

# MicronesianReporter

THIRD QUARTER 1969

## ***the rock islands: tomorrow's haven for the jet set?***

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*Mr. Gordon W. Bentley  
P. O. Box 163, Capitol Hill  
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# MicronesiaReporter

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# This Quarter's Worth

We must confess ourselves somewhat disappointed with the results of our essay contest, though not with the quality of our winning entry. Mr. Valentine Sengebau's essay on the Southwest Islands of the Palau District and about the predicament of the expatriates from those islands who have moved to Koror, shows a fine sense of language and a perceptive grasp of the nature and ironies of social change. That his essay was one of just four submissions in no way makes it any less deserving of publication in this magazine. Future issues may present certain of the other entries, as space permits. And, of course, the Micronesian Reporter continues to extend its welcome to manuscripts from anyone at anytime . . . We have often been confronted with the supposedly devastating charge that most contributors to the Micronesian Reporter are Americans, not Micronesians. A glance at our past tables of contents and at our masthead will confirm that this charge is correct. Yet we take pleasure in pointing to Mr. Sengebau's essay, which in this issue is joined by Mr. Aloysius Tuuth's comments on Yapese dancing and by the narrative on Mizpah High produced by that school's journalism class and their advisor, Mrs. Alice Gilgoff. Such an increase in contributions from Micronesians may, to some, seem a modest achievement. Yet, if we have not produced a Micronesian staff we can hope that we have introduced the idea of a quarterly magazine, its nature and possibilities. We also hope that, in producing a magazine of quality to the Trust Territory, we have honestly presented Micronesians to each other and to readers outside of the Trust Territory. This, too, may be a modest achievement, but it is one that has given us much pleasure. With the end of the Peace Corps' "mass media program" (a title which has always seemed rather awkward to us), and with the departure of the two Volunteers who have been

assigned to the magazine, all tasks, challenges, headaches and satisfactions associated with this journal become the property of the Trust Territory's Public Information Office—a rather busy place with a number of pressing responsibilities beyond this magazine. We cannot, therefore, speak with certainty about future issues of the magazine. Yet, although we cannot claim to have built a monument, we depart hoping that we leave behind some pleasant memories, a few decent stories, and a relatively clean smell.—P.F.K.

## Who's Who

*...in this issue of the Reporter*

Several months ago the Micronesian Reporter's art director, **ROBERT M. BOEBERITZ**, became chairman of the Society of Micronesia Arts and Crafts (SMAC). The unlikely notion behind this newly-formed organization was to contact artists in Micronesia and to gather, exhibit, judge and publicize the best of their work. Many meetings later, this effort resulted in this spring's unprecedented, successful "Artfest." Boeberitz plans to return to the States this summer, but SMAC will continue with future Artfests.

The Mizpah High School journalism students who assisted **ALICE GILGOFF** in preparation of this issue's "school

portrait" are Henry Asugar, Loretta Hemos, Edigar Isaac, Hermenia Johnny, Auston Jelke, Cent Langedrik, Stat Robinson, Ray Stewart, and John Tonga. In addition to teaching two journalism classes, Mrs. Gilgoff is an advisor of Truk's weekly newspaper, Met Poraus.

Commissioner for Health Services in the Trust Territory, **DR. WILLIAM PECK** is also an incorrigible poet. In addition to gracing the Micronesian Reporter, his work has appeared in Harper's Magazine. Peck reports he is now working on an extended prose narrative concerning Bikini Atoll, which he visited last year.

Our reliable correspondent in the Marshall Islands, **JOHN PERRY** has filed previous reports from Rongelap, Ujelang, and Majuro. For this quarter, Perry vacationed in Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands. PCV Perry will return to the United States this summer.

As the excited—and exciting—editor of Palau's Didil A Chais newspaper, **VALENTINE SENGEBAU** has spent a full year observing some of the Trust Territories most important (and ticklish) news stories. Soon, however, his attention will shift: Peleliu-born Sengebau has been awarded a Trust Territory Medical Scholarship and will soon depart Palau to begin university studies in psychology.

A former editor of Yap's Mogethin newspaper, **ALOYSIUS TUUTH** currently serves as a Management Intern in Personnel Department, Trust Territory Headquarters. A native of Gagil Village, Tuuth has attended universities in Guam, the Philippines, and Hawaii, specializing in political science.

### Who is a Micronesian Reporter?

A recent visitor to the Trust Territory, flushed by his first sight of the islands...  
a Micronesian returned home from college in the states...  
a veteran civil servant...  
We need them. And you.  
Tell us about that big story you've been sitting on.  
Get us to write it.  
Or write it yourself.  
Send us your words and pictures.  
You, too, can be a Micronesian Reporter.

## Letter Dept.

*Your comments and contributions to this column are most welcome. We invite you to speak up and let us know where you stand. This magazine is your magazine. You can help us make it even more so—by writing. Address your letters to the editor, Micronesian Reporter, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Saipan, Mariana Islands 96950. All letters must be signed. Unsigned letters will not be used. Names withheld upon request with sufficient reason.*



# INTERVIEW:

*William R. Norwood*

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"By the time your magazine comes out, I'll be ancient history," reflected William Norwood when asked for an interview by the *Micronesian Reporter*. Even when the outgoing High Commissioner granted the interview on a Monday afternoon at home last March, the Norwood administration was already history, having officially terminated at 4:30 p.m. the preceding Friday. Yet although high commissioners come and go, although events often overtake statements, there are certain lessons, enduring lessons, to be learned from any period of time and the Norwood era in Micronesia may have been richer in these lessons than most . . . A certain valedictory sense pervaded the interview. Although Norwood remained for a few weeks, appearing at more than one farewell party in his and his wife's honor, this may have been his last extended public discussion about the Trust Territory. It was a farewell interview in another sense—the last such interview to be conducted by the current staff of the *Micronesian Reporter*, which will also have departed by the time this issue appears. (We had considered, in our parting issue, the possibility of interviewing ourselves but our better judgment at last prevailed). Still, a modest sense of history, ancient or otherwise, moved us all as we sat through the late afternoon in the topmost house on Capitol Hill. It would be convenient to add that there were suitcases and packing boxes all around but, as it happens, the living room was as orderly as ever and we had only our moods to tell us that, all in all, it was a good time for questions and answers . . . We began by asking Norwood how he felt on coming to Micronesia almost three years ago, and from there moved on to other things. The interview did not end when we turned off the tape recorder . . .

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**REPORTER:** I wonder if you can recall your feelings, your frame of mind, when you headed in this direction from Honolulu some two and a half years ago.

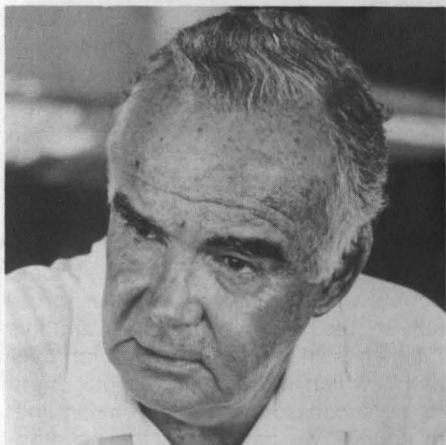
**NORWOOD:** Well I can remember the event very clearly. You see, I had been interested in the possibility of obtaining this position for a number of years prior to my actual appointment. I had first been considered for the position in about 1960, '61. I'd been working for Governor Burns and of course was very much interested in the entire Pacific area, apart from my interest in Hawaii. So when I realized that this position might be available as a result of my involvement in politics, I became even more interested in it and began to read more about Micronesia, meet people who had been out here and so it developed, as the appointment moved towards the decisive stage back in '60, '61, I was one of the two leading contenders for the appointment. As it happened, Mr. Goding, my predecessor, was appointed. I did not then get the position. This is a roundabout way of answering your question, but I wanted to make it clear that I had been interested in this position and area for some period of time and I had come out here—to Saipan, actually—in 1962. I had gone to Guam to attend the inauguration of Governor Guerrero as Governor Burns' representative. Mr. Goding was there and he flew a planeload of us over to Saipan on Sunday following the inaugural ceremonies and had a reception up here at the house. And I looked at the island and thought that it looked rather depressed and more or less concluded at that time in 1962 that perhaps it was just as well that I didn't get the job after all. But then when time went on and the Interior Department revived interest in me as a candidate for the job I encouraged them to do so and then finally when I was appointed in '66, May of '66, I was quite well prepared psychologically, I'd say, for the appointment. I wanted it—thought I did—and came out full of interest, with fairly well-developed confidence that the experience I'd had would qualify me to fill the requirements of the position. Of course having lived in Hawaii so long, over thirty years, my wife having been born there, we were adjusted to island living, we understand islanders, we are islanders, and the attachment to land, the problems of communication, the relation between the sea and the land, were not strange to us,

because we'd been living in a similar environment for many years. And furthermore the small towns, such as some of them on this island, were not strange to us because we'd seen almost identical towns in the smaller plantation villages in Hawaii, where you have a small store in front and the people live behind and farm behind that, and the kind of shopping you have—all this wasn't anything that shocked or particularly surprised us because we'd seen it, we'd lived with it, we liked it, so we came out, with some confidence that we'd enjoy this opportunity, that we were quite well qualified, to handle the responsibilities, and that we were at about the right age for this assignment because our children were grown. Finally and perhaps most important, my wife was the type of person, I knew, who would take on her responsibilities with great success and I think she has.

**REPORTER:** You mentioned this preparation, psychologically and otherwise, for the demands of the job, and yet the job is often referred to as "impossible"—most recently in the Guam Daily News' editorial on your departure. Have you found it to be an impossible job?

**NORWOOD:** Yes, in a sense I have. I must also admit that despite all I had read and all I had thought I understood about the requirements of the position, there was so much more to it that I didn't know, and it's so much more complicated than I then thought it would be and it has become more complex and complicated while I've been here, because the political transition is moving much more rapidly. I think within the last three years, since I've been here, the interest in the political future, the growing mix, mood, milieu of political interest is changing, is becoming much more vital, almost explosive, and this was probably coming anyway, regardless of who the High Commissioner would be. When I came out in May, there had only been one previous session of the Congress of Micronesia. Shortly after I got here, the second session, the second Congress convened. So the Congress of Micronesia was a new, relatively inexperienced body—still is for that matter. It's growing, maturing rather rapidly, very ambitious, feels a very deep sense of frustration because it doesn't have the authority that other comparable legislative bodies have. It resents those restraints. I can well appreciate the resentment. I think

that if I were a member of Congress I would feel the same way . . . But the administrative problems are extremely difficult. I think that I've made a pretty fair dent in that. I have made, since I've been here, a number of changes which I think are in the right direction. This has to do with administrative organization of departments, the selection and placement of new personnel, the release of some people who recognized that they probably should be somewhere else, and this I think has all resulted in some improvements which will, I hope, be of benefit to my successor. And in the meantime, of course, we have seen the development of substantially more interest in Micronesia, knowledge of Micronesia, than existed previously. The Congressional committees have been out; the U.N. Visiting Mission has been out; more representatives of various news agencies and the press are showing an interest; travel has opened, the restraints on access have been dramatically relaxed, virtually eliminated; the freedom of discussion and dissent and debate and criticism has opened up, so there's a more free flow of information, exchange of viewpoints, and everybody with an idea on what Micronesia is, or what it ought to be, or why it hasn't moved farther ahead in terms of economic development or political development feels well enough informed on the subject and has something to say about it. So all of this happened. We haven't been able to move as aggressively ahead with development programs as I had hoped but we have made some substantial progress even in that direction. Certainly, I think anyone would agree that before you can develop an area such as this you have to have certain basic facilities: You have to have communications, you have to have transportation, you have to have water and power, roads and airports—and this is where we've been placing the emphasis during the three years that I've been here. There are some who argue that too much emphasis has been placed on the physical facilities, the infrastructure, and not enough on the human resource development, but I think the record will show that some definite improvements have been made in our educational program, through reorganization, reorientation, exemplified by the recent shift to place more emphasis on vocational training, plans for the new Occupational Training Center in Palau,



plans to gradually extend vocational and occupational training to the high school curriculum in the other districts.

**REPORTER:** Looking back over your term, what would you say were some of the things which surprised you after your arrival here, some of the ropes that had to be learned?

**NORWOOD:** Well, I think that one of the surprises—although I should perhaps have been better prepared to understand it than I was—was the cultural difference, the great contrast between living in the district center and living in the more remote communities. I don't think I was prepared for the fact that in certain islands of Micronesia the residents are living in substantially the same conditions as their ancestors maybe two hundred years ago, the time Captain Cook and others were exploring the Pacific . . . while others in the district centers are living as the people of Hawaii were living maybe thirty years ago. So there was that great contrasting range I hadn't been quite prepared for. I had expected more uniformity of living conditions, wasn't prepared to find some facilities as good as they were, wasn't prepared to find the road system on Saipan about as good as in Honolulu, wasn't prepared to find the road system in Palau as bad as it was. I wasn't prepared for some of these things. The other thing . . . another feature of the sociological environment which was new to me was the tradition of caste and clan and the stratification of the society in some of the districts. We know of course that back in older times the Hawaiians were a highly stratified society with their high chiefs and their lower-ranking members of the community, but I had not expected to find that condition, those distinctions and differences so

pronounced as they were and still are in some of our districts and was unaware that those influences would have a rather profound effect on government, on politics, on political decisions.

**REPORTER:** Let me ask you a two-part question. I'm sure there are many things that you take pride in, accomplishments, as you look back over the past two-and-one-half years, and I'd like you to name the single accomplishment in which you take most pride. And then the second half of the question is . . . the opportunity which perhaps was missed, the thing you regret most . . . either having done or not having done.

**NORWOOD:** Well, it is difficult to answer a question like that because it is almost impossible to avoid the appearance of presumptuousness, or making your statements, responses, sound self-serving. I think if I am proud of anything I have been able to accomplish, I think that it is in my identification with the Micronesian people and the ability to understand them and to establish a rapport with them, to gain their friendship and I hope their respect and confidence. I was determined when I came out here to try to conduct myself and handle my job in such a way that I would not be an Ugly American, the type of administrator who has brought disrepute upon Americans in certain other overseas areas. I think by the way my wife and I have handled our job, that we have succeeded in this area. Now with respect to actual administrative accomplishments, I think I can, with some pride, claim to have made some organizational and personnel changes that were sound. I think we have on the whole built a good staff. I think that the distribution of our available talent in the districts is stronger than it was before and that on the whole my successor will find a better base on which to build his administration than I found when I arrived, although there were many people who were here when I arrived who are still here, and I'm very glad they are still here. There are some Americans who can serve effectively for long periods of time in an area like this and are still able to make a valuable contribution. There are others who tend to burn out and who remain because their primary interest is in their security and their tenure rather than in their opportunity for service. Of course the other thing where I look with some satisfaction on my record is in having established, I

think, very cordial relationships with members of the U.S. Congress, committees in Congress. This of course, is not all of my doing. I had great help from the Department of Interior, some members of my staff who know Washington, know how to get around Washington. I had very substantial help from the State of Hawaii representatives in the Congress. They were very helpful in any way they could be to see that I got to know people in Washington and became familiar with the procedures that are so important to doing the job. Almost half the job, or a good third of it, is done in Washington, not out here.

**REPORTER:** That was a two-part question. Do you want to contemplate the flip side . . .

**NORWOOD:** Then the failures . . .

**REPORTER:** Well . . .

**NORWOOD:** Or the disappointments . . .

**REPORTER:** Whatever you want to call them.

**NORWOOD:** Well I have been disappointed, of course, that the rate of progress has not been as uniformly consistent as we'd hoped for. The plans have had many setbacks. We set up timetables for projects and then something happens through failure in transportation or some slippages in our budget plans or through—in some cases—through administrative directives with which we have to comply that come from Washington. We have had certain restraints placed on our ability to move as rapidly as we'd like to. So I haven't seen as much done physically here as I'd thought I was going to see by the end of my third year. Much of it is beginning to show. The construction program is really moving now. We have millions of dollars out in contracts for new schools, new hospitals, new power and water systems—all this is good and I'm glad that I was here when it got started. I'm a little disappointed that I'm not going to be around to see some of these things finished but I'm glad they are at least underway by the time I'm leaving. I'd like to have seen the first plane fly into the Ponape airstrip for example and I'd thought that even by this time that would have happened. But it is going to happen, I'm confident of that, in the not too distant future, I'd say along about the time of this publication.

**REPORTER:** There are many experts, genuine and supposed, on Micronesia, on the Trust Territory. Often they point to a lack of budget, sometimes they



point to the headquarters-district relationship—the argument about centralization and decentralization, and often—increasingly—they point to the fact that the Trust Territory is placed under the jurisdiction of the Department of Interior. Let me ask you to comment on each of these three things: first, the nature of the budget that you've had and what you think an appropriate budget for the Trust Territory would be, considering the interests of both America and Micronesia. Second, the centralization-decentralization issue, and third, the jurisdiction of the Department of Interior.

**NORWOOD:** The question on the budget is related to what I regard as the generally erroneous and invalid impression that all that is needed to meet and solve the problems of Micronesia is to pour millions of dollars into this area. I don't believe that. I think the basic requirement is administrative confidence. The basic need is to have people who are well-motivated, well-trained, and are able psychologically and spiritually to live here and become identified, to have a sense of purpose and direction, who want to do something competent. That, I think, is more important than money. I think that we'd have no problems persuading the committees of the Congress to make adequate funds available when we have clearly demonstrated the ability of the administration to use these funds wisely and be able to account for them and this has not yet been done satisfactorily. Our ability to manage money still needs improvement, strengthening, at all levels. As I leave this position, the General Accounting Office is conducting an exhaustive review of all budgetary matters and is looking into many areas, and I'm confident that their report is going to be quite critical of the manner in which this Territory has been administered for the past several years. I hope that they will not necessarily focus their criticism on the last three years, but I recognize that they are going to find a good many deficiencies currently existing. So to summarize the first part of the question, I'm sure that the U.S. Congress, with their growing interest in this area, will generously provide funds if they're convinced that the national interest is being served and that the administration here is competent to use this money effectively. You see, since I've been here, the ceiling legislation has set the maximum expenditure at fifty million dollars. When

I arrived here three years ago they were at a seventeen and one-half million dollar level. It's more than doubled since I've been here. It wasn't too many years ago, in the period of Mr. Nucker's administration, that the total budget was six million dollars. That limitation reflected what I regard as a policy at that time of—that our mission was to take care of the islands, sort of a caretaker philosophy. And it was only in fairly recent years that that point of view changed and the committees of the Congress, the Department of Interior with prodding from the U.N. and other critical reports, woke up to the realization that there was an obligation out here that was not being met and that required some improvements administratively and then more money to get on with what needed to be done...

**REPORTER:** You mentioned the gap between life in district centers and life in remote areas which somewhat parallels the gap which is often alleged between district centers and headquarters.

**NORWOOD:** Yes...

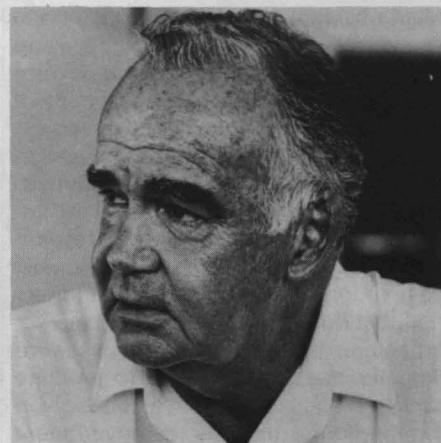
**REPORTER:** What do you think about this organization?

**NORWOOD:** I believe that a basic principle of management can and should apply to an area such as this just as it can and does apply to any management problem whether in government or private business, and that is that the decision should be made at its lowest level of competence and that the job should be done and the decisions should be made where they can be made effectively and intelligently and responsibly. In making the changes that I have recently undertaken in the districts, I have predicated the moves on this principle. But when we have a more effective distribution of administrative talent and capabilities at the district levels, so that the districts are fairly uniformly able to handle their respective jobs, then we should redistribute the administrative decision-making process and get the job done back in the districts where the people are. And if I had been privileged to remain, my next move would have been to have another look at our manual of administration, the description of the position and responsibilities of the district administrator and seek to move the government back to the district level—not entirely but a redistribution of the managerial decision-making process. I think we have far too much concentration of the management now at headquarters. I agree with this criticism. I

think it's a valid criticism and I think that the time has come now when we can have an adjustment.

**REPORTER:** The third area I was interested in—and a controversial one it is—is the placement of the Trust Territory under the aegis of the Department of Interior. Can you tell us what your working relationship has been with the Department of Interior and also whether you think the Trust Territory belongs under the Department of Interior or either another existing agency or as a special office under the President.

**NORWOOD:** Well this is a question which has received... which has been of concern to members of the Congress, to interested observers, to experts on government operations, for some time. The members of the Nathan team, who made the Nathan study here, were of the opinion that the administration should be placed under some direction other than the Department of Interior, or at least in some arrangement other than through the Office of Territories. Some members of the Congressional committees who visited the area about a year ago voiced the same opinion. I think it would be difficult to identify any other arrangement that would be successful as this one has been even though admittedly it has many disappointing and frustrating features. The disadvantage, of course, is that we're not a U.S. Territory. We are an area administered by the United States but we are not a U.S. Territory. I think this is a particularly important distinction to make in relation to the patronage system and the selection of a High Commissioner based on patronage considerations, but that's another question that you may be getting around to later. If you look for some other arrangement, I have not had





enough experience to know where you would find it. It's been suggested that this be placed directly under the White House, or that the President set up some administrative apparatus through whom the High Commissioner could report to the President or to the White House. How this would affect our relationship with the committees of the Congress it's difficult for me to envision. The committees of the Congress feel an understandable proprietary interest in this area. The Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs have a long history of being deeply interested in what goes on out here and a responsibility for the policies, the goals and direction of the administration. How they would relate, would operate, if we were postured in some other way under White House direction, I don't know. It's difficult for me to say. I can't quite develop a conception of how that would work. It might, but it would require somebody with broader experience in government than I've had to figure that one out. Now the advantages of having this under the Department of the Interior are several. One important consideration, of course, is that the Department of Interior has been administering the Bureau of Indian Affairs for a good number of years and administratively many of the problems are comparable. There are critics who complain that our history of administering the affairs of American Indians is not a record of remarkable achievement and that to draw upon that experience or record doesn't give you very much upon which to build. However, when you look back, at the history of Alaska and Hawaii and Samoa these territories have gone through transitions which are in many ways comparable to the transition that Micronesia is now going through—and these transitions all took place while these territories were under the governmental direction of the Department of Interior, so there is that advantage. I think the change that needs to be made and could be made within the Department of Interior would be to hold the administration here more directly responsible and to reduce the amount of almost daily reporting and administrative direction that flows from Washington and set up some procedures whereby we were commissioned or expected to produce certain results and then would be given the freedom to manage the government

for a period of time, reporting on and getting advice and counsel when we needed it instead of having it gratuitously offered or directed with almost daily frequency. You see, one of the members of the Nathan team made the observation that it was difficult enough to administer this area from Saipan. It's almost impossible to operate an area as large as this and as scattered as this from a headquarters on Saipan. It is doubly difficult if you try to do it from an office in Washington, D.C. Now I'm not denying that we have had very substantial assistance from the Office of Territories and without their help I think I would have run into much greater trouble than I did. Certainly, without the help of the Interior Department I don't know what I would have been able to do, but there are many situations and many opportunities, I think, responsibilities, where we should be able to make the decisions, would expect to be held accountable for the decisions but ought to have the freedom to make the decisions and the actions without the enormously complicated reporting and accounting and communications network that we have to go through daily.

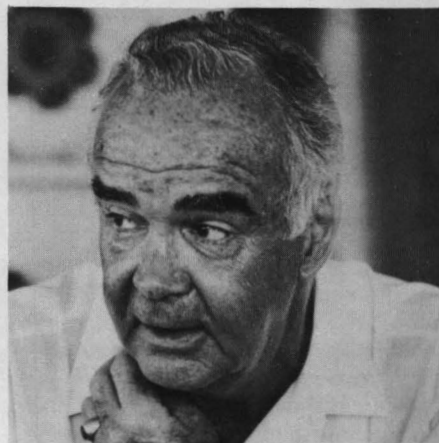
**REPORTER:** Isn't it curious that the same sort of authority and responsibility that the District Administrations request from Headquarters on Saipan, it seems that Headquarters—or you—are hoping for from Washington?

**NORWOOD:** That's true and I think for that reason among others I have no difficulty in understanding the frustrations that the distads have experienced and have voiced from time to time because our procedures require reporting and clearing before actions are taken. The principle of good management, whether in government or business, is that decisions should be made at the lowest level of competence. If I had been privileged to remain in office it was my intention to try to redistribute the decision-making so the districts have more authority and the management less concentrated on Saipan. Similarly, there should be some shifting to Saipan or T.T. headquarters of decisions now made in Interior.

**REPORTER:** We've been talking somewhat about the U.S. Congress, but there's another Congress which I'd also like to discuss: the Congress of Micronesia. Its Political Status Commission is touring other Pacific island groups now and a story in a Honolulu newspaper of a few days ago, which I'm sure you've seen,

carries the headline "Liberty Bells Stirring in Micronesia." Now I wonder how you react when you see a headline and a story like that. Surely the development of the Congress of Micronesia is considered one of the credits of your administration and you yourself have referred to the way they have matured. But on the other hand, the call for independence can be taken as criticism. So how do you react when you see an evident increasing discussion of the alternative of independence for Micronesia?

**NORWOOD:** Well, I think that anyone familiar with U.S. history has to be, should be, and is for independence. We are an independent nation. We have independence in our blood, in our culture, in our traditions. Basically, we cannot, I think, deny or criticize or negate the general merit, the validity of independence, the spirit of independence of any people. President de Roburt of Nauru made quite an impressive appearance here before the Congress as the head of a very, very small independent country that has achieved independence among very unusual, if not unique, circumstances. He was quoted as having said good government is not substitute for self-government and that the important thing is to be able to govern one's self, or for a people to be able to govern itself and to be able to work out and resolve their own problems. I think that's what he was saying, and even though they may make mistakes, and even though their government may falter and stagger along for years, nevertheless it's better to have the right and the freedom to go through that experience than to have imposed on a people a government by some other power, no matter how good that government may be in terms of a paternalistic



interest in the people governed. I think that's what he was saying and I really can't argue basically with that concept. Now I have taken the position and I was I think the first American in my position in the history of the Trust Territory to come out openly and say that I felt that the best future for Micronesia and the citizens of this Territory would be found in some form of a continuing relationship with the U.S. and I'm rather proud that I was that forthright, because I think that one of our political problems has been that we haven't been candid enough with the people of Micronesia with respect to U.S. interests, the U.S. intent in this area. One of our major failures has been that our plans and policies, purposes for being here, have not been clearly defined, even now. We have conducted ourselves mainly, as I understand it, because we wanted to deprive this area from access, control by powers that might be hostile to U.S. interests. I have also said and would say again—because I still believe it—that I think it should be the principle mission of the U.S. administration here to develop programs in consultation with the citizens of Micronesia that are so responsive to their needs and their aspirations and their hopes for a better life that they will choose a continuing association with the U.S. And if we can't convince them that this is the best future for them through our performance, through what we do and the way we live and the way we conduct ourselves, and the quality of our being here, then we don't deserve their vote of confidence. Now I think that in a way we've been playing games with the Micronesians by not coming out with a clearly defined expression of our plans for these islands and we have never really extended a hand of fellowship, we never have said to the Micronesians "We want you . . . We would like to have you become part of the U.S. in some way." The reason we haven't, of course, is more or less obvious—because we would be accused of colonialism, empire-building, imperialism, and this would be repugnant to our associates in the United Nations and would be regarded by many as contrary to our basic obligation out here to encourage self-determination, including independence. I feel that the members of the Status Commission are aware of this ambiguity in the U.S. position here and are in a sense playing games with us as the Americans have played games with them and

that while they now are making public statements about independence, I think that most of them who take such a public position fully appreciate that you can't have independence, political independence, as I'm sure they would want it, without economic independence. Now it's true, of course, that in the not-too-distant past there were many areas of Micronesia that were economically independent. There are islands where the citizens are subsisting and taking care of their economic needs depending entirely upon the resources of those islands for many years. They have economic independence. It may produce an annual income of say, only \$100 a year, but they are living and they are living in a fairly healthy environment. But living standards are changing. The dollar economy is having a tremendous influence and the young people going to school in increasing numbers are developing interests and ambitions and appetites, desires, aspirations, that are no longer—in my judgment—going to be supportable by a coconut economy. And I think that the only way that I see that the hopes and aspirations of these young people coming out of high school, going to college, can be met is by some arrangement whereby there is an undergirding of the political development by the wherewithal to support and sustain the economic development and I don't see how that could be accomplished by an independent Micronesia. Now of course the argument is that well, if this is an independent republic, we will derive the necessary income from leasing land and one of the primary sources of income will be to lease land to the U.S. military establishment, and that will provide millions of dollars a year to pay for the schools and the hospitals and the roads and the airports and everything else that we need. Well I think there are two things wrong with that concept. One is that I'm not at all convinced that as necessary as military bases may be that an environment that is heavily dependent on a military presence is the most desirable environment in which to live. Secondly, with the trend in military science, I can easily see the time coming when there might be no need at all for any bases in Micronesia.

**REPORTER:** If there were firm military interest expressed in Micronesia beyond what we already have, if bases on the order of Okinawa or the Philippines were to be relocated in the Trust Territory

would you think it preferable that the Congress of Micronesia or that the Trust Territory administration be the one to do the negotiation with the military?

**NORWOOD:** Let me understand your question. I'm not sure that I quite grasp it. Are you asking whether in the event there is a requirement by the Department of Defense for another island or another piece of real estate somewhere, that the negotiations should be conducted by the Congress of Micronesia and not the Trust Territory administration?

**REPORTER:** The principle about which I'm inquiring is whether you would consider it desirable that, if land is to be taken for military use, the negotiations be done by the Micronesians rather than by the American administration.

**NORWOOD:** Well, I perhaps am not going to be able to give you a very direct or satisfactory answer to that question. I'm not sure that I have sorted out and clearly defined my thoughts on that subject. This issue was a part of the controversial eminent domain bill which has had a troubled history in the Congress. I can see considerable merit in the concept that Micronesians, who are after all the basic owners of the real estate, should have something to say about what they get for it. Now without disparaging their intelligence or raising questions about their honor or their integrity, I think that in some cases it would be difficult for the bargainers to agree because there would be an assumption that if the Defense Department is so loaded with dollars that they can spend millions upon millions of dollars to develop a base such as exists on Kwajalein, why shouldn't the island of Kwajalein then be worth millions and millions of dollars. We recently had this problem in connection with the lease of Eniwetok and Bikini. I think it would be unrealistic to assume that a Defense requirement for a piece of real estate or an island could result in an acquisition price which would be commensurate with the amount of money the Defense Department would subsequently invest in that island or piece of real estate. I just don't think the bargainers would reach an agreement on that concept. However I do think the desire on the part of the Congress of Micronesia to participate in some of these decisions is valid and understandable and I think if I were in the Congress I probably would seek a similar voice. It is very difficult to price land in this area. I think that some of the pricing

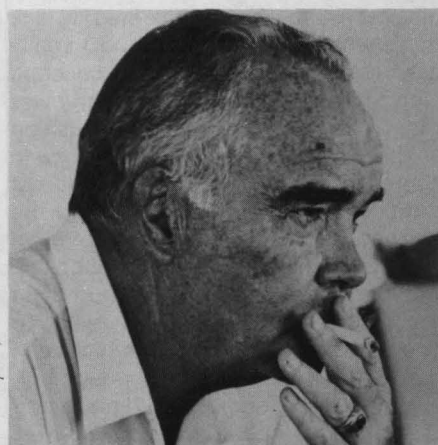


that has taken place has not been equitable in terms of the value of the land to the Micronesians. I think that Eniwetok perhaps is the classic example of this. I don't think the sum of \$175,000 (\$25,000 in cash, \$150,00 invested in trust funds) was even close to being a fair price for the use, the indefinite use, of that island. However the people at the time apparently agreed to it, because \$175,000 to 150 Micronesians looked, I assume, like a large amount of money. But there are so many other factors which should have been considered and are now coming to light—the fact that the islanders live off the lagoon as well as the land. In my judgment they should have been compensated in some way for being deprived of the use of their lagoon.

**REPORTER:** One of the achievements of your administration is the Congress of Micronesia which, as we noted earlier in this interview, has opposed you on issues like eminent domain, is publicly investigating the possibilities of independence—and yet, even in its opposition, is considered something of an achievement. What has been your relationship with the Congress of Micronesia? Have you been satisfied with its progress? And at what stage would you say they are now in their development?

**NORWOOD:** First, I don't claim any credit of course for the establishment of the Congress of Micronesia because that was in process well before I arrived on the scene. The first Congress was held in 1965, the year before I arrived. I have of course been tremendously interested to work out a proper, acceptable and effective relationship between the Congress and the executive branch which I head, and as I said earlier in the interview, I fully appreciate the frustrations which the members of Congress sense. These result primarily from two limitations on their authority as a legislative body. One is the veto power which is comparable in many ways to that existing between any state legislature and any state governor with one very fundamental difference and that is that an override by the Congress of my veto goes to the Secretary of Interior, so the ultimate authority does not rest with the legislature, as it does in other states or as it does in the Congress of the United States. They, I think properly and understandably, resent this limitation. The second and even more critical limitation from the standpoint of performance and accom-

plishment has to do with the fact that they do not appropriate funds made available to the Trust Territory by the U.S. Congress. We have been trying to cope with this problem by establishing a closer coordination for budget planning purposes so that the appropriations committees and the finance committees of the Congress of Micronesia do have opportunities to review our program planning, our long-range projections, and participate in a determination as to whether the priorities are being set in the proper areas and the distribution of available fund is meeting the needs which they regard as the important ones. Just recently we set up a series of meetings for this purpose. Now that the Congress is a fulltime Congress I think it should be possible for this dialogue, this important communication to continue and to become effective. I think the Congress, perhaps, is somewhat overly ambitious. Another characteristic of Micronesia which I had not expected and for which I was unprepared was the fact that it is perhaps one of the most governed communities in the world on a per capita basis. If you consider the fact that there are less than 100,000 citizens in the territory, and they have municipal governments, and each district legislature, and then the Congress of Micronesia, I think for a number of individuals that in terms of total population are no more than a good-sized town, perhaps the government is presently excessive. And so this is a problem which they perhaps haven't realized. This has come into attention recently with their salaries and their disappointment that the salaries were not larger and the efforts they have made to add on expense accounts and other perquisites which would bring their annual income up to the neighborhood of \$6,000 per member. Now there are some states of course in the U.S. where state legislators do not receive that amount of money as an annual salary, and there are of course many states where the state legislators receive more than that, but when you consider the number of constituents per member of the Congress in comparison with say the number of constituents per state legislator in a place like California or Pennsylvania or Illinois the per capita responsibility of a member of the Congress of Micronesia is rather small in comparison with most other state legislatures, if we want to pursue that comparison. It isn't completely valid



because their problems are more complicated than most other state legislatures. Their communications, their difficulties in reaching their constituents, serving them, are more difficult here than I'm sure any other state with the possible exception of Alaska. I think the quality of the members of the Congress of Micronesia is high. I think certainly on the whole their dedication, their sincerity, their ambitions are to be applauded. I am somewhat more conservative in my expectations as to how soon they should be striving to reach goals which are somewhat unrealistic or grasping for authority which in some cases I don't feel they're quite prepared to exercise effectively. But nevertheless it goes back to the issue we were discussing before, the feeling of independence. They don't want to be told what to do or how to do it. They want to make up their own minds, chart their own course, plan their own future and I really can't fault them for that.

**REPORTER:** We've been talking about Micronesians outside of the administration, in Congress. What about the involvement of Micronesians within the Trust Territory government? Are you satisfied with the levels that have been reached, in performances, in the training that has taken place?

**NORWOOD:** No, I am not satisfied with that at all and if I were to try to identify an area where there has not been nearly as much progress as I think there should have been during the period of my tenure, it is in this area. I don't think we have undertaken and properly programmed or planned the training and the assignment of Micronesians in government service in the manner we should have done by this point in time. I think there are many



qualified Micronesians who could be more effectively employed than have been given opportunity for such employment. Now when you try to find them and sometimes when you do find them and offer them opportunities, they back away from the responsibility. I have had this happen to me on a number of occasions in talking to some Micronesians about positions as District Administrators or Assistant District Administrators. And they've told me—some whom I had felt would reach for the opportunity—have backed away and said "Not yet. We think maybe in another two years. We're not ready for it yet, and we don't think the position is ready for it yet." I think the time has come that we must build into our administrative organization more effective training, on-the-job training, and procedures to identify, to groom Micronesians for these positions. I'm hoping that two years from now when we should be about ready for another shifting of district administrators that we will by that time have identified one or more who would be ready. I think they will be ready and I hope that they will get the consideration. The ones that are successfully located, of course, are doing very well. I think Ed Gilmar who served very capably as acting district administrator in Ponape has done an excellent job. In another two years I think he would certainly be qualified to take over a position at that level. Leo Falcam who's my assistant, of course, has done a remarkably find job. He's another one who would, I think, be able to handle the responsibilities with great capability. There are some who recognize that administrative detail, the full scope of administrative responsibilities are not their forte. There are some who prefer the somewhat broader field of political involvement, where you don't have to cope with the hard day-to-day decisions where the job requires you to say no almost as often as it requires you to say yes, where you are daily confronted with the necessity of making decisions you know are going to disappoint some individuals and in some cases actually hurt some—and that kind of a job is not an easy one to hold. But I think we are already confronted with a very serious problem in that more and more of our young, ambitious and reasonably well trained Micronesians are looking to the government for career opportunities and we're already at the point where we're perhaps not able

meaningfully to place all those who are coming back from college hoping to work for the government. We can't pad the government payroll with Micronesians just because they need jobs. I don't think we would be effectively administering the area or effectively using the money made available to us by the Congress of the United States or by the Congress of Micronesia if we operated the government as a welfare, paternalistic employment agency. That's why I think we must find, simply must find, more opportunities in the private sector.

**REPORTER:** That mention of the private sector brings us to what we call, generally, economic development. Thanks to the efforts made in health, Micronesians are growing up healthy and, thanks to the efforts made in education, here and through scholarships abroad, more of them are getting college educations. But since they all can't come back and be either members of the Congress of Micronesia or members of the Trust Territory government, what do you see happening in terms of economic development in Micronesia—and let's leave aside the matter of military bases.

**NORWOOD:** Well I think that it's generally true that most of the Micronesians coming out of college, or even those coming out of high school, hope for a position with the government. Strangely enough, I think there is a status factor: they feel that working for the government has more status than working for a private company. Many of them regard government work, or desk work, or an office job as more desirable than a position in a supermarket or a gas station and in most instances I would say that I wouldn't blame them. However, I think that our greatest, most promising area is going to be in the development of the travel industry. It's the only bright spot that I can see immediately in the economic outlook, and I think there is generally a lack of appreciation of the multiplier effect of the travel industry. Tourism is not a widely-respected term; it has negative connotations and it conjures up visions of tourists scampering around quiet villages and tramping over gardens and snapping pictures of wedding ceremonies and all of this sort of thing which is somewhat repugnant to many islanders. However, people all over the world are on the move. Micronesia is just beginning to be discovered as a destination area with potentially great attractions, if they're

properly developed. The travel industry generates a vast variety of employment opportunities. A hotel requires trained accountants, bookkeepers, personnel managers, electricians, and people skilled in the food handling services, bakers; it requires purchasing agents and craftsmen, tradesmen, builders, painters. Almost any trade can be identified with the travel industry in some way. There are so many needs already that could provide solid jobs and are just waiting for some enterprising person to come along and enter with the help of an economic development loan or small business loan or some other form of assistance. I think in every district there's probably a need for more laundry service now; in every district there's a need for at least one shoe repair shop and as of now I don't know of any. As people move and our roads improve there's going to be a need for more mechanics, not only automobile mechanics, but boat mechanics. I'm sure there's going to be more boating. And so the range of opportunities that will flow from the expansion of the travel industry is almost unlimited in my judgment. That's why I think that travel is good and not negative. I think people are going to move, they are going to visit, and the more they move hopefully the more understanding will result rather than conflict and misunderstanding. So I am hopeful that the travel industry will produce jobs. Now the other important facet of this problem is that the Micronesians—many of them—have yet to appreciate the importance of productivity. Here again, I don't mean to be negative in my comment or uncompimentary, but it's not too many years ago, and even today in many island areas, that the Micronesian works only long enough as he is assured that tomorrow's needs are taken care of and the idea of working six days a week if he only needs to work two days to take care of his requirements does not appeal to him. I've talked to many of the contractors who have tried to hire local Micronesians, in many cases with great success, but in some cases with great disappointment because of the problem that I mentioned; unreliable performance . . . good work while they're on the job but failure to see why they should work more than three days a week, failure to understand the importance of a week's work if a job is going to be finished, failure to understand the contractor's obligation for the completion of the

work on time and therefore failure to understand fully the employee's obligation to the contractor to perform if the work is going to be completed on time. And this is part of our training need—where we've got to do more education in terms of what is work. If you want to work the standards of performance and reliability and productivity are very important.

**REPORTER:** What about agriculture and fishing which are mentioned generally as the other two economic development possibilities after tourism?

**NORWOOD:** I think that the prospects in those areas are somewhat less clearly well defined. I'm convinced, however, that we are lagging, have been lagging, in agricultural development. I've had many discussions on this subject with members of our Department of Resources and Development, with Mr. Sproat and others, and I have proposed that as we look ahead to 1971 and future years that we begin to move more into the area of pilot farming. I'd like to see, for instance, a rice production project in Ponape. This would require, I'm told, some special consulting services... from agencies with a background of experience in rice culture, but I'm also told from all indications we could now be producing rice in Ponape in sufficient volume to meet a pretty fair percentage of our subsistence requirements and I see no reason why that should not be done. The history of agriculture in the Marianas of course has been colored or affected by our typhoon conditions; many farmers have gotten started and then been wiped out and virtually go bankrupt and pick themselves up and try again and so on, but it is, I think, clearly proven that good produce can be grown here and some of it is being grown and shipped to Guam from Rota. I saw some information just the other day that some Rota produce is going into the Guam market through the Guam Farmers Cooperative over there. The military—getting back to the possible advantages of a military presence—the military establishment could probably generate a good deal of farming. I'm confident that with the proper planting, proper training, proper motivation the volume of agricultural products marketable on Guam alone could be increased many times but here you encounter the problem of labor. Are the young people of today interested in farming or would a successful farm have to depend on the

import of Okinawan labor for training purposes? I've encouraged the local people here in the Marianas to bring in some Okinawan farmers for demonstration purposes if they'd like to. We're constantly slapped in the face with the charge that the Japanese developed these islands much more effectively than the U.S. has done, largely through their skills in agriculture, and to some extent this is true. The Japanese are extremely well experienced in developing small land areas, getting maximum production out of small land areas and this they did when they were the stewards or custodians of this real estate, but the factor, the important factor that's usually forgotten or ignored is that the Japanese were here to exploit these islands for the benefit of Japan and I don't think that's entirely true of our presence.

**REPORTER:** I hope it's not... but let me ask you quite a difficult and perhaps an unfair question: Do you think on the best of terms, among the most reasonable of people, that a military entrance on a large scale into Micronesia could be to the benefit of the Micronesians?

**NORWOOD:** Answering a question like that is—as you've admitted in phrasing it—difficult, because one must formulate his answer in relation, I suppose, to his attitude toward militarism and war and the need for defense and the hope for peace—and there are some of course, who take the extreme view, conscientious-objector view, that we'll have nothing to do with war or violence under any circumstances. I don't go quite that far. I certainly hope to see other opportunities which would obviate the need for a military presence for economic reasons. However, to be realistic about it, with conditions in this part of the world as they are, it would not surprise me at all to see the military agencies, the Defense Department take action to acquire one or more areas for military bases, military establishments. The attitude of the islanders, I believe, would vary from district to district. Here in the Marianas my impression is that such an establishment would be welcome. In Truk or Palau the reception might be different. I think a lot would depend on the care and thoughtfulness with which the negotiations were conducted, the extent to which precautions were taken so we do not again go through the traumatic dislocation of people such as we experienced in the Kwajalein development, in Bikini and

Eniwetok. I think it would be utterly essential that any taking of land for military must take full and fair cognizance of the impact upon the people who would be affected. If people have to be moved, then good substitute locations for them should be found and programs of compensation should be planned and implemented that are adequate, and I would think it only fair that the people themselves in some way participate in these negotiations—whether through representatives in the Congress of Micronesia or a combination of administrative and legislative representation I'm not prepared at this time to say. I think that a military establishment could provide a substantial amount of employment depending upon its nature and the type of establishment it is. However much one may be opposed to war and however hopeful of peace, I believe it is the interest of Micronesians as much as in the national interest for the U.S. to maintain responsibility for the peace and security of this part of the western Pacific. As long as international conditions remain unsettled and threatening, I see no alternative to a continuation of U.S. responsibility for the security of Micronesia, regardless of future political developments within Micronesia.

**REPORTER:** Your own term here, as it's turned out, was between two and one-half and three years in length.

**NORWOOD:** Almost three years...

**REPORTER:** Almost three years... which is not a long time. A Peace Corps Volunteer who extends can stay for that long or longer, and yet you find yourself leaving as a result of events that really had nothing to do with your administration. I'm not aware that the administration of the Trust Territory was an issue in the Presidential election... and yet, as a result of that election, you'll be leaving. Do you feel that—apart from your own situation—that the office of High Commissioner should be subject to the ebbs and flows of the tides of U.S. politics?

**NORWOOD:** No, I don't. And in saying that, I must acknowledge of course that I was a product of the system, although I think that I was reasonably well qualified to handle the position and that the experience I had in state government and private employment prior to coming here prepared me quite well for the responsibilities I subsequently undertook. I recognize that my selection at the time was probably influenced largely by my



career in politics, rather than my career in comparable applicable government experience. On the basis of my experience since I've been here, I am convinced now that the system is wrong for this position. Two reasons for that. One is that this is not U.S. Territory. We have a unique, unusual stewardship in this area and I think it is unfair to exploit this position for political patronage purposes. If I were a Micronesian I would feel—as some of them have indicated they feel—that this position is a political pawn and that the choice was not based upon a careful thoughtful appraisal of the total dimensions of the position, or the total scope of the U.S. responsibilities in this area. The second factor which of course—now that I know more about the job—argues against the continued application of the patronage system is that it takes so long to get to know this job and to become familiar with all of its requirements and complexities. I would say it took me at least two years to begin to feel that I really understood why I was here and what the requirements of the position were. You not only have to know, or should get to know your administrative organization, but you should get to know each district with some reasonable degree of familiarity and it takes time to get around to the districts. You should get to know Washington, which is equally complicated. And it takes a long period of training and acquaintance and experience to get to know the committees, to establish working relationships so they know you personally and develop communications with you. It takes time to get to know individuals such as Chief Roboman in Yap or Falmog in Yap, the Reklai and Ibedul in Palau, Lajellan Kabua and Kabua Kabua in the Marshalls and the

Nanmwarki in Ponape—I haven't been to Ponape as often as I should, so I don't know him that well. But this is all part of the job if you do it thoroughly and properly and you just cannot do that in a few months.

**REPORTER:** Well, what about your future plans?

**NORWOOD:** Well there you've got me. That's one question I can't answer.

**REPORTER:** Where do you think you'll be—this will come out in July—where will you be when our readers read this?

**NORWOOD:** Well, I'll probably be in Hawaii. We're going back there to reestablish our residence, but frankly I don't know what I'll try to do. As I said in a letter to one of my friends this past week, the market for second-hand ambassadors may not be very good.

**REPORTER:** Well you're a high commissioner emeritus. Perhaps there should be a chair of some kind.

**NORWOOD:** Well, I don't know. I might take a crack at a little writing. I used to like to write, I've done quite a bit of writing. I don't know. I might possibly find something in government service that appeals to me. Actually, Mrs. Norwood and I have rather enjoyed, we've enormously enjoyed this job. It's had plenty of headaches, believe me, but on the whole it's been a very rewarding experience and for that reason we think we might be interested in some other overseas assignment, if I could find one where I could qualify, I don't know.

**REPORTER:** I'd be interested in seeing you write about the Trust Territory.

**NORWOOD:** Well I've thought that I probably should, if for no other reason than to make a record of my impressions or my recommendations or my views, put something together in the form of a white paper—or a blue paper would perhaps be a better word for it.

**REPORTER:** You haven't kept a diary?

**NORWOOD:** No, and I regret that I didn't. I started out—before I got here—I made notes when I completed an interview with somebody, had conversations with Rex Lee, the former governor of American Samoa in Honolulu I made little notes of what was said. In cleaning out my desk I came upon these—well, they're quite interesting. I'd forgotten all about them. If I'd just continued to do that every night—come home and jot down a few thoughts for the day, well it might make an interesting diary. But when I come home for the night, I'm not really pre-

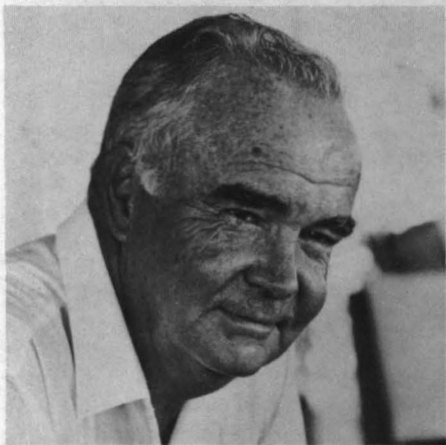
pared to be a chronicler of the day's events. Usually I want to forget them.

**REPORTER:** Have you gotten to see as much of the Trust Territory or for that matter, of Saipan, as you'd wanted.

**NORWOOD:** Well, I've gotten to see quite a bit of this island of course and I've gotten well acquainted with the Saipanese quite well. Matter of fact I used to go down and shoot pool oh—quite frequently—down in the villages, got quite a reputation—maybe not a very savory one—for showing up in pool halls and bars. Well I haven't seen the other districts nearly as much as I thought I would have the opportunity to do. As a matter of fact, I didn't expect my resignation to be accepted quite so soon and I had planned another trip to Ponape. As a matter of fact I had indicated to the Ujelang people that if it were at all possible after I got back from what I thought was going to be another trip to Washington, I would try to maybe make a field trip down that way and I'd love to do something like that. One of the problems I've had of course, as long as I've held this position, I could never enjoy an island or a trip like an ordinary visitor or traveler. As long as I'm on the island the word gets out and the chiefs and the mayor or the city council and the school board come up with their problems. But I'd love to see such a place as Kapingamarangi and oh—all these islands—Jaluit. I've always, ever since reading about the old whaling days, heard about Jaluit. I thought by gosh I'll get there. Well I haven't gotten there . . . . .

**REPORTER:** I'm not aware of any previous High Commissioner who has revisited the Trust Territory after having ended his official term here. Do you contemplate any plans?

**NORWOOD:** I've thought about it, yes. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Norwood and I talked a little bit about it, thinking well maybe we would in another year or so if we're still able to get around come back for a visit. I don't want to come back at a time when my presence would in any way disturb the successor administration. Drift back in maybe a year from now or six months from now and just have a look around. Like to get back to Ponape and visit there. I was the first High Commissioner in about five years to get to Kusaie and that was interesting to me because the last previous time I was on Kusaie was the day the Japanese surrendered the island.





# An Architect's Dream... A Businessman's Headache

*by P. F. Kluge*





It has long been recognized that the islands of Palau might rank among the foremost tourist attractions in the Pacific; that, in Palau, particularly among its hundreds of picturesque uninhabited "Rock Islands," were unmatched opportunities for fishing, water sports, sunbathing, and pure aesthetic satisfaction. Almost everyone who has been to the district has agreed that the potential is there. Conversations and reports about Palau's future in tourism are so numerous as to be almost commonplace. And yet, the sad, mellow fact remains that, with the passage of year after year, it is entirely possible for an unacquainted tourist to have a wretched time in Palau.

Finding it difficult to rent a car, next to impossible to rent a boat, more than one tourist has found himself hotel-bound and hotel-bored: bound to the Royal Palauan—a raffish, charming, but distinctly substandard operation; bored at the DNT, situated at the side of a dusty causeway leading to a ramshackle dock; bombarded—at the Blue Lagoon Hotel, by the pounding numbing chords of the band which is ensconced at the nearby Blue Lagoon Bar.

Then—within the last year—things changed, or appeared to change. Air Micronesia had improved and increased air service to Palau; a Hollywood movie—"Hell In the Pacific"—had been filmed on location in the Rock Islands; Continental Airlines had contracted to build a new, first-class hotel. Word about tourism was circulating and the Palauans—who have long been wary of the wholesale entrance of foreign companies into their district and onto their land—decided to get into the act and to locate themselves at the center of what the government's economic development department had identified as "the major growth industry" in the Trust Territory: tourism. This is the story of their effort to build a first class hotel of their own or perhaps, capture a substantial part of the hotel Continental Airlines planned to build. If our story seems to lack a conclusion it may be because the effort itself has been inconclusive to date—but at least, it illustrates, what is needed, and what has been lacking, to establish large-scale enterprise in the Trust Territory.



Water and rock: this is the site of the hotel as it appears today. Plans to transform this location into a unique hotel are well along, but it will take outside capital and local cooperation to turn the sketches into reality.

Last fall there were meetings all over Palau, from pancake-flat Angaur, riddled by years of phosphate-mining, to idyllic Kayangel; from the crowded district center of Koror to the handsome coastal villages of Babelthuap. Messages went out by radio, boats headed north and south. Seated in a quonset in the heat of an afternoon or droning on far into the night on the verandah of a chief's house, representatives of the new Palau Hotel Corporation made their first appeal for public support.

Those meetings were memorable; the men of the village gradually assembling on a smooth-planked porch, dozens of zoris deposited at the entrance to meeting-houses, the greetings and jokes and unhurried manner, the circular approach to the business at hand, the metallic tapping of metal spikes pulverizing betelnut for those old rubaks whose teeth were too far gone to accomplish the task, the ritual questions about space flight, transplant operations, and the assassination of Robert Kennedy. Finally, they came to the Palau Hotel Corporation, an effort by Palauans (later the charter was amended to include all Micronesians) to capture control of the tourism which was promising (or threatening) to change the landscape of their islands and the quality of their lives.

In Koror, it had been hard to find a politician or businessman or government official who had not been enthusiastic about the prospects for the Palau Hotel Corporation. There was across the board support—or so it seemed. But out in the villages of Babelthuap, reception of the idea was more reserved. To be sure, Palauans are aware of the presence of more than one foreign concern in their own and other districts—Van Camp Fisheries, Mobil Oil and the Royal Taga Hotel kept cropping up in conversations. But there is also a long history of local Palauan corporations which have come to the most remote villages soliciting support, selling stocks, and then fading from view, collapsing because of poor marketing, inadequate transportation, meager capital, unskilled management and plain bad luck. Already a handicrafts guild and a fishing cooperative had disappointed the old rubaks and made them cautious with their tens and twenties. Even the omnibus Western Carolines Trading Company had not always lived up to its backers' expectations.

"This time it will work. This time it will not fail," hotel corporation representatives assured the elders and, at last, the forms pledging stock purchase were circulated and the response seemed good. True, these were only pledges—hard cash could not be collected till the government granted the corporation a charter and that took several months. Still, there was the indelible memory of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD GOFF





ancient-faced old men—witnesses to the German's aggressive coconut plantations, the Japanese phosphate mining and fishing, the Americans benevolent but much less ambitious efforts at economic development—marshalling their own money for a Palauan enterprise. Last fall in Palau, it 'seemed very possible that the Palauans would eventually be in the hotel business and that if Continental did not admit them to a share of its hotels, they might build as good or better a hotel themselves.

Meanwhile, in Koror, William Isley, an architect-planner who had come to the district as a representative of the master-planning firm of Hawaii Architects and Engineers, had contracted to remain behind, develop plans, and get the hotel project on its feet. Isley was quick to detect a central problem in the development of tourism: that Koror, like all other district centers to which planes and ships will carry visitors is, in itself, a disappointment. The shell of a much larger—and much more handsome—Japanese colonial city, Koror today is a congested, dusty, irregularly developed place with few charms to draw visitors or hold them. The real attraction is to the south, in the un-

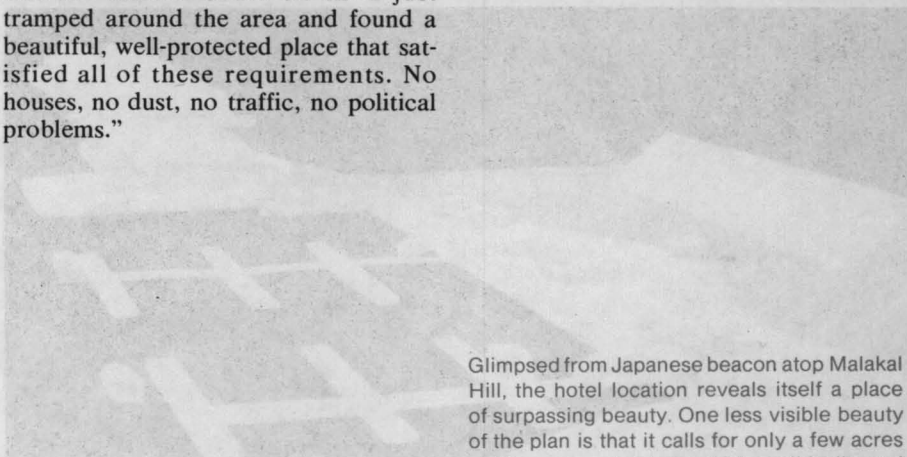
paralleled Rock Islands, with their captivating shapes, numerous winding channels and hidden coves, gorgeously tinted waters, and beckoning unsullied beaches. As Isley put it: "To me, Palau doesn't mean Koror. It means 180 islands, and 174 of them are uninhabited Rock Islands." The real attraction was outside of Koror, over water, and with just one semi-competent boat rental service in operation, Palau's best scenery escaped visitors who were not wealthy, well-known, or official.

Isley's hotel—his plan for a hotel, that is—emphasizes getting visitors out of Koror and locating them among some of the loveliest waters and islands in the Pacific. Later his plan was challenged for its expense but, whatever its cost, and its fate, it merits examination as one of the most ambitious, consistent, sustained attempts to match the unique features of an area with the exacting demands of an industry.

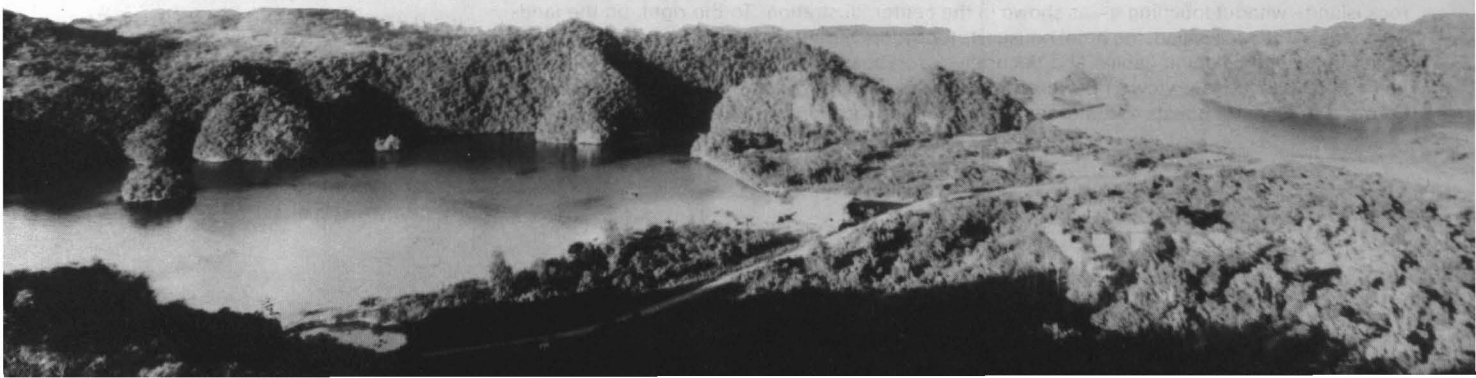
"I knew we needed utilities—power and water," recalled Isley. "I knew we couldn't build our own or expect the Trust Territory government to necessarily expand what it has. We needed access by road and we needed a flatland area to park cars. I asked—where does the district center touch the Rock Islands, and the water, so that the hotel and the marina could tie in. I just tramped around the area and found a beautiful, well-protected place that satisfied all of these requirements. No houses, no dust, no traffic, no political problems."

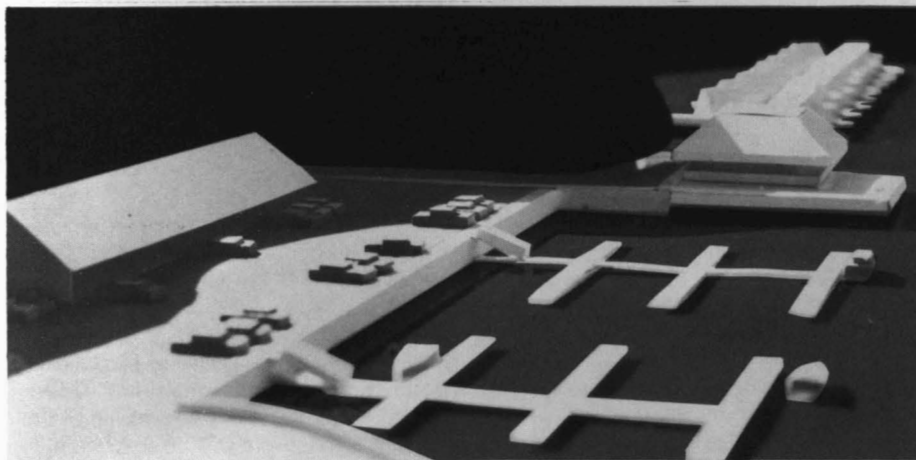
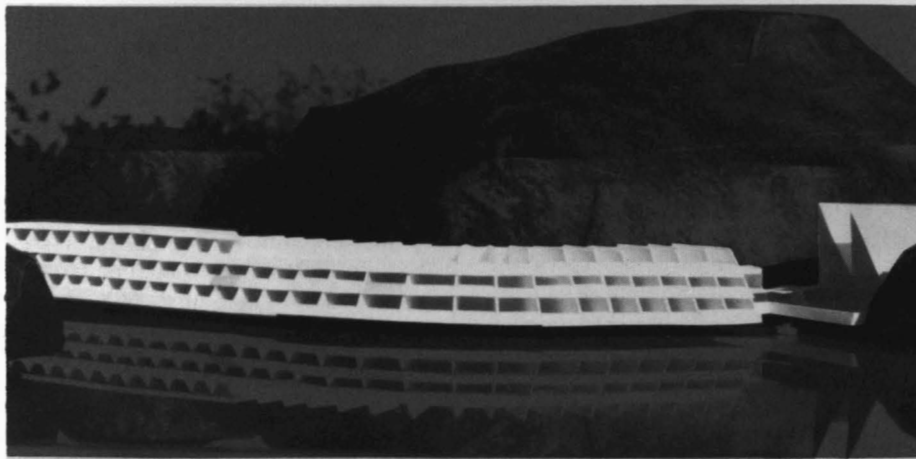
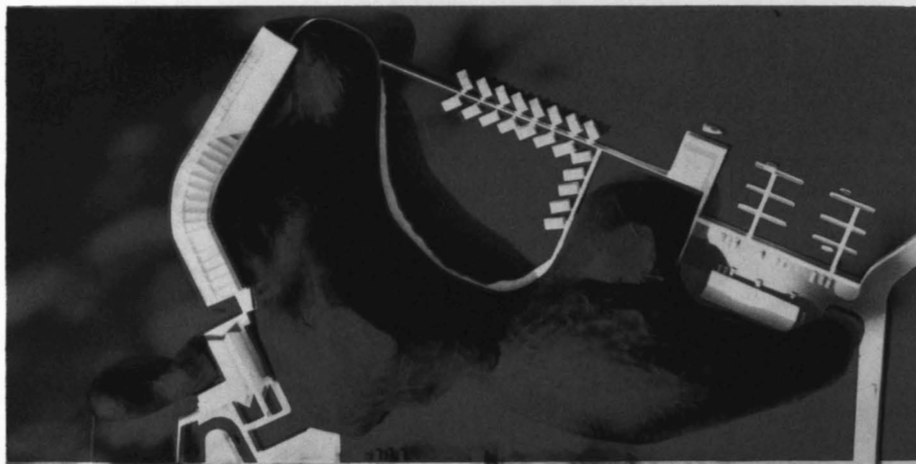
The site Isley chose is located off the road from the community of Koror to the harbor and dock area on Malakal Island, on the same side as and a few hundred yards from the Cave Inn Bar. At this point, on the edge of Malakal Island, begins a mile-long chain of rounded emerald islands, a long rocky arm stretching luxuriously out to the sea, as if pointing to the scores of other islands that are spread out across the sea from Malakal to Peleliu, 25 miles south.

Beyond an office and restaurant, styled to suggest the A-frame design of the traditional Palauan abai, is the main hotel—a three-tiered building built over water and curving around the edge of a Rock Island, fitted to the shape of the island but never actually touching it. As planned, the hotel will contain 84 rooms (\$12-\$14 per room) which face out towards the sea. Beyond the main hotel, at the other side of the Rock Island, a boardwalk leads to a dock area holding houseboats—24 of them according to original plans. The houseboats will be towed out to any of 200 locations among the Rock Islands where



Glimpsed from Japanese beacon atop Malakal Hill, the hotel location reveals itself a place of surpassing beauty. One less visible beauty of the plan is that it calls for only a few acres of Palauan real estate which, politically and legally, can prove difficult to acquire.





THE MODEL: At the top, an overhead view of Isley's model illustrates how the hotel will blend in with the surrounding terrain. The hotel units themselves will curve around the edge of a rock island—without touching it—as shown in the center illustration. To the right, on the landward side of the rock island, the hotel houses its lobby, restaurant and bar in an A-frame design which echoes the sloping gables and decorative storyboards of the traditional Palauan abai. Immediately above is a view of the proposed marina facility which will feature the rental of houseboats to usher guests to hundreds of picturesque locations between Koror and Peleliu.

they can be anchored or beached. An interlude on a houseboat among the Rock Islands will highlight visits to Palau. Guests can fish, swim, and otherwise cavort in the utmost privacy, while enjoying all basic comforts on board the houseboats. Everything on the houseboats from lights to toilet-incinerator is run by propane. It would be hard to think of another way the islands could be left uncluttered, the waters unpolluted.

Isley's design, which features and respects the Rock Islands, which is water-sports oriented and requires a minimum amount of difficult-to-acquire Palauan real estate, met with general applause—although some local backers questioned whether the money could be raised. ("I'm dubious about it being built," commented politician and contractor Roman Tmechtul. "It's an excellent idea but it will have to be built by Rockefeller or those people.")

Estimated cost of the main hotel is 1.2 million dollars, the houseboats and marina facilities are budgeted at about three hundred thousand dollars and, if fund-raising falters, could probably constitute a profitable operation in themselves.

So, in the fall, it seemed that the ideas were there, that the potential was there and that local support was there—coming from the leaders of the Palauan community, traditional political economic leaders—as well as from the less affluent villagers outside of Koror. But to accomplish anything in the Trust Territory more than ideas and potential are necessary, and the history of the Palau Hotel Corporation in the past eight months has been one of protracted struggle to capture these three imperatives: open land, sufficient capital, and loyal people.

Isley's plan wisely called for only a couple acres of land and the site he selected was thought to be entirely unencumbered by prior claims or leases. But, at approximately the time the site selection was made, a local political and supposed backer of the hotel secured a "land use agreement" to conduct an unspecified business on part of the real estate the Palau Hotel Corporation was interested in. Whether this action was an ill-conceived bit of land speculation or a mere coincidence remains unclear but, in any case, this agreement like many others was voided for non-payment of the nominal rental fee. Thus



a temporary—if ominous—threat to the proposed hotel seemed to have eased. Early in 1969, Land Management Officer John Ngiraked declared the land still available and opined that the hotel should be given first-priority on its use, since “a hotel could turn that small piece of rock into a piece of gold.” Still, acquisition of land remains a touchy business, particularly in Palau, where the very concept of government control of land is under severe attack and may require lengthy court litigation to resolve.

More critical than the problem of land is the matter of money. Observers feel that \$200,000 might be raised locally and that is a fair basis on which to ask for loans from the outside. But one doubting observer, when informed that there was \$200,000 locally available, retorted “Yeah, that’s the same \$200,000 they’ve had for the last dozen projects proposed there.” In this scepticism there is, unfortunately, some measure of truth. To be sure, there is money around Koror, but it is not as solid backing as a fledgling corporation might hope for. Many of the community’s businessmen are involved rather deeply in the expansion, or maintenance, or salvation of their own operations. They have pressing obligations to themselves, their stockholders, outside corporations, and to the government. Some of the largest pledgers to the Palau Hotel Corporation, are in default to the government on Economic Development Loans, and this checkered history might well queer whatever assistance the government could offer. Comments one local businessman (and politician), Polycarp Basilius: “The big businessmen have spread themselves too thin. Why should they invest in another business when they can invest in their own? If they have money, they should expand their own businesses. They owe money to the bank, to the government, to the businessmen in Japan.” Basilius’ term for these overextended entrepreneurs is “men of everything.”

Another grave problem which afflicted the hotel is the matter of Palauan support—the initial appearance of widespread backing soon proved more apparent than real. United by their aversion to wholesale entry by foreign firms, united also by their desire to get in on a good thing, the Palauans were divided by politics and caste and religion as well

as by the same competitive instincts that brought the corporation together in the first place. The same commercial aggressiveness that has garnered for Palauans the reputation as the best (and most feared) businessmen in the Trust Territory soon set Palauans against Palauans as they jockeyed for advantage within the corporation, on its periphery, and outside. “The big problem,” noted one observer who is not a Palauan, “is that they don’t trust each other.”

On a recent Friday afternoon, an elected Palauan leader sat sipping an Asahi Beer on the rotunda of the Royal Palauan Hotel. (The inside, after 4:30, had been packed with a motley assemblage of government workers, Japanese tourists, and German seamen, and it was necessary to go outside to talk.) This Palauan had been active in the pledge-raising campaign, an enthusiastic salesman in the outlying villages, one of those who had swayed skeptical rubaks on Babelthuap with his insistence that “This time it will work. It will not fail this time.”

Now he was much less certain and told us why. Later, others on opposite sides of the political scene confirmed the essence of his account. “It’s dead now, although it may come back to life,” he said of the hotel. “It’s not moving now. The idea was started before election time. People—all interested people were trying to get involved with the hotel, in all the publicity. A lot of politicians who happened to be businessmen knew this was a good tool and didn’t want to be left out if it should ever happen.”

After the election, he continued, the facade of bi-partisan support began to split and crumble, with some groups jockeying for control within the organization and others drifting to the sidelines, but not so far away that they could not return if—through no great efforts of their own—the enterprise should prosper. And so it happened that the Palau Hotel Corporation—or Palau Development Corporation, as the name was later adjusted—which had begun as an ambitious effort to develop Palau for the benefit of the Palauans had run head on into that fatal trinity of obstacles which conspire to thwart so many development possibilities in the Trust Territory: land—coveted and contested in the best of circumstances; money—never enough of it locally, and even

local resources often are compromised and committed; and leadership—which can be divided, suspicious, and self-serving. Initiative would have to come from outside Palau.

Burdened with brochures, slides, color film, sketches, and hopes, representatives of the Palau Hotel Corporation are now looking to American investors, pursuing one possibility after another, seeking the bulk of funds necessary to initiate construction. It had always been recognized that some outside investment would be necessary, just as some outside management would be required to run the hotel—and the experience to date made that initial lesson doubly clear.

The hotel representatives will attempt to convince likely investors that, if built, the hotel will succeed. But they must also grapple with the problem of participation, with the gnawing paradox that the advocates of Palauan participation must depend on large amounts of outside capital. And considering the history of Palauan participation to date, it would seem that any investor who committed the largest share of money to the hotel would want control of the project. Doubtless if a Rockefeller finances the hotel, the Palauans will again latch on the bandwagon. But considering that the original idea was to put them in the driver’s seat, it’s difficult to know how much legitimate pride Palauans will be entitled to take in whatever finally is achieved.

Perhaps an intelligently designed hotel set in place of unparalleled beauty is its own justification. Perhaps it matters little who came in first and who came in last. This could be. An object of quality speaks for itself. Perhaps if a Rockefeller with the right combination of ready money and saintly patience is found the impasse and inertia will be broken; the hotel will be built and the P.D.C.’s chastening early lessons with land, money, and people will be forgotten. Or perhaps there at least will be a marina and some houseboats. Or perhaps nothing at all will come of it, and future generations will be left to comment on the tourist potential of Palau. In any case, a general rule of life seems to be that people get what they deserve and it would seem that, foreign hotel, Palauan hotel, or no hotel at all, Palau—in all its beautiful potential, is no exception to the rule.

**W**hen I first came back to my island I went to church on Sunday and the minister told everyone that Mizpah is bad because it allows smoking, dancing and boy-girl relationships. When church was over, many people came to me, especially the young people, to ask me whether it's true, whether Mizpah is a mission school that allows these things. I told them that yes, it's true, and I explained to them that the purpose is to help us develop our minds in making wise decisions in times of hardships. Many agreed.

"But when the deacons heard about it, they got mad. They invited me to church on Wednesday and I was thinking that they might ask me to preach. But you know what? Instead, after the church was finished, they called me in front of the congregation and started asking me questions. You can imagine what that was like. I was very nervous, but I tried to answer their questions to the best of my understanding about Mizpah. I told the congregation that in order for one person to make a wise decision, he must see both sides—good and bad—before he is able to make his decision. This is what Mizpah is trying to do so it could produce good leaders."

The short, serious, curly-haired Micronesian telling the story is only a high school senior who, along with 22 other Trukese, Marshallese and Ponapeans, will receive a diploma and become the first graduating class of Mizpah High School of Micronesia this summer. The story of his homecoming is not unusual. His parents had sent him to the only Protestant mission high school serving the eastern half of Micronesia with the smiling approval of the ministers and deacons. He would receive, they thought, an education which would mold him into the kind of Micronesian and Christian leader a changing Trust Territory needs.

And although they might not think so, they were right.

# A SHORT HISTORY OF MIZPAH HIGH SCHOOL

*After three years, Mizpah has its first graduating class, an ample faculty, a polished choir, a history of student protest, a contingent of critics, and a reputation as a swinging liberal mission school. Not bad for the first three years.*

*by Alice Gilgoff \**

**Y**ou're going to Mizpah and it's Saturday morning work program time. Your taxi takes you through Mwan Village on Moen, the district center of Truk and home of the sagacious chief and mayor, Petrus Mailo. As the road becomes bumpier, you may notice the brown naked children munching breadfruit on your left or, on your right, the nearly toppled over-water outhouses, with their rusted railroad track pathways from the old Japanese base on Dublon a few miles away. The taxi turns left and it's a few yards on another dirt road before the driver tells you he'll go no farther. You alight, pay the fifteen cents and are on the Mizpah campus, bordered by century-old mango trees and a towering monkey-pod tree. Ahead are long patches of pink wood—the dormitories and the classrooms—and they remind you of a motel complex. You follow the rock and dirt roadway. To the left is the baseball field, once as overgrown as the woods beyond but pushed back and cleared week after week the hard first year—a Saturday morning student project of days gone by. Now a student is mowing the lush lawn. Ahead of you a 25-year-old missionary on a 5-year contract with the United Church Board for World Ministries crosses your path from her home above the boys' dorm at the right, and you realize her bermuda shorts are the first pair you've seen on a woman since you came to Truk. Following the path, you hear, coming from the left, the sounds of Chubby Checker singing "Multiplication" from the phonograph in the student union building. Nearly atop it balances a student, finishing up the last corner of the attractively thatched roof donated by Trukese fam-

\*MRS. GILGOFF WAS ASSISTED BY HER JOURNALISM CLASS AT MIZPAH



ilies. The students constructed the building themselves under the direction of the student Senate. Behind the union building, girls are chopping bush with machetes. One girl stops and looks up because a boy is watching her. She puts down her knife and they hold hands and talk, and you place what you see in a special place alongside the bermuda shorts. In a minute the boy hurries down the path to his own work assignment. Your own path ends at the main classroom building, with only the girls dorm up the steps beyond it, and as you climb to the principal's office in the main building, you see two girls in two classrooms. One is scrubbing the blackboard and singing along with Chubby. The other sweeps the floor and hums a hymn from the morning chapel.

**T**he Trukese students were on strike. There was no doubt about it. It was a Tuesday and after lunch more than half the students weren't in their seats. "Where's the rest of the class?" asked a teacher. "Maybe they're on strike," ventured a Ponapean. That meant they were definitely on strike.

It was the first and only student strike at the school. People actually cried. The strike was "to get away from what you feel is not right," explained the student Senate president who, along with other Trukese seniors, had also his diploma at stake. What was not right, they said, was alleged discrimination in expelling a Trukese student the day before, a charge which the school administration predictably denied. By night fall, all the Trukese but three had left the school.

"I was at the Truk High School strike when I was in eighth grade and the reason why it failed was because we didn't stick together!" shouts a girl at a strike meeting the next day. You know what it means for a Trukese woman to "stay in her place" and you smile at this one's—well, independence. Later you realize that her remark, as well as the others by the Trukese student at the Trukese meeting, was spoken in English, the way Mizpah had taught her.

**I**n the beginning, as in all other beginnings, there was dirt. Dirt and trees and rocks and swamp. It belonged to various Trukese families, including the ancestors of Chief Petrus. In 1879 they gave portions of the land to Rev. Robert Logan, in whose name a memorial church now stands at the left of the Mizpah driveway. He bought the seedling for the monkey-pod tree from Hawaii, planting it in front of his house, the foundation of which was uncovered in constructing the girls dorm. During the German administration, missionaries lived on the land where the boys dorm now stands. In 1961 a mission committee and Trukese ministers decided that this was the kind of land for a protestant mission school.

Under the supervision of Paul E. Marshall, a 39-year-old former salesman and teacher who arrived in November 1964 after sailing out of San Francisco with his family on a small freighter, the area was bulldozed and cleared. The actual construction began in May 1965. The reservoir was built, the generator installed and with outside materials plus local coral, rock and salvaged Japanese metal, the main classroom building and the dormitories were constructed and the reservoir and generator connected to them and the pink splashed on. From the beginning, Trukese labor was used, with work crews totalling 70 at times. Many Trukese students paid for part of their tuition the first year by being part of the labor crew the summer before.

The first year, with only 9th and 10th grades attending, the warehouse, the mechanics building, the staff houses, the chaplain's house, the chicken house, the pig house and the guest house were added. The science laboratories were equipped, as was the homemaking room, and the rest of the books and supplies came.

Recalling the "good old days," a Trukese worker still employed at the school said, "I have never seen as hard a worker as Mr. Marshall. He was so anxious to accomplish his goal. It's true he easily lost his temper, but this was due to the fact that he had many things on his mind about which he was so concerned, things that had to get done. And when something wasn't finished on time and he wanted it to be finished, he lost his temper."

**T**he principal now is A. T. Stewart, a white-haired affable retired educator from Iowa. He arrived at Mizpah in September and is leaving this summer.

The faculty is large for a school with less than 100 students. Of the Americans, three, including the Dean of Girls, are not even Protestant; there are missionaries, Peace Corps part- and full-time (included in the latter group is the oldest Peace Corps Volunteer in the world, a peppy home economics teacher who will admit only to being in her 70's), and there is the man simply called a "volunteer" who worked for free until the mission board voted him his present allowance of \$25 a month. Of the Micronesians, there were three when school opened this year, but one quit because he wanted more pay and another will leave this summer when her husband, a 36-year-old former chief and legislator in the Marshalls, is graduated from Mizpah.

When the Trukese struck, the faculty, a more conservative bunch than the parents would imagine, confided to some students that the troublemakers should not be allowed back. Some said Marshall, who was principal the first two years, would have handled it differently. The Trukese said it never would have happened if he were there.

Stewart told the local press the day after the strike, "We hope everyone comes back." As they drifted back, he counseled each one separately and punished them with various durations of social probation.

By the week-end all the Trukese but one had come back and the strike was over.

But any degree of communications and understanding seems to be limited to within the confines of the big trees. On the campus, open weekly meetings known only as "Discussion Groups" are held, where a teacher and whoever of the student body come, entertain topics ranging from smoking to a student court, the latter idea having come about from a more aware faculty after the strike, although student enthusiasm for a court has been surprisingly low.

But with the Chief's village there is little dialogue.

Stewart describes the relationship with the surrounding community as "very nice and vice versa; they are kind to the students and faculty." He points with justifiable pride to the highly polished Mizpah choir, which travels at least once a month to neighborhood and sometimes off-island churches and almost invariably draws the Trukese equivalent of bravos. A competent school band, composed mainly of students who are seeing a trumpet or a clarinet for the first time, plays only second fiddle to their usual accompaniment, the Mizpah twirlers, a group of miniskirted baton maneuverers.

Yet, to the Trukese, the show seems not for them, like the Sunday chapel services which are opened "to the American community." On the day after the strike a resident of the village outside said, "They're ready to storm the place." Chief Petrus is currently investigating the school handbook.

But despite the comments and occasional coconuts hurled at school vehicles as they pass through the village, Mizpah is holding its own.

It was like we were living in a pig pen. We were surrounded by so many rules," said a student, referring to his previous mission school.

"When we would go to Church," added a girl from another mission school in another district, "we weren't allowed to look at the boys' side, only the altar. We could not even talk to our male cousins who also attended the school. The boys had their own classrooms and dining room. We only saw the pious and educational movies, not the romantic ones."

From other seniors who transferred to the new pink and green school in Truk for their tenth year after spending the ninth in their old mission schools come comments like "The main difference is rules" and "The main difference is that I'm not told what to do here so I can operate my own self."

Yet the rules are strict. Even students whose home is on the same island as the school cannot stay with their families for the week-end. Free time for girls is limited to afternoon week-ends only, provided they sign out by indicating their destination and the names of at least two other girls who are accompanying them. Boys may leave week-end afternoons and one afternoon during the week-day. No student is permitted off-campus at night. "Fun Night" Fridays and movie night Saturdays are freely integrated and usually end up in a jam session—all closely supervised. Chapel is required daily, even for the smattering of Catholic students.

The girl formerly of the mission school, who couldn't speak with her cousins, finds this very surprising. She is a sweet Trukese young lady who complies with a long-skirt culture. Suddenly, the rumor is confirmed that she has had a pair of bermuda shorts made for herself in the homemaking room. You never see them, though, because she has never worn them. Probably she never will. And you accept it because you know she must preserve her culture. Yet somehow you are happy she bothered to have them made.

The man most often called on to explain it all—the dancing, the limited smoking, the movies, the Fun Nights, with the religion—the man who is looked at with shock by the parents—is the 36-year-old minister and father of three little girls, Rev. Stephen C. Evans from Wisconsin. Having been here since the year Mizpah opened, he is a practical man. Despite what the parents may want, he knows he will not make a minister out of every student. "If the students are motivated by their faith to become excellent teachers, doctors, lawyers, church leaders, politicians and agriculturists then we will meet the religious standards we hope to achieve," he says soberly: "We seek to produce the most committed and the most sophisticated of Christian leadership possible."

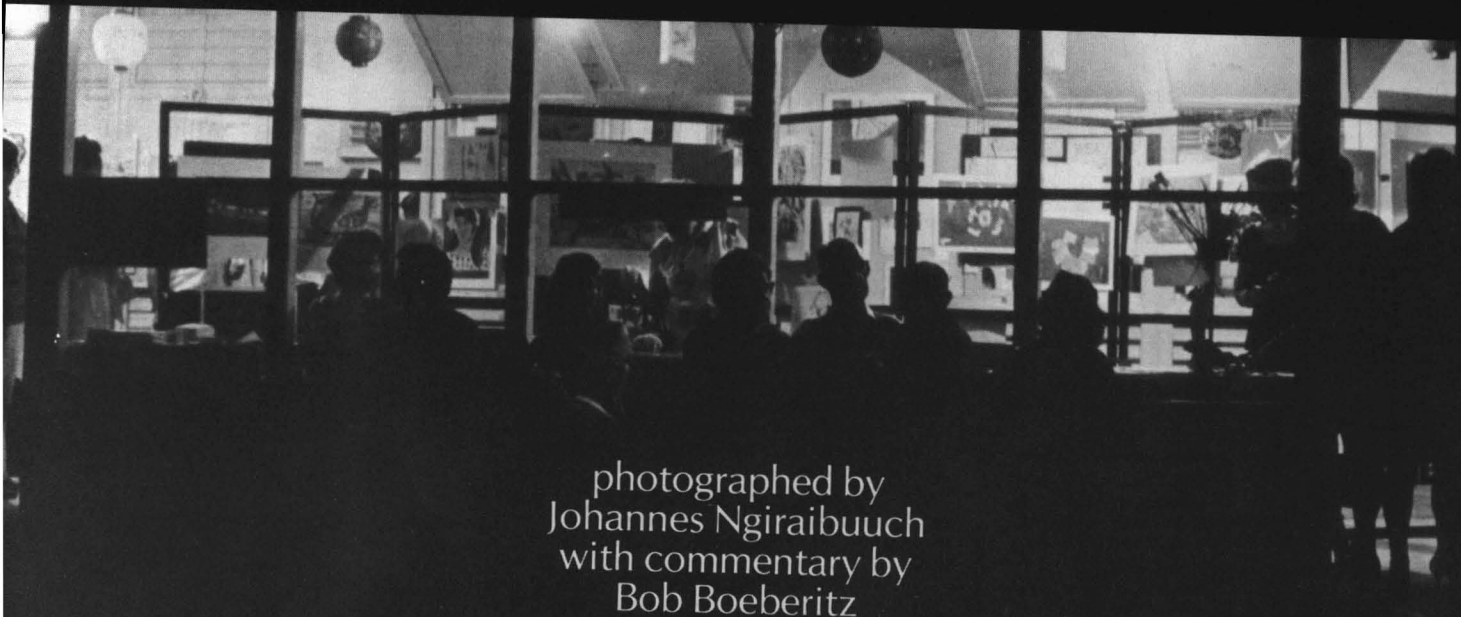
A product of the effort, maybe not sophisticated, but definitely committed, was the short, serious, curly-haired senior who answered questions for his congregation one summer. "The old people said that regardless of what I said they wouldn't follow it," he recalled, "but the young people sort of agreed with me and said that Mizpah is right."



# THE FIRST ANNUAL MICRONESIA ARTS FESTIVAL AWARDS



a portfolio  
of the twenty-four  
top prize-winning  
entries



photographed by  
Johannes Ngiraibuuch  
with commentary by  
Bob Boeberitz



BEST  
IN THE  
SHOW

First Place  
Lucas Lucan  
Merur, Tomil, Yap



Second Place  
Juan Remail  
Satawal Island, Yap

# SCULPTURE



Third Place  
Gilfalan Wurila  
Map, Yap



*I have been asked to comment on the arts festival, specifically about those entries which won the top prizes. But to do so, you must understand, puts me in the awkward position of a critic—which I could do—but I wonder if it's fair. In order to be fair you really need a little background first.*

*The Micronesia Arts Festival has been a somewhat unprecedented affair. There was no basis from which to start. And, as everyone out here knows, communications are impossible. We needed contacts in the districts to find artists and craftsmen, and more difficult, to get them to enter. Well, it was nine months before the entries started pouring in—and when they did, we realized we were going to have to interpret our rules rather liberally. No one seemed to pay any attention to them. (Some people sent more than their limit, and size—we got a spear that was seven feet long! And there was that beautiful necklace made of native material—solid gold?) Judging was held on February 24th while late entries were still coming in. Three judges were invited from the University of Guam to join a panel with four other judges on Saipan. The entries, all 345 of them, were judged individually on their own merits. Points were added up, and those with the highest points in each category took the top prizes. It couldn't have been fairer—but whether one agrees with the judges is another matter.*

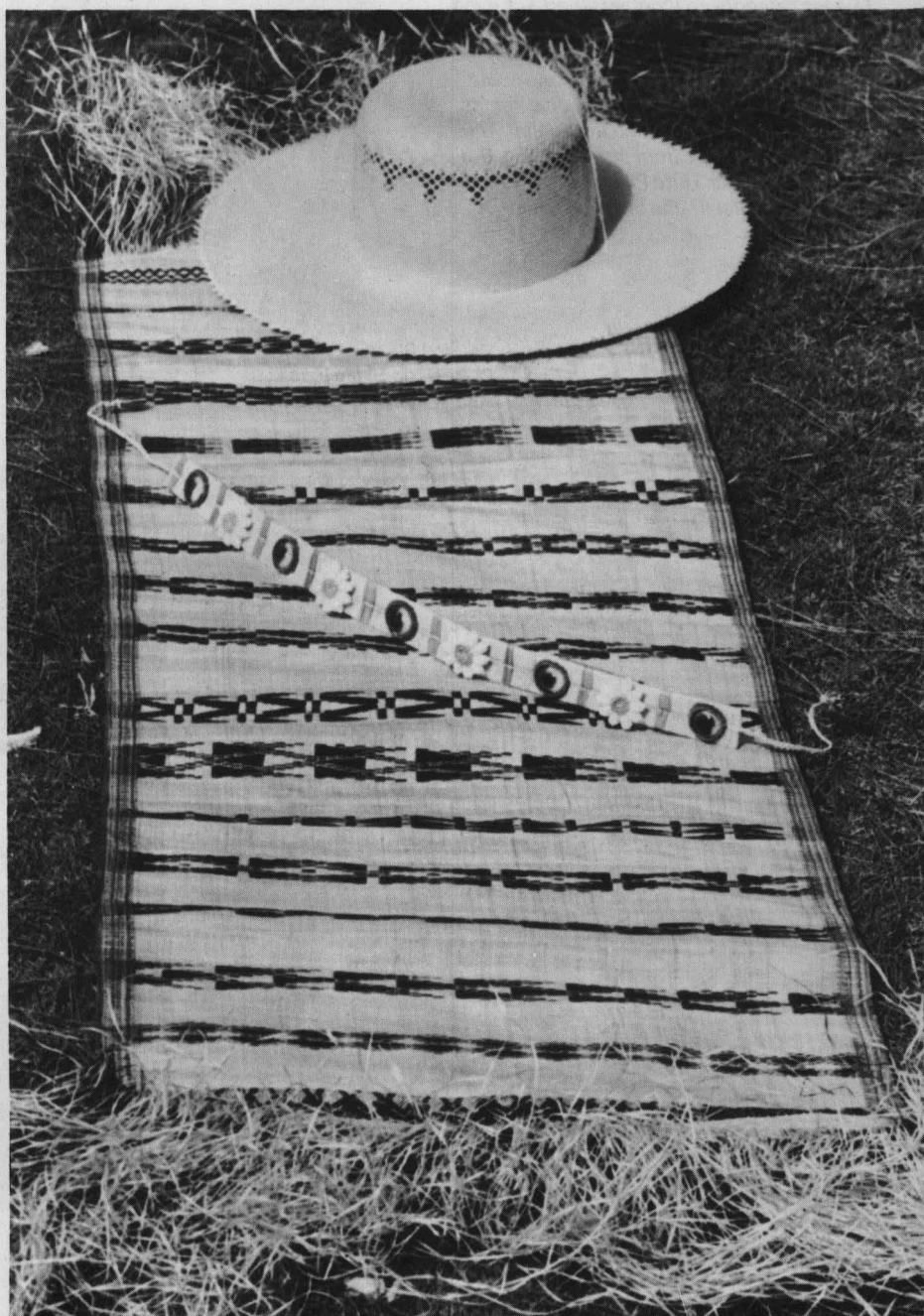
*The show opened here in Saipan on the evening of March 7, 1969 with the High Commissioner, his staff, congressmen, artists and members of the Society of Micronesia Arts & Crafts attending. This was followed by a two day public showing after which the show traveled to all district centers plus Kwajalein and Guam.*

*The show has yet to be criticized. We have received praise from all over. Most people have been surprised—not expecting a show so good with so much. I guess they didn't realize we were serious when we said we were going to put on an art show. OK. That's fine. We made our point and I'm glad. Those of you who look at Micronesia as an undeveloped country apparently had the impression that if it has any art it must be bad. Not so. As a matter of fact, this show is not the best of what Micronesia has to offer—and it's about time someone said so. Although it's good, it could be better.*

*Let's take a look at what we have on these pages:*

# WEAVING & TEXTILES

First Place  
Neimon Ertin  
Jaluit Atoll, Marshalls



Second Place  
Wine B.  
Rita, Majuro, Marshalls

Third Place  
Letawerasoig  
Ifalik, Yap

The Sculpture category was dominated by the Yapese. Where are the carvers of Palau? Too busy grinding out tourist junk to be concerned with Art? I don't know. Maybe they were just sleeping—and the same for other districts as well. Needless to say, the Best in the Show is a superb example of the carver's art—and it's unique. Someone in Saipan told me "I could do that." Well, why didn't you? One defensive attitude was "Well, the Yapese have more time than I do . . . I have to work."

Well, the Yapese work too. And they find time—and take time to carve. The judges were impressed too. The Sculpture category received the highest points of any category. The three top winners are perfect specimens of products of patience, skill and ingenuity.

It's interesting to note how well First Place and Second Place in the Weaving and Textiles category go together—perhaps even belong together. When you put the hat band around the hat, then you really have a winner. Of the many baskets entered, not one could match the impeccable woven qualities of the hat by a Marshallese woman from Jaluit. The hat band also comes from the Marshalls. But it's back to Yap for Third Place, a lava-lava by a housewife on Ifalik—the only lava-lava entered.

# JEWELRY

Second Place  
Dolores de Brum Laien  
Rita, Majuro, Marshalls

First Place  
Alfonso M. Taimanao  
Saipan, Marianas

Third Place  
Rosebet L.  
Laura, Majuro, Marshalls

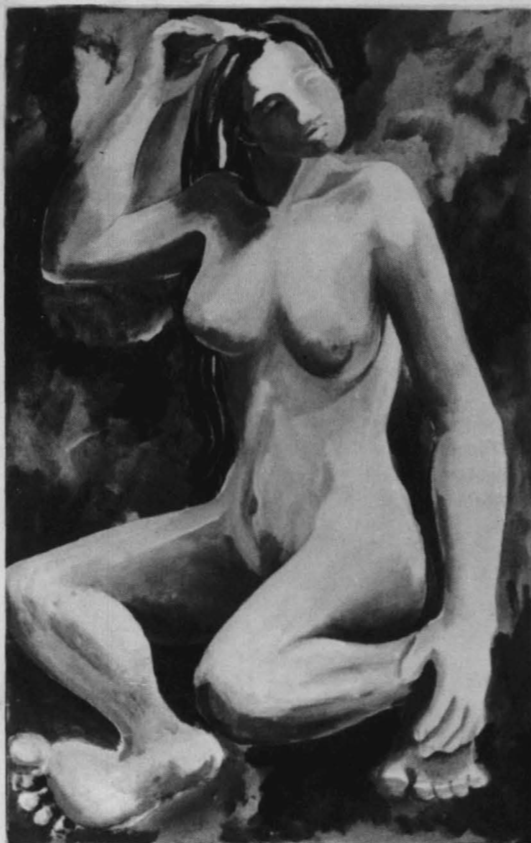




First Place  
G. P. Daniels  
Truk

*The judges were somewhat unpredictable in the Jewelry category selecting Alfonso Taimanao's frilly fan as First Place. Although the fan is colorful and fun—and different, I question whether it deserves top prize. A lovely, but rather ordinary, Marshallese shell purse took Second Place and a handstrung shell necklace beat out some of the other rather commercial-looking ones for Third Place.*

*The Painting category is one that I beg to differ with the judges. G.P. Daniels of Truk submitted several paintings of which one captured First Place. It is at this point I run into some difficulty—rather like Betty White describing the Tournament of Roses Parade to viewers who have black and white TV sets.*

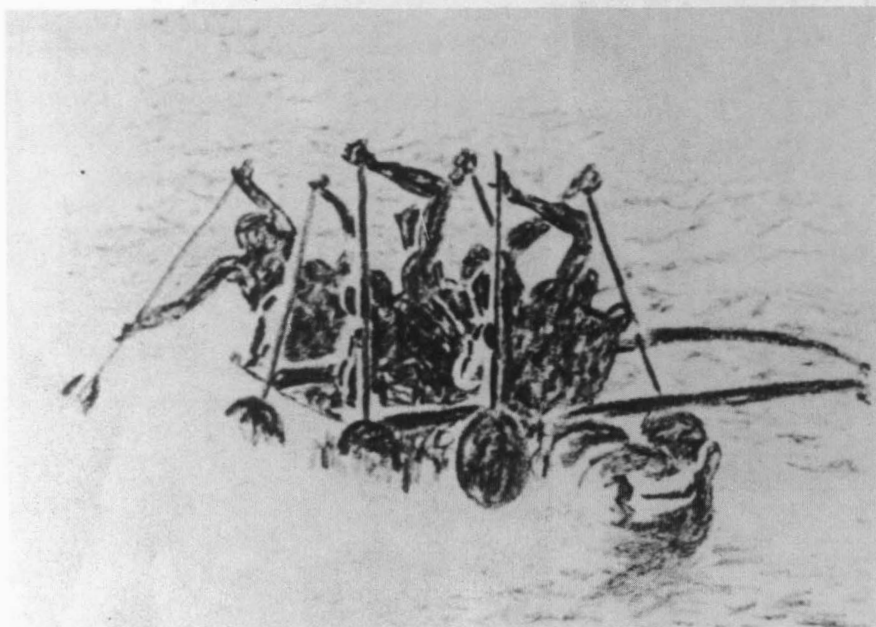


Second Place  
Stanley Kenrad  
Yap

# PAINTING

Third Place  
Trudy Moncrief  
Koror, Palau





**First Place**  
Trudy Moncrief  
Koror, Palau

*It's a colorful painting with taro leaves rendered in bright reds and yellows behind a brown-skinned Trukese man—somewhat reminiscent of Gauguin. Perhaps the judges were impressed by its primitive quality. But unfortunately it is not anywhere near Gauguin as a work of art. It's heavily mannered and overworked. It lacks the freshness of Trudy Moncrief's "Textures and Patterns in a Green Landscape" which won Third Place. Here is a painter who can paint. She uses the medium to create form and texture in space. But Daniel's Trukese man is flat. He paints like he's filling in between the lines. Second Place winner Stanley Kenrad's nude is better as a painting. But it does lack the refining touches of a skilled and experienced painter. It's promising for a beginner.*

Trudy Moncrief leads the Drawing category with her charcoal drawing "Paddlers Against the Sunset." It's a drawing that captures the spirit of the activity rather than registering every single detail. In Second Place a capable, if not imaginative, pastel drawing of "something I've seen somewhere before" unfortunately lacks depth into the subject (probably because the subject was a photograph instead of the real thing). A drawing by multi-talented Janet Gillmar comes in third. Her excellent watercolors in the Painting category virtually went unnoticed by the judges. But, the competition wasn't quite as stiff for drawings which is why she fared better here.

One of the most outstanding entries in the entire show was relegated to Third Place in the Mixed Media category. This was unfortunate. It is highly imaginative—an

# DRAWING

**Second Place**  
Jean B. Bollinger  
Saipan, Marianas



**Third Place**  
Janet Gillmar  
Kolonia, Ponape



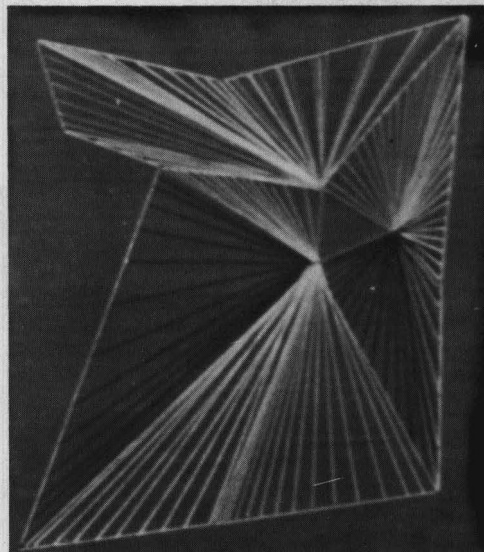




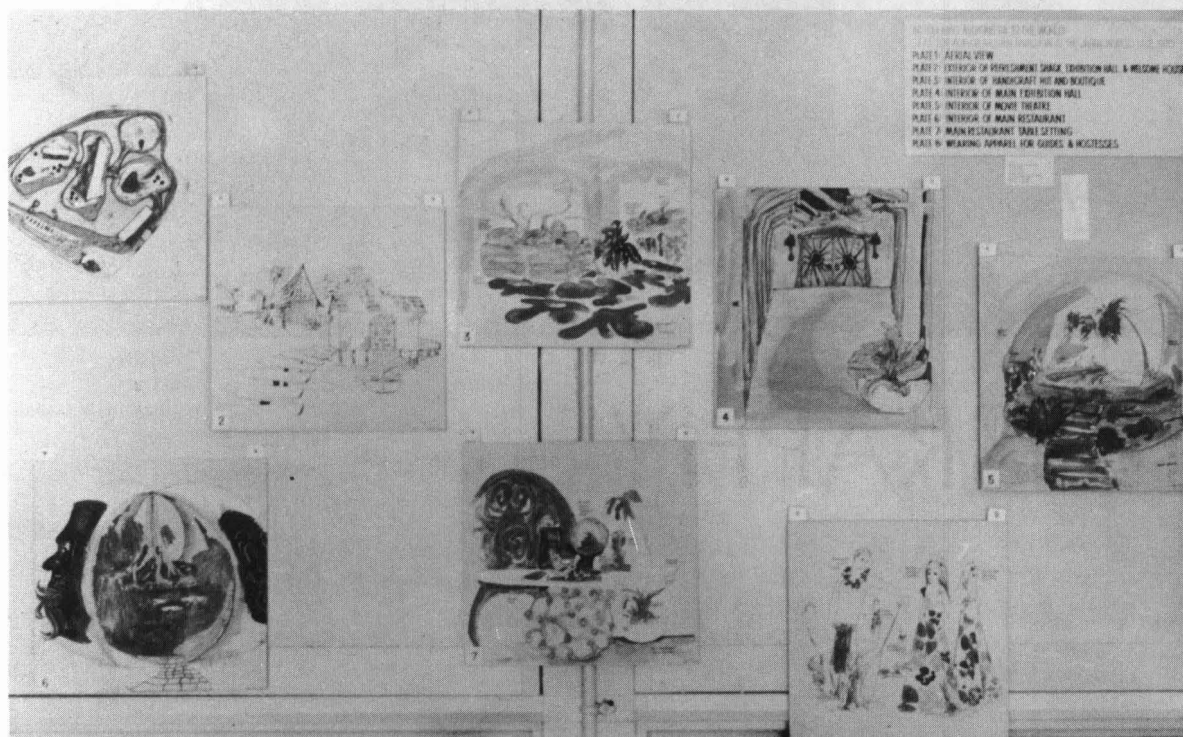
First Place  
Stanley Kenrad  
Yap

important prerequisite in my opinion—and extremely well done. Entitled "Introducing Micronesia to the World" the entry consists of eight plates depicting ideas for a Micronesian pavilion at the 1970 Japan World's Fair. It is thorough in its planning, unique in design which utilizes Micronesian motifs and materials, and professional in its presentation. The "Call for Entries" brochure asked for experimentation: "The field is yours. Experiment." But the judges seemed to favor a print by Stanley Kenrad (First Place) and a design in thread by Dan Doorn (Second Place) over the imaginative entry by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Harris.

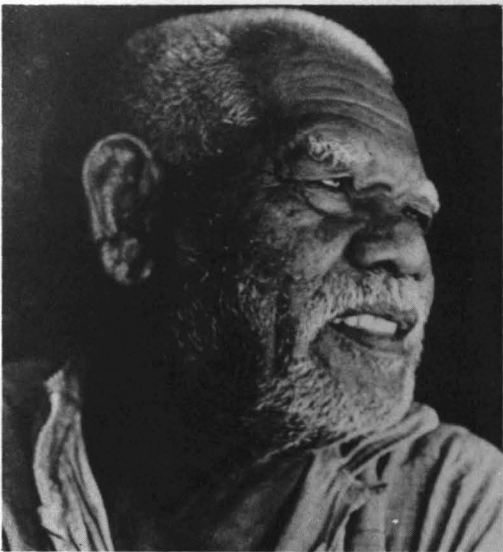
Second Place  
Dan Doorn  
Saipan, Marianas



# MIXED MEDIA



Third Place  
Mr. and Mrs. Harris  
Majuro, Marshalls



First Place  
Mel Carr  
Kwajalein, Marshalls

Unexpectedly, a high percentage of photographs came from Global Associates employees in Kwajalein. Mel Carr won both First and Third Places for his sensitive portraits of an old Marshallese man and an old Marshallese woman. The judges seemed to favor people as subject matter except in the case of Richard Goff's photograph of a bombed-out building on Peleliu (see "The Landscape of War," *Micronesian Reporter*, First Quarter 1969) which captured Second Place. But such wasn't the case for some other excellent photographs which seemed to miss out because of subject matter.

A bright spot in the show was the Children's category—mainly because of how children look at things. The six year old who won First Place has an amazing feeling for color (here again that "Betty White" problem). Take my word for it, if you will. It is a color tone poem of soft, rich patterns. Remarkably sensitive. The art of children never ceases to fascinate me, their fresh uncomplicated approach to things is unlike many of their older counterparts. I think we lose our freedom when we grow old. Anyway, one thing you don't expect from a child is a high



Second Place  
Richard Goff  
Koror, Palau



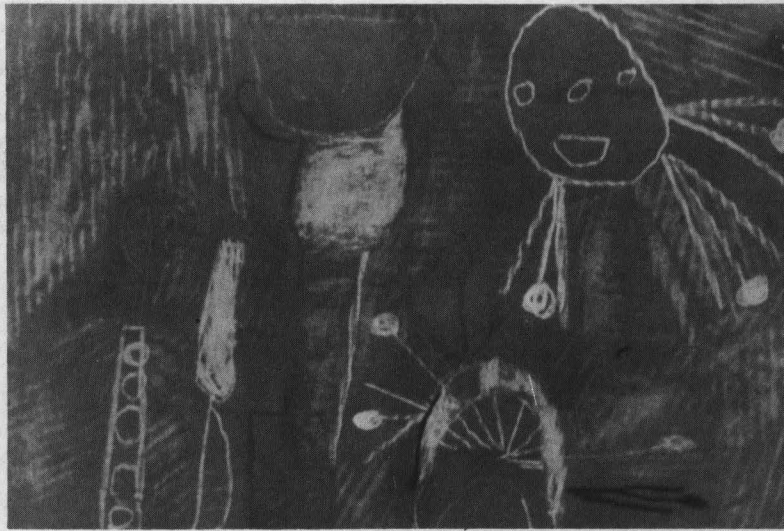
Third Place  
Mel Carr  
Kwajalein, Marshalls

# PHOTOGRAPHY



degree of sophistication and professionalism. "Shadows" by eight year old Mark Hobson is an exception to this statement. This Second Place winner could have competed with the adults and still have done well. Statements like "You must remember, it was done by a child" is just a nice way to say "It isn't very good is it?" No chance of this happening in Hobson's case. A delightful rendition entitled "Birds" takes the Third Place spot. It is the work of a ten year old Yapese student named Modfel.

Now the First Annual Micronesia Arts Festival is history. "A great achievement" some have said. And I agree. But it will take time before the real benefits will be felt. A few artists have received recognition and praise. We hope, now, that these artists will be encouraged by their success in this year's festival. After all, this is really just the beginning.



First Place  
Sulog  
Gurror, Yap

# CHILDREN'S ART



Third Place  
Modfel  
Rull, Yap

Second Place  
Mark Hobson  
Koror, Palau

# THE LEGENDARY HISTORY OF YAP

*as told to Frank Molinski by Raphael Uag*

*This quarter, the Micronesian Reporter continues its adaptation of "The Legendary History of Yap,"—tales from that district's prehistory as related to Frank Molinski by Raphael Uag, the knowledgeable and dedicated curator of the Yap Museum. Our first installment narrated the time when only spirits lived on Yap and then told of their first encounter with human beings—Won and Libya, a wandering couple from Malaya. At the close of the first installment, Won and Libya departed for Guam, but they left behind one daughter, Ruliya. For a time she lived happily among the spirits, content to be the only human on the island. But her serenity was not destined to last: love, infidelity, despair came with the arrival of two more human beings...*

## Chapter Three: The Couple from India

One day, the four persons in Thoolong were sitting around when a human couple walked toward them. The human couple stopped a few feet from the others. Both groups stared at each other.

Then Nomow said, "Where did you come from?"

The man said, "We came from the northwest."

"What do you want us to do?" said Nomow.

"Nothing. We just came to visit," said the man.

"How did you know we were here?" asked Nomow.

The man turned and whispered a few words to his wife and then they both laughed. And then the man said to Nomow, "We knew you were here. That's why we came here."

"Is there anything you want? Do you want something to eat or drink?" asked Nomow.

"No," said the man, "we do not want anything now."

"Well, since you don't want anything to eat or drink, are you leaving now or do you want to stay awhile?"

The man turned to his wife, she nodded her head, and he said to Nomow, "No, we are not going to leave. We are going to stay for awhile."

Nomow said, "Then sit down." And they all sat down and talked. They talked about the man's trip.

Nomow said, "Are you going to stay here with us, until you want to leave, for wherever you want to go, or do you have a place to go?"

The man said, "We are planning to stay until my wife has a baby, because she is now pregnant. After she has the baby, we can leave. After the baby is born, then we will discuss with you if we shall live with you or go back to where we came from."

Nomow said, "What is your name and what is your wife's name?"

The man said, "My name is Wan and my wife's name is Rayina."

Nomow said, "What is the name of the place where you are from?"

"We came from India," said Wan.

Now, there were three humans and three spirits in Thoolong.

Ruliya was not happy about Wan and his wife. Wan and Rayina were humans. Ruliya who was also human had enjoyed living with spirits. But now she was not happy about the new humans living so near.

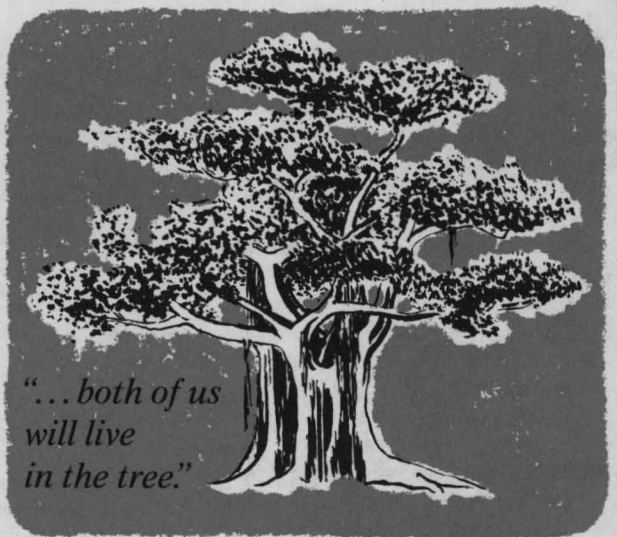
One day Thigach told Nomow why Ruliya had not been happy.

Nomow said, "It is all right. We will wait until Maraalog comes to visit us. Then we will tell him and he will tell us what to do."

Then one day Maraalog came to Thoolong to visit. He did not know that Wan and Rayina were there. As he walked to the house in Thoolong, he saw Wan and Rayina and thought they were there to kill the others.

Maraalog looked for a stick to fight with but he could not find one. As he walked to the house, Nomow saw him and saw that he was angry. Nomow was afraid of Maraalog so he did not say anything.

Maraalog looked for some weapons that Wan and Rayina might have brought. He found nothing. And he





walked, back and forth, for a few minutes. Finally, he stopped walking. He was not upset anymore.

Nomow said to him, "Now sit down. Let's sit down and talk about it."

Nomow said, "We have a problem here. Ruliya does not like the new couple. She wants to leave."

Maraalog said, "We will call Thigach here and we will talk together."

When Thigach arrived, she said, "Ruliya cannot stand it anymore, and if she leaves, I will go with her because she is my best friend."

Maraalog said, "It is all right if you go with Ruliya, but don't go very far away. Comfort her and make her feel good so she will come home."

Thigach then went to see Ruliya.

Thigach said, "Are you going to leave right now?"

"Yes, I'm going," said Ruliya.

Thigach said, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to live inside a banyan tree, near our house," said Ruliya. And then she went outside and pointed to the tree, which had big roots above ground. The tree was so big and the roots so high, there was enough room to live in between the roots.

Thigach said, "I will pack my things, and both of us will live in the tree."

While the two women packed, Maraalog and Nomow continued to talk. Maraalog asked, "What are the names of these people and where did they come from?"

"The man's name is Wan and the woman's name is Rayina. They have come from India. Rayina is expecting a baby and they will stay until the baby is born. And then we will discuss where they will go," said Nomow.

Maraalog said, "And your house? Is it crowded?"

"Yes, we are having a problem," said Nomow. "The house is too crowded now, and when the baby is born the place will be even more crowded."

Maraalog was becoming happy. He knew that Wan and Rayina were not going to hurt them, but rather visit and live with them. He said, "I am going now and I will be back tomorrow with some friends and we will build another house."

After Maraalog left, Wan said to Nomow, "I was scared because that man was angry at first. I was afraid he was going to beat us up."

Nomow said, "He was not going to beat you up. He was just afraid of you, because he did not know who you were. After he understood, he was happy."

Wan said, "Who is that man? Is he one of your relatives?"

Nomow said, "Yes, he is my brother."

The next morning Maraalog came with his friends. They had everything worked out and built the house in three hours. The house was built about 200 feet away from the other house. The land that the house was on was named Towol.

In the evening everyone went back to the old house to eat. After dinner, Maraalog asked Wan, "When is your wife going to have a baby?"

Wan answered, "In about two months."

Once Maraalog had returned to his home, he sent



out his spirit friends to tell all the spirits on Yap to send a representative to his place, which he called Madlukan. After all the representatives arrived, Maraalog said to them, "I visited my family yesterday and was happy because a human couple had moved in with my family. The woman is expecting a baby in about two months. So when the child is born, all of us will go there and have a small feast."

One of Maraalog's spirit friends said, "But we need to practice a dance for the feast. We will go to our houses and start practicing."

Everyone practiced dances for about two months. And then one day the first human baby was born on Yap. The child was a boy and was named Aol. Word was sent to Maraalog and then the next day he came to visit the child. The feast was set for seven days from the child's birth, six days from the day he visited.

The day of the feast came and everyone came to Thoolong. They gathered in the morning and in the afternoon they started eating.

That night everyone went to the big dance. It was very dark when everyone arrived. One of the last groups of people to arrive were Ruliya and Thigach. The two of them sat a short distance from Wan and his family.

The dance continued until dawn. And just before dawn there was to be one more dance. As the dance started there was more light to see.

Wan saw and stared at Ruliya. He knew that she was not a spirit. This was the first time he knew that she was human.

Soon Wan's wife gave him the baby to hold. He held the baby and continued to look at Ruliya. He stared at Ruliya until the dance was over.

The dance was over and Ruliya and Thigach got up and walked to their tree-house. Wan continued to look at Ruliya. He watched her go to the tree. He then knew where she lived. Wan's wife did not see him staring.

And that morning, after Wan had gone home and

the baby was fed, Wan told his wife he was going for a walk. Wan walked near the tree-house. He really wanted to talk to Ruliya, but he was afraid. He went home.

The next day, after breakfast, he walked to the tree-house. This time he went in. Ruliya and Thigach were inside sitting on the floor. Wan just stood there and stared at Ruliya. Thigach said, "Why are you here?"

Wan said, "I have just come for a walk, and decided to see you."

Ruliya got up and went outside to get some grass for a grass skirt. Wan stared at her as she left. After she had gone, Wan said, "I want to marry Ruliya."

Thigach said, "You can't marry Ruliya, because you're already married and you have a child. You cannot have two wives at the same time. The two wives would argue and quarrel. It would not be fair to them."

Wan said, "I don't care. I really want to marry her. And I can support the two of them."

Thigach said, "I have nothing to say. If you really want her, you can marry her if she accepts. But it is not fair to her. And if you really want her, you can ask my brother Nomow. If Nomow and Maraalog agree, then it is all right."

Thigach got up and went to get some grass for a grass skirt. Ruliya returned to the tree-house.

Wan said, "I am planning to marry you. What do you think?"

Ruliya said, "No, I don't want to marry you. You are married and have a child. It is not fair for two women to have one man."

Wan said, "Do not worry. I can make everything clear between the two of you and you won't be hating each other. All of us will be happy."

Ruliya said, "I don't care. I don't want to separate you from your wife."

Wan said, "Please. I really want to marry you because the first time I saw you I fell in love with you. I can take care of you and my wife, too."



Ruliya said, "If that is what you really want then it is okay with me. But I cannot say whether I like you or not. I have been staying with these people in Thoolong for a long time. If they want you to marry me, then I want to; if they don't approve, then I don't want to marry you."

Wan said, "What is in your mind? Do you really like me as I have liked you since I first saw you, or don't you like me?"

Ruliya said, "I like you, but I can't say yes."

Thigach returned and the three of them talked, but they did not talk any more about the marriage. After awhile Wan said, "I am going, but I will come back tomorrow."

Thigach then asked Ruliya, "What do you think of Wan's proposal? Will you marry him and go with him?"

Ruliya said, "I have nothing to say. If your brothers, Nomow, Maraalog, and your sister, Terfan, agree to the marriage then I will marry him."

The next day Nomow sent someone to get Maraalog. In a few days, Maraalog came to Thoolong. When he arrived, Nomow sent Terfan to get Ruliya and Thigach.

So they arrived and everyone sat down. Nomow asked Thigach, "Now, could you tell me what Wan told you?"

Thigach said, "Wan came over to me and he told me he wanted to marry Ruliya. I told him he could not because he was already married and had a child. But he said it was all right because he really liked Ruliya and he could support two wives. I then asked Ruliya what she had to say, and she had nothing to say. And if Maraalog, Nomow and I approve, Ruliya will agree."

Nomow said, "Do you want to marry Wan?"

Ruliya said, "My feelings do not matter. I cannot say if I will marry him or not. If you say I should marry him, I will. If you say I cannot marry him, I will not."

Maraalog said, "We will send someone to get Wan." Terfan was then told to get Wan, but before she had left, Wan was seen coming to the house. Wan came into the house and sat down with the others.

Maraalog asked Wan, "You asked Ruliya to marry you. Can you support her and your own wife too?"

Wan said, "Yes, I can. When I saw her I liked her, and even though I am married, I know I can support her."

Maraalog asked Wan, "Can you settle things between Ruliya and Rayina, so they won't fight?"

Wan answered, "Yes, I can."

Maraalog then said to everyone, "Now, everything is up to Ruliya, Wan, and Wan's wife. It is all right with me."

The next day Wan helped his wife clean the house and feed the baby. He told his wife, "I'm going for a walk. I will be back later." He then went to the tree-house and found Ruliya and Thigach there.

He asked Thigach, "What do you think?"

She said, "I have nothing more to say."

He turned to Ruliya and asked her the same question. She answered, "If you really want to marry me, you can."

Wan said, "Now everything is settled. I will go and build a house for you to live in."

Wan then built a house near Thoolong.



*"Don't ever come to Tawol  
and see me and the baby again."*



After the house was built, Ruliya moved into it. Thigach moved back with her brother and sister.

Every day Wan visited Ruliya. In the morning, Wan helped his wife feed the baby and then told her he was going for a walk. Each day Wan returned to his house in Tawol later and later. Then one day his wife Rayina said to him, "Is there anything that has been keeping you away? I have noticed you have been getting home later and later."

Wan said, "Each day I have been walking farther away. Today I might walk farther. Maybe tomorrow I will walk even farther."

Rayina said, "Don't fool me. Maybe you have found someone like us?"

Wan said, "No, I haven't found someone anywhere. It is just that I've been walking farther each day." Rayina knew Wan was lying, but she did not say anything.

The next day after breakfast and after Wan helped Rayina clean, he asked her, "May I go for a walk?" She said, "Of course. Go ahead."

After Wan had left the house Rayina wrapped the baby up and followed Wan. Wan was so anxious to get to Ruliya's house he did not see Rayina following him. Rayina had never followed him before and he did not think she would follow him.

Wan got to Ruliya's house and sat on the porch. Ruliya sat next to him. And then Rayina came near the house and stood at a fence which surrounded the house. Rayina said, "So you have been fooling me all the time. Don't ever come to Tawol and see me and the baby again." Rayina turned and left.

Ruliya turned to Wan, "See what happened? I thought you said you would make everything clear between us two."

Wan said, "Don't worry. I will go back and settle

things. I will go to Tawol and calm my wife and be back tomorrow."

Ruliya said, "No. Go back to your wife and stay with her. I will go back to Thoolong and stay with Thigach, Nomow, and Terfan."

Wan said, "Please don't go. I will be back to see you tomorrow."

Ruliya said, "Very well, I will wait for you."

When he got to his home, it was dark. At his house he called to his wife. She was inside, but she did not answer. Wan kept calling, again and again, but she did not answer. Finally she did answer and he explained to her how he felt about Ruliya, that he still liked her, and that he could support the two of them.

Rayina said she did not like the idea of Wan marrying Ruliya too. The talk continued until dawn. Finally Rayina agreed with Wan. She said, "If that is the way you want it, I agree, but I will stay here and Ruliya will stay there. I don't want Ruliya here, at least now."

So Wan went to Ruliya's house and to Rayina's house everyday for sometime. Then Ruliya got pregnant. Rayina then said to Wan, "Now, we will go to Ruliya's house and help her deliver the baby." Rayina helped Ruliya deliver the baby. The baby was a girl and she was named "Mitin". Then about a month after it was born Rayina said she was going to Tawol.

Now everything was settled between the two women. Rayina and Ruliya visited each other and each helped the other care for her child.

Rayina and Ruliya continued to visit one another for many years. Each woman gave birth to two more children. The two women became very good friends.

All of the two women's children grew up and were ready for marriage and one day Rayina asked Ruliya, "What should we do now that all our children are ready to get married?"

Ruliya said, "We should ask Wan. He will tell us what to do." So that evening the two families had dinner at Tawol in Rayina's house. The two women asked Wan what they should do with the children.

Wan said, "My plan is for the people here to increase, but if we are to follow my ideas, Rayina's children and Ruliya's children will not be allowed to intermarry. My custom is that children should take on the same clan as their father and in this case all the children would be in the same clan. It should be the custom that children of the same clan must not marry. "But," continued Wan, "if you decide they should marry, then they can." The three adults talked some more and finally decided that the children should take on the clan of the mother, which in this case, was a different clan.

Rayina's clan became known as the *Yarwoe* from Tawol. Ruliya's clan became known as the *Ngabnaw* clan from Rilach.

Rayina's oldest son, Aol, married Ruliya's oldest daughter, Mitin. Ruliya's oldest son, also named Aol, married Rayina's oldest daughter, Mitlee.

Many years passed and these couples had children and as time passed these children grew up, got married and had children. Many more years passed.

No more is known about Wan, Rayina, and Ruliya.

# TINIAN: ISLAND IN WAITING

by P. F. Kluge

Just three miles off the southern coast of Saipan, where I had lived for almost two years, lay the island of Tinian—a low, gray silhouette even on clear days, when the island would be curtailed from view by mist rising from waves pounding in from the Philippine Sea or by the smoke of fires that seemed to frequently break out in the brushlands on the island's flat north end. Tinian, to me, was a silhouette glimpsed in the evening, a vague destination which I felt I ought to see before leaving the Marianas for good. I knew, from flying overhead, that the northern tip of the island was furrowed by four 8,500 foot runways that the Seabees had bulldozed and surfaced and abandoned a quarter of a century ago. I knew, too, that off to one side of the airstrips and somewhat isolated from the main area, were two bomb loading pits and that two of the bombs loaded from these pits into B-29's had been atomic bombs and had put an end to World War II—and to Tinian's brief claims upon the attention of the world. To satisfy my own sense of history and to appease relatives who would want to see slides, I knew it would sometime be necessary to visit Tinian. Still there was no particular urgency about the mission and a lot of other farther spots in the Trust Territory had more pressing stories to tell. But then, the rumors started—about planes visiting Tinian now and then, about Okinawa's return to Japan, about visiting groups—supposedly military—looking over the old airstrips, the roads, breakwater, and docks. These were only rumors and rumors are cheap. But it also seemed somewhat naive to expect anything more than rumors at this time and, if other people were becoming curious about

Tinian, it was time that I became curious too... A World War II vintage M-Boat churns the rough water from Saipan to Tinian twice a week...

The Tinian Hotel had four rooms and I was the only guest. A battered U-shaped building with the remnants of a patio garden between its wings, the hotel has suffered from time and typhoons, has been knocked down and nailed up, in the decades since it served as the residence of General Curtis Le May. Today the hotel is a much older, quieter place and yet Le May was not gone altogether: I saw him in uniform, chomping a cigar and fondling a bomber in his fist, staring out from the cover of a Time magazine, several months old, neatly featured at the center of a coffee table in the dining room. I found myself wondering what—if any—celebrations were held here the night the *Enola Gay* came safely home.

"We've been very busy lately, a lot of brass," remarked Henry Fleming, the stooped elderly gentleman, half-Marshalllese, half-Scottish, who lives with his wife on the premises and takes care of whatever guests arrive. Fleming was not talking about his hotel, which is often empty, but of Tinian, which may soon be very full. "One day we had three generals and three colonels. Usually they come in the morning, on a plane, and they leave in the afternoon. Sometimes they stay overnight."

Since early February admirals and generals, captains and colonels come and go here," observed Tinian's mayor, Jose R. Cruz, a busy, stocky man in his late thirties, whose forays into politics through the Congress of Micronesia and journalism (through an acid underground monthly called the "Micronesian Free Press") have made him one of the Territory's most controversial figures. "In the beginning, they came in civilian clothes, civvies, but then I got a little nosey and the people accompanying them started asking direct questions. Then they started coming in uniforms. They go straight to the dock, check the bad spots, places needing repairs. They check all the airfields. They bring maps with them..."

If you turn one of those maps of Tinian to read from south to north, it resembles Manhattan. When the Seabees transformed the coral island into



an aircraft carrier in 1945, they caught the resemblance and made use of it. Many of the hundreds of miles of roads are gone now, choked off and uprooted by the tanga-tanga seeded from air after the war. But people still talk of Eighth Avenue and Park, Grand Avenue and Fifth, 42nd and 110th streets. One road remains, one open thoroughfare, long and straight. You can still swing down Broadway on Tinian, five miles of it; swing past empty fields, thickets of underbrush straining towards the road shoulder and eventually obliterating two of four lanes; swing past the Jones and Guerrero cattle ranch, past the West-Field airstrips, down to the tip of the island, the North Field airstrips and the A-bomb pits.

What would the military find if they came to Tinian tomorrow? An island in limbo. Of the past there is plenty of evidence, of the future, there is ample rumor, but of the present little to say. A sign near the rusting military harbor reads "Welcome To Tinian, Gateway to Economic Development," but the passing decades have left most of the three mile-by-ten mile island undisturbed, along with the seven hundred inhabitants of its only village, San Jose. A few years ago, the Trust Territory government leased one third of the island to Ken Jones, a Guam-based millionaire with a taste for ranching and an eye on the lucrative military market on Guam. Thirty-eight Tinian men are on Jones' payroll, tending his two thousand cattle and thousand pigs. This influx of private outside capital, along with government-funded typhoon reconstruction, has brought the island to full employment—a unique situation in the Trust Territory.

Still, the island leaves an overall impression of emptiness or, more than emptiness, of absence. Before the invasion, the Japanese had 90% of Tinian's arable land in sugar cane—approximately 25,000 acres. Today, according to Mayor Cruz, about five men are engaged in farming, cultivating—mostly by hand—some 25 or 30 acres. Yet, Tinian still has a reputation as a farming island and with good transportation, aggressive marketing, and some reprieve from typhoons, the island could produce. Today, however, it does not and even the especially promising Marpo Valley—500 acres of dark rich volcanic soil—is mostly fallow.

Tinian's people seem aware of what

changes the military might bring to their sleepy village. (One movie house, a modest cockfight arena, and a couple small bar-stores constitute the local economy today). Vegetables occasionally find their way to market and someone has passed the word about money in handicrafts—but these amount to little more than catching coconut crabs, splashing them with laquer, and nailing or glueing them to boards or driftwood. The bars, movie, and cockfights would be much busier if Okinawa were transplanted to Tinian; indeed, the souvenir-starved airmen might buoy the market for laquered coconut crabs. No one seems to object to the prospect.

"We might slaughter the cattle and throw them over the fence," mused Mike Wright, the hard-working Australian who spends twelve hours a day struggling to turn Jones' cattle ranch into a profitable operation.

And the mayor of Tinian, controversial Joe Cruz, seemed thoroughly in favor of a military entrance. Cruz, who expects that "something might come by the end of this year" reasons "We have nothing to lose by bringing in the military. I have talked with leaders, ordinary people, farmers and fishermen, and they're all for it. With open hearts, they immediately reply they're in favor of it."

Cruz listed the benefits of a military base and they were just about what you would expect from a mayor who today presides over a hot, flat, little-visited island full of tanga-tanga. "All these years we've been squawking about marketing produce. We had no way of marketing the hogs or chickens we grew. With the military we'd have good communications and transportation. We could ask them how many cucumbers they want and we could deliver the cucumbers to the galley. Or they could pick them up at the farm. Tinian is a farming island. If the farmers are happy then everybody will be happy.

"Our roads would be continuously maintained. We have four highways on this island. Only two are in use—and they're in trouble because of lack of shoulder maintenance. If we don't maintain these roads we will lose them sooner or later. Roots are breaking into the blacktop.

"We'd have medical care. I'm sure the military will welcome our emergency cases here.

"Only one thing. We'll have problems

with our girls, with ambitious boys coming downtown. All kinds of honkey-tonk. We'll have problems in the village."

Mindful of these "problems in the village," and—perhaps—of his own position, Cruz argues that civil government should be retained if the military comes in. He also wants a strong police force.

Other Tinian people bring up their worries—small ones—about a military base: red tape that might hamper travel to and from the island, restricted access to certain popular beaches. But none of the severe cultural and political problems that might arise in other districts seem to threaten Tinian. There is no deep, integral culture to be violated. Only a few dozen Micronesians lived on Tinian during the Japanese era and the current residents are relative latecomers, having constituted an expatriate Chamorro colony on Yap until they were shifted to Tinian in the late forties. There is less reason for them to oppose a military base here—which is just as well, perhaps, since much of the island is under "military retention" and the most that might be required for a return to these areas is some negotiation with the Trust Territory government.

The Tinian people never really have been in a position to discount the military: Goat Island, an uninhabited Gibraltar-like hulk three miles across the water from San Jose Village is still used for practice runs by Guam-based bombers. Every few months, the island is declared off limits to the fishermen and hunters who go there to shoot wild goats and gather coconut crabs. Then, sometimes, the Tinian people can hear explosions, even feel them. By night, they look for flashes over on Goat Rock.

Not long after the war, when Father Marcian Pellett was building the cathedral whose pink hulk now dominates the village, he went down to the Northfield airstrips in search of materials. The upper section of the cathedral—the clerestory—is fashioned of plasterboard taken from the buildings in which the A-Bomb components were assembled prior to loading. Today an older Father Marcian spends much of his time repairing aged or damaged religious statues, painting and plastering. He showed me a new head he had fashioned for an infant Jesus cradled by the Virgin Mary

on a statue dating from the Spanish administration of the islands. Father Marcian is also something of an archaeologist who has published a paper on his diggings in the vicinity of the prehistoric stone pillars (or latte stones) which are found in half dozen locations around the island. As to the military: "Personally, I'd hate to see it. But it wouldn't bother me—my work."

I had wanted to see the Northfield airstrips and the A-Bomb pits now, before whatever was going to happen to them would happen. I sped down Broadway, one of the few roads in the Trust Territory where one can freely speed. On my right were Jones' cattle and the massive old Japanese power plant he is converting into a slaughterhouse; on my left thickets of tangan-tangan and—in the distance—Saipan. At this angle the channel between the islands, deep and fast, was out of sight and the two islands appeared as one. The prairie scene was wide and sweeping and rustic and it seemed that the millionaire's cattle might graze their way up the Alpine slopes of Mount Tagpochau.

After several miles, the road curved and descended; the tangan-tangan crowded even closer to the shoulder, straining to complete an arch overhead; a turn to the left onto another road through even denser vegetation. I saw two rusted helmets at the edge of the road. Not worth stopping for—instead of American or Japanese they look German to me, and that, I know, is absurd. A right brings me onto a recently bulldozed dirt track and through a low, dry meadow. I am listening to the Grand Ole Opry from Nashville, Tennessee, brought my way courtesy of Armed Forces Radio. There is no other station to be received.

Today the airfield the *Enola Gay* called home is desolate and abandoned; there are no more planes; the quonsets are all gone. Only miles of hot macadam channeled through thickets of underbrush. Ranks of tangan-tangan press against the runway, bent forward, working in unison to uproot the outrageous thousands of acres of pavement that were pounded into the coral twenty-five years ago. At the edges, they have sometimes succeeded and I see chunks of pavement bent and upended; here and there advance parties of vines and weeds snake onto the hot deck or a single scrub pine clings to a foothold on

the runway. Yet, in general, the airfield, is intact and one suspects that a bulldozer could erase all these small victories in a matter of days.

The intersecting access roads connecting the airstrips, the parallels and diagonals, create a hot, baffling labyrinth and I find myself trying to recall Samuel Johnson's definition of interstices. Someone has marked the route to the A-Bomb pits with yellow arrows painted on the pavement but even with these aids, it's as much a matter of following your instincts as much as the arrows. I drove down an alley through the brush, across the four runways, and then to the left, dodging fallen trees and occasional clumps of undergrowth. Suddenly, just as the AFRS was bringing me Nancy Sinatra's version of "Crying Time" I was on a wide parking lot which forked, splitting into two separate lots.

Set right in the middle of each lot, about two hundred yards apart, were twin monuments, or markers, or tombstones: metal plates fastened to white cement pedestals. To the rear of each was a kind of garden: a rectangular plot of reddish clay in which someone had planted some nondescript single-leaved grayish-green plants. Each plot also had a plumeria tree forcing a few yellow-white blossoms out into the hot winds that drift down the runways. Each had a palm tree at the rear of the garden. These were the pits, filled in and planted and marked. It's a desolate, out-of-the-way location and every time I went there I had the feeling that no one else had been there for years.

The metal plate at Bomb loading pit #1 carried what I thought was an admirably sober and restrained paragraph: "FROM THIS LOADING PIT THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB EVER TO BE USED IN COMBAT WAS LOADED ABOARD A B-29 AIRCRAFT AND DROPPED ON HIROSHIMA, JAPAN, AUGUST 6, 1945. THE BOMBER, PILOTED BY COLONEL PAUL W. TIBBETS, JR., USAAF, OF THE 509TH COMPOSITE GROUP, TWENTIETH AIRFORCE, UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES, WAS LOADED LATE IN THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 4, 1945 AND AT 0245 THE FOLLOWING MORNING TOOK OFF ON ITS MISSION. CAPTAIN WILLIAM S. PARSONS, USN, WAS ABOARD AS WEAPONER."

Bomb loading Pit #2, which ac-

counted for Nagasaki, carried similar information, with a final note that "On August 10, 1945, at 0300 the Japanese Emperor, without his cabinet's consent, decided to end the Pacific War." It wasn't long afterwards, I knew, that Le May and his warriors left Tinian, leaving the rusting apparatus and random litter of war behind. "When I came here in 1949, I never saw such a bulldozed place in my life," recalled Father Marcian—hundreds of acres had been bulldozed. And there were scores of quonsets. Even a half-completed hospital up on the Carolinas Plateau. You know this was supposed to be a jumping-off place for the land invasion of Japan." That was the invasion which had been ended by the planes that taxied down the runway from these loading pits.

The landscape surrounding the pits is almost as formidable as the airstrips themselves. The day I was there, a brush fire had just burnt itself out and the whole area in back of Bombing Pit #1 was scorched and blackened. Smoke meandered off the trunks of a few charred trees. As I walked the area, I could feel that the heat was still in the ground and that the fire had moved too fast for some of the snails that infest the area.

A jaunty polka played on the radio as I left the bomb pits behind a curve in the road and headed back across the airstrips and towards the village. It was curious, I thought, that in all the talk—from Micronesians and Americans—of military bases, all the supposedly pragmatic weighing of employment vs. honkytonk, better roads vs. barroom brawls, one seldom heard mentioned the fact that—to someone—a military base is a hostile installation and that, in wartime, the island that base is located on becomes a target. None of the people on Tinian or the other islands brought that up, yet it was my first thought. I know better than to linger on the thought, to impose my hesitations and reactions on other people, yet sometimes the fatality of events is inescapable. I recalled reading that in taking Tinian, the Americans subjected it to the most prolonged intensive bombing delivered by U.S. forces in World War II against a single island. Then, after the island was taken, it was the origin of flights delivering the most formidable weapons ever used in war. As I drove away from the airstrips, back down Broadway, I wondered what other superlatives were in store for Tinian.

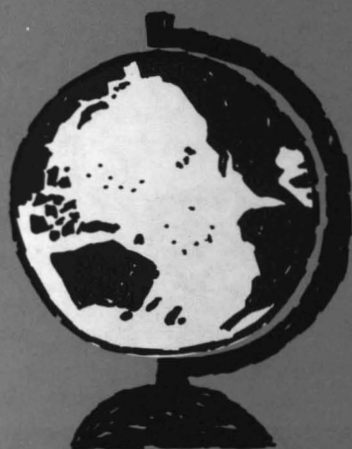


# THREE POEMS OF DOCTOR PECK

*The Trust Territory's resident poet addresses some thoughts to the Deity, fashions a Marshallese lyric, and presents a series of seven Japanese "haiku" verses on Saipan's Mount Tagpochau.*

## as I said before

God,  
I've been around the world twice  
And part way around many times—  
From Addis Ababa  
To Nkhota Kota  
From Hong Kong to Singapore to Bombay  
To London—  
So many, many times  
It would shame an astronaut.  
And here I lie in the Marianas  
Listening to Shostakovitch's  
Preludes & Fugues my daughter sent me  
Eating kim chee  
& preparing  
A speech to give in Miami next week  
An unattended surf expressing its  
terrible labor pain  
And a great sea-wind crying for me  
At the louvres!  
O God! Strike me dead!  
This isn't what I expected  
When I was your age  
At creation.



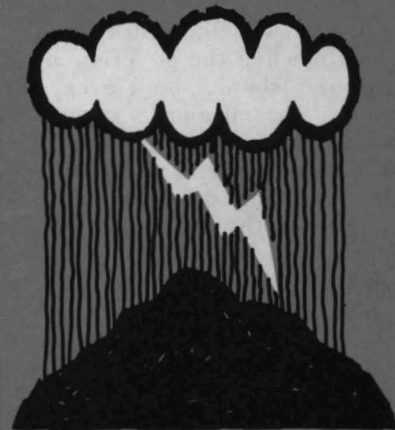
## from the ancient marshallese

Stranger from the far island  
Drink from this coconut we offer.  
Since thou be lonely  
Know that little fish  
Little flying fish from thine  
own side of the atoll  
Are rapidly flying  
Flying with the speed of kind thoughts  
To enter thy heart  
Deep in the waters of thy heart  
Where loneliness is causing a great storm  
To bring thee calm  
And heartsease  
And a message that new friends  
Become old friends.  
Drink from the sweet coconut, stranger  
Deeply . . .  
Its friendly juice.



## thanksgiving day watching a storm on mt. topachau

Now the sound of clouds  
Striking tired Topachau's  
Dejected face.  
Topachau appears  
Dejected as it accepts  
A crown of thunder.  
Disconsolately  
Topachau bows and accepts  
Its lightning-pierced crown.  
Gentle Topachau  
Appears sad and out-of-date  
In war clouds today.  
Gentle Topachau's  
Diaphanous veil doesn't  
Hide her lack of breast.  
Topachau strikes feebly  
At the cloud, shudders and hides  
Her cataract eyes.  
Mother Topachau  
Your breasts have withered, and your  
Reason become addled.



# The Left-Behind Generation

*Progress is draining the outer islands of their youth. Opportunities for advancement lure them to the district centers and beyond. But what about those who are left behind? What's to become of them?*

*essay by Valentine Sengebau*

Neglected, but not completely forgotten are the Southwest Islands in the Palau chain . . . Sonsorol, Pulo Anna, Merir, and Tobi. Only slightly tainted by the hand of the outside world, these islands are very much what they were . . . lands of green coconut trees and thatched roof huts, water pregnant with turtles, flying fish, yellowfin tuna, barracuda, sky crowded with tropical birds.

The contour of these islands: low and flat. Colors: green vegetation and long white sandy beaches with vast blue deep water that runs to embrace the distant horizon, the blue sky with white clouds chasing each other here and there. Sounds: booming of the nearby reef, swishing waves kissing the beaches, whispering tradewinds in palm trees, cries of tropical birds, the deep voice of an old man making his canoe, the cracking voice of a mother calling her child, wailing of a baby asking to be picked up by affectionate arms.

One of the few contacts of these remote isles with the district center of Koror is when the government ship visits the islands about every three months. The inhabitants eagerly scan the horizon for the "god-sent" vessel when they learn of its imminent arrival. The ship means a doctor to see the sick, a priest to christen the newly-born and bless a couple in marriage, a dentist to pull teeth, a radio and weather technician to fix broken instruments, a sanitarian to show how to make a cement benjo, an education representative to bring long-due salaries and school supplies. Above all, the boat brings



Above, Main Street: Tobi. Where thatched roofs are still found. Below, only the very old and the very young remain on Pulo Anna. Most of the Southwest Islands' young have left this landscape, this life, behind.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD GOFF





Above, bent with age, a Tobian man trundles a bag of copra. And below, an elderly Sonsorolese lady walks to church.



Western Carolines Trading Company agents to buy the people's copra, and to sell them coveted merchandise of cigarettes, rice, sugar, etc.

The unofficial total population of the Southwest Islands is 143, Tobi with the most people. Sonsorol second, Pulo Anna third, and Merir with the fewest.

The most striking impression one gets when visiting the islands is of a generation gap, the contrast between the very young and the very old people in the islands. The people are concerned about this. "We are worried about the future of our island," said one Sonsorolese old man. "We send our children to Palau to school and what happens? They go outside of Palau to school, one or two join the Armed Forces, and most stay in Palau and work. They have no desire to come back to us. Now you can see for yourself," he told me. "Only a few old men are left and even though they're bent with age, they have to carry these sacks of copra."

There are two dispensaries, one in Sonsorol and the other in Tobi, both with health aides; and there are two ham radios and weather stations in these islands also. Three out of the four inhabited islands have elementary schools and each school has one teacher. The teacher teaches to sixth grade except at Tobi, where he teaches first to eighth grade. "It's a hard job," lamented the Tobian teacher, "to teach all the classes, but I try my best to do my job." Sonsorol and Tobi have the most students, with eleven, but Pulo Anna only has eight.

The first migration of Southwest Island people to Palau was in German times. A typhoon devastated the islands of Merir and Pulo Anna and the German government evacuated the inhabitants, intending to transfer them to Saipan. However, they requested evacuation to Palau because it is closer to their land. Later, during the Japanese occupation, the Sonsorolese and Tobians came to Palau to visit relatives. Most of these people married and stayed in Palau.

Even though Palau is made up of islands, it has its own shades of sectionalism and prejudice within these islands. Although time has modified this sentiment, every now and then Palauans refer to the Sonsorolese, Tobians, Pulo Annaians, and Merilese as people "from the islands" or as people from a "small place" (kekerel beluu). Expressions like "chad ra Meriil" (from Meriil) and "chou

Meriil" (barefooted) are some of the coined phrases that carry bad connotations which are commonly heard as crude jokes or insults to people.

Like any minority or new group that has just arrived in the United States, these people have not been quite accepted as 'Palauans'. Almost all of them speak Palauan besides their native dialect. The ones in Palau have adopted some of the Palauan customs and local ways of thinking. However, as people who cherish in their bosom their own identity, these people, especially the well-educated ones, bear some resentment for being neglected, segregated, and looked down upon.

On the islands a few residents have pick-ups, one has a jeep but almost all have canoes... means of transportation for the students to go to school and grown-ups to go to work. They paddle their unpainted canoes in the rain, on windy days, early at dawn and late at twilight, cussing the rolling waves, low tide, and hot sun. The picture may seem romantic, but the reality is frustrating.

Their expatriate hamlet in Koror Municipality is called Eang, in a beautiful location by the sea and dominated by Arakebesan hills. Eang neither has running water from the government nor electric power. Ironically, Eang is another 'Southwest island' in the physical heart of Palau, but psychologically it is foreign and isolated. Eang is seen and heard, but by the mute and deaf.

One wonders about the future of the Southwest Islands, because most of their young people are in Koror attending schools and holding jobs. Although their hearts may yearn for their home islands, they have their futures to look out for. So the young people grow up, get married, have children, with their population increasing in Koror while decreasing in the Southwest Islands.

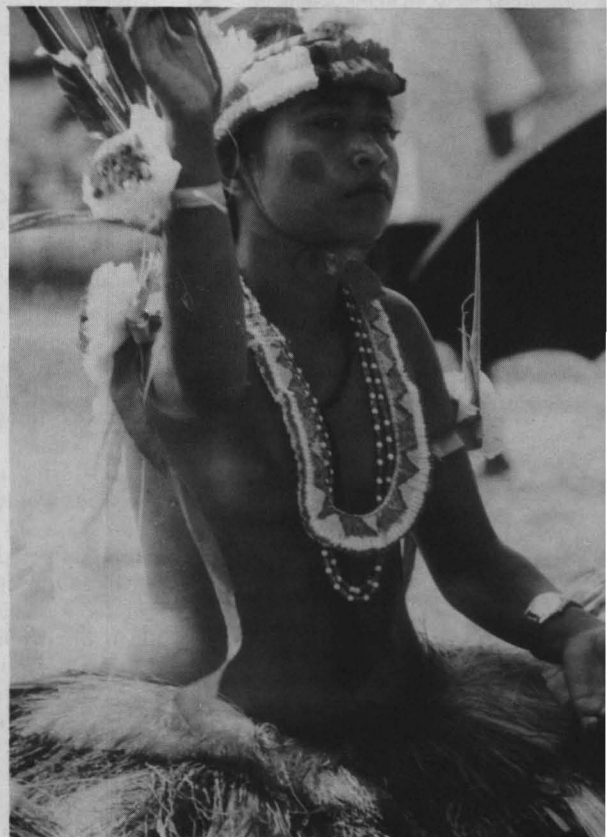
What will happen to their "beloved home islands"? Will the young people in Koror be willing to go back and till the same soil as their ancestors, or will these islands eventually just be a haven for birds, turtles, and coconut trees? As one educated Sonsorolese in Koror commented, "If there could be economic development of these islands, the people would go back. It is true, everyone cherishes a dream that one day he will return to his home island."

Who knows? The answer lies in the womb of the future.



# THUM' THATHAR

NOTES BY ALOYSIUS TUUTH PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK MOLINSKI







Dedication of a public building is one of the most important occasions in the life of village people in Yap. An occasion like this, "thum' thathar" traditionally calls for men's dances of various kinds.

If the people of a village in Yap finish their "p'ebay" or community house it is customary for certain villages to come to dance in honor of the building. The significance of this practice is to chase the ghosts away from the building and make it safe for the people of the village to hold fruitful meetings in the building.

When the Yap District Legislature Building was dedicated earlier this year, both men and women's dances were performed. This set a precedent in Yap, for it is not customary for women to dance during a "thum' thathar." Women were allowed to dance during this dedication because the building belongs to the whole district of Yap and the officials who are to occupy that building are elected by all the citizens, men and women.

During this dedication, each municipality presented one or two dances. All kinds of dances were presented. Weloy Municipality presented a dance supposedly choreographed and danced by ghosts during the time when they alone constituted the population of Yap.

A dance telling about love and love-making was put on by the men of Giliman Municipality. Before this dance was presented at the dedication there were rumors that the chiefs were going to tell the people of Giliman not to stage their dance, because this type of dance is not supposed to be performed in a group where both men and women are present. The controversy was finally resolved when word was passed to every woman that if they felt this dance would insult them, they might take their leave before it was presented.

Tomil Municipality presented a sitting dance composed by the young and beautiful girls of that municipality.

Now that the Legislature Building is dedicated and its eaves have been trimmed (this is the meaning of thum' thathar) it is safe for the legislators of Yap to convene in it. All the decisions they may make in this building should be good for the people of Yap because all the ghosts have been chased away.

The celebration took one whole day and one night to finish. It took this long to stage all these dances because it took about two hours for each of the participating groups to prepare themselves before coming on stage.

# DISTRICT DIGEST

*a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts*

**Marianas** For months the Marianas District, headquarters of the Trust Territory government, had been without a newspaper. Suddenly there were two—signs of the area's increasingly political atmosphere. First on the scene was Jose R. Cruz, mayor of Tinian and former Senator in the Congress of Micronesia, with the *Micronesian Free Press*, a monthly journal. Although contending that it was generally pro-American, the *Free Press* was less than enthusiastic about aspects of the Trust Territory government. Next paper to arrive was a weekly, the *Marianas Star*, listing Congressman Felix Rabauliman as its acting editor... Both papers had plenty of stories to fill their first issues. Prominently featured were accounts of High Commissioner William Norwood's departure. After numerous farewell parties in honor of himself, the highly-regarded High Commissioner left Saipan for Honolulu on March 23. Carrying on for several weeks after Norwood left office was his deputy, Martin P. Mangan, who then also left with virtually no fanfare. Mangan withheld official announcement of departure until the afternoon of his final day in office. Joseph Screen, Commissioner for Administration, carried on until the Nixon administration named its executive choices... One of Screen's important tasks was to host a visiting military party headed by the Deputy Commandant of the Marine Corps, Lieutenant General Lewis Walt. One of the group's purposes was to consult with Micronesian leadership as well as administration officials. Observers hoped that the trip would result in increased candor about military intentions in Micronesia. In the past, there have been numerous rumors about location of military bases in several districts... In other news, one rather worn military dock near the Micro Hut bar in Garapan was being restored to use—not by the military but by the Microlympics, which will use the area

for its swimming events in July... For a time, it seemed Emmet Kay, durable head of Marianas Airways, might be in the water himself. The popular pilot was stranded with his plane on the northern island of Pagan when aviation gas was found to be contaminated. The *MV Palau Islander* rushed to the rescue with fresh fuel. With the fuel problem settled, it looked as if Pagan and the rest of the Marianas would be receiving increased service from the newly-incorporated airways.

**Yap** Outer island chiefs united early in 1969 to oppose plans for consolidation of the district's two high schools late in 1970. Consolidation plans were drawn up by the local education department in January. Involved is a four-year program to build a new (consolidated) high school on Yap. Cultural differences (outer islanders traditionally were considered low caste by Yapese) and pride in the current outer island school (on Uliithi) are leading reasons for the opposition. "The high school is the only thing the Trust Territory has given us, now they want to take it away," explained one chief. Tentative plans call for dismantling the school and taking its buildings to other islands for use as elementary schools—if the merger takes place. Brush fires burned across the island in February, March and April as Yap endured its worst drought in several years. Homes on government water had been on water hours for more than two months as the drought continued in early April. Both those on government water and Micronesian families, who have been petitioning for as long as eight years to have government water extended to their homes, complained about the inadequacy of the present water system, which had been slated for expansion in an engineering report two years ago. Arrival of a new bulldozer late in March sparked work to enlarge one of the two present reservoirs and possibly build two or three

new ponds as interim measures... Construction started on 12 new Trust Territory employee homes in January. The houses command hillside sites near the broadcast station overlooking Colonia. March brought crews installing the district's new 50-unit phone system—scheduled to be in operation by mid-year. Plans were also announced for expanding the system within a year to 100 phones... Several businesses began expansion programs. Seaman's Club began construction of a new bar, the Blue Lagoon began work on a new retail store, Faroway's Store began work on a new warehouse and a new bar owned by Senator Raphael Moonfel prepared to open in mid-April. But all was not bright. The Nam Trading Co.—a 12-year-old store on the north side of Colonia—went out of business owing more than \$25,000.

**Palau** Military interest and a visit to the District was the dominant topic during the Quarter. USS Tanne conducted a three-week hydrographic survey here... Three Navy Admirals and Marine Lieutenant General Walt visited the District... General Walt addressed the Legislature and informed the members of the Marines' interest to have a training base in Palau. Palau, which is still facing classroom shortage as a result of Typhoon Sally in 1967, is anticipating completion of a new high school, a TT-Wide Vocational School and other elementary classrooms. Work on these facilities are underway and some of them have reached fifty per cent completion. The District Scholarship Committee processed and forwarded over 60 scholarship applications to Headquarters for further action... An East-West Center Evaluation Team visited the District during the Quarter. During their three-day stay in the District, they met and interviewed over 60 persons who have attended various East-West Center programs, soliciting ideas and recommendations.



dations on areas of study which the Center might offer to the Trust Territory in the next school year... The Congress of Micronesia's Interim Committee on Education toured the District and met with teachers and local leaders to discuss areas in which the Trust Territory educational programs could be improved... Mr. Yutaka Nagata from the United Nations visited the District and took documentary photographs of Van Camp, Palau Fishermen's Cooperative, Palau Boatyard, the District Court in session, handicraft shops and other governmental and private agencies in the district... The new Community Center Building which embodies traditional Palauan architecture with modern facilities is over sixty per cent completed. A new traditional Abai is being prefabricated by the people of Ngaremlengui. It is to be erected in Koror and it "promises to dignify the ground upon which it will rest and will symbolize to present and future generations what might otherwise pass away with the elders"...

**Truk** The Truk delegation returned from the mid-year session of the Congress of Micronesia and let it be known that they formed a united front for independence... The talk about independence filtered into the Truk District Legislature through a speech by Senator Tosiwo Nakayama. But as the Legislature continued its shortest session in history, legislators turned their attention to a more immediate question; how to make ends meet. An over-estimate in the budget for this fiscal year left the legislature with little money for new programs. An effort to institute a sales tax in this election year for the legislators failed and lawmakers of the district spent the last days of the legislature setting priorities for the limited funds available... There was, however, some good news for Truk in the Trust Territory's budget. During a recent trip to Saipan, Legislature Speaker Hermes Katsura said he was told road improvements funded by the T.T. government would begin next fiscal year. District Administrator Jesse R. Quigley later added that the road construction program, to last from five to six years, might go beyond the district center to other lagoon islands... Across from the airport, another sign of Truk's construction boom is becoming more and more visible. Congressman and businessman Ray Setik has set into motion a pro-

ject that is scheduled to culminate in a \$200,000 hotel/supermarket complex... The district government found itself at the mercy of natural elements as a severe water shortage hit the district and forced the Public Health Department to close the only public high school in Truk... At the district's parochial high schools, there were other troubles. Several Ponapeans and Palauans were expelled from Xavier High because of fights between the two groups of students. At Mizpah High School, many Trukese left their Marshallese and Ponapean classmates and staged a strike. The strike over alleged discrimination by the faculty ended in about a week with all but one of the Trukese students returning to class...

**Ponape** Celebration of the traditional and an influx of varied visitors marked the past months in Ponape... The dedication of an 80 x 40 brick *nahs* (meeting house) by Uh Municipality attracted 2,000 people, almost as many canoes, 200 acres of food including 200 pigs and featured a spellbinding array of dances... Neighboring Metalenim's Nanmwarki (king), island's paramount chief, immediately dunned his people for "donations" to build a bigger, better Nahs... Catholic youth group sponsored island-wide traditional dance festival in Wene, Kiti... Two Australian Navy patrol boats from Papua-New Guinea made a three-day stop. The mission was described as just a trip to "show the flag"... USS Tanner arrived for weeks of navigational survey work in Kolonia lagoon area... At one time, four American, private sailboats were in Ponape in midst of individual Pacific jaunts. Yachtsmen included five bachelors, and three married couples have been here for over six months... National Science Foundation team of five doctors spent two weeks with the Pingalapese population on their island studying their hereditary eye disease... A United Nations photographer and a Continental Airlines calendar artist also found Ponape picturesque in their brief stays here... New District Administrator Boyd MacKenzie arrived. He's presently in midst of carrying out his promise to visit and talk with every municipal council—first Dist-Ad to so promise, and so perform... The loss of government employees to full-time Congress of Micronesia seats leaves the district without an assistant Dist-Ad, political affairs officer or dental services director. The lat-

ter vacancy has resulted in discontinuation of elementary school dental examination program... Owner of district's largest fleet of taxis opened a new tin and wood, 100-seat movie theater, Kolonia's third, with usual fifty-cent admission, seventy-five cents for Sunday triple features... Capacity crowds, however, are in town's thick concrete Japanese-built jail. A record 27 prisoners were counted at one point, most of them teenagers convicted for stealing...

**Marshalls** The rehabilitation of Bikini Atoll highlighted news this quarter, as a number of agencies began the giant task of transforming the former nuclear test site into a habitable island. A high level military group is slated to visit the atoll in the near future. Meanwhile, parts of the atoll are being cleared by the Defense Atomic Support Agency in preparation for later replanting and reconstruction... The Atomic Energy Commission also was busy on another of the Marshall's nuclear islands. On Rongelap, a medical team completed its fifteenth annual survey of the island's inhabitants, some of whom were accidentally exposed to radiation in 1954... Again in the news was the population of Ujelang Island, former residents of Eniwetok. They have been selected to receive an OEO-funded Head Start program this summer, budgeted at \$9,000. The OEO also has offered funds to provide skills training for Ujelang males—provided that the Trust Territory contributes at least \$80,000 in fiscal year 1970 for new construction on Ujelang. A second condition is that the United States Air Force agree to provide employment to the former residents of Eniwetok... Over-populated Ebeye Island in Kwajalein Atoll now boasts a hotel—an 8-room facility owned by Handel Dribo. Entry to the island still requires clearance from the distad's representative, however... Oscar De Brum, former administrative officer of the Marshalls District has been appointed assistant district administrator. De Brum was born on Likiep Atoll in 1930, and has 19 years experience with the Trust Territory government... Negotiations are still proceeding in a land settlement with the Marshallese of Roi-Namur in Kwajalein Atoll. The Marshallese have balked at the government offer of \$1,000 per acre for 99 years—the same amount paid for use rights to Kwajalein Island.

# ON THE GO

with John Perry

## Tarawa

The Micronesian standing next to me shook his head nonchalantly and spoke with a British accent: "That's right, that's right, Prince Charles' birthday." No, I wasn't in a London pub conjuring up celebrations for another round. I was standing in the doorway of a green warehouse on Tarawa jotting down official-looking holiday notices: "Monday, November 17th, the day appointed for the celebration of the Anniversary of the birthday of the Hire to the Thrown," read the memorandum tacked to the back of the door. Yes, I thought, that's the Prince's birthday okay. The spelling proved somewhat better on the next notice: "Queen's birthday, Saturday, June 14th." I knew that one. In fact, I had a pocket full of pictures of Elizabeth II, each jingling one worth twenty cents Australian.

Only two days out of Majuro on the legendary *Mieco Queen* and I found myself smack in the middle of Churchill's blood and tears, the British empire. Tarawa, a flat coral atoll on the same order as the Marshalls, is the district center of the British Crown Colony of Gilberts and Ellice Islands, the Trust Territory's little-publicized southern sister in Micronesia.

Unfortunately I was twenty-five years late to cover the American invasion, the big bang, but I poked around the Colony anyway on behalf of the *Reporter*.

Betio, where the Leathernecks blasted their way ashore in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, today sports an excellent harbor and a population of around five or six thousand. Thinly pop-

ulated if you recall that Ebeye in the Marshalls has about one-fourth of Betio's landmass and a population of around four thousand.

Tarawa is an electric island, especially Betio—lots of lights and a lot of houses with lights inside. Swinging teen dance halls hammer out the sound of the twist. Two outdoor movie theatres piled side by side divide the market between them. The owners alternate nightly flicks to avoid competition. You can eat in a Chinese cafe or down a beer at the Betio Club decorated with its flock of ensigns and mug shots of merchant ships whose sailors in past years have lined her bar. On another island some distance from Betio rests the *Otintai* Hotel. Nice and modern, anchored by the edge of the lagoon, the *Otintai* is where you can get an up-to-date copy of *Time* or *Newsweek*. I bought one copy at the bar, motivated by the red signs some enterprising magazine salesman had tacked around the hotel: IN THIS ISSUE, WILSON AND RHODESIA. The British bought them like tea. So did I.

Hauling in a prelunch drink at the Betio club, I found myself interviewing the local island merchants next to me, and at the same time describing to them the post-war inflated cost of stateside malts and hamburgers. However, things warmed up. "You know, of course, the British get very little out of the colony in the way of money," one merchant said, "they stay, I guess, probably for moral reasons, and for the sake of the empire." The British have been around since the turn of the century when the Gilberts became a British protectorate and later a crown colony. Across the bar, a British seaman pulled up the knee socks of his crisp, white uniform, downed his VB, Victoria Bitter, an Australian brew, and told me about his coming voyage to Fiji, and the durability of a special shoe skin made by the Americans guaranteed to last maybe forever.

Betio is where Jerry Taylor works. Taylor's a young Irishman serving with the British counterpart to the U.S. Peace Corps. He helps train young colonists as merchant seamen. And bobbing off the Betio dock just for this purpose is a sizable training ship, decked with blue-suited cadets.

"Volunteers," said Taylor, "are the only Europeans who have a close contact with the people here."

"The Gilbertese have a great pride in

who they are, and in the old ways. And sometimes things European are little valued by the people." To illustrate his point Taylor recalled the time the training ship returned from Hong Kong and one of the young Gilbertese cadets hid his new white shirt and long pants before going ashore to meet his father. "To have European things," added Taylor, "is not everything to the Gilbertese." And throughout the islands, the traditional *lava lava* is still worn, though sometimes over European shorts.

Like many other Volunteers who approach the end of their stay in the island, Taylor was wondering what to do next. "I've spent two years converting to the Gilbertese way of thought—learned all I want to learn. Now I just want to sit back and enjoy it. Once I've left here the language is of no use anywhere else in the world." Taylor's going back to Ireland shortly. But he'll be back. You can buy your shiny twenty cents Australian with the Queen topside and the duckbill platypus on the flip side.

Taylor, the Irishman, taught me a good lesson. Greeting him with an off-the-cuff "and what part of England are you from?" I found out fast that generalizations are always safer. From then on it was, "and what part of the Commonwealth are you from?" It always worked.

Somehow I knew the *Mieco Queen* would get me into trouble. She did. In a quiet bar, over friendly conversation, I dropped the innocent line, "Yea, the rust old Queen needs repairs, needs a new bottom." Judging from the look of a nearby British officer, I quickly added, "The ship, man, the ship!" Last time I had much trouble with queens they were wearing spades and hearts and cost me a week's pay.

The next day a story idea I had in mind for the *Reporter* about some bells found its way through. The Royal Navy had donated a ship's bell to some island village. They were going to ring it in a new church somewhere. But someone said it was stuck in Singapore.

Things happen on coral atolls, thin sometimes loud as bells, sometimes so quiet like the glow of a lantern. The old Betio man came every night. He would walk across a clearing of coconut trees, down the dusty road to the small cemetery. In the last light, the miniature stone skyscrapers stood like a dark crowd towering up over the dead. The old man came with the darkness. He would go



the same mounded plot, guarded by a small cross and caged lantern. Each night he would bring light to the small grave. He would never forget. In the darkness, I watched the orange light glowing among the stones. I didn't know who he was, only that he had buried his daughter there...

On learning that the Queen had recently granted a new constitution for the Colony, a more liberal one for local elected representation, I set out in search of the Chief Elected Member, the Micronesian holding the highest political post yet available in the Colony.

Gilbertese Reuben Uatiao, 43, Chief Elected Member was expecting me. The local newspaper had carried a full page story—PEACE CORPS JOURNALIST ARRIVES ON TARAWA. News must have been hard to find that week.

In Uatiao's home on a Sunday evening he lit up a pandanus cigarette, poured out a cup of coffee and elaborated on the stuff colonies and territories are made of: politics.

"By self-determination, I mean the power of making laws, and where controls rest in the hands of the local people. External matters can be left to the British.

"Independence is risky at this moment. We need someone to help us."

I asked him about self-determination—the big word in the Trust Territory. "Perhaps," he said, "self-determination may come for us in five years—for in five years we should have a better economic base for self-determination at that time."

We knocked off for more coffee and Uatiao apologized for not offering me anything stronger. But it was Sunday.

Later thumbing through a copy of the *Illustrated London News* in the local information office, I uncovered a synopsis of colonial politics applicable to these and other islands elsewhere: "When a colonialist power decides, or is forced, to decolonize, it withdraws its own officials and hands government and control to the cadre of indigenous people who have been trained under colonialism."

Today on Tarawa not much remains of the war. A few barges, and guns dot the Betio coastline. Recently, however, one of the remaining relics, an old landing barge that over the years had become a plaything for any kid adventurous enough to wade out to it, was found to be a rusting timebomb—stuffed full of sleeping ammo. When it went up, the island shook.

November of last year, Tarawa celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle: seventy-six hours of war on a spot of sand where eight thousand U.S. Marines and Japanese would either be wounded or killed. "Last week," declared *Time* on Dec. 6, 1943, "some two to three thousand U.S. Marines, most of them now dead or wounded, gave the nation a name to stand beside those of Concord Bridge, the Bonhomme Richard, the Alamo, Little Big Horn and Belleau Wood. The name was Tarawa."

Today a white, pointed memorial guards the Betio entrance. A line of flag poles stand behind. Etched in bronze are words about the supreme sacrifice, words to be tattooed again at Kwajalein and Eniwetok, words earned on a late November weekend, on a hot, out-of-the-way island when morning snow was falling in Concord and the evening sun touched the horizon of the Little Big Horn.

Not far away, next to a small grocery store, the gray shell of a Japanese tank turret rested on a pile of coral. Out of the top hatch through which a Japanese soldier once crawled and went out to meet the Americans, a small weather-beaten post projects. Carved on two sides words in a different language, words of another supreme sacrifice were visible—Memorial For The Spirits Of The Japanese Who Died . . . . Nearby some flowers grew. Then, that November, it was winter in Japan too, and snow was falling on crystal lakes, and the Inland Sea rocked against Hiroshima.

Like other Pacific battlegrounds, the fossils of war still periodically find their way topside. Once, the body of a U.S. Marine still wearing his combat boots erupted from the Tarawa sand where he fell twenty-five years ago. Sometimes holediggers on Tarawa will shovel up one of the Emperor's soldiers. "I must have twenty bodies in my office," the man who digs holes for electric cables and wires told me. "Last year," he said, "at the twenty-fifth anniversary, I bundled up a boxful for an American general. Sorry, I can't show you my skull, sent it to Sydney."

Posted along the Betio shoreline, barrels streaked by years of bird droppings, are the famous guns of Tarawa. Less dynamic, however, than those of Navarone, the Betio battery holds a tale of confusion as twisted as the muzzles of several of the guns. For years, locals

have thought the guns hailed from Singapore—that they were once part of the battery guarding that invincible city against invasion. After the Japanese destroyed the myth of Singapore, some said they then sent the guns to Tarawa to defend the island from future invasion.

The controversy, however, may be resolved. A student of the guns spent time researching and writing manufacturers and concluded they were not from Singapore at all. "The Singapore guns certainly seem to be ruled out on account of dates of manufacture," he said, "and it has been reported that they were rendered useless anyway before being taken by the Japanese."

Someone told me a Betio man had found a Marine dogtag some years ago and wore it on his keychain. Inspired over the possibilities of being able to photograph an authentic tag, I located the man. He agreed and we motorbiked down to the beach. Unsnapping the keychain, we bent down and put the small, silver name tag on the sand. I checked the tide. It was lapping quietly at the bottom of the beach. Standing up momentarily to change my camera lens, I asked him to watch the tag. Then it happened. I will never forget it or understand it. The ocean, like a hungry octopus, rose up, rushed down on us like a flood, and returned to its lapping. "I can't see it, I can't see it!", the man shouted. Neither could I. The silver speck was gone, perhaps forever.

I had written down the name notched on the tag. To console my friend, I promised to notify the Marines and find out what really happened to the Marine whose tag had just been lost for a second time.

The next day, dropping the idea to represent the battle of Tarawa by a dogtag photo, I decided to use one of the big guns as a prop. Stacking two green rusty trash cans together, I climbed up high enough to stick my head in the muzzle. Pulling out a couple of flowers I had just picked, I photographed the mouth of the gun smoking a bouquet. Later word got to me about a conversation among some colonists that night: "Did you see that bloke picking flowers yesterday? So that's what they look like, those bloody hippies."

When you go to Tarawa, comb your hair if you wish, but remember to bring flowers for the open mouths of dead and warring guns.

# Team splits up... goes separate ways

SAIPAN, M.I.--Following two years of Peace Corps service in the Trust Territory, the editor and art director of the Micronesian Reporter, Fred Kluge and Bob Boeberitz, departed in mid-June for home leave and new fields to conquer. The highly professional young team (mid-20's) struck out in opposite directions with Dr. Kluge heading for a teaching position at Yamaguchi University in Japan, via the U.S., and Boeberitz off to the States, via Japan, searching for his rainbows end "some place with the excitement and challenge of working in New York City and with an atmosphere of a Palauan village." (Good luck, Bob! Ed.)



*Editor Kluge*

Trust Territory Public Information Officer C.M. Ashman, commenting on their departure said, "The standards of journalism and graphics have been pegged at an extremely high level by Fred and Bob. These two Peace Corps Volunteers have left an invaluable legacy to Micronesia -- the gift of model journalism. The rest of us in the Left-Behind Generation at PIO are going to miss them and their innovative concepts. Much has been learned from their Peace



*Art Director Boeberitz*

Corps stewardship. Believe me, they're going to be a tough act to follow."

Since arriving in Micronesia in June 1967, Kluge and Boeberitz have revamped the Micronesian Reporter and produced seven issues of such a calibre that Philip Quigg, Managing Editor of Foreign Affairs writes, "Micronesian Reporter ... does a highly professional job of reporting and analyzing major problems and issues of the Territory, not fearing to explore the most controversial matters."

In addition to his work with the TT PIO department on Saipan, Boeberitz was responsible for the organization of the Society of Micronesia Arts and Crafts (SMAC) and served as the chairman of the successful First Micronesia Art Fest.

Together, the writer-illustrator team produced numerous tourist oriented material including travel brochures and the new Guidebook to Micronesia. Various segments of the community and government also were assisted in the production of books, pamphlets, posters and other literature and art work.