes such events an artistic success. Photographs in this issue, when compared with those of the previous arts festival *(Reporter, Third Quarter 1969),* will demonstrate that even with non-Micronesian artists eliminated from competition this year, the quality of Micronesian arts and crafts retained its high level.

Remembering When

Two pieces of Micronesian history, a hundred years and two thousand miles apart, are recalled in a walk through Garapan's civic center on Saipan and the conclusion of the lusty tale of the Globe Mutiny in the Marshalls.

For readers, morsels of current events, travel, culture and history have been wrapped in the leaves of this issue of the *Reporter.* We hope this blend of Micronesian food for thought will be received with a hearty appetite.
—C.M.A.

Who's Who

. . . in this issue of the Reporter

MARJORIE SMITH, housewife, mother, authoress, now publicist for the Trust Territory's land cadaster project, and one who is wont to travel, presents excerpts from a diary maintained during a recent ship trip through four districts of Micronesia.

DIRK BALLENDORF, whose Peace Corps staff service in the Trust Territory ended two years ago, returns through his continued researching in the States and an occasional personal visit to Micronesia. A candidate for a Harvard Doctorate, he has created a moving narrative from his investigation of the Globe Mutiny. The concluding section of the exciting tale appears in this issue of the *Reporter.*

MILTON McDONALD is Starfish Control Specialist for the T.T. Government. He reached his current profession of "paid assassin," as he sometimes describes it, through studying biological sciences and agriculture at the University of Arizona and teaching three years at Guam's Trade and Technical High School. Graduate work in marine biology at the University of Guam led to an assignment with the Westinghouse starfish research project last summer and his current government position.

MEL CARR, ship master and chief diver for Global Associates at Kwajalein's missile range, has been recording portraits of Micronesia for the past ten years. One of the outstanding pieces of art work produced during the twenty years he has made photography his hobby, is the Marshallese Old Man on this issue's back cover. It was awarded first prize in the photography section of the 1969 Art Fest of Micronesia.

C.M. ASHMAN, our editor, intent on briefly describing the path between several of Garapan's historical sites, discovered the overgrown wilderness had many tales to tell. Together with a number of long-time residents of Saipan, he opens the way for others to follow through the heart of Garapan's past.

INTERVIEW:

Edward E. Johnston

Just a year ago, the Trust Territory's new administration made a whirlwind entry into Micronesia. A planeload of Washington figures, including both U.S. government executives and top men of the press, left the nation's capital for a journey half-way around the world. Heading the group was a member of the President's cabinet, the Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel. Midway across the Pacific, word was received aboard the jet that one of the group, Edward E. Johnston, had just been confirmed by the U.S. Senate to lead the Trust Territory as its High Commissioner.

The largest airport crowd in Saipan's history, some 3,000 of the island's 10,000 residents, gathered in the hot afternoon sun on May 2, 1969 to view the arrival of the Secretary, his Director of the Office of Territories, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Farrington, and the new High Commissioner and his wife. Several days were spent in formal and informal meetings with representatives from all levels of the Trust Territory government. District administrators and leaders of district legislatures came to Saipan. Members of the Congress of Micronesia and of the HiCom's cabinet presented their views in separate meetings. A special conference brought the new administration together with the Future Political Status Commission for the first time. Earnest, serious discussions were held; thoughts were collected and decisions made.

The climax came when the Secretary outlined the goals of the administration ... presented in a public address and broadcast throughout the Territory. "More promises . . . let's wait and see," some people said. Others saw "an equal partnership starting," or "genuine interest in Washington," or "for the first time you feel Micronesia belongs to the Micronesians."

While a year may be considered awfully short to measure progress of a new government administration, it is long enough to see the trends. And this is what this quarter's interview intends to do.

REPORTER: I suppose no previous High Commissioner had as dramatic and dynamic an introduction to Micronesia as you did a year ago when you arrived on Saipan with the Secretary of Interior, the Director of the Office of Territories, and a swarm of Washington staff and press.

JOHNSTON: Well, frankly, the start of our administration was not exactly the way that I had anticipated. I had thought that I would have 30 or 60 days to get things packed, to move my family out here, to look around and talk with people, and to gradually develop a program. I knew that a great deal had to be done, but I thought it would be done more gradually. Suddenly, I had just a few days notice to get on a plane and fly out here to be the first High Commissioner to be sworn in within the Trust Territory and the administration was off to a whirlwind start. That is true. I think it's been good for Micronesia. The fact that the Secretary of the Interior and the President of the United States have a tremendous personal interest in the progress of Micronesia has been a great help to this Administration of the Trust Territory.

REPORTER: Although you have lived as an islander for more than 20 years ... I'm referring to the period you lived in Hawaii . . . I wonder if there were things you found in Micronesia that you didn't really anticipate?

JOHNSTON: Yes, there were. The main thing was that even though I had read about the tremendous distances between places, the tremendous lack of adequate communications, I really wasn't quite prepared for how tremendously difficult it is to get to some of our outlying islands, and sometimes even to some of our major population centers. I wasn't prepared for the inadequacies of our field trips or the difficulty in communications by voice with our various districts and subdistricts. I remember that when I came here just a year ago, if we wanted to talk to someone in Washington, New York or Honolulu, we had to go to Guam to do it. We've now solved that part of communications and by the end of this year, hopefully, we'll have much better communications with our district centers. But I really wasn't quite prepared for the inadequacies of transportation and communications among the various parts of Micronesia.

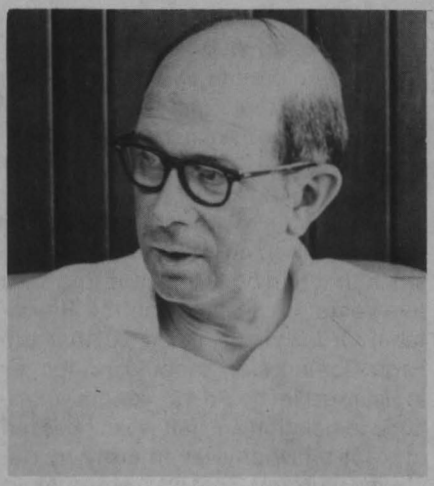
REPORTER: The progress that has been made during the past year has been pretty well chronicled in numerous reports reaching the people. Is there any one, single project or accomplishment that you can name as giving you the greatest gratification today?

JOHNSTON: I think if I had to single out one, I would first preface my remarks by saying that the whole year has been a very gratifying experience. But if I have to single out any one single item for the greatest gratification, it is a project that wasn't really started during my administration. You

might say it came to the point of fulfillment when we, a few days ago, signed the document accepting the return of Bikini to the people of Micronesia. Somehow or another, the fact that I was signing a contract with the United States of America, not as an American but as the chief executive of Micronesia, and that we were actually seeing land returned to the people that some of the cynics and critics said would never be returned . . . this was very gratifying. I think we've made a major breakthrough here and although the project isn't completed, the homes aren't built yet, the public buildings aren't built, and other than a work crew, the people haven't actually moved back yet, the end is now in sight and the islands again belong to the people.

REPORTER: On the other hand, is there any single area you feel still is not getting the action it needs? Are there any serious bottlenecks to progress in Micronesia?

JOHNSTON: I think there are many serious bottlenecks. To be somewhat facetious, you might say there is only one bottleneck, and that's money . . . because the things that we have wrong in Micronesia could be cured with adequate appropriations. The spirit of the people is good, the intelligence and the ability and the desires of the people are good. I think we've made great strides in self-government here: in the district legislatures and in the Congress of Micronesia and even the municipal councils, but what we need is the "infrastructure" . . . the physical plant to develop Micronesia. Certainly, we need water and sewers in places where there are major population centers. We need power, not only in the population centers but in the outer islands. We need airfields, harbors and modern adequate field trip vessels. Two examples: With the exception of the new Ponape International Airport, none of our runways, and I emphasize none because that includes Kobler Field right here on Saipan . . . none of our runways is up to standard. None of them is really adequate and completely safe for a jet operation. They should all really be upgraded right now . . . in one single year, but there just isn't the money.



So we phase this over a period of, let's say five years, or three or four years at the least, until all of our airports are safe. And maybe even in that time we won't have them all lighted. There isn't an airfield in the whole Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands where a plane can land after sunset . . . and this is not right. Our field trip ships are all twenty years old or more. Now we are going to replace them. We have them in our five year plan which we hope to get funded by the United States Congress and over a period of five years we will replace these field trip vessels. But they're not safe . . . people should not be traveling on them now. Yet, while we know we should replace all of them at once, we can't do it. So we phased this over five years and hope that the one we replace the last isn't the one that has the first major catastrophe.

REPORTER: You say that money probably could solve most of the bottlenecks retarding progress in Micronesia. When you are in Washington and are asking for increased appropriations . . . for more money for the Trust Territory . . . what is the reaction in the U.S. Congress to repeated requests for more and more money?

JOHNSTON: Well, they are getting more and more concerned about two questions. When we start pushing them for more and more money . . . which we definitely are doing and for which we are planning, I believe, very intelligently into the future, projecting things into a five year period . . . the first question they ask is when will Micronesia begin developing more local revenue? And this is certainly something that the Congress of Micronesia can no longer put off. We're going to have some form of an income tax. After land is properly registered, certificates of title issued, eventually we probably will have real property taxes. But the Micronesians themselves, through their Congress and through their district legislatures, are going to have to . . . as the economy develops . . . develop more and more sources of local revenue to balance the spending of the United States Government. Then the second question, and this is one that still is a question mark in the minds of many members of the United States Congress . . . since we went along for so many years spending a mere pittance in Micronesia, can we properly, intelligently and effectively spend this greatly increased amount of money? There still is some doubt. We say we can. We say that this year we'll prove to them we can, but there still are some doubters who say more than fifty million dollars can never be properly and intelligently spent in Micronesia in one fiscal year.

REPORTER: A year ago, when you spoke to the United Nations Trusteeship Council, you said the keynote of the Territory's program would be the ever-increasing involvement of the Micronesian people in their own government. Do you think that during the past year you have gone as far as you had anticipated when you made that statement? And if not, why not?

JOHNSTON: I think we've gone even further than I had anticipated. We have definitely placed more and more Micronesians in key positions and have been able to do it gradually as there were position vacancies. We've been fortunate to have well trained, well qualified Micronesians ready to step into these positions. Shortly after Secretary Hickel's speech, approximately a year ago, the suggestion was advanced . . . and it was advanced by a number of people . . . that as we put Micronesians in key positions, we should always have a U.S. advisor to, you might say, keep an eye on them or help them or give them advice. This concept I rejected right at the start and the longer I'm here, the happier I am that I did reject it. This would have created

a perpetual "Youth Takes Over Day" in Micronesia, where the American establishment never would really let go. I don't believe that this is genuinely the aim of this administration; in fact, I know it isn't. We want to prepare the Micronesians to take over their own government . . . which is the way it should be. Now, where I had expected by now to have a certain number of Micronesian distads, in most of our districts we even have a Micronesian deputy distad to back up the Micronesian who is the chief executive of that district. We also have made even more appointments than I had expected in deputy directors of major departments, at the cabinet level, in the territorial government. Micronesians are an extremely capable people and it's accomplishing a great deal to have them in key positions. I think it will gradually cut down this false premise that there are two governments in Micronesia: the legislative, which is elected by the people, and the executive, which is alleged to be American . . . and therefore if you are a Micronesian you have to be against the executive department because it's American. The more and more Micronesian thinking that is injected into our major decisions at the executive level, the better off we all are going to be.

REPORTER: There has been some criticism that in the face of statements that more authority will be given to Micronesians . . . that instead, you have been "guarding the power of the High Commissioner" . . . and from your being an American citizen chief executive you were denying Micronesians the deciding role in their government's operations.

JOHNSTON: To use a phrase that I used in talking to the students on Guam, that's a "bunch of baloney." I might say that this administration has totally banned the phrase "power of the High Commissioner." We try not to use that in conversations, in speeches, in written documents, or anything else. I think this has been one of the aggravating factors of the whole situation, the power of one man. I'll grant you that years ago that's the way it was. The High Commissioner was the top dog. He could legislate. He could administer. And he completely controlled the government. That is no longer true. We are trying to maintain the status of the executive branch of the government in a proper separation of powers. Not the power of any one man or any one office, but the status of the executive branch of our government. One of the wisest decisions that has been made in the past five years or so was when the Secretarial Order was revised so that the High Commissioner could no longer legislate. He could no longer introduce legislation and if it wasn't passed make it a law anyway, merely by declaring it urgent. That was wrong. Now, my job, as I see it, is to prevent the pendulum from swinging too far in the other direction. The Congress of Micronesia should continue to make the laws, to set the policy, to guide Micronesia in the future and then we, in the executive branch, should carry out those laws. That doesn't mean that we don't have the definite duty to recommend legislation . . . which we do. Each session of the Congress, the Administration will recommend certain bills they feel should be passed, but what we have been trying to do is to maintain a strong executive branch to be co-equal in every way to a strong legislative branch. One thing that has rather astounded me in some areas, in some of our districts, is that some people think that if you're connected with the executive branch, that you're not a Micronesian. That's certainly an erroneous line of thought. We have many former Congressmen who are very prominent in the Administration. One is Dwight Heine, who was the first speaker of the House of Representatives. Certainly, Dwight is no less a Micronesian now that he is serving as Special Consultant to the High Commissioner. Some of our best public servants today also include Luke Tman, Dr. Minoru Ueki, Chutomu Nimwes. All are recent former Congressmen and are now doing an effective job in the executive branch. Their wisdom and their thinking and their ability today is just as great as it was when they were serving in the Congress. So, we are developing an executive branch and a legislative branch, each of which should have its own duties and its own powers. And if either one gets weak at the expense of the other, then we're in trouble.

REPORTER: Perhaps we do not clearly understand then, that in making your decisions it is not the case of a lone American making the decision, but that you have the advice of Micronesians in the executive branch.

JOHNSTON: That is correct. Certainly there is no major decision, or even a minor decision, involving the executive branch made without input from Leo Falcam and Dwight Heine. On policies which are going to affect all six districts and are of a major nature, we discuss them in cabinet. And because of the travel of our department heads, the chances are that at least two or three of those sitting in a decision-making capacity in the cabinet meeting will be Micronesians . . . sometimes more than that. We discuss problems and reach a decision . . . although you must recognize that a chief executive must be the final decision-maker. If he is a wise chief executive, his decision will be made only after consultations with his cabinet and with those who should have something to contribute to the final making of the decision.

REPORTER: A good deal of your time as High Commissioner has been spent away from Saipan. I'm not sure whether it has been less than half or more than half of the past year, but it is enough to give idle people a subject to talk about. Would you care to make a comment?

JOHNSTON: I think it's probably been more than half. The first five months I was High Commissioner, I was away three months and here two months. But, the trips that I have made, with one or two exceptions, have been what you might call "command performances." I recall quite well that when the Congress of Micronesia set up its government organization committee, they made it clear to the executive branch that when they sent for a certain individual to come and testify, they wanted that individual only. They didn't want the department head to send a substitute. The Congress of the United States is exactly the same way. When they want somebody to testify on the budget . . . if they want the High

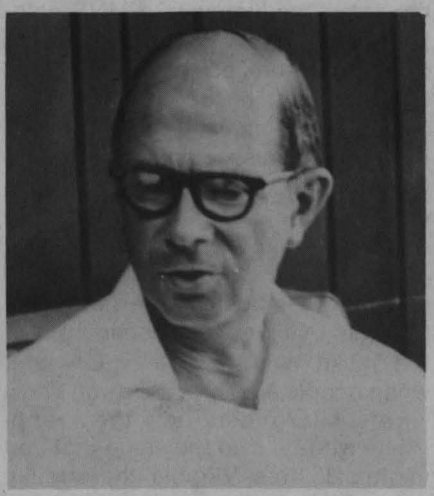
Commissioner, they want the High Commissioner to be there and they make that very clear. They are accustomed to sending word from Capitol Hill to one of the other buildings in Washington that they want the cabinet member or his first deputy or the under-secretary to be there, and it takes a man maybe twenty minutes to get there. They look upon us here as a branch of the United States government . . . which it really isn't, but they are financing it. And for that reason, they reserve the right to call people back to Washington for testimony at any time they wish. I recall just before Christmas last year making two round trips to Washington in just about two weeks. But we accomplish results. You asked a little while ago about gratification . . . and possibly the second greatest gratification that I've had since I've been here is when Senator Fong sent me a cable, which was the first word that we received that our supplemental budget had passed at 7.5 million dollars. To be sure, I had made three trips to Washington in connection with this and Ray Setik had been to Washington on behalf of the Congress of Micronesia and various members of our staff had been there for extended periods of time. But the point is that we were successful. We got a 7.5 million supplemental to bring our total appropriation up to almost 50 million dollars which was a tremendous increase over any previous year. Also you must remember that once a year the High Commissioner . . . and he cannot delegate the responsibility . . . is required to personally report to the United Nations Trusteeship Council. This trip alone, with the prior briefings in Washington and the de-briefings afterward at a three week session of the Trusteeship Council will take at least five or six weeks. Then there are the trips to the Bureau of the Budget in Washington, to testify before the United States House and Senate, and these trips do take a great deal of time. In addition to this, not only the High Commissioner but every member of his staff and cabinet has been traveling in the districts more than ever before. I was utterly astounded that there were some cabinet members who hadn't been in some of our six districts. This is no longer true. We do a great deal of traveling, but in an area that is as widely dispersed as this, and as far away from its sources of supply and its source of funds as we are there has to be a great deal of traveling.

REPORTER: And probably another advantage is that when you are gone, the others on your staff get a chance for valuable experience.

JOHNSTON: This is one of our big advantages. It hasn't always been true in Micronesia. It certainly isn't always true in state government . . . there are many of them in the United States now which don't have this situation . . . but we do have a smooth-working team. Particularly, the High Commissioner, the Deputy High Commissioner and the Executive Officer are in almost constant contact on almost every major or minor problem. So that when one person leaves, the others can carry on. Or if two leave, the remaining one carries on and there is never a lack of continuity because of the fact that every one is always current on current problems.

REPORTER: It was the present Administration that first presented an official U.S. position on the future political status of Micronesia . . . I think Secretary Hickel and you described it as a United States hope for a lasting partnership with the people of the Trust Territory. What has happened since you first expressed that wish? Would you say we are on our way to such a relationship?

JOHNSTON: I would say that we are on the way to determining the future political status of Micronesia. By "we," I should emphasize that the Micronesians themselves will determine that status. It is true, that I was the first to express the United States Government's official position that we would hope for a "permanent and lasting partnership" of some sort. This was in reply to a request that Senator Olympio Borja of the Marianas made in appearing before the United Nations Trusteeship Council in 1969. He said it was high time that the United States expressed its desires and hopes as to the future status of Micronesia. Then you will recall that a few months after that, the Congress of Micronesia passed a resolution urging the President of the United States and his Administration to think seriously about the future of Micronesia. Now I did express this hope. And unfortunately some persons, including one rather radical young man at the University of Guam who doesn't let the facts interfere with his writing, has said that I stated that this "would happen." That certainly isn't true. I said that it was my hope and the hope of President Nixon and the hope of Secretary Hickel and the hope of the Nixon administration that the Micronesians would choose a permanent and lasting partnership with the United States government.



As to where we are going, this is not really a part of my duties as the chief executive of the Trust Territory. There is a committee headed by Assistant Secretary Harrison Loesch of the Interior Department, and there is another committee headed by Senator Lazarus Salii with Representative Ekpap Silk as the co-chairman, and these two committees, one U.S. and one Micronesian, have met once in Washington and again here in the Trust Territory, and they have presumably been making progress toward arriving at some sort of proposition that could be presented to the voters in Micronesia. I have not been a part of those deliberations and I think it is best that I should not be. I am in a rather unusual situation of being an American citizen but at the same time my primary duty is that of being the chief executive of Micronesia. I therefore have not been a member of the negotiating team, since you might say I have a

vested interest on both sides, but I've made it quite clear, I hope, to the people with whom I am working day in and day out here in the Trust Territory, that I consider myself a part of the government of Micronesia rather than part of the government of the United States; that I am an employee of the Trust Territory rather than the Interior Department. This is the way it should be. We have one government in the Territory . . . an executive, legislative and judicial branch . . . it's still one government. What the future of that government will be, will be determined eventually by a vote of the Micronesian people with observers from the United Nations present on the day the voting takes place.

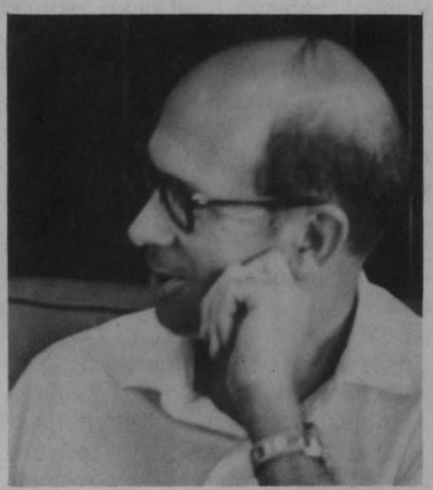
REPORTER: The concept and the goal of providing equal pay for Micronesians and Americans who are equally qualified and doing equal work captured a lot of popular support when it was named a year ago as a goal of the administration. Now, at least on the surface, there appears to be a growing mood of caution.

JOHNSTON: I think you might be right in saying that. I would hasten to emphasize the caution seems to be on the part of the Congress of Micronesia, not on the part of the Administration. The Administration here, locally, has hired a very well-qualified firm of professionals to develop a single pay schedule of equal pay for equal work and equal qualifications. There has been much criticism of a plan that hasn't even been drawn up. As I stated in Honolulu recently when a lady who was once in Micronesia in one district wrote a highly critical article . . . it was something like a lady criticizing a building as being unsightly and too big and so on when the architect hadn't even designed the building yet. We're in the first stages of drawing up a plan. The length of time over which it will be implemented and the rate at which it will be implemented will be determined by the Congress of Micronesia. This is definitely their area. Let's go back for just a moment to our previous discussion of separation of powers. We, the Administration, will recommend a pay plan for Micronesia. Then it's up to the Congress of Micronesia to enact the legislation that will put the plan into effect. Once they have done that, then the Administration must carry out that law and administer it as fairly and equitably as possible. This plan will not be forced upon anybody by the Administration. It will be enacted into law by the Congress of Micronesia. And I must add that it must be funded by the Congress of the United States so they, too, must be convinced that the pay plan adopted by the Congress of Micronesia is one that they can properly fund.

REPORTER: Now, what about the future? You recently told a group of key businessmen in Honolulu that Micronesia is "on the road to something big." What do you see down that road ahead?

JOHNSTON: First of all, that statement I'm supposed to have said is an interesting little story in itself. Joe Murphy, the editor of the Pacific Daily News, spends a certain portion of his paper each day in telling stories about other people and this is one we might tell about him. I didn't actually use the phrase "something big for Micronesia." This was first used as a headline to a United Press article which appeared in the Pacific Daily News. Then the Micronesian News Service approached me to see whether this was an accurate article for they intended to use it as an MNS release for our own radio stations. This we did. And the phrase was picked up from Mr. Murphy's headline and used in our own release. A few days later the same article appeared in the Pacific Daily News for the second time with the same headline with a MNS dateline. I thought this was an interesting example of the "power of the press." I did comment in Honolulu . . . and so did Senator Amata Kabua and Leo Falcam who also commented along the same line . . . that Micronesia is entering a new era where the whole world seems to be conscious of Micronesia. One way I expressed it in my talk to the businessmen in Honolulu was that we were coming out of the "Mike Who?" stage . . . where, when people are asked, "Do you know where Micronesia is?" they reply "Mike who?" . . . to the stage that you might call, "Yes, Virginia, there really is a Micronesia." Major magazines and major daily newspapers all throughout the U.S., Europe and Asia are featuring Micronesia. Several major television networks in the United States, Japan and even in Germany have been filming stories of Micronesia . . . documentaries of a half-hour or an hour in length. One lady in Japan, Rose Kanetaka, has eight million viewers who will be seeing a one-hour documentary and the German TV program has over 30 million regular viewers. All of this is building Micronesia as a destination area for visiting by people from all over the world. We have to do something about that. We've got to decide: do we want to lock the gates and shut everybody out? or do we want to invite them to visit us and have a moderate amount of tourism that will not ruin things but make things better?

REPORTER: There are a few remaining questions that I'd like to ask about the "breadfruit and fish" issues of concern to the people of Micronesia . . . land, employment, military presence and matters such as this. Let's talk first about the prospect of employment, or perhaps unemployment. As you know, over half the people of Micronesia are under twenty years of age and of course this means that in a very short time a very large group of educated young people will enter the labor market. What do you see ahead for them in five or ten years . . . or even two or three years from now? Will there continue to be jobs available in government service?



JOHNSTON: For two or three years from now, we project a continued increase in government employment. If our budget does go up, say about 30 million dollars more than now, which we hope it will, we will need additional government employees for a period of several years. But we cannot look forward to a period ten or even five years from now, of creating government jobs for every student who graduates from an institution of higher learning. There has to be an economy developed so that at least a fair proportion of our graduates will be employed in the private sector. I have said many times, in these past few months particularly, that what I am striving toward and what our Administration is striving toward is the day when the private sector and the government will compete against each other for our most educated and most brilliant young men and women. So that a young man who graduates with a degree in business administration can come back home and decide whether he wants to manage a chain of hotels or run a large supermarket or set up a new business or be the executive vice president of a shipping line or whether he wants to work for the government in some key position. And then the two entities, the government and the private sector, will have to adjust their wages accordingly and compete with each other. Looking forward to this, our administration has established a labor division to prepare for the time when more and more people will be employed in areas outside the government and with a good living wage that will be competitive with government.

REPORTER: What is being done to help stimulate small business in Micronesia?

JOHNSTON: One of the first things that this Administration did was to shift away from the thought of having highly paid, highly trained, and highly skilled economists sitting on Saipan and mapping the eventual future of Micronesia, and to shift toward business advisors chosen from the private sector of the United States to come to Micronesia and work with the small businessman . . . to show him how to maintain his inventory, how to keep his books, how to make a profit, how to keep employee records and other records he needs to operate a growing business. We need these business advisors and will have them by the middle of fiscal 1971; that is, sometime during this calendar year we will have one or two business advisors in each district. We're also getting increased help from such U.S. agencies as the Small Business Administration and various other parts of the Commerce Department. The OEO has training programs for people to slant them toward private employment rather than government employment. And we're all working toward the day when there will be more substantial employment in Micronesia and we want to be prepared for it.

REPORTER: Turning to the subject of land, often described as Micronesia's greatest physical asset, what is being done and what is going to be done to safeguard this valuable asset?

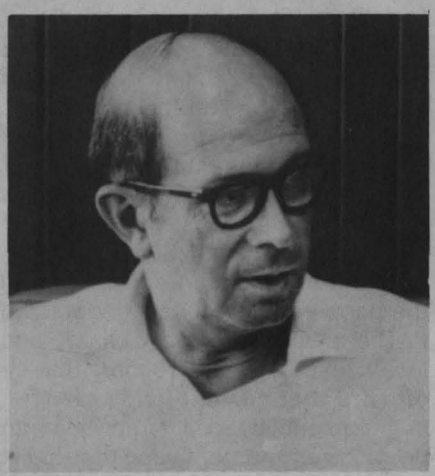
JOHNSTON: The safeguarding, you might say, is up to the Micronesian people themselves. The Administration's thrust is not in the direction of "land reform" but toward land registration. Our current land cadastre program is to see that a certificate of title is issued for every parcel of land in Micronesia so that there will be a master record of who owns what piece of land. Whether the Micronesians will ever deviate from their present practice that only a Micronesian can own land . . . and by Micronesian I mean a native-born Micronesian . . . whether they will in any way change the land system is up to the Congress of Micronesia. This is not a part of the master plan of the executive branch of this Administration.

REPORTER: This leads indirectly to public land and the possible use of land by the military. Do you have any idea of plans for military presence in Micronesia?

JOHNSTON: No, I haven't. We have adopted a policy . . . and I know this is one policy that has been adopted by both the Administration and the Congress of Micronesia . . . particularly in the Marianas where both the district legislature and the Saipan municipal council have adopted resolutions urging the military to develop military

installations in the rest of the Marianas other than just on Guam. In this area we feel that the military should do one of two things: either use the land that is now in "military retention" areas or free that land for other uses. Far too much land is currently out of use as military retention area and we would like to see the amount of land substantially reduced . . . either for use in actual military installations, if that is what the people want and what the United States military decides to do, or freeing the land so that it can be used for hotels, business buildings, warehousing, and for the other things that will be necessary to build a good, solid, productive economic base for Micronesia. As far as public land is concerned, we've just made a major decision on Truk. I think this is typical of this Administration and I hope all the people of Micronesia understand it. There were some very cloudy and insufficient Japanese records that indicated that certain lands on Truk might be public lands. Not wishing to be criticized later for failing to exhaust every source of pinning down these alleged records, we did check them out rather thoroughly. Naturally, the few left-wing radicals in Micronesia said that we were trying to take land away from the people. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. We have now been successful in establishing the fact that these records are not substantial enough to be relied upon and therefore the land will belong to the people who contended that they owned it and we have put aside once and for all, not arbitrarily, but after thorough investigation, the claim that these lands might have

been public lands. We will continue to do this in every district. I would emphasize only one more thing which is the key to whole understanding of the land situation. The United States Government does not own land in Micronesia. The "administering authority," as we are called by the United Nations, under the Trusteeship Agreement, is holding certain public lands . . . I never use the phrase "government lands" . . . I use the phrase "public lands." We are holding these lands in trust for the people of Micronesia. If the people of Micronesia decide to build a school, an airstrip, a harbor, or any other public facility . . . roads, anything they wish to build on public lands, then this is the proper use of public lands. But we certainly do not wish to unduly withhold land as "public lands" when it could be used for other purposes. I believe the land cadastre program will help us to steady the whole matter—to get it on an even keel for land certainly is the biggest key to the future progress of Micronesia.

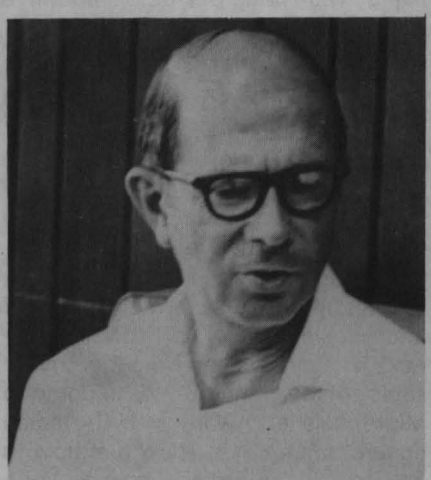


REPORTER: That answers half of the question . . . the portion regarding military use of land, but what about military presence in the form of bases and other installations?

JOHNSTON: I always like to point out to anyone who asks about the future plans of the military, that I frankly don't know what the future plans of the military are. One definition of "military presence," as you say, is building huge installations and bringing in thousands of men. But when we use the term "military presence" in Micronesia I think we've got to give great credit to the United States armed forces for the many things they do for Micronesia day in and day out and in a rather quiet manner. Of course we're all aware of the civic action teams. To be sure the Trust Territory is funding one-third of their cost. The Defense Department is funding the other two-thirds of the cost and is making them available to complete some very valuable projects in all six of our districts. But more than the civic action teams, day in and day out the armed forces, on Guam and on Kwajalein particularly, stand ready to rescue Micronesians who are in trouble, to perform air evacuation of seriously ill persons at the risk of their own lives. They make emergency air drops to areas that need them. They provide transportation to government officials who need to get to a certain place at a certain time to solve a certain problem, and in many other ways assist in plain, ordinary daily living throughout Micronesia. When we have a problem that we can't solve because we don't have the right technicians, when fish suddenly die in supposedly pure water, or if we think an epidemic may be starting on one island, the military will instantly loan us the best experts they have and fly them to the place where the problem is. These are the things for which we should give them great credit, and we should be very appreciative of the amount of time and money they spend helping the Trust Territory. One very good example of what we couldn't do without military cooperation is that had it not been for the Armed Forces of the United States, there would have been no first MicrOlympics in 1969 and of course there wouldn't have been a second one scheduled for 1971 in Palau. The armed forces gave us tremendous assistance in transportation, in planning, in loan of equipment, in every other way . . . so that the MicrOlympics, which I feel are a very important, continuing institution or function in the Trust Territory, could take place. This couldn't have been possible without military help. So whether they ever build a base or installation anywhere throughout the Trust Territory, they certainly are a part of the Trust Territory, our closest neighbors and our very good neighbors.

REPORTER: Well, there's one final question about the future. It has to do with the preservation of the culture of Micronesia. Will this heritage get lost in the shuffle?

JOHNSTON: In my remarks to the second annual Micronesia-Hawaii Economic Development Seminar in Honolulu, I concluded with a firm statement that although we had discussed building the economy particularly in the fields of agriculture, marine resources and tourism, at no time did we intend for one moment to sacrifice the culture and the wonderful spirit of the people of Micronesia. For one thing, the native languages are being preserved—with English being taught as a second language, not as a total replacement. Also, particularly on our many outlying islands, the many interesting and entertaining historical songs and dances are performed excellently by young people who have been taught by their elders. This is also true of skills and crafts . . . and this can and should continue from generation to generation. Even in our architecture we hope to preserve indigenous designs and encourage the use of local material. And again I say, as I do so often in concluding my remarks to any group, that you do not destroy or sacrifice a culture in order to establish good standards of health, education and safe, comfortable daily living for any group of people.



With deadly chemical injection guns, paid killers head for

The Ambush at Puntan Muchot

by Milton MacDonald

It's 8:00 a.m. and a Trust Territory jeep pulls away from the old Marianas District center. The jeep is fairly bursting from the load Its contents include four husky Micronesians, eight scuba tanks, two gas cans, and an assortment of fins, regulators, life vests, face masks snorkels, lunch, and other items of varying interests. One item is conspicuously absent—there is not a speargun among the pieces of diving equipment. One's curiousity is immediately aroused by the prospect of Micronesians going diving without fishing equipment.

By 9:30 a.m. the divers' boat is anchored just beyond the reef outside the harbor, and the first diver slips overboard. The bottom is 30 feet down, covered with coral broken by sandy channels.

A turtle rests at the edge of one channel. The diver looks longingly at the easy feast as he drops down, down, down. With a start, the turtle spurts twenty feet—as the world's greatest breast stroke propels him through the water. The diver grins, for he knows that were it not a work day, that turtle would be dinner.

Sometime later, a five foot, white-tip shark glides by. The diver watches the shark, the shark watches the diver, the diver watches the shark, the shark disappears into the distance. He probably thinks that the monster back there blowing bubbles was about the most awkward, ugly thing he has ever seen. And the diver wonders how a thing of such grace and beauty can still be so dangerous.

An hour later, as our hero inhales, he notices a subtle change in the pressure needed to breathe through the regulator. He's nearly out of air, so back to the boat he goes. Within a few minutes, all four divers are on board. The team leader asks each one a single question. "How many?" Each reports his kill: 26, 41, 38, 62. Strange? Not at all. This is Micronesia's first Starfish Control team at work.

Late last summer, a friend of mine wrote from the States and said, "What's going on out there? The name *Acanthaster planci*—along with Spiro Agnew—is becoming a part of the average American's vocabulary". Many other people also would like to know what is going on, including top marine scientists from all over the world.

During the past ten years, a relatively unknown and rare sea star, *Acanthaster planci* (commonly known as the Crown-of-Thorns Starfish and pronounced Ache'-an-thas-ter plank-eye) has begun to undergo a tremendous population explosion. As with any animal or plant, as long as the ecological community is balanced, all is well. But let that balance be destroyed, and relatively obscure creatures suddenly burst forth, threatening the existence of the rest of the community. This situation happens whether the affected creature is a minute insect or man himself. We have seen this happen many times: sometimes the occurence is cyclic, caused by the nature of species involved, and other times it develops due to outside causes.

Acanthaster planci is a multi-rayed starfish having from 16 to 21 rays or arms. The animal is covered with spines which inflict very painful and quite poisonous wounds. Normally, these starfish are nocturnal feeders, but under starvation conditions, they feed continuously. The starfish inhabits tropical, coral-producing waters throughout the Pacific and Indian Oceans. There are both male and female animals, with no outward signs to distinguish between the sexes. When spawning, the eggs and sperm are released into the water where the eggs are fertilized. One female will produce several million eggs at a time. Shortly after the eggs are fertilized, they hatch into microscopic larvae which free swim with the plankton. Plankton is the microscopic plant and animal life that floats and drifts with the ocean currents. It is the beginning of the food chain which eventually ends with the great predators of the oceans. For an unknown amount of time, these larvae drift with the currents.

While in the larvae stage, the *Acanthaster planci* are subject to all predators which feed on plankton. In tropical waters, the living coral polyps are one of the most efficient of these predators, as they filter sea water through their systems, extracting the tiny living organisms. As a result, only a very small percentage of the starfish larvae will reach a suitable site where they can settle to the bottom and undergo the change to adult form.

The immature starfish, begins to grow rapidly and when mature he, in turn, begins to devour the living coral which earlier had been feeding on starfish larvae. There isn't any rigid material in the animal except the thorns, and even these are hinged at the base so they can lay flat. This allows the starfish to move in and out of holes and openings that are unbelievably small. A starfish nine inches across can easily work through a hole 2 inches in diameter.

The Crown-of-Thorns Starfish is very efficient at harvesting the living tissue (polyps) of the coral. The coral structure is made of many layers of coral skeletons deposited one on top of the other with only the outermost layer, or skin covering, being alive. To harvest this living tissue, the starfish inverts his stomach through his mouth. With the stomach tissue in contact with the coral polyps, digestive juices are released and the coral polyps can be removed from even the tiniest crevice. A single starfish can eat an area of coral about twice his size in a 24-hour period. As the starfish moves from a freshly killed area of coral, the coral is left as white as a skeleton bleached by the sun. And that is exactly what is left by the starfish—just the clean skeleton.

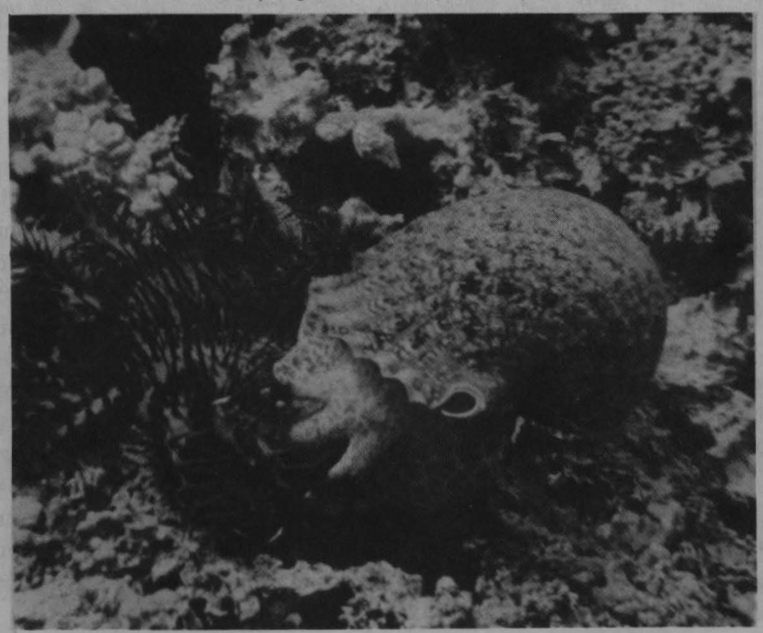
A full grown adult may reach a size 16 to 20 inches across and live for several years. An animal of this size can kill a great deal of coral in a year's time. Even so, this damage is negligible until it is multiplied a few thousand times by a herd of the creatures as they sweep along a reef in a mass, destroying all the living coral from the top of the reef to a depth as great as 150 feet—below which coral growth is limited due to the lack of light. After the passing of this destructive mass, it will be many years before the coral will regrow. In fact, if the area is large, it may be as long as a hundred years before the area has completely recovered. Areas that were attacked ten years ago on the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, today show virtually no regrowth.

This regrowth of coral is important not only from the standpoint that coral is the primary reef builder, but also because, with the death of large sections of coral, the complete life pattern of the reef changes. Almost immediately, there is a large drop in the number of colorful reef fish that live closely associated with the coral. With the loss of the small, colorful reef fish, there is a similar drop in the number of larger, more desirable, food fish. Therefore, with the loss of the coral, the whole ecological community of the reef is disrupted. While some scientists have expressed concern over the possibility of reefs disintegrating, there has been no demonstration that reefs are being washed away by the waves or that severe erosion will occur and change island masses.

No one really knows that the loss

ILLUSTRATION BY NICK GUERRERO

A hungry Triton Trumpet has captured his meal. The leopard-spotted foot clutches the starfish while the Triton files off a portion of the body with his proboscis. At lower left, the finger-like proboscis or snout is scooping out the internal organs which are eaten. The skin and thorns remain as underwater litter. At lower right, the shell has been turned over, revealing the partially consumed starfish and half-digested legs. Scientists are beginning to wonder whether the Triton's increasing scarcity may be due to the starfish developing a toxicity that poisons the Triton.



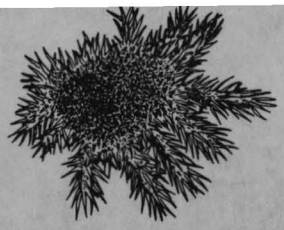
of living coral will mean to those people on the atolls that depend upon the reef as their major sources of protein. However, people are concerned enough that large sums of money are being spent to study the situation and bring the Crown-of-Thorns Starfish population under control.

As long ago as 1960, the Australian Government started studying the problem. They have found that the only known predator of the adult starfish is the giant Triton Trumpet mollusk—a rather rare shell that is especially desirable to shell collectors due to its size and coloring. An adult triton will eat approximately two large starfish a week. Under natural conditions, this seems to keep the population balanced.

But what happens when tourist and commercial shellers capture enough of the tritons to lower their effectiveness? Australia says that, as a result of uncontrolled shelling, they have now lost approximately 200 miles of the Great Barrier Reef to the Crown-of-Thorns. On reefs inaccessible to shellers, where there are still tritons, there is no starfish problem. However, the reefs near tourist centers, and accessible to the shellers, have serious starfish problems.

Australia is currently working on ways to raise tritons commercially so that large numbers can be set loose in infested areas. They also have established laws protecting giant tritons.

In 1968, the Government of Guam, provided money to hire teams of divers and to fund research at the University of Guam in an effort to control the Crown-of-Thorns there. The efforts are apparently paying off, but not before approximately 95% of the coral along some 25 miles of living reef was lost on the leeward side of the island and as yet a still unknown amount on the windward side.

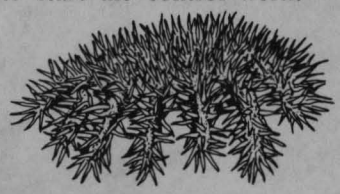


Early in 1969, Dr. Richard Chesher, a marine biologist of the University of Guam, who was in charge of the work on Guam, warned that the same problem might be widespread in the Trust Territory and, if not checked, could have lasting effects upon the people and economy of the area. Last summer, due to his efforts, a T.T. wide survey was conducted by Westinghouse Ocean Research Laboratory under contract with the U.S. Department of the Interior.

During this survey, teams consisting of 4 scientists each went to 16 Micronesian islands. At the same time the University of Hawaii directed 5 teams that surveyed 5 additional T.T. islands plus the Hawaiian Islands. From the report of the 21 Trust Territory islands surveyed, 9 had a population of starfish which was high enough to be considered infested. These were Saipan, Tinian, Rota, Truk, Ponape, Palau, Ant, Majuro, and Arno. Islands of Kapingamarangi, Nukuoro and Pingelap are questionable areas with high populations but showing very little damage. Normal populations were found on the islands of Yap, Ifalik, Woleai, Lamotrek, Kwajalein and Mokil. Of the other Pacific islands surveyed, Guam and Johnston Islands showed infestation, while Midway, Oahu, Kauai, Hawaii, Maui and French Frigate Shoals were reported clean.

The region including the Trust Territory and Guam contains some 2,100 islands. Of these, 20 were surveyed and, of those 20, ten were found to be infested with the Crown-of-Thorns Starfish. Can we extend this same ratio to cover the remaining non-surveyed islands?

The team leaders of the Westinghouse survey unanimously agreed that control measures should be taken. Based upon their recommendations, the U.S. Congress has approved the reprogramming of $200,000 of Trust Territory funds to start the control work.



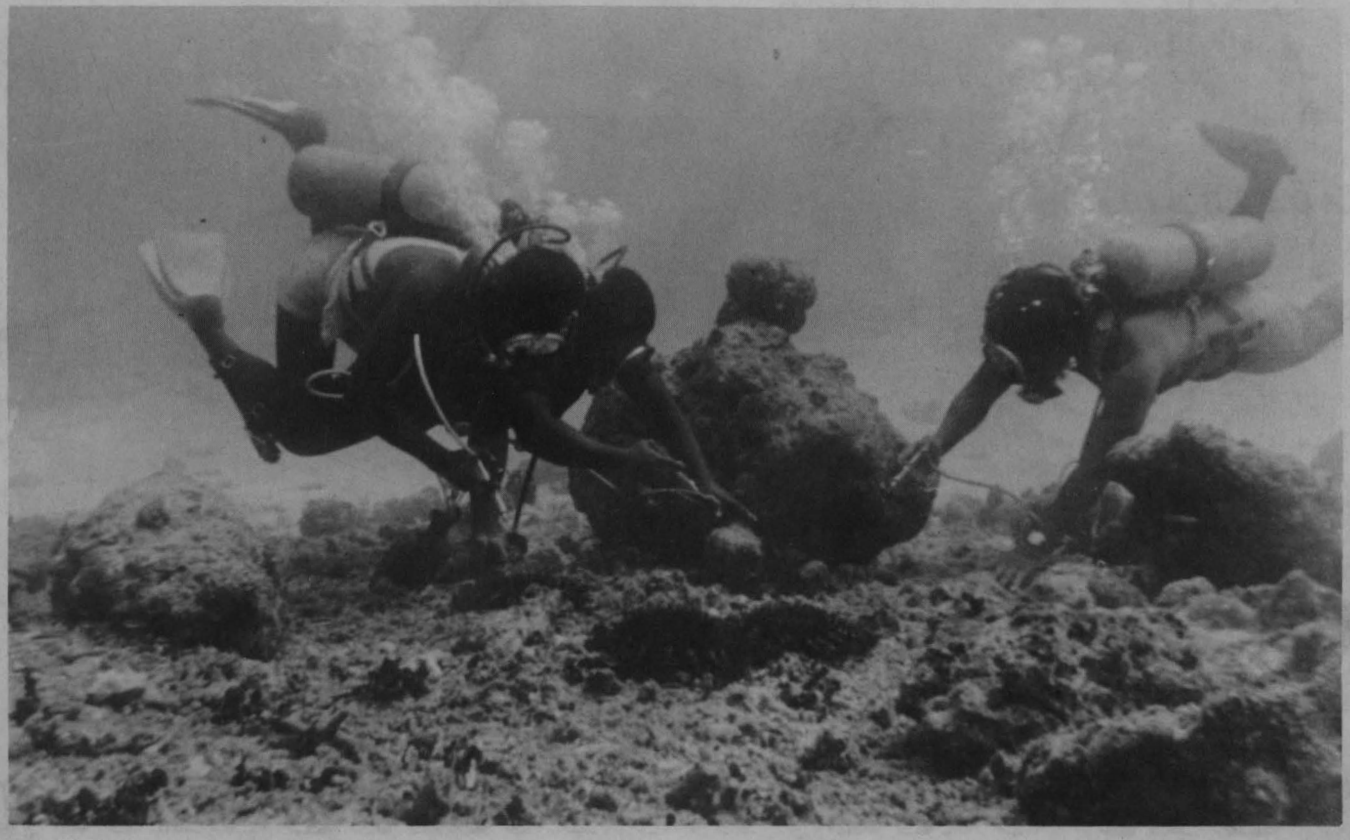
Teams of divers throughout the Trust Territory are currently being trained in scuba diving techniques and in methods of controlling the starfish. The main function of these divers will be to stop the rapid destruction of coral in infested areas, and to hold the population to a manageable level until research and studies are able to perfect control methods which will be simpler than the individual handling of the animals.

It is understood and admitted that divers, working with chemical injection guns that necessitate the handling of each animal, will not be able to reduce the level of the population below that which is considered to be normal in a natural condition. Therefore, words such as eradicate and exterminate should not be used. The program is designed to control an abnormal situation, not to drive these animals into extinction.

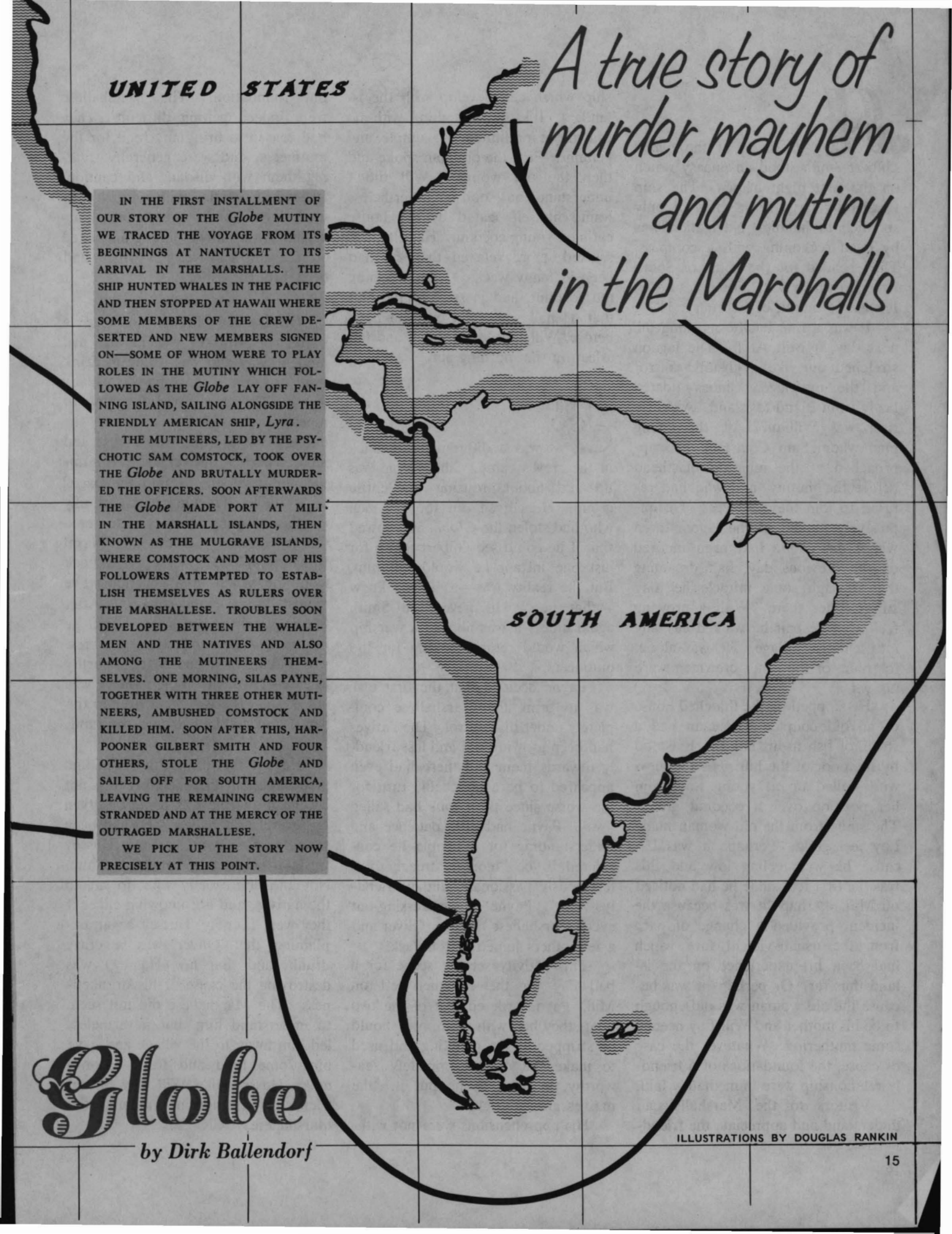
The common hypothesis among the people involved has been that man is probably responsible for the imbalance that has caused this outbreak. Whether this is by destroying a predator such as the Triton Trumpet, providing ideal places for the larvae to settle out due to blasting and dredging harbors and channels, or in other more subtle ways is not known. However, a great deal of work needs to be done in order to gain better understanding of the underwater community that exists on the coral reefs.

Star guns. These chemical injection weapons were designed especially for the starfish control program. A simple hot water bottle holds the formalin solution; one bagful enough to kill about 300 unwanted predators.

At work on the reef at Puntan Muchot, near Garapan, Saipan, is the Marianas starfish control team. During their first six months of hunting, the divers reduced the Acanthaster Planci population of Saipan's western reef by about 20,784 animals.



Mutiny on the Whaleship



A true story of murder, mayhem and mutiny in the Marshalls

Globe

by Dirk Ballendorf

IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF OUR STORY OF THE *Globe* MUTINY WE TRACED THE VOYAGE FROM ITS BEGINNINGS AT NANTUCKET TO ITS ARRIVAL IN THE MARSHALLS. THE SHIP HUNTED WHALES IN THE PACIFIC AND THEN STOPPED AT HAWAII WHERE SOME MEMBERS OF THE CREW DESERTED AND NEW MEMBERS SIGNED ON—SOME OF WHOM WERE TO PLAY ROLES IN THE MUTINY WHICH FOLLOWED AS THE *Globe* LAY OFF FANNING ISLAND, SAILING ALONGSIDE THE FRIENDLY AMERICAN SHIP, *Lyra*.

THE MUTINEERS, LED BY THE PSYCHOTIC SAM COMSTOCK, TOOK OVER THE *Globe* AND BRUTALLY MURDERED THE OFFICERS. SOON AFTERWARDS THE *Globe* MADE PORT AT MILI IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS, THEN KNOWN AS THE MULGRAVE ISLANDS, WHERE COMSTOCK AND MOST OF HIS FOLLOWERS ATTEMPTED TO ESTABLISH THEMSELVES AS RULERS OVER THE MARSHALLESE. TROUBLES SOON DEVELOPED BETWEEN THE WHALEMEN AND THE NATIVES AND ALSO AMONG THE MUTINEERS THEMSELVES. ONE MORNING, SILAS PAYNE, TOGETHER WITH THREE OTHER MUTINEERS, AMBUSHED COMSTOCK AND KILLED HIM. SOON AFTER THIS, HARPOONER GILBERT SMITH AND FOUR OTHERS, STOLE THE *Globe* AND SAILED OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA, LEAVING THE REMAINING CREWMEN STRANDED AND AT THE MERCY OF THE OUTRAGED MARSHALLESE.

WE PICK UP THE STORY NOW PRECISELY AT THIS POINT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS RANKIN

At the helm of the *Globe* Gilbert Smith stood an uneasy watch on the first night at sea. The ship was pretty large for a crew of only six men to handle. Navigation was by dead reckoning with a compass. They headed for the coast of South America which was 7,500 miles away. It was the month of February, 1824.

It was a fine Pacific morning the next day at Mili Atoll. The lagoon stretched out like a gigantic mirror and the out-rigger canoes floated lazily from island to island. An early riser was William Lay, the young man whom Sam Comstock had approached at the maintop masthead before the mutiny, and who had refused to join the mutineers. He impulsively looked at the lagoon area where the *Globe* had been moored on the previous day, half dreaming that through some miracle he may still see her there. With a growing feeling of despair he walked casually into a native village. He was alone, for none of the other crewmen were up yet.

He stopped by the thatched house of an old couple. The man had a string of fish in his hand as he stood by the door of the hut. His toothless wife smiled up at young Lay from her position over a coconut grater. The smile from the old woman made Lay feel good. Perhaps it was because he was feeling low and this was the first real smile he had noticed on Mili. Perhaps it was because the incident provided a change of pace from the usual violent fare which had been his experience on the island thus far. Or perhaps it was because the old woman was old enough to be his mother and Will Lay needed some mothering. Whatever the case or cause, the foundations of a friendly relationship were immediately laid.

Visitors to the Marshalls can understand and appreciate the friendship which can develop with the islanders. It's a casual thing with no drawn-out preliminaries; simple and genuine. First the old man spoke and then the old woman. Will didn't understand, but soon he nevertheless found himself seated by the house eating a young coconut. He felt quite relaxed, more relaxed than he had been in many weeks. After finishing the coconut, and in spite of the fact that he had awakened only an hour before, Will Lay leaned back and fell asleep in the morning sun.

It was a different story back at the crew's camp. Silas Payne was up and about, rousing the entire group. He cursed out the six men who had stolen the *Globe,* and vowed that if he could see Gilbert Smith for just one instant he would kill him. But the reality was—as Payne knew—that he would never see Smith again unless it was aboard a warship which would return looking for the mutineers.

Payne decided that the first task was to bring the Marshallese completely under his control. The natives had been growing less and less friendly towards them and there had even appeared to be a noticeable turn for the worse since the *Globe* had sailed away. Payne had little patience and understanding for a people he considered to be "morose, treacherous, ferociously passionate, and unfriendly. . . ." Payne began cursing-out every Marshallese he saw. Oliver and a few others joined in this task.

This activity set the scene for a bad day for the crewmen left on Mili. Payne ordered that of the two boats they had with them, one should be stripped to the planking and used to make the other completely seaworthy, in case, as he put it, "the natives grow difficult."

His apprehensions were not without foundation. The Marshallese were indeed getting difficult. They had ceased to bring any food for the mutineers, and were generally treating them with disdain and caution. Instead of reacting with patient gestures, Payne became even more arrogant. In a show of strength he fired off the ship's swivel-gun which had been brought ashore.

Oliver had brought ashore a barrel of whiskey which he had hidden away and was trying to drink in record time. Hence he was usually drunk. This scene was revolting to nineteen year old Cyrus Hussey, the *Globe's* cooper (one who makes and repairs barrels and casks). He immediately set out to find the barrel of whiskey. Tracking him carefully on this morning, Hussey discovered Oliver drinking from the barrel which was hidden some yards back from the beach in a coconut grove amidst some underbrush. After Oliver drank a few large drafts, he returned to the camp where the crew was making their one boat seaworthy in case of trouble. When Oliver was out of sight, Hussey went over to the barrel and emptied it onto the sand.

He did this task with speed and preoccupation and therefore did not recognize that he was being observed by several Marshallese who had been watching the entire scene. Hussey was startled as they came upon him. Not knowing exactly what to say to the natives, and not knowing either if they were friendly, Hussey began explaining that Oliver was a crazy drunk, and that he (Hussey) was destroying the cause of his drunkenness. The Marshallese did not seem to understand him, but nevertheless led him away to the village and gave him some food and fresh coconut milk. Hussey, like Will Lay, found friends that morning among the Marshallese.

Back at the crew's encampment on the beach, Payne continued to fire-off the swivel-gun. It did indeed impress the Marshallese, but the impression caused them to covet the gun rather than flee from it and they began to devise schemes for getting it into their possession.

For some days friction between the natives and the whalemen grew, with the exception of Will Lay and Cyrus Hussey. Instead friendship developed for them with the Marshallese. Both Lay and Hussey moved away from the whalemen's encampment and went to live in the village with the islanders. Payne and Oliver resented this and fancied that Lay and Hussey were getting the best pick of all the Marshallese girls while they were being neglected.

One night Payne and Oliver went out and seized two young girls, brought them to their tents, and installed them as their wives. The next morning one girl fled and Payne and Oliver, outraged, went to the village in search of her. Finding her among other women in a hut, they hauled her out, fired their muskets into the air, threw the girl in irons, and flogged her publicly.

They figured that this show of strength would demonstrate to the Marshallese once and for all who the superior people were on Mili. They were quite wrong. The Marshallese had taken the last straw. They actively sought a final solution to the problem of the white men.

The next morning the whalemen awoke to discover that the natives had taken their tool box. Payne noticed the large number of natives who were making themselves evident around the encampment. Oliver demanded that the tools be returned. Throughout the day there was bickering. The next morning Payne sent four armed men to recover the tools. They went to the village and returned with one hachet followed by a horde of Marshallese.

Then it happened. The first act of Marshallese aggression in history was recorded: a young islander picked up a piece of coral and hurled it at the white men. It was February 21, 1824. The jagged coral struck a glancing blow on the head of eighteen year old Roland Jones, one of the young crewmen who had taken no direct part in the mutiny, but who found himself soon allied with the mutineers. Jones staggered and fell onto the sandy beach. The Marshallese whooped with excitement at seeing that the white men were vulnerable. As the crewmen retreated slightly the islanders came forward and bombarded Jones with a torrent of coral stones, smashing his head to a pulp. Spears and clubs were then brought forth.

Using an admirable strategy, the Marshallese advance now turned away from the mutineers and to their boat. They came upon it and smashed it to bits. Payne was now terrified at the thought of being a complete prisoner amidst such an aggressive group of natives. In a surge of braveness he went out of his tent and parleyed with the Marshallese. All of the white men would surrender, he promised, and adopt the Marshallese way of life, and give up all their possessions, if only their lives would be spared.

The Marshallese didn't buy this entreaty. They pillaged the camp, destroying nearly all clothing and food. The mutineers must have realized now that their end was near. Their protests fell on deaf ears. Even women and children participated in the massacre of the whalemen. Roland Coffin was run through with a spear by an old woman. Young Columbus Worth, a nephew of the captain, and little more than a child, was crushed with clubs and stones. The other whalemen fell soon after. Payne and Oliver were the last to die, macerated with great coral stones. Within a few short moments the islanders killed seven men.

In the midst of the slaughter, Will Lay and Cyrus Hussey were led to safety by their Marshallese friends and their lives were spared, although neither had any knowledge at the time that the other was still alive. The next day the two youths were brought together. Happy at seeing one another, they exchanged accounts of the massacre and speculated that their time was not long in coming.

The natives led them to the scene of the killings and both were able to see the battered and mutilated bodies of the dead whalemen. Some were totally unrecognizable. The natives requested them to bury the bodies, and this they spent the morning in doing.

The story does not end here, although it would seem logical that it would had the natives gone on to kill the remaining two *Globe* crewmen. But they did not. The friendship which had been established between the natives and Lay and Hussey paid off in the end—as friendship usually does—by saving their lives. They both went on living with the natives on Mili for nearly two years.

During this time Lay and Hussey became the first white men to live among the Marshallese on a friendly basis. They also became the first white men to learn the Marshallese language.

Unfortunately neither of the men attempted to record the language in any way. But on their final return

to America they did write a book about their experiences which was published in 1828 under the title: *A Narrative of the Mutiny on Board the Whaleship Globe of Nantucket in the Pacific Ocean, Jan. 1824 and the Journal of a Residence of Two Years on the Mulgrave Islands with Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants.*

This document comes down to us today as one of the earliest accounts of the Marshallese culture. Although it is not a scientific account, it is nonetheless interesting and very exciting.

We shall now briefly consider some of this account as it relates to the conclusion of our story of the *Globe* mutiny.

For several days after the killing of the whalemen, Lay and Hussey were kept in the houses of their Marshallese friends in the village of Mili. Their future was uncertain and they spent restless days and sleepless nights. They were permitted to gather together the remaining supplies and clothing which had been left by the mutineers. They were both very grateful to get shoes to protect their feet from the sharp coral. It was clear to both boys that some of the Marshallese were against allowing them to remain on the island alive. But there was no way of telling what the general concensus was among the natives regarding their existence.

Finally, after a few days, a great feast was made and a celebration held by the islanders in commemoration of their victory over the white men. This over, the boys learned that they were to be made servants of the Marshallese and that they would have to completely adopt the Marshallese way of life. Their clothes were taken away; also their shoes, which was especially disappointing to Hussey. Hussey was given to a Marshallese named Lugoma, a strong and hot-tempered fellow from a distant island in the lagoon. Hussey reckoned him to be about thirty years old. He was taken away in Lugoma's canoe, and supposed, at the time, that he would not see Lay again.

Lay remained on Mili for a time and then was taken to another island, though not as distant as Lugoma's. He was given to the charge of a Marshallese named Ludjuan. Ludjuan insisted that Lay adopt the Marshallese way of life also, and forbid him to wear clothes or to read any books. The Bible which Lay had, was taken away. At the time the natives felt that books were evil and caused white men to conjure up bad activities.

Lay went to Judjuan's island and soon began to acquire a workable knowledge of the Marshallese language. One day he heard some natives talking while he was busy picking breadfruit. They were planning to kill him. He became alarmed for he could not understand why they harbored such ideas towards him. He had done nothing to provoke their wrath.

Soon he discovered that his presence, along with Hussey's, was being blamed for a disease which was visiting the islands. Nearly all the *iroij* felt that Lay and Hussey were to blame for the presence of the disease, and that the gods would be appeased if the boys were executed.

This concern on the part of the islanders led to the calling of a large council meeting at which the matter of the white men and their evil spirits were discussed. The vote in favor of the deaths of Lay and Hussey was unanimous except for one *iroij*, Lugoma, Hussey's owner. His argument against the executions was that the Mili god *Anit* had sent the disease to the island because he was disappointed with the natives for killing all the whalemen in such a brutal manner. He felt that if the boys were killed the god would become even more angry and cause the disease to spread further. The whole issue, however, really came to a head when Lugoma claimed that if the chiefs were going to execute the boys they would have to kill him as well!

This move on Lugoma's part spared the boys lives. Gradually the disease subsided however, and this was taken as proof that the decision to stay the executions was the right one and the boys were completely exonerated.

A few weeks after this great excitement ran through the native community when a ship was spotted on the horizon. Lay was brought out to see it and asked many questions. Where was the ship from? How many men were on it? Lay was momentarily hopeful for a rescue, but the next morning the ship was gone and it did not reappear. It was now June, 1824. William Lay and Cyrus Hussey had been living with the islanders for four months.

Back aboard the *Globe* Gilbert Smith was awakened from a sound sleep by the cries of Peter Kidder who was announcing the spotting of a ship. The six men aboard the *Globe* scrambled to the fore deck to see a Chilean merchant ship approaching. During the past four months the *Globe* under Smith's direction, had slowly worked its way through a miriad of islands and across 7,500 miles of ocean.

Their hope was fading, for when they had seen other ships they had failed in hailing them. Now things were different. The Chilean ship was coming close. The merchantman hoved to and Smith went aboard to relate his story to the Chilean captain. The captain put some hands aboard and soon the *Globe* was bound for nearby Valparaiso harbor. The *Globe's* long

Pacific journey was coming close to an end. It was June 30, 1824.

Michael Hogan, Esq., was the American consul at Valparaiso. He ordered the six men arrested and put in irons. After three months had passed, an American sea captain was given command of the *Globe*.

It set sail with Gilbert Smith as first mate, and on November 14, 1824, the *Globe* returned to Edgartown harbor at Martha's Vineyard. A trial was held and all six men were acquitted. The real culprits, as far as anyone knew, were still on Mili atoll.

The whaling merchants of Nantucket sent a petition to Washington, D.C. requesting the dispatch of a U.S. Naval vessel to Mili to seek out the mutineers and survivors. The then Secretary of the Navy, Samuel Southard, ordered Commodore Isaac Hull at Valpariso, Chile, to seek out the mutineers. Hull designated Captain John "Mad Jack" Percival to take the ship *Dolphin* to search for the mutineers in Micronesian waters. On August 18, 1825, the *Dolphin* set sail for the Marshall Islands.

Bill Lay and Cyrus Hussey were still alive on Mili and in their nineteenth month of captivity with the natives when the *Dolphin* set sail. They had become quite "Marshallized" during their stay. Their hair had grown very long and was knotted at the top. Their bodies were browned by the sun so that from a distance they appeared to be natives. They were fluent Marshallese speakers. The two had seen each other from time to time, but most of the time were separated. They had endured the times of famine, a drought with the natives, and had also become involved in some native rivalries.

The *Dolphin* reached Mili around the middle of November, 1825. The sight of a warship excited the natives. They wanted no repeat performances of the *Globe* affair, but at the same time they wanted to keep Lay and

Hussey on Mili.

In an effort to discourage Percival's search parties, the Marshallese spirited the boys from one island to another in the lagoon. Both boys were very anxious for they wanted to be rescued, and at the same time wanted no harm to come to the islanders. Their entreaties to the natives to allow them to talk with the American captain and crew were met with rejections.

It seemed that the Marshallese, having been impressed with the white men's guns before, now saw the chance to get some guns of their own from the newly arrived Americans. Capitalizing on this, Lay suggested that he be permitted to wade into the water when the *Dolphin's* launch appeared the next time, and entice the Americans ashore whereupon the Marshallese could overpower them and take their weapons.

Aboard the *Dolphin* Percival was doggedly pursuing his task. He had been anchored for several days just off the head of the atoll, but could not find any mutineers. He knew they were there, either dead or alive, because he had noticed evidences of them. The *Dolphin's* crew had noticed that some of the native canoes had been patched with ash planking from a whaleboat. Particles of clothing and a whaler's lance had also been found.

On the second day of their search of Mili atoll the *Dolphin* crew had discovered a grave with a skeleton protruding from it. Captain Percival appointed Lt. Hiram Paulding to go ashore, parley with the natives, and find the survivors if there were any.

It was Hiram Paulding then, who was leader of the party in the launch as it came ashore the next morning; supposedly into a trap. Will Lay wadded into the lagoon to meet the launch. He appeared as a native to the sailors, so it wasn't until he spoke English that they were able to single him out.

The situation was a bit tense. Lay came closer to the launch while the natives ashore prepared to overpower the Americans. Lay told the sailors that the natives were planning to kill them all. At this word Paulding had his men level their guns at the islanders. The natives began to realize that the plan would not work, and that in fact the Americans had quite an advantage with all their guns. In a few moments the tenseness was over as Lay was clearly in the hands of the Americans and the natives were grouped alone on the beach.

When the men were safely pushed off from the island in the launch there was a flurry of questions from both sides. The appearance of Lay was amusing to the sailors, and Paulding was anxious to discover the whereabouts of Cyrus Hussey whom Lay had said was the only survivor.

The launch proceeded directly to the island where Hussey was held and the sailors went ashore immediately. Lay interpreted for the group and soon Hussey was brought forward. Lugoma, on seeing that Lay had been freed, made no protests when Hussey proceeded to get into the launch. It was November 29, 1825. William Lay and Cyrus Hussey ended twenty-two months of confinement on Mili atoll.

Before setting sail a party from the *Dolphin* came ashore to collect the remains of the mutineer, Sam Comstock. His skeleton was exhumed and his cutlass and skull were taken aboard the *Dolphin* to be returned to America. The natives then returned Hussey's musket and Bible and gave him some gifts as a remembrance of his life on Mili. Lugoma was very sad to see Cyrus leaving. Paulding presented the natives with some gifts and the launch shoved off; this time for good.

The *Dolphin* headed for Valparaiso where Hussey and Lay were turned over to Commodore Hull who sent them on to New York where they finally landed in April, 1827, four years and four months after their departure from Nantucket aboard the ill-fated whaleship *Globe*.

The imaginative mind can claim the *Globe* encounter as the starting point in the introduction of western culture to the people of the Marshalls. The history of the islands changed with the voyage of the *Globe*. And the story of the voyage is worth retelling. The life of Lay and Hussey on Mili was a prelude to the coming of other Americans to the Marshalls—the missionaries—who landed thirty years later and established a mission at Jaluit.

The voyage of the *Globe* is remembered in America as well. Those who may sometime visit the old graveyard at Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard can find a headstone with the inscription: "Roland, son of Roland and May Jones, was killed by the natives at one of the Mulgrave Islands, Feb. 21, 1824, aged 18 years."

IN YEARS THAT ARE COMING THE SEAMEN WILL TELL
OF MURDERS AND MURDERED, AND MURDERER'S YELLS.
THE TALE, THE LONE WATCH OF NIGHT WILL BEGUILE
WHEN THEY SAIL BY THE SHORES OF THAT DESOLATE ISLE.
AND THEIR BEACON SHALL BE, AS THEY THITHERWARD STEER,
THE BLACK ROCK ON THE GRAVE OF THE YOUNG MUTINEER.

from the poem, "The Young Mutineer" by Henry Glover of Nantucket, a schoolmate of Samuel B. Comstock.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MICRONESIA ARTS FESTIVAL AWARDS

a portfolio
of the twenty-four
top prize-winning
entries
photographed by
Johannes Ngiraibuuch
with editorial comment by
C. M. Ashman

Best in the Show

First Place
"Sakau"
Deruit Marume
Ponape

In a rather quiet atmosphere, Micronesia's second annual Art Fest made brief appearances on Saipan and Guam early in April. While the arts festival did not attract the crowds of the 1969 show (it slipped by unnoticed by many Saipan residents) it did present high quality craftsmanship by Micronesian artists from all six districts of the Trust Territory.

Once again, wood-carving captured the favor of judges and patrons. Named "Best In Show" was the delicately sculpted setting of two islanders squeezing sakau roots for a Ponapean tippling-fest. Oil paintings and items of stitchery also ranked high.

Natural talent and practiced skills are demonstrated in the photographs on the following pages, showing the top three entries in each of eight categories. A ninth division, photography, was eliminated from judging because of insufficient participation; only one individual submitted handiwork for this form of art.

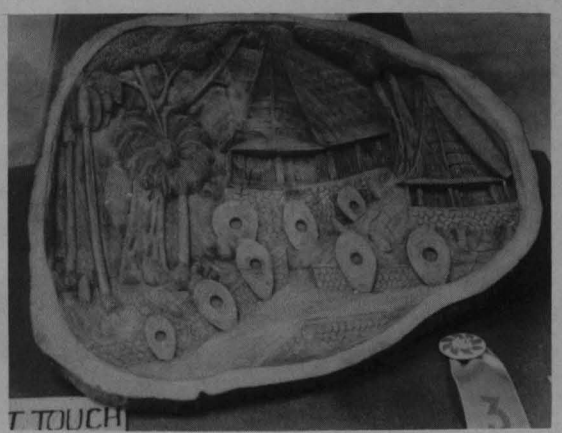
Competition this year was limited to Micronesian citizens, resulting in a considerably lower number of entries. A few non-Micronesian artists, however did submit their work as an added feature of the territory-wide gathering of objects of art.

There has been some serious discussion of suspending future Art Fests until some indefinite, distant, future date. Lack of artist participation and not enough willing leaders are named as reasons for not beginning plans for another show. This should not be allowed to happen. Micronesian art is good. In fact, it is excellent.

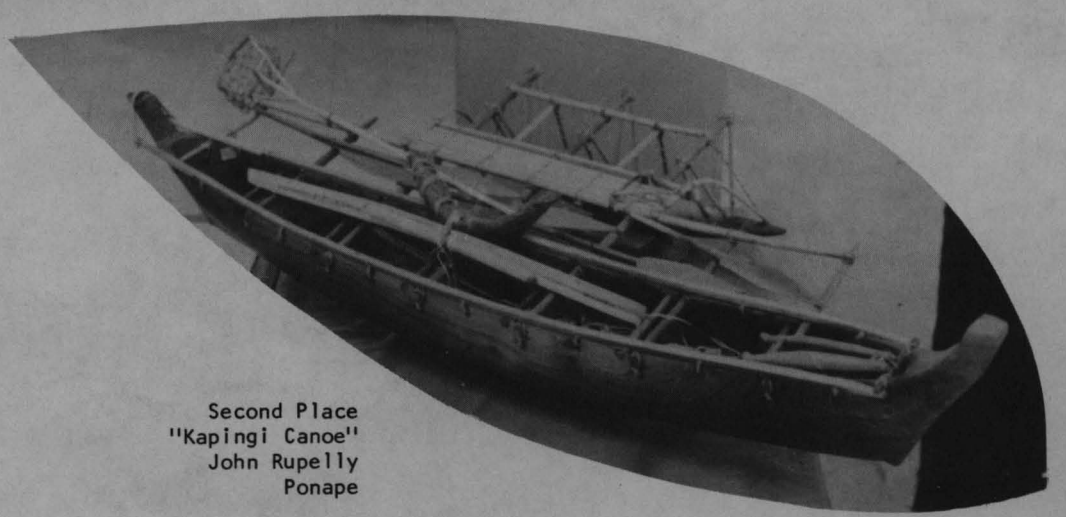
If there has been a lack of willing leadership, this problem has not been widely recognized. Certainly in all districts there are many residents today who believe in the importance of an annual arts festival, including many who thought no additional help was needed this year. Now is the time to step forward and offer assistance. A letter volunteering support should be sent right now to The Society of Micronesia Arts and Crafts, Saipan, Mariana Islands, 96950.

The handful of energetic, dedicated SMAC members, who worked so diligently

CARVINGS



Third Place
"Village Center"
Walter Chieng
Yap



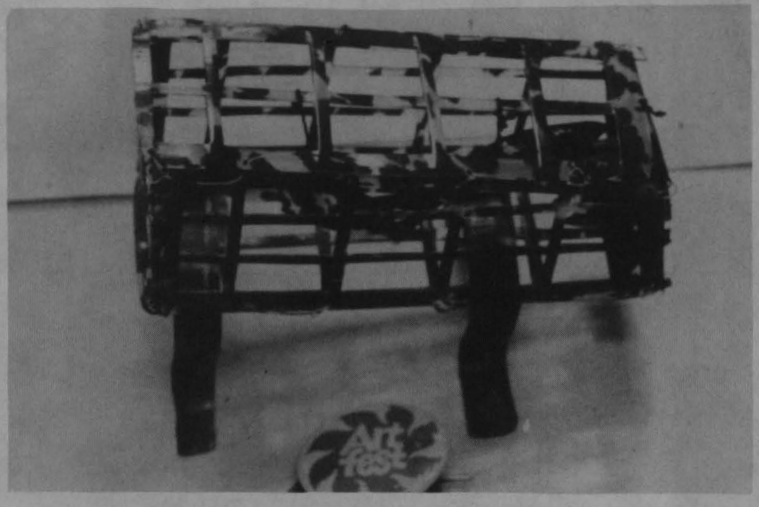
Second Place
"Kapingi Canoe"
John Rupelly
Ponape

on this year's exhibition, can use a full, territory-wide roster of volunteers from which to summon support. Help is needed to share in the mission of encouraging artists and craftsmen to take pride in a public showing of their work. No doubt there are many fine, but humble artisans who have not yet been sold on the idea that this art show is not held solely for the purpose of trying to win first prize, but to display those skills, traditional and modern, that are an important element in our region's culture.

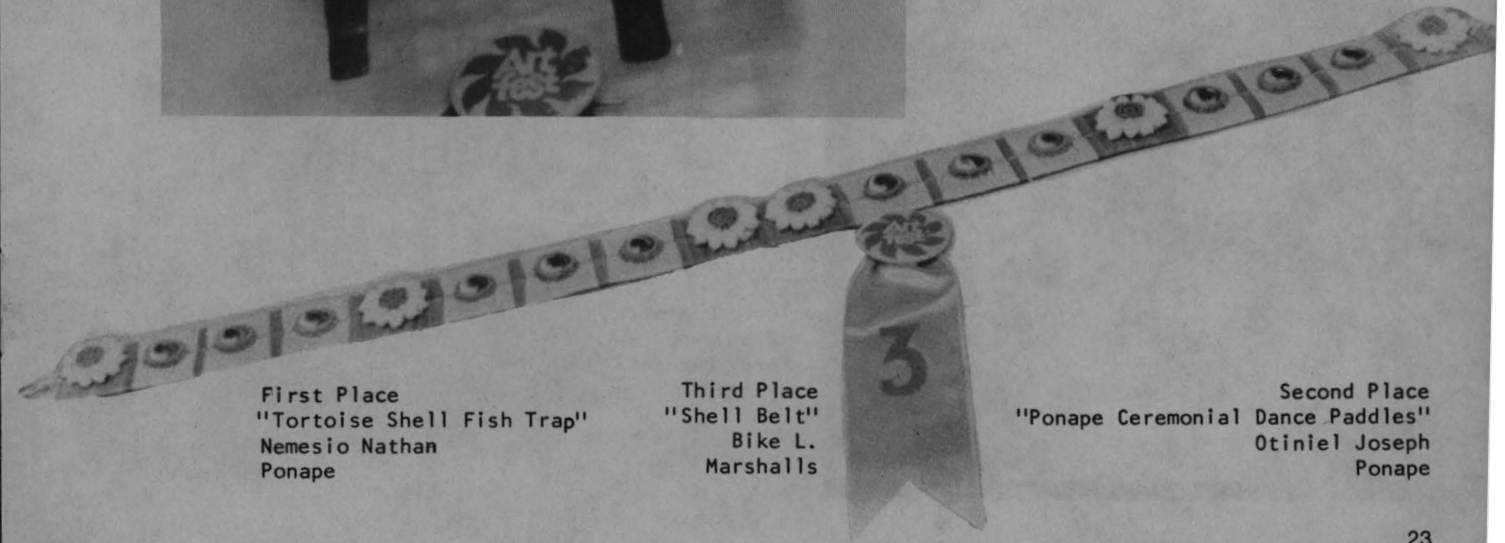
Volunteers also are needed to share in the multitude of tasks necessary to collect, ship and display material for an exhibition. More than just artists are needed to put on a successful display.

The Second Art Fest does not have to be the final one. It can be the second step in the beginning of a community affair that will stimulate a deeper and continuing interest in the traditional arts and crafts of Micronesia and the development of individual talent and skill in the wide variety of today's forms of art.

Art Fest is not dead. What's needed are a few more transfusions.



OTHER HANDICRAFT

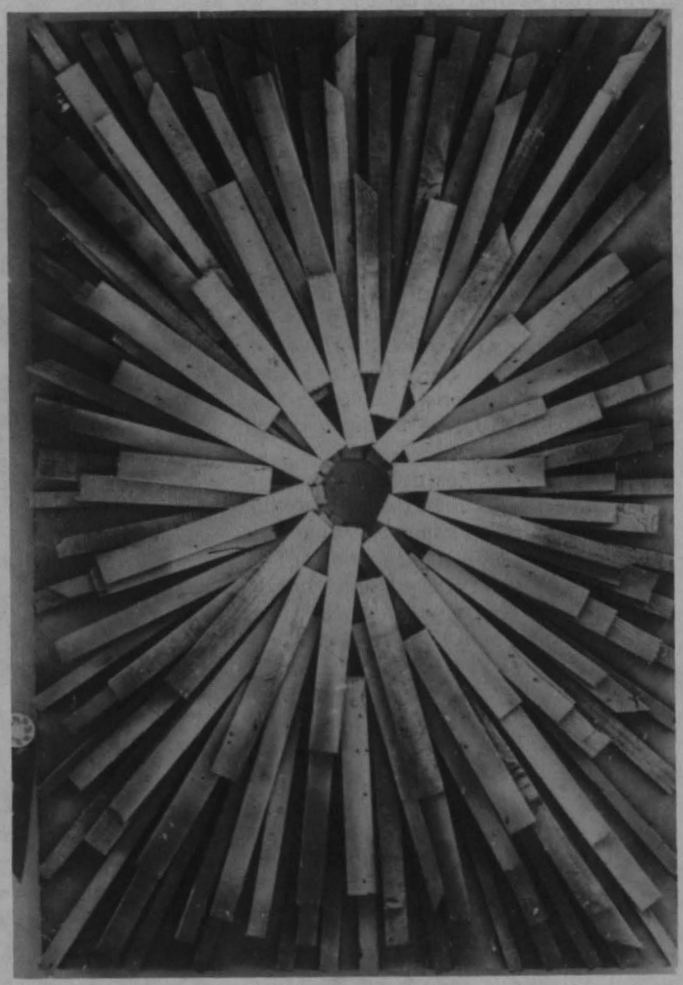


First Place
"Tortoise Shell Fish Trap"
Nemesio Nathan
Ponape

Third Place
"Shell Belt"
Bike L.
Marshalls

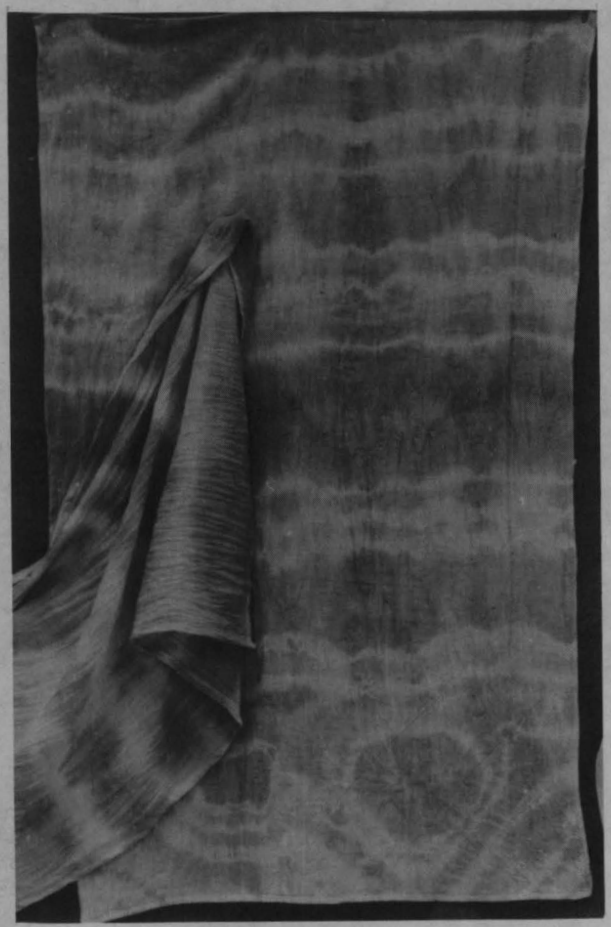
Second Place
"Ponape Ceremonial Dance Paddles"
Otiniel Joseph
Ponape

Second Place
"Resign"
Lillian Camacho
Marianas



First Place
"Sunburst"
Carlos Blanco"
Marianas

MIXED MEDIA



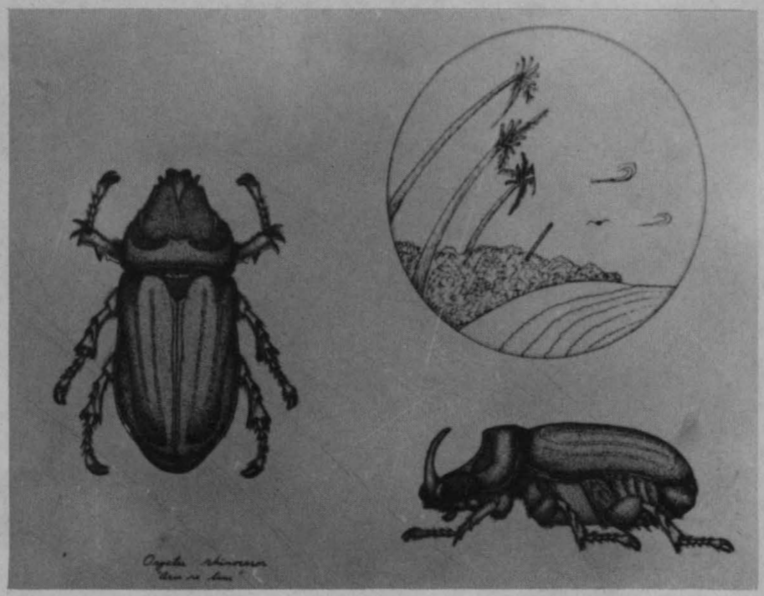
Third Place
"Tie Dying"
Mercy Cepeda
Marianas

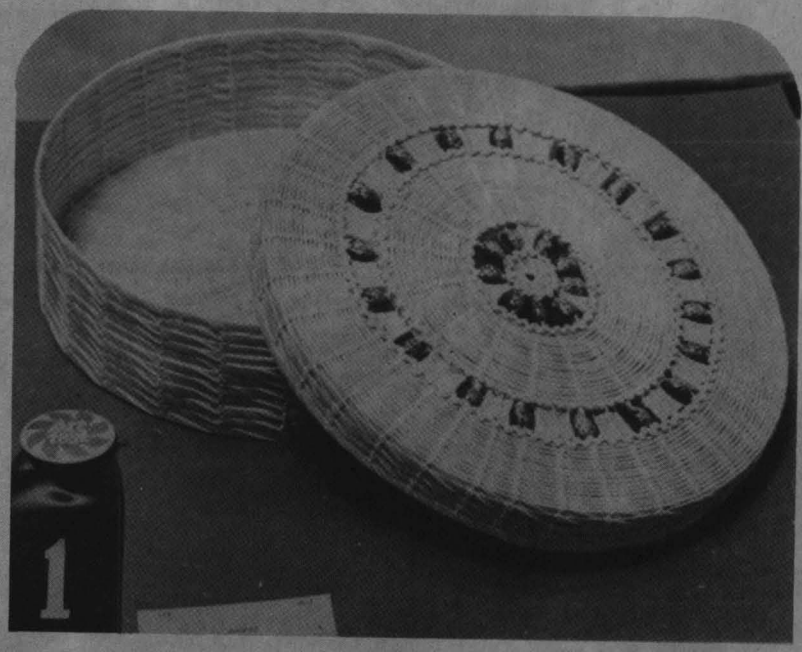
Second Place
"Drawing in Pencil"
Kodep Kloulechad
Palau

DRAWING

Third Place
"Plant of Palau"
Takesi Suzuki
Palau

First Place
"Coconut Rhino Beetle"
Takesi Suzuki
Palau



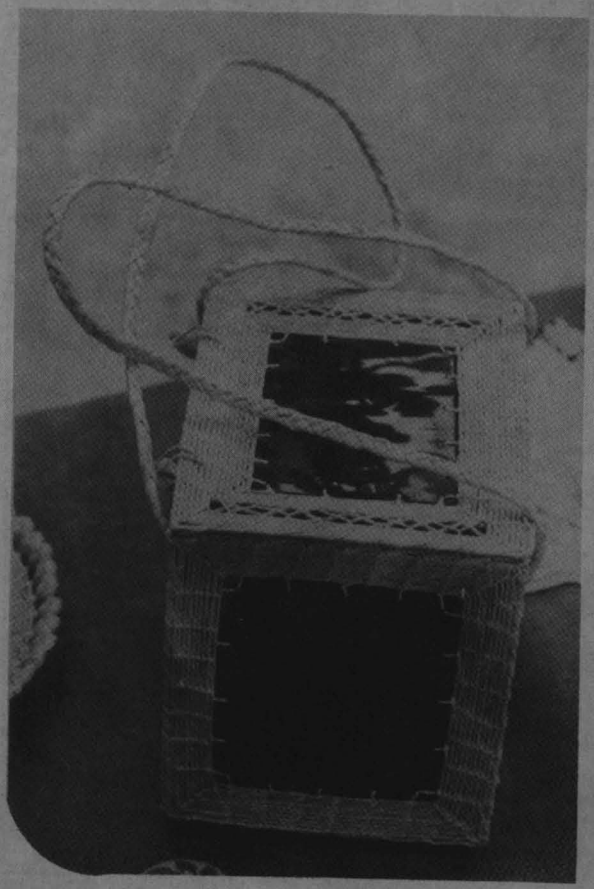


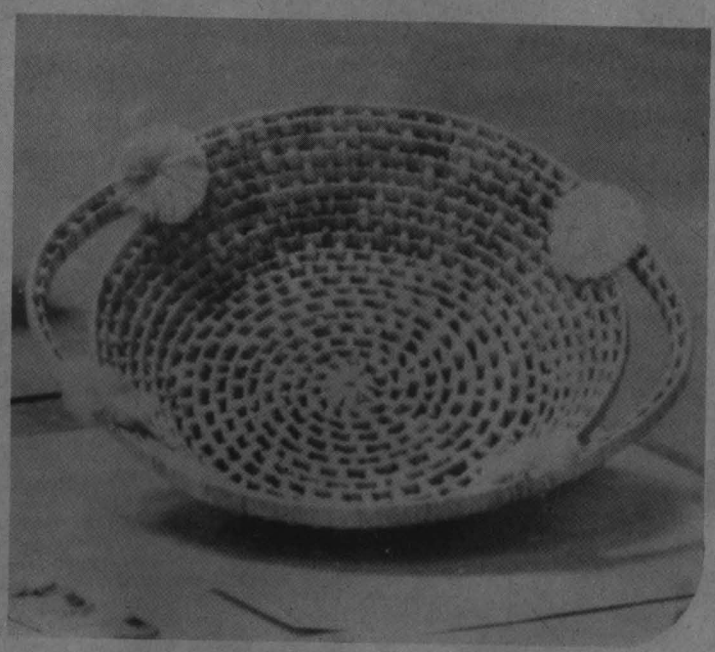
First Place
"Basket"
Neito Sailao
Marshalls

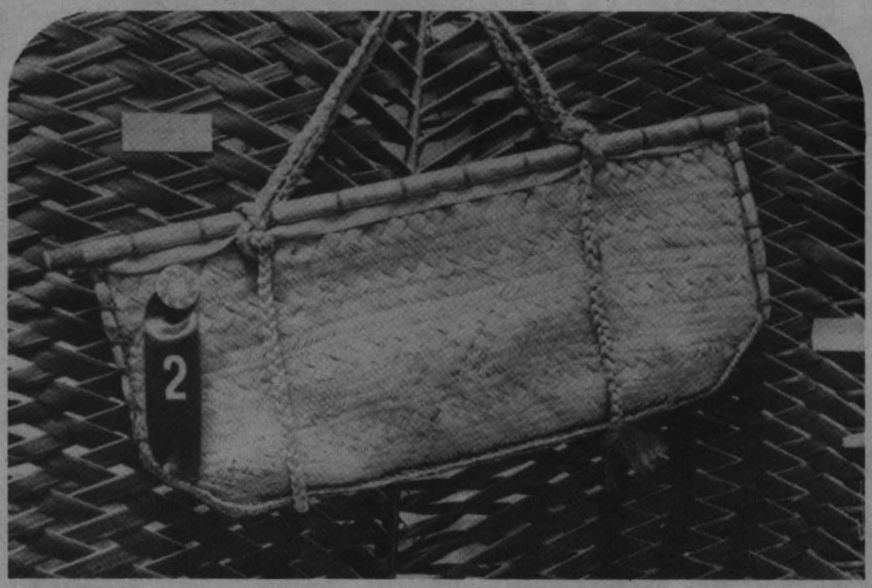
Second Place
"Tortoise Shell Handbag"
Adela Alfred
Ponape

STITCHERY

Third Place
"Breadbasket"
Priter
Ponape



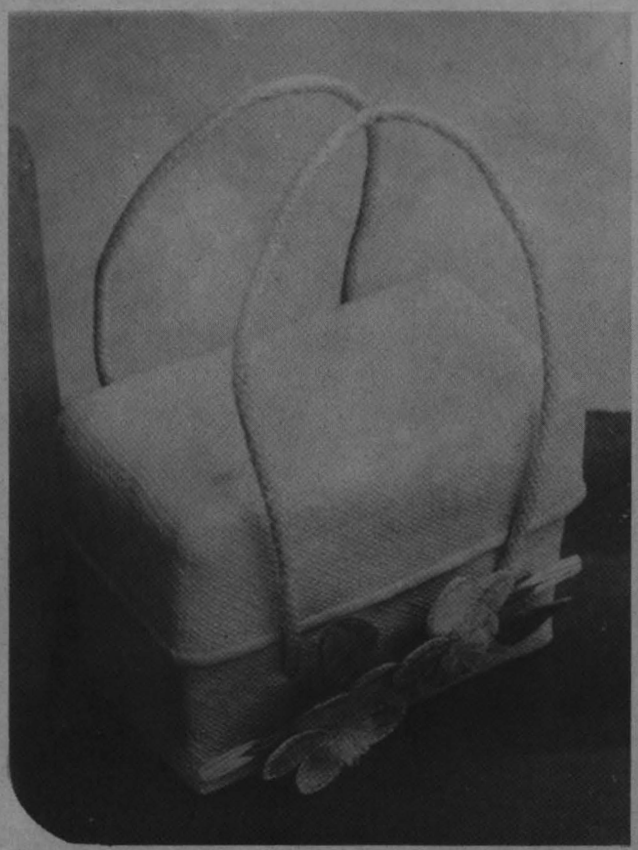




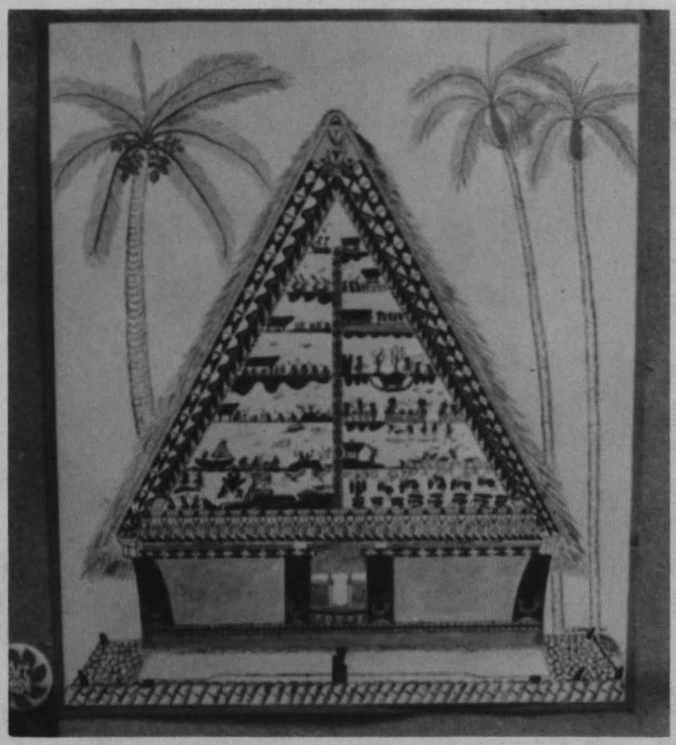
Second Place
"Baby Basket"
Chochol
Yap

WEAVING

Third Place
"Kili Bag"
Jessica E.
Marshalls



First Place
"Lava Lava"
Uyuan
Yap

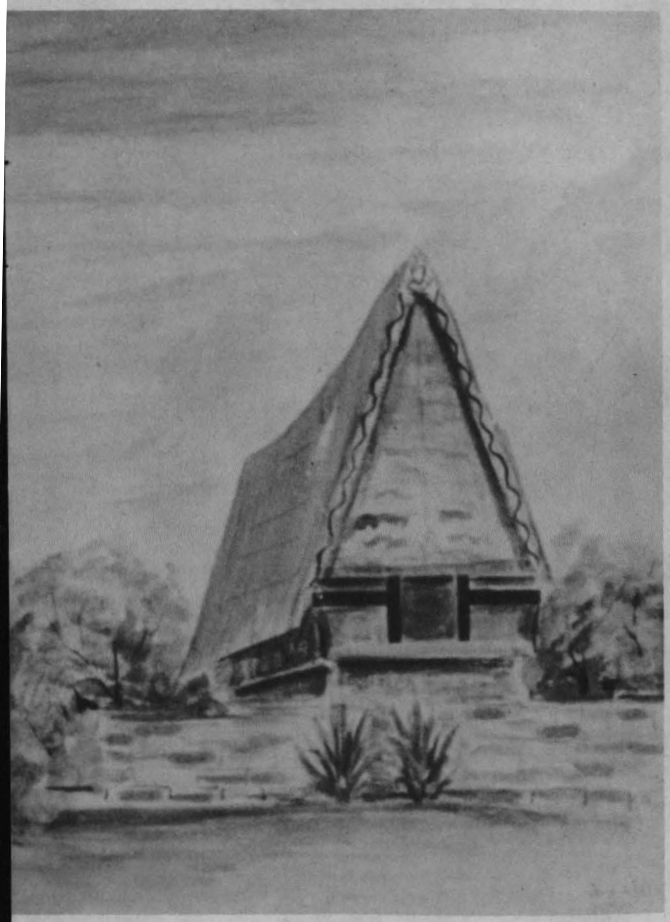


Second Place
"Palauan Meeting House"
Johnnie Gibbons
Palau

Third Place
"Water Trail"
Johnny P. Kishigawa
Palau

PAINTING

First Place
"Bai Meeting House"
Johnny P. Kishigawa
Palau



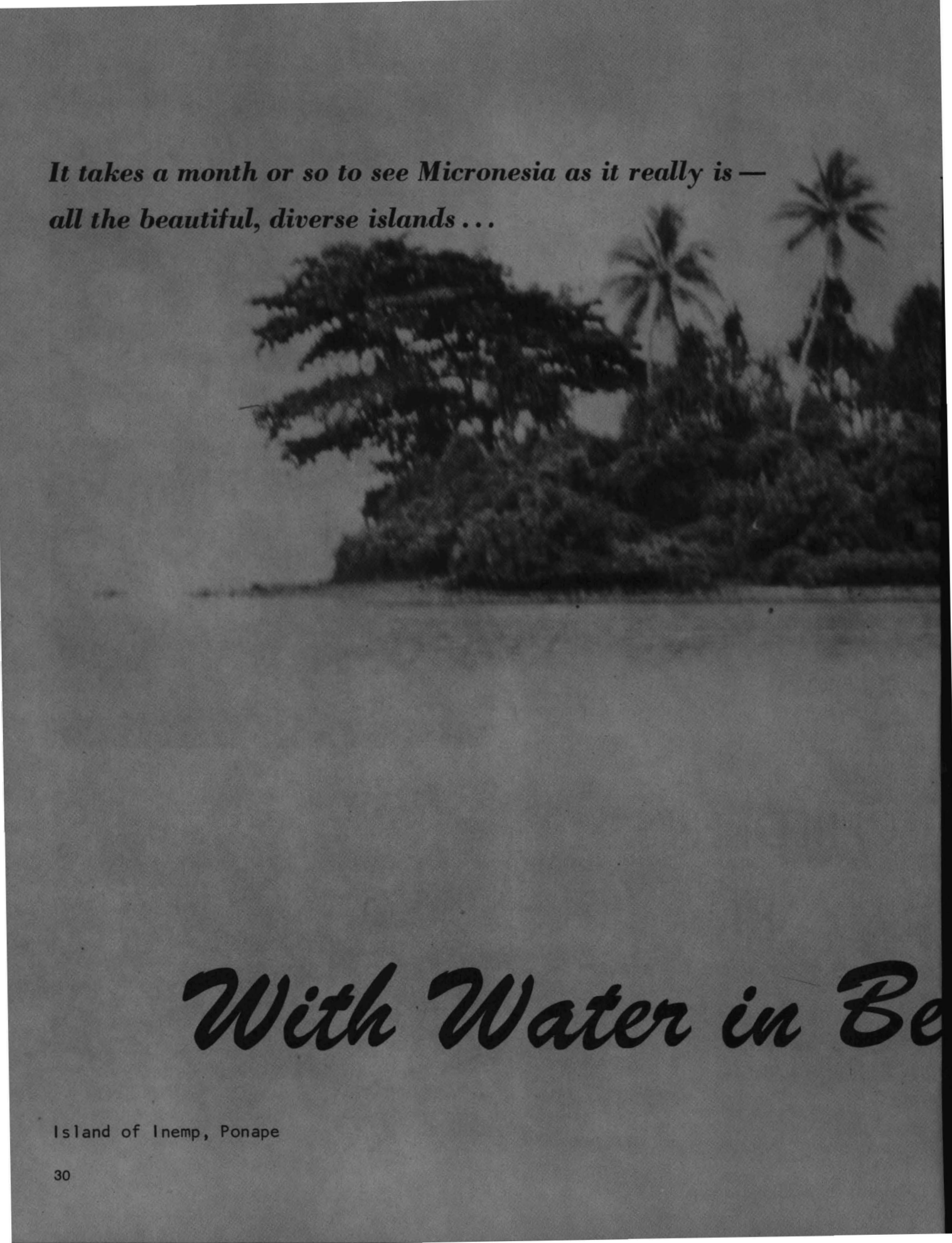
First Place
"Abai"
Ray Ihara
Palau

Second Place
"Leaves"
Room 3 Students
Yap

CHILDREN'S ART

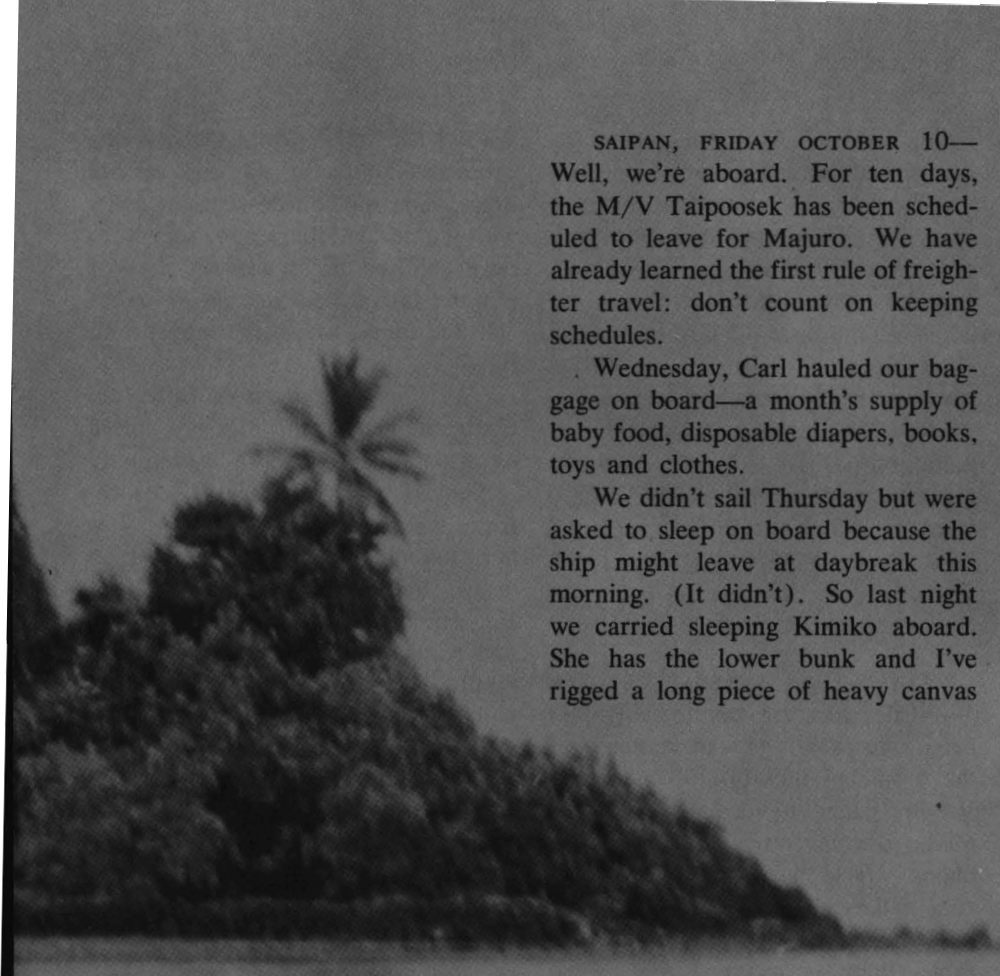
Third Place
"Canoe Path"
Kevin Ihara
Palau

It takes a month or so to see Micronesia as it really is — all the beautiful, diverse islands . . .



With Water in Be

Island of Inemp, Ponape



tween

by Marjorie Smith

SAIPAN, FRIDAY OCTOBER 10—Well, we're aboard. For ten days, the M/V Taipoosek has been scheduled to leave for Majuro. We have already learned the first rule of freighter travel: don't count on keeping schedules.

Wednesday, Carl hauled our baggage on board—a month's supply of baby food, disposable diapers, books, toys and clothes.

We didn't sail Thursday but were asked to sleep on board because the ship might leave at daybreak this morning. (It didn't). So last night we carried sleeping Kimiko aboard. She has the lower bunk and I've rigged a long piece of heavy canvas so it makes a sort of crib for her. With her safely in bed, Carl and I went out to watch the cargo loading operations for awhile—really quite spectacular at night as they swing cars and pallets of cement aboard under the spotlights.

There are those among my friends who consider me absolutely insane for embarking on a pleasure trip with a ten-month-old baby. But I am determined to see the eastern districts, and I don't want to leave Kim behind.

Our cabin is on the deck just below the bridge, with the boat deck right outside, and is the only one with a private bath.

There are only four other passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver are tourists from California, bound from Japan to Majuro. Billy Joe Poindexter is a deck passenger, a picturesque drifter, bound for Ponape. MILI's passenger manager described him as looking like a confederate soldier who'd been exhumed. He wears a red hat shaped like a tin pan, has a grizzly grey beard braided into a funny pigtail, and has a bicycle, disassembled, which he plans to use on the various islands. Leonilla is Ponapean, about 20 years old,returning home after a year in the Marianas. She didn't show up for breakfast this morning—according to Saimon, the Ponapean cabin boy, she was seasick. An unfortunate omen, since we're still firmly tied to the dock.

AT SEA! 7:30 P.M.—At last the ship is moving. There's something helpless about a ship tied at a dock, but on the seas, it comes into its own, beautiful, competent, a world in its own universe.

We have added another passenger as far as Guam—Gil Hofling from MILI. We sailed out of the lagoon tonight into a magnificent Saipan sunset, and Gil commented that he hates "a wishy-washy sky." Said he came to Micronesia in search of a sky with character. And found it.

The Taipoosek will get a new captain in Guam. The present captain is ill and will leave in Guam for Hong Kong. His dog, Judy, will stay aboard in care of the first mate, Mr. Mathison. Judy seems willing to tolerate me on her deck, but is dubious about Kimi-chan. The captain says she has never known any children before.

The water sings past us, black and smelling of salt and eternity. It is exciting to see the lights of Saipan fading away to the north. The journey has begun.

GUAM, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11—Kimiko has discovered her ears and likes to hold on to both of them, pulling them forward. Billy Joe, our eccentric in residence, says she's listening to God.

The new captain came aboard after we docked in Apra Harbor this morning. He's young and chubby and doesn't look much like my image of a captain or an Englishman. But we shall see . . .

One of the things I notice about Guam now when I come back: there are too many "statesiders" here. Somehow, I feel out of place.

GUAM SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12—We got acquainted with the new captain this morning. His name is Chris Farren and the reason he doesn't look English, I guess, is that he's Irish. He offered to carry the diaper bag to where I'd parked my rental car, an offer not to be taken lightly since the bag also contains two cameras and enough food and clothes to keep Kim and me both going for two days. As we walked, I chattered about Micronesia, and the easy-goingness that drives efficiency experts (and probably ship captains) wild. I think Captain Farren is willing to give the islands a chance.

AT SEA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 13—I stare for long minutes across the undulating vastness of this ocean with the even horizon surrounding me, and I think about my continent and that I was born in its very center. I remember flying two years ago from Vancouver to Montreal—white winter emptiness stretched below us, the world running straight to the North Pole, and I asked myself if I could still be a child of the north after these years and these islands. I concluded that I was really a child of the elements, whatever they may be, and I reach the same conclusion today.

Guam was beautiful as we sailed away. Green, mountainous, stretching on and on—Agat village climbing the ruffled hills, Umatac cupped at the foot of the mountains, Merizo sprawling in flowers along the southern shore, attended by low Cocos Island. As we turned southeast, we could see the eastern coastline of cliffs fading into the mist, a long palace stockade rising from the sea.

The Olivers are good travel companions—positive attitude, interesting background. He is the retired warden of Folsom Prison. ("Yes," he says, almost automatically, "I was warden when Johnny Cash did his concert there.")

STILL AT SEA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14—Life goes on comfortably. I'd been warned not to expect much of the food, but thus far it's been fine. We are called to meals by Peter or Moses banging on a miniature xylophone whose metal sounding strips keep falling off, clattering musically onto the floor. When we arrive at the table, there is a typed menu—the food usually more exotic on paper than on the plate. My favorite is "cold slow salad."

Every morning for eight months, Mr. Mathison has ordered poached eggs and every morning the stewards ask politely, "How do you want your eggs?" He growls at them under his breath after he's ordered. He's an oldtimer, set in his ways, and must be the very Scot the word "dour" was invented to describe. I understand from Art Oliver, who sometimes succeeds in luring him into conversation, that he retired once but couldn't stand the idleness of life ashore.

Kimiko's adventure yesterday was to dive out of the bunk, presumably on her head. I was sitting out on deck, reading "Nicholas Nickleby" (I don't know why I brought Dickens instead of Maugham or Conrad) while Kim was napping. Suddenly Mac, the captain's cabin boy, hurried to tell me that the baby was awake. And so she was, crawling around the cabin screaming at the top of her lungs. She quieted down right away with some cuddling and seems to have suffered no ill effects. Now I put the life jackets on the floor beside the bunk, to cushion any future falls.

We don't see much of Billy Joe. Crew members bring him hot coffee occasionally and he has a large supply of canned beans. He waves at Kimi from the cargo deck when he sees her. Leonilla has begun coming to meals. She is shy and unsure of her English, but between Bernice Oliver and Kimi, she's being swept into the family. Kim has also made friends with the stewards. Peter takes her for walks through the crews' quarters and Quoc, the Chinese second mate, and Stephens, a Chinese cadet, feed her cookies and invite her up to the bridge. Even Judy the dog has stopped growling when she sees Kim.

Today the captain was interviewing the crew members, one by one. They are mostly Ponapeans and Trukese with a few Saipanese . . . only one Palauan, with the soft rolling speech that has always enchanted me. The head of the deck crew is from Fiji, but lived for years in the Marshalls. Except for the captain (Irish) and the first mate and chief engineer (Scottish), the officers and engineers are all Chinese. We are to acquire a Filipino chief steward in Truk, so we are quite an international world afloat.

We've sailed for two full days now and one night, with a second night to go. Think how huge the ocean must have seemed to Captain Cook, dependent on the wind with no idea where he would end up or what he would find.

TRUK LAGOON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15—At 5:30 this morning there was a knock at the door. In the corridor I found Captain Farren grinning broadly in triumph. "Islands! I

found islands!" Sure enough, stretching along the horizon to the south were islands, grey silhouettes on a silver blue sea and sky.

The MILI pilot who came out aboard the funny tugboat "Hopeful" was Lee Katindoy, the famous Captain Lee, an extraordinarily handsome and charming Filipino to whom island legend attributes a wife or girlfriend in every port between Manila and Honolulu. He brought us to within a mile of the Moen dock, and here we've sat ever since, waiting for the M/V Asmari to get out of Moen's only berth.

No big thing, really. We were originally scheduled for only three days in Truk, but Mr. Mathison says we'll be in port for seven or eight days and spend the same amount of time in Ponape. I'm certainly going to get my money's worth out of my $128 ticket to Majuro, although we may run out of diapers and baby food.

I've seen approximately this view of Truk before, when we flew through last year. The colors of the water and the shapes of the various islands are spectacular, but this could get boring sitting out here, just waiting. But the sun is shining, the scenery is glorious, and Kim is being a doll. She just had a tea party on deck—fruit juice and cookies. We gave a cookie to Judy and now she seems to have accepted us.

MOEN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16—The Asmari finally moved out and about four we docked. I was looking down, searching the dock for familiar faces, and saw two: Hugh Reilly and Manny Muna, both from MILI in Saipan. "I think you've got the wrong island after all," I told Captain Farren. "This must be Saipan."

Hugh took us swimming at South Field and Don and Sis Duck, old friends from our Guam days, have been showing us around since. Leonilla is willing to babysit for me, if I go out at night and want to leave Kim on board, so things are working out well.

First impressions of Truk: I like it! All this "Stuck in Truk" business is nonsense. The scenery is beautiful. I'm delighted by the huge trees and deep shade, coming as I do from the typhoon-haunted Marianas. And the Trukese people strike me as especially handsome, healthy and friendly.

Kimi continues to make friends. This morning she stood on the boat deck waving at the stevedores as they worked below in the hold. Of course, they had to stop work and wave back.

Truk is on limited water hours, and the ship starts them tomorrow two hours of water in the morning and evening; one hour at noon. They had expected to take on water here, but Truk can't spare any. There aren't pumping facilities in Ponape and there's never water available in Majuro, so the Taipoosek has to make do with what's aboard until it gets to Japan, a month away.

TRUK LAGOON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19—Friday Sis and I went over to Dublon . . . a very interesting island, full of ghosts of past glory. Yesterday we drove out to visit Xavier High School (Micronesia may be the only place in the world where parochial schools rank as one of the more prominent tourist attractions).

Yesterday evening we gave up the dock so the Mobil Oil tanker could come in and off-load. They said it would only take twelve hours, but now Captain Lee says we won't get back to dock before tomorrow morning. So we won't be leaving Truk until Wednesday or Thursday.

It's frustrating to be this close to land but unable to reach it—it makes the ship feel more confining than when we're actually underway. Fortunately, Captain Lee is stuck out here with us (and will go all the way to Majuro with us) and he has arranged for some variety in our diet. I had begun to get terribly bored with our English meat-and-potatoes fare at the captain's table. I was seriously considering asking permission to eat in the Chinese officers dining room, but today Lee and Captain Farren arranged for chicken curry and rice for lunch. Then Lee caught a fish this afternoon off the gangway and supervised its cooking and for supper we had fish and rice. Chief Mate Mathison stared in horror at us gobbling such weird food and announced that henceforth he will take his meals in his cabin.

Last night Captain Farren invited us in to his cabin for cocktails before dinner. Very enjoyable. He tells hilarious stories about his adventures in Southeast Asia and China as captain of various ships which have run aground.

MOEN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22—We're due to sail tomorrow at daybreak for Ponape. We've had a good week's visit in Truk.

Tuesday the Olivers rented a boat and invited Captain Farren, Leonilla, Kimi and me to join them for a trip to Dublon and Fefan islands. Going across the lagoon, Captain Farren would say as we passed submerged wrecks of landing craft, "See how some thoughtful fellow left a ship there to mark the reef? I've left a few like that myself."

In Dublon he offered to carry Kimi in the pack on his back and later, puffing through the jungle, he said, "When they told me at the home office in Hong Kong that on this new ship I would have to carry passengers, I didn't think they meant it quite so literally."

In Fefan, we shopped for handicrafts, went for a swim, and had a picnic. Captain Farren had brought the food in a huge bag from the ship. I said, being smart, "I suppose since this is a British picnic, you've got a tablecloth in that bag."

"Better than that," he said, pro-

ducing one of the ship's menu cards. It was headed "Contents of the Bag" where it usually says "Breakfast" or "Luncheon" and it listed:

2 Hormel hams
2 packages NCB cheese
2 boxes biscuits
roast corn on cob, fresh, 6 pieces
American bread
apples, fresh, 6 pieces
cookies, 3 boxes
napkins, linen, 6 pieces
knives, forks, spoons, 6 pieces each

Altogether, quite a spread. And since Kimi was the sixth person, and brought her own food (baby food, strained, 2 jars) we had a lot to share with the boat men and all the children of Fefan who gathered to watch us eat.

This morning, I spent some time exploring the wonders of the Truk Trading Company, and it does live up to its reputation for having a fantastic selection of goods. I even found my favorite brand of plum wine which hasn't been available in Saipan for years.

AT SEA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23—Last night Captains Lee and Farren came and invited me to the captain's cabin for a drink. I brought my own plum wine which they considered rude. I guess I shall have to learn to drink scotch.

We have several new passengers, all bound for Ponape except a strange young man who always wears long-sleeved dress shirts and has been in Truk for a month or two where he is considered to be crazy. He is bound for Majuro, and has excited our curiosity. He rushes in at meal time, gobbles his food without a word, and then scurries back to his cabin, not be seen again until the next meal.

We were delayed leaving Truk this morning. The police held the ship up to search for a fish-dynamiter believed to have taken refuge on board. It was pretty exciting, but eventually they gave up, let us go, and radioed ahead to Ponape to be on watch for the culprit.

AT SEA FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24—Ponape has been in view since early this morning. It looks beautiful. United Nations Day festivities will probably be well underway when we get there.

PONAPE, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26—Ponape *is* beautiful, although awfully rainy.

It was spectacular Friday, growing larger and clearer as we sailed toward it. The mountains soar, puncturing clouds, causing rain to slide down into the valleys.

The narrow passage through the reef into the harbor was exciting with surf spraying plumes high into the air on either side of the ship. We threaded our way past small islands and reefs to the dock which is on a little island still a good distance off the main island. This docking occurred after a debate which has been raging for days. Captain Lee wanted to tie up at the dock; Mr. Mathison wanted to tie up at the buoy in the harbor as they've always done before. They both kept presenting their cases to Captain Farren. Lee was determined to prove that a ship the size of the Taipoosek can safely dock here. He won the argument and piloted us right up to the dock and now Mr. Mathison is not speaking to Captain Farren.

When we came ashore in a boat, Boyd Mackenzie was there to meet Kimi and me and deliver us into the midst of his family. The government guest house next door to Mackenzies, is empty, and Thelma insisted that Kimi and I stay there where I have access to a washing machine, plenty of babysitters, and can see more of our friends. We are land-lubbers again.

PONAPE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28—At last I've seen Nan Madol. It is tremendous.

The first structures are low islands—you might be able to go past them and not quite notice that they're man-made. But then the walls become higher and more demanding of attention until at last you reach the fortress (or was it a temple?) which cannot be denied. It is massive, magic, evil, glorious—the symbol of a people who cannot be forgotten anymore than Cheops or Darius could be.

I wish I'd had more time. Someday, I promise myself, I will be in Ponape with time and good weather and high tide and my own boat and I shall see it all.

PONAPE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30—Kimi spends most of her time in the midst of the Mackenzie clan, while I explore the island and meet new people. Ever so often she waves at me wistfully from across a room.

The Olivers came over one day to use the washing machine and get acquainted with the Mackenzies. They reported that the ship is overrun with copra bugs and that Judy got sick eating them. "Is this Judy one of the passengers?" Thelma asked incredulously. We said no, she's part of the crew. The Olivers tell me Captain Farren considers me a deserter and threatens he won't let us back aboard.

There's been so much rain that we're not due to leave until Sunday or Monday which is much to my liking. Boyd and some other Hawaii-types plan to cook a traditional kalua-pig Saturday, and I'd love to watch the whole process.

PONAPE, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2—Back aboard the Taipoosek, and it's good to be home.

"I told you you'd be sorry if you deserted ship," Captain Farren says.

"I warned you."

I'm not really sorry, but there was an unfortunate incident: Friday, Halloween night, someone broke into the house where Kimi and I were staying, and tried to attack Esther Mackenzie who was staying with us to keep us company. She wasn't seriously hurt, but we were terrified and it did put a damper on the visit.

The pig-cooking was fascinating Saturday, but I was still pretty shaken about the break-in, and when we heard the ship would be leaving first thing Monday, I decided to move back out early this afternoon. So here we are. I find myself anxious to be underway again.

AT SEA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4—Sailing has been remarkably smooth since we left Ponape.

Yesterday after breakfast the captain gave us a full tour of the ship. First up to the bow, the best part—quiet like a sailing vessel, soaring high above the water. Carefully we leaned over the rail to see our majestic bow slicing sharply through the waves. Then we went astern and stared into our swirling wake and then had a complete tour of the bridge, Captain Farren describing things with remarks like "Well, I'm not quite sure what this gadget is for, but here it is."

Today Mr. Mathison presented Kimi with a box of candy. She politely nibbled on a piece while he stood beaming, watching her. Then when he turned to walk away, she made a face and spit it out.

AT SEA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Last night the captain told us that after dark we'd pass the only atoll before we get to Majuro. So at midnight I crawled out of my warm bunk and went up to stand on the bridge for a while, identifying stars and constellations in the good ocean breeze. Then we watched the radar paint a string of chartreuse beads on its screen, and that was Ailinglaplap, out of sight across the sizzling, salty black water.

Majuro is now in view, low lines of trees and beaches on the edge of the ocean. We'll be entering the lagoon before long.

MAJURO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Captain Farren let us go up on top of the bridge yesterday to view our passage across the lagoon to the district center. How strange it seemed to sail for an hour on this huge ship and be completely surround by tiny bits of land. Until yesterday, I had no concept of the vastness of water boldly fenced off by these crumbs of dry land.

When we arrived, another MILI ship, the Fiepko Ten Doornkaat, had the dock, so once again the Taipoosek had to anchor. But a boat was sent out almost immediately so we could go ashore and explore.

I like Majuro. I believe I could live on an atoll, after all. The trees are so thick and strong, I don't feel threatened by the water as I expected to.

The Olivers rented a pick-up and today we drove perhaps ten miles on the road to Laura and had a picnic and a swim at a very pretty, untouched beached

MAJURO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7—Wednesday and Thursday nights I sat up too late with Captain Farren and Captain Lee, learning to drink scotch and telling sea stories. I was feeling rather smug at the way I'd put the scotch down until today when I suffered all day with a horrible headache.

Today we drove to Laura, the longest drive in Micronesia. Captain Farren went with us as did a tourist who showed up this morning at the ship in search of a room, the MIECO Hotel being full.

The drive to Laura took almost three hours. Whoever sat in the cab of the pick-up got stuck holding the baby; whoever rode in back had to put up with the blazing sun and the low branches constantly conking unwary passengers. Art Oliver finally developed a technique of honking whenever he drew near a low branch so everyone could duck. We stopped twice to swim and once to eat along the way and then had a wonderful swim at the fabulous beach at the end of Laura village. It was a long drive back, and we missed water hours on the ship, so we're all going to bed salty and sticky.

MAJURO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8—The Olivers flew to Honolulu this afternoon and the ship seems empty. The two captains are out sampling Majuro nightlife and I am alone in my stateroom with my sleeping baby, thinking that next Saturday I shall be home in Saipan with Carl.

Monday, Kimi and I fly to Kwajalein to spend three days in Ebeye and then Thursday we'll head back to the Marianas.

ALOFT, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11—Suspended in air and in time—it was Monday in Majuro when we took off a few minutes ago. It will be Sunday in Kwajalein when we land in an hour.

Captain Lee is sitting beside Kimi and me—he is enroute back to Saipan, having safely seen the Taipoosek into the three eastern ports. He carried the big box of disposable diapers for us as we boarded the plane. I warned him it would ruin his reputation as the playboy of the western Pacific but he seems unconcerned.

From this altitude, the ocean seems simple, a painted blue back drop. In the past weeks, I've come to know the ocean better, and it's not simple. I'm grateful for the perspective this journey has given me on sea and these islands. The islands seem bigger to me now, braver, more substantial. Together, water and land, they make a worthy world in which to live.

ON THE GO

Garapan Civic Center

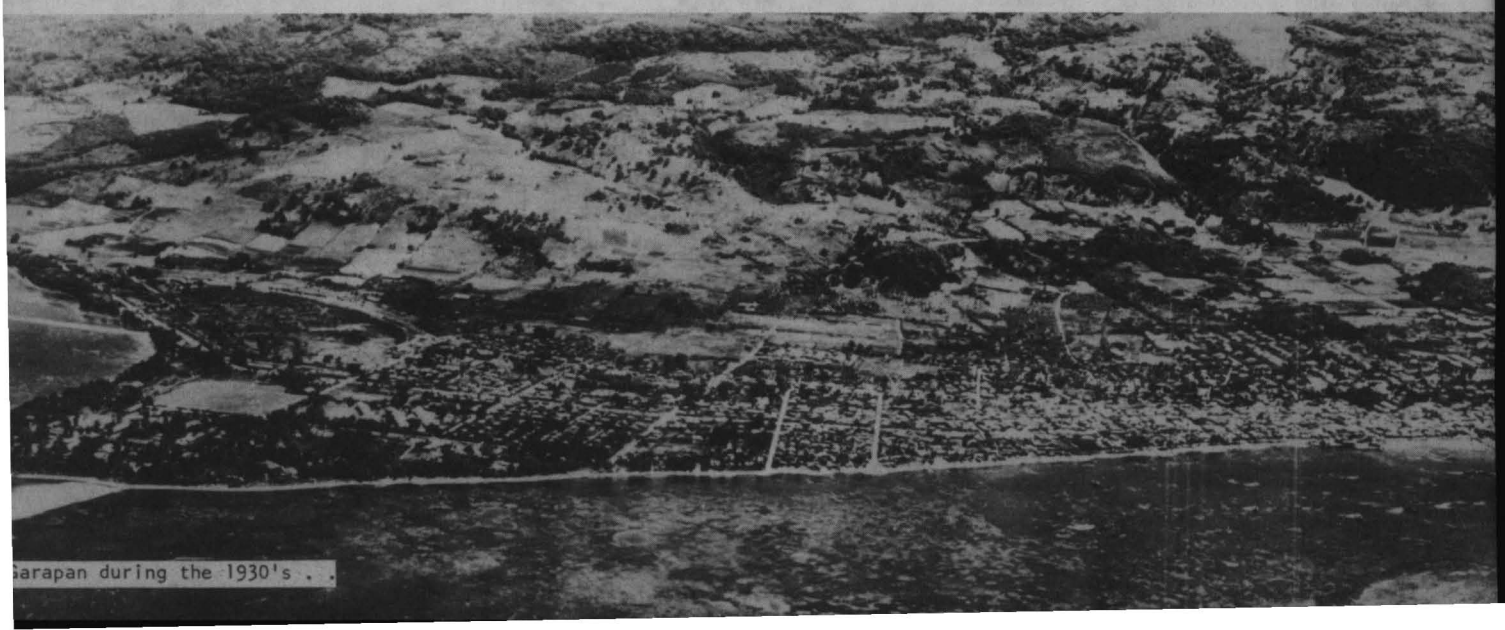
with C.M. Ashman

FORTY YEARS AGO, a visitor to Saipan would arrive aboard a Japanese freighter that would lie at anchor outside the reef at Garapan. Small boats or a lighter hauled by tug would deliver the traveler to the long, narrow pier where, if he was a government official of sufficient status, he would be met by one of several Model T Fords or charcoal burning touring sedans that served the Japanese administration. Ordinary people might hitch a ride on a carabao cart or choose to walk the short distance into Garapan town.

About 12,000 to 15,000 Japanese and 3,500 Saipanese were crowded into the Garapan area on the west coast of Saipan. Homes, shops and other businesses, standing shoulder-to-shoulder, lined the four main streets running through the busy district capitol. The journeyer would have had a selection of many inns and hotels, including two first-class, two-story showplaces called the Kinukuniya and the Kobayashi Hotels. "Magnificent restaurants," oldtimers recall, were scattered throughout Garapan and many other smaller eating places also served both residents and visitors.

An invigorating bath and massage at an *onsen* could revitalize a traveling salesman. Bar—hopping was a favorite local pastime with *sake,* beer or a fast card game of *hanafuda* the attractions. About thirty-eight *geisha* houses, several with as many as eighty hostesses, beckoned the lonely visitor. A night's companionship cost ten dollars regardless of national origin; however, houses were segregated for patronage by Japanese and by others, mostly Okinawans. (Saipan's population outside of Garapan included 15,000 Okinawans living in Chalan Kanoa, 1,500 Koreans whose labor camps were near AsLito airfield, and a small scattering of Saipanese, mainly farmers, elsewhere around the island.)

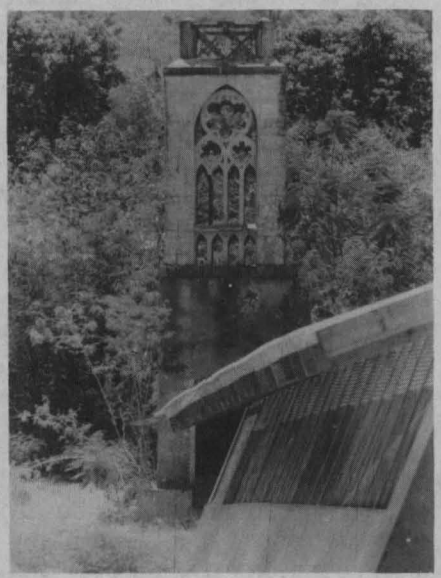
If the wayfarer was not a swinger, he might choose to visit the shrines and temples or see a movie, or buy pastries at one of the many bakeries, or shop at the handicraft and general stores, or attend mass at the inspiring Catholic church that stood majestically near the beach on the dividing line between north and south Garapan. If the traveler were indeed a swinger, and unlucky besides, he might be hauled off to sober up at the local calaboose, or even worse, be stretchered to the nearby hospital for repairs.



Garapan during the 1930's . .

Today, Garapan is a quiet tangle of live and dead trees, shrubs, vines . . . soft layers of decaying plants . . . sticky spiderwebs . . . occasional houses of today's residents . . . countless foundations of yesterday's homes . . . and a few sturdy concrete relics that help to tell the story of Garapan's Civic Center during the early years of this century.

The area can be sightseen by auto in less than two hours, but the boondocker with a spirited imagination can spend a half day in fanciful musing, walking through the ghost town of the early 1900's.



A century of chapels . .

THE BEST PLACE to start a tour of the former civic center is at the site of the church bell tower on Beach Road. This paved roadway roughly follows the path of *Nichome,* Second Street, in old Garapan.

Beginning your tour at the Beach Road spot and looking out across the reef, you'll see pilings from the pier where passengers and cargoes were unloaded. Towards the mountains is a fragile looking bell tower that was the corner mark of the Catholic church grounds. A new wooden chapel, built this year, is on the site of the former church that is described as having been equal in size and splendor to today's Mt. Carmel Church in Chalan Kanoa.

During German times (1899-1914), a low frame tower stood in that corner. It held two bells brought by the Spanish and hung in the structure built by Capuchin Father Gallus. The belltower situated there today is said to have been built in 1923 under the leadership of Brother Gregorio Oroquieta, Father Donisio dela Fuente and Father Jose Tardio, of the Jesuit Order. The date probably is verified by the existence of an imprint in the mortar, part way up the inside of the tower. It reads 1923, under an unrecognizable name.

Several hundred yards away to the southeast (south towards the airport and east towards the mountains) would be the location of Governor Fritz' mansion; the first home of the bachelor German administrator, built in 1902. It is said to have been a spectacular two-story building, a dozen rooms wide. Garden terraces and an arbor-covered stairway led down to the street where ten *latte* pillars, twice as high as a man, stretched along the border of the grounds for more than a hundred feet.

If you were to struggle through the *tangan-tangan* to that spot today and if you cared to daydream its history, you might see in the dark shadows of trees and vines, two little girls, the daughters of Herr Kirn, administrative secretary, playing with their pink-cheeked dolls. And on the balcony outside her bedroom (for the mansion had a wide, covered porch that circled the second floor) Frau Kirn is sitting in a shady corner writing a letter to her family in Mainz, Germany.

A seven foot tall, thin man in military uniform bounds up the stone steps, three at a time, and dashes into the ground floor office on the left side of the building. He is Herr Schroeder, head of public safety, who is remembered for his skinny neck and goose-step as he walked. Indonesian policemen, brought to Saipan by Herr Schroeder, follow him at a slower pace.

Maybe a ship has been reported on the horizon. Perhaps it is the one that carries him to Guam to seek Chamorro homesteaders to bring back to Saipan. If it is, then this will be his last trip, for on Guam he suddenly becomes deathly ill, never to return.

The sky suddenly turns dark in your reverie and a rain squall evolves into a typhoon. The Kirn family, the Governor, the office and household help huddle within the solidly-built mansion. But this is now 1905 and nothing stops the furious wind that splits the wooden structure into large pieces and flings them into the churchyard nearby.

Quiet returns and from your vantage in the jungle you see a school appear on this mound of earth. The school building also will serve as the German administration center. To make sure it will have the appearance of a town hall, Governor Fritz imports from Europe a large clock tower that is designed into the building. The Kirns have moved to a home on the hillside and Governor Fritz lives temporarily in a house near the German hospital, close to 4th street, while awaiting construction of a new mansion up on the hill.

It is now October, 1914, and the Japanese Navy has landed at Garapan. Troops head directly for the clock tower and the island quickly and quietly is formally captured. Two months later, the afternoon turns black and without much warning, another violent typhoon sweeps across Garapan. Its eye passes directly over the small hill. The clock tower crashes into the building which had become the military headquarters. Again there is nothing left to rebuild.

But soon there rises a new structure. It's as large as the German mansion, but the roof is oriental style and a low wall surrounds the white structure. This is the Japanese administration building. Around this core grows the civic center of Garapan.

It is the hub of civilian and military activity until June, 1944, when bombs from planes and shells from battleships and cruisers begin the systematic softening up of the island for the invasion by U.S. Marine and Army forces. Mortars and bulldozers finish the mopping up operation. Today, this site is covered with a deep layer of

decayed tree trunks, branches and other plant life. The visitor is tripped, poked, scratched and strangled by *tangan-tangan* and vines as he heads off in search of other spots in Garapan to daydream.

If you haven't struggled too far into the brush, you may find it easier to retrace your steps to the bell tower than to continue forward. From the bell tower, head south just a few hundred feet to the first road running north towards the mountains. This roadway is visible from the church grounds. Halfway to Middle Road is the only coral road on your right. This will lead directly to the Japanese hospital, built in the early 1920's.

Entry to yesterday's hospital . .

AN IMPRESSIVE concrete and marble, L-shaped building, the former medical center is entered via steps leading to the circular reception room. The cashier's window catches your eye on the left. The next glance reveals the deterioration from non-use. Wooden floors have rotted away and the inevitable scribbling is seen on all walls. Wide corridors, with arches opening into the courtyard, lead in two directions.

A quick walk to your left takes you past the records office, then the doctor's office and examination room, next the laboratory, and finally the end chamber which was the library.

Down the right corridor: first was the pharmacy with window counters for dispensing drugs to patients in the waiting room. The second small cubicle was the instrument and work room for pharmacists. Today, its concrete counter is used for open-fire cooking by islanders who seek refuge in the deserted hospital during typhoons and tropical storms. The glazed-tile surgery is next, followed by a preparation and recovery room for surgical cases. A second operating room was constructed with a glass skylight for illumination in the event the hospital's electric power failed. Two small chambers, back-to-back, were the X-ray and dark rooms. Eye, ear, nose and throat examinations were conducted in the next to the last room and at the end of the passageway was the hospital's toilet facilities.

Scattered throughout the hospital area are rectangular concrete tanks, both above and below ground, used for storage of rainwater collected from the hospital roof. A short walk into the boonies behind the hospital reveals a large concrete building, virtually untouched . . . probably because of its location on hospital grounds. If you are persistent and eventually do coax the wooden door to swing out, you'll see a large room, about 20 by 25 feet in size. This was the main laboratory.

Step inside and look above the door. Here is a six foot wide mural painted on the concrete wall. A sailing canoe filled with warriors is heading towards the shore on which a single man with a spear stands. Two Palauan *abais,* with colorful storyboards, are at one side of the painting. The artwork, now beginning to flake away, was done in January, 1947, while American forces occupied the building. The artist, Jesus Matsumoto, today is a resident of Tinian Island.

Wandering about the hospital grounds, you'll find foundations of the wards, kitchen, laundry and other facilities. If you're observant you may discover two mounds of earth which cover the entry stairs to an underground chamber. Circular, 20 feet in diameter, made of thick concrete walls, the room is a mystery to Saipanese today. The spot was in a Japanese security area and local hospital employees were not allowed nearby. Best guesses are that the cool, protected dungeon may have been storage for medicines or hazardous chemicals, or perhaps a shelter from anticipated air raids.

One thing is known: the Americans were surprised when they uncovered the two entryways. After the stairs were dug clean, Admiral Arthur W. Radford, the Navy's Pacific Chief and Trust Territory's High Commissioner, is said to have been the first man to enter the chamber. Instead of a treasure of land records, or medicines, or hidden cash, or even skeletons, the probing flashlight beam revealed only one empty Schlitz beer bottle. Kilroy already had been there. The room is not too dark to pass through if a few moments are spent getting accustomed to the lack of light. A few frogs and pieces of timber are the only stumbling blocks.

The jail's main cellblock . .

NEXT STOP ON THE TOUR of Garapan civic center is the Japanese jail, constructed before the mid-20's. It lies directly south of the hospital and may be reached by auto or on foot. If you choose the former, head back to Middle Road and turn right, driving to the first row of coconut palms bordering the right side of the road. This is the boundary of a home with an extensive vegetable garden. About 200 feet down the boundary road is a small opening in the *tangan-tangan* on your right, leading towards the main prison building.

If you choose to go by foot, a walk from the hospital to the jail will mean beating your way through the tangled jungle growth and gingerly stepping over decayed logs (or into them) and across concrete foundations of the cottages of Japanese government employees. But on the other hand, during your short hike you'll experience an awesome aura that steadily encompasses you . . . growing murkier as you feel your way through branches and shadows and spider webs and African snails by the billions and rusted metal bars and house platforms covered with dead plant growth until suddenly you are overwhelmed as you stumble against the high, grey walls of the prison.

Thirteen feet high and nine inches thick, the solid concrete wall at one time enclosed the entire prison facility. Today only a corner section remains, running 50 feet along one side and 125 feet across the front of the jail. *Sanchome* Road, or Third Street, ran along the front of the jail and the narrow road bed with its stone foundation and gutter still are in recognizable shape.

Behind the prison wall, the most prominent building is the main cellblock: 16 cages of assorted dimensions. Its heavy concrete walls are crumbling today, following the intensive shelling of the 1944 invasion. Mortars and tanks have blasted huge openings through the eerie grey walls and the bent iron bars are red with rust. The wooden floors have long since disintegrated and straggly, starving trees are being held captive within. In the corner of each room, the square cement receptacle was the *benjo*, serving not only as the toilet, but also as the means for receiving smuggled cigarettes and food. A favorite trick of prisoners was to cut out a small piece of the wooden floor and hang precious cigarettes by strings through the hole, replacing the piece of wood as a cork. Up to twelve men were held in the larger cells and for one long period of time, regulations required each man to be chained by the waist, day and night, to another inmate.

The first four rooms on your right, as you face the long, narrow cellblock, usually were detention cells for pending cases. The two small isolated cubicles at the far left end were solitary confinement as well as "investigation cells." "Special" prisoners were brought in from behind the cellblock and taken through the back entrance to the two separate chambers whenever the Japanese administration wanted to keep identities secret.

Some Saipanese believe and at least one former prisoner swears that in 1937 an American woman dressed in men's clothing, possibly Amelia Earhart, spent several hours in the jail cell next to him. There is no question that other Americans were captured in Micronesia and did serve time in the Garapan jail. A few months before the invasion, five U.S. fliers ditched east of Saipan and drifted by raft to the shore near Old Man by the Sea. There is still debate today over whether all five were sent off to Japan or whether one or more may have been executed as spies. Jail personnel today recall the men having been confined in the two isolation cells and having been blindfolded and led before other inmates in the jailyard to show "a different kind of prisoner was being held." On another occasion, two Americans believed to be sailors, were brought in from Truk district and held for about a month. Through hand signals, one man identified himself as a radioman and the other a gunner. One died from injuries during the pre-invasion bombing and the second was executed at the time of the invasion.

Across the prison grounds is a smaller cellblock, with five rooms, that

ordinarily housed female prisoners. The women were held for a variety of crimes including picking pockets at a *geisha* house, violation of employment agreements when imported under work contracts from Japan or Okinawa, child abandonment, and non-payment of debts.

Beside the women's jail stands the ruins of an administration building that also was the handicraft workshop, the cafeteria and warehouse. Male prisoners, whose good behaviour permitted some limited freedom, wove lava-lavas, pandanus mats and coconut hats, sewed police uniforms, mended shoes, and did similar light work in the handicraft center. A few other well-trusted males worked on outdoor details elsewhere on the island. These groups ate in the cafeteria.

Otherwise, the three daily meals of rice or beans and *miso* soup, with occasional meat or greens, were served through the small iron doors of the cellblocks. Daily showers by men were taken about 5:30 each evening and a complete body examination for smuggled items was given before each man returned to the lock-up. They were required to sit cross-legged, facing the passageway until 7:30 p.m. when lights were turned off.

In between the two cellblocks will be found underground water storage tanks, the deep well and wash house foundation where a hand pump supplied brackish water to the concrete washing trough. Nearby, between the wash house and handicraft shop, is the foundation of the bath house.

Visitors were permitted only once after a man had been arrested. This was at the time he was convicted and about to begin serving his sentence.

Jail employees do not recall any executions for civil crimes, indicating perhaps such individuals were sent to Japan. However, the military crime of spying caused a number of non-Japanese, including some Catholic missionaries, to be beheaded. The military stockade was located near the Garapan jail. Long-term inmates from other districts often were confined to the Garapan jail, however the principal function was the committment of Marianas lawbreakers of all nationalities.

A fallen monument . .

SOUTH OF THE PRISON lay the Japanese cemetery and a Buddhist temple that oldtimers recall matched the finest in Japan. A single concrete column stands today near the boundary road where prison-site visitors usually park their cars. It is toward the sea (west), straight down the border road, about a hundred feet beyond the jungle opening leading to the jail.

For the boondocker, a short hike southward from the temple pillar will carry him to the site of a monument erected in 1931 in memory of 60 Japanese sailors killed in a shipboard accident. The destroyers Asama and Iwate raced from Truk to Saipan that year. Some folks say the ships were competing to set a new speed record. Boilers aboard the Asama exploded and sixty of the 2,000 crew members died. The impressive tall monument now lies shattered in the Garapan wilderness. An acacia tree has toppled across the center of the concrete platform, scattering its mammoth blocks. The location is about 200 feet south of the lone temple pillar. Another 100 feet west are the fallen stone columns which marked the entrance to the cemetery and temple grounds. Other cemetery markers still are hidden in the underbrush. Close to Middle Road, on the houselot near the prison, is a concrete room which had been used to hold ashes of deceased Japanese whose remains were to be sent elsewhere.

Sugar King Park . .

WHILE THE SUGAR KING MONUMENT may not have been included within Garapan's civic center, it is always a part of today's visit to Saipan and probably is the most frequently photographed attraction. It looms high on a grassy slope at the intersection of Middle Road and the crossroad leading to the Japanese hospital and the bell tower.

Haruji Matsue, the Sugar King, was president of Nanyo Kohatsu Kabushiki Kaisha (South Seas Development Co.), the firm which developed sugar plantations and mills on Saipan, Tinian and Rota. The earliest sugar plantations began operations in 1919 and railway systems were added to haul cane and firewood to the multi-storied factories where alcohol and molasses were produced. Saipan's narrow gauge railroad tracks ran through Garapan, near the shore, northward around Marpi to the terminus close to the Grotto. (The southern leg curved through San Vicente Village to the foothills of Magicienne Bay.) One of the railway's little red locomotives is resting on the slope beneath the monument.

In the early 1930's, Matsue was honored by the Emperor of Japan for his pioneering efforts in the Marianas sugar industry. In 1934, the impressive tall statue was erected near a Shinto Shrine, portions of which still are standing east of the monument. A recent memorial, reading "Peace in Saipan Forever" was set in April, 1969. This statue of Buddha was placed by citizens of Japan who call themselves *Saipan Heiwakinenhi Hosankai,* Saipan Peace Memorial Preservation Association.

The parklike setting of today was formerly the site of teachers' cottages and one family unit is in the corner, near Middle Road. The school itself was located on the hillside to the north.

Stairs to a garden tower . .

A SHORT DRIVE AWAY is one of the rare relics of German times: part of Governor Fritz' third home. Follow the paved road that lies on the northern (Marpi) edge of the Sugar King Monument site. After a left and a right turn, the paved roadway heads up the hill where it meets a crossroad at the top of the rise. Just on your right is the site of the mansion, destroyed in the 1914 typhoon. An easy search will show you the steps and foundation of the garden tower. Oldtimers who had been invited to enjoy a glass of beer or cider at sunset, recall the mansion was most beautiful . . . but the view of Garapan, the reef and Managaha Island was more than spectacular.

Someday, some boondocker, digging through the layers of decaying leaves, will come upon a plaque bearing the name of Schroeder. It was a sentimental gesture of the stern German governor that emplaced the remembrance somewhere in the area between the Sugar King monument and his home.

Many markers of Garapan's past are still to be uncovered. Many facts still are to be recorded by those who shared in observing or making its history. For this brief account, we are indebted to a number of people including Dr. Jose D. Torres, Miss Juanita Matsunaga, and Felipe Seman of the former Japanese hospital staff. Judge Ignacio Benavente and Manuel D. Pangelinan shared in reviewing both the German and Japanese eras. Jose P. Villagomez and Herman R. Guerrero, jailers at the prison, recalled their experiences. And special gratitude is due to two Guerrero brothers, Vicente D. Leon and Jesus D. Leon. Vicente, who has annoted events of the past seventy years, and Jesus, who was sheriff during Japanese and American times, both must be thanked for the exhausting afternoons of jeep riding and hiking through the Garapan jungle in their devoted effort to document its history.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Truk Construction of Truk's new 170-bed hospital is ahead of schedule and first sick call is expected before the end of summer this year. One major structure, the two-story main building, already is completed... A bizarre case of murder involving two men and a woman, aground and stranded on a reef, resulted in the conviction of an American yachtsman who had shot and stowed the body of his American shipmate. Their Filipina companion, a 17 year old runaway who joined the sailboat at Zamboanga, was deported to the Philippines. The 21 year old convicted murderer was sentenced to 20 years confinement in the Truk district jail . . . A series of fishing boats met disaster at sea during the past few months. A Japanese fishing vessel picked up and returned one crew of three men. Another boat ran aground at Pulusuk with only one of the three crew members living to be rescued by the field trip ship, *Truk Islander* . . . The U.N. Visiting Mission stopped in Truk district to visit with many island groups. While the inspection team asked many people for their opinion on future political status, most replies were that the public was not well-enough politically educated to talk wisely about the matter . . . Prior to the U.N. Mission visit, the T.T. Juvenile Delinquency Planning Council, with representatives from all districts, held four days of meetings. Liquor consumption and lack of discipline were named as major causes of delinquency . . . A Congress of Micronesia committee on shipping held hearings in Truk as part of a T.T.-wide tour. They are looking into problems of shipping ocean cargo between ports in the Territory and from outside... The Seabee Civic Action Team is busy helping the construction of the Moen Road. Beginning at the Agriculture Station, the road is being widened and raised 12 inches to keep it out of the mud. Some 29,000 drums of asphalt will be used to give the road a degree of permanency . . . Out at South Point, the new Continental-Travelodge is going up at a very fast rate. The two-story building is already standing and people can now visualize how the hotel and grounds will look when the job is completed... For the first time in Truk's history, triplets were born. Two of the three baby girls survived and are doing well along with their mother, Murako R. Eina, a 25 year old resident of Dublon Island.

Ponape Six thousand people, tons of dignitaries, 17 *sakau* stones, two airplanes, five dance teams, ceremony, the Navy band, marching Scouts, and a scorching sun marked the opening of the new 6,200 foot airstrip on Feb. 2nd. Fabulous terminal designed by a PCV and put up by "Ponape Transportation Board Division of Air Terminals." Wow! . . . Eighteen new elementary classrooms and eight dispensaries being planned all over the district . . . New and rehabilitated road creeping out into Net municipality and cars driving into Sokehs Pah as road grows there . . . The new rock crusher in operation, but the rock's mighty hard . . . New antennaes going up at Page Communications for our shrunk-world easy-talk system (no more 'do you read me, over?') . . . First Seabee team departs and team number 1016 replaces it, with 'well done's' all around and sad girls at the airport . . . Ngatik completes its new concrete municipal office . . . Jacob Nena holding the fort as acting DistAd rep, Kusaie, till Marv Krebs takes over . . . Political education program gets going by radio . . . Second phase of mobile adult education program gets going with one-week visits in remote communities... Legislature session in March produced new economic development laws, speaker to be full-time now and all legislators to become full-time in '72, with broadened roles in planning and consultation . . . Conferences of nurses, teacher-educators, vocational educators, Peace Corps doctors, TESLers. Wow! Ponape's hit the big time . . . that's all for now, 'cause we're off to meet the tourists.

Palau This quarter saw the first native Palauan, Thomas O. Remengesau, sworn in as the first Micronesian district administrator of Palau. His swearing-in ceremony was attended by all the chiefs of Palau, members of the legislature, members of Palau delegation to the Congress of Micronesia, representatives of the administration, and hundreds of local citizens . . . Meanwhile, the most noticeable emphasis on public projects in the past quarter has been in the area of capital improvements. The various buildings of the Micronesian Occupational Center (MOC) are nearing completion and it will not be long before this new educational assistance to solving Micronesia's labor problems becomes fully operational. The center now has students from all six districts . . . The Airai dam project, the largest of its kind in the territory, is over 90% completed... The TT government recently held a pre-bid conference with representatives of ten foreign construction firms which are interested in bidding on the work. The construction package includes the Koror water and sewer system, a new building with six classrooms for Palau

high school, a dormitory for MOC, and a new public safety building . . . To assist in community improvements, a U.S. Navy Civic Action Team was requested by the district legislature when it met in February. The Seabees will be asked to help in improving roads and harbor facilities and to aid in constructing sports facilities for the 1971 MicrOlympics . . . In the private sector, Continental Airlines has started work on its hotel and most other major private hotel operations have expanded their facilities . . . In territory-wide programs, the Micronesian Dental Association held its second conference here and the Manpower Advisory Council met to review and award scholarships for the next school year . . . The United Nations Visiting Mission toured the district and held conferences and discussions on a variety of topics with groups and individuals . . . On the political scene, Dr. Minoru Ueki resigned from Congress to accept the post of Palau's director of health services. His seat was filled by Tarkong Pedro who won a special election to fill that vacancy. The mayorship of Koror came up for election, with Judge Fritz Rubash winning over incumbent Ibedul Ngoriakl . . . Finally, the two paramount chiefs of Palau, Ibedul and Reklai, journeyed to Yap during the quarter to confer with Yapese chiefs and officials to seek improvement in relations between the Yapese and Palauan communities in Yap.

Yap Time marches on and issues of significant events developed. For Yap the last three months brought changes and events that made their imprints on the society as a whole and on the physical structure of the district . . . The U.N. visiting mission arrived Feb. 28 to be met by local dignitaries, congressmen, district legislators, high chiefs and other chiefs, government officials, and the public. School children waved flags of many nations; the girls adorned the visitors with garlands of flowers. Visiting Ulithi and most of Yap proper, they toured all government facilities including all elementary schools except three . . . Earlier in the quarter, a summit conference of high chiefs of Palau and Yap met to discuss problems of mutual concern. Central to the meeting was the Palauan community which is experiencing the problems of a transplanted community. The Yap district administration, in the role of interested neutral observer, felt that problems of cultural conflict could best be handled at the level of traditional chiefs. This arrangement was successful; a Palau/Yapese committee has been created and a much improved working relationship has been established between the two groups. This was the first time in the history of the two districts that problems of mutual concern were dealt with by their own traditional spokesmen... Typhoon Nancy struck Yap two days before the U.N. mission arrived. However, a quick cleanup and repairs to minor damage was completed before their arrival by Public Works, other government departments and the community as a whole. Major damage was to causeways and crops as well as to some buildings. A house-to-house survey counted $15,000 damage to private homes alone . . . Yapese people have come to accept the U.S. Navy civic action team as part of their own community. The team which has just left did a remarkable job of binding themselves with the local people and have won their respect and admiration. Local chiefs and the district administration have gone out of their way to make the new team feel welcome. Seabee contributions should not be underestimated. Indeed the team has improved and constructed many important small local projects within Yap proper and representatives of the new Seabee team already are in the outer islands surveying needs for projects away from the district center . . . Yap Housing Authority has approved six home loans so far and a ceremony on March 31 celebrated groundbreaking for the first house to go into construction . . . In the area of personnel, Marcelino Melairei, a structural engineer by profession and a Palauan formerly residing in Saipan, was appointed deputy district director of public works. He is the first Micronesian to step into second in command of a district public works department... Michael Kilian became the first acting senior land commissioner for Yap and Fran Defngin was appointed acting land management officer . . . Three Yapese have left on grants to study abroad: Francisco Luktun is in Sydney, Australia on a U.N. Fellowship studying public administration, Luis Pitmag in Iowa sponsored by the T.T. to study adult education, and district sheriff, S. Yigin is attending a police training course in Hawaii... Time is changing; the modern world keeps moving in; and Yap, too, is changing and moving.

Marshalls The United Nations fact-finding mission arrived in Majuro, Feb. 12, where a big turnout greeted them at the airport. At meetings with all local leaders and the general public, the nine-member group discussed a wide variety of subjects. A 21-hour trip on a crowded landing craft, through extremely rough seas, took them to Mili Atoll. Their one-week visit saw tours to Kwajalein and Ebeye . . . An arms disposal team conducted a four week cleanup during January. Mili, Wotje and Majuro were cleared of all known bombs, ammunition, guns, shells, etc. . . . Three separate meetings were held with land owners of Loobar and Enenlip Islands in an effort to acquire land for the new Majuro airport. Agreement was reached on a 25 year lease. The site is about seven miles towards Laura Island from the present airstrip... The D-U-D municipalities dedicated their new water tanks on March 6 and hailed the Seabees which led in constructing the much needed water storage system. The Navy Seabee unit, Team 1114, completed its nine months at Majuro on March 19th and was replaced by an Army Civic Action Team which will continue the work on the high school auditorium and road to Laura. They also will sail off for work projects at other atolls . . . Some residents of Ebeye headed for the Mid-Corridor Islands of Kwajalein Atoll in April to demonstrate against high prices, and growing number of dis-

placed persons on the small island, as well as for more allowances from the U.S. Army. Top traditional, elected and appointed leaders of District and Headquarters sat down to solve the problem... The old wreck of *Nei Retta* was successfully removed from Majuro dock where it had lain encrusted on the lagoon reef for over four years. An island-wide party celebrated the freeing of dock space for other vessels ... Beginning in March, the *MV Mieco Queen* and *MV Ralik Ratak* received government subsidies and are operating under government scheduling... Three Marshallese fishermen from Ebon Atoll were lost at sea for two days during which a military air-sea rescue unit and others joined in a widespread search. The men were spotted and picked up by a Japanese fishing vessel as they drifted 30 miles south of Ebon . . . "The biggest and most modern and most complete" supermarket in the Trust Territory held its grand opening in Majuro. The $200,000 Robert Reimers Enterprises supermarket has 8,000 feet of air-conditioned marketing space for the atoll shopper.

Marianas & Hdqrs.

The reintegration of the northern Marianas with Guam dominated the discussions with the U.N. Visiting Mission while the group toured the district and met with people in mid-March. At Headquarters, the Trusteeship Council representatives held meetings with the HiCom and his cabinet to discuss matters raised during the inspection party's 5-week visit to all districts . . . In the private sector, Saipan saw the completion of the new Hafa Dai Hotel on one of the fine beaches in Garapan. On the shore side of the 14 room hotel is the open sea, where at night the moonbeams kiss the lagoon and with all glory, the lights glow and rise up to meet the onlooker's eyes while sipping a glass of vodka or a martini at the hotel's mini-restaurant . . . Another capital improvement on Saipan is one which will be long remembered as a landmark of nursing education in Micronesia. Already being utilized by the students and faculty is the new T.T. School of Nursing, dedicated on Mar. 14 with the blessing of the U.N. Visiting Mission. The occasion dramatized "a new era of nursing education" in the Territory. About 80 students are occupying the dormitories and within a year, 120 are expected to be enrolled in full-time training . . . High Commissioner Johnston, on behalf of the government of Micronesia, officially accepted the return of Bikini Atoll from the U.S. government. The return came in the midst of the T.T. resettlement program which has seen the completion of the cleanup phase and the beginning of the replanting and rebuilding programs . . . A new government office, to be known as the Labor Division, has been established with the Resources and Development Department. Its aims are meeting private employment needs in Micronesia . . . Two high level appointments were made during the quarter: Robert A. Hefner has become Attorney General, to replace Donald R. Tindal who has transferred to the Washington office of the Solicitor General, Interior Department. William Allen has been promoted to Chief of Community Development within the Public Affairs Department. He will direct the six district community development staffs in planning and implementing programs in urban and rural areas . . . A program to forewarn of dangers to the environment has been established. Principal immediate concern is preventing mass pollution of lagoon and ocean shores. It calls for an early warning system involving a T.T.-wide network over which reports can be made on potential dangers . . . The Territory saw the arrival of some 2,000 tons of surplus heavy equipment and construction material worth nearly a million dollars, channeled from the military in Asia through the T.T. Liaison Office in Okinawa. The brand new items will be used for projects throughout the Territory . . . The first determination of ownership of land to be made under the stepped-up implementation of the Land Commission Act was made in San Roque Village, Saipan. Mr. and Mrs. Silvester V. Castro received a document saying they were judged to be the owners of land on which they had been living for the past 20 years. If there is no challenge within 120 days, they will receive a Certificate of Title . . . the first such official registration by the government.

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

Back Cover

"Lasto"

from the

Island of Ebeye,

Marshalls

Photograph by
Mel Carr