MicronesianReporter

SECOND QUARTER 1968

CREDITS
COVER: Toshiro Mifune in scene from movie filmed in Palau. Photograph by Norman Shapiro.
PHOTOGRAPHS: p. 1-4, Norman Shapiro; p. 5-8, Robert Wenkam; p. 11-17, Robert Wenkam; p. 26-37, Norman Shapiro.
ILLUSTRATIONS: p. 22-23, Bob Boeberitz; p. 24, Carmen Mutnguy; p. 38-39, Bob Boeberitz.

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Who's Who

...in this issue of the Reporter

DIRK A. BALLENDORF
A history buff and program director for Peace Corps/Micronesia, Mr. Ballendorf provides us with an incisive narrative of Saipan's crucial role in World War II. The author expects to resume graduate studies at Harvard University this fall.

MARY ANNE GREINER
A former Peace Corps Volunteer in Ponape District, Miss Greiner recently returned to her home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her article "The Legend of Nan Madol" (assisted by Pensile Lawrence) was one of the two she submitted before her departure.

JACK E. FLETCHER
Formerly on the faculty of the College of Guam, Jack E. Fletcher now is completing graduate study at Colorado State College in Greeley.

P.F. KLUGE
Our editor went to Palau for this quarter's big one. "It's not that I care much about movies," he relates, "but there were some engaging scraps of humanity on that beach."

ERIC LAX
Now deputy director of this summer's Peace Corps training program on Peleliu, Eric Lax first came to the Trust Territory as a TESL teacher on the island of Tsis in the Truk Lagoon.

CARMEN MUTNGUY
Since setting down the legend of Manbuth in 1960, Carmen Mutnguy—now the wife of Senator Petrus Tun—has taught at Yap High School and worked as a secretary. She attended the University of Hawaii.

DOUGLAS DUNLAP
Until medical problems compelled his early departure from Micronesia, Mr. Dunlap and his wife Margaret were Volunteers on the island of Kusaie in Ponape District.

MicronesianReporter The Journal of Micronesia / Second Quarter 1968 / Volume XVI, Number 2

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

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

INTERVIEW:

Lazarus Salii

Mr. Lazarus Salii, the subject of this quarter's Micronesian Reporter interview, is a youthful leader who shares in the accomplishments of Micronesian politics to date. And participates in some of its paradoxes. A native of Angaur, Palau, and a graduate of the University of Hawaii, Salii returned to his home district with a B.A. in political science and a desire to "straighten things out." In Palau, in 1961, he occupied the first of a number of official posts, beginning a career in government service which he has pursued, with interruptions and mixed emotions, to the present day. Salii currently is a Personnel Specialist in Trust Territory headquarters on Saipan. Thoughtful, candid, Salii shares the dual identity that characterizes many Micronesian leaders—at the same time he is an elected, popular political figure he is also an official functionary of the Trust Territory government. These conflicting identities can produce some interesting split personalities—and some very shrewd, adroit ones. We leave it for our readers to determine in what category Mr. Salii belongs.

REPORTER: I think the first question that I'd like to ask you, Mr. Salii, concerns the prospects that you faced upon your return from Hawaii in 1961. As a college-educated Micronesian, what alternatives lay before you? If you desired to remain in Micronesia, what sort of employment was there?

SALII: At the time I graduated from college in 1961, there were only a handful of Micronesians before me who had gone to college and upon my return—even before I returned from Palau to Hawaii—I was offered a number of positions in government. I had all through college planned to go into administration work in Palau and when I received the offer to work in political development it fell right in line with my plans before I went to college and I turned down one or two offers from private employers.

REPORTER: There were alternatives outside of government?

SALII: There were alternatives outside of government but none very lucrative in terms of what you could apply. You know I was very idealistic out of college and I said I'm going to straighten out this place as far as the administration is concerned. I would have turned down almost anything outside of government.

REPORTER: Would you say that your opinions of the TT have changed as a result of your work experience within the government?

SALII: I have gone through certain changes since the time I started working for the government. I began to gather my impressions after—during college days and after I returned to Palau. I had been very enthusiastic about government in general until I started working. Then I began to be frustrated about a lot of things which eventually led to my resignation from the government.

REPORTER: When was this?

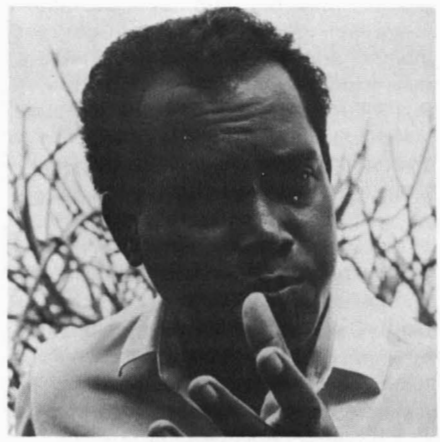
SALII: This was in '64.

REPORTER: Was this while you were in Palau?

SALII: Yes.

REPORTER: What would you say were some of the things that you found frustrating? What were the sorts of things that you ran into?

SALII: For one thing . . . we had a newspaper, a district newspaper, and I tried to use that as a vehicle, a device to educate the people. I started a letters-to-the-editor section getting people to express their ideas, their thinking about the government basically. And for a time I was able to editorialize in that paper and gradually the editorializing began to be looked down upon and I received some letters from headquarters that the paper was a government organ and should be used to serve the government only. It was understandable, but I had not written anything which I felt was out of line even to be printed in a government paper. I criticized employees for demanding too much from the government—U.S. employees that is—demanding housing, particularly a certain quality of housing. When they rode on government boats they demanded cushions to sit on. Then at one time I said that Micronesia is not New York or San Francisco and we have to reorient our thinking about life and about work in the Trust Territory. I guess what brought this letter down was that one editorial I had written about the Van Camp fishery. I said that the government didn't seem at the time of negotiations to put enough guarantees for the training of Micronesians on the boats and I questioned the ratio between Okinawan fishermen and Micronesian trainees . . . That was the immediate—well, not the immediate reason for resigning. But I felt that I really could not . . . I was more or less just a clerk and I was going to remain one as long as I worked in the government.



REPORTER: So you resigned for reasons like this. But you returned. For what reasons? And when?

SALII: I returned in 1966 when I was offered this job in Headquarters to work in Personnel. It was—I knew you really couldn't be effective . . . I may change my mind again—but during the time that I was outside of government I found it was hard to influence the government even though I was in the district legislature and this was my basic occupation . . . the government seemed to be so irre-

sponsive to pressures from outside that I thought perhaps the way to get change done was to work internally . . . Of course I don't expect to change too much but I think over here in Headquarters it is possible to influence the government from within.

REPORTER: In what ways? What sorts of things do you have in mind?

SALII: The basic thing about this government, the basic approach up to now, has been the building of houses, building of things concrete that you can see and take pictures of and report to the U.S. Congress and to the United Nations that we have accomplished this. And it is easier to justify your expenditures on things that visiting congressmen can see. I think that while some of that is necessary the basic thing should be the development of the Micronesians and if I don't do anything but get this point across to those who make policy I would consider this a great accomplishment.

REPORTER: In the foreseeable future you as well as some other members of the Congress of Micronesia will have a choice to make and that choice will be between your continued membership in the Congress of Micronesia and your continued employment by the Trust Territory government. I gather that there is no specific deadline—correct me if I'm wrong—but that sooner or later this paradox, this possible conflict of interest, will be removed and a member of the Congress of Micronesia will not be permitted to hold a government post and vice versa. I wonder if you'll speculate, first of all, how you think most of the members of the Congress of Micronesia would go if they were confronted with that choice today—and also how you might feel about it yourself.

SALII: Well, first of all, by November of this year there will be some who have to make this choice. The language of Secretarial Order 2882 says that all department heads, all assistant department heads, judges, are not qualified to serve in Congress while they are holding positions in the administration at this high level. Not everyone will be affected technically, because not everyone in Congress is now a department head or an assistant department head. That has to be resolved as to who is what under this language. I would say that of those who are affected, ninety percent or thereabouts would choose to stay with the administration. Not because they choose the administration over Congress but because Congress doesn't pay them anything comparable to what they pay in the administration. They'll be forced. Of course there is this understanding that if and when things change in the future they can always try to go back to the Congress.

REPORTER: But you think that most of those who are forced to make a choice will stay with their jobs.

SALII: Will be forced to stay with their jobs.

REPORTER: Forced by considerations of housing and money?

SALII: Yes.

REPORTER: What do you think would happen to the Congress of Micronesia if all these people were to leave?

SALII: Well, then Congress will lose experience and will lose some very capable men we now have in government. That's a minor consideration. What will be really disastrous is that if many of the present Congressmen choose to remain in the administration, that will be very degrading to the Congress. I mean we have talked about Congress and how important it is and what it is going to do for the people of Micronesia but then comes the time when we'll choose between Congress and the administration and there is a mass exodus to go to the administration. This will really be a blow to the prestige of the Congress.

REPORTER: Let's talk about elections in Palau. With Saipan, Palau has the reputation of being the most political districts in the western sense, with competing political parties. Describe a political campaign in Palau.

SALII: There is a great deal of campaigning going on, more probably than people think. We use posters, we use signs, we use pictures. They're not really effective. I don't think it makes any difference, whether you have a picture of yourself posted out or not. In the first place, the people already know the candidates for the most part. There's a lot of house to house campaigning, person to person campaigning going on.

REPORTER: So you walk up to a man's house and what happens?

SALII: You go and talk to him.

REPORTER: You already know him?

SALII: Yes, you already know him. When I go house to house I don't stay very long, I don't chat with him on other matters. I just go and say I want you to vote for me.

REPORTER: And if he asks why?

SALII: But usually they don't ask why.

REPORTER: Well, suppose you came to my house and I asked you why.

SALII: Then . . . we have a party platform and the people who ask questions are usually students, people who have had some exposure. They begin to question you—why do you want to run, what do you plan to do . . . And we have a platform which I drafted for the Liberal Party which opens up with a statement like this: Palau has some resources which should be developed basically for the benefit of the Micronesians. But we're going to try to develop these resources with help from the outside. We cannot develop them ourselves. But we want to give some assurance that the Palauans will benefit from the development of these resources. Then the platform goes on to what are the plans for education. And some ideas on how we're going to develop the resources. And then when somebody asks me this then I usually try to outline what the party platform is. Usually in house to house campaigning they don't ask you that kind of question. They ask you a few questions like this: are you

going to improve the water system or are you going to provide electricity to our village and then you have to tell them what you plan and you explain that the Congress is not going to do this—that it's still the administration and so on. It can be very tough (laughing).

REPORTER: Ever made any campaign promises?

SALII: I never do.

REPORTER: Ultimately, what elects a man. His personality? His family? His clan? Religion? All these things I think are important in Palau. Are they influential politically?

SALII: They're still probably the most important factors. Usually, education has something to do with it but it's not the only factor. Your past record counts a lot—whether you have been working in government before and how you performed.

REPORTER: What if you're from a lower clan, say, than your opponent? If your opponent is of a higher clan would he stand a better chance of being elected?

SALII: Aah. . . . no. I don't think so.

REPORTER: So there isn't as much importance based on a clan as on an individual?

SALII: Membership in a high clan can backfire if you stress that as a qualification for election, it's going to backfire on you. People resent this—the fact that you think you're better than somebody, and they let you know it. And, you know, some of the Congressmen from Palau are from very high clans. I observe them during campaigns. They tried to underplay their membership in this clan. I'm from an ordinary clan and it hasn't proved a disadvantage to me in campaigning. I think if I were from the highest clan in Angaur it still wouldn't make any difference whether I got elected or not.

REPORTER: What motivates a man to run for the Congress of Micronesia? If it carries no salary and it means a possibly inconvenient trip to Saipan for several months, and interruption of business, you know, why bother?

SALII: I think there is a genuine feeling that the Micronesians are not being heard? What ideas they have are not given a chance to be expressed. And there is a true feeling here that this government is an alien government. It's coming here to do things for Micronesians and, regardless of whether there are Micronesians in the government or not, it's not theirs. Now Congress, we feel, belongs to us and it's given some recognition and it can speak for the Micronesians even though it doesn't have the power to appropriate the U.S. grant. We can express the frustrations we have had in the past and we continue to have. I suppose what I mean to say is that it gives a voice to the Micronesians and hopefully it will become a true Congress eventually.

REPORTER: By true Congress you mean—

SALII: It will become really the legislative branch of the Trust Territory government, getting the U.S. grant and appropriating it. This may sound too far off but I think it's the only way the Congress is going to be strong.

REPORTER: Tell me this. What measure of solidarity or of identity as a Micronesian body do you find in the Congress now? Do you find a concern on the part of the legislators from one district for the welfare of another district? Perhaps a district that has traditionally been a rival district? Do you think that these feelings are being overcome, that there's any sense of developing unity?

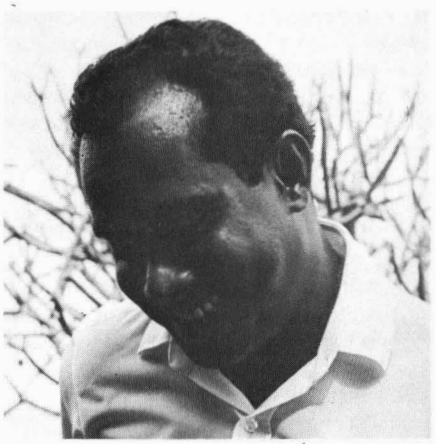
SALII: There is definitely and you can see it from session to session. I think if you review the resolutions that were passed during the last three sessions there is unity where it comes to talking about the administration. There was a very strong sense of east versus west in the first session and it has gradually died out, I think over the last two sessions and I think this is going to continue to happen. It's just impossible to be just concerned about your district in Congress.

REPORTER: Why is that? Why is it impossible?

SALII: This is a situation where compromise is a necessary thing because there is still a fear that we may still fall apart, that each district will go on its own and forget about the rest. Outside of this government which ties the districts together, there is no district which is dependent on another district. Also, the Congress, aside from the little money it appropriates for programs, doesn't deal with things that are specifically for the districts. I mean there is very little the Congress can do that can be of direct benefit to the people there. So you're concerned for the most part with what the administration is doing and I think the situation would change if the Congress were given the money to appropriate. Then there'll be more bickering between districts. But as of now there's nothing to give the districts so why. . . . there's nothing to argue about.

REPORTER: Where will the money be coming from?

SALII: Well, either the Congress is going to raise enough tax revenue to run the majority if not all the functions of government here. Or the U.S. grant will be given the Congress of Micronesia to appropriate. Either of these two things will have to happen. Or the Congress might as well fold up, not exist.



REPORTER: You're among the elite of Micronesian legislators who have traveled with the High Commissioner to New York. You have also been among the many Micronesians who have witnessed the visits to the Trust Territory of U.S. Congressional delegations. So you've seen it from both sides—you've been visited and you've been a visitor. Therefore I think you're qualified to answer the question—what degree of interest, what degree of knowledge, of concern, do you find in the United States for the Trust Territory? And another side of the same question—how much concern do you think it's reasonable, it's fair to expect on the part of Americans for Micronesia?

SALII: During the last three years there has been a very big change of attitude toward Micronesia in the United States. I'm not concerned at all whether 99 percent of the people in the United States have heard of the Trust Territory. I don't care and I don't expect them to know about the Trust Territory. I don't think that the U.S. Congress will necessarily be pressured to give more money to the Trust Territory because of their constituents telling them "You've got to give them money." Where it matters whether they're concerned or not is in the Congress it-

self, in Washington, I suppose, the Office of Territories . . . I think it would be a waste of time if we tried to get the U.S. public. This would be a wonderful thing if it can happen. But why would the people in New York be overly concerned with what's going on in the Trust Territory. Moreover, I think we have reasonable men in the U.S. Congress, in the Department of Interior to talk to, and to present our problems to them, and they can be genuinely concerned, not because of pressure in the United States, but because of pressure in Micronesia.

REPORTER: Would you say the quality of the Trust Territory government has improved in the time that you've seen it?

SALII: It has improved. I think overall there has been improvement. I think over the past six years, eight years . . . We're beginning to question, at least, some of the basic assumptions we have taken for granted in the past. I think the government is gradually becoming aware of the necessity of Micronesian involvement. At least it's a subject you argue about right now: how much more and how fast. These things were not even of concern five years ago. People paid lip service to training and that was it.

REPORTER: Do you think there'd be a perceptible change in government out here if it were given the Congress of Micronesia to appropriate funds and set priorities?

SALII: There would be some changes in priority, definitely, and I'll go into those later on. But basically, there is not going to be a change, there is not going to be a drastic change. I don't think there'll be a drastic change for better or for worse. I think basically what we're trying to do now is going to continue to receive emphasis. Building enough classrooms. Maintaining the utilities. Maintaining the roads. I think everybody can see that these things will have to continue. There will be a change in several areas. For one thing Congress will try to put more emphasis on the training-replacement program. I think there will be a great deal of change there. I'm sure that there will be a great deal of emphasis on economic development. But I'm sure the realities of budget will be limiting. You cannot expect a change simply because—and this is my pitch—I think a lot of people are afraid that if we give the authority to the Micronesians they'll go wild and spend all the money on foolish things and maybe some people think that if we give the Micronesians authority they will solve our problems better than the administration has been solving them. I don't think either of these things is true. There will be a definite improvement in relations between the Micronesians and the administration if Congress were given more authority. And then I say that in the long run if there is an error in the basic decisions the Micronesians will have to live with them. These administrators here come and go. They forget that the Micronesians will have to make decisions with which they can live for probably the rest of their lives. In the past, the Micronesians have been a bit irresponsible, I think. There is a basis for this fear which exists. They have been a bit irresponsible because they don't have the authority and if you don't have the authority you can afford to be irresponsible. It's not your decision when it comes the time to make a decision.

REPORTER: In what areas has this irresponsibility shown itself?

SALII: Well, let's take a concrete example. The Congress of Micronesia pays on the whole a lot more money to its employees than the administration and without any basis for giving these salaries, I think. This is to the Micronesian employees. And the Congress has tended to raise the salary simply because they are Micronesians and they work for the Congress and they have the authority to set up their salaries. That's a sign of irresponsibility on a really minor scale. I don't think the Congress really went into the implications of raising the salaries. What areas would have to suffer because of this increase in salary, what effect it would have on private employment and so forth. All of it should be considered. In the administration itself I think the reason that Micronesians take a lot of sick leave for instance and not showing up for work—more so than Americans—part of it is because when something is not done it's the boss' responsibility and the boss in many cases happens to be an American, a non-Micronesian. I think this has a lot to do with why the Micronesians are not learning their jobs. In many cases we have promoted Micronesians to positions of responsibility. Then they all somehow . . . the authority is always taken from them and put at a higher level. You name me any one of the Micronesians in these high positions and I'll tell you where the real decisions are made in that organization.

REPORTER: And the real decisions are made by?

SALII: Yes. Somebody else.

REPORTER: And the somebody else . . .

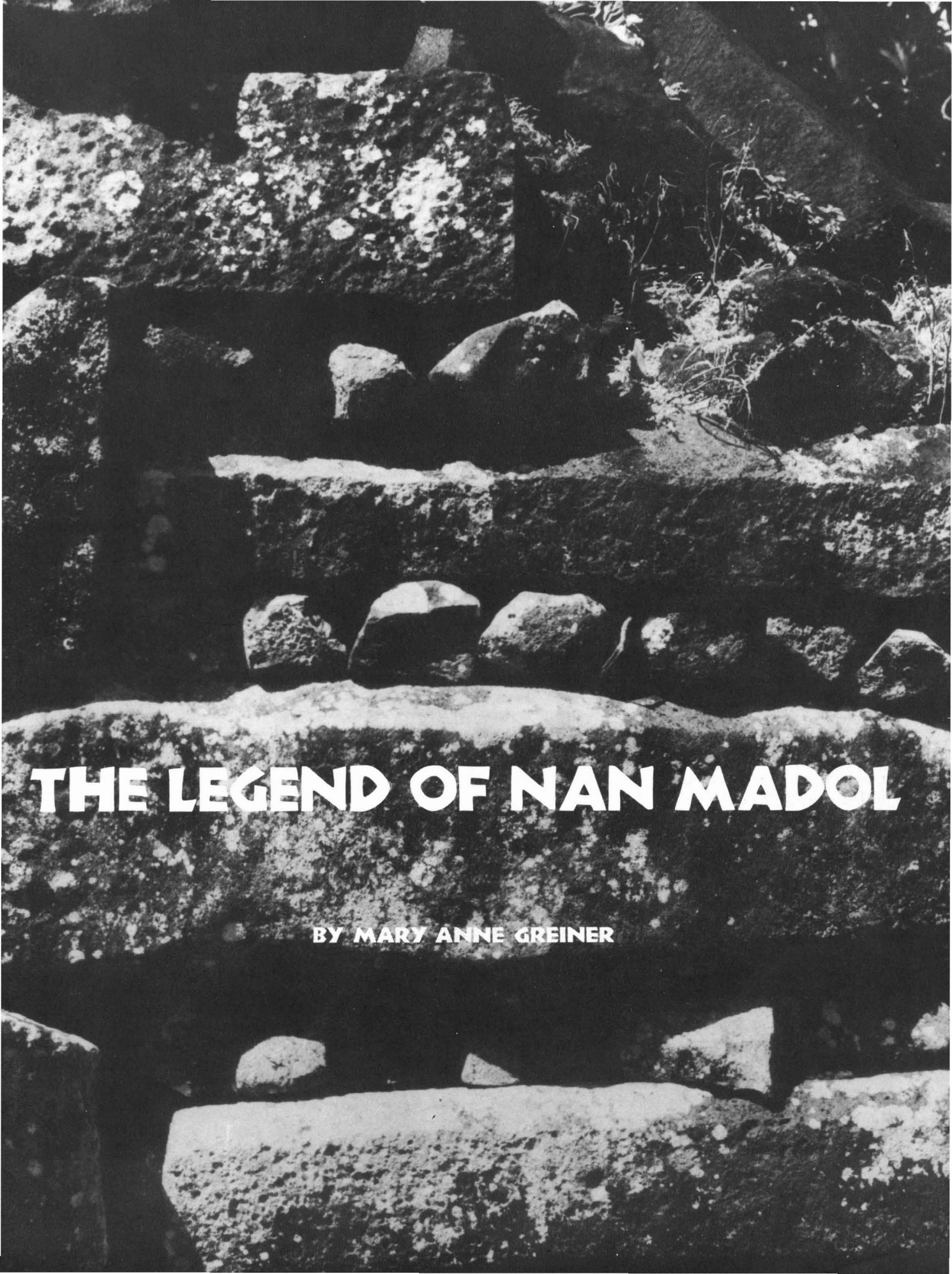
SALII: Happens . . . is an American in most cases.

REPORTER: You mean the pattern is—let me see if I understand you correctly—the pattern is, when a Micronesian is promoted and placed in a high position the real responsibility and power of that position are evacuated to another front . . .

SALII: to another level, yes.

REPORTER: Well, the final omnibus question is something that you've already answered in fractions throughout this interview and that is—what would you do if you were appointed High Commissioner tomorrow. Just as Roosevelt, after he succeeded Hoover, had his first hundred days of power in which there were revolutionary or at least profound changes in American government, so you would have your first hundred days.

SALII: What I'm going to do, and I don't know exactly how I'm going to do it, this might mean a reorganization of the government structure—I'll probably decentralize a good deal. I'd probably give the districts, the district administrators, more power, more authority to really become the distad there, to be not simply my representative there who cannot move until I tell him to. This would probably be one of my first moves. I'll basically tell them what has to be done in the districts. And then have them tell me what they need to accomplish this. And then I'll be of as little interference as possible. And I think maybe that will mean a reorganization of the whole setup here. And if this setup is able to take on this decentralization then maybe I'll keep it. If not, I'll change it to make this possible. I don't think the Trust Territory is Headquarters. Basically, this is what it is now.



THE LEGEND OF NAN MADOL

BY MARY ANNE GREINER

From Nan Madol, an ancient formation of over 80 man-made islets, the Saudeleurs once ruled Ponape Island. The majestic, often misty mountains and green capped rolling hills of Metalanimw in Ponape can be surveyed from the historic site, built during the thirteenth century or before. Even today one can look to the west from the temple and burial island of Nan Madol and at a glance encompass part of the inspiring domain once lorded over by the Nan Madol rulers centuries ago.

The first glimpse of Nan Madol, which means "in space," is impressive with its enormous rock-log aboriginal architecture. The small islands are walled with long giant multi-sided basalt crystal logs. Remnants line the water fronts of the islets, but mangrove trees have edged out past the shore lines to obstruct all but an occasional view of the ancient cribbed walls. Channels weave a non-symmetrical water path throughout the once inhabited islands. Access to all but a few is difficult, but a cool restful ride through the channels in a shallow draft canoe or boat at high tide hints of Nan Madol's past glory.

Legend tells that two men came to Ponape in a large canoe from an unknown place. The men, Olosihpa and Olosohpa, finally decided on the sheltered lagoon between Temwen Island and the reef on the southeast corner of Ponape. They had previously chosen then rejected five other sites on which to build a religious center. Olosihpa died, and Olosohpa proclaimed himself ruler of all of Ponape, dividing it into three districts. He was the first Sau Deleur, or Lord of Deleur.

And so construction of Nan Madol was begun. Many thousands of the giant rock-logs, as long as 24 feet in length, as wide as 2-feet, as heavy as 5 tons, were brought to the site by raft or canoe. Two separate cities were eventually built, and a third, for an unknown reason, was begun before Nan Madol was deserted centuries later. A city for chiefs occupies the western portion of the islands; a city for priests, centering around Nan Dowas in the southeastern corner, is today the most often visited.

Many Saudeleurs appear in legends. Inenen Mwei is remembered for his peaceful aristocratic reign. Sakon Mwei was cruel and oppressive, and was said to be able to hear a man on the other side of the island

Nan Madol is best reached in small boats, at high tides, with experienced guides.

A vaulting temple wall in the Nan Dowas enclosure.

Tomb of rock logs, once used as a stony prison, inside Nan Dowas Temple.

Through these portals to the abandoned temple of Nan Dowas.

consuming head lice, which was forbidden. He would send a messenger and the offender would be punished. Saraidensapw was a skilled magician; Raipwenlang accumulated great wealth. Raipwenloko, reputed to have the mouth of a turtle, ate fat people he found by magic. Another Saudeleur is remembered as having a wife who was the daughter of a crocodile.

Sau Memwoi, the last Saudeleur, fought with the Thunder God which eventually led to the down fall of the Saudeleurs. According to legend, Sau Demwoi's wife and the Thunder God met secretly at a stream. When Sau Demwoi discovered the meetings, he had the Thunder God, Nahnsapwe, arrested. Nahnsapwe made thunderous noises until he escaped by magic to Katau (probably Kusaie), where he found an old woman from his clan who had a son. The young man, Isokelekel, plotted the Thunder God's revenge and gathered warriors and clansmen from Katau. They set out to attack Nan Madol and free the Ponapeans from the Saudeleurs' suppression, first stopping at a neighboring atoll of Ponape. Here, about 400 years ago, they gained information about the stronghold, and prepared their plan of attack. Isokelekel and his warriors posed as harmless visitors. Their attack drove the Saudeleur and his followers back to the main island. During the retreat, one of the chieftans blinded Isokelekel in one eye with a stone from his sling-shot. He was made a general immediately as Isokelekel recognized his "supernatural" ability.

Isokelekel ruled for many years and did not want a son for fear of his power being threatened. But when he discovered his wife had given birth to a son and had raised him secretly, he accepted the boy and bestowed on him the title of Naniken of Metalanimw. (The Naniken, or vice-chief, is still a heriditary title today.) Years later, Isokelekel saw in his reflection while looking into mirror pool that he had become old and grey. He committed suicide.

Ponape was then divided into large sections, or "wehi", including three which still exist today. Their Nanmwarkis still consider themselves to be in the matrilineal line of Isokelekel, and the descendent of the man who blinded Isokelekel still sits beside the Nanmwarki at feasts. The first Nanmwarki of Uh, the son of Isokelekel, is credited with establishing the formal Nanmwarki and Nanekin system which is still apparent

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. WENKAM

on Ponape today. The Saudeleurs' meeting house, or nahs, had one door, indicating one ruler. A nahs elsewhere of Ponape has two doors, in honor of the Nanmwarki and Nanekin.

Many Nanmwarkis ruled from Nan Madol, including one who had 30 wives at the same time, one who murdered his son, and one who composed songs. Nan Madol was perhaps deserted during the reign of Nanmwarki Paul, the first Christian king, in the late 1800's. In 1836, the Nanmwarki Luhk en Kesik was killed by members of the crew of British warships and some Ponapeans in retaliation for the Nanmwarki's massacre of the crew of the British ship "Falcon."

Upon entering Nan Madol from the north, the high-walled temple of Nan Dowas captures attention and is easily accessible. An inner wall surrounds a rock-log crypt, the burial place of an unknown chief or high priest. Nobility entered Nan Dowas through the front passage. Commoners were made to enter the temple through small-holed approaches on either side of the structure. Behind the inner wall a 2-foot square opening drops down into a narrow tunnel. Prisoners were confined here, and were starved to death. Between the inner and outer walls are two more log-encased tombs. Legend says a man accused of trying to overthrow Saudeleur rule in Kiti was held prisoner in the northern tomb. He was to be executed the next day, but by magic escaped before dawn. He carried a rock-log away with him, and built a replica of Nan Dowas in Kiti.

Below Nan Dowas is Nan Mwaluhsei, where it is claimed that a person wishing to swim in the waters beneath must first throw in a rock. Sharks will rise to the surface to eat it, but finding it hard, will ignore the person jumping in.

Gliding southwestwardly through the zig-zagging log and mangrove lined lagoons and channels, one enters the chief's city. Forty-foot mangrove trees tower above Pahnkedira, the "Forbidden Island," which was the home of the ruler. His house stood above a high platform, facing the feast house and sakou stones where kava roots were pounded by rock into a ceremonial drink. Stones stood within the walls on which to place weapons and offerings. Kelepwel, where the conqueror Isokelekel stayed when he first went to Nan Madol, is across a narrow channel.

Within the Nan Madol complex are a stone-walled ceremonial fish pond, where it was said clams were caught by coconut leaves as they clung to the leaf's lower surface; an eel worshipping islet; and a deep green pool where the coral beneath can be clearly seen. From the deep ocean side below Nan Dowas the taboo island of Kariahn, burial ground for the high priests, can be entered. (The approach is distinctly marked by a rusted barge which drifted in about six years ago.)

Unfortunately much of Nan Madol is overgrown by brush and mangrove swamp. A Smithsonian Institute research team cleared away large sections of the tropical growth before they departed in 1963, but rapid regrowth has spurted ahead of the Trust Territory's brushing efforts to preserve the historical site. Regardless . . . Nan Madol is still a unique glimpse at a glorious past, and only a few hours by canoe from Kolonia. When in Ponape, it should not be passed up.

Shallow channel, cribbed with rock walls, make Nan Madol the Venice of the Pacific.

Breadfruit and Banyan

by Jack E. Fletcher

"The Bread-fruit tree, as high as our apple trees; it hath a spreading head full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples; it is as big as a penny loaf, when wheat is at five shillings a bushel; it is of a round shape and hath a thick rind; when the fruit is ripe it is yellow and soft and the taste is sweet and pleasant. The natives of Guam use it for bread. This fruit lasts in season eight months of the year, during which the natives have no other food of the bread kind."

This brief paragraph mentioning Guam set the stage for the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty." Dampier's description of the breadfruit tree of Guam had interested some of the London Merchants concerned with the development of the West Indies. Due to pressures exerted by these merchants, the British Government appointed Captain Bligh to take command of the *Bounty*. The year was 1787, the Island was Tahiti, and the rest is history.

In March of 1790 Bligh was home again in England, a living legend in British history. In April of 1791 Bligh was appointed commander of *H.M.S. Providence* and again set sail for Tahiti and breadfruit. This venture was highly successful, picking up over two thousand breadfruit trees and seven hundred other plants, and in half the time it had taken the *Bounty*.

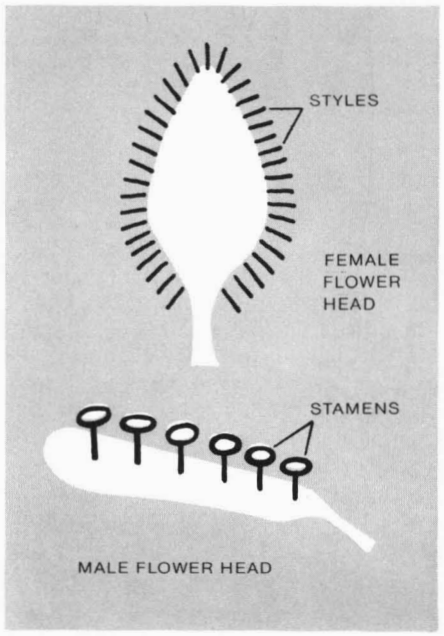
Guam has several breadfruit tree species all belonging to the Genus *Artocarpus* (artos—bread, karpus—fruit Gr.). The edible breadfruit *Altilis* is called "lemai" in Chemorro. The wild breadfruit *marianesis*, called "dogdug", contains numerous large black seeds and is usually smaller than the edible one. Upon examination one would see that the numerous male flowers are set in heads, the heads being a more or less fleshy hollow stalk. These may be found singly or in pairs in the axil of the leaves. Upon maturity and the shedding of the pollen, the stalks turn brown and drop off.

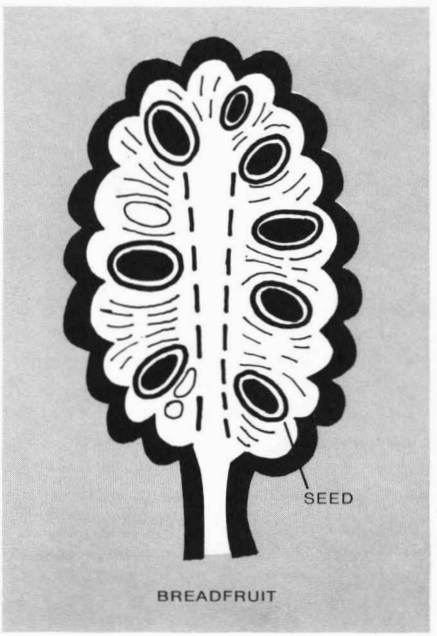
Numerous female flowers are also set in heads, or a somewhat fleshy stalk. They are also found in the axil of the leaves. Only a few flowers are pollinated, wind being the agent, and the fruit starts to develop. Upon close examination one would readily see that it would be impossible for all the flowers to be fertilized and develop. Fertilization starts fruit development and as the fruit grows the unfertilized flowers stretch and are often pulled out of the stalk. These unfertilized flowers give rise to the "stringy" consistency throughout the fruit. Upon maturity the fruit turns yellowish brown and drops from the tree. During the whaling days Guam was noted for its "sweet pork," the pigs being fed largely upon the fruit.

The fig is a close relative belonging to the same family, Moraceae, and is also represented on Guam. An example is the India rubber tree *(Ficus elastica)* and the banyan or "nunu" tree *(Ficus prolixa)*. At first one sees little resemblance between the fruit of the breadfruit and the fig of the banyan.

Upon further examination of the banyan fig one may visualize the evolutionary history of the inflorescence (flower stalk), widening with growth and starting to arch over; then there was a contracting of the edges and the bracts of the inflorescence becoming interlocking scales. The evolutionary history must have been one of nature's most complicated. Now, instead of having flowers on the outside of a fleshy stalk, as in the breadfruit, the flowers are located on the inside. (Note that the male inflorescence of the breadfruit is also hollow.)

There are three different fig flowers: a male flower, a female flower and a gall flower (see diagram). All three may be found in the banyan fig. When the fig ripens, male and female fig wasps emerge from the gall flowers. The life span of the male wasp is short, a matter of hours, and its sole purpose is to fertilize the female before she leaves the fig.





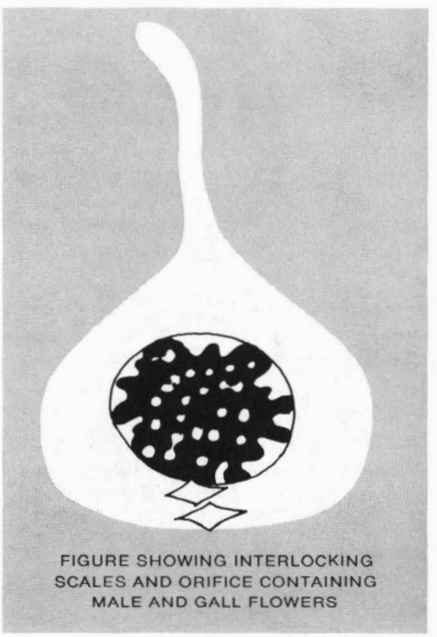
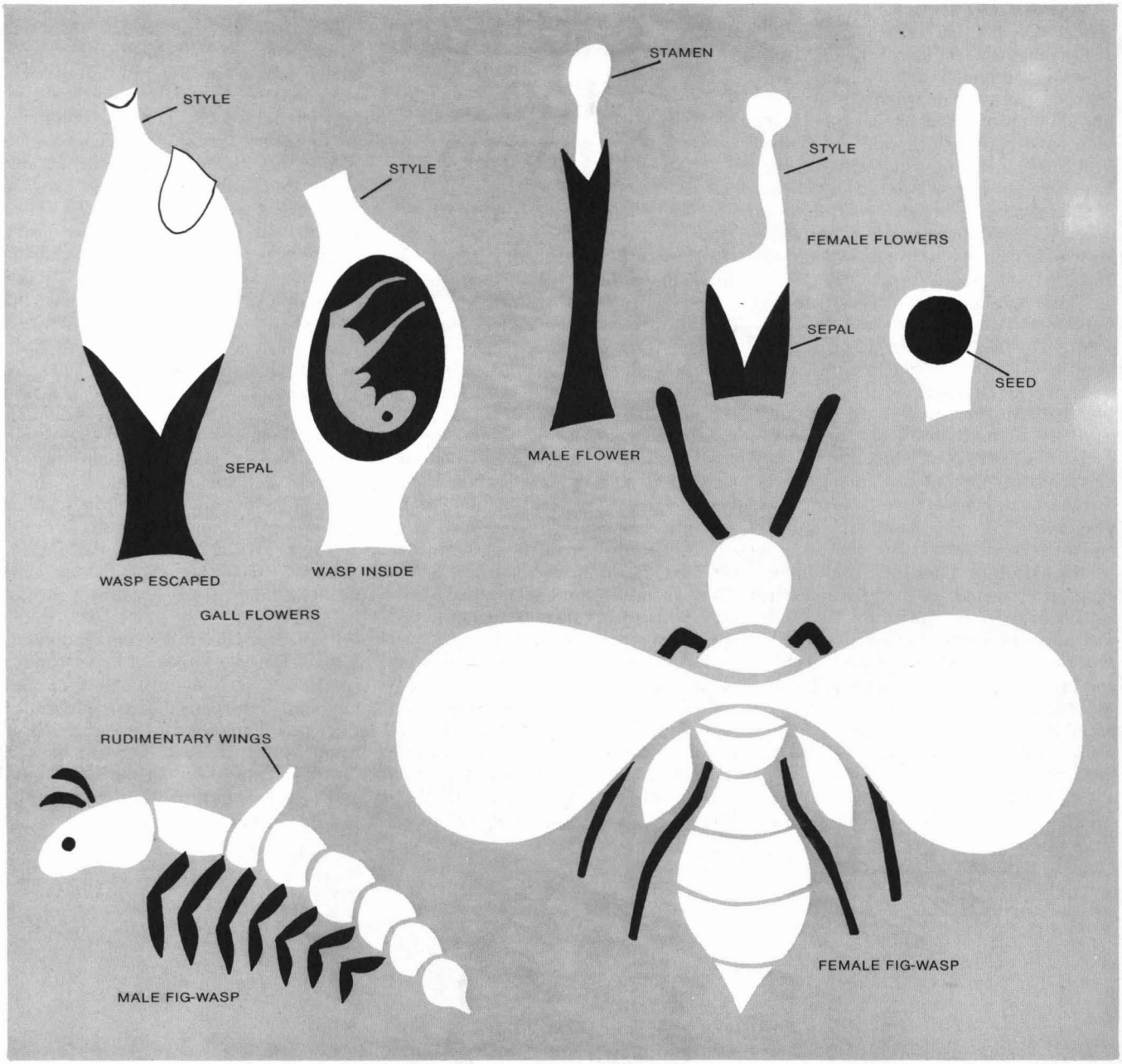


FIGURE SHOWING INTERLOCKING SCALES AND ORIFICE CONTAINING MALE AND GALL FLOWERS



During the breeding and the wandering of the female wasp in search of the opening, her body is dusted with pollen from the male flowers. Shortly after breeding, the male wasp dies, and the female leaves the fig through the opening among the scales. She then flies to another fig tree on which the fruit is just forming and proceeds to enter through the interlocking scales. During the process of entering, the female wasp may lose her wings and legs. Once inside she starts in search of the gall flowers. During the search, the pollen on her body pollinates the female flowers. Into each gall flower she deposits one egg. When her last egg is deposited she dies from exhaustion. With the egg is deposited a substance that stimulates ovary development. The eggs develop into a larvae that feed upon the ovary wall. Upon maturity the fig wasps emerge by eating their way out of the ovary and the cycle is complete again.

Commercial figs are composed of only female flowers. As the wasps emerge from the gall flowers the bred female then flies to a tree whose fruit contains only female flowers. After entering the fruit the female wasp tries to deposit her eggs in the female flowers but due to her short ovipositor and the long style of the flower she is unable to do so. During the female's search to find the gall flowers the pollen on her body pollinates the female flowers. She finally dies of exhaustion, but the seeds mature as the fig ripens.

THEY ARE HERE LEST WE FORGET

Rusting tanks on the reef, monuments to heroes, crumbling concrete buildings, unexploded shells in the underbrush... all reminders of what happened here, on Saipan, some twenty years ago.

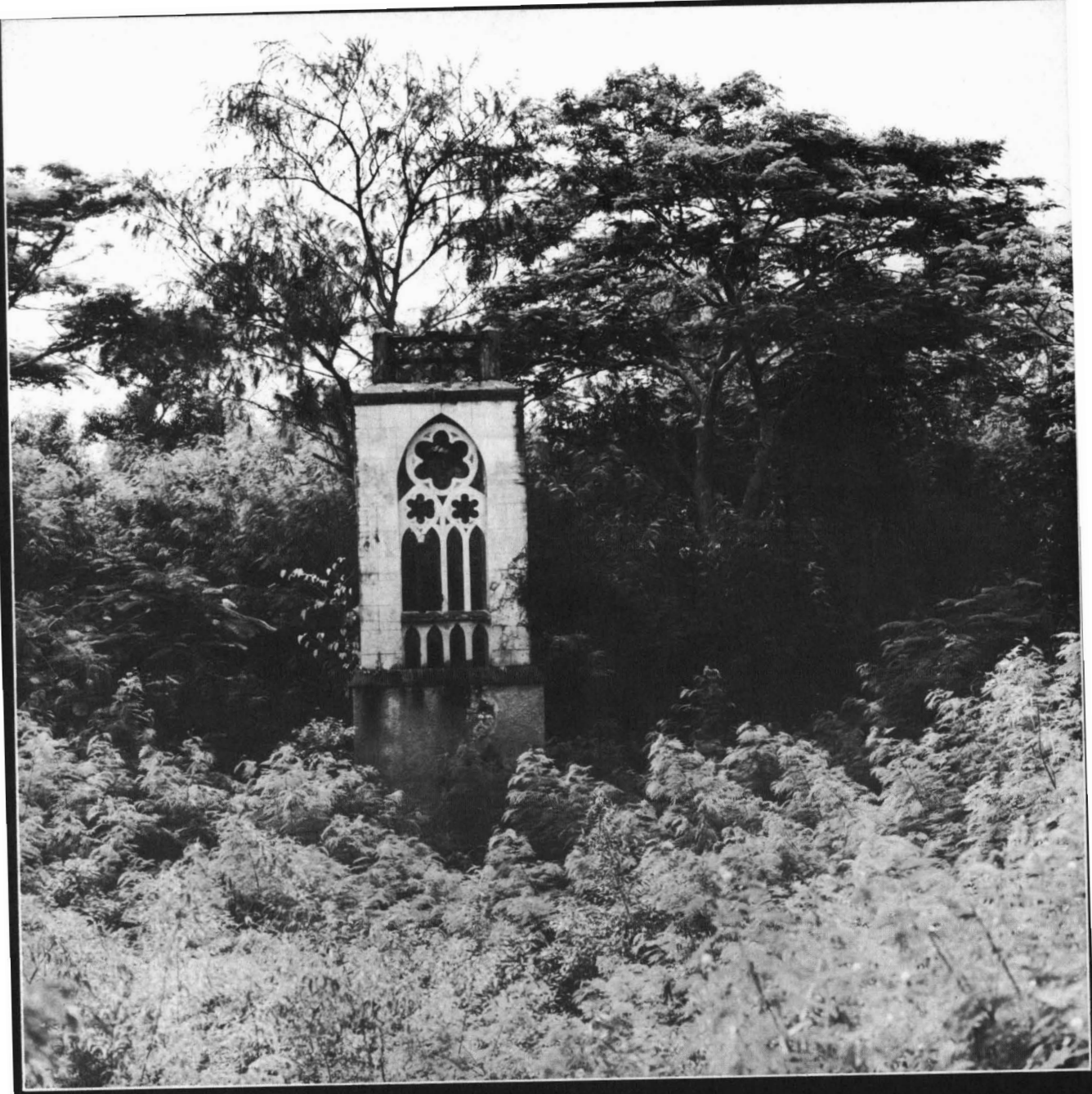
A seven page portfolio by Robert Wenkam

Saipan was the fatal, final port-of-call for 3,114 Americans who beached here on June 15, 1944. Many of them died near this monument.

His real name is all but forgotten, but the Saipanese still know this Japanese magnate as "the Sugar King." Today he harvests weeds and brush.

Gone with the wind—This ruptured Japanese communications center today maintains contact only with its solitary graceful self.

In the days when sugar cane—not scrap metal—was Saipan's ruling industry, locomotives like this one shuttled from cultivated fields to busy docks.



Once at the heart of Garapan, a city of 30,000, this Catholic Church is slowly enveloped by a faithful congregation of undergrowth.

Its beacon long since extinguished, this Japanese lighthouse on Saipan's "Navy Hill" once beckoned freighters in search of sugar, phosphate and produce.

HOW THE BATTLE WAS WON

On the afternoon of June 14, 1944, during an American air raid, a Japanese officer under the command of Lieutenant General Yoshitsugu Saito, sent an optimistic message to all units regarding the Saipan defense situation: "The units are prepared for the enemy landing; morale is high and we are in complete readiness . . ."

At the same time another less cheerful officer was returning to his command post beyond Garapan. He'd inspected the coastal defenses on the west beaches, observed large numbers of heavy weapons, dozens of searchlights and antiaircraft guns still remaining in naval depots or loaded on railroad cars or still packed in cosmoline near partially excavated gun positions. It was clear to him that the high ground at the island's center was sparsely fortified, and that even the beach defenses themselves were incomplete. These disturbing realizations, however, had no outward effect on his bearing which had been cultured over a long career in military service. He was Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, Commander of the Central Pacific Fleet. He had established his fame on December 7, 1941 as commander of forces afloat during the Pearl Harbor attack and, later, at Midway and Santa Cruz. Nagumo knew that a great storm was brewing; a storm which would have to be weathered by his forces at all costs, and one which could demand of him, personally, the supreme sacrifice. In his report, he wrote: "The Marianas are the first line of defense of the homeland. It is a certainty that the Americans will land in the Marianas group either this month or next." On the following day, June 15, 1944 at 0400 hours, the American invasion of Saipan began.

by Dirk A. Ballendorf

"After the fall of Saipan it was my opinion . . . that it was advisable to give consideration to discontinuing the war."

The Marquis Koichi Kido
Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal
Tokyo, November 1945

Early in the spring of 1942 Admiral Ernest J. King sat in CINCPOA Headquarters at Pearl Harbor, staring at a huge map of the Pacific ocean. The United States was marshalling its full strength for the war effort; production lines were beginning to build the largest war machine ever seen. Even as King's eyes scanned the map, sounds of machinery could be heard outside salvaging the damage which Admiral Nagumo's naval forces had done only a few months before. For the allied general staffs this was a time of great planning.

King's main concern was the formidable Japanese base at Truk in the Caroline Islands. Its spacious lagoon and high islands afforded the Japanese an impregnable stronghold. The entire Imperial Fleet could anchor there, well protected against American attack. Several hundred miles northwest of Truk lay the Marianas with Saipan as the capital. Admiral King saw them as a direct communications link from Japan to Truk and the rest of Japan's Pacific empire. Deciding that they were a potential target of great importance, he began to formulate arguments to convince his colleagues in the upper echelons that Saipan should be included in the over-all strategy for the ultimate defeat of Japan.

King built his case. His ideas were expressed at the Casablanca, Washington, and Quebec conferences of the Joint War Plans Committee in January, May, and August of 1943. King's views were opposed by General Douglas MacArthur, who, from the beginning advocated a thrust northward to the Philippines and Japan through the Solomon Islands and New Guinea.

As Admiral King garnered support for an attack on the Marianas, General MacArthur continued plans for campaigns in the south and southwest Pacific, particularly along the north coast of New Guinea. MacArthur insisted that the central Pacific route, including the Marianas as a target, would be "time-consuming and expensive in our naval power and shipping." Admiral King, however, pressed his notion that the Marianas were of prime importance in the Pacific theatre, a strategic communications link in the Japanese defense.

The argument was finally settled, not by men, but by a plane: the fateful B-29. The Army had recently perfected this new, long-range, four-engine bomber which could carry an explosive payload of four tons. These planes were to deliver attacks against the Japanese homeland at the earliest possible time.

The B-29s required land bases to operate from and at first China was designated as their terminal. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill favored the establishment of the China bases in order to raise the morale of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek who was having a difficult time fighting the Japanese as well as the growing Communist element in his country. But the China bases, located at Chengtu under the command of General Curtis Lemay, required considerable support and this created some logistics problems. All supplies for the bombers—gas, oil, bullets, bombs, and food—had to be flown in by transport planes over the Himalaya mountains, a costly, inconvenient route.

Air Force Commanders, however, had even more serious questions about the B-29s in China: Could the Chinese Army protect the air bases from a Japanese ground attack? Wouldn't the Japanese launch a ground offensive against the B-29 bases after the initial raids on the homeland? The Army Air Force had little confidence in the ability of the Chinese to protect the B-29s. They suggested, then, that the Marianas be captured and used as bases. The Air Force further contended that bases in the Marianas would be safe from enemy retaliation.

Now the Marianas were a definite target. Admiral Nimitz included the invasion in his Central Pacific Operations Plan GRANITE for 1944, and scheduled the tentative target date for Saipan on November 15th. But successful carrier strikes against Truk, in February, 1944, moved the Marianas invasion date forward. In addition, General MacArthur was accelerating his drive through New Guinea towards the Philippines. The new date was June 15, 1944.

Nimitz specifically outlined four purposes in taking Saipan. First, the Japanese sea communications could be attacked and destroyed. Second, long-range air attacks against Japan could be started. Third, command of the sea throughout the central Pacific could be secured and further amphibious operations from that area launched. Fourth, formidable Truk might more easily be isolated and neutralized.

Although the U.S. Navy and Marines had learned a lot from earlier island campaigns, Saipan presented a combination of problems entirely new in the central Pacific theatre. For the first time invasion troops would have to conduct large-scale operations on a comparatively large island which had jungles, mountains, and cliffs. Besides terrain, distance was a hazard. The Marianas were part of Japan's inner defense line, over a thousand miles from the recently taken American base at Eniwetok. Consequently, a very large force was necessary.

Since all Central Pacific operations were under Navy jurisdiction, overall command was assigned to Admiral Spruance. Command of the Joint Expeditionary Force attacking the Marianas went to Vice Admiral Kelly "Terrible" Turner. The Fifth Amphibious Corps, under the command of Lieutenant General Holland "Howlin' Mad" Smith, USMC, was given the task of seizing Saipan and directing the garrison troops ashore. This was the largest force ever commanded by a Marine general. Smith's plan called for two divisions to land abreast on Saipan's west coast to the north and south of Afetna Point, site of today's Royal Taga Hotel.

Pouring over aerial photographs, Naval Intelligence estimated that there were about 18,000 Japanese troops on Saipan. They were way off. Actually it was closer to twice that number. They did, however, discover two airfields besides Aslito (now Isley) field, which, if not neutralized, could hamper the invasion. One was at Marpi, and the other just north of Chalan Kanoa around the present site of the Marianas District Administration building. This field was a fighter strip to be used in support of the other, larger fields. It was only partially completed at the time of the invasion, and today Beach Road passes right over it so that it can be recognized only by the extreme straightness of the road.

The landing beaches were designated by color and number. The yellow beaches began just north of Agingan Point and continued to the area where Hopwood High School is located now. The blue beaches covered the coastline in front of Chalan Kanoa and the green beaches began at the "sugar dock" and continued to where the invasion memorial today stands. After that the red beaches continued northward toward Garapan.

The Marines were trained at Hawaii on the islands of Maui and Kahoolawe. Actual "walk-through" rehearsals were conducted in the utmost secrecy. General Thomas E. Watson, Commander of the Second Marine Division explained the preparations: "In preparation for the exercise, the successive phases lines . . . were laid out on the ground exactly to scale. In front of the staked-out beaches were marked the adjacent water areas over which the ship-to-shore movement was to take place off Saipan. Over this terrain . . . the entire division was moved in accordance with the time schedule . . . and . . . the scheme of maneuver designed for the attack. Every officer and man learned the part he was to play . . . Yet, only a few commanders and staff officers of the thousands of men who participated . . . actually knew the real name of the target."

Present day Peace Corps Volunteers on Saipan, who have been trained in the local language, Chamorro, will be interested to learn that the Marines also had some language training in preparation for their trip to Saipan. The equivalents of Japanese phrases like, "Throw-up your hands", "hurry up", and "come out and we'll give you food and water", were studied and spoken with Brooklyn accents, and some profanity. It is no wonder that many of the Japanese failed to understand them. And this, of course, caused many of the Marines to become quite angry.

The Marines left Hawaii in May for final staging at Eniwetok. All shipping bound for Saipan was assembled and staged at Eniwetok also. The stage was set, Admiral Mitscher's Task Force steamed into striking range on June 10th. Mitscher stood on the bridge of his flagship *Hornet* and surveyed his invading flotilla of ninety-four ships. He had sixteen carriers with an air fleet of nine hundred planes. The weather was good; clear with cumulus clouds. Mitscher mused how desirable this would be in providing cover for his attack planes as they approached their targets at Saipan. Although the first air strikes in support of the landings were not scheduled to begin until June 12th, Mitscher decided to pull a sneaker and launch the first strike of two hundred and twenty-five fighters on the afternoon of June 11th instead. Sweeping in from eastward the fighters raked

the airfields and destroyed over one hundred and fifty planes on the ground. It was a staggering first blow. Japanese tank commander Tokuyo Matsuya observed: "Scores of enemy . . . fighters began strafing and bombing Aslito field and Garapan. For about two hours the enemy planes ran amuck and finally left leisurely amidst the unparalleledly inaccurate antiaircraft fire. All we could do was watch helplessly."

On the same afternoon a Saipanese civilian, Ben Guerrero, was taking a siesta at his home near today's golf course. He was awakened abruptly by Mitscher's planes. He jumped up, pulled on his shirt, mounted his bicycle, and headed for the fire station in Garapan. He was a captain in the local firefighters. Getting as far as Wallis highway, he was forced to take cover in a road-side ditch. Inching his way along, he finally reached the Garapan fire station at four in the afternoon.

For the next three days the American softening process continued with around the clock shelling and bombing. Japanese airpower was virtually crushed and Nagumo and Saito resolved that their significant retaliation would come on the beaches when the Marines landed. Morale among defenders waned as feeble attempts to fight back failed. An unidentified Japanese soldier complained in his diary: "Of all the tens of Japanese planes one can't see even one during a raid. The planes which cover the sky are all the enemy's. They are far and away more skillful than Japanese planes. Now begins our cave life. Enemy planes overhead all day long—some 320 in number. They completely plastered our airfields —where are our planes? Not one was sent up. Our guns spread black smoke where the enemy planes weren't. Not one hit out of a thousand shots. The Naval Air Group has taken to its heels."

On the day before the Marines landed on the beaches, as the bombardments continued, and as Admiral Nagumo surveyed his critical situation, U.S. Navy underwater demolition teams —popularly known as "frogmen"— swam in close to shore to comb the bottom of the lagoon on the landing beaches in order to find and remove any obstructions and mines. This was the first time that "frogmen" were used in the Pacific theatre. Heavy fire from the beaches impeded their work and wounded seven men. Over-all the frogmen found no obstacles or mines in the lagoon in front of the landing beaches, but they did gain further valuable information about the lagoon depth and reef conditions.

While the softening-up process raged on Saipan in the days before the troop landings, several related covering actions were going on which were directly connected to the invasion. General MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Forces daily raided Palau so that the Japanese at Saipan could not seek support from there. The same tactics were used at Marcus, Truk, and Wake. The boldest related covering actions, however, were strikes against the Bonin Islands, which lay to the north of Saipan less than a thousand miles south of Tokyo. Never before had the U.S. Fleet penetrated so far into the Empire's waters. Part of Admiral Mitscher's Task Force steamed toward the Bonins on the day before the landing to strike the airbases and repair shops at Iwo Jima, Chichi Jima, and Haha Jima. Despite stormy seas, unfavorable flying conditions, and enemy air opposition, the strikes were successful. Enough damage was done in the Bonins to render them helpless to the Japanese struggle on Saipan in the following days.

The landing forces easily assembled west of Saipan and as the dawn broke on June 15th a tremendous naval bombardment began. Shortly after eight o'clock the landing crafts headed for shore. Carrier planes came in low and strafed the beaches. Wave after wave came in and dumped their troops, and by ten o'clock over eight thousand Americans were on the shore steadily moving inland. Their casualties were heavy. The strafing planes moved to targets further inland and continued to rain destruction on Chalan Kanoa and Garapan. At Tanapag to the north, a fake landing was staged, drawing some Japanese away from the main siege along red, blue, green, and yellow beaches. The invasion was working according to plan.

Meanwhile, in the town of Garapan, Ben Guerrero faced dwindling support in his fire-fighting efforts. There were so many fires, he thought, that even if everyone on both sides were suddenly to stop shooting at each other and just fight the fires, they would still rage hopelessly beyond control. Already many of his civilian fire-fighters had long since forgotten their duty and fled. The last order he had gotten from his superior was to recruit anybody, and pay them any amount of money they asked for, to fight the fires. He had no takers. Now his superior was nowhere to be found and General Saito himself was moving his headquarters to safer ground further inland. That was it. Ben Guerrero headed for the hills.

By nightfall the Marines had secured the beaches, and some groups were fairly-well established inland. The Japanese attempted some counter-attacks from the north but with no success. More Marines came ashore the following day and the front was pushed across the coastal lowlands near to the foot of the mountains. Aslito field was less than half a mile from the front now and the Japanese were preparing a last-ditch defense.

On D-day plus two the Marines had moved to the southwest edge of Aslito field in good strength. They continued to surround the field for a full force thrust on the following day together with an infantry division. Meanwhile in the north the Americans pushed across the Susupe lowlands toward Garapan and Oleai. The Japanese fought with dedication but minor success. In the evening, the Chief of Staff, General Hideki Tojo, sent a message directly from Tokyo: "Because the fate of the Japanese Empire depends on the result of your operation, inspire the spirit of the officers and men and to the very end continue to destroy the enemy gallantly and persistently; thus alleviate the anxiety of our Emperor."

On the following morning, June 18th, General Tojo received an utterly demoralizing message from Major General Keiji Iketa which clearly indicated to him the gravity of the Japanese situation on Saipan: "The secret documents in custody of the 31st Army Headquarters were completely burned . . ." In the morning the 165th Infantry Divi-

sion, under the command of Colonel Kelley, moved in to take Aslito field. The last-ditch Japanese stand did not materialize since most of the Japanese were dead or had left to fight elsewhere. The Japanese took no time even to demolish the field and Colonel Kelley's men moved in ahead of schedule without opposition. Work started immediately to convert the field for American use and the first planes began using it two days later on June 20th. In the afternoon two Japanese planes attacked Saipan and were shot down almost immediately. One of the pilots was captured near Aslito field and said that he and his comrade were the only two pilots who had been left on Guam.

During the next two days the Americans took Nafutan Point, thus securing the entire south end of the island. The push now was toward the north. They met stubborn resistance near today's Torres Hospital. The Japanese dug into the caves along the ridges and fired at the advancing troops on the lower ground. The area became known as "Death Valley" and the chain of hills, "Purple Heart Ridge."

As the Marines secured the lowlands they took many native civilians out of the caves to safety in Oleai village. Among these was Ben Guerrero, who, with his family, had been hiding out for several days. Today, at 69, Guerrero works for the Marianas District Administration.

The most significant advance in the drive northward was the capture of Mount Tapochau. Rising 1554 feet above sea level, it afforded a tremendous view from which to direct activities in the advance. With this vantage point the Kagman peninsula was a relatively easy mop-up. This accomplished, the Americans immediately began the construction of an airfield there.

Life was very unpleasant for the small units of Japanese remaining in the southern area of the island. Harassed continually from the sea by American ships and stalked ruthlessly by infantry and Marines, they realized the hopelessness of their plight. In his final general order to his men Captain Sisaki told them to "remain in their positions. Those who cannot participate in combat must commit suicide."

Farther to the north the pressure on the Japanese was mounting. General Saito was moving to his fifth command post of the battle, about two miles north of Mount Tapochau in the jungle. He was joined there by Admiral Nagumo, thus at last combining the headquarters of the two Japanese commanders. Earlier, there had been difficulty in getting word from Saito's post to Nagumo's. Now this stifling problem, for whatever it was worth, was solved. Meanwhile the Americans swept through Garapan and onto the Tanapag plain. Japanese resistance was stubborn and inspired, but each day brought them into an ever-closing trap. Many civilians were taken by the Marines as they moved forward; others retreated to the north with the Japanese. General Saito ordered his men to continue to work toward the completion of the new Japanese airbase at Marpi, in the hope that it could provide a funnel through which the Imperial Air Force could pour in airpower. While casualties on both sides mounted, the Japanese took the worst. They had no hospitals and limited medical supplies. A soldier who was hit, even in a minor way, was often put out of action when the wounds developed infections from lack of proper treatment. On June 25th it was clear that the Japanese would be sending no air support to Saipan. General Saito wrote: "There is no hope for victory in places where we do not have control of the air. . . ." By July 6th Saito concluded that his remaining troops would make a last stand. He gathered his staff and issued general orders for an "all out 'banzai' charge." Weapons and equipment were meager. Some Japanese had only crudely-fashioned spears. Saito impressed on his men to die for the honor of the Emperor and that they should "never suffer the disgrace of being taken alive." The determination with which the Japanese made their last stand has seldom—if ever—been matched by the fighting men of any other country. At about five o'clock on the morning of July 7th, the final attack began. A hoard of Japanese stormed the American positions. Major McCarthy, commanding the Second Marine Battalion, described the onslaught: "It reminded me of one of those old cattle stampede scenes of the movies. The camera is in a hole in the ground and you see the herd coming and then they leap up and over you and are gone. Only the Japs just kept coming and coming. I didn't think they'd ever stop." The massive charge spilled through the lines into the Tanapag plain and even onto the beaches. Many of the American positions were completely overrun and casualties were again heavy. When the action was over on July 8th, the Japanese dead were estimated at more than fifteen hundred. An American war correspondent, Robert Sherrod, was moved to write: "The whole area seemed to be a mass of stinking bodies, spilled guts, and brains."

Japanese carrier-based planes from the Philippine Sea made a final attack on Saipan in the late evening of July 8th, but results were negligible. Most were shot down by American planes. By the morning of July 9th Marines reached the Japanese airstrip at Marpi and Saipan was declared "secured." During the final days of the fighting General Saito and Admiral Nagumo committed suicide.

Unfortunately, hundreds of civilians died with the Japanese soldiers. Convinced that the Americans would kill them, many committed suicide by jumping from the eight hundred foot Marpi cliffs onto the jagged rocks below. Whole families met their ends in this way in spite of American promises of good treatment which were broadcast over loudspeakers from ships and from the shore.

For the hundreds of Japanese that remained hidden in the caves of Saipan "secured" had no meaning. For months afterwards they continued to harass troops on Saipan. It was after the final surrender of Japan that the last stragglers finally gave up.

The Japanese high command in Tokyo understood the significance of the fall of Saipan and all the Marianas. Their home-island defense perimeter had been violated and no longer did they have carrier based airpower. General Tojo was ousted as head of the war cabinet. The B-29s now had their land bases and in three months time were dropping their payloads on the defense plants of the Empire. And finally, the following August, the notorious "Enola Gay" winged from the Marianas toward Hiroshima, carrying in its bay the first atomic bomb.

Board a jet in Honolulu and fly to ①. You're in Majuro, eastern gateway to Micronesia and as pearly a clutch of atolls as you ve ever pictured. Next advance to ② Kwajalein, the missile bastion of the Pacific. Shop at Macy's if you like. Then, on to ③. You've reached Truk. A mighty lagoon full of islands, high mountain peaks like Tol and Dublon, low-lying islets like Romanum and Tsis. Explore. Enjoy. Then board an SA-16 seaplane to ④. This is Ponape, Micronesia's Garden of Eden, a verdant Hawaii-in-the-rough. Next, after pausing in busy Guam ⑤ you touch at secluded Rota ⑥ a rocky, surf-pounded Gibraltar. Then proceed to historic Saipan ⑦. Limestone caves and fatal cliffs. Then it's south to Yap ⑧ where ancient villages meet the twentieth century on their own terms and choose the best of two worlds. Conclude your tour in Palau, ⑨ where the Pacific spawns a gorgeous labyrinth of rock islands, emerald hillocks with secluded beaches and fish-full waters. In Palau, where life is good, your tour ends. Then you start wondering about applications for permanent residence.

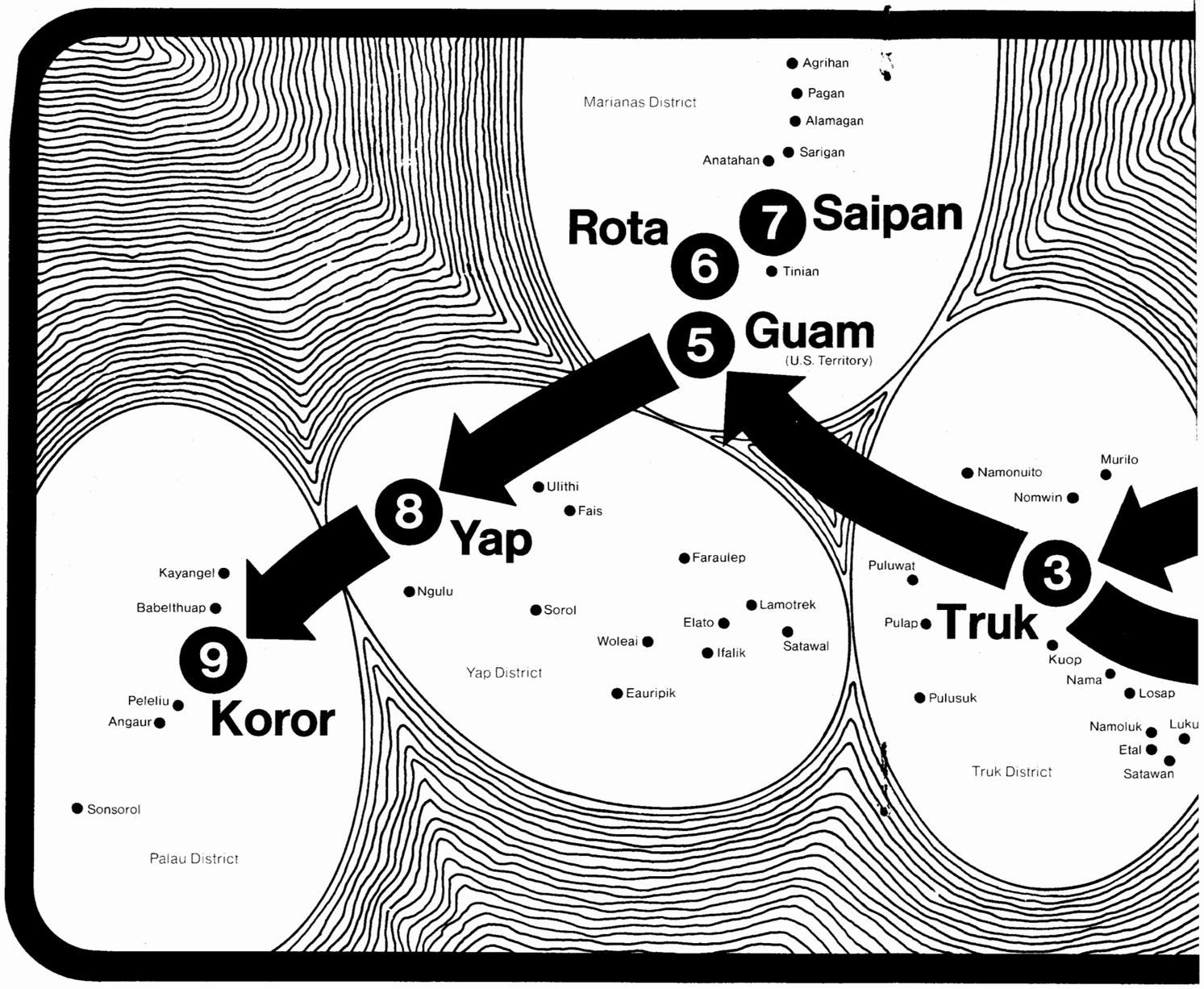


ILLUSTRATION I

THE REPORTER'S GUIDE TO ISLAND HOPPING IN MICRONESIA

The age of the Grand Tour isn't over.
In Micronesia it's just beginning.
Bring your camera and keep a diary...
Your friends aren't going to believe this.
And remember you're in the advance guard.
Not many visitors have preceded you...
But lots are going to follow.

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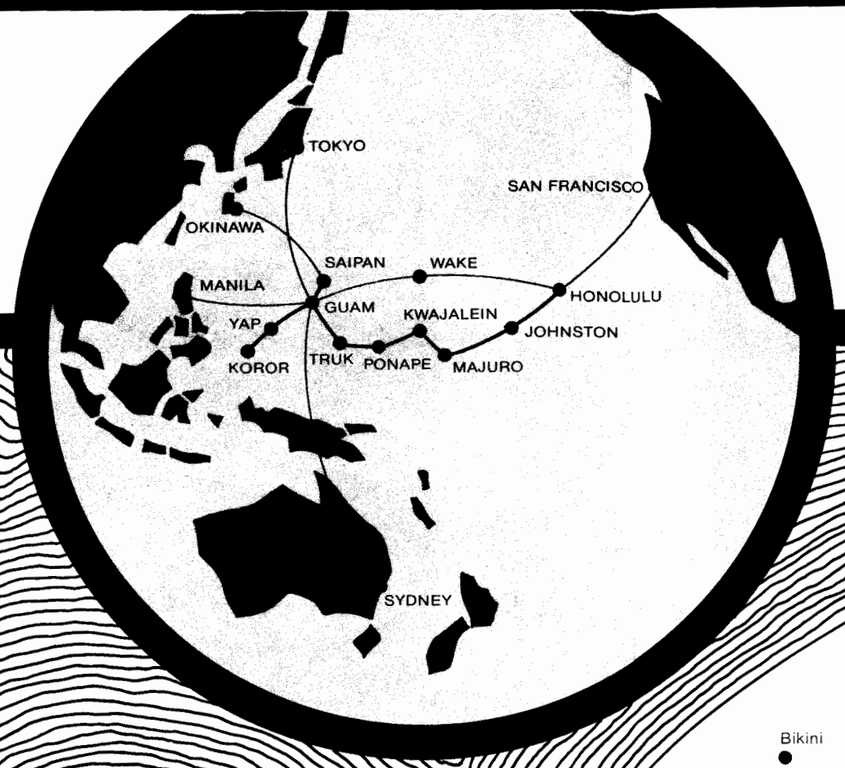

Marshalls District

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Rongelap
Eniwetok
Kwajalein
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Arno
Majuro
Mili
Jaluit
Kili
Namorik
Ebon
Kusaie
Ponape District
Nukuoro
Kapingamarangi
Mokil
Senyavin Islands
Pingelap
Ngatik
Kuop
Nama
Losap
Pulusuk
Namoluk
Lukunor
Etal
Satawan
Truk District

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOEBERITZ

MANBUTH

a legend of Yap as told by Carmen Mutnguy

Long ago in a village on Yap lived a beautiful girl whose name was Manbuth. She was so beautiful that other girls were jealous of her. In the evening when the moon was high, when all the boys and girls in the village had gathered down on the beach to sing, dance and play games, Manbuth would hurry down to join in the fun. The girls would chase her, throw sand at her and call her names until she would run back home crying. When this happened her parents would feel sorry for her, but they could do nothing about it. They simply told Manbuth to be kind and to forgive everyone.

"No one can hurt you except yourself," said Manbuth's kind mother.

Her wise father added, "No matter how many people are against you and no matter how hard they try to hurt you, they never can win—unless you let them. So don't you try to hurt anybody."

Manbuth, being an obedient child, took her parents' advice. She was kind to everyone. She was so kind and gentle that little animals became her closest friends.

Among her little animal friends was a little "Umel," a little grey bird who went everywhere she went. They were together so much, that whenever they were apart for even a few hours, they missed each other.

One day when Manbuth was playing with Umel and her other animal friends in a nearby jungle, two girls came out from among some ferns. Their names were Tinan and Guruan.

"Would you like to go gather flowers with us on the island?" said Guruan, pointing at a small sandy island off the shore. Tinan told her more about the island. She continued, "They say there are all kinds of flowers there! We can make all kinds of pretty leis. We can bring back all the flowers we want because we've got a big canoe."

Manbuth was thrilled! At last she had two girl friends who wanted to take her with them to that beautiful island. She looked longingly beyond the blue water toward the shiny beaches of the distant island.

"Let's go!" she said impatiently.

They hurried out of the jungle, down to the beach and into the canoe. Tinan and Guruan paddled while Manbuth sat on the canoe platform staring at the island ahead with a smile on her face. Finally they arrived on the shiny beach. Hurriedly, they pulled the canoe up on the dry sand and then ran into the jungle of flowers. Manbuth picked flower after flower. When both her hands were full she sat down, wove a basket out of coconut fronds, put the precious things in the basket and went to gather more.

ILLUSTRATION BY CARMEN MUTNGUY

After a while, when her basket was full, she realized that none of her friends were in sight. "They will be along in a moment," she thought. So she sat down under a giant fern and began to string blossoms on a long hibiscus fiber. After she had made a lei for her head and another for her neck, she looked around again for her friends. Still they were not in sight. She was tired from running and hunting flowers among the bushes, and from climbing for flowers that grew on the high boughs. So she lay down to rest on a branch of the giant fern and fell into a deep sleep.

The two girls came tip-toeing among ferns, flowers and vines, lurking to see where Manbuth was. Suddenly Tinan stopped, saying, "There she is, sleeping!"

"Don't make a sound!" said the other. "She must not wake up."

Still tip-toeing, they turned toward the shore and ran down to the beach, pulled the canoe into the water and sailed off for home.

"Stupid Manbuth, she never suspected a thing. I'm glad I'm not so simple," said Guruan.

"So am I," answered Tinan.

After many hours, Manbuth was awakened by insects buzzing and birds chattering. Looking around she became aware of where she was. She ran down to the beach with her basket, spilling flowers as she went. The canoe was gone!

With the realization that it all had been a trick, she sat down and cried. The sun was close to the horizon in the West. Manbuth longingly thought of her parents and relatives on the far off shore. The sun was halfway in the water. More lonesome, Manbuth cried harder. The sun disappeared, and darkness found Manbuth leaning back on the base of a coconut palm. Her eyes were fixed on the distant shore and tears rolled down her lovely face, but she was silent.

Days went by and Manbuth's parents grieved and mourned for their lost daughter. One evening when her mother was mourning in the house she heard a little voice singing outside:

"I come to you with joyful news
From an isle of beaches white . . .
Where Manbuth breathes
Beneath the trees,
And broods from morn 'til night.
In such a mood
She'll take no food
Until her home's in sight."

"What are you singing? I can't hear you well," said the old woman. "Come closer so I can hear your song."

"Follow me," said the little messenger, "and I will take you to your daughter."

The little grey bird flew down from a palm and landed on the old woman's basket. Again it sang, and this time the mother understood. She took out her most precious tumeric and powdered it around the grey neck of the bird. From that day until now all "umels" have red necks. The woman told her husband to get a canoe ready for the next morning.

At dawn the old couple got into their canoe and followed Umel over the mirror-smooth lagoon to the little island where Manbuth waited. They found her sleeping on a bed of flowers and ferns. Umel perched on Manbuth's shoulder and began to sing gently into her ear:

"Awaken now,
For all is well.
It's time to rise
Your tale to tell."

Manbuth awoke smiling, and when she saw her parents she cried with joy, then related the sad story of how Tinan and Guruan had deceived her.

Soon Manbuth and her parents were sailing the smooth sea again toward home. When they reached the shore of their island, the whole village came down to the beach to greet them.

That evening, all the women prepared a great welcoming feast for Manbuth, but they did not invite Tinan and Guruan. When Manbuth learned of this she remembered her wise father's words, "No matter how many people are against you and no matter how hard they try to hurt you, they can never win unless you let them. So don't you try to hurt anybody."

Manbuth called for Tinan and Guruan. When they arrived with their heads bowed in shame, Manbuth said, "I do not hate you for what you did, but I am sorry for you because by trying to hurt others, you only hurt yourselves. Now go, join in the party with the rest of our friends, and always remember that fear and hate will only make you more ugly than you are, but love can cover over many scars."

THE HOLLYWOODIZATION OF PALAU

by P. F. Kluge

Lee Marvin's back somewhere in California; Toshiro Mifune has returned to Tokyo. The English director, John Boorman, is in London wondering how to turn his friend Tom Stoppard's hit play, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" into a viable movie. And the rest of that polyglot company banded together in Palau by Selmur Productions—the disciplined, decorous Japanese, the sun-tanned Hollywood pagans—have gone their separate ways. As for the movie's floating base of operations—some called it "the iron lung," others called it "the zoo"—God knows where it is today: the *Oriental Hero* with its Chinese crew, home port of Yokohama, Hong Kong owners, Liberian registry. No doubt, far away from Malakal Harbor, and not likely to return.

And "The Cowards"—if that's what they decide to call it—has been shipped from the tropic battleground where it was filmed to the photo labs, cutting rooms, screening theatres of Hollywood, where it will be processed, packaged, previewed and publicized. The ads will write themselves: *Two stars of East and West, Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune, stragglers in the wake of battle, confront each other on a lonely island, wage their own private war, make their separate peace . . . filmed near Peleliu, where it could have happened by two men, themselves World War II veterans, who could have been there.*

No longer do locally-hired Palauan laborers lean over the bar at the Evergreen and say "My name is Juan. I work for Hollywood." No longer does the midnight invitation to "come to the ship" amount to an immodest proposal—although some folk quip that nine months from now more than one Selmur Production will be premiering in Palau . . . The miniature bus that beeped every half hour outside of Koror's leading half-dozen bars, retrieving polluted cinematists, has ceased its accustomed run . . . The LCVP's, ducks, war surplus equipment—much of it actually scavenged off the World War II battleground of Peleliu to the south—all accoutrements of one of the most curious movie making efforts in history—have been locally auctioned.

There are no more scenes like this in Palau: The Japanese crew on a fishing boat anchored near the *Oriental Hero* spot Mifune as he shuttles to location, at dawn, in his private speedboat. He is their delegate and representative in a part of the world which once was called "the Japanese Riviera." He is a culture hero, an institution . . . and they stand along the decks and applaud him. . . . Or scenes like this: Lee Marvin, a gaunt tall figure with a bristling white beard stops by the Cave Inn Bar on a Friday night. It's a busy night—payday Friday—and the place is crowded. The band plays and there's free food—fried fish and bananas—on a table. Approaching taxis cast frequent probing rays into the busy restrooms situated on the lagoon outside. Nothing stops when Marvin comes in. (It's interesting to speculate what it would take to stop things at the Cave Inn on a Friday night.) He works his way through couples assaying a combination of the shotgun and the skate, sits at a table and, above the din, over the drinking, is asked . . .

"How's it going?"

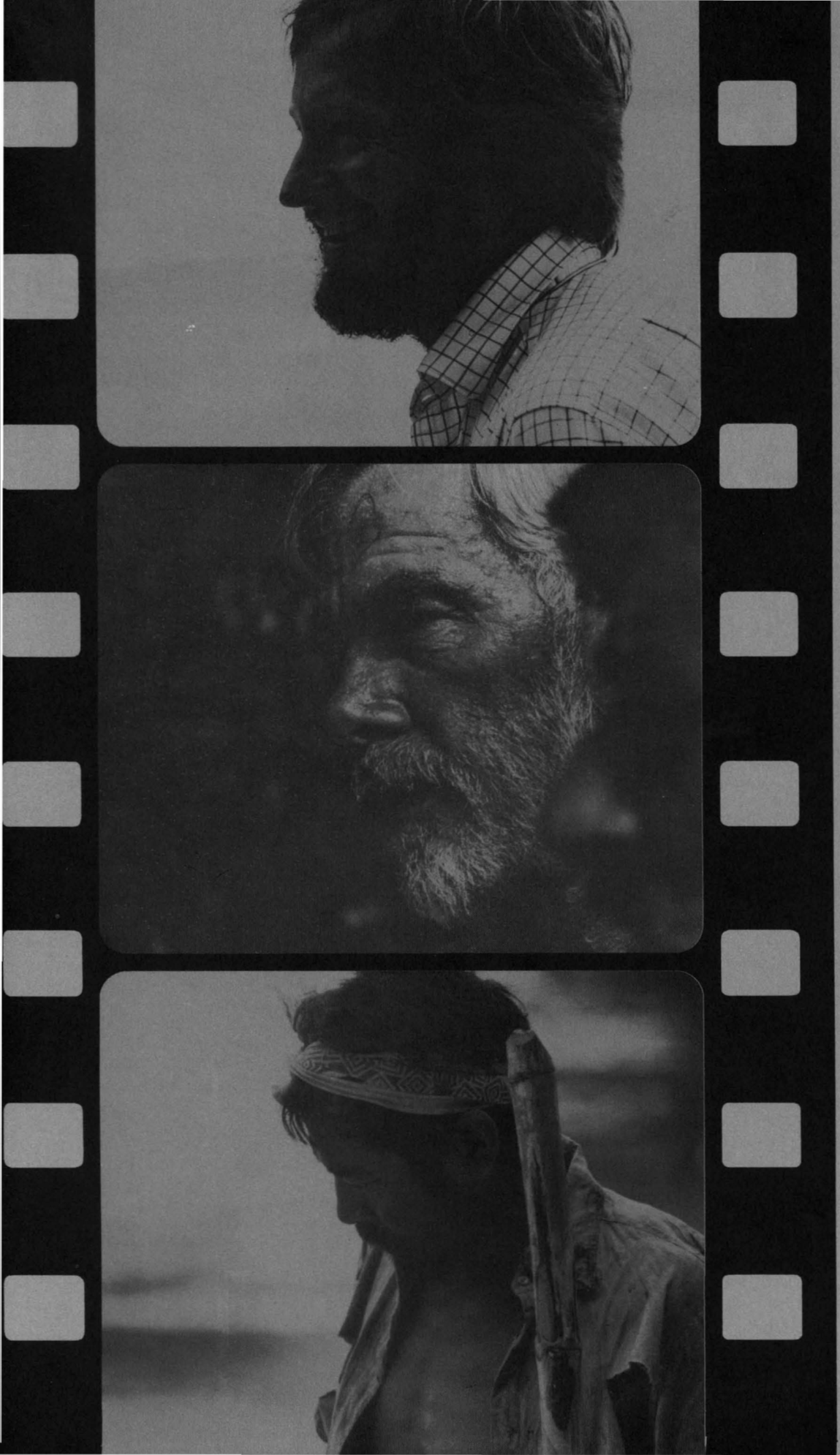
"Like you wouldn't believe."

"Any regrets—about coming here?"

"No, we couldn't have made it in any other place. Well, maybe we could have. But not in my lifetime."

That's all over now and almost everybody you read about in this story from Palau is somewhere else now. But there were many stories left behind. Stories, apocrypha, and legends. That's why we'd better get some of them down now.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SHAPIRO



John Boorman: "I don't think any of us realized how difficult it would be."

Lee Marvin: "We couldn't have made it in any other place . . . Well, maybe we could have . . . But not in my lifetime."

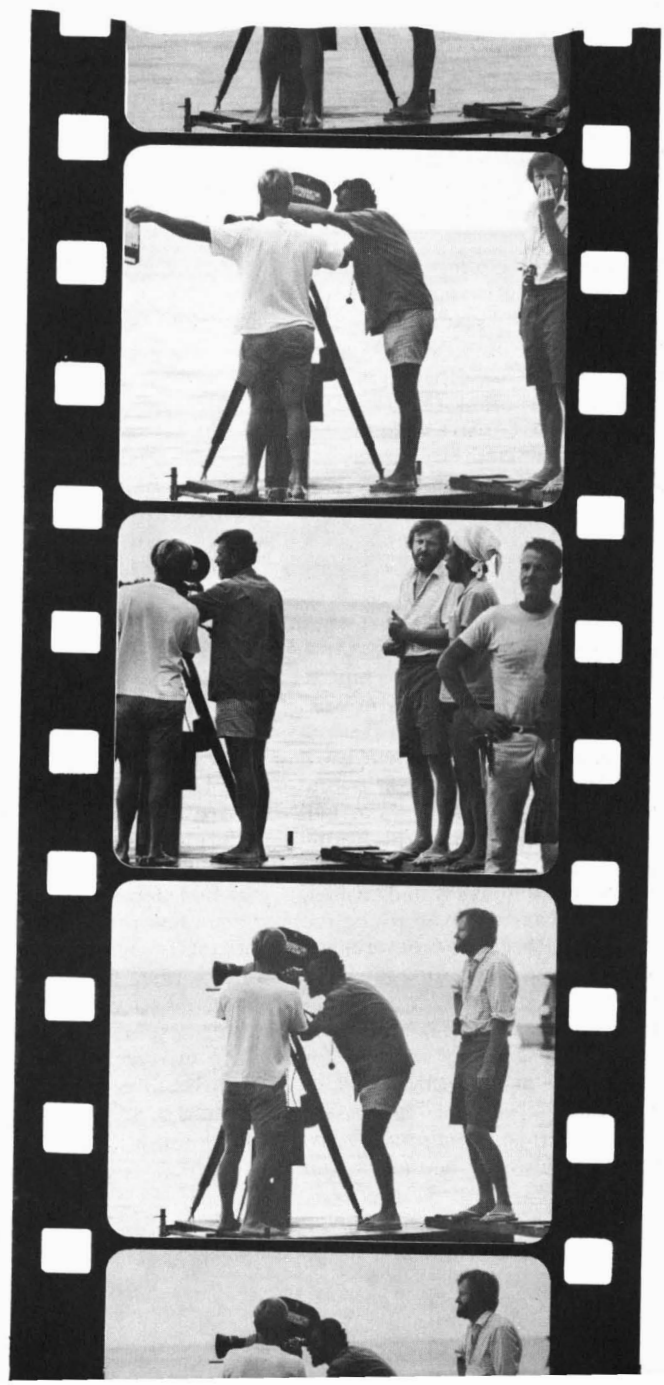
Toshiro Mifune: "an ambassador of peace and mercy in Palau."

learned as recruits two decades before. I saw them as delegates from the legions of veterans, young old-timers, now greying into middle age, who'd sweated their youth away in the Pacific and who now meet at parties, on holidays, at rented halls, over beers and under stuffed deers' heads, at places with names like "Eddie's Grove," to talk about how it was then—and perhaps to speculate about what it's like today.

There are a lot of reasons to make a war picture in Palau. And a lot of reasons not to. An intricate psychological drama involving only two men, "The Cowards" does not require a sweeping, panoramic use of scenery. The film begins on a beach—and not a very spectacular beach at that: sixty yards of sand, some jungle, and a septic taro patch; it continues with a raft sequence on the open sea and culminates in a ruined, bombed-out Japanese camp. The world is full of nondescript beaches, hothouse jungles, convincing oceans and suitably decrepit buildings. So why come to Palau—why rent a freighter that costs $5,000 a day to run, why put up with transportation foul-ups, fickle weather, problematic tides, cramped quarters, heat, tense relations between nationalities—not to mention such charming flora as the Palauan Blister Tree: the rainwater dripping off its toxic leaves can scourge your body?

"This picture would have been difficult to do under the best of conditions," director John Boorman remarked over Sunday morning coffee. "I don't think any of us realized how difficult it would be. There are men on our crew who have been in the movie business 30-40 years who say this is the toughest one they've ever been on. We've had problems with the weather, the communications. It rains and then you dry off in the sun. Bad food. Awful trouble with the weather. Almost everything you can think of."

Producer Reuben Bercovitch is a thin mild-mannered man with the worried countenance of someone trying to maintain a timetable in a part of the world notoriously indifferent to schedules. He's been in Palau since Christmas and—at the moment of interview—was hoping to get out sometime in April. "We had to come in from scratch," he recalled. "The only way we could come in was almost as an autonomous city, with



our own food supplies and medical care. We started by asking about drinking water and worked on from there. We didn't even know if we could come to the dock. The *Oriental Hero's* owners were worried. It has 26-foot draft and the maps were out of date. We finally went out and did our own soundings."

Lloyd Anderson, one of the original three who scouted Micronesia, was likewise acutely aware of the problems involved in making a movie in Palau—at the same time he admired the Palauans' reception of the whole painstaking, idiosyncratic enterprise. One night, in an *Oriental Hero* stateroom he observed, "The Palauans have been excellent. Sometimes out there on that beach we start a shot in sunlight. Well, that has to be completed in sunlight. But then the sky turns overcast. Well, we don't want to waste time so we start another shot. Then the sun comes out again. Sometimes we switch back and forth five-six times. It must be confusing to them, us jumping around on that beach like popcorn on a skillet.

"Now we're going out onto the open sea in a boat (the raft sequence). You tell me how long it will take. Be my guest. I've only been in the business 33-34 years. In Hollywood we'd take a long shot of the raft and then go to the tank. We'd have the wind machine and the wave machine and the fog machine. Here it's open sea. We've never done this sort of thing before."

So why do it now? in Palau?

I got part of the answer out at Airai in the ruined Japanese Naval Communications Center in which "The Cowards" will come to a close. To be sure, the set designers had been up to their usual guile—building some wooden frame structures and then burning them half down, digging bomb craters, plastering and then chipping. But most impressive was how the moviemakers had availed themselves of what the war itself, the storms of twenty-three years before, had left behind. They found rusting Japanese zeros at a fighter strip only a betelnut's throw from the set; within six miles they found two Japanese tanks buried under earth; from Peleliu, scrap metal dealer Ronald Sakuma brought all necessary helmets, small arms, antiaircraft guns. It's not that all this is authentic—a routine compliment for any clever set designer—but that it was real, which means something else. It means that there were fighting men under those helmets, hot food on those rusted mess kits. In a cynical industry catering to an audience which is readily duped, these may be trivial things. I don't know whether differences like this actually show up on film. Maybe it doesn't matter. But, on reflection, it seemed to me that the decision to film the picture amongst the resting holocaust amounted to something like an act of courage.

Consider the building itself—the old Japanese Naval Communications Center. A gray massive two-story monolith, pitted by artillery from the side, pierced by bombs from above—a groaning, ruptured building still somehow holding together. Orders went out from here to the Coral Sea and Leyte; here's where they got the news from Midway and Guadalcanal. The place was real. That hole in the floor, this sagging room, the wounds in the wall and roof were true and honorable. And when the bombs came it was as if the bombardiers themselves had a prescient taste for the dramatic and surreal, as if they knew that this building would one day be filmed when they laced it with bombs from above.

This is the building in which Boorman's actors will meet their fates. As such, the building will, in the director's words, capture "the quintessence of war."

"It will have a deathlike quality," says Boorman. "The movement of death. The trickle of water and the mud, and the flapping of things in the wind."

I got the other half of my answer by accident, the second day I observed filming on the beach at Ngerengchol. I was studying a T-shirt on the back of one of Polycarp Basilius' crew of Palauan laborers. It was a weathered yellow T-shirt with "Selmur Productions Incorporated,—HOLLYWOOD" proudly penciled across his chest. As soon as the sun had lifted two inches above the horizon that morning and the beach had started frying, this man began scuttling about the set with a tray of cold beers, soft drinks and fruit juices, deftly moving from one regular customer to another. Keeping the drinks cold and distributing them throughout the hot day was his only noticeable job. ("Want a cold beer?" one of the crew had asked me at 7:30 a.m. "You've got to get it on early. It's the only way to get through the day.")

It was while I wondered about the T-shirt with the Hollywood label—what it meant to be the man who wore it and the people who saw it—that Marvin came over to talk and kill a San Miguel. We were talking about the site and looking down onto the beach where Boorman and his company were occupied with Mifune, when Marvin said "Come on, take a two minute walk."

We headed away from the bright, dry beach, into the interior of the location, along a wet, green-dark trail that made sounds underfoot; one of those permanently damp places that the sun seldom lights and never dries. Eventually we came to what looked like a pocket of quicksand, a pool of mud intersected by broad-leafed taro plants and charcoal-colored roots.

"How deep is it?"

"Go see for yourself."

I walked in—careful about the San Miguel—and, in two steps, sank to my knees. Marvin followed me into the mud.

"See my home? That's where I lived."

I looked around, away, for some sort of habitation that might have been used in filming earlier sequences. A makeshift shelter of some sort.

"No. There. See it."

I still didn't.

"There."

I finally saw it. Nothing more than a net of roots arching over the natural sewer we were standing in.

"That's my house, where I lived for a week. I come out of it for the fight. Here—hold this—I'll give you an idea."

Handing me his beer, he slurped towards the roots, picking up three or four staves, examining their utility as weapons and rejecting them. "And then I find the right one . . ."

There he was, poised in the deep mud, dweller in some primeval swamp stave in hand, ready to charge his foe across the taro patch.

"You can hang greenery like this all over Hollywood," Marvin remarked on the way back. "But then (pointing at the taro patch) where could you find a mousetrap like that?"

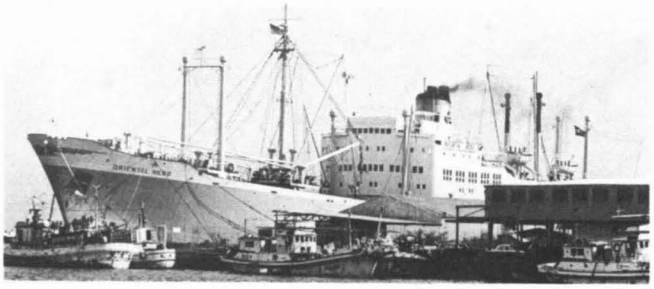
As we returned to the set—we'd been absent too long and I was afraid there'd be hell to pay—Marvin kicked sand over his muddy trousers and said "Don't tell anybody about this."

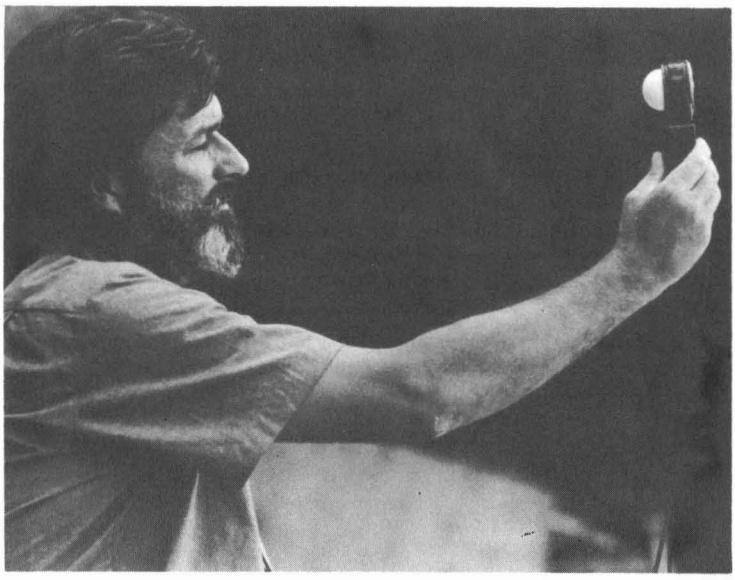
The Lively Set

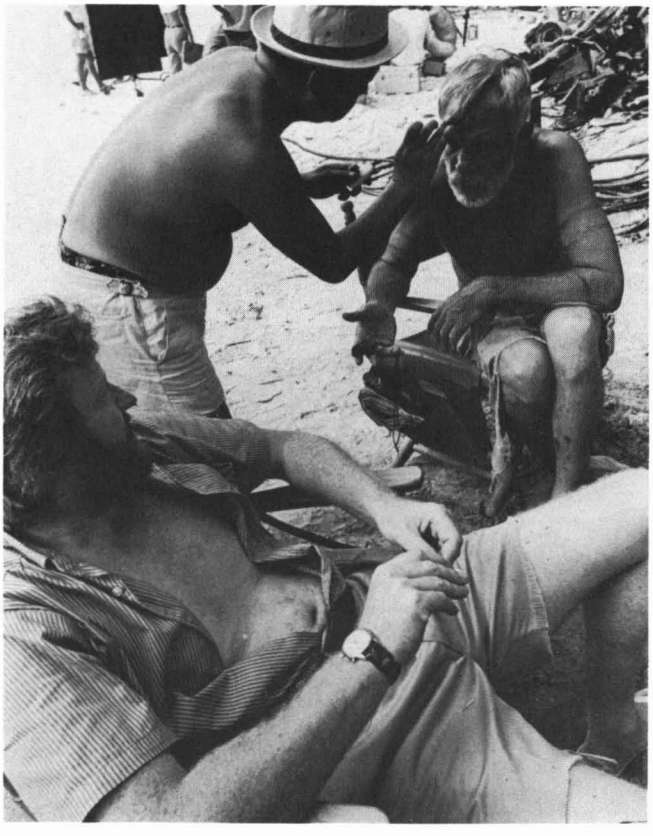
From all over they came—Englishmen, Americans, Japanese. All converging on the same tiny beach in Palau. All with a common cause: "Show Biz." People of a different breed. Dedicated professionals who to others appear crazy, way-out, odd, weird. Take one morning, for example, when a sudden downpour stopped production. Director Boorman and cameraman Hall ran out to the sea, umbrella in hand, camera in tow. There they stood on a now deserted beach, fascinated by raindrops dancing on the water, completely absorbed by what they saw. These then, are the people that make up "The Lively Set."

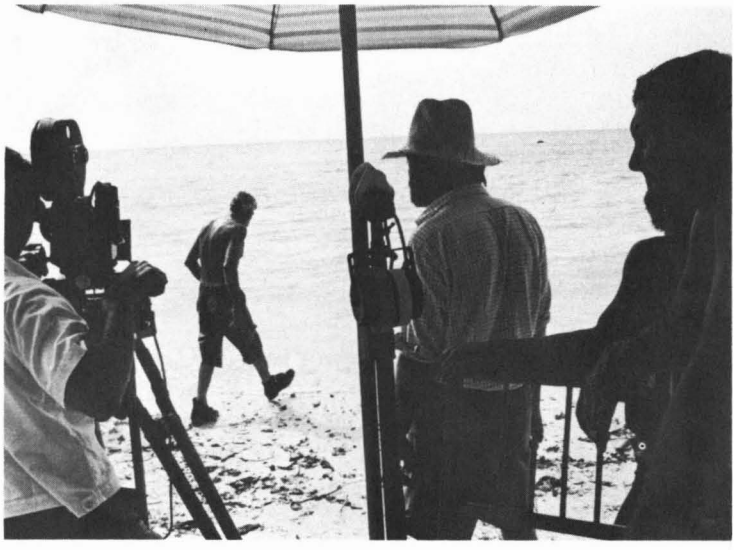
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SHAPIRO

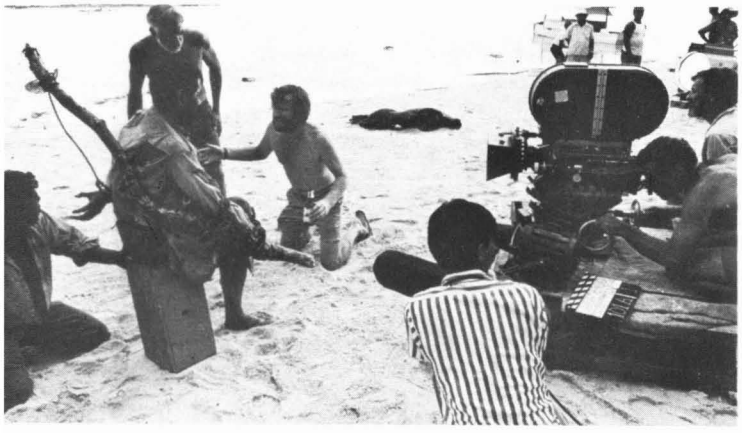
The Lively Set

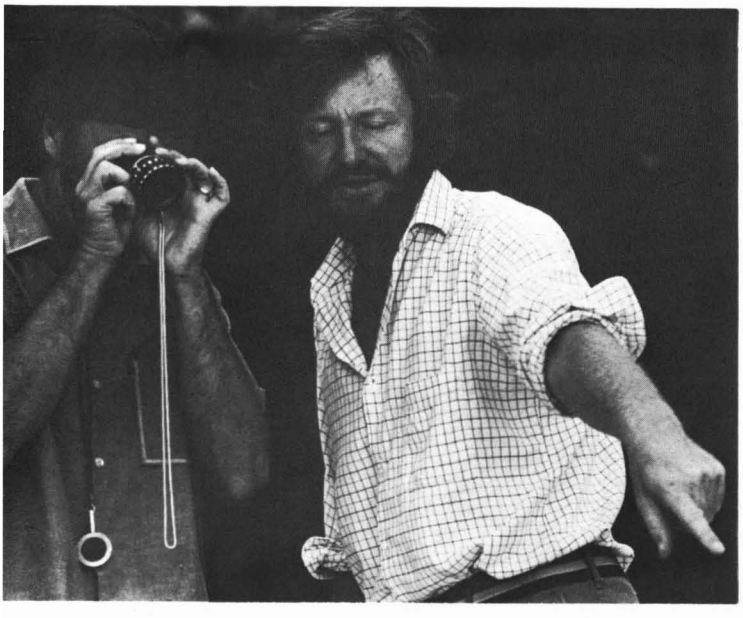


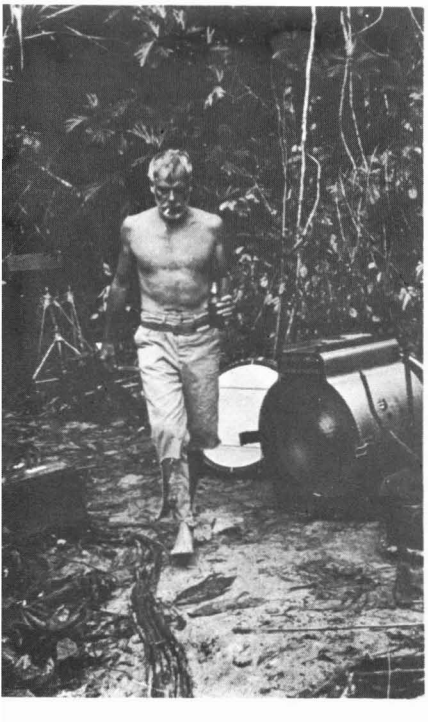












The afternoon's business resumed, but I knew what Palau meant to Marvin, perhaps to Mifune as well, what it means to the young old-timers at Eddie's Grove. I know that the greatest beneficiaries of being in Palau were the actor-veterans themselves, for what could not be duplicated in Hollywood were the emotions they felt upon returning to this battleground, to a contested area—a place where the contest was continuing before our eyes. Everywhere you went you found evidence of it. Almost every American on the *Oriental Hero* had developed his own theory concerning the workings of the Oriental mind ("they just don't think like we do") and, doubtless, their Japanese counterparts had some telling hypotheses of their own. The contest was continuing—one had only to look at the generally diplomatic but often tense relationship of Japanese and American crew, each occupying its own section of ship, dining hall, and beach; or one could go into the stores and look at the predominance of Japanese wares on the shelves; or one could check any jukebox in Koror, with its contending offerings from Nashville and Tokyo. Or one could talk to the Palauans—some speak Japanese, some English; or drop by the high school where English is taught by day and Japanese by night. Or one could glance at a telling passage from the Palau District Administrator's monthly report of visitors to his bailiwick: ". . . 10 United States Congressional Representatives, 3 U.S. Senators and 21 Japanese tourists."

Know then, that Peleliu and Angaur did not settle, did not destroy everything and that the making of a war picture in Palau is an enterprise in which the beholder can see more than a reenactment of past conflict between Americans and Japanese, but an expression of present moods as well, and a sign of things to come. Palau, that handsome woman has more than one suitor; gorgeous old jade, she is used to a variety of attentions, visits, wares and songs.

"They come from very different traditions as far as acting is concerned," said John Boorman of the Japanese and American stars whose talents—and personalities—he is painstakingly shaping into "The Cowards." "Mifune is essentially an intuitive actor who has been corrupted by the intellect. He feels somehow he should understand what he is doing. Marvin is a highly intelligent man with a natural intellectual approach who

in recent years has used his intellect to pry open his intuitions. It's very rewarding. With Lee you move very quickly with ideas. With Mifune, because of the language and his approach to things, it's very slow. Every inch of progress takes a great deal of effort. Everything must be discussed on several occasions in several different ways . . . Mifune is very conscious of his role. He's afraid Japanese critics will say he went to Hollywood and played a stereotype . . ."

"Mifune," continued Boorman, "sees himself very much as an ambassador of peace and mercy in Palau. He exercises a very rigid discipline over his crew. None of the Japanese crew take out local girls. Yet he has a great warmth and love for the people. And despite all the problems he has such force that comes out in scenes that you forgive him everything . . . Yet it's personally very frustrating for me to work this way. I like a free flowing of ideas into the movie instead of this step by step process."

"There's always a crisis as we move into a new sequence. First I go through a softening process, talk with him from time to time. Then—he has a very orderly mind—I set out on paper the step by step progression, which he learns. Then he'll recite it over in discussion, but you know that it doesn't sink in more than skin deep and that he has some other concept of his own. If there is a major stumbling block which he has detected I find the flaw and remove it —often it's something in the behavior of a character. Then, usually, as he gets closer to a sequence he blows up and then we have a dramatic scene, long discussions, sit alone, talk, have a drink . . . He'll show up at the set playing by the book. 'I'll do what you say.' A completely cold start. Inevitably he can't keep it up, can't just do the minimum. Then, by the end of the day, he's contributing. But it's very difficult to put two actors together who have such totally different approaches to acting and get them to come to a boil at the same time."

Boorman—a far more strained, tired gentleman than the one who toured Saipan and Palau last fall—brightened when he discussed Marvin's performance. "Lee has been marvelous, sensational," he exclaimed. "He's playing out his whole life—all the military stances and postures and jargon—even to drill cadences and all that."

The next day, on the set, I saw what Boorman meant.

Work on the beach began early—lines of porters trundled lights, reflectors, cameras, cases; laborers began combing the beach and hosing sand. Marvin stepped ashore and greeted the new day: "Hello Fred. Watch this crazy bullshit stuff this morning." Mifune, in yellow sweatshirt and madras bathing trunks, calmly occupied another part of the beach, surrounded by members of the Japanese contingent. Cigar jutting

out of beard, umbrella in hand, attired in a pair of blinding white shorts, head cameraman Conrad Hall stepped ashore, looking as if he were going to plant a flag and claim the island in the name of Haig and Haig. Polycarp Basilius presiding over the activities of the Palauan crew, observed "At first it's exciting, but after this long you get bored with it."

Gradually, things got organized and the crew set up for one in a series of what Boorman calls the "enslavement" sequences—scenes in which Mifune and Marvin (still hostile at this point of the story) alternately control and brutalize one another. On this day Marvin was in control and the first scene showed him rampaging through Mifune's camp, probing a worn pair of boots, scattering firewood, thwacking a canvas water catchment, poking a stick through the broken lens of a pair of binoculars, then wheeling about and going into a half-mud, half-comic parade ground drill sequence. Both officer and recruit, Marvin shouted guttural orders, stamped about the sand in a torn uniform, a grizzled battered scarecrow rehearsing a West Point routine. The whole thing came close to parody, but it had a fury which raised it above the level of the merely ludicrous, rendering it frightening as well as funny. They went through the sequence at least half a dozen times until Boorman declared "That was beautiful," and Hall added, "Gorgeous. It'll go overexposed but you can print it down. Jeez is that great stuff."

Marvin plopped down and informed an observer: "What nobody knows is that this is a comedy. No, I'm serious. The whole thing is a horrendous comic affair between two guys who can't really make it."

Yet the comedy has its brutal underside. In the next scene, Marvin forces Mifune to drag a weighted, crucifying halter around the beach, plowing the sand. It's a painful sequence, particularly when you have to enact it more than once. Mifune staggered about the beach, collapsing, his sweating beard spreckled with sand. Marvin, off set, shouted an odd mixture of encouragement and taunt while Mifune writhed about.

"Come on now. Come on. Who can drive a truck now? Who can drive a truck in this crowd?"

And then, after a pause, "You can, baby."

Marvin seemed particularly aware of the old timer's day aspect of the movie, aware of relationships between Japanese and Americans, between Mifune and himself. In his rough way, he went out of his way to defer to his co-star, complimenting Mifune, gesturing admiringly in his direction, or merely nodding his need respectfully. And it was Marvin who, in his own direct way, took it upon himself to test the relationships of the Japanese and American crew by exclaiming, in earshot of all, a line devilishly calculated to monitor the group's morale, a clever morbid line which—when it elicited no outraged response—seemed to prove that things were coming along. "O.K. Let's get this straight. Who was the #$%&(&% who threw the Japanese skull into my room?"

Marvin's activities behind and in front of the camera take their toll. His garrulous roaming about the set and animated behavior cost him. At the end of the day things get ragged. Both Marvin and Mifune look very tired these days. Palau can be rough on old-timers.

But Marvin wouldn't have it any other way. He insists on driving himself to exhaustion and confusion. He cannot compartmentalize himself. His involvement in Palau, in the role he plays, in the battleground return . . . is total. When others were taking a lunchtime break, Marvin strode to the cave which Selmur uses as a storeroom-dispensary. Spurning suggestion that he go to lunch, or be brought some food, Marvin threw himself into conversation with the company doctor, a decorative, genteel, courtly medic with a taste for beer and talk. What followed was one of those rambling, anecdotal, impossible-to-summarize conversations men sometimes have together. One of those things that wander from boxing to women to war and back again. An obscene, thoughtful exchange which leaves the participants in a state of satisfied, meditative silence. This conversation, which began in the cave at lunchtime and continued, intermittently, on the beach throughout the afternoon, kept coming back to war, the heroics and the atrocities of two decades before.

Then and now:

"On Kwajalein there were six guys wearing white in a trench. And I got up there waiting for them to move so I could pull the trigger. But none of them makes a move. X comes along and says 'What's the matter?' I said, 'I don't know, they look like merchant marine to me.' He looked at me and said, 'F... off.' and emptied his gun into the trench. Then he threw in a hand grenade . . . Years afterward I met him in a Las Vegas hotel. He gave me a picture of himself with 'To my old marine buddy, Lee Marvin' written across."

Then and now:

"Those days you thought you'd get stronger by shooting someone in the head. You didn't. Brighter."

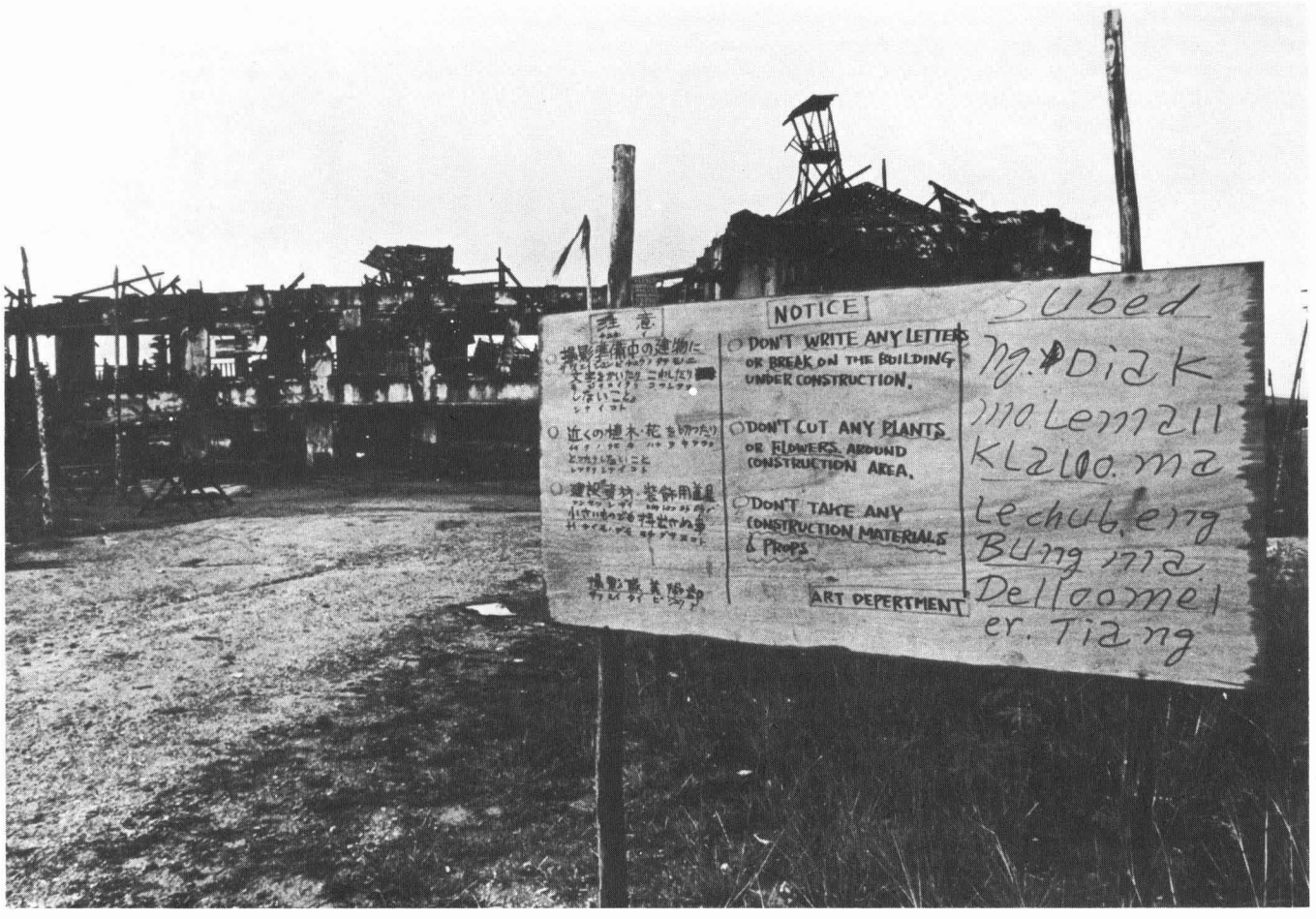
Then and now:

"It's funny. All of us who were here before, making a film to say stop it."

So we have this convergence of veterans in Palau, making a war picture, a re-enactment of the past which is at the same time—whether or not the message gets through—a word to the present. Two warriors, Marvin and Mifune—Boorman calls them "characters out of Beowulf"—compile an old timer's testament, a gigantic celebration and censure of their martial pasts.

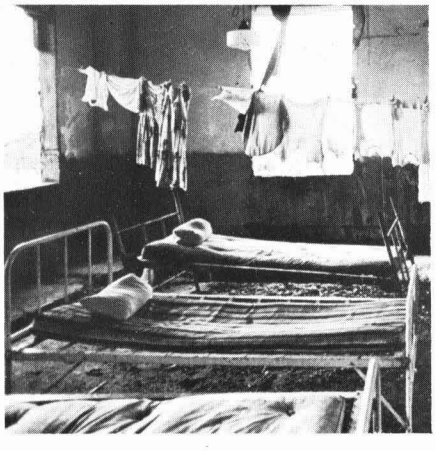
I can guess, though I cannot know, what it means to come back to a place like Palau after twenty years. I can guess at the enormity of change one can find, not in the landscape, but in oneself. It's the only point of a homecoming, or a reunion, or an old timer's day: to take the measure of then-and-now is to take the measure of one's own life.

If men change, Palau itself offered at least one moment of final irony, a fit summary to an account of the reunion there. For, early in the shooting of the picture, Marvin and Mifune boated down to Peleliu, scene of one of the second world war's bloodiest campaigns. Their purpose was to lay wreathes at the monument to the thousands who died there, Americans and Japanese alike. Arriving at Peleliu, the returning soldiers found the monument—a concrete marker—with ease. But the metal plaque which commemorates the battle was stripped off, long gone. For Peleliu was a long time ago and, at fifteen cents a pound, scrap metal is a bigger industry than nostalgia in today's Trust Territory. So they left their wreathes, took some pictures, went back to work on the movie. And sometime this fall, the gang at Eddie's Grove may—or may not—get the message.



The End

This is where the action comes to a close. Where Boorman's actors meet their fates. This is the end. It is the site of the Japanese Communications Center that was actually used during the War. The Real War. This building, the tanks and guns, they were really here when it really happened. How authentic can you get?



Crocodylus Porsus

by EricLax

I had been in Palau only a few hours when I first heard stories of man-eating crocodiles lurking in mangrove swamps, attacking fishermen, and making waters unsafe for swimmers. The stories weren't hearsay either: two weeks before my visit a fisherman who had lost his left hand in an accident several years ago was out spear-fishing one afternoon. Suddenly, he was attacked from the right side by an eight foot crocodile and clamped about the upper chest by the reptile's jaws. Luckily, he had his spear crooked in his left elbow and after a few seconds of thrusting the spear in the crocodile's face, he was released, escaping without serious injury. Other men, I was told, weren't so lucky and I began to develop a healthy respect and a great interest in these ferocious reptiles who attack, without provocation, and at great speed.

A trip to the Trust Territory Entomology Station and some time to browse through the files of Bob Owen, the TT Entomologist, provided some interesting information.

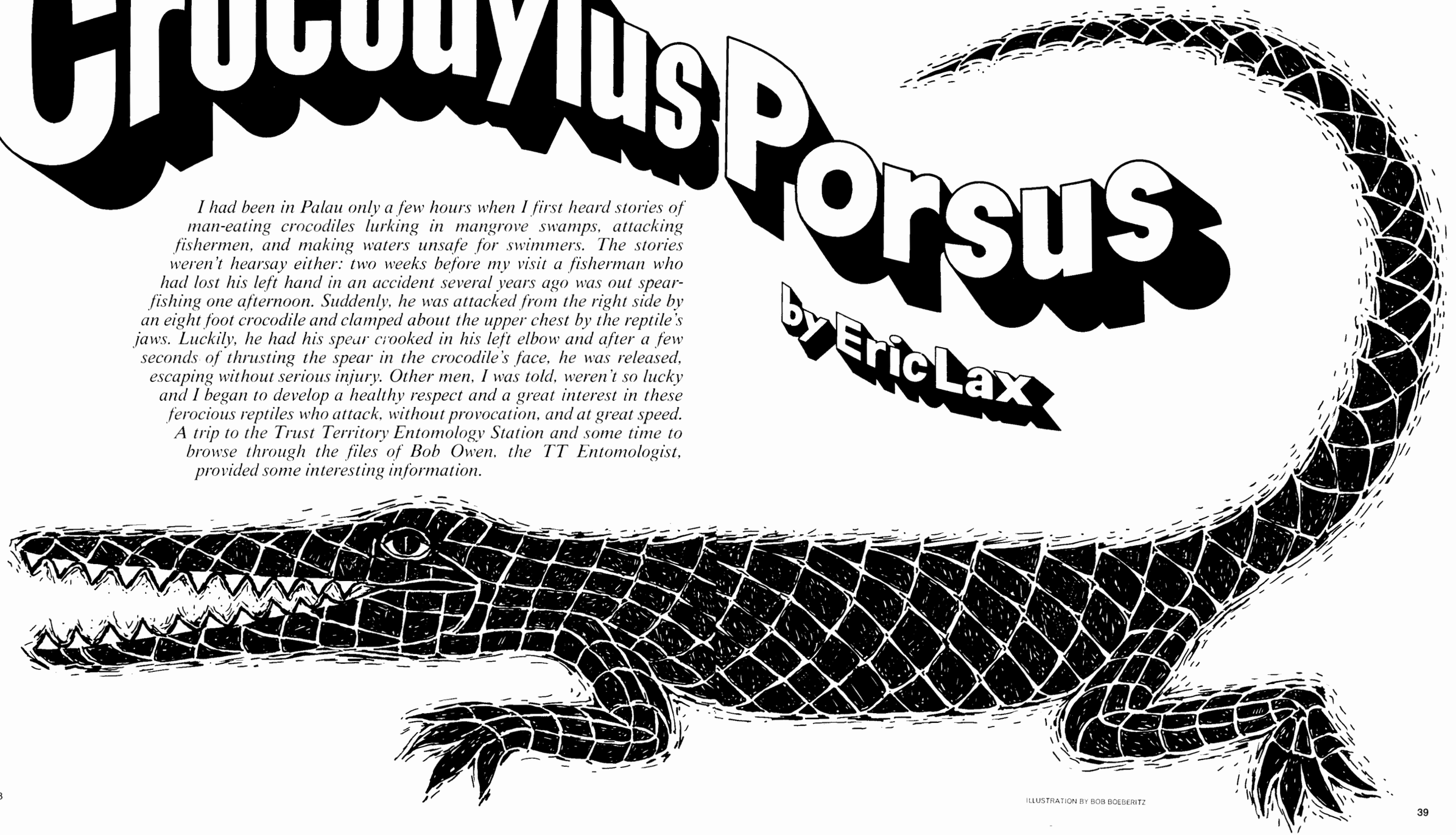


ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOEBERITZ

and here's what I found out...

CROCODYLUS PORSUS

Contrary to popular belief in the TT, the species *Crocodylus porsus* (sea-going or estuarine crocodile) and New Guinea crocodile *(Crocodylus novaguineae)* are not unique to Palau, although it is the only district in the territory where they are found. They are two of the four crocodylians found on Pacific islands as well as the Asiatic mainland. Moreover, the *Crocodylus porsus* is the only crocodile widespread among the islands, ranging from the Philippines to Australia, from Indonesia through the Fijis. Unfortunately, it is reputed the most ferocious of all crocodiles.

Owen has several excerpts from a volume published in 1796, *Early American Philippines Trade: Journal of Nathanial Bowditch*, which attest to the character of estuarine crocodiles:

> *Some crocodiles have been known to devour the women when seated on the bank of the river washing their clothes. They attack the buffaloes when crossing the river who never will enter the water except in flocks, with their young calfs swimming between them.*

The editors of the book are no more encouraging. In a moment concerning the general character of crocodiles they cite a battle against a huge crocodile which had devoured both a man and a horse in Jala-Jala , not far from Manila, some 25 years after Bowditch's account. And to mollify disbelievers, the editors add that "the head skeleton of the crocodile involved, the second largest known in the world, can be found in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University." The skull is three feet long, taken from a 29 foot reptile which measured 11 feet about the body. And that's only number two! The largest, I found out later, was said to be 33 feet long and of 13 feet eight inches around the middle. Anyone caring to do so may view its skull in the British Museum.

Although today it is highly unusual for an estuarine crocodile to measure more than 20 feet, my respect for the creature grew by leaps and bounds, especially when I was told a crocodile can outrun a man for 100 yards. Lazarus Salii, (see interview, page 1) who is a native of Palau now living in Saipan, and who accompanied High Commissioner Norwood to the United Nations in 1965 as representative of the people of Micronesia, told me later that he had never heard of a crocodile that fast. I was somewhat comforted but in no mood to see if he was right.

I asked Mr. Salii where the predominance of crocodiles were in Palau. He pulled a piece of paper across his desk in the Personnel Office in the TT administration building and drew a map of Babelthuap and Koror. Indicating mouths of rivers about half way up the east and west sides of Babelthuap he pointed out the villages of Ngersuul and Ngaremlengui. "From here to the south of Babelthaup there are many crocodiles," he said. "They like to hide in the mangroves or mud and some nights if you go there in a boat all you can see is several pair of shining eyes." They make a sound like a dog barking; perhaps a little more shrill."

Apparently there were attempts on the part of the Japanese to raise crocodiles for meat and hide; but that practice has been dropped since the end of the war and so the number and size of the crocodiles has been allowed to increase with almost no interference.

"The most popular way of catching a crocodile is to spear him," Salii continued. "The meat is very delicious and there are perhaps eight or 10 pounds from an eight footer. We eat from the hip to the tail; the rest is mostly muscle and gristle." I asked if he had any special recipe for preparing crocodile. He smiled and said, "No, there are several ways you can cook it; barbecuing or making a sukiyaki, for instance. The meat is white and tastes very much like chicken. No, it doesn't taste at all salty." Surprisingly, there were no legends about crocodiles which Salii knew of. Apparently their appearance in Palau has been fairly recent.

While rummaging through Owen's files I found the answer to a question plaguing me since I saw my first Jungle Jim movie at the Hillcrest Theatre in San Diego. Namely, how does one distinguish between an alligator and a crocodile? Easily, according to one A. Loveridge, author of *Reptiles of the Pacific World:*

> *Alligators can be readily recognized except in very young specimens, by the large fourth tooth of the lower jaw being invisible when the reptile's mouth is closed, since the tooth fits into a cavity provided for it. When a crocodile shuts its mouth the fourth tooth remains in full view, being accommodated only in a notch in the upper jaw.*

Somewhat like the difference between the Sahara

and Gobi deserts.

Apparently, few animals (save water buffaloes) gregarious, semi-aquatic and strong have anything close to immunity from crocodiles. There are records of 2,000 pound horses, capable of pulling two tons, being attacked and easily devoured by crocodiles. But man-eating crocodiles are seemingly made and not born. Like tigers and sharks the estuarine crocodile supposedly becomes a confirmed man-eater after realizing how defenseless a human is when taken by surprise. Otherwise, men armed to fight crocodiles with spears or guns and traps are really the only creatures the crocodiles need fear; at least away from the open sea.

Mr. Salii told of a crocodile sighted between Anguar and Koror, floating on a log. "They are afraid to go into deep water because many crocodiles have legs bitten off in open sea transit." "That's right," added Nick Ramon, another Palauan working in TT Headquarters. "The sharks are what really scare crocodiles and that's what attacks them in the ocean."

Once in much demand from zoos, the estuarine crocodile is now virtually unwanted, owing to its ferociousness even after a long time in captivity. The two longest lived examples resided in the London Zoo for 16 and 11 years respectively. They died not of old age but rather of their own quarrelsomeness: eventually they killed one another.

In another instance, an adult langur monkey escaped from its cage and ran into an enclosure where a 14 foot crocodile was lying in a three foot deep trough. The crocodile, who had done little in its five years' captivity save sleep, suddenly hurled itself upward so that half of its body was clear of the water. A crunch and a gulp and the monkey was gone without a trace.

And so it is this amiable creature who inhabits the swamps and rivers of Palau, eating dogs, cats, chickens, in fact anything, including rocks and men.

In late December 1965, a Palauan fisherman was attacked, killed, and eaten by a 12-foot, 427-pound crocodile. Within two days Owen and his staff set a trap and captured the reptile, which they hoped to keep alive and sell, giving the proceeds of the sale to the man's widow and family. But after just a day in captivity the crocodile was dead. The report published in several papers said death was due to strangulation by the rope around its neck which held it fast in its cage. But considering the height of the feeling of the Palauans against the crocodile, and their desire for revenge, it seems more likely that death was due to poison somehow administered when no one in the entomology station was on guard. A post mortem opening of the crocodile's stomach offered conclusive enough evidence that this was indeed the crocodile which killed the fisherman. Owen found several human bones.

I found there is one small consolation which goes with being attacked by a crocodile in shallow water—it is there one stands his best chance of survival. Although strong and quick, crocodiles have weak jaws (perhaps better described as "one way" jaws; for though they can clamp like a vice they can be held shut with nothing stronger than masking tape). Victims are done in by drowning rather than decapitation. Attacking by surprise and attempting to catch their prey off balance, crocodiles spin and twirl toward the bottom of the river or swamp, where they hold their victims down until they are either drowned or dead from fright. The softer parts of the body are then eaten while the rest stored away under roots by the shore to keep the body in place while decomposition takes place, thus aiding dismemberment. Thus, should the victims be in shallow water he stands a better chance of escape simply because he is not in imminent danger of drowning. Small comfort.

Also, Jungle Jim's old tactic of hitting or rubbing a crocodile on the soft part of the belly to calm him and thus facilitate release has at least one case to suggest its effectiveness. Dr. P. J. Darlington, now curator of beetles in the Chicago Museum, was serving with an anti-malarial unit in New Britain during the Second World War. He was attacked by a ten foot crocodile and, apparently because he landed a sharp blow to the reptile's underside, the crocodile gaped and released him, allowing him to get to safety. Even so, he was badly injured, suffering a punctured hand, a dislocation and compound fracture of the ulna, plus several torn ligaments.

I read no farther, impressed quite enough with what I had already seen and possessed of a pretty good idea of how Captain Hook must have felt.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Marianas There were some old men who claimed to remember a terrible storm in 1914. Or was it 1915? But no one living on today's Saipan was impressed by their memories. It was impossible for anyone to accept that a storm could be much worse than Typhoon Jean, which pounded Saipan with winds of up to 190 mph on Thursday, April 11, completely changing the face of the island.... Causing an estimated fifteen million dollars damage, Jean destroyed ninety percent of the island's housing—only Capitol Hill's implacable concrete residences escaped serious injury. Jean hopelessly mangled the island's utilities, paralyzed school systems. Estimates of damage—and of hopes for aid—were numerous. But figures couldn't tell the whole story. Although no lives were lost, many were changed. The whole complexion of life on Saipan became more grim and somber. . . . Hard-hit villages like Chalan Kanoa, San Antonio, San Roque, Tanapag, Susupe, once crowded and bustling, were transformed into hot plains of tangled wire, twisted metal, damp, smelly wood. Punctured tires—and feet—were commonplace, water a precious commodity, cold water a sought-after-prize. Families doubled up, cooked out of doors, picked amongst the wreckage, hung things out to dry. The lucky ones—that is, those who could recover enough 2 by 4's to start work—began nailing away. Others looked at their splintered homesteads and shrugged. Rebuilding is not an automatic thing, even in the most resilient of cultures. . . . There was help: the armed forces, the Red Cross, all levels of government. Khaki uniforms, military vehicles, field kitchens, water trucks, innoculation squads, survey teams became commonplace sights. And talk about the response from Washington was no less commonplace. Mrs. Ruth Van Cleve, director of the Office of Territories, who chanced to be in Saipan at this fateful time, cabled back a report of "indescribable devastation." . . . Meanwhile, people did the best they could. Without electricity it gets dark faster; you don't get much of a soap lather in salt water. Laundry? Maybe you know someone on the hill. Ironing? forget it. And the mosquitos—who they multiplied in the week after the typhoon: a bullish market for mosquito coils. . . . The lesson of it all, say some of those who glanced at the ruined villages, is to build a concrete house with a concrete roof. O.K. But learning and doing are two different things and, money being what it is, the sounds of corrugated tin being re-flattened, veteran beams being renailed, echoed through the island in the week after the typhoon. For better or for worse, life on Saipan inched its way back. But this was not a very happy quarter in the Marianas. Or a very pretty one. And it would be hard to say what the lesson of it all was.

Yap A changing face for Yap's district center, rising hopes for a district-wide legislature, and a heavy fine for a wayward Japanese fishing boat highlighted early 1968 in Yap District . . . Colonia saw a general cleanup, with most of the government buildings and several private structures getting their first fresh paint in several years . . . New buildings were added to the district center's skyline. By mid-April work was near completion on a second dormitory for outer islanders at Madrid, a new police barracks near the administration building, an office for Yap Community Action Program, a new store in Mulro, and the Protestant Mission's new Youth Center... Early 1968 also saw completion of a new movie theater, operated by the Yap Cooperative Association, and a handicraft shop, operated by the island's new handicrafts coop. Two familiar landmarks closed during the quarter—the Blue Lagoon and Lagoonside bars . . . Other changes included the start of work on a power line serving the Keng (north) section of Colonia, the move of the Yap Weather Station from downtown to the airport, and approval by the people of Balabat (on Colonia's south side) for use of a former men's house platform as the site of Air Micronesia's proposed hotel . . . Another sign of changing times in Yap—men's house site in Keng to be converted to bus storage garage in May . . . Yap's long search for a district-wide legislature may be nearing an end. April 24 neighbor island chiefs planned to discuss joining Yap Islands Legislature. Yap's nine-year old legislature only one in Trust Territory without representation from the outer islands. Several past attempts at union have failed . . . An ill-timed and unauthorized trip to Eauripik Island brought a heavy fine to the 13 crewmen of the Japanese fishing boat Ebisu Maru. Seized by U.S.S. Gaspe March 28, boat was brought to Colonia where its crew was fined total of $1,110. Fine is one of the stiffest ever handed out by Trust Territory for unauthorized entry.

Palau The familiar faces (and figures) of the Selmur Production movie entourage are no longer in Palau. With the completion of the Mifune-Marvin movie in April, cast, crew and ship have left the island. But it was fun while it lasted—and profitable as well. . . . The community went dry (as far as water goes) for a three-day period in early April when a pump went defunct. With scheduled rebuilding of dam in Airai, everyone hopes it won't happen again. . . . Palauans always like celebrations . . . and May was a good month for festivities. Law Day was May 1 and the Palau Annual Fair was swinging on May 18—doubly appreciated this year because it had to be cancelled last year because of Typhoon Sally . . . Palauans evidenced deep concern for Saipan following devastating Typhoon Jean. The legislature alloted $3,000 for aid, and people willingly contributed to help relieve the suffering they understand so well . . . The appearance of the

first independent newspaper in Palau was a source of deep pride to its 5-member Palauan staff. The paper, *Didil A Chais* (Bridge of News) is sponsored by the local Community Action Agency. The paper provides an opportunity to business-oriented Palau to advertise, and the idea seems to be catching on . . . The death of one of the two High Chiefs of Palau, the Reklai, caused much sorrow in March. The former Reklai's nephew, Ngiratelbadel Lomisang, is now Reklai . . . WSZB boasted a 1,000 watt transmitter—for about two days—then it conked out. The station is now back to the old reliable 250-watt transmitter. Perhaps the big transmitter can be fixed by the time WSZB moves into the old Page Communications site in a couple of months . . . The office of the Distad is also scheduled to move to Page. The present office will be used by the District Legislature and the present Legislature building will go to Koror Elementary School for badly-needed classrooms . . . Palauans like to think they always come out ahead—and they surely did with the selection of Palau by the South Pacific Commission for a fisheries meeting and training course beginning in June.

Truk A mild epidemic of infectious hepatitis is sweeping through Truk, with April's toll climbing the 300's. When the outbreak first occurred March 5, a village on Moen Island, Truk's district center, was sealed off to traffic. But the quarantine apparently didn't squelch the spread of the disease, which some doctors in Truk feel more resembles a flu. The disease hasn't reached the really outlying islands of Truk, but they are getting attention from other sources now that the field trip ship Truk Islander is back from drydock in Japan. For one thing, a special assistant to the U.S. Postmaster General announced postal service for the outers beginning in May as part of field trip services. Now, the only way for outer-islanders to pick up their mail is to travel more than a hundred miles to the district center post office . . . The U.S. government isn't the only one courting the outers. "Rain," the government's radio operator on Namoluk called in a report that the Russians are coming. The operator, also a teacher, gave a long list of reasons for being positive the ship that suddenly appeared off the island was a Russian vessel. Islanders feared the communists would kill them, but their trading tendencies soon had them in canoes inching out to what turned out to be a festive evening. Scepticism reigned supreme in the district center about the "foreign vessel," but the wined and dined Namoluk islanders insist it was a hammer and sickle that brought them their hospitable visitors . . . Truk's assistant distad for administration, Ray Setik got a taste of winter when he attended budget hearings in Washington, D.C. As the chairman of the Congress of Micronesia's Appropriations Committee, Mr. Setik experienced the bite of February weather in the capital along with the warmth of a U.S. Congressional reception. Setik returned optimistic that the T.T. has a friend in the U.S. Congress . . . While Mr. Setik shivered in D.C., youths back home practiced a custom more familiar to America than to the island of Tol. The student body president of a post-elementary school shocked the faculty by suddenly announcing a strike. Four demands were listed: more school facilities; introduction of a grade-level system; creation of a food service; improved transportation. "Management" met with "labor" and decided that both sides were aiming at the same goal—a better education for students. Strike ended, all concerned set sights on winning approval for a $60,000 construction plan that a teacher carried to Saipan.

Ponape Last quarter, District Administrator Robert Halvorsen announced his impending departure from Ponape. He's headed to Saipan, to a position in Headquarters Political Affairs Department . . . PICS High School initiated action to establish a P.T.A. and the Congress of Micronesia education subcommittee inspected facilities here . . . Word came that the administration had finally decided to let out bids for dredging work on new airstrip and harbor facilities . . . Likewise, Ponape got word that the T.T.'s referral hospital will be completed here by about July, 1970 . . . 43 boys and girls received on-the-job training with implementation of Neighborhood Youth Corps . . . Funding of new Ponape Transportation Board by District Legislature has resulted in road and bridge building on the local level all around Ponape . . . Rice and pepper-growing farmers created Producers' Cooperative . . . Ngatik Atoll became first place in world to receive Peace Corps School Partnership Program funds for non-school structure—a $1,200 dispensary . . . Moreover, district's first Partnership school, designed by PCV architect using local materials, opened with huge celebration in Uh municipality . . . Nan Madol commission formed and met to make recommendations to High Commissioner on archaeological site's future . . . Kolonia Health Science Fair featuring exhibits by all grade-level students brought in almost 3,000 people . . . People of Kusaie Island reacted to liquor induced injuries with 6-to-1 ratio vote against sale of beer and liquors on the island . . . Voluntary manslaughter case resulted in Justice Furber's call for greater attention to informing accused of his rights: application of U.S. Miranda Case decision . . . Kusaie High School turns in open-fire primitive facilities for new kitchen, also new sanitary facilities . . . geodesic-dome hospital nixed for Kusaie: too expensive . . . Ponape sent sanitation workers to help in Ujelang, Marshalls, anti-rat campaign . . . Two district congressmen and wives attend independence day celebration in Nauru, the affluent phosphate island 700 miles south of Ponape.

Marshalls Two Peace Corps Volunteers on Kili, home of former residents of Bikini, made news by writing the U.N. Trusteeship about the plight of the people. Letter, pressing for resolution of ex-Bikinians' situation, picked up by UPI, noted by *Newsweek* magazine. Final evaluation of radiation situation on Bikini expected before summer from the Atomic Energy Commission . . . The Atomic Energy Commission's annual medical survey of the Marshallese exposed to radiation during the 1954 Bikini bomb burst was carried out early in March. The team spent over a week on the island of Rongelap, and traveled to Utirik, Ebeye, and Majuro to conduct additional examinations . . . Peace Corps in-district training slated for Laura Village, Majuro, this summer . . . About 18 people have settled on Carlson Island, across the lagoon from crowded Ebeye. Hawaii Architects and Engineers recently recommended that hitherto uninhabited Carlson be developed into an agricultural community . . . Action on improving conditions on Ujelang, home of ex-Eniwetokians, is underway, with grant-in-aid for repairing sailing canoes, rat extermination making progress, and field trip service—from Ponape—improving.

ON THE GO

with Douglas Dunlap

With Douglas Dunlap's narrative of mountain-climbing on Kusaie, the Micronesian Reporter inaugurates a regular new feature—"On The Go." A rotating guest column, "On The Go" depends on contributions like Mr. Dunlap. We urge our readers to emulate him.

Cloud Walking on Kusaie

The beauty of the Pacific islands is found in the deep blue waters beyond the reefs, the blue-green waters of the lagoon, the stretches of sandy beach, and the fantastic sunsets that spread over the peaceful sea. But on a high island like Kusaie there is one more form of beauty: the jagged, lush, green mountain peaks that form the rugged interior, which seem to catch the life-giving rain, and down whose slopes tons of fresh water rush each day on the endless journey to the sea.

This is the story of a climb up Mt. Finkol, the towering 2,064 foot peak that stands in the heart of Kusaie. Called Mt. Crozer by sailors who visited this favorite spot of whalers a century ago, it has known the feet of many men: men from the great whaling ships, missionaries, German traders, Japanese and American soldiers, and of course, the Kusaiens themselves. This time four people were to make the long trek: Lulu Tulenkun and Kun Langu, both Kusaien gentlemen, my wife Margaret, supposedly the first woman to climb Mt. Finkol, and myself.

We were well led, for Lulu had been climbing Finkol for fifty-two years. He'd been eight years old when he first scaled the peak—his father had shown him the way. Kun our other companion, was an experienced hunter and guide; he had crisscrossed over many of Kusaie's mountains for years—yet this was his first time up Finkol.

"We must go early," said Lulu. The mountain would demand all our energies that day. A late start would prove costly. It was still dark when we arose; Kun, Margaret, and I left our village of Malem for Lulu's home in Utwe just as the rising sun chased away the last of the pre-dawn shadows. It would be a good day and we were lucky it was so, for sometimes even on the most beautiful of Kusaie's days, a few clouds will cover the very top of the mountain.

In two canoes we paddled up Finkol River to our starting place, Lulu's farm. It was seven-thirty a.m., and we did not expect to return until six in the evening.

At first, we passed over the trails that Lulu and his family traveled to get to the plantings of sugar cane, soft and hard taro, and bananas. A lime tree presented us with fruit to eat, a supplement to the light lunch we carried with us. Soon we were penetrating deep into the island's interior, leaving most of the fruit trees behind.

We rarely stopped, except for the times when Lulu would hack out a trail through the thick vegetation. The footing was better, now that we had left the muddy trail through low-lying farmland, and we moved quickly. A broken shoelace posed no problem; a long narrow strip of *ne* (a pliant bark used as rope) proved strong and lasting.

Giant trees soared over our head, the kind from which great sea-going canoes were once hewn. We guessed at the trees' height! Sixty feet? Seventy feet? Eighty feet? We could not know, for we could not see their tops which spread out over us like a great canopy. Roots like fins on a rocket ship jutted out near the base of the trunks, roots which were taller than we were! It was a fantastic place. We hurried along in the cool shade of these massive trees toward the peak, which had remained hidden to us since the early hours of the morning in Utwe village.

But we were not in so great a rush that we could not linger for a while at the ruins of an old Kusaien house. As Lulu pointed out to us where the old stone walls had stood and where the fireplace had been, he related to us the legend of the old man who had lived there so many years ago. To assist two youths from his side of the island who had killed enemies on the other side and were being pursued by a large band of men, the old man destroyed his fine farm and told the pursuers that a mighty army of giants had ravaged his land and was lying in wait for them. The men, frightened at the old man's tale, gave up the pursuit of the two youths and returned to their side of the island. We stood quietly for a moment, trying to reconstruct in our minds what had taken place generations ago on that spot in the Kusaien jungle.

On we went, passing torn-up ground where wild pigs had spent the night not too very long ago. Other times we had seen the torn up taro or banana trees that revealed the proximity of pigs, but we were not to see any on this trip.

Swinging up and down over hilly ground, we had walked parallel to a rushing stream which guided Lulu towards the base of Finkol. Far behind and below, the stream had been wide and a bit sluggish, winding through the rich farmlands. Now it was a swift course of water, racing over a rocky bed. Now and then we came upon deep pools which seemed to invite us for a swim. But, with time and strength to save, we continued on, hoping that there would be time for a dip on the return trip.

As the jungle became thicker, we began to follow the stream bed itself, walking over the smooth stones that at times of heavy rain would be under water.

Suddenly, we emerged into a bright, open, sunlit part of the stream bed. There, ahead and above us towered the south face of Mt. Finkol. It was the first time in a couple of hours that we had been able to see it. Finkol seemed close—as it probably has for years to many men—but we would soon discover that it was not.

Up that southern side reached a buttress-like corner of the mountain. This, Lulu said, would be our route, for there was no other way. On either side of this route the mountain sides rose like vertical walls. We could see none of the bare rock which most people expect to find at the top of a mountain; only green, all the way to the top. Tall trees growing high on the mountain looked like bushes or shrubs. The distance seemed so short; and yet, more than two hours were to pass before we reached the windy summit.

Leaving the stream and the sunlight we ran into heavy undergrowth. Lulu led,

hacking away trees the thickness of an arm. Where I saw no trail at all, Lulu picked out his route up the muddy, steep slope. The vegetation, instead of becoming thinner, became thicker. The trees, drenched so often by the rains that sweep across this highest point on Kusaie, were covered with a thick moss. Everything was damp and cool, shielded from the sun by the thick trees overhead.

Progress was slow. I tried to measure our progress by looking out through the trees at nearby peaks, but views were restricted. An occasional glimpse revealed that a great deal of mountain still remained above us.

Lulu amazed us as he hurried upward, twisting around the fallen trees, crawling up steep muddy sections that offered only roots and an occasional rock for hand and foot holds. It was hard to believe that a man of sixty could possess such stamina.

Suddenly, the trees gave way to a thick tall fern-like grass. We had reached the top! With his machete the remarkable Lulu cut a wide swath in the grass which covered the summit, and we all flopped down exhausted. All around us lay the island of Kusaie, forty square miles of green. In the far distance the surf murmured along a thin frothy line that circled the island. Yes, it was an island wasn't it! Where we lived along the shore at the base of Kusaie's mountains we could often forget that we were really on an island, completely surrounded by the blue Pacific.

Below us we could see an occasional canoe crossing one of the harbors that had once been filled with whalers from New Bedford and Nantucket. We saw the expanses of coconut groves that reached inland to the very foot of the mountains. We felt like yelling, but to whom? The wind carried away our words.

Stretching out from the sides of Finkol were jagged, bizarre peaks that looked impossible to climb. We thought for a moment of the great volcanic activity which had shaken this part of the Pacific so many centuries before and had produced these weird forms. How many volcanoes had there been? We guessed at two or three; maybe more; maybe just one. That answer was lost to us, as we stood gazing out at the ocean from high atop the old cone of Mt. Finkol.

Two hours passed quickly—they seemed hardly enough to take care of either our fascination with the world at our feet or our exhaustion. But we had no desire to race the darkness in the interior of Kusaie. Somewhat reluctantly, we left the grassy peak and the view, and swung down the trail Lulu had made, into the trees. Behind us we left a jar with a note. Who would find it? Perhaps the thick grass would guard that secret forever.

Weary, we looked for the bottom before we were entitled to, and as it usually happens to mountain climbers, the trip down seemed to take longer than it should. But soon we had left the towering, muddy, lush walls of Finkol and reached the stream once again. There was no time for the dip in the pools we had hoped for earlier in the day. As we moved swiftly along, we surprised a huge lizard which slipped into the water and was gone before we had time to fully marvel at its size.

Finally, we reached the flat lands of the farmlands. There were practical things to think of, and Lulu, Kun, and I all carried some food picked for that evening and the next morning. Soon we were drinking coconuts at Lulu's farm, surrounded by a group of farmers coming home with food, women who had been washing clothes in the stream, little children out for an early evening swim.

It was a peaceful end to a very good day. We thanked Lulu and Kun profusely for the wonderful time we had. Then, refreshed but very tired, we headed for Utwe and Malem. As we headed home the shadows began to lengthen as the sun sank in a fiery sky. In the center of it all, now surrounded by a sprinkling of stars, stood the form of Mt. Finkol, dark and massive, towering over the beautiful early evening of Kusaie.

Kusaie, scene of Mr. Dunlap's climb, is 260 miles southeast of Ponape. Serviced approximately every three weeks by boat from Ponape, somewhat more frequently by boat from Majuro, Kusaie is frequently listed as the most beautiful of Micronesia's high islands.