Micronesian Reporter

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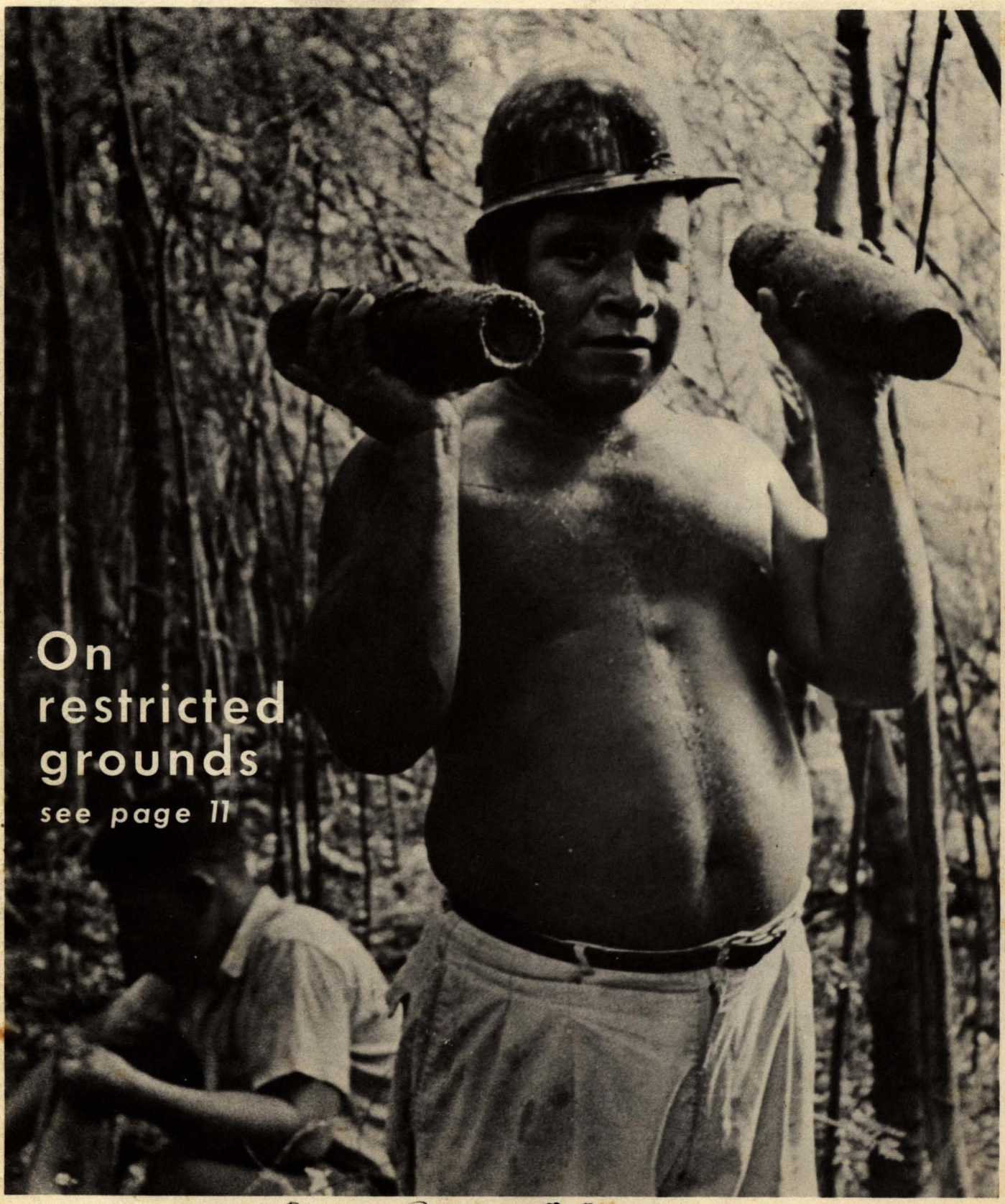

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COVER

Once bound for Japan, these 105mm projectiles now are about to be dumped into the deep blue Pacific. Gregorio Somol is one of the 36 man demolitions crew removing a massive stockpile of World War II ammunition from the Marpi district at the northern end of Saipan.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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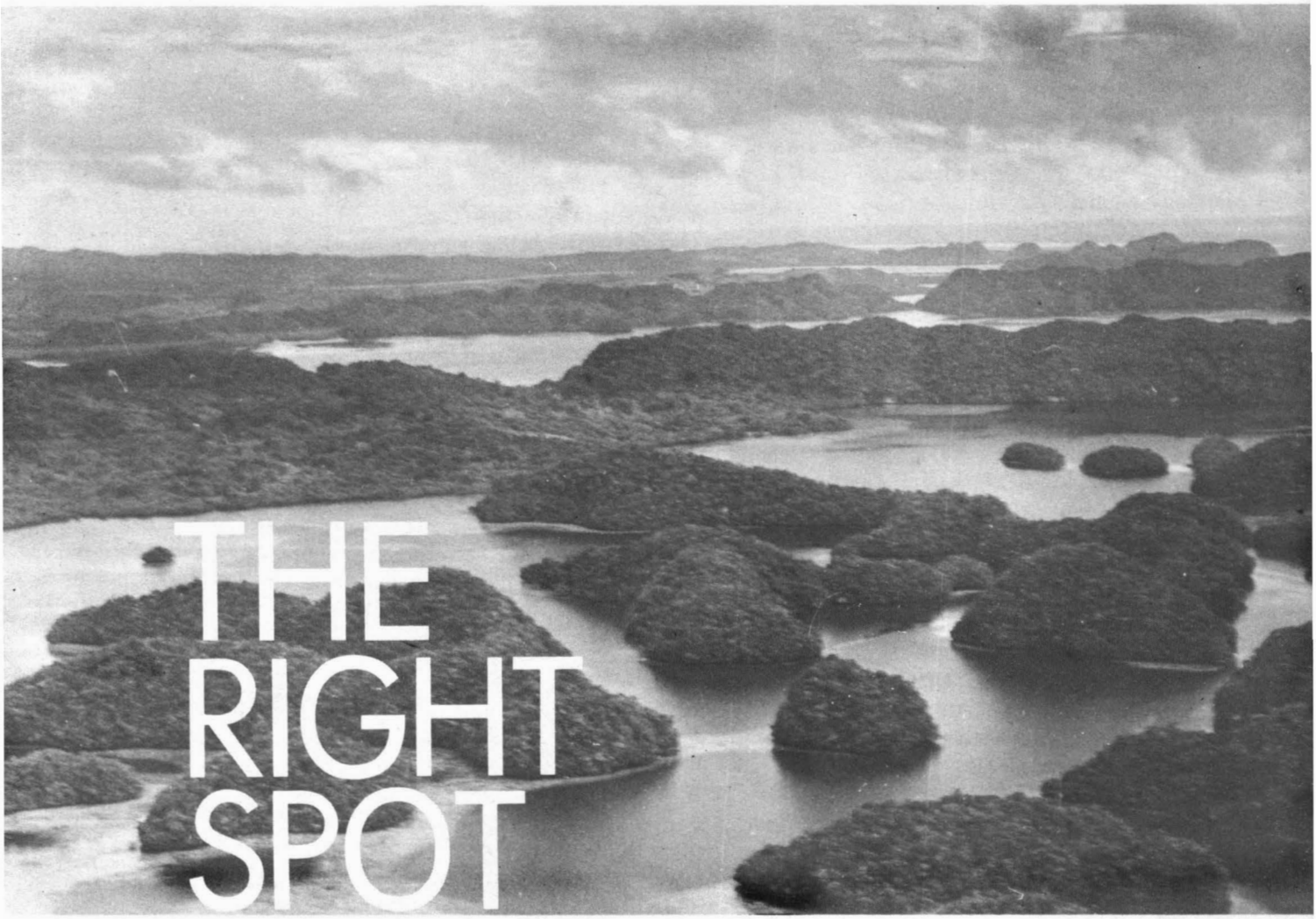
"It's rather like buying a hat, isn't it?"



THE RIGHT SPOT

a trio of film makers tour Micronesia in search of a movie location

by P. F. Kluge

The Trust Territory had its first taste of Hollywood last month when three west coast moviemakers scouted Saipan and Palau for the location of a major motion picture feature. In what must remain one of the more memorable whirlwind tours of this area, Academy Award winner Lee Marvin, bright young British director John Boorman and veteran production manager Lloyd Anderson tramped through, flew over, speedboated around, waded in some of the Trust Territory's most photogenic landscape. They, in turn, were entertained, photographed, eyeballed and buttonholed for almost a week by citizens and representatives—official and unofficial—of the Trust Territory. What follows is a cautious, informal account of these tourists and their curious tour.

As a result of the expedition described below, Selmur Productions has announced its decision to film a major motion picture feature in Palau. Production of the two-three million dollar show, starring Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune, will begin in December and continue for ten weeks.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

The three men who stepped off the DC-4 and squinted across Saipan's baking runway at the handful of people who had learned in time of their arrival constituted an unlikely trio of travelers. One suspected that only business—and a strange business at that—would have brought them here together.

There was the tall ex-marine movie star, Lee Marvin: tanned, hair more white than black, already—at 43—looking a bit like Spencer Tracy. He was no stranger to Saipan, although 23 years and a long line of movie credits separated him from the twenty year old Marine who had crossed the reef and landed in the first wave on Yellow Beach, who had slogged up the island for four days until—in Death Valley—the battle ended for him—and thirteen months of hospital life began. Now he was a star, hot property: since his academy award winning portrayal of a liquor-sodden gunhand in "Cat Ballou," his performances in "The Professionals," "Ship of Fools," "The Dirty Dozen," and "Point Blank," had won him critical acclaim and commercial success. Now, some odd combination of business interest and personal sentiment returned him to these islands.

There was the Englishman, John Boorman, with the moppet locks of a popular singer and the face of a sardonic cherub. After a ten years stint in the documentary films division of British Broadcasting Corporation, he had moved into full-length motion pictures, directing the Dave Clark Five in "Catch Me If You Can," and Lee Marvin in the newly-released "Point Blank." Now he was about to bring together two of the dynamic stars of east and west, Marvin and Japan's Toshiro Mifune, in what could be the most exciting work of his career.

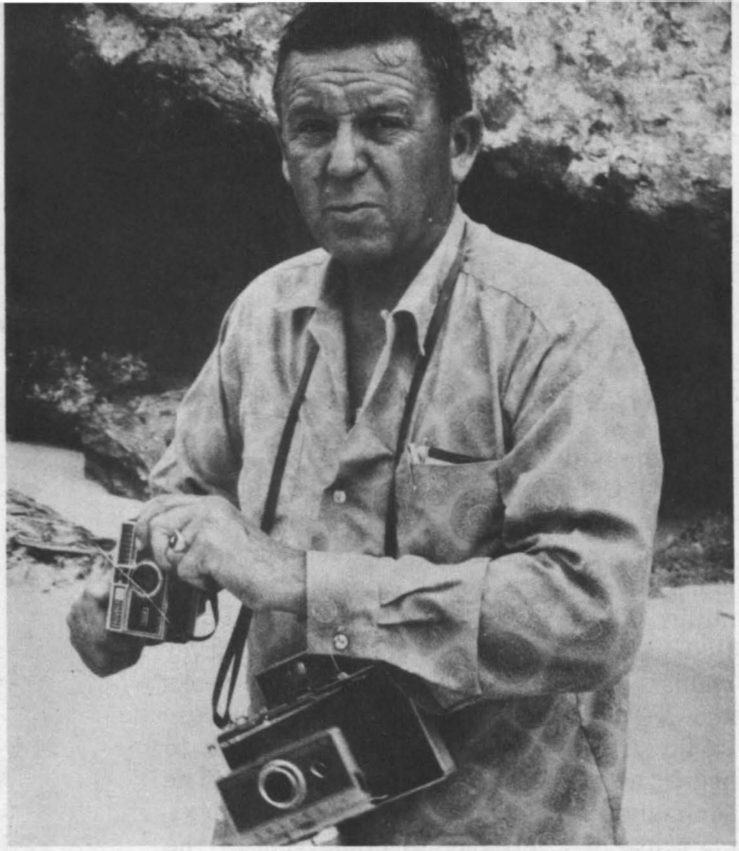
There was Lloyd Anderson, oldest, most reserved member of the party, veteran of three decades in the industry. Anderson's most recent post has been as production manager for ABC television's **Combat** series. His trade had required a good deal of travel, but never so far afield, never before with a star of Marvin's magnitude. Anderson was the man who arranged tickets for the group, established—and kept to—schedules, sent cables, stocked cigars. Moreover, he was in the difficult position of never being able to forget—not even on the prettiest island, in the fastest boat, on the bluest lagoon—that the making of a movie requires more than a ideal location: that people, in this case about sixty of them, would have to be housed and fed daily, that film would have to be shipped daily, that cameras and equipment would have to be shunted about daily. These things, he could not let himself forget; nor could he forget that all these things must be done within a paltry budget of some two-and-one-half to three million dollars.

"We've all seen the pictures that get made in Hawaii every year and they look like Hawaii—the Dorothy Lamour-type landscapes. We want to avoid that. We want to get the strangeness and the weirdness."—So Lee Marvin described the trio's project to High Commissioner Norwood in their first meeting on Capital Hill.

THE PLOT

Director Boorman proceeded to explain the specific requirements of the picture. The film—as yet untitled—involves the experience of two stragglers, one American, one Japanese, who encounter each other on a small atoll. At first, relations are hostile—the two enemies stalk each other about the island in a game of cat and mouse. Gradually, and without the aid of language, the two become friendly. They construct a raft and sail together to a larger island, where after wandering through the devastation and

John Boorman



Lloyd Anderson

wreckage of battle, the two chance companions meet a grotesque end, involving beheading, murder, possible suicide. The picture, as described by its director, is "a sort of allegory . . . we're going to say all sorts of things within this framework."

"Because the drama of the picture is between two men, the actual feel of the location becomes the strong third character," Boorman emphasized. "As much atmosphere as we could get will lend support to the performance of the two actors."

This search for realistic atmosphere caused the three men to shun Hollywood's ingenious backlots, to reject the too-popular Hawaiian islands, and to survey this less-known, less-photographed area. To them, the location of the picture was crucial. "It's hard for me to say this without sounding obscure or pretentious," Boorman remarked, "but what I mean really is that the landscape is the mind of the picture. We use it to express the feelings and emotions of a picture at a particular time."

So the search began.

TAKE ONE: SAIPAN

For their two-day tour of Saipan, the Hollywood three enlisted the services of some of the island's most proficient boondockers. Lawrence T. Burback and Neiman Craley joined forces with resident expert A. M. "Tony" Benavente to guide them about Marpi. The visitors spent hours plowing through tangan-tangan and sword grass, scaling Suicide Cliff, scuttling about the Grotto. They were impressed by Marpi, stopped to note the omnipresent snails that infest the area's leaves and trunks and earth. They paused to listen to the ghostly clacking sound made by hermit crabs scuttling over rocks outside of deserted caves. Perhaps the most sinister episode of the visit came during a visit to one of the many caves that honeycomb the Marpi district. Marvin later recalled the grisly discovery: "You walk into one of those things and you hear a cracking sound underfoot. You figure you're walking on snails—you know how those shells collapse. Then somebody lights a match and you see human bones all around you."

The Town House's George Vaughn and local entrepeneur Manny Villagomez escorted the group on a shipboard tour of this island during the second day. Maniagassa, the tiny island a few hundred yards off Saipan, was a prime point of interest, but Bird Island, Wing Beach were inspected also. Saipan was engaging—personally and historically—but it was not the right place for the motion picture. "The rather monotonous growth of tangan tangan," (Boorman's words), would impede shooting; Bird Island and Maniagassa were too close to shore to appear as isolated islands; Marpi's grotto, caves and cliffs were "fascinating but not really very useful to our purposes."

It was at about this time that Boorman recalled the English painter Benjamin Constable's complaint that "Nature is too green and badly lit."

TAKE TWO: PALAU

"The sameness of terrain all over the world is frightening," Marvin observed during the movie-makers' difficult, often frustrating search for the right spot. And Boorman confessed, "It's rather like buying a hat, isn't it?"

But in Palau, particularly in the flotilla of Rock Islands south of Koror, the group found an exceptional bit of terrain, unlike anything they had seen before.

"The minute I saw what was here I felt that we could make a film here and I did not feel that way in any other place we visited," John Boorman afterwards recalled. "I'm absolutely certain I can find what I want here because there's such variety."

At first, the filmmakers—cruising in a fast, well-stocked craft—nosed around the lower part of Babelthuap Island, circled the miniscule Ngaregabal Islet, landed on Ngatpang to inspect a mangrove swamp, climbed the hillside on Ngerduais, inspected the "sort of bizaarre" flight of Japanese steps in Airai Municipality. But the second day of searching brought sight of the southern rock islands —a phantasmagoric array of heavily forested islands in all shapes and sizes. Surprisingly, it was the cautious, pragmatic Anderson who best caught the atmosphere of places like Nghus and Ngkesiil.

"What interests me for our show," Anderson said, "is that Palau has a naturalness, a beauty without being 'pretty.' It has a primitiveness that we need in the picture without being backward. I'm talking about those islands sticking out of the blue Pacific in all kinds of forms. It has the ability to sustain the feling of two men being alone while still being surrounded by land. Because each of the islands is still a threat. Even if you were shipwrecked on one of them, you'd still be lost. Originally, if you're on an island you're safe, but this doesn't represent that kind of feling. These islands just stick up there on you as if they might disappear tomorrow."

Boorman was similarly impressed with the Rock Islands and, at journey's end, he was revising the whole concept of the film to make better use of them. Instead of beginning on a single isolated atoll, he now contemplated his two stragglers casting about from one rock island to another, voyaging and landing among them, searching in vain for security.

"I find I have to come to terms with reality rather than what I imagined it to be," Boorman confessed. "I'm reorganizing my thoughts to fit reality. The Pacific was alien to me—how the sea flows, how the reefs work, the protection, the growth, the density of it—all the changed space and time relationships you have to grasp."

So, the search paused in Palau.

ENDING—THE MORAL OF THE STORY

Completing their tour of the Trust Territory on October 4, the film party left for Guam and Tokyo. There it would be decided whether or not Selmur Productions would undertake the production of an almost three million dollar feature film in the Palau District. If the decision were positive, survey teams would appear in a matter of weeks and a full crew of men—mostly Japanese would arrive by the end of November to begin the ten weeks of actual filming. (The filmmakers hoped, however, to make maximum use of local labor in production of the film, and anticipated that from 15-20 people might be hired at one time or another.)

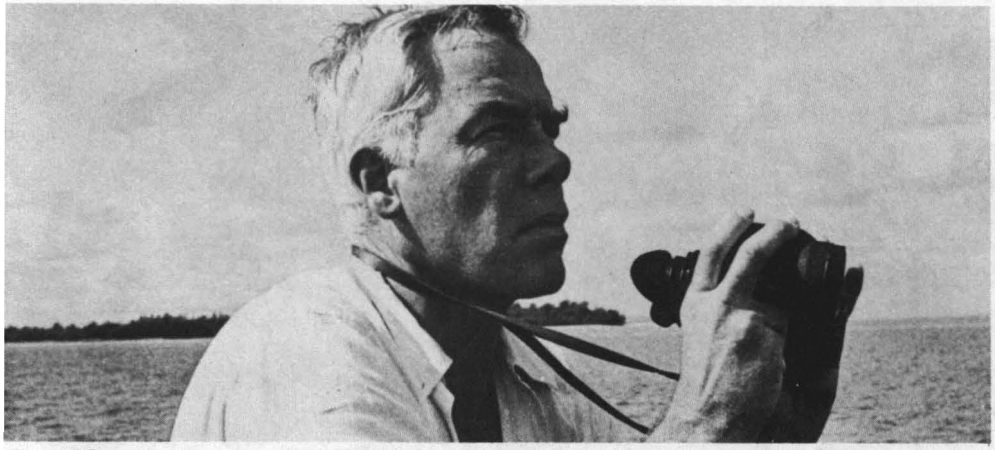
The obstacles blocking production of a film in Palau are formidable. "This is a highly difficult situation as far as ordinary motion picture production is concerned," cautioned Lloyd Anderson. And, with an eye to budget, he added "What we're looking for is not the best place, but the best place within a certain pattern of time and money."

Production will be possible only if the crew can be fed and quarters in a chartered ship anchored off location. In addition, two landing craft, a speedboat, and a helicopter may be required. There was a chance that the whole enterprise might prove financially impossible and the group might have to turn elsewhere—to the Philippines or back to Hawaii or even back to California.

But whatever their decision it was clear that none of them would forget this visit to the Trust Territory. John Boorman aptly caught the flavor of his experience. "I've been captivated by the whole thing," he confided. "I mean, really, it's stunning isn't it. I mean the Royal Palauan Hotel! Stunning!"

For that matter, there was little doubt that the Royal Palauan Hotel, or the Blue Lagoon, or the Boom-Boom Room, or the Evergreen, or Josie's in Saipan, or the Red Carpet in Guam would forget this visit. With all its early mornings and late nights, the

filmmakers' tour had about it many of the qualities of a current movie: its monologues and debates, its hallucinations and dream sequences, its contending ideas and inarticulate sounds; moments when the camera seemed to turn and the lights went out; loud passages and long silences. Could the projected movie's cast of characters match these tourists or its plot rival the episodes—published and unpublished, true and apocryphal—of this frantic memorable journey?



Lee Marvin

To Sleep on Saipan

Not many men desire to revisit the ground on which their companions have been killed and they themselves grievously wounded. And not many men, having that desire, ever are able to make the trip. But last month, ex-marine Lee Marvin proved one of the exceptional cases. When the search for a motion picture location (see adjacent story), brought him to Saipan, Marvin showed his nominal guides that he was in little need of a planned tour. His memories could guide him, and some of those memories he shared on the way in from the airport to Capital Hill.

Asked whether the island seemed as pretty in 1944 as now, Marvin replied, "they were all beautiful then, when you went in. That was the strange thing about it. I remember what it looked like when we came in past the reef—the place had been bombed and shelled for weeks and the floor of the ocean was covered with metal casings—bronze and copper—that hadn't deteriorated yet. It all shone like gold . . . Then it was OK until you got within six or seven hundred yards. Then the smell hit you—death and fire. Then remembered everything . . . the islands before. You'd give a panic look to your buddy. How did we get here?"

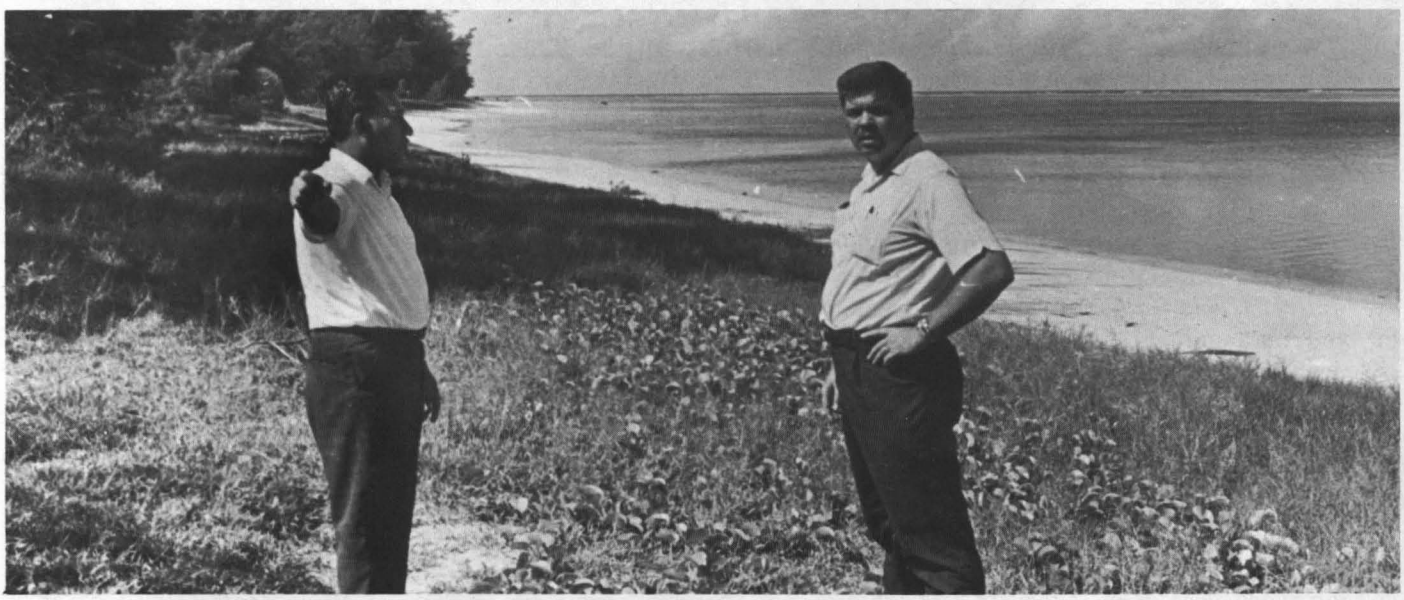
The ranks of Marvin's buddies were pretty thoroughly decimated by Saipan and the other islands. There is no one he keeps in touch with from those days—almost all are dead. And his own account of the battle for Saipan is somewhat truncated, ending at the fourth day. So, too, his intimate knowledge of the island's landscape stops shortly beyond Chalan Kanoa. By the fourth day of battle, only six of the 247 men with whom he'd landed on Yellow Beach had not been killed or wounded. And Marvin was not one of the six. A wound incurred in Death Valley—the sloping ground near today's Torres Hospital—kept him hospitalized for thirteen months.

"Tonight will be the first night I've ever fallen asleep on Saipan," the actor reflected. "I'm wondering what it will be like. I was here for four days in '44 but there was no time to sleep. They were on us all the time. I wonder if I'll jump up tonight if I hear a sound."

As it happened, there wasn't much sleep for Marvin on this busy trip either. Some people—it seems—just don't get much sleep.

—P. F. K.

PHASE 1



District Legislature President Vincent Santos and Saipan HA& E resident manager Carl Smith consider future use of island's shoreline.

By David Drake

The highly-romanticized image of the Micronesian people is changing. More and more, people are leaving their small, sleepy islands and moving to the district centers. With the increasing rate of population growth and greater numbers of people moving to the few main islands, which offer better jobs, housing, schooling, stores and medical care, the rate of urbanization in Micronesia is one of the highest anywhere in the world.

Ebeye in the Marshalls is only one but perhaps the most outstanding example. The tiny island is overcrowded with people from all over the Marshalls and from other districts, who have come seeking jobs on Kwajalein, the U. S. missile base just three miles to the south. Last year a restriction halted the influx of those seeking per-

Hawaii Architects take the first step in a plan which will pave the way for the Micronesia of tomorrow

manent residence on Ebeye. The population now stands at 4,060 on 64 of Ebeye's 76 acres. (The other 12 acres are occupied by a Coast Guard station.) This creates a population density of about 63 people per acre, exceeding even New York City's 40 per acre or 40,600 people per square mile.

The need for planning is acute. William A. McGrath, the Trust Territory's director of land management, in a presentation entitled "The Community Planning Requirement in Micronesia," declares "The rapidly developing technology of our times and the explosive population growth in Micronesia, place a premium upon integrated community, urban (district center), island, district, regional and territorial planning. Nowhere is such more necessary [than] in a developing country like Micronesia where further wastes and duplication must be avoided to make maximum use of the limited capital, limited land areas and the limited personnel and technical resources available."

To undertake a master planning program of the scope that would be required, it was generally agreed that an independent planning concern—one with the necessary personnel, expertise, and experience—should be contracted. Last year, negotiations began with a number of planning firms and in May, Hawaii Architects and Engineers, Inc., a consortium of eight separate firms, with good depth of staff, master planning experience and detailed knowledge of the Trust Territory government contracted with Hawaii Architects and Engineers to prepare "a complete and comprehensive master plan for the recommended use of all water and land" for the major islands in all six districts of the Trust Territory.

The first phase, or addendum, of the contract is to be completed by January 12, 1968. This phase calls for land use recommendations for the three district center islands of Majuro—Dalap, Uliga and Darrit—Ebeye and Carlson Islands in the Marshalls; Moen, the district center of Truk; Saipan, the district center of the Marianas and provisional capital of the Trust Territory; Yap Islands, Yap District, and Koror and environs to one mile north of Airai airfield and southern Babelthuap Island. Ponape—Kolonia and environs—originally came under the second addendum of the agreement, but has since been included in the first addendum.

There is hope that, in spite of the recent restrictions on expenditures imposed from Washington, the second phase of the contract will be undertaken and completed. The decision concerning the second phase will likely be made by the end of this year.

The master planning program is as massive as it is vital. The greatest part of the program will be devoted to determining optimum land use in all areas under consideration, according to Director of Land Management William McGrath. Before a plan can be made, the land use capabilities of any given area must first be carefully judged. Ponape, for example, has always been important agriculturally. Priority, then, will be given to agricultural use of land in that district. Two major areas of emphasis in the Marianas will be tourism and agriculture, said Carlton Smith, the consultant's resident manager for that district.

Local committees represent the people in weekly meetings

Simon Cardew, Hawaii Architects and Engineers' public information director, emphasizes the importance of full participation and interest of the Micronesian people in the planning program. The success of the program will be directly related to the active involvement of the people on the local levels, Cardew declares. The stated aim of the Hawaii Architects and Engineers is to "take the wants and needs of the people and combine them with the technical knowledge of the consultant." Toward this end, citizens' planning advisory committees have been established in the districts. Each committee is composed of about nine people who represent various interests and aspects of the community. The committees meet about once a week with the resident managers of Hawaii Architects and Engineers.

Formerly the director of planning on Guam, Carlton Smith, is representing the consultant in the Marianas. Ed Inskeep is working out of Moen and is the representative for both Truk and the Marshalls. Bill Isley is stationed on Koror and represents the consultant for Palau and Yap. Donald H. Wolbrink, president of Donald Wolbrink & Associates, Inc., and a well known planner with over 400 projects in Hawaii and the Pacific area to his credit, is vice president in charge of the planning program; Robert R. Way is project director and William Wanket is project manager, based on Saipan.

The planning committees represent the first and most important step in the educational program. They serve to get the local leaders interested and involved and through them the consultant hopes to engage the participation of as many people as possible to insure that the planning is relevent, practical and useful.

In addition, newsletters will be published every two weeks, translated into the six district languages of Micronesia, and distributed widely.

On Saipan, Hawaii Architects and Engineers also report their progress over the local radio with three-minute "spots" three times a day every Friday.

The consultant, in addition to providing detailed land use plans, will develop a "circulation plan." This will include recommendations for locations and standards for streets, harbors and airports.

The firm will also present plans for public facilities and utilities — communications, public health, education and water, power and sewerage.

To implement the planning, Hawaii Architects and Engineers will make recommendations and p r o p o s e legislation concerning district and municipal zoning ordinances and building, health and sanitation codes.

In order to maintain continuous liaison with the consultant, the Trust Territory established an interim planning commission with Chief Engineer Howard Waite as chairman. The members and the departments they represent are: Lawrence Anderson, administration; Luke Tman, public affairs; Dr. William Peck, public health; John Trace, education; William McGrath, land management; Francis Mahoney, community development, and Rendell Alldredge, planning. Representatives of Hawaii Architects and Engineers meet with the commission once a week to review the progress of the planning project.

The implementation of the consultant's plans—the actual construction—is at this time very indefinite. One of the main reasons for the January 12 deadline for the first addendum of the contract was so that the Trust Territory government would have a definite "package" to present at the budget hearings in Washington. In the final analysis, the follow-through, the implementation of the submitted plans, will depend upon the reaction of the U. S. Congress to the package that is presented.

Saipan's past, present, and future all converge in one deserted district at the northern end of the island. Here, among evidence of some World War II's bitterest fighting, almost in the shadow of Suicide Cliff, demolition crews are daily removing tons of live ammunition, clearing contaminated ground, preparing the area for a future that has not yet been determined. It is easy to speculate about the years to come: some day this restricted area could be the site of a model city or a College of Micronesia; hotels and farms might be located there, tourists might contemplate Bird Island and descend to the eerie depths of the Grotto. Or fate might dictate the return of the area to military use: stockpiles of bombs intended for Vietnam might be stored where shells intended for the Japanese home islands now rust away. In any case, it is hard not to believe that Saipan's future course will be bound to that of . . . .

MARPI

SEE . . . beautiful Bird Island, the eerie grotto, Suicide Cliff, the College of Micronesia, the cliffside restaurant, the luxurious hotel . . . all these are just projections into the future. A dream. But what about today? What is Marpi like now?

Crumbling and rusty, these 60mm mortar shells can still spread death within a radius of sixty feet.

Every morning a drab grey Navy truck motors the length of Saipan's western shore, from San Antonio to San Roque, frequently stopping along Beach Road to pick up riders. By the time it reaches the police gate at Marpi, the bed of the truck carries thirty-six Micronesian workers who will spend the day cutting through dense tangan-tangan and sword grass, carefully identifying, lifting, stacking, loading, removing some of the thirty-two thousand tons of live ammunition which now contaminate some of Saipan's loveliest and most famous acreage.

The shells which now litter the Marpi district are a legacy from the past and the future of the region cannot be resolved until all or most of them are removed. After Saipan was secured from the Japanese and only a few stragglers held out in caves, after the hundreds of tragic deaths at Suicide and Banzai Cliffs, the two and one half northernmost miles of Saipan became the principal munitions stockpile for the planned invasion of Japan by 200,000 American soldiers. Hundreds of ammunitions magazines and revetment bunkers studded the Marpi district.

Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended plans for the massive land invasion of Japan. Suddenly the shells blanketing Marpi became a military headache. Some of the ammunition was shipped home, some of it was dumped into the sea, but these were long and expensive enterprises. In the early 1950's the Army decided on another course—detonating the ammunition where it lay. The result—one observer called it "a half-assed operation"—was disastrous: instead of shattering to bits, shells were scattered intact all over the northern point of the island . . . hopelessly jumbled and disordered but just as dangerous as ever.

And so Marpi was officially closed to civilian use of any kind—although many Saipanese illegally engaged in the dangerous livelihood of stripping copper and brass off live shells and selling the scrap for fourteen or fifteen cents a pound. Steve Aiken, the rangy Californian who now acts as demolition Chief and Supervisor of Marpi, declares "I'd estimate that seventy-five percent of people on Saipan have been in here cutting copper or brass. Just about everybody you talk to has been in here at one time or another." And High Commissioner Norwood has stated "I guess were lucky that in the whole post-

Clearance of shells like these is a long, painstaking process.

Workman gingerly lifts case of undetonated mortar shells.

war period there have been only three fatalities." To some local observers, this official estimate seems low.

After a delay of almost one dozen years, clearance of ammunition from Marpi began last June under the supervision of Chief Aiken, a retired Navy ordnance expert. Operations were financed by the Department of Defense and channeled through the Trust Territory government. Aiken's crew began combing this rocky difficult terrain, cutting through underbrush, bulldozing roads, trucking out ones of live ammunition. To an outside observer, Aiken's crew resembles nothing more than a team of archaeologists, digging, scraping, meticulously rummaging through the remains of a war-time civilization. But instead of discovering earthenware pots and forgotten arrowheads, they unearth living deadly shells.

First these new archaeologists bulldoze roads to reach a revetment. Two men walk in front of the bulldozer, safeguarding against a disastrous collision with a shell. Then they cut paths—each man has a machete—through the tangan-tangan. In some highly contaminated areas they even excavate for shells, carying them to the roadside in slings and stretchers. Most ammunition is dumped into the sea from Banzai Cliff, although some detonated metal is collected for sale as scrap. Aiken prevents his men from indulging in the local craft of copper and brass shells: "I forbid any of my men from stripping coper or brass from live sells. It's just not worth it. A few ounces of copper are just not worth a life."

Most of the ammunition is of American manufacture, has never been fired and, because of the crystallized condition of the explosive powder—is even more dangerous now than at the time of manufacture. Removal of shells—mortar rounds, bazookas, land mines, granades, cannisters, artillery shells—is a painstaking process.

Workmen garner a rusting harvest of shells and cases.

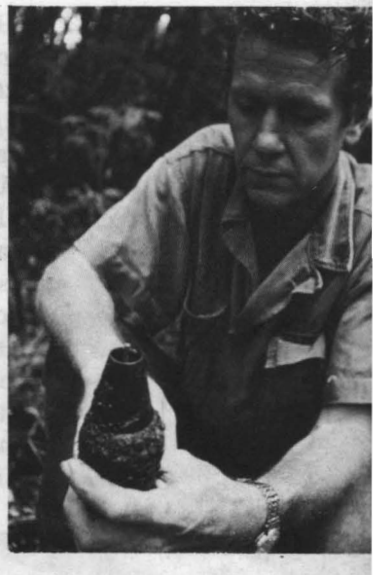
On a recent tour of Marpi, Chief Aiken pointed out one of the hundreds of revetments—large earthen bunkers—that honeycomb Marpi. The revetment was overgrown with thick tangan-tangan. It was a dark, damp, disagreeable place in which to work. Scattered over the ground was a chaotic jungle of shells and cases, a metallic goulash of ammunition. Mortar shells were strewn over the ground, tangled in the undergrowth, buried and embedded in the earth. Some mortar shells were still in metal boxes, others were separately littered over the ground—but almost all of them were still live. Even shells that were half-disintegrated, flecked with patches of green moss, could still spread death within a radius of sixty feet.

Stepping lightly among live mortar shells and hand grenades, Aiken picked up a specimen 60mm shell and remarked, "It's items like this that make this job so hairy. This is a striker. All it would take is a good blow on this striker and it would go up . . . I trust my boys but this is going to be a bad job, thanks to little jewels like this one here. We'll bring the truck in here and I'll check each shell myself before handing it out."

The age of shells combines with their disorderly array to make clearance such a difficult operation. "The fuses," comments Aiken, "have deteriorated. If the fuses were all new and had not been exposed to the weather and deteriorated this wouldn't be so touchy." As it is, Aiken's team will need four or five days—nine hour days—to clear one difficult revetment. Aiken estimates that one-fifth of Marpi's contaminated ground now is clear and can be declared "reasonably safe." But, until operations are complete, visits to the end of this island must be restricted, particularly when blasting operations are in progress. "There are a lot of people naturally interested in the scenic spots at this end of the island but they don't realize the hazards involved," Aiken commented re-

Shell by shell, an iron curtain.

"Little jewels like these"



cently. "When local people come we tell them they can't come in because of blasting and it's usually O.K. But the statesiders can get pretty belligerent."

"I do make efforts to let in special parties. Because of the historical background of this area I make every effort to accommodate Japanese tourists. Many of them had relatives here. Usually they want to go to the Command Post and the area at the base of Suicide Cliff. They gather up some bones there and hold a memorial service of some kind."

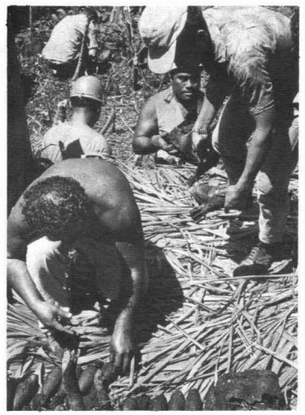
While Aiken's crew is at work—and it will take them about two years to complete their task—four or five of Saipan's major scenic attractions will go unvisited. The cleverly concealed Japanese command post at Marpi and Banzai Cliff are reached with relative ease, but Bird Island and the awesome nearby grotto become increasingly inaccessible. Even now, the trip is impossible without a knowledgeable guide and a durable jeep. Almost daily, the flourishing tangantangan tightens its control of Marpi's aging roads and paths. And, although Saipan's aggressive young Chamber of Commerce is in-

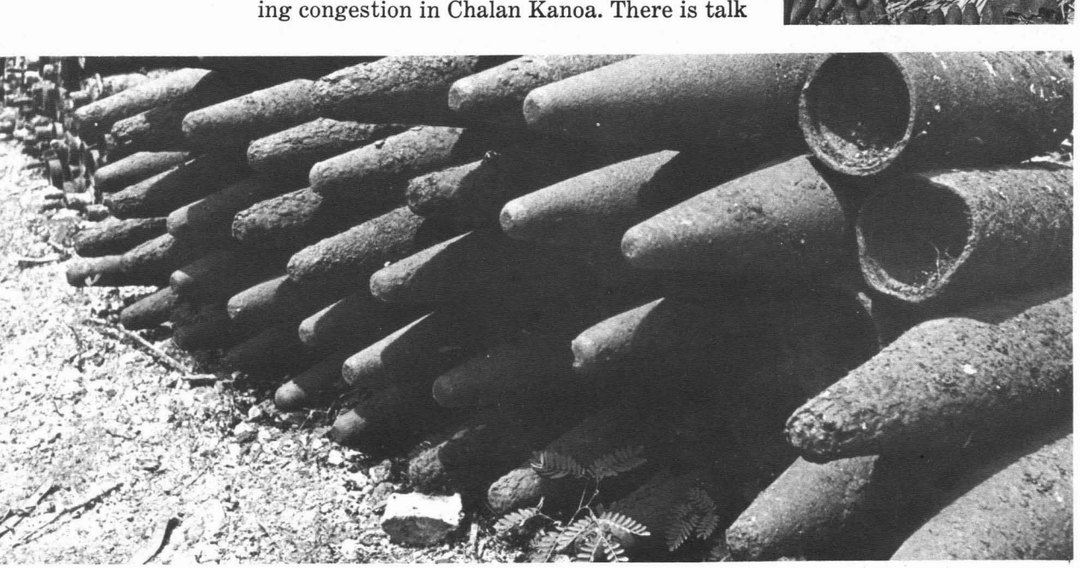
stalling road signs and historical markers in Marpi, most tourism will have to wait until Aiken's risky job is done. Until then, Marpi will remain the unchallenged domain of the deer, wild pigs, lizards and fruit bats which abound there.

But the day is not far off when the Marpi district—its high cliffs and hidden caves, hills and rocky shore—will be free again. Official discussions of the future of the district remain vague. The High Commissioner mentions homesteading, farming, tourism, sugar-production. A district official speculates about a model city which would relieve growing congestion in Chalan Kanoa. There is talk about a College of Micronesia someday being located in Marpi. One local planner pictures a hotel at the edge of the Grotto, another envisions a restaurant at the top of Suicide Cliff. Many commentators insist that the military could not have forgotten Marpi. They note that the area was a part of Admiral U. S. Grant Sharp's recent "sightseeing" tour of Saipan.

The future of Marpi remains cloudy, but there can be no question that it will soon again be a part of life on Saipan. Obviously, planning for the destiny of this lovely, ominous, sad, promising landscape must begin now. —P. F. Kluge

Mosaic of mortar shells on bed of truck . . .

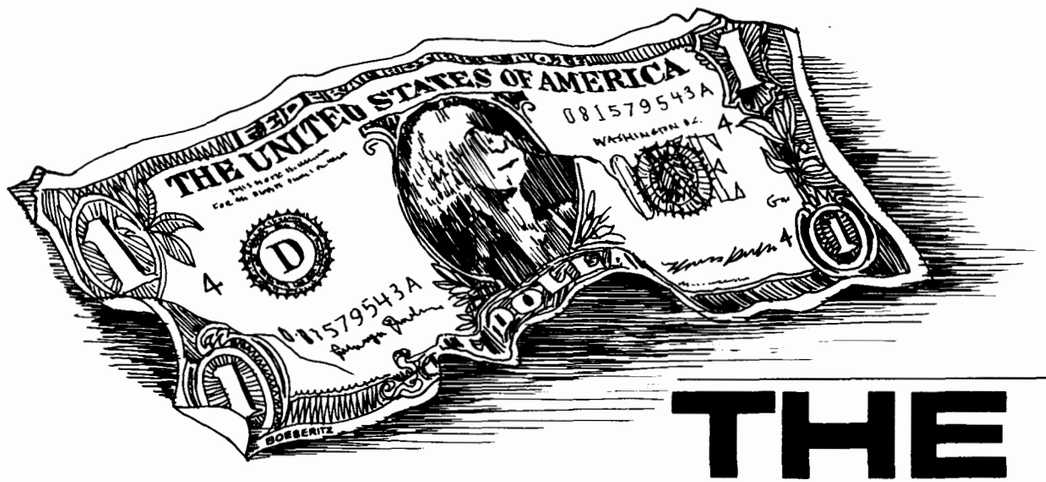




A Marpi still-life.

Found Art: Informal gallery of Marpi artifacts.

Parting Shot—Shells are dumped from Banzai Cliff



THE NEW SOCIETY

the standard of living is high on Ebeye and it is changing the lives of many Micronesians. But all is not milk and honey in this new society.

by Dr. W. V. Vitarelli

A discussion of Ebeye must start with a discussion of population, for by any standard Ebeye is the most over-crowded community in the Trust Territory. But to say that Ebeye has 4,500 people spread over 64 acres is not enough, for congestion is more than a mathematical concept; it is 15 to 20 people crouched in a single room where the sounds of each man's breathing become as one and where to turn in one's sleep means a concession on the part of all. It means thanking God for the cool rain that fills the drum outside but at the same time damning the Devil for the leaky roof. Congestion means lack of privacy and learning to time one's regularity to meet the night or the tide or the privilege of a benjo.

Congestion is more than numbers and acres; it is the unnatural accumulation of people in one place caused by a disregard for space and a disregard for the planning of space to accommodate human beings. Congestion is noise, soggy air and cockroaches.

The human congestion now found on Ebeye, which we are now struggling to correct, is not a natural phenomenon but was caused by the unnatural proximity of the Kwajalein Test Site to a convenient place for workers to live. It is also the result of some men's unwillingness or inability to plan, to design and to create—it is the result of man's tendency to "let things work themselves out" . . . to "muddle through" rather than to try new and imaginative approaches. The greatest part of Ebeye's present dilemma can be traced to human inertia, holding to accepted procedures and the status quo when the social, political and economic forces are revolting from one mode of living to another. Even today it is difficult to convince some that because of Ebeye's uniqueness, the solution to its problems must be unique and cannot be found in the same old ways.

In addition to population and congestion, one aspect of Ebeye's uniqueness is its affluence, with over $2 million dollars a year being poured into the economy from wages alone. This is more than all the money made from copra throughout the Marshall Islands in one year. But again, affluence is not only a mathematical concept—a matter of money per person per year; it is rising at dawn to catch the Tarlang and returning home at dusk 11 hours later; it means looking forward to payday and a weekend drunk; an old lady squatting on the floor ironing an Arrow shirt; a 9-year-old girl burned to death because her mother was away at work; it means a string of doughnuts, a pail of sugar water and cokes for breakfast; 85 cents for Spam, 50 cents for a roll of toilet paper, $1.60 for a box of Rinso and $50.00 for Saturday night's poker game.

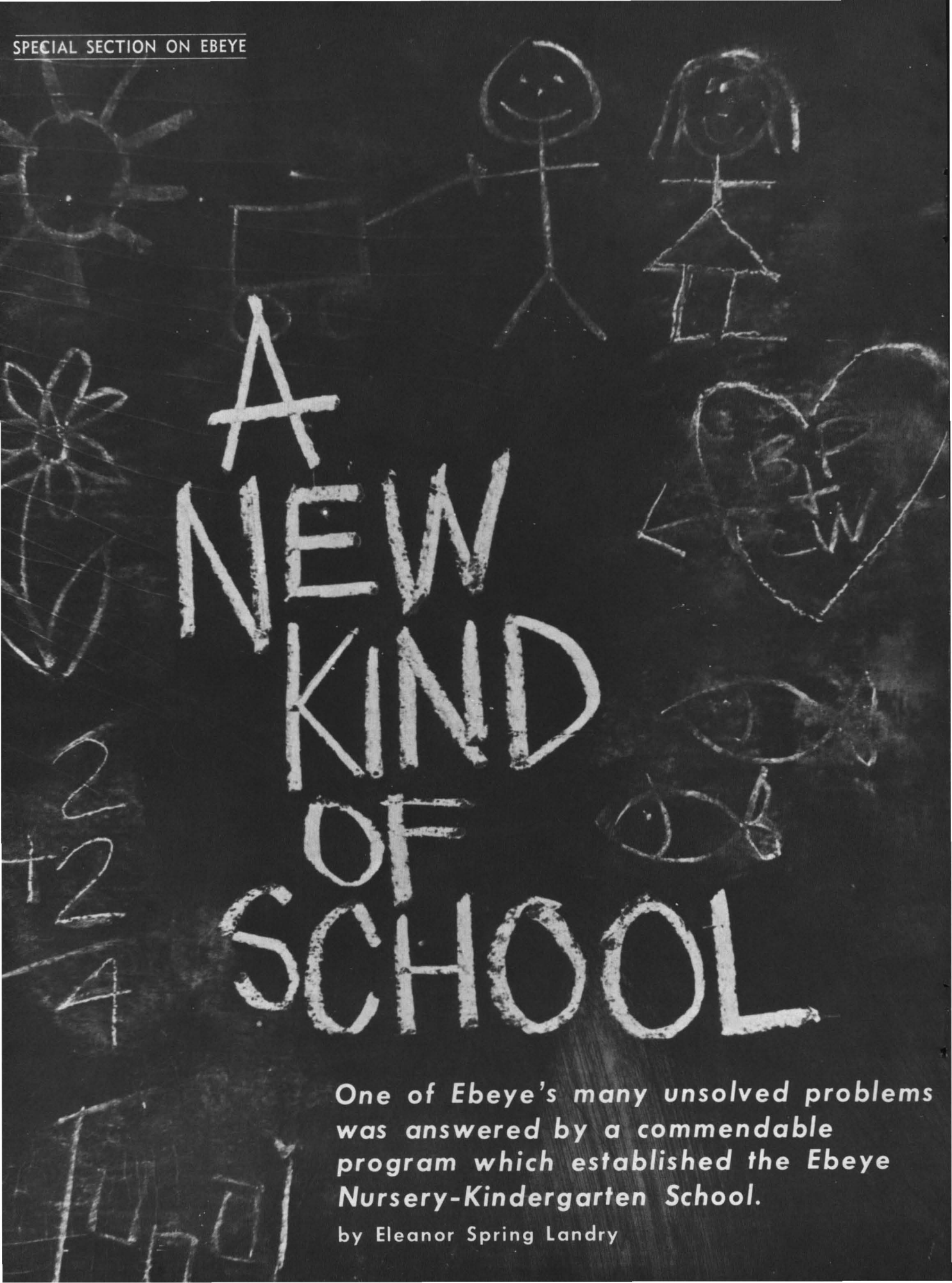
The affluent on Ebeye have the privileges of going to Kwajalein each day and learning how Americans live; of baby-sitting for American children in American homes while their own kids run wild on Ebeye, eating American food at the Snack Bar and watching wistfully as Americans spend their dollars at Macy's. Affluence for Ebeyeans is more than money; it is new appetites for new things and new ways.

There is another aspect to Ebeye's uniqueness and that is the presence of Mid-Corridor people, who are trapped on Ebeye because they cannot return to their island homes that are now in the path of the missile runs. Some of these residents have come directly from a subsistence economy to Ebeye's relative abundance and cannot compete for the skilled jobs at Kwajalein so they collect their monthly allowance of $25.00 and eke out a livelihood on rice, doughnuts and cokes threatening every day to return home to taro and breadfruit groves.

Besides congestion, money and poverty, Ebeye has another unique feature that makes it different from any other island in the Marshalls—it is populated by people from virtually every other island in the Marshalls making a mixture of political factions and land owners that defies understanding.

Soon Ebeye will be the only island in the Trust Territory that will have a complete community with flush toilets, fire hydrants, sewer system, electricity and running water.

But the most unique feature of all and the one that must not be overlooked when solutions to Ebeye's problems are being discussed is the fact that Ebeye is tied inextricably to Kwajalein by an umbilical cord that cannot be severed without destroying its very life. Without Kwajalein there would be no Ebeye—and so the future of Ebeye is tied to the future of Kwajalein; the solutions to Ebeye's problems will forever be a function of the Kwajalein complex.



A NEW KIND OF SCHOOL

One of Ebeye's many unsolved problems was answered by a commendable program which established the Ebeye Nursery-Kindergarten School.

by Eleanor Spring Landry

There are about two hundred families on Ebeye in the Marshall Islands who do not have a regular monetary income. Since Ebeye's economy is based on regular wages, unlike most other islands in Micronesia, a severe hardship is imposed on those without jobs.

Many residents of Ebeye spend the working day on nearby Kwajalein. Often, their children are left without proper care back on Ebeye. Older children sometimes have to miss school to stay at home with their younger brothers or sisters.

The education department on Ebeye had already established a kindergarten and thereby paved the way for the Nursery-Kindergarten School that was started. A total of $16,000 was allocated by Trust Territory headquarters from funds made available by Public Law 89-10 which was created when the Elementary and Secondary Education Act was signed into law by President Johnson on April 11, 1965. This authorized federal support to special education programs for educationally deprived children in areas where low-income families are concentrated.

The High Commissioner's representative on Ebeye, Dr. W. V. Vitarelli, became project manager and the program came under the administration of the Education Department, with plans that the education department would eventually absorb the program. All children from the previous kindergarten were included in the new plans so that there would be only one kindergarten on Ebeye. But the

program was primarily aimed at children from the Mid-Corridor Islands—islands within a 40-mile area northeast to southwest through the Kwajalein atoll.

Many local groups—the Council, the Advisory Committee and women's clubs—contributed valuable ideas in the development of the project and late in February it began. Mrs. Trannie Quinn from Kwajalein was appointed as director and Althea Edwards as her assistant. Marshallese teachers included Rhoda Mawilon, Nemur Jowin and Tina Tnjain. Three other American teachers later joined the staff: Mrs. Louise Vierstra, a registered nurse from Kwajalein, Judy Ward and Marilyn Wagner.

The school is housed in the Ebeye Shelter, a concrete structure about 250 feet by 75 feet, initially constructed by the Army as protection for Ebeye residents during missile shots. About a 20-foot by 30-foot area of the building is alloted for the school. Classes are separated by partitions.

The Youth Corps helped to renovate the school and shop for supplies. Classes were in session five days a week, six hours a day. One hundred children between the ages of three and six took part in the program. Activities were carefully planned and the children enjoyed the use of new material—paint, crayons, blocks and other kindergarten school supplies. The Yokwe Yuk Women's Club of Kwajalein presented a check for $246.52 to the Nursery-Kindergarten School which allowed the purchase of more school supplies. The most important objective of

the program was to provide the children with experience that will be valuable to them when they begin attending first grade classes.

The children were exposed to oral English daily through the use of records, tape recordings and radio. They learned how to do things in an orderly manner—forming lines for washing hands, going to rest rooms, going out to play and caring for materials.

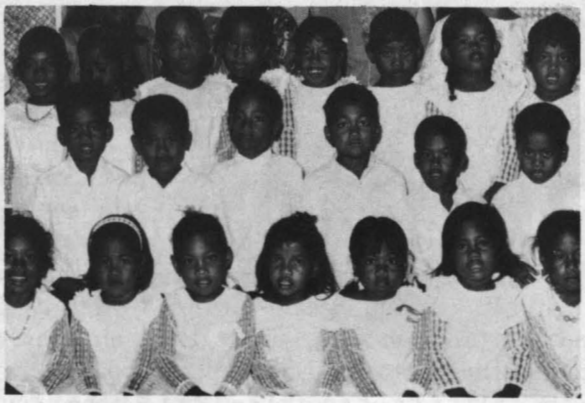
Prior to the start of the program, the children were given blood tests. Results indicated a diet deficiency. The diets of Ebeye residents were found to be far below the normal nutritional standards and consist primarily of starch. Therefore, a very important part of the school activities was the feeding program. Each child received two substantial meals a day which consisted of food with high protein content. Breakfasts consisted of fruit, milk, hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter. Lunches included milk, soup, sandwiches of canned meat, tuna, cheese or other proteins. Paper plates and cups were used, eliminating elaborate kitchen needs. The eggs were procured already hard-boiled from a local restaurant. The only cooking necessary was the heating of soup.

To conclude a successful six-month program, a graduation ceremony was held at the end of August. About 500 people attended. The program began with an invocation by Reverend Jude Samson followed by a brief explanation of the program and recognition of those who helped by Dr. Vitarelli, the project manager. The children charmed the audience with songs they had learned in their classes. For the occasion at which they were the main attraction, the girls wore long, custom-made graduation dresses of pale yellow with lace sleeves and the boys wore long trousers and white shirts. Soon after the ceremony had ended the children walked along barefooted again, shoes in hand.

Graduation ended with the presentation of diplomas and promotion certificates by Mrs. Alice Keju, chairman of the Nursery-Kindergarten Advisory Committee.

The evening concluded with a traditional Marshallese gift presentation. The mothers of the school children circled around the teachers, sang, and then placed items of handicraft, shells, baskets, handbags, belts and money on the table in appreciation to the teachers.

The success of the program was due not only to the teaching staff, but to many others who devoted their time and energy—from the kitchen workers to custodians—and especially to the members of the Advisory Committee: Alice Keju, Partuna Majao, Booka Lanwi, Taro Lomae, Yobi Dribo, Freda Jibun, Neiroj Angain and Laura Balos.



Class of '67

monster, variously regarded as a son of Typhoeus or as Typhoeus himself.

ty·phon·ic (tī-fon′ik), *adj.* of or like a typhoon.

ty·phoon (tī-fōōn′), *n.* [< Chin. dial. *tai-fung*, lit., great wind (or ? < *Tai*, Formosa; hence, Formosa wind); influenced by earlier *tuphan, tufan;* Port. *tufão;* Ar. *ṭūfān* < Gr. *typhōn*, hurricane], a violent cyclonic storm, especially one in the China Sea and adjacent regions; hurricane.

ty·phous (tī′fəs), *adj.* of, or having the nature of, typhus.

ty·phus (tī′fəs), *n.* [Mod. L. < Gr. *typhos*, a vapor, fever, stupor], an acute infectious disease caused a rickettsia transmitted to man lice, etc., and

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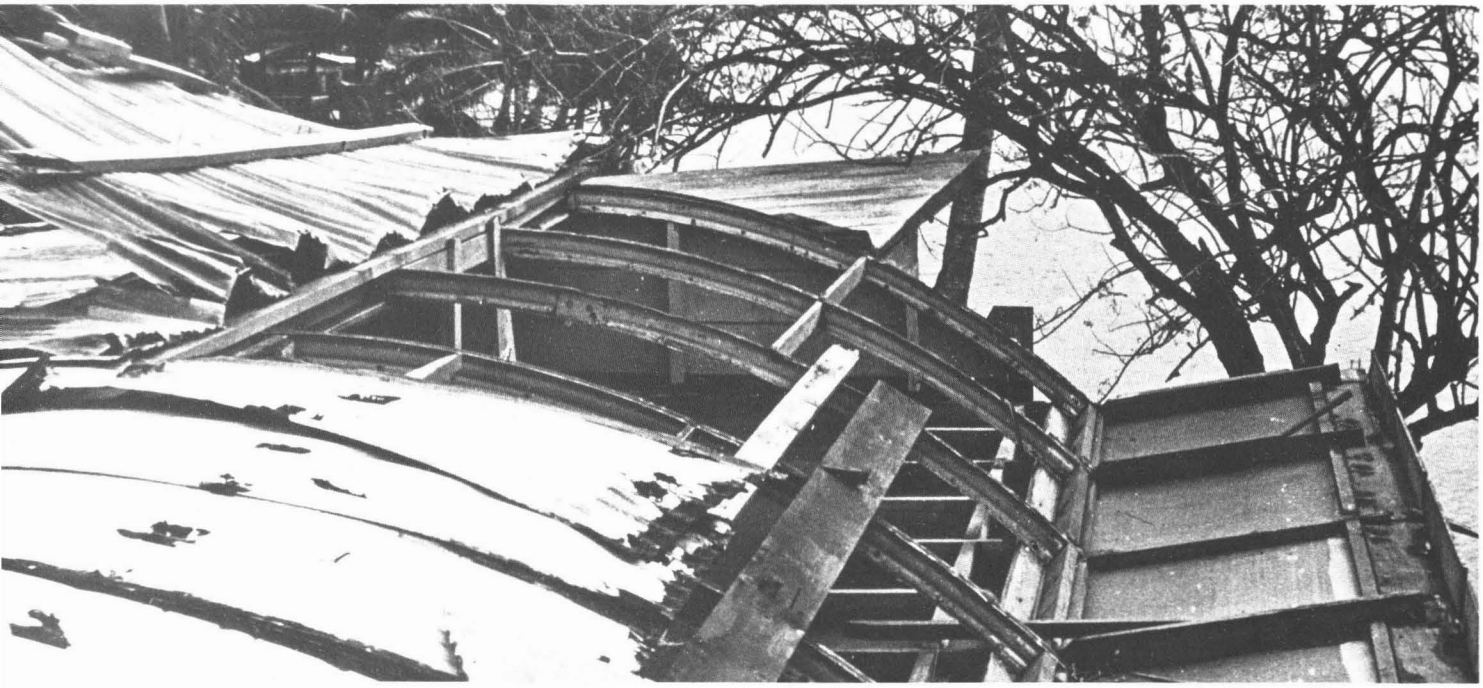
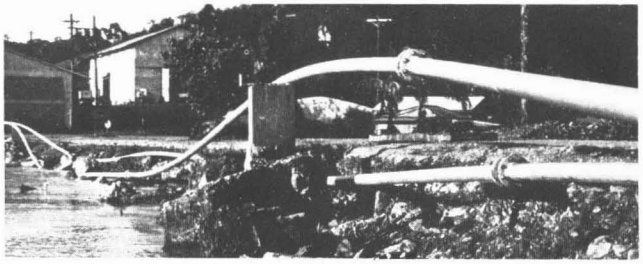
How would you define typhoon?

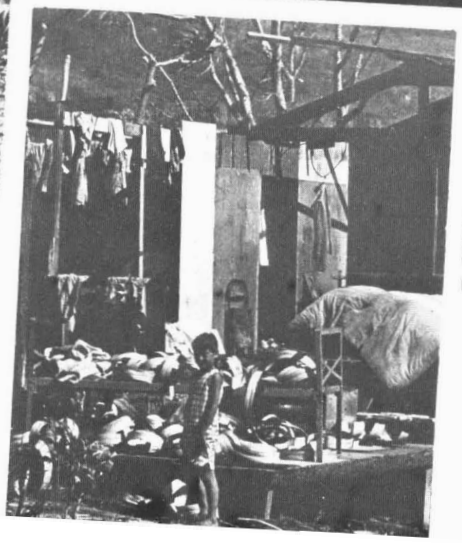
Within the first three weeks of November
there were three of them:
Emma, Gilda, and Harriet.
Two of of them did considerable damage.
Emma to Yap. Gilda to Rota.
To a Micronesian, this damage
often means losing everything he has.
To him it is not important
what a typhoon is, but what it does.
Turn the page.

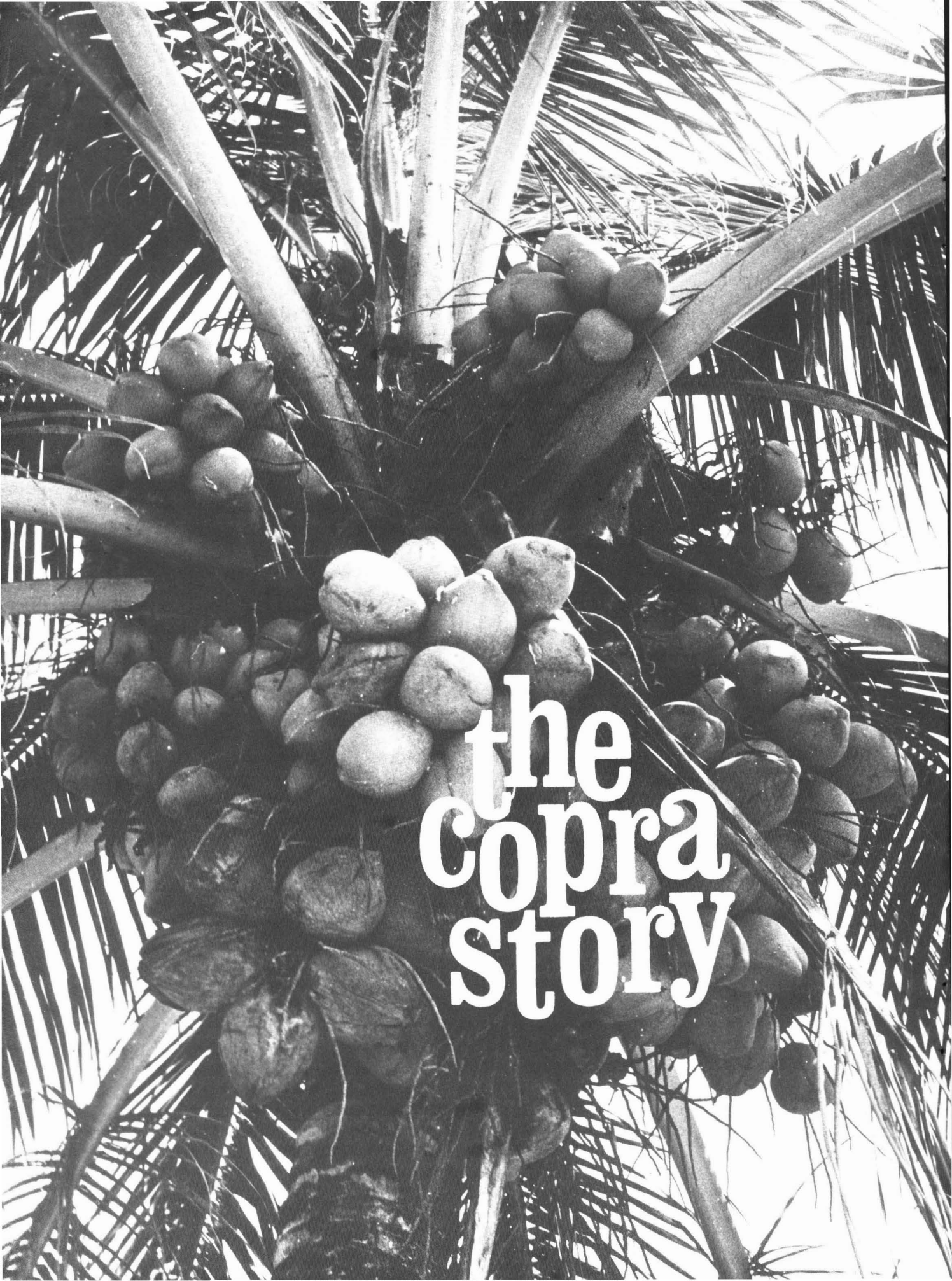
EMMA





GILDA




the copra story

a Micronesian way of life —*by Janet Go*

Songs and legends have been written about the coconut palm, the most valuable possession of Pacific islanders. This palm gives food, drink, shelter and cash income to Micronesians.

The most important economic use of the coconut palm is the manufacture of copra, the dried kernel of the nut. Micronesian copra is processed into coconut oil in Japan. It then is used in producing many food products and in such by-products as solvent and livestock feed.

The Trust Territory government is constantly promoting improvement in cultivation of coconut palms in Micronesia. Copra, the leading product of the Trust Territory, represents more than 80% of goods exported annually from the islands.

How does copra get from one of the 2,100 islands of Micronesia to bustling ports of Kobe and Yokohama in Japan? Let's take a look.

Harvesting

Copra is made by families. Gathering the nuts is usually the task of young boys. Children and adults open the nuts, cut the kernel into pieces and spread them to dry.

The daily routine of making copra begins in the morning and ends with the noon lunch. The afternoons are spent clearing undergrowth in the coconut grove to facilitate harvesting the nuts. Occasionally a group of about ten young men get together to collect coconuts, husk them on the spot, and haul them to a central location to dry. The group can produce from one to two tons of copra a day.

About half of the fresh coconut kernel is water which must be evaporated in order to produce copra. Copra should not contain more than 5% moisture since high moisture content causes deterioration, destruction by molds and insects and rancidity of oil. Evaporation of moisture continues during storage

and ocean transit. Since it is imperative to keep copra dry, loading and unloading of copra ceases when rain threatens.

Only fully-ripe coconuts obtained from tall varieties of palms are suitable for manufacture of copra. In Ceylon and India, coconuts are allowed to fall naturally and are collected intermittently.

Pacific islanders remove the husk of the coconut with a pointed stick. Sometimes the whole nut is cut lengthwise to drain water and expose the kernel. Copra is made from the cut kernels, half-kernels in husk and shell, or half-kernels in the shell after the husk is removed.

Drying

Drying the coconut meat to make copra is done by five methods: direct solar heat with aid of natural breezes; direct heat from open fires in driers; indirect heat in simple, homemade hot-air driers; more elaborate patented driers using natural or forced air, or any combination of these methods.

Sun drying is the oldest and slowest method of copra manufacture. When rainfall is scant and there are long sunny periods and strong winds, copra of excellent quality can

be made.

In the Marshall Islands, a form of sun drying on the ground prevails. Nuts are husked and split and half-nuts in shells are spread out one layer deep with kernels facing up. Unless care is taken, however, kernels can be contaminated with sand and dirt.

The best way to dry nuts is on raised platforms consisting of branches and trunks of palms, on wires stretched from palm to palm, or on a concrete platform. This method minimizes contamination and allows winds to blow from above and below, thus hastening drying. Often, corrugated sheets of aluminum serve as platform and roof for drying racks. An efficient sun drier with trays for removal in sunny weather is found in Ponape, where copra of good quality is produced. This drier stands close to the beach where sunshine and strong breezes blowing across the lagoon dries the cut kernels quickly.

The disadvantage of sun-drying is its dependence on weather, which prevents producing copra on a schedule. Wetting of kernels by rain during and after drying is fatal to the quality of copra; but delay in drying fallen nuts also causes loss of quality. Sun-drying requires from eight to ten sunny days. Some observers contend that sun-dried copra has poorer quality than copra dried over coconut shell fires. The burning shells, they claim, give off fumes of disinfectant value.

The chief value of preliminary sun-drying, even when followed by artificial drying, is to get rid of moisture left on kernels by water in the nut. It is claimed that this initial exposure to sun also bleaches and sterilizes the kernels.

In Majuro, Marshalls District, a simple drier using only coconut shells for fuel is used. The coconut shells are burned in a 44-gallon oil drum and can be moved to any position under the platform. Cut kernels are placed in a thin layer on the platform and turned over to produce even drying and prevent scorching. This structure can be used either as a sun-drier or as an artificial drier. The two processes are often combined.

The Japanese introduced hot-air copra driers to Micronesia. Their devices featured movable trays placed above each other. The Japanese encouraged the Caroline and Marshall Islanders to install hot air driers on their holdings by supplying them with free corrugated iron sheets and other building materials.

Single-chamber hot-air driers are used by islanders in Ponape and Yap. One of these small driers produces about 200 pounds of copra in 24 hours. These driers are constructed with iron sheets on rough timber frames and contain trays made of bamboo or wooden slats. This type of drier is used in all weather.

Transport

In the other islands of Micronesia, copra is put in 100-pound burlap bags and paddled in outrigger canoes or motorboats to islands where inter-island vessels pick up the copra and transport it to district centers. Copra is graded and weighed when purchased.

Micronesia has a reputation for highest quality copra—well-dried and clean—despite the ever-present dangers of being drenched by rain or seawater and turning moldy before reaching destination. If there is a delay between the manufacture of copra and its collection, copra can become moldy, insect-ridden and discolored. This copra can also infect other copra with which it is stored in holds of ships.

At the district centers, the copra bags are emptied into the holds of overseas freighters for transport to Japan. Bulk copra is storage settles into a solid, compact mass. Bulk storage takes up less room than bag-

ged copra, is less of a fire hazard and is more easily unloaded in slings from the ship.

In the bustling ports of Kobe and Yokohama, Japan, lighters gather around the copra freighters from the Trust Territory. When the barges are loaded with copra, they are towed up rivers to oil processing plants.

Processing

The Fuji Oil Company of Kobe, the Yoshihara Oil Company in Osaka and the Nisshin Oil Company in Yokohama welcome Micronesian copra. The Fuji Oil Company is a typical oil processing plant. The company considers Micronesian copra cleaner and better than the Philippine or New Guinea copra which they also handle.

When the lighter ties up alongside the Fuji Oil Company's dock, the copra is unloaded and taken to a warehouse where it is fumigated and isolated for a short time. Next, the copra is dumped into an electromagnetic machine which separates such foreign matter as bottle caps, nails, stones and sand. Removal of such impurities is essential because at the next stage the copra is passed through knives and rollers which cut and grind copra into flakes prior to entry into steam kettles or cookers.

The ground copra is steam-cooked at 100 degrees centigrade for several hours. Next it is passed under pressure through two sets of expellers, consisting of a tapering screw-worm revolving in conical casing. Oil and copra cake are expelled from these machines.

The Fuji Oil Company imports about 5,000 tons of copra a month. Traffic will increase next year when the company's equipment is replaced. Present machines produce 20 tons of oil per day and require four operators. The new machines will turn out about 75 tons per day and need only two operators.

Copra contains about 65% oil, 16% cake from which solvent extract is made, and 1%

meal. Copra and gasoline are mixed to make solvent. Meal is used as livestock feed. The coconut oil is purchased by ice cream factories as a butter substitute. Also made from coconut oil are soap, detergents, candles and candy. Coconut oil is used in production of synthetic rubber, aircraft brake fluid and safety glass.

High quality oil is an odorless fluid of light color and low acid content. Manufacturers of margarine insist on acid-free oil which does not develop rubbery flavor on exposure to sunlight and does not oxidize, causing rancidity. Makers of biscuits, confectionary and soap make a special point of securing light-colored copra.

Economics

In the year ending June 1965, Micronesia's copra export was 13,718 short (British) tons valued at $2,525,117. As production of copra increases, profits are passed to local copra producers, boat owners who haul copra to district centers and local trading companies which buy copra for the Copra Stabilization Board. More work is created for local dock handlers and stevedores. And finally, freight revenue and taxes collected by the Trust Territory government are applied to education, public health and other services.

The Copra Stabilization Board was established in 1952 and has funds accumulated from past profits to absorb sudden drops in world prices. Thus, the people of Micronesia are protected from sudden drops and fluctuations in the world market. Islanders are assured that whatever amount of copra they process, they will receive stable prices in return.

The Copra Stabilization Board markets, buys, collects copra through a contractor who sells and exports copra within the territory. It fixes prices to be paid to producers and provides for collecting, grading, weighing and purchasing. The Board also invests copra

Sliced coconut meat spread on drying tray.

Lives depend on the Copra Stabilization Board which fixes prices and guarantees a market for what is produced.

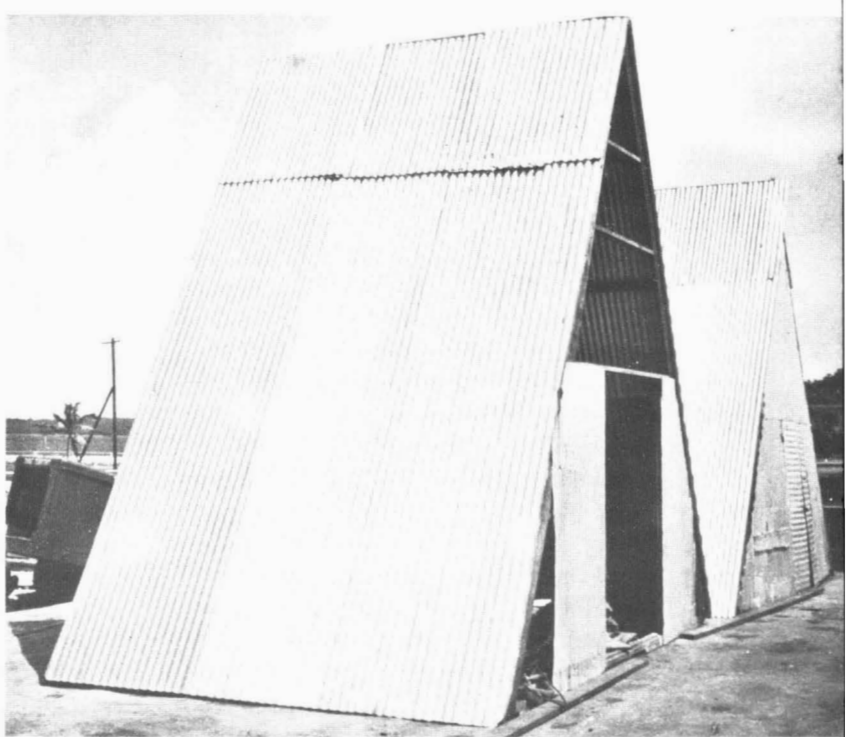
profits in the Copra Stabilization Fund.

In 1952 a contract was made with Atkins, Kroll and Company to perform the actual collection of copra in the districts, to negotiate export sales and ship the copra to Japan.

The United Micronesian Development Association was formed in early 1966 and in the same year won the bid for the copra marketing contract.

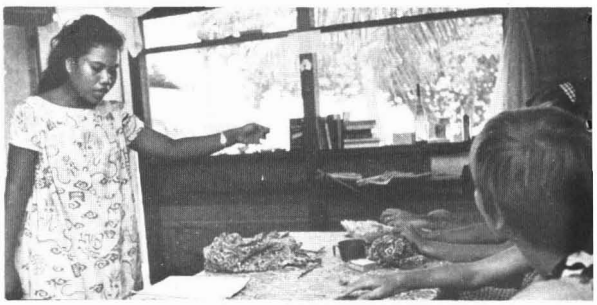
As the standard of living and purchasing power of Japanese and other Asian populations increase, the consumption of soap and confections will increase and Pacific copra will continue to find profitable markets. Increased consumption of food in form of oils and fats will also accompany higher standards of living. A reliable source of high-grade oil will be needed. If Micronesians continue to produce the best quality of copra in larger quantities, they can expect their purses to bulge and their living standards to rise accordingly.

These tin-roofed houses on Yap dock rely on solar heat to dry copra.



away from the formal classroom, these teachers are having a new experience ....

TEACHING TRUKESE



Risko Miochy

Twenty-nine Micronesians from the six districts are spending up to five hours a day in class and living in the Peace Corps trainees' houses on Udot—all in an effort to teach the local languages of the Trust Territory.

Babno Niwis and Risko Miochy are two Trukese language teachers participating in the program.

Babno, 26 years old and from Fefan, attended St. Thomas' School and the Intermediate School before becoming a teacher of the fourth and fifth grades in Messa. He has taught English before, but this is the first time he has taught Trukese.

"I wanted to help the new Volunteers for Truk," Babno says. "So I asked if I could teach in the program, and I am enjoying the work very much. Some of the students do well, but others are having trouble with the language. Even so, they all try hard and are always asking questions about Trukese and Truk."

Babno lives with three trainees in one of the houses constructed for the program. While many meals have fresh fish and octopus, there is little other Trukese food now that breadfruit season is over. "I wish there was more," he says.

Being from a different island doesn't bother him much, since some of his family is on Udot.

After he finishes with training, Babno plans to return to Messa and teach, but he would also like to go back to high school.

Risko, 20 years old and a native of Udot, graduated from St. Cecilia School in 1965 after attending seven years. Last year she taught second grade in the Udot school, and this summer she was a language teacher in the first training program on the island.

When asked how the trainees in the two programs compared, she replied, "The trainees play more with their Trukese 'families' this time than they did before, probably because the schedule permit more time to be spent with the families than before."

Like Babno, she asked to teach in the program because she wanted to help the new Volunteers. "They will go to many islands and help the people there," she says. "Volunteers from this program will teach English, do engineering work, help businesses, work in the hospital, and help improve agriculture techniques. All this is good for Truk."

Married just last month, Risko lives with her husband in Muanitiu but spends several hours each day with the trainees outside class. "Sometimes it is very funny to hear them trying to speak," she says, "but most of the trainees are doing very well."

When Risko and Babno have time to meet with the other language teachers, they usually spend most of their time talking about how they teach their students and exchanging ideas on what the best teaching methods are.

Unfortunately, with the busy schedule and great distances between villages, these times have been too few and far between for the language teachers to get to know one another very well. But Ken Rehg, director of the language program, is doing all he can to rectify this. A party-workshop and a picnic to an outer island have already taken place, and plans call for meeting more often than at the start of the program.

—Eric Lax

starting with the next issue you will be receiving the Micronesian Reporter

QUARTERLY

The production of a quarterly magazine will permit the staff of the Micronesian Reporter to concentrate on improving the contents of every issue. Readers can be confident that each number of the magazine represents the best efforts of the Reporter's staff.

The editor solicits photographs and manuscripts from all interested parties, inside or outside Micronesia. All contributions are welcome. Stories should be typed and double spaced; photographs should be 8 *X* 10 *enlarged prints or undeveloped black and white film (please no wallet size prints). The Reporter will process undeveloped film. Contributions should be sent to: Micronesian Reporter, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Saipan, Marianas Islands* 96950.

Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands
Trusteeship of the United Nations
administered by The United States of America

TT-PPO, SAIPAN