Micronesian Reporter

FIRST QUARTER 1969

Peleliu: Yesterday & Today

CREDITS
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Who's Who

... in this issue of the Reporter

DIRK BALLENDORF: In his recent stint as a Peace Corps staff member, Dirk Ballendorf had ample opportunity to indulge his penchant for military history. Co-author of a forthcoming book on Micronesia between wars, Ballendorf thoroughly researched the campaigns on both Peleliu and Saipan.

MEREDITH CARSON is the wife of Hampton L. Carson, professor at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. While on his leave of absence at the University of Hawaii in 1968 she accompanied and assisted him in the collection of insects during a visit to Koror and surrounding islands.

MORT COLODNY: According to the straightforward preface to an earlier version of his article, Mort Colodny "possesses no advanced academic degrees, is not an economist . . . and is not really certain what he would be called in polite circles." As readers inside and outside of polite circles will readily discover, Colodny reveals a lively concern for the future of the Trust Territory and a tendency to call the shots as he sees them.

HENRY GILGOFF: From editing the student newspaper of New York's City College, Henry Gilgoff went to advising *Met Poraus*, Truk's durable semi-independent weekly. Likewise active on these two quite different newspapers has been his wife, Alice.

P.F. KLUGE: Our editor's description of Peleliu is the product of what he calls a "working vacation" in Koror, thus demonstrating that business can still profitably combine with pleasure if you don't look too carefully to find out where the one ends and the other begins.

WILLIAM PECK: The elegant cadence and sensitive tones Dr. Peck brings to his article are not accidental, for the Territory's Commissioner of Health Services, his M.D. and M.P.H. notwithstanding, has more than a touch of the poet, his "Pacific Love Song" having appeared in *Harper's* magazine.

CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS: Sailing enthusiast, photographer and writer, Chris Williams is a Peace Corps Volunteer assigned to the sprightly *Marshall Islands Journal.* His stint in Majuro has permitted him time to investigate the fact and fiction enveloping the island of Arno.

INTERVIEW:

Ernest Milne

When a Micronesian leaves his island, it's hard to tell quite where he'll end up or what he'll do. Consider, for instance, the case of Ernest Milne. A native of Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands, as a boy he witnessed the coming of the Japanese and their execution of the remnants of the British administration. Just a few years later he saw the equally brutal end of the Japanese occupation. Then, almost by accident, he started to wander: a two weeks visit to the Marshalls stretched into miles and years. He wandered to colleges on three continents; he wandered from part-time jobs selling encyclopedias door to door and guessing weights in a boardwalk concession to a profitable position on Saipan selling insurance and importing liquor.

We didn't have any particular ax to grind with Ernest Milne, no surprise questions or pre-planned line of interrogation. We'd met the fellow and wanted to hear his story. In the course of the interview, he told a couple stories, some anecdotes, produced a few notions, some of which we pressed him on. Apart from the twists and turns of his career, his wanderings from island to island and enterprise to enterprise, Milne interested us as an example of a Micronesian who seems to have left his past (the Gilberts) far behind. Independent of the party or district affiliations which most Micronesians still hold, Milne has cast himself loose and free upon the world. We leave our readers to contemplate the results.

The interview began with a question as to what had brought Milne to where he is today . . .

MILNE: I came to the Marshalls right after the war—that was 1946, February. The twelfth—I remember the day. Before I came to the Marshalls I was working as a chief clerk in the British resident commissioner's office, headquarters in Tarawa. I did a lot of work there. My job consisted of many things: I was a field trip officer, policeman in charge of the prisons department. So I interviewed the prisoners, reviewed their records and if I think they're oversentenced I go to the magistrate and I tell the magistrate "I think there's something wrong here." And then the magistrate says, "Alright, we'll work it out." So we'd give the prisoners a new sentence. If we think it isn't alright—correct it.

REPORTER: You were making decisions like this at the age of nineteen? You were nineteen then?

MILNE: I was... No... Let me see now. I was born in 1926... That was 1946. I was twenty.

REPORTER: Had you been to the Marshalls before?

MILNE: No.

REPORTER: Did you have relatives there?

MILNE: Yes, I have two brothers and two sisters living in the Marshalls. They left the Gilberts when they were very young. In fact, I didn't know them at the time. They were older than I and they came to the Marshalls because we have an uncle who was a minister, my uncle was a Protestant minister in the Marshalls and one of his children was killed by the Japanese because he was a minister and one of the Japanese felt that he was pro-British.

REPORTER: What island was this in the Marshalls?

MILNE: Ebon. And of course there's no doubt, since my grandfather came from Scotland and was a British commissioner we're all pro-British. Even during the occupation, the Japanese occupation in the Gilberts, my brother, John, was sending messages to Sydney advising them of the Japanese movements. He almost got killed. Fortunately, one of my nieces married a German gentleman, so the Japanese felt that, well, he's a German, allies, these people must be good, but they told the German to tell my brother to stop sending messages. They found out, they detected it... And so my brother didn't stop but then he ran out of batteries, no electricity, so he couldn't send any more messages. So after the war he got his medal from the British empire, MBE which means, Member of the British Empire.

REPORTER: So you came...

MILNE: Yes, I wanted to see my brothers and sisters. I went to the British commissioner and said I would like to go to the Marshalls.

REPORTER: This was in...

MILNE: 1946. February. So we went to Majuro, stayed overnight, discharged cargo I guess, and then the next morning, we went to Kwajalein. But just before we went to Kwajalein, they had changed the military government to what you call

civil government. So I should have a pass, I should have a passport, I should have a visa. I didn't know this. So when we got to Kwajalein an MP picked me up at the dock. The captain was so worried about it he sent a message ashore—"we got a Micronesian here, Gilbertese, British subject." So I got off the ship happily, and there was a policeman. So he said "Are you Ernie Milne?" "Yes sir." "Come with me." He took me to headquarters. That was Colonel Miller, what they call a governor in those days, the governor of the Marshalls. And his assistant was John Spivey, the executive officer of the Trust Territory during Mr. Nucker's and Mr. Goding's time. So I went there and they said, "Well, you're here and you have no permit to visit the Marshalls. Therefore, we're going to put you in jail." So I said, "I'm innocent, I don't know what's going on. All I wanted —I asked my boss, I wanted to come to the Marshalls and visit my brothers and sisters and he told me to hop on a plane, unfortunately the plane was not functioning and so he told me to go on board the LST. Now here I am and he told me that in two weeks I could go back, I go to the terminal and get back, and that's what I'm going to do." "No, no, no, you're not going back. You're going to jail. We're going to put you in jail because you came here without a permit, without a visa. Anyway," they said, "Can you speak Marshallese?" I said, "No Sir." "Can you pick up Marshallese in a month or two?" "I guess I could if I study hard." "OK, you're a first class interpreter." Isn't that something?

REPORTER: How was your English at that point? Was your English good?.

MILNE: Oh yeah, you see in the Gilberts, it's a British colony and it's been a British colony for a hundred some years and we speak English all the time, and, being, you know my father and grandfather English, well, we speak English. So I said interpreter, first class, that's not bad. How much is it by the month? They said "Well, we don't pay by the month, we pay by the hour, twenty-five cents an hour." That's pretty good.

REPORTER: What were you earning as a head clerk?

MILNE: I was earning five pounds . . . that's about 15 dollars a month.

REPORTER: So how did this career as a first class interpreter turn out?

MILNE: Terrible. I couldn't . . . I tell you. Terrible. So everyday I go to Commander Miller's office and say "Well, here I am, what shall I say." They said, "Well you make field trips. So I made field trips to the islands and I have another interpreter who's part Gilbertese . . .

REPORTER: Your interpreter.

MILNE: That's right. So I tell him in Gilbertese what to tell this guy and he'd tell this guy and we'd converse back and forth. I tell you . . . A lot of patients didn't speak Gilbertese and of course I didn't speak Marshallese at that time. Now I speak, I think, good Marshallese. They get sick and they want to go to the hospital and I have to take them to the hospital. And I had to figure out what to say . . . So anyway I worked for the Navy. I told Commander Miller, really, you're wasting your time and my time too, I cannot be an interpreter. After that I was in charge of the supply department for the Naval Administration on Kwajalein. When the headquarters was moved from Kwajalein to Majuro I decided to resign. In the meantime, John Spivey, who was the assistant to Governor Miller left the Marshalls and went to Guam. So he wrote to me and said "Ernie, if you need a job in Guam, since you're resigning, why don't you come over. I can find you a job." So I went to Guam. He was very very nice. I think Spivey was the best man I ever associated with and met. So I went to Guam. Being a Micronesian, I didn't have a house in Guam and he put me in his house. So I helped with the housework a lot. He treated me very very nice. Then I became treasurer for the whole of Micronesia.

REPORTER: What schooling had you had up to this point?

MILNE: At that time I had attended King George V High School, it was a British school, a British boarding school. Dr. Hicking went there.

REPORTER: On Tarawa?

MILNE: Yes. But just before the war when I graduated from that school I went to St. Joseph's College on Abiang Atoll. It is a Catholic College. Although my parents are strictly Protestant, they decided that I must have further education so they sent me to St.Joseph'sCollege. Two years there and then the Japanese came. So in Guam I was the chief treasurer. Isn't that lucky? Then when the Navy moved out, the changeover from the Department of the Navy to the Department of the Interior, Captain Stewart who was a navy captain at the time sent me back to the Marshalls as an assistant branch manager and a treasurer for the whole district. So I went there. They had a lieutenant at the time who was in charge of supply. So that day when I got there in the afternoon I counted the cash, we took inventory of what he had and then he showed me all the places and then he left and the next morning I found I was the postmaster, the supply officer, yeah . . . hotel manager, commissary manager and Transocean Airways agent and Pacific Micronesian Line agent. There I was!

REPORTER: And then . . .

MILNE: I worked there for two years in the Marshalls. And then after that of course I had saved a little money. So I went to Honolulu, bought a ticket, went to San Francisco. And then the travel agent in San Francisco told me, he said, "Ernie, maybe you should not go to the South," (this is funny) "maybe you shouldn't go to the South," (because I wanted to go to the South) "maybe you shouldn't go to the South because in the South there's a little discrimination problem." But nevertheless I went. I wanted to go to the South. So I toured all the southern part of the states. I went to the Grand Canyon . . .

REPORTER: How'd it go in the South?

MILNE: Pretty good. I stayed in New Orleans . . . I walked up to the hotel counter and I said "My name is Ernie Milne; I understand I have reservations here." He said, "Yes, you sure do." The guy looked at me, he said "Hey, where you come from? Hawaii?" I say, "Yeah, Hawaii." He said, "You speak Hawaiian?" I thought, maybe this guy speaks Hawaiian a little bit. So I said, "No, no, I'm from the Marshalls." "The Marshalls . . . where's that?" "Micronesia." "Where's THAT?!" I said "Bikini, Bikini, Bikini, you know Bikini?" "Oh, Bikini." "Kwajalein, eh? Kwajalein?" "Kwajalein. Oh, I know Kwajalein. My brother's there."

REPORTER: That's about all they knew at that time.

MILNE: That's right. So I got a room in the hotel. Anyway, I stayed in New Orleans for a week and a half and I went to Washington and decided to go to school there. So I went to the Strayer College of Accountancy and I enrolled. So I went there a year and a half and I got my B.S. and I went to George Washington. Simple as that. Then, when I came back to the Trust Territory, I had

no money, really, I had no money.

REPORTER: Did you do all of this schooling on your own?

MILNE: On my own, I worked until three o'clock in the morning.

REPORTER: What kind of jobs?

MILNE: First of all, I was selling encyclopedias. You know, the Collier's encyclopedia. Now it's out of business. But not because of me. I was selling encyclopedias during summer at nights. I saw an ad that says a hundred dollars an hour. Hell, having no money, being a poor boy, I said I've got to be there. A hundred dollars an hour. So I went there. Then I found out you sell encyclopedias. But if you sell—really, it's true—if you sell three sets you get one hundred dollars an hour.

REPORTER: *If* you sell...

MILNE: If you sell. That's true. If you only sell one you get $33.97. If you sell childrens classics combined with encyclopedia then you make $90.

REPORTER: How did it turn out?

MILNE: Well, I only sold five books during the year.

REPORTER: In one year.

MILNE: Five sets. So I made about a hundred some dollars. In a year not an hour.

REPORTER: Well, you finished your education and you returned to the Marshalls and went to work... was it for KITCO? (Kwajalein Islands Trading Company).

MILNE: No, when I came back I went to Honolulu and when I got to Honolulu I went to Island Trading Company. They were closing Island Trading Company. ITC was told by the Congress, the United States Congress to phase their operations out, and so they wanted a liquidation officer. So I was appointed a liquidation officer to liquidate ITC branches throughout the Trust Territory. Then I found out ITC was closed so I was out of a job. So at that time they were bidding on a copra contract. These big firms were bidding on a copra contract. One firm came to me they said "Ernie, now if we win the copra contract we're going to hire you, we're going to put you in Guam as our copra man throughout the Trust Territory." Fine. They didn't win so I was out of a job. So KITCO, because I organized KITCO, they felt sorry and hired me. So I became the assistant manager and the treasurer. Then I opened a KITCO branch in Majuro. After three years with KITCO in Majuro—in those days the High Commissioner runs all the trading companies and they make the decisions because they gave out loans to these trading companies. So MIECO (Marshalls Import-Export Company) went broke. So the board of directors of MIECO wrote to the high commissioner recommending that I take over MIECO. So Mr. Nucker asked me if I wanted to work for MIECO. So I said yes, provided I have a free hand under these different conditions. So, I worked for MIECO, they paid all their debts. And that's it. And then, I didn't get along... politics going on in MIECO, I just couldn't stand it anymore. So I was in Japan drydocking the ships. That was the first ship to drydock in Japan under Micronesian supervision, the MIECO Queen. So this is what happened. I wrote a letter to the high commissioner informing him that we had had the ship four years and it had not been drydocked, got to be drydocked. So they said, we cannot advance you any more funds, but if you have money you can go to Japan on your own. So we don't have money. So I decided, why don't we gather trochus? So we gathered all the trochus we could in the Marshall Islands, the biggest shipment ever made out of the Marshall Islands, twenty-seven tons, short tons, of trochus. And then we were gathering brass, non-ferrous metals. So we were gathering all kinds of non-ferrous metals and we loaded that ship. That ship was loaded with about 210 tons of scrap and 27 tons of trochus. So we went to Guam. I didn't know that brass belonged to the Trust Territory government. So when we got to Guam I went up and I saw Mr. Spivey and he said, "Ernie, how can you go to Japan? You got money?" I said, "Yeah I got the ship loaded, loaded with scrap and trochus." He said "Scrap!? Non ferrous metals?! Don't you know that you're not supposed to do that... belongs to the Trust Territory government. In fact, you've got to get a permit from the United States government to sell brass." I said, "John, it's too late. I got the brass on that ship and that ship is leaving tomorrow, I must have a permit." He said, "No, you can't do that. We have to apply to Washington." I said "You apply. You're my boss, you're the deputy high commissioner, you apply. You get me the permit. I got to go to Japan." So anyway, we had trouble. So I went to Island Equipment Company and I said "Pete, you have a license to sell scrap?" "Oh yes." I said "Buy my scrap, will you? Buy all my scrap right now." So he went to the ship, he checked the ship he said, "I think I can buy all that scrap." I said "buy it, just tell me whom to sell it to in Japan you give me the money and I'll forget about it I'll unload it in Japan for you." So he did. I got $72,000 out of this scrap. I went to Japan, I unloaded the scrap but then I had trouble. I had trochus. So I called up Nanyo Boeki and the ship costs $42,000 to drydock. But I got seventy some thousand there. I was very happy. I told the scrap man just pay $42,000 to this guy and he give me the rest. So I had enough money. But then I got trochus. What shall I do with trochus? And I went to Nanyo Boeki and they told me that the trochus price had gone down and I said how much and they said "Well, now it's 27¢ a pound." 27¢ a pound! I bought it for 5¢! Sold! Twenty seven cents a pound! That was the first time I went to Japan. The first time. So I had the ship drydocked and everything else and I came back. Loaded with cargo and paid for... Then when I came back I was told you cannot enter the Trust Territory without certificate of origin. Who knows? You might be picking up cargo from Communist countries? What the hell! Why do I have to get into this trouble all the time? In the meantime I had written from Japan to various business people in the Marshalls that I had all this cargo aboard, my prices. So I got to the Marshalls, didn't have a certificate of origin. They told me "Ernie, you cannot sell anything unless you have a certificate of origin." So I cabled Japan, they sent me a certificate of origin. But in the meantime I was selling nevertheless. I cannot just hold this ship. So I was selling all the time... And that's it. So... three years later I went to Japan again, drydocked the ship again, and John Spivey was there and he said

"Ernie, I understand you're not happy in the Marshalls." That was true. I wasn't happy in the Marshalls.

REPORTER: Why weren't you happy in the Marshalls?

MILNE: Ah, too many... Politics got into it...So when I was in Japan John Spivey said, "You know we had a recent conference in Guam with all the Distads and we're thinking of getting a cooperative officer. South Pacific Commission members came and told us maybe we should have a cooperative officer in the Trust Territory to start credit unions, cooperative societies." He said, "Ernie, if you're interested you'd better go to Guam and apply to the personnel officer. For what you have done so far, we're kind of impressed, you know? You've been selling trochus, scrap metal—this has never happened before. Maybe you could work in TT and you'd be the marketing and cooperative officer." I said "Marketing officer. That sounds pretty good. I like that job. I don't care about co-ops much but I like marketing officer." I came in January.

REPORTER: January of...?

MILNE: 1962 . . . So when I walked in they told me "Since you're the marketing officer and the cooperative officer we want you to create a lot of markets for the Trust Territory products we want you to set up cooperatives. I said "how many co-ops do you want in each district?" They said, "depending on the distad." Fine. My job is to create a market in Guam and abroad for Micronesian products and at the same time to set up cooperatives. That's simple. So I got on the plane and went to Palau. Set up co-ops. We set up the Palau Fisherman's Cooperative, the Palau Boatbuilding and Drydocking Association. Then we tried to change the Western Carolines Trading Company to a cooperative because they were broke, they didn't have money, they couldn't pay for their merchandise, so I called up Mr. De Young on the radio and I told him they need $30,000 to get out of the hole. If they could give them that loan, they could get out. So they gave them the loan. I was there, I got the check, gave it to them. Then we started off from there on. So we go to Palau, we got a credit union, we organized an administration credit union, hospital credit union, public works credit unions, a lot of them, but nevertheless I figure . . . later on we'll form a federation and combine the whole works under one federation. Came back. Set up a credit union on Saipan. It's functioning now, beautifully I understand, talked with Mr. Borja, we agreed then we'd set up a credit union. Then I went to Ponape, set up credit unions in Ponape. But then they have so many co-ops—not co-ops but little tiny stores in the villages in Ponape. So we set up a federation . . . And that's it. So we got eleven cooperatives in Ponape with a federation. Anyway, in March, after we had worked all these things out Mr. De Young called me and told me that if I want to go to Fiji they have a program in Fiji called the Cooperative Seminar and he wanted someone from headquarters to represent the Trust Territory at the seminar and they have selected three candidates from the Trust Territory and I was supposed to be in charge and take them to Fiji. Before we left Fiji they said "We're going to give an examination and the first three guys make A's, the first three A-students, we'll give them a scholarship." The U.N. was going to give them a scholarship. So we took the exam—two days. Before I left Fiji they call me in and they say "Ernie, you're one of the top, one of the A's." They said "where do you want to go?" I said "all I want to go now, after I have read all the cooperative pamphlets, what you've been telling me, I want to go to London. That's where the cooperative school is and since I'm involved in cooperative work in Micronesia I'd might as well go to London." O.K. That's it. Very good. I came back. About two or three months later they called me in and said that if I go my government will have to pay my wages, keep me on the payroll for the period of one year. "Maybe you could go there without pay, huh? We'll give you an educational leave without pay for one year." That's not bad. And then I got a cable with these orders to proceed to Malaya. I said Malaya, maybe from Malaya to London, that's not bad. So I went to Malaya. I was the first foreign student in that college. When they started they had a very tiny library, one dorm, one classroom, that's all they had. This college is owned and controlled by the cooperative societies on Malaya. All the primary cooperatives. And that's where they train their secretaries, the accountants . . . Well there I was. So after two months of study, I wrote a letter. I thought I might as well write a letter to FAO with a copy to South Pacific Commission. I told them I thought they were wasting their money and my time at that school. To me, I felt it was just like going back to the kindergarten. So I wrote a letter and they wrote back and they said, well what would you like to do now that you're in Malaya. Now that you're in Malaya we cannot get you out because Malaya just got in the U.N., just got their independence, and we cannot do this. You stay there and we'll revise your program. So I thought, well, why don't I work for the Ministry of Agriculture and Food that's pretty good. So they were very nice. So I bought a car—my own expense—bought a car—moved into a room outside of the school, got my wife there, and traveled all over Malaysia visiting at every school, society, cooperative, studying their programs. So then I wrote to FAO and I told them this was enough. I got this one year of education leave without pay, I'm going out for my master's. And I wrote to the University of Wisconsin, I wrote to the University of London, School of Economics, I wrote to the Cooperative College in London, one of the biggest for the cooperatives. Accepted. So I packed my stuff. I took off. When I took off I was fired from headquarters here, cause I took off without their permission and furthermore FAO was so disappointed because I took off so they wrote to headquarters here and that's when I was fired. And they told me to return all the money that I owed them on my ticket. But in the meantime I'd been corresponding with these guys in FAO Rome and I told them that they were wasting my time and their money and I would like to use their tickets to advance my education to go elsewhere to go to the Cooperative College in London, or the University of Manchester—teach a lot of cooperatives there—and

Manchester is full of cooperative societies anyway. I got to London and I stayed there for a week working out final details and then I went to Manchester University and I spent one semester there with them and I took a lot of cooperative courses... they taught cooperative banking, cooperative exchanges world wide ... really good.

REPORTER: How long were you there?

MILNE: One semester . . . When I came to Washington I went to the Department of the Interior. Dr. White was in charge of economics, he was the economics officer and also he was in charge of scholarships. He called me to his office and he said, "Ernie, do you know that you're fired." I said "I think . . . I have a feeling . . . but I'm not so sure." He said, "Well, you are fired. You are fired right now. We got a letter from Mr. Goding that you are fired and therefore we do not know what to do with you. Are you going back to Micronesia?" "Oh yes, I'm going back." "But you cannot work for T. T. anymore, you know that?" "I don't care. They wanted me to stay in that school and I couldn't stay in that school. They gave me a year of leave without pay—I got to make good use of it. Therefore I went on my own because you were not paying me anyway. So I said "but listen, I got a letter from the University of Wisconsin that says they will accept me but I have no money. I'm broke, really broke. Do you think that the Department of Interior could sponsor me somehow?" "No, you're fired. We'll go to AID, State Department." And he did and I got a scholarship!

REPORTER: So how long were you in Wisconsin?

MILNE: Three semesters!

REPORTER: And that's where you got your . . .

MILNE: No, I still got one semester to go for my masters . . The reason is this. While I was working in Wisconsin, T. T. began to feel it—that I was really going well. Well I was commuting back and forth to Washington at the time and I told the Department—Taitano at the time was the Director of Territories—and I told Mr. Taitano . . . I told him all the problems that I went through in Malaya and the problem with T. T. and I showed him the correspondence . . . So they wrote . . . I've got a copy of the letter . . . and Mr. Goding wrote back and he said "Ernie, you're hired, but you must be here next week and here is your ticket. I got a ticket, my wife's ticket to fly next week. I had one more semester to go." When I came back I went to the office and they told me, "Ernie, we changed our mind, we want you to go to Truk." I said "what I'm going to do in Truk?" "Cooperative officer." I said "I'm not interested in Truk. Nor Palau. Anyplace. I'm not interested. I'm fired." He said "Oh, no, no, no, wait a minute . . . after we spent all this money bringing you out here." I said "I'm going back to school." They said "No, no, we'll get you a job in supply." I said "I'm not interested in supply." "Oh, hell, you're an accountant, you can work in supply." And at that time J&G had a contract to build all this teacher's housing throughout the Trust Territory. Why don't you take care of all the cost accounting on these buildings? So I worked for five months while they were building these houses. Houses all finished, I quit. In the meantime Joe was coming up to me and asking me if I wanted to join him.

REPORTER: Joe Tenorio?

MILNE: Joe Tenorio. He didn't have the supermarket and all this. He just had a little store in Chalan Kanoa. And Joe said "Ernie, if you work with me all your wages will go in a partnership account, you and I will be partners." I said "Oh that sounds very good." So I quit. So he gave me a car, a place to live, I worked with him and from there we moved from Chalan Kanoa up to Susupe. We keep on going, going, going, until later on . . . Then when I was working for Joe I was the controller for Saipan Shipping, Micronesian Construction Company . . . Two years later, when Joe borrowed money from the bank we got to have insurance, the building, the merchandise and everything else . . . So we were buying the insurance from Guam and we were paying a tremendous lot of premiums. So I said, "Joe, we can have an insurance company and keep our own money." "Well, how do we do it?" "It's easy! We apply for a license, open an insurance company and connect ourselves with a very big company in the States. That simple. Simple as that." "Well, I don't know about that." So we wrote to AIU, American International . . . So they didn't pay much attention to it. Joe went to Manila to talk to them. Finally they decided to make a survey. They came out here and they said, "Ernie, maybe you can write $1,000 a year, huh? Premiums." I said, "No, no, . . . look at what we spend on insurance." Now, as of today, we have 80% of the Trust Territory insurance. Our premiums average out to between $15,000 and $18,000 a month. Premiums alone. Now we insure all T. T. Ships. We got a deal with MILI (Micronesian Interocean Line Inc.), part of Air Micronesia, we have Mobil all over the Trust Territory, 100% . . .

REPORTER: Well that about brings the story up to date. Let me ask you a few questions. You were involved, at the end of its career, with Island Trading Company, with MIECO, KITCO, with Joe Tenorio, also with enterprises of your own, and with the economic section in headquarters. Let me ask you: if I had $100,000 to invest in Micronesia, where would you recommend I put it? Today!

MILNE: A hundred thousand dollars? Construction. Sell construction materials. People need it.

REPORTER: Here?

MILNE: Yes. You know the trouble in Micronesia, I'll tell you. T. T. has two ideas. One to protect the Micronesians; one to bring in outside capital. Therefore you have two things—protectionism versus progressivism, you know? You cannot have both. You've got to give up one. Now in Micronesia, you find a lot of people have lots of land. The law in the T. T., you cannot sell land to an outsider, this is good, very very good and I agree with it. But if I were an economist with the T. T. this is the first thing I would do. I would think what we all need here and I would go out to the United States and solicit these things I have in mind. In other words solicit customers. And I'd say we've got so much land in Micronesia, we lack this, we lack that, these people have land. You cannot come to Micronesia because you cannot own land. But the Micronesians have land and

they have no money. Why don't you have a joint venture with them. You value their land, appraise the value of their land and put it as a stock, you know? And put up the working capital. Even if you have fifty percent or maybe more, but get started. And these Micronesians are your partners. And that will do it, I think . . . They can protect the Micronesians and they can develop it at the same time if they think of a way to really do it.

REPORTER: When people talk about the economic development of the Trust Territory first they talk about tourism and then secondly they mention fishing and perhaps third they mention agriculture. Why don't you evaluate what you think are the possibilities, Trust Territory-wide, in each of these three areas.

MILNE: I would concentrate mostly on tourism and fishing. Right now, like on Saipan, we always have typhoons. I don't think agriculture would work very nicely at this time. But fishing—we got a lot of ocean. All they've got to do—open this place for fishing. I do realize that they have to get American capital first. So we got Van Camp. Van Camp comes in, they set up a plant, not a plant, but a refrigeration plant in Palau and they get fish, ship them to the States. Now it could be that if they allow Van Camp to expand, give them a free hand, maybe they could set up a cannery.

REPORTER: Apart from fishing, what do you think of the possibilities of tourism in the Trust Territory?

MILNE: I think it's good, it's great, we got all the potentials here, we got a place for people to visit. But I think we need an active tourist bureau. Right now we lack it and even with our economic department, it's not well equipped for it. They should have a man who'll sit down and think and originate the idea and push it. You just cannot answer letters coming in from the districts and tell them, well maybe we can do it this way. You've got to have a bureau, a tourist bureau. You've got to push it.

REPORTER: Do you think the government ought to set up this tourist bureau?

MILNE: If they cannot do it, get a private company from theStates to do it for them. So many things. Why fool around with small, what do you call it, housing projects? Why can't they get F.H.A.? I know they have to go through the government and ask the Congress to pass a resolution to get F.H.A. out here, but let's face it, we're going to the United States anyway. We have no other place to turn but to the United States. So why can't they give us all these things so we could move.

REPORTER: Well what has been the success of, say, the Economic Development Loan Fund in supporting local enterprises, people who are trying to get started in business?

MILNE: Nothing. All they got is . . . right now they have loans for houses and that is good. Five thousand dollars for a house —that is pretty good. But before the typhoon, we didn't have anything. They guarantee. They'll go to a bank and guarantee a loan but again they tell you you have to prove yourself before we guarantee the loan. If a person goes and asks for a loan and they say you have to prove yourself, how could he prove himself without having the money to begin with? I mean he must have the money. They tell these guys, they said, "O.K., if you want a loan why don't you start a business and then we see—if you're successful you come and ask for a loan." This is ridiculous. How could a guy start a business when he only gets 45¢ an hour? You know. How could he improve himself? Maybe he has the capability. He cannot prove it because he has no money to begin with.

REPORTER: O.K. if tomorrow you were appointed director of economic development and you were instructed to insure the maximum progress beneficial to Micronesians, what would you do, what would your policy be, what changes would I see?

MILNE: First step: I'll do this. I'll go to the Congress of Micronesia and the High Commissioner and list down all the items that should be done, that we should go over. I would ask them what they need and what I think we need and I would go to the Congress of Micronesia and say this is what we need. You give me legislation to allow me to do these things within the law.

REPORTER: Like what?

MILNE: For instance. I will ask them, I'll say, we need tourists. We got to have hotels in the various districts. Why don't you make a legislation that we got to have a hotel in every district at certain months with certain tax exemptions. And I'd go to the States, I'd fly to the States and meet the hotel people and talk with them and say now we are Micronesia, here's a map of Micronesia. We got money in the budget. You know, we know that you're a rich man, you have a hotel, you're Mr. Hilton. We also have money to develop the islands. Would you come with me as my guest next month and we pay your trip to Micronesia and look around. He'll come out here. I don't have to pay for their salary. He'll come out here, he'll look. If they like the islands they'll tell me what they think should be done. If they say "No—No."—O.K.—Then I'll go to Japan. Next month I'll fly to Japan and talk to them. Be free. Talk to them. Come back here and if the Japanese said yes, I think we'll build a hotel in Palau, in Truk, but we want it this way, and this is good land. Fine, you think this land is good, huh? I'll go to the landowner. I'll talk to the landowner. If the landowner says, "well I cannot sell my land to Americans," I'll say, "forget about it. I think your land is worth fifty thousand. You want to invest in this company and be part of the hotel?" He says yes. O.K. Sign the lease. This man will open a hotel. Right? . . . Don't sit here and write "We think that we have the potential in Micronesia . . ." Go out!

REPORTER: Are you concerned in developing tourism about preserving Micronesian culture? The Palauans, the people in the Palau Hotel Corporation seem very much concerned that any tourism development be done by the Palauans.

MILNE: Maybe. But as a Micronesian I'll tell you one thing. We all need money. We all want to advance ourselves. And challenge my neighbor. To show my neighbor I'm a successful businessman. If you go to Palau as I said with this man from the States or from Japan and let them talk with these guys, they'll get something in their head. Right now who tells them? The Distad. The economist

goes out and tells them "But you must preserve your identity." O.K. So the guys are all filled up with these ideas. Preservation. Oh, my identity! But if he thinks he is going to make money ten years from now and his children will go to college with the money that he makes out of the hotel, by golly, he's going to give up his land. You know?

REPORTER: Yeah, but do you think it's a good thing?

MILNE: Well I think so. Everybody needs progress. What do you think the Congress is always saying? The administration's slow. Do they mean slow in budget? It's not that! Two ways: slow in budget and slow in advancement. They want . . . these guys go to Hawaii, they got to the States, they get educated, they come back, they don't want to cut copra anymore. All they want now: move. Move. They want to see it in Micronesia.

REPORTER: You said a second ago in reply to my question "speaking as a Micronesian" but you don't speak like a Micronesian. Do you consider yourself Micronesian? You said when you worked in the Marshalls you worked as an outsider.

MILNE: That's right. The reason they call me as an outsider is that I carry a British passport and furthermore they pay me a very high wage, in those days considerably high. In fact, I was getting an American wage. I had a big responsibility. So they said to encourage Ernie to work 24 hours a day we'll pay him. If they didn't pay me of course I'd be fishing on the weekend and wouldn't do much work. I'd have to supplement my income. I'll go out and fish.

REPORTER: Well, you fairly recently became a naturalized citizen of the Trust Territory. Why did you do that?

MILNE: The reason I did it because first of all I'm a Micronesian. I came from the Gilberts, which is a part of Micronesia, considered geographically as part of Micronesia. It's only that it is a British colony, and it has been a British colony for a hundred some years. And so I feel that whether I live in the Gilberts or live on Saipan, it's still Micronesia. So I'm not going back to the Gilberts, I'm going to stay in Micronesia in the T.T. Trust Territory citizen. So I applied. And I got it.

REPORTER: In terms of business, the economy, I'd like you to picture what Saipan and the Trust Territory in general will be like ten years from now.

MILNE: Well, that's a hard one to answer, but I'll say that since we don't have much of a viable economy, the only thing that I could think of now is the military, at least Saipan, in the Marianas. We don't have a viable economy. Typhoons ruin us all the time. We don't have industries and if we have industries, our land is so small, they cannot afford to have big industries. And I do realize that production is wealth. Yet we do not produce. What can we produce to export to get wealth? Nothing. So I think the best thing to have in Micronesia: tourism and small cottage industries. The biggest is the military. If we have the military here we'll be like Guam. Of course it's an artificial economy, but nevertheless it's an economy.

REPORTER: Do you think the Trust Territory should be like Guam?

MILNE: What do you mean?

REPORTER: I mean would you be pleased if ten years from now to get back to that earlier question, you came back to Saipan and it looked like Guam?

MILNE: Oh, I don't say now that Guam is the T. T. I would think that T. T. should be preserved itself but in the way of economic development there are certain places now like Palau that has a potential for fishing, tourism. It'd be good in Palau. Therefore, if I were an economist I'd make an economic survey of the situation of each district. Saipan: nothing as far as I'm concerned. Right now all they need is tourists and maybe a military base in order to get money, get employment. Then, in Palau, I don't think they need military. I think in Palau they have natural resources there for tourism. And I think they should push tourism to Palau. They should build hotels, they should advertise and push it. Now in the Marshalls agriculture is impossible. I mean just impossible. So what they should do there, they should go out and look—there's nice beaches, maybe they should have tourism there. Too small for military use. But if the military want to go there like Kwajalein—fine. Get into other places and at the same time push tourism. Not agriculture—nothing and maybe they could export copra more by having people to plant copra.

REPORTER: Could the Marshalls become a viable economic unit simply on copra and some tourism?

MILNE: I doubt. Now, in Micronesia, although we keep on raising coconuts and export copra, fine, but sooner or later, the United States or other countries are going to find better oil at cheaper cost and they're going to buy it.

REPORTER: You mentioned that one real potential for money in Micronesia is the U.S. military. The obvious example of a place around here that's supported by the U.S. military is Guam. Now you've been to a lot of places around the world and you've lived in Washington, in London . . .

MILNE: I have traveled three times around the world . . .

REPORTER: Do you find Guam an attractive place?

MILNE: To me it's a good place. Any place is good if you like the place.

REPORTER: Right now, you're spending most of your time I guess in insurance and in other various partnerships with Joe Tenorio. What are your plans for the future?

MILNE: For me?

REPORTER: For yourself. And for the country.

MILNE: Well, for the country, I want to give the best service I could, for my country. I want to perform all the work, the functions that I think people need out here. Of course for the country I cannot do much without going through the government. You must remember that. Of course the government comes first, if you want to do something you have to get a license from the government, if I want to go to Palau and open an office there I've got to get a permit from the government. And then I can do a lot of things for them in conjunction with the government programs. Now for myself I want to live and raise a family, I want to live well, don't go hungry, and I want to enjoy life, make money. Make money, enjoy life, and work. And in order to make money you must work. So I work.

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMAS

by Dr. William M. Peck

When I lived on Guam and, for four and one half years, was in charge of public health there, I thought once in a while about the Trust Territory, but not very often and certainly not very accurately. It seemed like an area of outer darkness whose principle preoccupation was spawning typhoons and aiming them at Guam. About my only knowledge of the Truk District was that this was where Typhoon Karen arose. Earth tremors that shook us occasionally and reminded old-timers of the devastating earthquakes of 1902 and the thirties, arose from the Marianas Trench —also within the Trust Territory's jurisdiction and certainly within its moral, if not legal, responsibility. I know that bomb-testing had occurred in the Marshalls (in fact, I had participated in the 1958 series of tests as a member of a U.S. Public Health Service team— though I'm a little shame-faced about it now); that two island populations had negotiated away their land rights for the convenience of the testers; and that another population (on Rongelap Atoll) had been heavily irradiated by mistake, along with the Japanese fishermen on the *Lucky Dragon.* These things gave a Dr. Strangelove quality to my many misconceptions, and I dwelt on them—since these were about all I knew—until they became rather tiresome. I wonder if this thought ever occurred to anyone else at that time: that the Trust Territory with its almost unbridgeable entry permit requirements in the past (but not now) possessed the fleeting fascination and the faded horror of a rerun Frankenstein movie . . .

That this area also contained some of the most nostalgically beautiful islands in the world (Kusaie, for instance, as fiercely rugged and jagged as the Matterhorn, though green as an emerald; Ponape, always half-hidden in clouds, soft and Elysian and dream-like, with great mountains folded into valleys that contain rain forests and the sound of water falls; Truk with its Tol Lagoon as misty and as mystical and as remote as a 17th Century Japanese painting; and the Northern Marianas! . . . how can I speak of them since boat schedules have prevented my making this northern trip, except, vicariously, to observe that co-workers returning from Pagan and Anatahan and Agrihan, though they have wonder in their eyes and eagerness to speak, seem to be struck dumb, as if they had just beheld the Taj Mahal—('mine eyes have seen the glory' sort of thing.)—these improbable glories, I thought, were too far-fetched to take seriously; nor did I have reason for knowing, as I do now, that human beings with compassion and dignity, and some with actual greatness, lived there, and worked and aspired there, and succeeded or became fouled up in their frustrations just like anywhere else. These things never seemed to get to me across the barrier of reefs and oceans and regulations. Actually, I think hardly anyone but anthropologists and a handful of adventurous souls requested entry in those days. Or so it seemed to me when I lived in Guam, and, perhaps, thought and acted about like my neighbors . . . perhaps like some of you, outside the Trust Territory or newly arrived in it, who may be reading this article.

My medical information was even more restricted for it was confined to just one anecdote. I heard— and have since confirmed as quite true—that Dr. Macdonald, a former brain surgeon and one of my predecessors, once participated by radio in a brain operation many sea-miles away: he at one end of a radio frequency, a Micronesian Medical Officer (trained

at the Medical School at Fiji) who never before had seen the inside of a living cranium, at the other end; but with a scalpel in his hand and the courage to cut and trephine and tie-off bleeding vessels when Dr. Macdonald's radio voice told him to do so . . . Of course the patient survived as patients always do in such tales that become legends.

And once while I was on Guam I helped arrange for a plastic surgeon to come from Honolulu for one week to repair the cleft palates or hare lips of twenty-four children (operations which are not terribly difficult but which require deftness and exquisite care). Because of the unique training opportunities, we invited four or five Micronesian Medical Officers to come to Guam Memorial Hospital to assist in this week of marathon surgery. I recall the awe with which Dr. Fernandez, the plastic surgeon, spoke of these Fiji-trained medical officers: "These men are excellent surgeons, *they handle tissues with reverence.*"

As a Guam resident I thought I knew something about the vastness of this part of the world, having crossed it many times by jet-flight (usually asleep) from Guam to Honolulu. But its extent cannot be comprehended by anyone until he starts trying to arrange travel routines, or medical evacuations, or orderly delivery of medical supplies, or continuous supervision of hospitals thousands of miles apart; for Trust Territory-Micronesia stretches through four time-zones, approaches Japan and Hawaii on its northern and eastern reaches, abuts New Guinea on the south and the Philippines on the west, sprawls through its 3,000,000 square miles of ocean as if inaccessibility were its only motive. So far as I know no one person has yet been able to visit all of the 92 inhabited islands. For me to make ward rounds in the hospital at Majuro (two hours of medical work) required ten days getting there and back —or did before change of air schedule. I had to cancel an important, brief meeting on Rongelap Atoll in the Marshall Islands last February for it would have taken nearly six weeks time.

An illustration will dramatize the problem and will point out why I have become so emotionally intent in making all who will listen know that this is a big place and that logistics, by nature of the dispersion of these islands, are agonizingly difficult and treacherous. Let me recount for you my first adventure with a hospital situation.

I arrived in Micronesia (fresh from a very small country in Central Africa) on a Monday morning in June, 1967. On Thursday morning I received a radio message at my headquarters office in Saipan informing me that a serious obstetrical complication involving an arm presentation had occurred in the little, dilapidated subdistrict hospital of Kusaie—1200 miles away. The radio reception was bad and it took half an hour of shouting for the young Micronesian physician in Kusaie to make me understand that he needed help from the district hospital in Ponape—300 miles away from him. The basic idea seemed simple enough: send a plane from its base on Guam to pick up a senior Micronesian physician in Ponape, along with such surgical supplies as he would need, and fly him to Kusaie. But there is no landing strip on Ponape and none on Kusaie. So here is what transpired, as with considerable remembered agitation I will try to retrace with you the series of misadventures that introduced me to the ways of medical practice in Micronesia.

The large DC-4 plane from Guam flew the sea-plane crew 554 miles to Truk where a Trust Territory sea-plane was kept in readiness. But on arrival at Truk the crew was unable to get the SA-16 to fly. So a message was sent back to the Navy at Guam which dispatched one of its own seaplanes for this mercy mission. It made it successfully over the same 554 miles to Truk, and then over the next 362 miles on to Ponape. But when it tried to alight in the lagoon at Ponape, it missed a channel buoy and piled up on a reef. Then a long wait for a change of tide before it could be floated, and then nightfall with an interminable waiting for daylight. All this time, from Thursday morning to Saturday morning, a woman in labor with an infant's arm protruding as grotesquely and as horribly, it seemed to me as I waited nervously in Saipan, as in a somewhat similar H. G. Wells moon-based fantasy, which was the only precedent, medical or otherwise, I could call to mind. But on Saturday morning the sea-plane did complete its mission to Kusaie where the senior and junior Micronesian physicians successfully performed a Caesarean section, the mother and infant both surviving with no complications . . . A further note on the ingenuity of the staff: when the electric generator failed to function, most of the surgery was actually performed under the illumination of flashlights. This was my first humbling lesson in the magnitudes that confront me, my first sure insight into what happened when a fragile technology—our David—is matched against the surliness and the strength of this Pacific Goliath.

Not only are transportation logistics recalcitrant and cruelly difficult, they may also become enormously expensive. Out of curiosity I calculated the cost of transportation. This alone came to $7,000.00 for this one Caesarian section. What, you who are interested in medical economics may ask, was the cost to the patient? It was $10.00, the highest fee that may be charged to a Micronesian for any surgical procedure performed within the Trust Territory.

Up to this point I have tried only to give an aura and a feel for the situation as it presented itself in June 1967, and something of the perturbation and emotion of one academically-inclined public health physician, who, after having learned the jungle ways of a North Carolina University, after working in Guam for four and one half years, after three years of revolutions and burglaries and floods and witchcraft poisonings in Central Africa, thought that nothing in this world could surprise or dismay him.

But now we must move onto the present and attempt to discuss two subjects that are presented to me almost every day: (1) what is the level of health in Micronesia?; and (2) how adequate is the present hospital system? I can answer these two questions very easily: (1) the level of health of Micronesians is excellent; (2) the present hospital system is inadequate, especially in its physical structure. This seems to be as simple, and definitive statement as one could possibly make; but actually it isn't, for it creates a major dilemma that I must grapple with every day, and try to explain—just as I am trying to do here—that good health is dependent on many things, some elusive and hard to identify and others perfectly obvious, but that the least of these is the hospital structure itself; for a hospital, by the very nature of the demand for it, is often a false symbol of the health of the population it serves. For instance, I strongly suspect that primeval Pacific Islands, including Hawaii and Guam, were healthier places to live before the first western explorer discovered them, than they are now or will ever be.

I've always wondered who sets up the itineraries for visiting dignitaries and various investigating groups that pass periodically and briefly through the Trust Territory, for the first stop—from which comes the awful first impression—is always at Ebeye Hospital. Why does this dismay me? Here's why:

Dear Dr. Peck:

The hospital roof leaks, practically all the windows are falling out and they need to be repaired. The air condition unit for the operating room is completely shot for almost three weeks . . . Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention that the hospital ambulance has broken down and we are unable to transport patients in an emergency . . . so maybe the air condition unit in the operating room isn't important after all.

Respectfully yours,
Medical Officer
Ebeye

And often the next stop is Kusaie which I've already told you about. I can't say that it's a dilapidated hospital falling apart for it was never all together in the first place; for instance, it never had a kitchen nor a laundry, and the operating room always had more the appearance of a utility room than a place where important surgery was, and is, being done.

There is simply no way for avoiding Truk hospital—so I am accusing no one of subversion in calling it to the attention of all official visitors—for it is at a district center, and its rambling, rickety Butler-type buildings dominate the climb from the district administrator's office up to the hotel. In a way, though, it is one of my secret sources of pride for I have learned that good medicine can be practiced in it, in spite of its bad planning and its present state of decay; but visitors never quite recover from the shock of seeing it for the first time, and touring its dark, dank, narrow hallways where outer-islanders (sometimes nearly naked in loin-cloth *thus,* and possibly eating a porridge of fermented breadfruit—which, incidentally, I recommend to gourmets) are crouching—not idly and purposelessly as visitors are apt to infer, but faithfully remaining there day after day and night after night to give intangible moral support to a relative who is fighting for his life on the other side of a thin partition: the kind of thing psychologists (but not hospital administrators nor busy nurses) are beginning to advocate as an important adjunct in modern treatment. I happen to know that within the surgical and obstetrical areas, the equipment is good and that techniques are faithfully applied; and that a Trukese kind of gentleness characterizes the work of the medical staff. I know that an interesting and novel school for midwives is being conducted right now at the Truk Hospital. Also I happen to known that when Typhoon Jean inundated the Hall Islands of that district, and querulously I inquired by radio about the staff's ability to conduct mass immunization of the inhabitants, I was told, "Don't worry, immunizations are all up-to-date in the disaster area." (Where in the United States could such a statement be made?) Yet when a visiting dignitary starts his interrogation of me with: "And now about the Truk Hospital . . . ", I know it is time for me to prepare for an inquisition or, better yet, dig a fox hole.

That was the way I instinctively reacted not long ago when a Guam newspaper's headline proclaimed 'TRUK HOSPITAL INADEQUATE'. Morbidly, for I never seem to get used to being attacked, I read the first devastating statement: *In a research analysis of the Moen Hospital last month . . . it was found that the "facilities and staff"* (I didn't much care what was said about the facilities—though I would rather have been the one saying it—but I started to bristle at the inclusion of the staff) *"was largely inadequate to meet the needs of the people of Truk"* . . . and that *"patients are crowded into rooms where breathing space and ventilation are very limited."* Ventilation limited, crowded rooms, indeed! Would it were only partially true! For there are few single rooms worthy of the name, only unmanageably large wards. And decrepit walls and unclosable windows bring this hospital perilously close to absolute ventilation: a typhoon would sweep through it almost as easily as across an atoll.

What I'm trying to say is that this is the type of irrelevant evidence that has given rise to a widespread and prevailing attitude that Micronesian health is disgracefully poor, comparable to that in underdeveloped areas of Africa and Asia: that Micronesia is, in fact, a health slum . . . this, somehow, never getting offset by the reality of the magnificent physiques and exuberant health one sees on every island and in every village. These contradictions between what enraptures one as he travels about the Territory, and what he

reads in gloomy reports when he returns to his office, led the Trust Territory government to contract with the University of Hawaii School of Public Health to conduct a Territory-wide survey, and to make its own independent judgment as to the state of health of Micronesians. This is partially complete and its computers are pouring forth eloquent data. For instance:

	Micronesia	U.S.A.	Nepal	Mississippi (non-white)	Alaska (PHS Indian Health)
Death rate	7.2*	9.4	27.0	—	—
Infant Death rate	26.7*	24.7	150.0	54.4	66.1

**Our Vital Statistician, a very conservative person indeed, believes that this is an underestimation, and prefers the figure of 32.7, a figure that is still quite respectable.*

Tuberculosis, leprosy and filariasis have been regarded as particular scourges in Micronesia, and special surveys are being conducted for each of them under University supervision. It is seen that tuberculosis has subsided to a level of that in some of our States; leprosy, through some magic of its own, seems to be subsiding and, in many areas, disappearing altogether; filariasis does not exist at all in the Marshalls or Marianas, and only in limited 'pockets' elsewhere. Eradication of all three diseases is within technical capability.

These results, as you can see, are on the side of good health, not just ordinary good health, but of glorious health, the kind that is not very well understood in temperate zones, but the kind that early travellers and diarists had in mind when they called Micronesia an "earthly paradise"... the kind that most of us living in the Trust Territory have learned to take for granted.

Up to now I've been speaking defensively of our hospitals, not because I think they are sufficiently planned, equipped, or maintained (quite the reverse, actually!), but for the sake of emphasizing the fact that the health of a community is not to be judged by its hospital structure, for public health is more likely to be determined by living habits, climate, an efficient public health nurse, social tensions, diet. On the other hand, the way an individual sick or injured person gets treated, whether he lives or dies or becomes a cripple, is very much dependent on the local hospital. Every humane impulse that a physician or public-spirited citizen knows, cries out for good individual medical care. Here are our plans. A referral-teaching hospital is to be constructed at Ponape, at cost of $5,000,000. Its construction will start as soon as the airfield and dock are completed. This hospital should have the same complement of medical specialties that are expected in state-side referral hospitals or in the Guam Navy Hospital. The feeling is that the remaining five district hospitals should be brought up to the level of state-side community hospitals; and, to this end, the construction of a new $3,000,000 hospital for Truk is now actually underway. $2,000,000 is planned for a new hospital on Yap. It will be built, but I cannot give the date that construction will be started.

Various improvements are planned for each of the other district hospitals, such as the addition of psychiatric and pediatric wards. All three subdistrict hospitals are to be rebuilt. This includes $200,000 for a hospital at Ebeye, $200,000 for a hospital at Kusaie, and $100,000 for a hospital at Rota (a prefabricated hospital which has actually been delivered to the site but not yet assembled).

The medical staff is gradually being enlarged. Since June 1967, six M.D. physicians have been added to the staff. Two more are in process of recruitment. Positions have been created for employment of two supervising registered nurses in each district.

Two events stand out as being particularly important. Micronesia has become eligible for Public Health Service Programs, through the Region IX office in San Francisco. The Communicable Disease Center at Atlanta is now developing a communicable disease control program in the Trust Territory, and will establish a permanent disease surveillance office here. A contract is now in effect with the School of Public Health at the University of Hawaii for the development of comprehensive health planning, and for consultation services. Cooperative programs are also in effect or are being planned with Schools and Public Health in Berkeley, Tulane and University of North Carolina. A new and increased pay schedule—long overdue—has been developed for all Micronesian health workers.

I conclude with the grotesque--but, believe me, agonizingly serious--observation I made last February to our Medical Officers: "Just now, about eight months after coming to Micronesia, is a time when I find myself in need of spiritual renewal. For the first six months, the usual refrain was: 'This guy is great, he will set everything right next week.' But now that people have gotten used to seeing me around it's changed to: 'Why didn't you build the Ponape Hospital last week? The Truk Hospital was budgetted three years ago and you haven't built it yet? Incredible! And you should have done something about Kusaie and Ebeye hospitals at least five years ago.' What kind of an idiot are you to have stopped sending medical students to Fiji in 1962? Just what have you been doing for the last twenty years, anyway? I wish I could say we have come to full circle from that bitter moment. We haven't, of course, but the signs are appearing, and the lineaments of higher professional performance and pride and enthusiasm, a new respect for standards can be discerned--faintly or not at all by the skeptics, perhaps,--but with increasing confidence and certainty by those who are staking their reputations and their energies on the outcome. . . . But in a year, surely in a year or less, some of these things should have become so established as to seem to commonplace for comment or for congratulation.

Peleliu: Yesterday & Today

The Hardest Fight *by Dirk A. Ballendorf*

The Landscape of War *by P. F. Kluge*

Meredith Carson: A Personal Narrative

Little Lazarus Salii was uneasy. It was the kind of uneasiness any young boy of five feels when he knows that something strange and dangerous is about to happen. The first grey light of dawn covered the sky and Lazarus was helping his father move the family possessions from their small house in what was then called Saipan Town to a shelter which had been dug out of a mountainside near the village. Each of the native families had prepared their own shelters on the advice of the Japanese commander who had warned of the barbaric Americans and their bombs.

All the members of the family huddled in the shelters. Lazarus was about to return with his father to their house to gather more things when suddenly, but distinctly, they heard the hum of an airplane engine.

They immediately returned to the shelter. The hum became a roar and many grey planes filled the sky. Lazarus could see the stars and stripes on the wings as they dove to drop their bombs.

For the next two days the planes continued to come jettisoning their deadly cargo. And Lazarus Salii came to know the meaning of terror.

The time: March 30, 1944.

The place: Saipan Town, Angaur Island.

The event: The first American air raid on the Palau Islands.

THE HARDEST FIGHT

by Dirk A. Ballendorf

"We're going to have some casualties, but let me assure you this is going to be a short one, a quickie. Rough but fast. We'll be through in three. It might only take two."

Major General William H. Rupertus
Commander, First Marine Division

Pacific Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz thumped his fist on his desk, got up, walked across the room and stared out the window of his office at CINCPAC Headquarters in Honolulu. Although the war was going well, he was disturbed by the ever-present scourge of all administrators: problems with his staff. On his desk lay a recently decoded message from Admiral Halsey who was leading the Third Fleet in strikes against the Philippines. These operations were softening up the Japanese defenses in preparation for an American invasion of the Palaus. General MacArthur was determined to take the Palaus in order to have land bases for an invasion of the Philippines. In the message Halsey was saying that the Japanese were so weak in the Philippines that there was no apparent need for the capture of the Palaus; carrier-based aircraft would be sufficient for the Philippine invasion job.

With his hands behind his back Nimitz paced the floor in front of the window. While he commanded the U.S. Navy in the Pacific, MacArthur commanded all expeditionary forces. Disagreements between MacArthur and himself were commonplace, but in spite of their frequent differences, they had managed to complement each other very well over the course of the war thus far, and their mutual efforts were driving the Japanese into an inescapable corner. Although Nimitz had ordered the Halsey message sent to MacArthur in New Guinea, he already knew what the General's reply would be. MacArthur had too much at stake and had too carefully laid his plans for an invasion of the Palaus to change them now. After his retreat from Corregidor he had marched steadily northward from Australia through the Solomons and New Guinea, harassing the Japanese at every turn. The capture of Peleliu and Angaur in the Palaus would place him at the doorstep of the Philippines and would all but guarantee the fulfillment of his promise to the Filipinos: "I shall return."

Even though Admiral Halsey was an excellent tactician whose opinion he valued, Nimitz knew that he would have to support the General in this case. He would leave the matter to his operations commanders to do the best they could with as little loss of life. The Peleliu campaign would proceed.

MacArthur's message arrived shortly as Nimitz knew it would. The General was unimpressed with Halsey's report. The battle for Peleliu and Angaur would commence as scheduled on September 15th.

By early July Peleliu itself was the scene of intense Japanese activity. The American bombing raids had sharply increased since June when MacArthur's bombers came up from New Guinea to support the attack on Saipan. Palau Group Sector Commander, General Sadao Inoue, had been given a mandate to prepare the Palaus for a major invasion and this he was doing to the best of his ability. Given priority for all supplies, the Palaus were becoming a patchwork of bunkers, pillboxes, casements, and fortified caves. At first, Inoue had expected that the main American thrust would come at the big island of Babelthuap, but recent concentrations of American raids on the airfields at Peleliu had caused him to reconsider by early June. Through July and August tons of cement were taken to Peleliu for construction of defenses. The caves provided a natural defense system which needed only to be refined. Inoue planned to make them invulnerable to bombardment and impregnable to attack. "The battle will surely come," he thought, "but I will fight it on my own terms."

Almost all the residents of Peleliu and Angaur were evacuated to Babelthuap and more than 10,000 Japanese troops converged on Peleliu. Lazarus Salii, now a senator in the Congress of Micronesia, went with his family to Ngaraard.

Tactical commander of the garrison troops, Hiyoshi Nakagawa, was very pleased with the elaborate cave defense system. Today the Director of a Japanese Red Cross Society, Nakagawa remembers that the caves gave a certain sense of security to the troops which was a great morale booster. The largest cave was in the Amiangal System at the northern tip of the island. It garrisoned more than 1000 men and was well protected, but only by its own fire power, but also by artillery on Ngesebus Island. The frequent bombing raids, unbeknownst to the Americans, were doing little damage to the caves, and although the work went slowly, the caves were becoming well stocked with food, water, and ammunition.

Baulechong, a 56 year old native of Peleliu had worked for a time unloading the supply ships at both Peleliu and Angaur. In August, however, he was taken to Ngaraard as the bombing raids became more and more frequent. "I shall not see my land again," he thought as he watched Peleliu fade on the horizon from the stern of a Japanese ship. Today, nearly 80, Baulechong lives quietly on Peleliu and reminisces about the great activity of 1944-45.

The First Marine Division, commanded by General William H. Rupertus, was selected to execute the invasion, and the First, Fifth, and Seventh Regiments went to Pavuvu in the Russell Islands for training. The first groups arrived in May for something called "rest and rehabilitation," but when they got there they found that there was in fact no camp awaiting them. They had to build one from scratch. For reasons like this the morale of the Marines in training in the Russell Islands could not match that of the Japanese on Peleliu. Complaining was the rule. Screened mess halls, galleys, heads, and bathing facilities had to be constructed while training for the Palaus was supposed to be going on, and the camp was not completed until July. Roads were hub-deep in mud most of the time, and there was insufficient engineering equipment to construct new ones in the alloted time. Other equipment was equally scarce. Such critical items as flamethrowers, bazookas, Browning automatic rifles, demolition, signal and

waterproofing equipment and spare parts failed to arrive until the last stages of the training schedule, and in some instances, barely in time to be loaded.

Seventeen-year-old Fred Fox, of the First Marines, was learning to use a new type of portable flamethrower, called the Mark I, which he would carry in the battle. Russell Davis was becoming acquainted with a new model of amphibious tractor which would carry him ashore. The machine didn't look radically different from the older types, but it was more maneuverable and moved faster, and Davis figured that it would get him ashore quicker. Two other Marines in the training, Marty Mangan, and Burl Yarberry, were anxious to get on with the training and out of the steamy pest-hole of the Russells.

Back on Peleliu, General Inoue was having supply problems. American submarines were taking a great toll on his supply ships from the north. While the construction was complete on the defenses, there was a shortage of munitions. The General ordered aircraft bombs to be used as beach mines at the high water mark, and had a series of intermittent anti-tank ditches dug along most of the beach front on the west side.

It was now the first week of September and more than 300 B-24 bombers had dropped over 600 tons of bombs on the island in less than two weeks. Inoue knew that the invasion was drawing near as the carrier planes from Halsey's Third Fleet took the islands under aerial bombardment. Even the Fleet's escorting cruisers and destroyers made several runs of their own against Peleliu and Angaur, although most of their fire was conducted from over eight miles out at sea and did minimal damage. Seeing the time getting close, Inoue left Peleliu and called a final planning meeting at his headquarters in the Ngatpang Basin on Babelthaup.

At the American headquarters in the Solomon Islands, General Roy Geiger, commander of the troops to go ashore at Peleliu, was immersed in planning considerations. American troops on Saipan had captured several documents which enabled intelligence officers to piece together a remarkably accurate order of battle of Japanese forces on Peleliu. The operations plan called for the First Marines on the left to land with two battalions in assault and one in reserve. In the center the Fifth Marines were to land with two battalions in assault and one in reserve. On the right the Seventh Marines would come ashore with two leading battalions in column formation. All this to take place on the southwest beaches opposite the airfield where the reef was wide but the water shallow.

Although the plan was good on paper, General Geiger was understandably tense. There were aerial photographs from the carrier strikes and MacArthur's bombers, but they didn't, in Geiger's opinion, give a sufficient view of the Japanese beach defenses. He ordered the photo reconnaissance to continue. There were also other concerns. Many of the troops had had no battle experience yet and the fight would be difficult. Much of the equipment had been late in coming and the rehearsals at Guadalcanal had to be executed without the proper run-through with all the new weapons. Loading for the battle had also been attended by problems. Pavuvu had neither enough docks nor beaches to provide for the assault shipping, and so loading was a piecemeal process. Nevertheless the preparations were finally completed and the forces left the staging area and steamed for Palau waters. D-day was set for September 15th at 0830 hours.

Admiral "Bull" Halsey stood stern-faced on the bridge of his flagship and looked towards Peleliu which was covered with smoke from the Fleet's aerial bombardment. Although his judgement with regards to the necessity of this campaign had been over-ridden by his superiors, he nevertheless went about his task with his usual grim determination. After three days of heavy bombing Halsey determined that many of the enemy installations had been knocked out. He pulled three of his carrier groups to the north to undertake operations in the Philippines, while a fourth group came down from operations against Yap to support the shore landings. It was September 10th, D-day minus five.

On September 12th, 13th, and 14th minesweepers cleaned the area in front of the landing beaches. Several teams of frogmen came over the reef on the 14th to destroy underwater obstacles and check the general condition of the lagoon floor. Colonel Kuzume observed this operation through his field glasses and sent an urgent message to General Inoue at Ngatpang; the battle was at hand.

Twenty-year-old Private Uichi Kido watched the American flotilla amass on the early morning of September 15th. Peleliu was under staggering naval and air bombardment, but Kido could see relatively well from his machine-gun bunker on Ngesebus Island. He was very frightened. Originally a cook's assistant on a troop transport, Kido had been pressed into infantry service after his ship had been torpedoed by an American submarine thirty miles off Babelthuap. He had been rescued by Palauan fishermen after drifting towards the beach for seventeen hours on a piece of wreckage. He remembered how happy he was to get on shore again, and how after getting food and shelter at the Airai Garrison, he had reflected on his experience as a bad dream. That had been over four months ago, and now he was wondering if perhaps it would have been better if he'd have drowned then. For this experience now was more than a bad dream; it was a nightmare.

A thousand yards off the beach the LSTs were positioning themselves to disgorge the amtracs loaded with Marines. Private Fred Fox huddled in one of the amtracs inside the LST. The only light came from the dim bulbs along the sides of the hold. The amtracs were already revving-up their engines for the launching and so the room was clogged with thick carbon monoxide smoke which could not be carried away by the inadequate ventilating system. Many of the men were vomiting in the amtracs and a few had even passed-out. Fred Fox thought that if they didn't get out of the LST soon they would all be dead. Finally the huge bulkhead doors swung open and the amtracs waddled into the water to take up their formation for beach assault.

Fred's amtrac circled and headed for the extreme north side of the beach. The beach, of course, could not be seen for the smoke, but the naval bombardment had now ceased to allow the troops to get ashore so at least some of the deafening roar had stopped. Carrier planes now strafed the beach. As the amtracs crossed the reef towards the shore, Fred breathed a sigh of relief at making it this far. Small arms fire and mortar bursts created a new racket and

sent splashes of water cascading into the craft. Fox could see the beachline clearly now as the amtrac came forward. The machine-gunner on the craft sprayed the beach area as the amtrac lumbered ashore and the Marines hit the beach. Clutching the delivery tube of his Mark I flamethrower, Fred dove into a shell hole with his buddy. Looking back down the beach, Fred noticed many other amtracs coming to the shore in a similar fashion. Looking then to his left, Fred noticed that he and his buddy had company with them in their shell hole. The blast had uncovered one of the Japanese make-shift land mines, an aircraft bomb. The two moved immediately forward to the next shell-hole.

Farther down the beach, near the shore, another amtrac bobbed in the surf, intermittently scraping the lagoon bottom. The driver was pleading with the squad leader to have the men disembark before the vehicle became mired in the sand and coral. A stopped vehicle was a good target. The ramp went down but some men hesitated and confusion reigned. Russ Davis hugged the side of the craft. Suddenly a mortar shell hit the ramp and the amtrac was finished. Davis and his surviving comrades slogged ashore in waist-deep water. Today Davis is a Peace Corps staff member in Washington.

In spite of the enemy fire the first wave made it to the beach within two minutes of the scheduled time and the subsequent waves landed at approximately five minute intervals.

Sgt. Marty Mangan was with the Fifth Marines who had the assignment of seizing the airfield. He hit the beach and hugged the ground, inching his way forward on his stomach never looking backwards or to the sides until he reached the airfield several hours later; a distance of a few hundred yards. Mangan, now Deputy High Commissioner of the Trust Territory, on a recent visit to Peleliu was asked to identify an old, war-torn Japanese building near the beach. When he couldn't do it, his questioner expressed some surprise. "Well, you landed here with the Marines, didn't you?" "I did," replied Mangan, "but at that time I never raised my head more than an inch from the ground and looked only straight ahead until I got to the airfield. I could have passed right next to the building and would never have seen it or known it was there."

The battle raged. During the first day there were 1100 American casualties. At night the figure mounted as the Japanese launched three major counter-attacks. Although the lines were penetrated, the forces failed to reach the beach to harass the Marines from the rear. The next morning, D-day plus one, at 0930, General Rupertus came ashore hobbling on a broken ankle he incurred during training. While he was impressed with the Marines' doggedness, he realized that he had been wrong in his prediction that the battle would be a quickie.

During the following several days the Fifth and Seventh Marines made excellent progress. The Fifth had even reached the eastern coast of the island, having over-run the airfield. As the southern part of the island became secured the push turned to the north where the First Marines had continuing difficulties. From the very beginning of the landing the First Marines had great trouble penetrating the point of land at the extreme north end of the beach. Their units suffered the heaviest casualties.

On the evening of the third day, Fred Fox was a hundred yards or so in from the beach near the north end of the fighting. His patrol decided to sneak around the Japanese under cover of darkness and surprise them from behind on the little peninsula which jutted-out from the north end of the beach. With fixed bayonets the men proceeded into the shallow water on the northside of the peninsula. Suddenly they heard other footsteps ahead and before they could think, found themselves in the midst of a Japanese patrol, which ironically, was advancing to sneak-up on the Marines. The two groups clashed in a fury, the Americans far outnumbered by their opponents. Minutes later Fred lay quietly in the water, aware that he had sustained serious wounds. Not a shot had been fired. The Japanese had retreated. Fred lay there for hours, afraid and unable to move or cry out for help for fear that the Japanese would return and finish him off. As dawn approached he heard the voices of other Americans and called for assistance. In spite of mortal danger, a buddy came out and carried Fred to safety on the beach. The fight was over for Fred and the next day he was evacuated to a ship which carried him to a hospital in the Admiralty Islands. He had received eleven bayonet wounds and had lost much blood. Recalling the event today, Fox, a Texas businessman, points to his clearly visible scars and expresses his amazement at surviving.

Within two days the south end of the island, including the airfield, were considered secure. On the third day, September 18th, the first American plane landed on the captured airfield. The Marines were losing no time in establishing a foothold from which there could be no retreat. Supplies and materials poured in. The fighting now centered on the ridges and mountains in the center of the island. It was fierce. Casualties mounted daily and the Japanese dug in to give hard and organized resistance. General Inoue was indeed fighting the battle on his own terms.

For the Americans, however, fighting conditions were less than ideal. It was very hot and humid, water was scarce, and equipment was prone to wearing out fast, especially shoes and vehicle tires which had to negotiate Peleliu's jagged and razor-sharp coral ridges. Corporal Burl Yarberry, today Acting Commissioner of Education for the Trust Territory, remembers clearly how fast shoes were worn out and what grief the Marines who had no spare G.I. shoes suffered. Yarberry was one of the far-sighted ones who had brought along an extra pair.

With the large airfield secured, the Marines turned their attentions to the north and the supporting fighter strip on little Ngesebus Island. The island had been connected to Peleliu by a 500-yard causeway, but that had long since been demolished. While naval and artillery barrages together with aircraft raids softened Ngesebus, the Marines organized on the adjacent beach for an invasion. The assault wave crossed the channel while Marine Corsairs came in strafing only fifty feet above the beach. Uichi Kido and the other defenders were terrified by this tactic. The Marines stormed ashore taking the island efficiently and with little loss of life. Young Kido surrendered immediately as the Americans surrounded his bunker. Once again he was thankful to have his life and relieved to have the nightmare over.

The Marines found that the Ngesebus

fighterstrip was too soft to be used, but now they had an excellent artillery location from which they could get another fire angle on the awesome Umurbrogol Mountains and the Amaingal cave system.

American planes flew missions over the mountains and ridges containing the caves. The airfield was nearly on the front line itself. It took only 15 seconds for the planes to fly from the field to their bombing positions over the mountains. For this the Corsairs didn't bother to retract their landing gear. Tons of bombs were dropped but progress was still slow in the face of stubborn Japanese resistance.

Up at the big cave in the north ridge Hiyoshi Nakagawa knew that defeat was near. From his vantage point he could see the American activity around the airfield; he could see that it was too staggering to be repulsed. It was now a time for waiting and hoping that one would not be killed.

As September ended the entire island was in American hands as well as the near-by island of Anguar which had been taken some days after the initial landings on Peleliu. Only the mountain stronghold in the center remained for reduction. There mop-up fighting would persist until November and this consisted of a pocket 900 yards long and 400 yards wide. On September 30, Rear Admiral George H. Fort, in command of the Western Attack Force, declared Peleliu to be secured. An estimated 888 Marines and soldiers had been killed and about 4500 were reported wounded or missing. Of this total of 5388 casualties, 5044 were members of the First Marine Division.

Before moving his Fleet westward for operations in Philippine waters, the Admiral sent his entire remaining supply of beer from his flagship *Mount McKinley*, (over 500 cases) to the Marines ashore. The ration was divided equally among the front line troops causing an incalculable boost in morale.

At his headquarters in Hollandia, General MacArthur received the news of the securing of Peleliu with great personal satisfaction. His long laid plans were materializing and he knew that it would not be long until he reached the Philippines. Less than a month later, on October 24th, he did just that when he stepped ashore at Leyte with General Carlos P. Romulo at his side.

The struggle for Peleliu and Angaur, although always noted in reputable accounts of the Pacific War, was never particularly celebrated. It has enjoyed none of the immortalizations bestowed on other fierce encounters of the war like Saipan, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. Perhaps this is because there was some question over the necessity of capturing the islands under the circumstances of the war during the autumn of 1944. Military scholars today still carry on the debate.

In order to understand the battle of Peleliu more clearly, it has to be seen within the total Pacific strategy. The objective of all Pacific fighting from 1941 to 1945 was to get to the home islands of Japan, invade them, crush the war machine, and establish a new government in the country. Two basic allied thrusts implemented this grand objective. One began in the Gilbert Islands and moved on through the Marshalls to the Marianas. The Caroline Islands, with Truk as the great Japanese Pacific bastion, were neutralized and not directly invaded. The famous battles which were fought in this line were Tarawa (Gilberts), Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Bikini (Marshalls), and Saipan (Marianas).

The other thrust on the part of the allies was up through the south and southwest, through the Solomons and New Guinea and on to the Philippines. MacArthur had been in the Philippines at the beginning of the war, and, with the fall of Bataan and Corregidor, was forced to flee.

MacArthur built his entire war strategy around returning to the Philippines and was often adamant in the implementation of his plans. He had repeated disagreements with the allied general staffs over the conduct of the campaign.

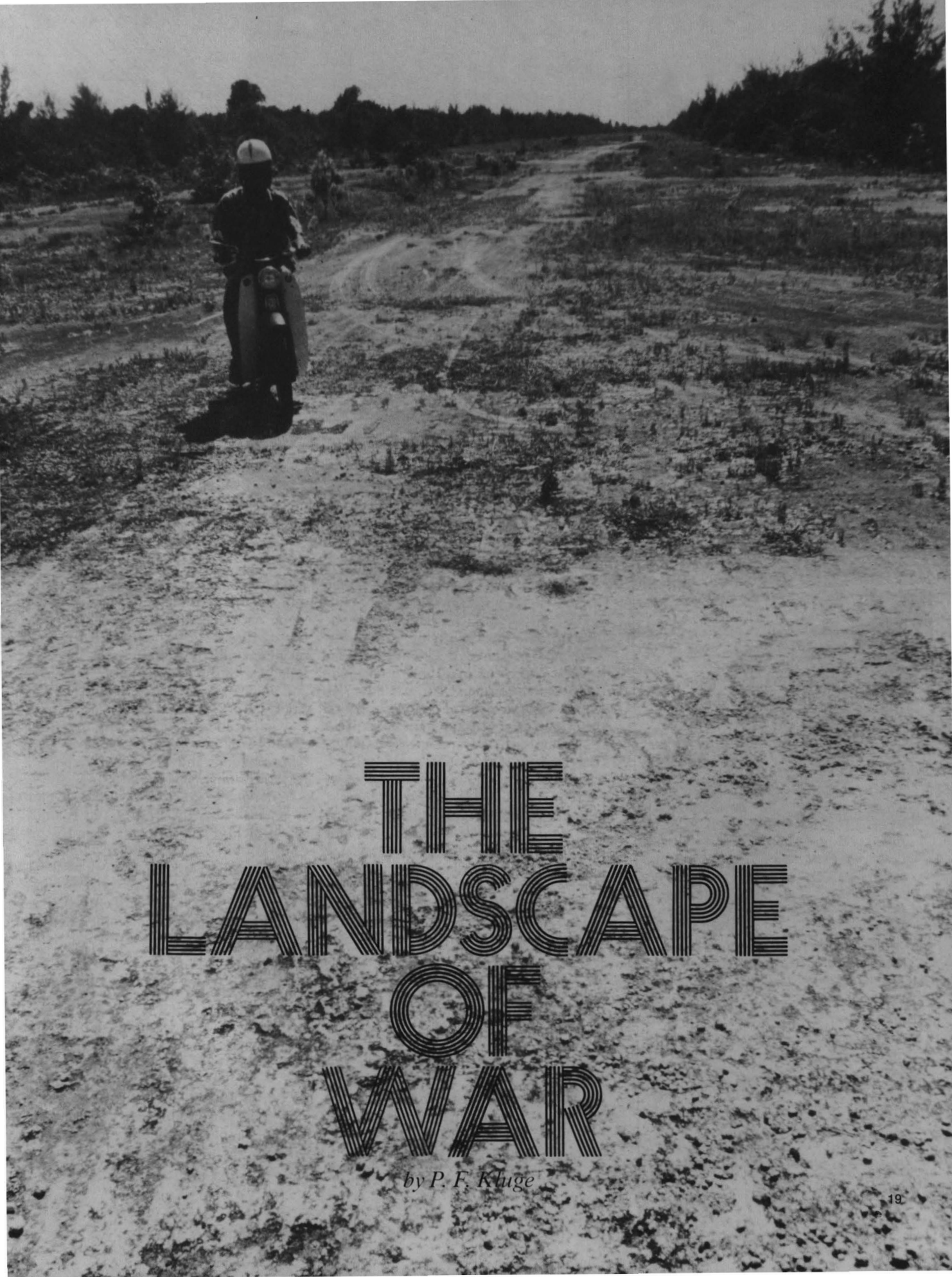
After securing Hollandia in 1944, MacArthur's immediate objective was the Philippines. In order to take these islands he needed land-based aircraft; so the convenient base of Peleliu was selected.

The Japanese, by this time, were getting used to making last-ditch stands. The Marianas had been taken in June of 1944 with tremendous loss. The Marianas had been the first line of inner-defense to the homeland. It was a grevious loss and resulted shortly thereafter in the resignation of the Japanese war-monger Premier Hideki Tojo. The American superfortresses, the B-29s, began firebomb raids over Tokyo, using Saipan and Tinian as land bases. Truk was no longer a threat, having been completely neutralized by bombs and fast carrier raids.

A large part of the Japanese Navy was moved to Palau where anchorage conditions were good and repair facilities were available. The Japanese expected that the Americans would be coming to Palau sometime in late 1944. While the original American plan was to land at the big island of Babelthuap, the plans were changed in favor of the airfields at Peleliu and Anguar. After securing these places they could seize the Kayangel Atoll where there was an excellent fleet anchorage area known as the Kossol Roads. Admiral Nimitz summed-up, in two points, the reasons for the American invasion of the Palaus: "First, to remove from MacArthur's right flank in his progress to the Philippines, a definite threat of attack; second, to secure for our forces a base from which to support MacArthur's operations into the Philippines."

Disagreements between the Army and the Navy in the Pacific have been, in popular history, treated rather lightly. In fact they were at times quite serious and always the cause of sharp debate. The difference of opinion as represented by Admiral Chester Nimitz and General Douglas MacArthur was so wide that Air Force historians have described it as an "abyss." The dialogue never subsided and was as heated among the ranks as it was on the higher echelons. The Marines resented MacArthur referring to them as "my Marines."

The spirit of compromise in the Army-Navy issue can be seen right up to the final military event of the war when the Japanese surrendered their total force to an Army General aboard a Navy battleship.



THE LANDSCAPE OF WAR

by P. F. Kluge

Nameless and unnumbered roads crisscross Peleliu's deserted plains, a baffling labyrinth of asphalt and coral.

A dead fleet of landing craft rusts on Orange Beach, invasion vessels still caught in the belligerent poses of 25 years ago.

Like a tortured egg frying on a skillet of hot sea, its blistering ridges popping against the sky and its punctured yolk of sand running off to the south, the once-famous island of Peleliu awaits a traveler at the end of a three hour boat-ride from the Palau District Center of Koror. Scenically, the appearance of the island is a distinct anticlimax; the rock islands which Captain Ngiraedeng's "Peleliu Boat" skirts on its way south are a hard act to follow. Gradually, however, the rock islands slip away, emerald hulks fading into grey silhouettes. A long sandy reef appears on the left and Peleliu is twenty minutes away.

Like most islands in Micronesia, Peleliu's first appearance is deceptive and one wonders how a dozen thousand men could have succeeded in killing each other for three months on so small a piece of real estate. Little wonder that Marine General Rupertus had predicted the battle would be over in three days. Once ashore, it's easy to discover why he was wrong.

Twenty-five years after its brief months of fame, Peleliu retains the indelible mark of war. It has the look of a contested piece of property, something that has never quite recovered from being fought over foot by foot. The long, wide, intricate system of highways, the baffling expanses of macadam and concrete, the numberless caves—some with recently-placed signs warning of live ammunition, the littered beaches and fading monuments all brand Peleliu with the marks of World War II and place it among that small fraction of Micronesia's islands—Saipan, Tinian, Eniwetok, and Kwajalein, perhaps Ulithi—whose names will always have certain resonance and whose landscape will reveal certain evocative scars.

Arriving at Peleliu's dock, a traveler is generally met by one of the island's seven pickup trucks ("taxis") and soon finds himself briskly moving along the incredible network of World War II roadways that constitute one of history's chief legacies to Peleliu. About three or four lanes wide, these roadways startle the traveler fresh from Koror's pitted by-ways. Though crumbling here and there, though grudgingly admitting a ridge of grass or clump of brush, Peleliu's highways are still in fair shape. After a few minutes breezing along one of them, the visitor arrives at the island's only village, a hot expanse of wood and metal structures dominated by two concrete buildings—one the scarred shell of a Japanese power plant, the other a spacious meeting-hall erected with emergency funds after a typhoon

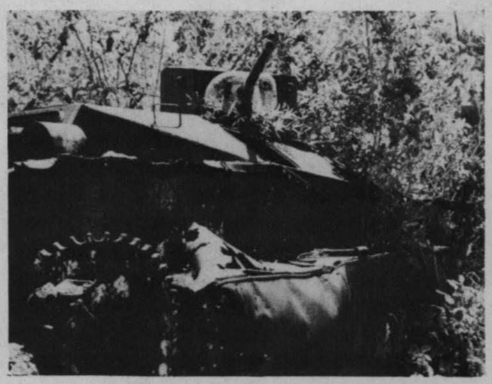
several years ago. (Typhoons and war, it seems, account for 95% of Peleliu's history.)

Of the 700 Peleliu people consolidated into the island's single village, one finds very few able commentators on the course of the battle. The island's total population, including courtly Obak Kloulubak, the current chief, were evacuated on Japanese orders before the fighting began and safely sat out the battle in villages on Babelthuap (Ngaraard and Ngaremlengui). They returned only after many months and what they discuss is not the course of the battle, but what they found on Peleliu when they returned: wrecked vehicles, blasted caves, baffling vistas of road, parking area, and airfield. And—not infrequently—human remains. ("The Americans were taken away, but we found the Japanese in the forest and in the caves," commented Saburo, the island's elected magistrate. The course of war took him as far as Indonesia.)

Whatever their limits as military historians, the Peleliu people's cooperation is necessary for any visitor to the island—not only for assistance in food and lodging (in the event of an overnight stay) but also for guidance around the island. The flatland area between Bloody Nose Ridge and the invasion beaches, White and Orange, is a weird grid of nameless roads cutting through a hot plain of weeds and underbrush. The whole area looks as if it's recovering slowly from the effects of a disastrous forest fire ten years before. At every turn one finds another road, another expanse of weed-riddled pavement, acre upon acre of the stuff. Nothing is labeled—no maps, no signs—and, without the aid of the guide, a stranger could find Peleliu a large, difficult island.

One had might as well begin at the beginning, on Orange Beach. (The Palauans pronounce Orange as if it had three syllables, with an emphasis on the final "ge": O-ran-gee.) Some battlefields (Gettysburg, Waterloo, Verdun) are handsome, rural places today. Tourist attractions. What impresses me about Peleliu, about Orange Beach and the flatlands towards Bloody Nose Ridge, is just the opposite: they retain a measure of the wartime heat and ugliness and disorder. Time has not healed all things. Peleliu has not been converted into a scenic, popular attraction, and it's not at all hard to imagine what it was like for the Japanese and Americans unfortunate enough to have converged here in the fall of 1944.

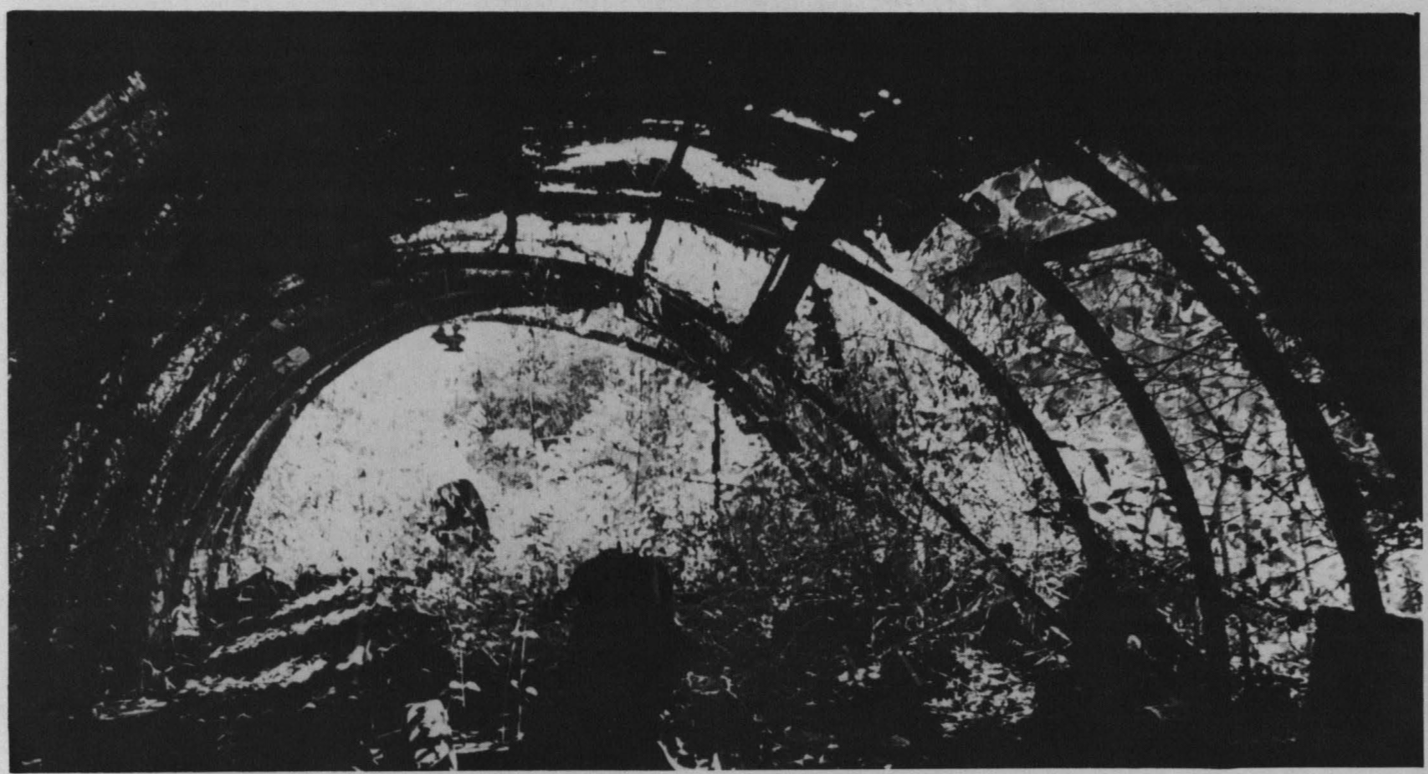
Certainly, no one has fussed much with Orange Beach. The jeep bumps to a

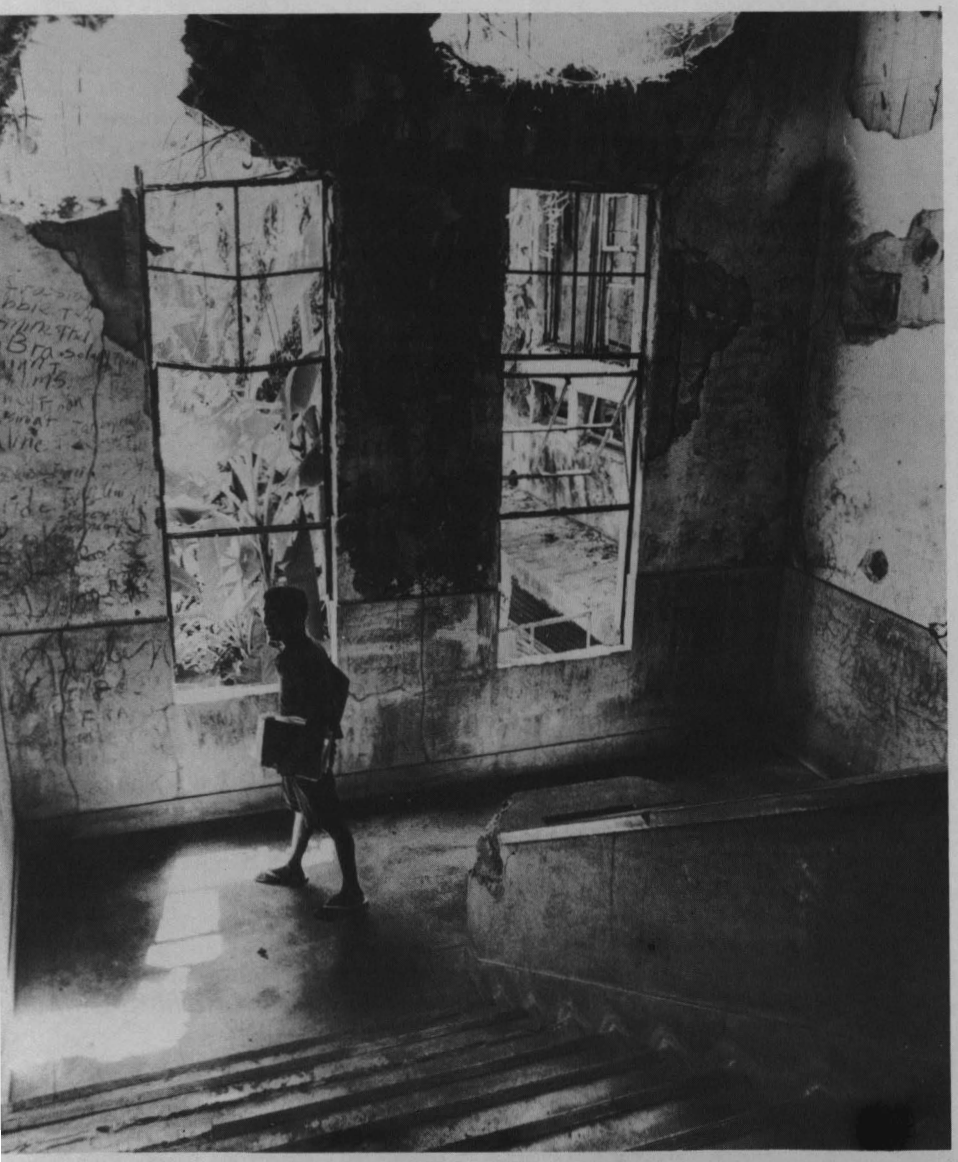


The trip from the invasion beaches to Bloody Nose Ridge takes thirty minutes today. In 1944 the journey was longer and harder. Men and tanks faltered along the way.

photography by Richard Goff

Buffeted by wind, speckled by sunlight, a collapsing quonset hut slowly yields to time.





The blasted hulk of a Japanese communications center still dominates Peleliu's village, its broad staircase an imposing reminder of imperial rule.

In the chambers and vaults of the silenced communications building, a Palauan lady continues the timeless handicraft of the islands.

halt and one glimpses the turquoise ocean through a curtain of underbrush. The beach itself is disappointing couple thousand yards of sand with some vague pieces of rusting metal half-buried here and there. If there are any memorial markers noting the death of 5,000 men in this vicinity, I missed them.

On one side of Orange Beach, a rocky promontory points outward to the sea and here are the only monuments one can find: the remnants of the military harbor —rusting piers and mooring facilities, perhaps half a dozen landing craft, a dead fleet cast at crazy angles against the beach half in and half out of the water, as if still struggling ashore.

In 1944, it took the marines three months to move from Orange Beach across the crucial airstrip and up to the key peak in the Umurbrogal hills which came to be known as Bloody Nose Ridge. Today, the trip takes about half an hour, by jeep and later on foot. Moving up from Orange Beach, away from the mangrove swamps and dense second-growth vegetation, the road widens suddenly into a pleasant, grassy meadow, long and straight and breezy. This is the airfield. And, like other deserted Micronesian airfields, it conveys a sense of grace and space, coupled with some sense of misbehavior, as if the jeep were intruding on a forbidden area. (Doubtless, the anthropologists of the thirtieth century will experience a comparable exhiliration when, in their search for Chicago, they blunder across the grass landing strips of O'Hare Airport.) From the airstrip, one moves into flatlands again, with sapling trees and weeds gradually reconquering the stubborn crust of macadam which was deposited on the island. After a couple turns on unnamed roads, the traveler sights a hill of coral, its lower slopes blanketed by the familiar weeds and brush, its upper belt captured by trees and vines and its utmost peak crowned by a rock pillar, barely discernible from a distance. From the very base of Bloody Nose Ridge it's about 15 minutes to the monument, over an increasingly difficult but fairly clear trail. Towards the top, Bloody Nose Ridge resembles a decaying, cavity-ridden tooth, riddled by caves and tunnels, cracks and holes: as if a giant dentist had gone berserk with a mammoth drill. After a bit of climbing one reaches the top and is rewarded with a panoramic view of all the southern flatlands, the

indecipherable roads and littered beaches and, seven miles across the water, the pancake-flat island of Angaur.

One (small) note of irony. A visitor would expect that the Peleliu people would know and speak of Bloody Nose Ridge as the celebrated climax to the American conquest of the islands, the site of an important victory. On the contrary, another story—and a kind of ghost—haunts the spot. The Peleliu people claim to have heard the story from an Okinawan visitor in the lounge of the Royal Palauan Hotel. According to his account, which now is common property, a Japanese woman, the wife of a high-ranking officer on Peleliu, watched the coming of the invasion, the grinding battle on the beaches and flatlands. When the outcome was clear—the story goes—she shaved her hair, donned military clothing, and carefully positioned herself somewhere on the ridge, shooting down on the advancing Americans and accounting for scores of the attackers before finally being killed herself. This, it seems, is how the Peleliu people think of Bloody Nose Ridge and regard the monument. But—at this late date—it's hard to begrudge the losing side a few martyrs.

In any case, the survivors of the 323rd Infantry who may chance to read this piece should know that their monument ("Lest we forget those who died") remains in generally good condition. With the exception of a missing "N" in the word infantry and a missing "R" in forget, the metal letters, although rusted, still are firmly embedded in cement. Less fortunate, however, is the pillar erected "In memory of heroic dead," by the 81st Infantry, Wildcat Division. Located on the site of an old Japanese cemetery near Peleliu's main village, the pillar snapped near its base during a typhoon and toppled downward, its point stabbing the ground. The metal plate ("Greater love than this no man hath than he lay down his life for his friends") is fully legible, though.

"Lest We Fo get"—at the top of Bloody Nose Ridge, a little-visited monument to those who fell along the slopes.

But the most poignant monument belongs to the Japanese . . . Go to the cemetery on Peleliu—ten minutes walk from the village, a weed-ridden meadow that could serve as a location for any western movie's "Boot Hill" sequences. It's not a very crowded cemetery and, instead of being clustered together in close company, the dead are buried here and there, as if spurning each other's presence and jealously guarding the ground around them in a sort of posthumous application of eminent domain.

Maybe that's why the Japanese war monument got shoved far back into a

Another American battle memorial, snapped by a typhoon, basks on a grassy sunlit bed.

corner of the field. Erected by the bone-collecting team that scouted the island early last year, the monument (actually, its a rock marker, a Buddhist shrine and a series of individual markers)—is restrained, tasteful, and situated on a pleasant square of springy, short-bladed grass. But time, assisted by vandalism, has already taken its toll: paint is chipping off the monument and some of the individual markers are askew. According to one report, many of the snapshots and mementos that were buried at the site were quickly unearthed, pored over and strewn about. Just a few feet to the right, but well inside the meadow of weeds, is an older monument: a grim unpainted wooden post crowned by two rusting helmets.

From rusting beach, through battered flatlands, up Bloody Nose Ridge to the lonely monuments: it's not what you'd call a gay tropical tour. But for those who really covet more of the same, one more attraction remains: the caves of Peleliu.

Does anyone know how many caves there are on Peleliu? How many damp, dripping, dark and earth-smelling tombs there are? Some, to be sure, are clearly visible along the main road from the dock to the village, but others are all but lost in the island's coral hills, blasted and bulldozed, sealed during the fighting and only partially open today.

Overcoming an innate dread of closed spaces, I visited what is acknowledged as the main Japanese cave, located in the Ngerchol section of the island. Again, as

Room for memories on the losing side: a forlorn corner of Peleliu's weed-ridden cemetery.

A newer Japanese monument commemorates the thousands for whom Peleliu was the final battle. "There is some corner of a foreign field that is forever . . . Japan."

on the way up to Bloody Nose Ridge, a path wound through the meadows, lost itself on an ascending coral slope abruptly and brought me to a gaping cave mouth, still half stuffed with the rocks and soil that had been crammed down its gullet in 1944 and which, in a quarter of a century, the cave had still not managed to swallow. Still, the settling of soil, erosion and rain, plus the diligence of the bone collecting team, had created something of an opening. Sliding down a slope of forty feet, I entered the first of a series of large chambers, with tunnels on several levels leading off in different directions. Many of the tunnels are still impassable but one can work his way to the other side of the mountain by following the correct route. Sliding around in bat dung, clunking against various unidentifiable objects, rupturing both my zoris, and apprehensive that any of dozens of frightened bats was going to banzai his way up my nostril, I wondered what the point of it all was, what I had learned from this experience. There were three main lessons. (1) Never wear zoris inside caves or while walking on bat dung; (2) caves like this must have been devilishly hard for the Japanese to construct; (3) harder still for the Americans to capture and (4) even harder, impossibly hard, to die in whether from suffocation, starvation, concussion or utter depression. Whatever the causes there were, according to official narratives of the Peleliu campaign, approximately 1,000 Japanese whose lives ended in the subtle tunnels and spacious chambers of the Ngerchol cave.

I expect not to visit Peleliu again; I can't imagine why I would return there. Nonetheless, I left with a kind of affection for the island. Because it is as it was. No one has cleaned the beaches or put steps into the caves. No one has mapped, or marked, or made money off the events of 1944. There was nothing faked. I liked it, too, because it made me care a little more about Peleliu and places like it. Having seen how a tide of war washed over this island a quarter of a century ago, I could not avoid caring about what marks might be left if and when that same tide, ebbing backward, might pass this way again.

The caves of Peleliu: damp and littered, earth-smelling and deserted. Does anyone know how many there are?

Openings like this—natural limestone caves—were enlarged, connected, and armed. Difficult to approach, hellish to capture, they prolonged the agony for both victor and vanquished.

Meredith carson: A Personal Narrative

Over twenty-five years have passed since the "Bloody Nose Ridge" assault of World War II in the Western Caroline Islands of the Pacific, and that ordeal of stubborn confrontation between the American Marines and the 14th Division of the Imperial Army of Japan has seemingly been forgotten. When I returned to the mainland United States from our visit to Peleliu I found that few had heard of it, much less of the Palau group to which it belongs though the battle was a turning point in the Pacific war. I had to explain that Peleliu was part of a wide flung area of Micronesia ceded in trust to America by the United Nations, and that it had seemed to me that those who lived there knew they had been forgotten.

The purpose of our short visit to Peleliu in February 1968, was to make a two day scientific collection of certain insects, a purpose whose seeming irrelevance to the island's social and political significance only made the place more poignant for me. The laboratory on Koror (the administrative center for the Palau group) arranged our trip. Robert Owen, Trust Territory Entomologist, provided a boat and lent us two brilliant young guides: Demei, a small, dark, studious botanist from Palau, and his accomplished colleague Sebastian, also from the islands.

The distance from Koror to Peleliu is about thirty miles, and for four hours our motorboat pushed through the turquoise lagoon, weaving its way among scores of small limestone islands, many of which stood like little cupcakes, domed and frosted with green and neatly undercut and hedge-clipped by the tide. As we approached Peleliu from the north, near Ngesebus Island on the opposite end from the assault beaches, the propeller kicked up a fine silt from a wide and shallow flat and we took a devious course to the small pier near where there had once been a Japanese phosphate refinery. A rusted steel landing barge nearby made plopping and sucking noises with our waves. A small heron prodded the shoreline with his long bill. There was nobody in sight. A jeep sat waiting for us under a thorny acacia tree. We started its motor with some difficulty and set off across the island towards the area where the Americans first landed, driving upon what appeared to be a concrete three lane highway which was now sprouting weeds.

On that day in February when we looked at the area designated White and Orange Beaches, Demei and Sebastian sat on benches under a small canvas shelter which had been set up on the shore, while we stood briefly on the hot sand and looked with awe at the historic sight, half averting our eyes, fearful of the baseness of curiosity and thankful that their casualness could be our armor. Demei said he remembered people telling him that the beaches had been so covered with bodies that one could hardly step between them. Over six thousand Americans of the first, fifth and seventh Marine regiments had died or were wounded, and thousands of Japanese were sealed forever in the cave complexes in the hills.

The place was deserted. The brilliant blue of the lagoon could not have been lovelier and the soft wash of surf in the hot sun as it slid up the arc of white coral sand was the only sound except for the distant breakers on the reef beyond. The assault area was a much smaller stretch of beach than I had expected (between 4000 and 5000 yards perhaps), and the reef was, at its maximum, about 700 yards from the shore. But behind the beach, instead of the classic lean of coconut palms with their welcome and delicious shade, there was a tangle of low second growth hiding the debris of those terrible days. As if caught motionless in the act of sliding in or heaving out, the jagged and crusted flanks of war machines lay like dinosaurs in putrid soups of oil and rust in underbrush near the water.

We returned to the jeep and drove off while it was still light, to do our collecting.

"One thing they have on Peleliu that's better than Koror," laughed Demei, "and that's good roads!" Lying in the sun on the hot breast of the island like a great weight, the concrete roads still had the mighty pattern of a drill and bore themselves along like some persevering discipline which has lost all reason. But all peace, of course, is defeat for the academies of war, and now, with the ragged random of seed and sand, the concrete was crumbling. The grass hissed as the island cracked through and breathed again.

Along the edge of the road ran a low but shattered ridge which spilled rubble into the dense underbrush at its base. It was the famous ridge of Umurbrogal, from whose caves the Japanese soldiers had watched the advancing Marines. We went into the forest on foot. Pitted coral rocks made the walking difficult and I was aware of objects covered with rust and green moss. I saw the glint of glass, the mound of an drum covered with vines, the black flesh of a tire. Metal scraps and tins nestled in the jagged sockets of the stones. Settled between were large black toads which stirred and hopped sluggishly from their sleep. I brushed a string of empty ration tins hung not far from the mouth of a

shallow cave and it warned of my approach, as it was supposed to long ago, like wind chimes in a windless forest.

The woods were still full of death. I thought of Demei's warnings. Once, on an earlier visit, he had recounted, he had given a child a lift on one of the long roads, noting that the boy was carrying a large knapsack. Later he learned that the sack had been full of live mortars and grenades. The child had been collecting them, polishing them and keeping

them in a drawer in his home for some time. His mother was aware of this yet strangely, or helplessly, did nothing. After the war the inhabitants of Peleliu developed a peculiar shrewdness in their ability to extract powder for use in dynamiting fish. Demei described an old man who found a bomb, shooed his wife away and proceeded to defuse it wire by wire. Seated before it in his technical innocence he studied it carefully and prayed, "Oh God, tell me which wire to move next!" and succeeded in emasculating it. But many, while still learning, were not so guided. The small boy and playmates used to throw small grenades into bonfires for kicks and one day threw something bigger. Demei, in a matter of fact way, said that for months afterwards the flies were quite bad in the area as they settled on the "little bits" in the trees.

It was hot and airless in the forest. As if exhausted, a rusted helmet rolled down the slope, like a human presence which spoke to my mind in the anguish of those of both sides who had fought there in blood, terror, heat and fatigue and could only say now, if they were still alive, "Peleliu is a horrible place." There was no shade when they were there, no cover except from sandbags which had to be filled at the beach and dragged inland. All the covering of this ridge from which the Japanese kept up a constant firing, had been burned by flamethrowers in a hell of smoke and heat. Putrid water which oozed from holes dug with the hands was often the only relief from thirst. The soldiers were tortured by clouds of flies.

Now there was silence. The forest's strength was moving back with the luxury of the tropical foliage. A cool breeze stirred the shining oval leaves of small fig trees and the fingers of young palm fronds lifted softly. I heard the one note of a small bird repeated over and over. It was the soft and melancholy song of the thrush of Peleliu which, I thought, had come like Orpheus, to claim the island back from Hell.

It was almost dusk when we arrived at the little village of Chief Obak of Peleliu. I had expected something bigger than the small cluster of shacks slapped together out of rotten wood and rusty tin, nestled in a weedy field. Years before the American assault, war's extravaganza had given the islands a temporary prosperity. The Japanese were stern but efficient directors and the set for the savage drama to come was built after Japan dropped out of the League of Nations in 1935 and the civilian government became dominated by expansive militarism. There were at that time, lots of jobs. Secretly the hills were fortified with indigenous labor. The 343 islands of the whole Palau group were already socketed with natural holes and caves out of which the eyes of Japanese soldiers would soon stare at the Americans. They needed only to be improved upon.

Koror was bombed heavily, but the actual confrontation took place on Peleliu. After the Americans won, the Japanese were all evacuated and the Peleliu villagers were moved to one area on their island. Over on Koror the people settled watchfully into the less eventful but certainly more permissive atmosphere of the Americans, experiencing with them as the years passed, the limbo of uncertain status. The weeds grew over the broken dams and elaborate warehouses of the Japanese, and on the lovely hilltops the tile baths of Japanese warlords, bombed open to the sky, filled with stagnant water. Japanese temple grass crept around dooryards and broken stone lanterns and established its soft affluent carpet amid new signs of administrative poverty. In the little stores, now run by enterprising Palauans and stocked with almost prohibitively expensive canned and frozen goods from America, handsome native women, some with the genes of Japanese soldiers, still buy rice and dried products from Nippon ports. They trudge home, on the crumbling roads, to little wooden houses which sometimes incorporate unmistakable architectural influences from Japan.

Chief Obak of Peleliu, who with his people had been evacuated to the island of Babelthuap, returned after the battle to find his island charred and hacked to pieces in the sun. There were bloody rags and flies and sharp and dangerous fragments of war everywhere. As the army jobs became less, many of the inhabitants of his island left never to return. There were still reported to be about 700, recently joined by three Peace Corps teachers. Like that final crack of lightning after the storm is over, Typhoon Louise hit the islands hard in November of 1964. Ninety-five per cent

of the houses on Peleliu were destroyed and 125 families were reported homeless. The island was granted rice relief for eighteen months by Congress, because salt water had ruined the taro patches and starvation was imminent. Chief Obak got a small frame addition with a galvanized tin roof tacked onto his tumbled shelter. Otherwise his house was indistinguishable from others around it.

He stood in his doorway, a short and paunchy man with slightly bowed legs, looking a little taller than he really was because the house was raised on

piers over the sandy ground. He was naked to the waist and wore a pair of tan trousers. He was a man of about sixty-five with a round face and stubby grey hair and had two remaining black teeth in his betelnut-stained mouth. I detected in his beaming face some surprise at seeing me as I do not think he expected to see a woman dressed in jeans wearing a crazy beach hat. He spoke no English, but in Palauan he assured Demei that we were welcome. The new section would be ours. He was sorry, he said, but the family had already eaten supper. He hoped we would be comfortable. Two modest and elderly women dressed in ankle length dresses appeared. I noticed that their arms were tatooed. They were his wife and sister-in-law. Some shy and solemn children peeked in wonder and I was aware that there were more people who were not quite seen. As we deposited our belongings on the floor I had the impression that we were moving into a backyard playhouse with several annexes.

We were left to ourselves, yet I felt we were welcome. Nothing was expected of us. We sat in the doorway watching the light fade on the collage of found objects which made up the neighboring houses. Here an airplane pontoon had been used to catch water off the roof; an oil drum supported it. Bits of dry palm thatch rustled over holes which tin could not cover.

Like a honeycomb the Chief's house was chambered by several cells formed by half doors, so that at the level of the pandanus floor mats there was privacy yet there was communication over all. We were part of the household whose murmurings went on in other sections, yet we could not see them nor they us. When mosquitoes pricked at our ankles, we moved in and sat at a small table which stood in the middle of the room. A child brought in a lighted kerosene lamp and left. We sat watching the moths beat their wings against the hot chimney. I could hear a few bicycles rattling over soft sand and rocks as people arrived to consult the Chief. I found myself wondering if we had provided him with adequate paths to guide his people into new ways and compromises. There were only two Vocational Training Centers in the whole Trust Territory. Funds have never been adequate for anything. Anthropologists hold no sentiment for the old feudal ways of subservience and taboo, but there is another kind of harshness in the frustrations of new promises not kept.

As helpless as the mother of the child who walked the long road with his collection of grenades, the older generation watches its youth. The village had voted itself two curfews, one for children, one for adults, since there has been a problem of delinquency. At 7:00 o'clock the children's curfew sounded —a clanging upon a piece of war metal, and the village settled down to the thoughts of night.

When it was quite dark we opened our canned hash and sardines. We ate both cold on bread, washing the meal down with warm soda and ending it with fresh papayas brought over from Koror. We had no sooner finished than wind arose and a sudden torrential shower beat noisily on the galvanized roof, pouring off the eaves into our boots before we could think to snatch them in. The racket was over quickly and was followed by the gentler sounds of crickets and owls. A feeling of snugness made us drowsy. Our section of the house was divided in two by one of the half doors. In one, near the table, a metal single bed had been set up, mattress covered with a clean sheet. Demei and Sebastian stretched Micronesian fashion upon two pandanus mats upon the floor. In the other section the bed was ours. My husband set the mattress on the floor while I lay upon the creaking springs, padded by more pandanus matting.

Our lamp was off, isolating us in the darkness, but a single kerosene lamp in the family room adjoining, threw a dim light on the ceiling. I heard the comfortable sounds of a nursing baby, and I heard the whispering of three little boys who, as I had observed earlier, lay upon their stomachs on the floor. They were doing their homework, pillows under their chests, books open around the lamp. I closed my eyes; I remembered that in the wet field nearby stood the new community center, constructed in June, 1966, rows of little elementary school desks set up on its covered porch, and over its door a paper salutation to the eighth grade class of 1967 torn and flapping in the wind. Beside the boys lay their big sister, leaning on her elbow and nursing a baby girl which fretted and kicked. She seemed a small and frail little mother and looked only about fifteen, though she had the poise of one much older. She was reading to the boys from an English textbook, but her explanations were in Palauan.

"Magellan discovered the Philippines in 1521", she read slowly and carefully. I thought of the ancestors of these people who had undoubtedly voyaged to and from the Philippines long before the Portuguese arrived. The pages rustled at last. A new assignment. I heard the words "baseball", "shortstop", "first base". One of the books (I looked at it next morning), was a large illustrated English dictionary and she led them through an assigned list of words, explaining each one in Palauan. One word came to me clearly: "STEW-PID". There was a long consultation, followed by much giggling.

The children studied for several hours, past the 9:00 o'clock adult curfew, until at last I heard the old man from an adjoining room, admonish them in Palauan to "knock it off". The light went out and silence descended.

I slept well, though I shared the wakefulness and concern of all when the baby awoke and cried and coughed in the middle of the night. When dawn shone like stars through the holes in the tin roof, I stirred with the household, heard water being dipped and teacups rattle. The little one crept on all fours, pushed open the half door and peered in at us before she was snatched away. The men found the shower shed and I bathed my face in a plastic bucket. The family pig in its little slatted pen under a big nut tree across the road, began squealing and braying for its breakfast. We ate the last of our papaya, canned hash and bread.

The old man, with great dignity, said goodbye to us over his bowl of rationed rice. His wife presented me with a beautiful covered basket. The small boys paused and waved to us on their way across the field to school. We gave the Chief our gifts and our leftover cans of groceries (all of which seemed to please him very much), and climbed into our jeep. As we drove away I tried not to look back as Orpheus did, and lament over things that were lost forever, but kept my face to the road ahead. I thought of the small lamp and the humor and hopeful industry which surrounded it. In the bushes, near the boat landing, I heard the thrush sing once more, very softly, almost inaudibly.

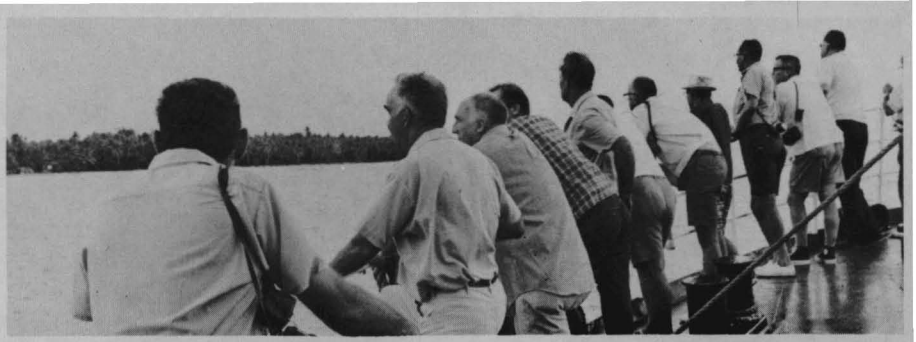
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN LIBBY

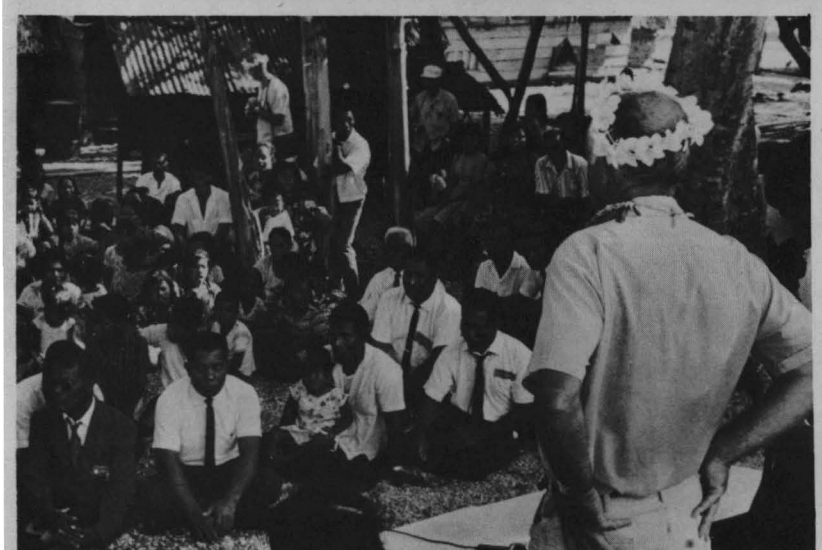
THE PROMISED VOYAGE

from Kili to Bikini

KILI

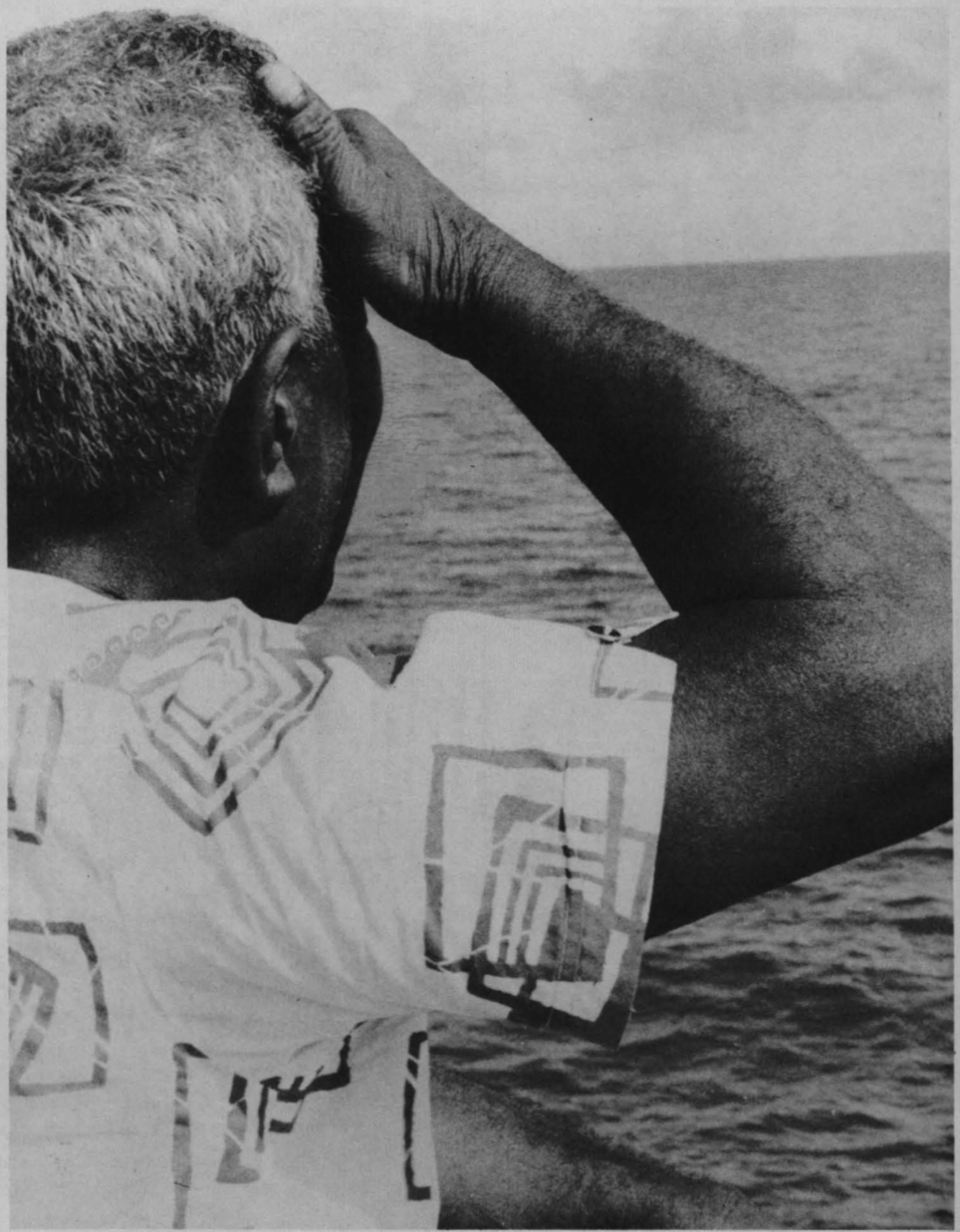
From Washington, from the Departments of Defense and Interior, from the Atomic Energy Commission, the message finally came. The radioactivity level was down and Bikini, nuclear atoll of the forties, bathing suit of the fifties and empty wasteland of the sixties, could again be the site of a human community. In late August the M.V. James Cook, laden with government officials and representatives of the world press, headed for Kili Island, where the bulk of the Bikini people had spent their years of exile: years of petitioning and remembering and perhaps embellishing. Some of the colony had never seen the mother-island; others had grown old with their memories and others—including Bikini's hereditary leader, King Judah—were dead and buried far from home. Too late for Judah, but for the three-hundred or so people of Bikini the time of their return, the era of possibility, was coming around. And so the Cook's first island of call was Kili, where the islanders set out from shore in small boats to greet them, to shake hands on shipboard, to go ashore for more handshakes and some words of hope from High Commissioner William Norwood. Nine Bikinians joined the ship's company and headed northward on the voyage to their unforgotten home...

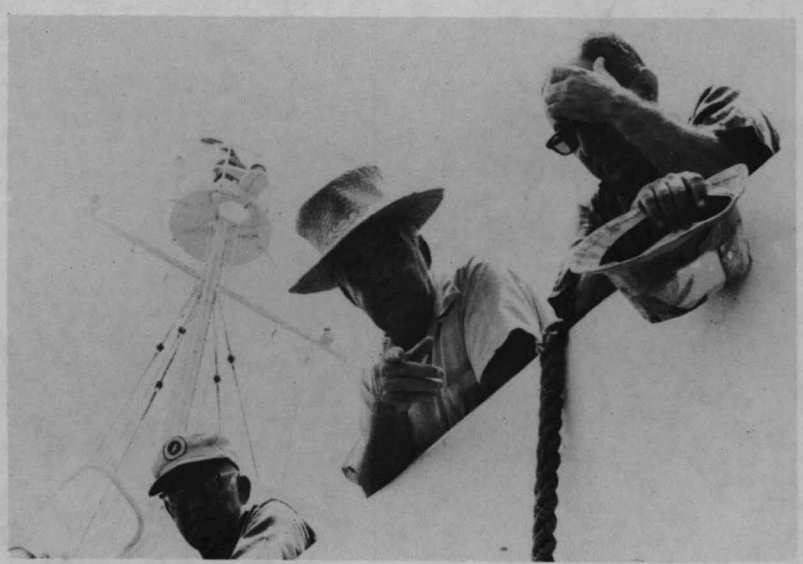




AT SEA

Observers noticed little outward excitement or tension on the northward voyage but it was impossible not to wonder what they would find at Bikini. It could not be the island the Bikinians remembered—not after those bombs—and the underlying question was what would be left of Bikini (and of the Bikinians' memories and hopes) when the Cook reached its destination?

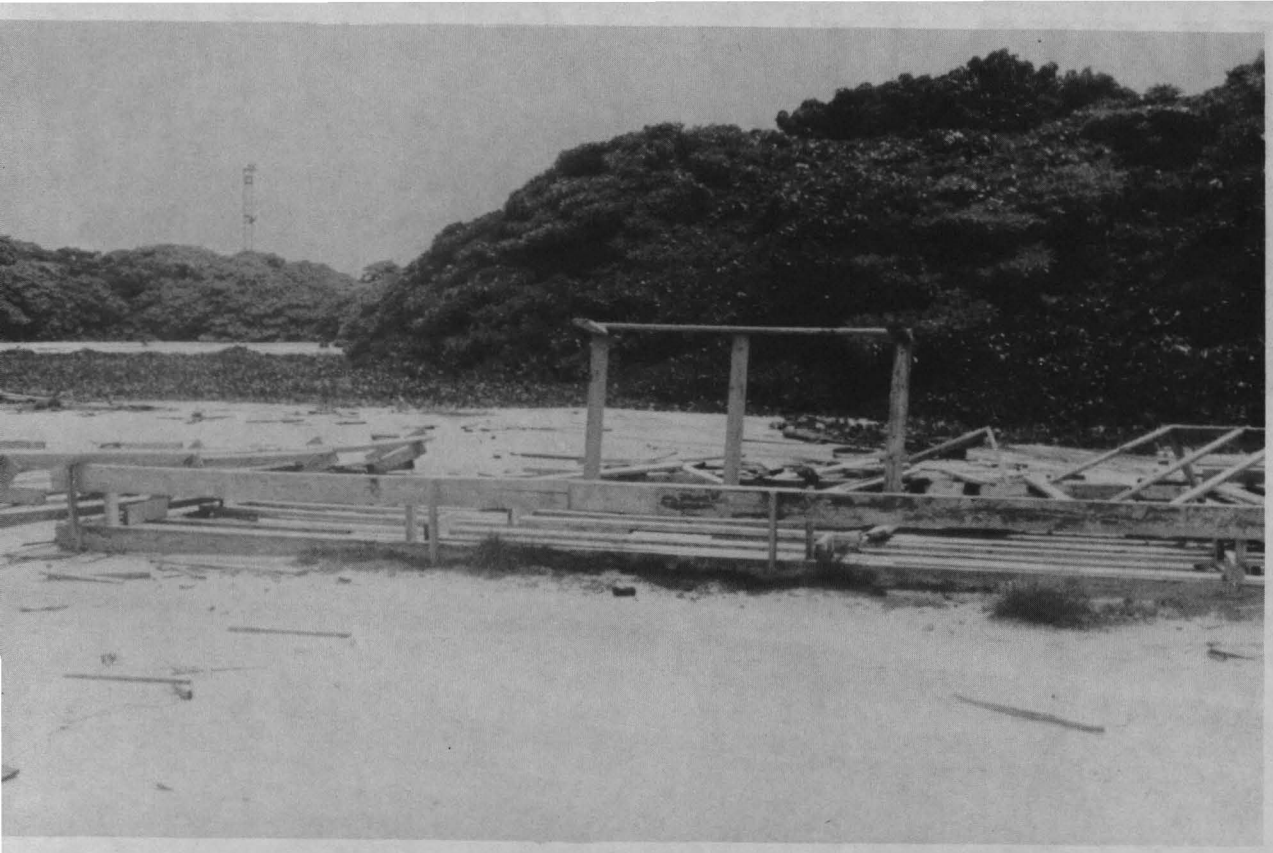


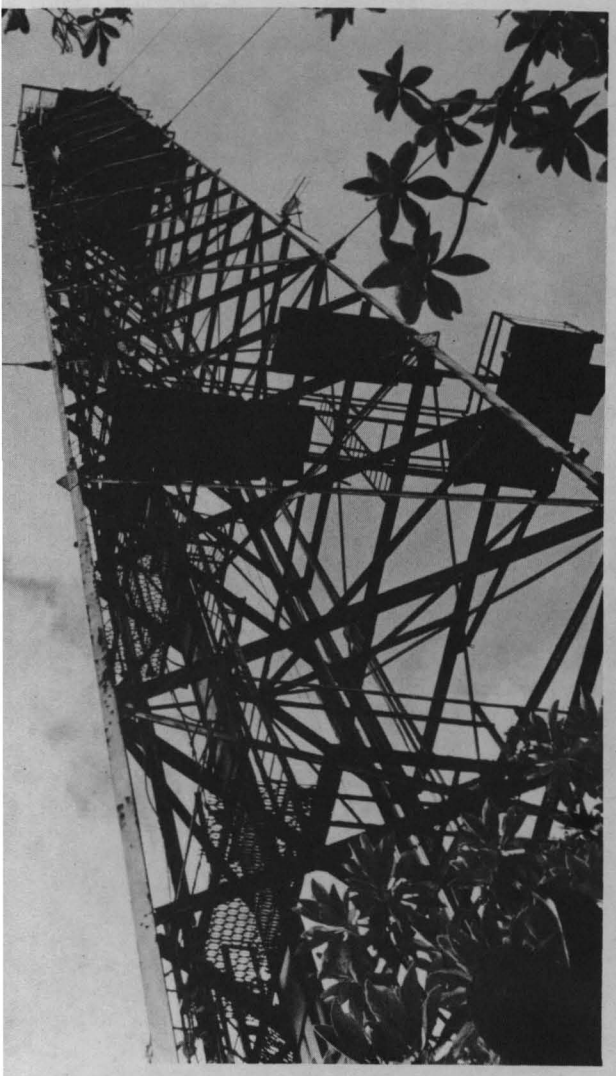


BIKINI

In an echo of an earlier century of exploration, two flags again claimed Bikini, Micronesia's six stars counterpointing the fifty stars of the administering authority. But when the ceremonies (flag raising and coconut planting) were over, it remained for Americans and Marshallese to discover the realities of Bikini today. Reported Micronesian News Service correspondent Dan Smith: "Bikini Island does not look much like a tropical island. Dense brush covers the areas where thousands of workers and technicians prepared for tests. After the ceremonies some Bikinians went off in groups talking excitedly about what they saw and remembered. Others wandered off down the beach looking and contemplating. Large schools of fish could be seen near shore..."

It was—of course—not the Bikini they remembered. On the positive side, there was the old airfield, and an engineer estimated that only a few days with a grader would be required to scrape off the spacious runway. Elsewhere were other testaments of the bustling, temporary activity that claimed the island: brush-ridden docks, rusted 300-foot observation towers, skeletons of aircraft hangars, massive concrete observation bunkers, heaps of jumbled scrap, much of which will have to be cleared to rehabilitate the island...





The explosions themselves left indelible marks on the islands of Bikini atoll. Virtually all islands lost most of their coconut palms, although a few stands or just a single tree survived in some locations. A massive coconut planting program will have priority in the rehabilitation of Bikini, for, without coconut palms (which require from six to ten years to mature) the Bikinians cannot hope to sustain themselves.

Other areas, closer to the bomb sites, have the look of African desert country, with scrub trees and brush in command of parched land. Wrote Smith: "Bikini exactly fitted the image of a desert island. With no large trees for shade, and brush cutting off the breeze, the heat was intense..."

And then there were the areas that could not be found, the obliterated sections in the Iroij-Aomen section of the atoll: a watery blue crater where there once was an island, a stretch of crushed rock and inorganic sand bar barely shouldering above the waves. Finding this, some Bikinians declared that their islands had lost their "bones."

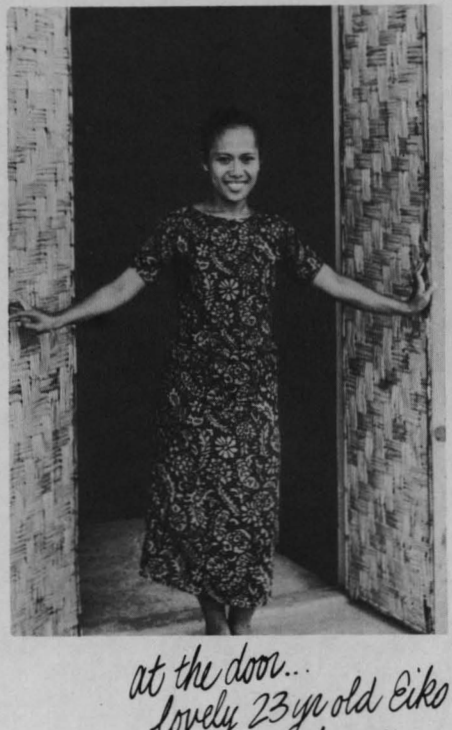
It was a sober voyage, that historic survey on the MV James Cook. The land and years that were lost cannot be recovered, but most of Bikini remains a challenge to the future, a place that can be redeemed from blast and neglect so that, in the very cradle of the nuclear age, a human community—even a model community—might be founded and prosper. It will take planning and time: boats, supplies, logistics, work parties, special teams, heavy equipment. It will require an impressive coordination between government agencies. It will take money. Clearing the island of remaining waste material and underbrush will alone cost an estimated 1.2 million dollars and the overall rehabilitation (replanting coconuts, restoring necessary facilities) will run around two million more. Bikini is still there and it is still home to the Bikinians anxious to return there, but to turn a nuclear test site into a decent island many people and more than one agency will have to care...

by Henry Gilgoff

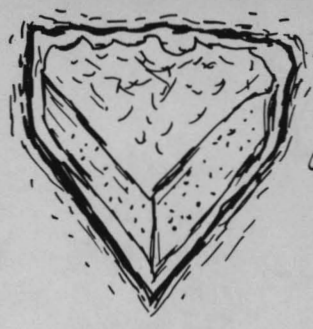
the youthful Casmino, an occasional entertainer

Having plopped a coffee house into a culture that never heard of that brand of entertainment, Misauo Moses is naturally "ekis nuokus." That's Trukese for just a bit scared.

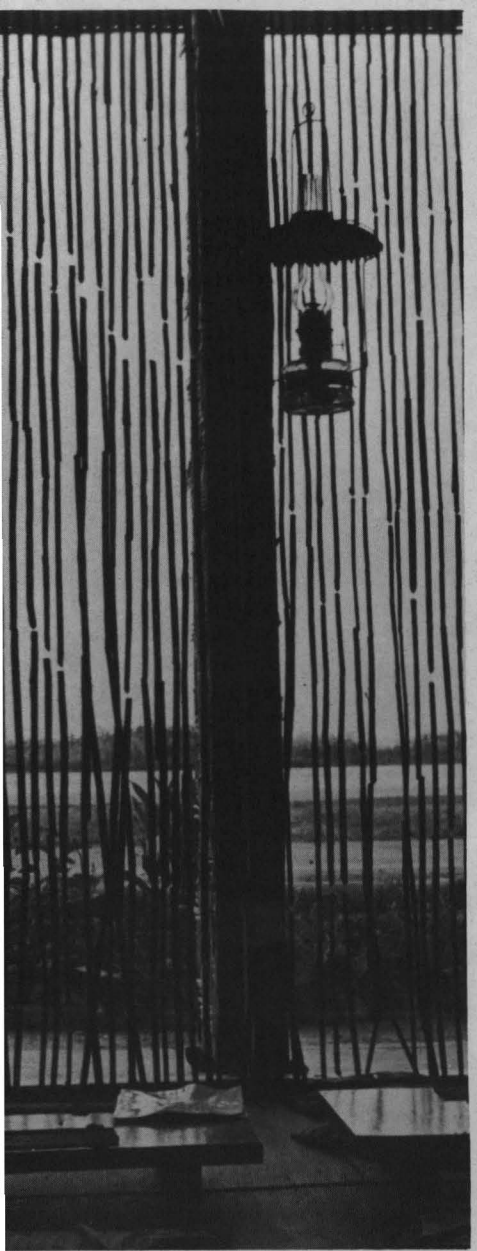
Misauo lives on Moen, district center of Truk, at the foot of a mountain and across the road from the airport. At the turn of this year, the 47-year-old father of seven decided it was time to add another business enterprise to his activities. Misauo's original plan was to increase his income as a Public Works Department supervisor by opening a gala pool hall connected to a snack bar and general store. But Brian Burch, a Peace Corps Volunteer living in a renovated Japanese tower high atop the neighboring mountain had another idea. Possessor of a degree in interior design and three years credit towards a degree in architecture, Burch proposed a first for Truk and for the Trust Territory; coffee house.



at the door... lovely 23 yr old Eiko awaits you.



be sure to try the specialty of the house: coconut cream pie.



A relative of Misauo, who had been in Hawaii once, helped Brian convey the idea of a coffee house and its attraction to tourists. As Brian recalls: "I said, 'Let's build a coffee house.' He was very reluctant, but finally he agreed. I guess he more or less trusted in me." Burch explains that the notion of a coffee house had been with him for some time. "There wasn't any place other than the local Community Club that people could go to, a place with a nice atmosphere, representative of something Trukese."

So they started: Misauo's family, Brian, and one hired laborer. Day by day, the family's resources were poured into the project until, finally, their work was done, and "something architecturally different" had been stretched out of the limited budget of $1,600. On August 26, it was ready to open, and it was beautiful. The outside is a striking modern blend of tin painted what Brian calls "coral orange" and rock molded in cement, with all the elements seemingly tied together by the sign KUKKUN-NU. Below the sign is planted a literal translation from the Trukese title: a young coconut tree.

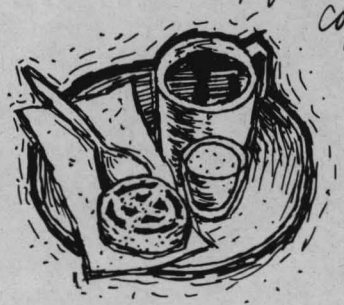
But it's what's inside the Kukkun-Nu that really makes the difference. Visitors to the coffee house are usually greeted be Eikko, a 23-year-old who works as a waitress all hours the Kukkun-Nu is open: 9:30 to 9:30 daily. Or maybe it will be 15-year-old Patricia working after school or maybe 18-year-old Maria, but most likely she's helping her mother, Reakna, with the cooking. Whoever it is gives a warm welcome and then produces a first in Truk: a menu. Among the featured items are breadfruit chips and sour cream dip, coconut pie, marshmallow cocoa. Each of a selection of tall, cool drinks is served with a flower in the glass. All snacks and no liquor, but the Kukkun-Nu's many pleasant touches make up for the absence of headier food and drink. The visitors—even when they are Japanese fisheries students—never realize the tables are made from crates and are almost on the ground because low tables are less expensive than high ones. In the orange atmosphere of the Kukkun-Nu, with happy coconut dolls singing on walls lit by attractive kerosene lamps, visitors find it easy to relax.

Just how has it worked? The manager of the Truk Trading Company, largest business in the district, walked in one day with his son and exclaimed "My God, this is beautiful!" Now that businessman has Brian designing what promises to be the first stateside-style supermarket in Truk. From the work done in preparing the interior of the Kukkun-Nu, a village Handicraft Association has grown. A handicraft store close to the Kukkun-Nu is planned. A small but loyal group of Americans have become regular customers, even bringing with them an occasional sing-in. And a small but growing group of Trukese are catching on to the coffee house.

But success—solid, financial success—depends on tourists from other districts of the Trust Territory, from Guam, from Japan, from the United States or, as Misauo says, "from anywhere." Misauo is one of the first Trukese to follow an American's advice and prepare for the expected tourists.

Four days a week, a Boeing 727 jet roars by the Kukkun-Nu, standing a few feet before the home of Misauo Moses, and connects a group of little known Pacific islands with the rest of the world. And, each time, the family asks the American in whom they placed their trust, "Where are the tourists?"

amid these congenial surroundings watch a 727 land.



proprietor and architect enjoy a cup of coffee

The Colodny Papers

"Have you seen Mort Colodny's essay?" It was this question, repeated more than once, which attracted the Micronesian Reporter to the following essay, written by former Ponape District Cooperative Officer Mort Colodny shortly before he left the Trust Territory government to assume a full-time private position with the Ebeye Cooperative Society. Mr. Colodny argues for a considerable change of outlook and shift of emphasis in the economic development of the Trust Territory. Clearly it is not an official document, but it is a sustained articulate attempt to reckon with problems that confront Trust Territory officials, among others. In publishing this slightly revised version of Mr. Colodny's essay, the Micronesian Reporter continues in its hope that the publication (in an official journal) of unofficial viewpoints, both pro and con, will spark further consideration and contributions concerning Micronesia's future course.

What can we honestly mean when we discuss economic development for Micronesia? Quite obviously we are not thinking in the context of the large land masses of Asia, South America, or Africa with their millions of people. We cannot mean even the potential of the Islands of the Philippines, Indonesia, or many of the islands of the South Pacific. We must discuss the subject of Micronesia, little islands, with little usable land and room for only a few more people than live there now. We must somehow learn to think big in a small way.

There will be no cities of towering buildings such as now appear in a still-poor country like Brazil. There will be no harbors filled with luxury yachts unless they belong to visiting tourists. The air will not be filled with Micronesian-owned private airplanes. Micronesia cannot support what we call the "affluent society."

But the people of Micronesia can support themselves on an economic level well above today's by making use of their own human and natural resources. Micronesia can provide a clean and healthy life for all its people, with better housing, better medical care, and better environmental sanitation, and, above all, a system of education geared to the needs of the people of Micronesia. I am thinking of nothing less than a self-supporting community of far-flung peoples paying all their own bills and dependent on no outside agencies for subsidies of any kind—people standing proudly and independently on their own feet in the world.

The creation of a self-sufficient Micronesia will not be easy because it will require more than hard work. It will require also a change in attitudes and some values. It will require decisions about what should be done with people's savings. Are they to go on spending their money on luxury imports, or is there to be a heavy tax on motor cars, tape recorders, jewelry, and other non-essentials so that the money can be used to buy the basic needs for economic development such as roads, farm machinery, trucks for hauling, fertilizer, etc.? These are painful decisions to make, but they must be made if the people of Micronesia want to be economically independent regardless of what choice they may make in the future about their political status.

To put it bluntly, people who can afford to buy the luxuries coming into Ponape District and, in all likelihood into all the Districts, can afford to pay taxes for the economic development of their own homeland. In one sense, the present generation must, to some extent at least, forego present comforts so that their children may have them without outside aid. Unless the people of Micronesia are resigned and content to be wards of the United States or any other country they might choose at some future time, they are the ones who must do the pulling of bootstraps. They must forego the fancy Holden motor cars which they do not need and all the nice but unnecessary gadgets. All this money now being wasted in terms of development must be either taxed away in order to be directed by government to productive purposes or the people who have the money to waste must themselves get on with developing the local economies.

The people of Micronesia must also accept the obvious fact that population must be brought under control, and quickly. Micronesia cannot much longer find living space and food for families of eight and more children; parents must be content to raise two or three healthy, happy youngsters whom they can afford to feed, clothe, and educate well.

The people of Micronesia must solve the problem that now exists in many parts of the world where people are moving from subsistence economies into the money economy. They must find a way to reconcile the decency of mutual support and concern for the welfare of all members of the extended family without denying to the abler, more ambitious members the fruits of their industry. Or, to put it once again more bluntly, the lazy, the ill-trained, the incompetent must not expect to be supported by the abler members of the family; they must not keep them from having at least some of the benefits to be derived from their skills and industry.

It is the thesis of this paper that, given the maximum development of the agricultural potential, the fisheries potential, the tourist potential, the people of Micronesia can support themselves. This is not to say that economic development will provide an equal standard of living throughout Micronesia. Because of the paucity of soils, high population density, isolation and small exportable produce, it seems unlikely that the atoll dwellers can achieve the level of material comfort that dwellers on the high islands can hope for. But given the maximum development suggested above, there can be a vast improvement over the situation which exists in 1968.

Now, I will be more specific and make special reference to Ponape District. There are two general aspects to agricultural development: domestic self-sufficiency and foreign exchange earning (export). Self-sufficiency in agriculture,

however, must not be considered an end in itself, it must be economic. That is, people should not be expected to subsidize local production by paying higher prices; in the long run this is self-defeating.

Rice production is a case in point. Rice can be produced economically on Ponape Island. IR-8, the high-yield "miracle" rice which would grow best in Ponape, has a somewhat different flavor and texture than the Australian rice Ponapeans currently consume. The new strain of rice may take some getting used to, but surely the problem of consumer-acceptance should not be insurmountable. If Ponape had raised and sold all the rice eaten there during the twelve-month period ending June 30, 1967, Ponape farmers would have received well over $200,000. If Ponape farmers had sold half the rice consumed in Micronesia during that same period, the income would have been about $500,000 to farmers.

Rice is a crop which is being raised successfully, but the rate of expansion of the rice fields is too slow. During the last six months of 1967, rice acreage was more than doubled. Impressive? No! Not on a mere 49 acres of land. Rice production per acre, averaging 2,000 pounds of milled rice two times per year, has been as high as 3,400 pounds. Impressive? Yes. As an isolated fact, it is the kind of stuff out of which reports are made, but it tells only the unimportant part of the story. Total rice production is obviously low, all that can be raised on 49 acres of rice fields. But what about the 400-acre potential?

These acres are waiting to be hacked out slowly, day by day, by hard-working sweating men working mostly with hand tools. The men are hoping that Trust Territory Government will provide a bulldozer, a land leveler, more chainsaws, perhaps. It is time to stop waiting. It is time to tax the people enough to do the pulling on their own bootstraps in order to get on with the job. One might argue that they cannot wait for potential rice growers to develop taxable incomes; they must be helped to become taxable. Maximum rice production is of urgent necessity.

Rice is but one of Ponape's crops with a potential for expansion. Premium prices are received for Ponape cacao—four to five cents per pound above the world market price. There is room for increased acreage. Pepper production has barely started, and the potential of this crop is considerable; projected figures show that as many as 100,000 pounds may be produced annually by 1971. Copra production has been falling for years—not because the palms are not bearing, but because land owners have found alternative means of earning a living. This means that an alternative method of handling the crop must be used, benefiting both the land owner and the general economy. One method would be for the co-ops to contract with the owners to harvest the crop, paying for the coconuts and hiring men to gather them and produce the copra in co-op-owned dryers.

How about the virtually untouched lumber resources? Little more than the relatively accessible mangrove is being cut, but not enough at either Ponape or Kusaie to take care of the local demand—mainly because of a lack of adequate sawmill equipment. Nearly three years have been spent by April, 1968, trying to get a loan for just one sawmill project.

However, it is not enough to merely buy sawmills. The lumber must be made accessible by the construction of forest roads. Highly-qualified foresters must determine how to profitably exploit the forest lands without destroying them; they must determine what species should make way for others of greater economic value; they must determine annual growth rates so that cuttings do not exceed them; they must advise on the extension of forest lands if and where feasible. Will Micronesia always have to import Douglas Fir and Japanese Cedar, or can adequate substitutes be grown here? For example, is there any reason why kamarere (eucalyptus deglupta) can't always be used for boat siding instead of Japanese Cedar?

There has been "talk" of supplying the Guam market with bananas; but just talk—no bananas. When the talking stops, why not also pineapple and papaya? Why not citrus, especially the very fine tangerines at Kusaie? Why is it that after twenty years of "development activity" there is no exportable surplus of tangerines? Why does a high island like Kusaie with 3,500 people remain without a trained agriculturalist? As a result of the inadequate training of hard-working Kusaiean agriculturalists, only 5% of citrus grafts are "taking," according to a check in early 1968—a tragic waste of plant materials and man-hours, and little increase in potential crop. The agricultural potential of Kusaie is considerable, and the demand from Ebeye and Majuro in the Marshall Islands District for produce from Kusaie is such that the increase in agricultural production only to the point of serving this one market would constitute an agricultural revolution for this island.

What about the sea? Micronesia does not lack ocean expanses—it has 3,000,000 square miles of them. A beginning has been made at Palau with Van Camp; Bumble Bee is looking at Truk. Over the last four years, according to the Statistical Reports to the United Nations, $73,000 has been spent on the average annually for imported canned fish in Ponape District alone. How about looking into the feasibility of a small cannery to satisfy the local need, using locally-caught fish? (Or how about canning some local fruit for local consumption?) More income for Ponapeans; more jobs for local people—jobless high school graduates, for example.

But where are the big projects, some may ask? The answer is stated unequivocally by William and Paul Paddock in their book, *Hungry Nations:* There are no big projects for poor and small countries. These "big projects" are nice, comfortable to think about; everything can be solved with them. Unfortunately these big projects rarely, if ever, exist in fact. They are all too often the ill-conceived ideas of well-intentioned planners. Big projects are for countries rich in resources, natural and human; these are rarely poor in the first place.

Relative economic well-being for Micronesia must come from many small projects making use of limited resources of many kinds. Many of these resources have already been listed. Research, which has brought rice, cacao, and pepper to Ponape, may bring additional agricultural crops at a later date. The island of Kusaie can add rice and pepper to its present exotic crops (citrus and cacao).

The first need is to establish priorities. What are the most important things to be done, the first steps that are necessary before progress can begin? Generally, crops presently being successfully grown—

copra, rice, cacao, pepper, and citrus—must be expanded. In order to achieve this expansion in production, there must be a stepped-up program, crash program if you will, in the training of agricultural extension agents to work with the farmers week by week.

Somewhere along the road to economic solvency there should be more processing of agricultural raw materials for consumption in Micronesia. We process pepper as well as rice for the consumer market. We now process cacao for the export market. The next step is to process at least a part of this cacao for local use—chocolate candy first, later cocoa also. We might process some copra for edible oil and have left-over copra meal for animal feed. We could make more ice cream locally and replace imports; local fruit could be used for many flavors—banana, pineapple, mango, soursop. These few examples mean jobs which do not now exist—jobs for high school graduates, some of whom would need some additional specialized training.

There must be a limited but purposeful program of road construction to restore some areas to their former production under the Japanese—the Paliker area on Ponape, and the Tofol area on Kusaie. There must be a major improvement in the road to Uh and Metalanim Municipalities so that agricultural crops can move more quickly and economically. This would seem the minimum program for "getting the show on the road."

I doubt whether there would be any important disagreement on the general idea. The objection will be that there is no money for it. This is not entirely true. What the statement really says is that there is no Trust Territory government money for it. But there is money, lots of it. As I have indicated above, the money needed for this program is now being spent on luxuries which must be deferred.

District Legislatures might well consider the proposition that scholarships in agriculture from tax revenues should receive the highest priority, for, as we have said, the capital for economic development must come largely from agricultural surpluses.

The Congress of Micronesia might well consider setting up some of the agricultural lending agencies established a generation or more ago in the United States in order to assist American farmers in organizing cooperatives. The beginning might be to hire a specialist in farm credit to make recommendations on what credit institutions would be best suited to Micronesia. Production Credit Associations might well be formed, to help support farmers through the years before their lands are in full production. The Congress of Micronesia should consider a level of luxury taxes that would produce the necessary revenues to finance the lending agencies. The rule that 5% of each loan must be invested in stock in the lending agency slowly retires the government investment and the agencies become wholly farmer-owned.

It is time for elected representatives of the people to face up to the realities of 1968 and the years to come. People can be free only if they will support themselves; Micronesians are at present pretty much wards of the United States Government. An extensive long-range public education program must be initiated. The people must come to accept the need to make sacrifices for the future, their own, their children's and that of their children's children. At Ponape, some are "graduating" from Datsuns to Holdens; the radio-phonographs are getting bigger and bigger. At Kusaie, where I am writing this section, I am discovering that there are more than Honda 50's and 90's; there are also 125's, 150's, 175's, and 450's—but if it is transportation they need, a 50 will do as well. People who can afford all this gadgetry *can* pay taxes!

Then there is tourism, of unknown potential. Let's be vulgar about it: tourism means money and jobs for Micronesians. But it can also be a new and exciting travel experience for thousands of people who probably at this moment don't even know where Micronesia is. Hopefully, there will be a big change in this one area as Air Micronesia develops its program.

However, tourism is not a role for outside development only. The local people must develop ideas which will exploit the potential of each district. I would like to give a few examples from my own experience; some of these things could have been done a long time ago. At Palau, for example, a well-planned comfortable trip through the Rock Islands and on to Peleliu; lunch at Peleliu and a tour bus across the island would be an improvement over the back of a pick-up truck. At Yap, a visit to the villages; Yapese dances; lunch of traditional food in a village—a five-hour tour, perhaps. All that is lacking to do these things now for tourists from Guam is organization.

At Ponape would be trips to Nan Madol. These trips could be less dependent on the tides if the channels were cleaned up. The site generally needs brushing; revenues from organized tours would make this work possible. Better boats will be needed to protect visitors from rain and spray. For those who like to hike, there could be trips to the waterfalls, the power dams, and to the top of Sokehs Mountain. Again, revenues from these organized hikes would make possible the cleaning and improvement of the trails. Ponapean dance groups could be trained to entertain the tourists. And, for those who so wish, in every district there would be fishing. These are but samples of what could be done to make a tour of Micronesia a memorable experience.

Let it be assumed for the sake of rounding out the arguments of this paper that the proposals are good in the main and should be implemented. What has to be done?

First, trust territory government decision-making must be fully professional. In sports, amateurs are frequently equal to or superior to the professionals. In the fields of specialization required for any program of economic and social development, it is a rare person indeed who brings professional talent to bear without formal training in basic disciplines. The Nathan Report urged the use of trained professionals; the program outlined requires them. It requires, however, not just professionals, but professionals who accept the approach and who can become excited about its implementation. There must be an end to such naivete that made possible an official report stating that the purpose of the high school program in the Trust Territory is to prepare its students for college. In what country in the world, pray tell, is this a valid program? The proliferation of academic high schools is a tragic mistake. The graduates, prepared in no way discernible for any useful activity, see only a government job as desirable. The English comprehension is often deplorable, having been taught by teachers whose English is deplorable. They possess no skills and consider themselves

above useful employment, meaning farming, fishing, building trades, etc. The Trust Territory government education program has been filling the ranks of the frustrated and discontented. The territory's vocational school, planned for Palau, may correct this situation.

It is not enough, as one memorandum to me states, "to provide a better mix of vocational training and academic subjects." It is time for an about-face and the beginning of training young Micronesians to fill the jobs needed for economic development. It should mean a return to the wiser recommendations calling for a single academic high school, preferably three years (for reasons to be indicated), bringing all the potential leaders from all the districts to a single training ground, where English becomes the common language and where a sense of Micronesian unity can be fostered. This assumes, of course, the validity of the concept of Micronesia, not a subject of this paper. The remaining high schools must discover those students who in their freshman year show the promise which should give them the opportunity to attend the academic high school, must provide pre-vocational training for those who show the necessary interest and aptitude, and for those left over, do the best possible job of terminal education, with emphasis on agriculture for the boys and domestic science for the girls.

Emphasis is on education because without it little can be done beyond what is now taking place. The elementary schools must also be vastly improved to produce the students that can cope with a higher standard in the high schools so that the academic high school graduates who wish to go on will have had sufficiently disciplined training as to make survival possible at the college level. This will call for a greater degree of professionalization of the teaching staffs, both American and Micronesian.

Since agriculture must be the key to economic development, the program of training must be vastly expanded. Teachers should come from tropical countries where they have had direct practical experience in tropical agriculture. The Philippines should be an excellent source of qualified teachers competent in the English language. Agricultural Extension Agents should be given the status that the importance of their jobs suggests. Their pay scale should compare favorably with school teachers, instead of being on a par with garbage collectors, important as garbage collecting is.

The need to upgrade skills is so great that short-term schools should be set up in the Trust Territory for electricians, refrigeration service men, automotive, radio, and appliance repair men, etc. Qualified teachers should be brought to the Trust Territory to teach small groups for varying periods of time. Expensive? Perhaps. But perhaps not so expensive as waiting for the first new graduates from the vocational school, or just continuing with the poor work which frequently must be done over and over again.

I would suggest what would appear to be an inexpensive way to upgrade the skills of equipment operators. This suggestion assumes the determination to improve the infra-structure — roads, water, electricity, sewage disposal, etc. This work should be done substantially, if not totally, by outside contract. But alongside each contract worker should be a Micronesian counterpart whose wages are considered a part of the contract cost. Hopefully, by the end of the contracts, the Micronesians will be operating the various pieces of equipment or doing the various jobs while the contractors' forces provide the guidance. In this way, a high-quality infra-structure is built and a skilled maintenance and construction force is developed. I suggest that there is no cheaper and quicker way of developing the skills needed now.

An adequate research staff of highly qualified well-paid agricultural scientists should be hired for the Agriculture Station at Ponape in order to carry on scientific research in the exploitation of indigenous flora and the experimental introduction of exotic species of possible economic value. The staff of the plant pathology laboratory should be developed to the point where it can carry on urgent research studies on such critical problems as the Pingelap disease which is destroying the breadfruit trees. Biological control studies should be carried on for the control of certain scale pests now present. Biological control should be sought for the house fly as well as control through better environmental sanitation. An article in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* indicates that in Fiji the house fly is controlled by the predator beetle, Hister Chinensis. Is this predator suited for this area? Only investigation can tell.

A qualified tropical forester should be provided with an adequate budget and staff to get a program under way. The work done at Nekken on Babelthuap by the former forester should not be wasted—it constitutes an extremely dramatic demonstration of forestry feasibility. The plantings of Central American mahogany, eucalyptus deglupta, and two indigenous species show results which ought to excite anyone who is interested in economic development. There seems ample justification for getting on with a program of forest development.

Such programs must be understood and accepted and be determinedly wanted from the top down to the lowest level of decision-making and doing. As one writer, Gelia Tagumpay-Castillo has observed, all too often the top policy-makers "seem to be left out of our training schemes. As a result . . . the policy-maker sometimes becomes the greatest bottleneck." All too often, the dedication and hard work of the men in the districts comes to naught because the "decision-makers" at Saipan appear to imagine the Trust Territory looks like the little area of paved roads and grassy slopes in which they live.

Finally, it can be said that this paper contains nothing new. Oh, so true! This condemns not the paper, but the inaction of the "decision-makers" who have made careers out of filing many excellent reports without implementing them. The hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on these reports have to date brought little change of policy; their preparation has appeared an excuse for "dolce far niente." We are always waiting for the completion of another report.

Superficially, Micronesia would appear closer to action than at any time. It will be possible to report to the United Nations Trusteeship Council that two recommendations of the Nathan Report have brought forth the Stanford Research Institute Report on Education and the master plans prepared by Hawaiian Architects and Engineers. It remains to be seen whether these reports will be implemented or filed. Much of what the SRI report contains is elementary common sense. It is hoped the "decision-makers" will be more impressed with common sense advice when it comes at a high price. In the meantime, Micronesians must accept the responsibility and burden of their own advancement.

DISTRICT DIGEST

a quarterly review of news and events from the six districts

Marianas It seems more than ever that the best drawing card the Mariana Islands could offer the tourists they are seeking in ever greater numbers would be that which the people of the Marianas hate the most—typhoons. At least that is the way it seemed last fall. In less than three months the islands were put into typhoon condition three (the first of three storm warning signals) no less than ten times . . . Luckily none of the storms caused the havoc of well-remembered Typhoon Jean last April. Although boards remained on the windows of many homes and every new warning sent worrying residents scurrying for supplies of bread and meat, the tourists went home with enthusiastic stories of great winds . . . Many observers speculated about what caused the unprecedented frequency of typhoons. Alert detection systems are probably part of the answer—more storms are being reported than before. But people also blamed French nuclear testing elsewhere in the Pacific and others attributed the storms to the much-rumored return of the United States Navy to these islands. And one commentator insisted the storms were a reflection of the turbulence in this autumn's battle between two local parties for Congressional and District Legislature seats . . . Speaking of typhoons, the last of the 500 emergency typhoon houses erected by the Office of Emergency Planning were finished a few days before target date . . . The schools, however, have been hardest hit by the relentless onslaught of storms. Most temporary tents blew away or were ripped up by recent storms, so that many Saipan schools had to go on split sessions . . . But the weather has not bothered the influx of picnickers and sightseers to recently opened Marpi at the northern end of Saipan. The area had been closed since 1950 due to the dangerous live ammunition, which now has been cleared away by demolitions chief Steve Aiken and his team . . . The Marianas lost a leading citizen when past mayor, judge, U.N. delegate and land management officer Elias Sablan, 68, died on the night of October 29 . . . The quarter saw progress in the Northern Islands when Pagan, reputedly the loveliest of the group, received a bulldozer to rehabilitate its World War II fighter strip. As a result, the island may be opened up to occasional flights.

Palau The prospect of large-scale tourist development in Palau dominated public interest this quarter. A group of local businessmen initiated a move to build, develop, and operate a first-class 50-room hotel in Palau. Before the quarter ended, pledges of over one hundred thousand dollars to the Palau Hotel Corporation had been received from Guam, Saipan, Yap and Palau . . . U.N. Day 1968 was celebrated successfully. Special invited guests included Rear Admiral and Mrs.Cole. The Navy Band from Guam and the Palau High School Band presented evening concerts on the 23rd. Colorful floats and a parade launched U.N. Day activities on the morning of the 24th. Rear Admiral Cole and High Chief Ibedul were among the featured speakers . . . Earlier in the quarter, former Guam Governor Bill Daniels, Ralph Burns of the Office of Emergency Planning and Deputy HiCom Mangan inspected Typhoon Sally rehabilitation projects here . . . District Administrator's office moved to the former Page Communication Station and the Palau Legislature occupied the former administration building. In its fall session the Palau Legislature adopted new standing rules of procedure which greatly simplified legislative action . . . Ralph Earle of the Defense Department met briefly with local leaders to discuss the military value of the Palau group . . . Election Year 1968 got off to a late start but by the middle of October election issues, clandestine campaigning and political strategy were being heatedly discussed wherever a group of people gathered, be it a village dock, an abai, or a bar. From morning til night, Palau airwaves resounded with broadcasted political debates . . . November 5, election day, was sunny and fine, with a record turn out of registered voters. There then followed two days of counting ballots, two days without sleep for the candidates and their supporters. When it was all over, the Liberal Party emerged as victor with the capture of one Senate seat and two House seats .

Yap Dr. Raphael Moonfel emerged as Yap's new senator in mid-November, following a close election that was not settled until all but one of the district's neighbor islands had reported in. With all votes counted but nine on the island of Sorol, Dr. Moonfel tallied 1,127, just eighteen more than his closest rival, Joseph Tamag. Incumbent Senator Francis Nuuan carried Yap proper but ran far behind in the neighboring islands, mustering an overall total of 713 votes . . . Most observers credit Dr. Moonfel's win to a field trip he made to the neighbor islands just two weeks before the election. On the field trip the doctor pledged to work for funds to build a hospital in the neighbor islands . . . John Mangefel, elementary education superintendent, was unopposed in his bid for Luke Tman's vacated Congress seat. Tman, a special assistant to the Trust Territory's Commissioner for Public Affairs, did not seek reelection . . . John Ruglimar was unopposed in seeking reelection as congressman from Yap's neighbor islands . . . In other news, work began in late November on the island's first telephone system. The final equipment for the 50-unit phone system arrived by boat early in the month . . . Interest in tourism remained great as Yapese leaders took first steps toward formation

of a Yapese-owned hotel development corporation . . . The recently-formed Yap Tourist Commission also pushed ahead with a survey of local opinion on development of tourism . . . Meanwhile, the island hosted 150 visitors from the U.S. Navy minesweepers *Constant* and *Advance* during a visit on U.N. Day . . . A new failu (men's house) in Balabat on the south edge of the district center began to rise in October. The failu, built on the site of one destroyed before or during World War II, is the first to go up in the district center in a number of years . . . Other construction included a new office building for the Yap Cooperative Association and a new store on Chamorro Bay. Three Colonia businesses are now air-conditioned. There were none at the beginning of the year . . . Work began on a water system for Rumu Village, two miles north of Colonia and part of Kanify Municipality, south of Colonia, is preparing to set up a local power system. Another water system, in Giliman Municipality, was completed . . . Water systems are also under construction on Fassarai Island, Ulithi, and Satawal; all are being built with grants-in-aid.

Truk Truk gained a dynamic young Distad this quarter, and lost three top Micronesian administrators to the Congress of Micronesia. Bob Quigley, 36, from Southern California, an ex-Peace Corps Volunteer in Latin America, came to Truk from a job with Peace Corps Washington at the beginning of September. Within three months, the new Distad had visited every occupied island in the District . . . Ray Setik, Assistant District Administrator for Administration, Tosiwo Nakayama, Assistant Distad for Public Affairs, and Andon Amaraich, Acting Assistant Distad while Nakayama finished his education at the U. of Hawaii, all left the Truk District Administration for jobs as full-time Congressmen . . . Chief Petrus Mailo bowed out of the Congress; as Mayor of Moen will stay behind to watch things on the home front . . . This year's election for the Congress of Micronesia produced—on the grassroots, person-to-person level—the most intensive campaigning the district ever experienced, with candidates and their representatives moving from house to house and holding meetings all over the lagoon . . . The District Legislature Session put great emphasis on an expanded recreation program, established the full-time position of recreation director, channeled $5000 to the recreation board for Truk's participation in the Micronesian Olympics, and authorized the appropriation of $11,000 for the construction of recreational facilities . . . The Navy relinquished its retention rights to South Field, Moen, for economic development, opening the way for possible construction of a resort hotel on Moen by Continental Airlines. Deputy Hicom Martin Mangan called it "truly a case of beating our swords into plowshares". . . The Navy's effort to survey the Truk Lagoon got off to a tragic start with the death of three crew members when the helicopter carried by the USS Tanner crashed and sank in the Lagoon . . . Dynamiting fish continued to be a problem, and the District Administration got ready to crack down hard, with the support of the local community . . . And a South Korean fishing vessel which ran aground at Ruo Island, in the Halls, became the twelfth ship in ten years to be wrecked on the coral reefs of the Truk District.

Ponape Rice, sugar, and flour ran out in Ponape; they called it 'famine', but the Pwihn en Wahu, traditional ruling council, from Metalanim donated boatloads of local foods to the residents of Kolonia district center . . . House Floor Leader Ambilos Iehsi, a Pingalapese, lost his seat to an older Ponapean in the Congressional elections . . . Senator Hirosi Ismael quit Congress to accept surgery training residency in New Zealand or Fiji—a special election for his seat was expected . . . The district administration vetoed a legislature bill that would have virtually prevented Americans and other non-district citizens from owning bars . . . Japanese firm dredging fill for 6,000 ft. airfield and causeway looks for February completion . . . Citizens' committee empaneled by Congress of Micronesia resolution and High Commissioner finally submitted report suggesting status, disposition of Nan Madol ruins in Metalanim; recommended Trust Territory return land rights to Nanmwarki (king) of Metalanim. Committee claims Nanmwarki's caretaker of site was tricked into transferring ownership of land to the Japanese . . . Construction boom continues with erection of 'Model Village'—three low-cost housing prototypes designed by Peace Corps architect featuring mangrove wood and coral. All sold to Ponapeans; $800 each . . . ground broken for $50,000 District Legislature building . . . Work stopped on nearly complete courthouse and isolation ward due to lack of lumber . . . Small farmers' market now in operation . . . M-boat used to off-load big ships on dockless Kusaie sank in harbor making direct shipments impossible . . . Dr. Norman Sloane of the U. of Hawaii made his second annual visit to check progress of Parke-Davis leprosy prevention drug on susceptible Pingalapese population . . . Dr. John Fischer, Caroline Islands expert and former district anthropologist returns to explain blood pressure study of Ponapeans by U. of California physiologist . . . Free-lance photographer spent three weeks shooting around island for Time-Life book on U.S. island possessions . . . and the Community Action Agency procured U.S. funds for neighborhood centers in Kolonia and Kusaie, and mobile education program.

Marshalls The Marshall Islands Farmers' Market opened in Majuro. The Market will buy and sell locally-grown produce . . . Marshall Islands District Administrator Dwight Heine attended the Eighth South Pacific Commission Conference in Noumea, New Caledonia . . . The Marshall Islands Museum Committee is in the process of launching its initial fund-raising and publicity drive. The Museum will be dedicated to preserving the unique culture of the Marshalls and fostering appreciation of that heritage among young Marshallese . . . Four Marshallese from the island of Rongelap, exposed 14 years ago to fallout from nuclear testing on Bikini, underwent surgery in the United States for abnormal thyroid conditions . . . Peace Corps directors from all districts of Micronesia met in Majuro during October for discussions of upcoming programs. The adequacy of the current Volunteer living allowance and its effect on Volunteer performance was among the topics discussed . . . The plight of the Eniwetokians living on remote Ujelang was news again in the Marshalls, especially in light of the recent session of the Marshall Islands Congress which focused attention on the isolated population . . . Robert Law was appointed District Administrator for the Marshalls, replacing Dwight Heine. Heine was headed for Saipan and a post as Special Assistant to the High Commissioner.

ON THE GO

with Chris Williams

Arno

Unless a visitor to the Marshalls is especially energetic, the only glimpse of Micronesia's easternmost group is Majuro, the district center. At best, most tourists rent a car for the jolting thirty mile ride to Laura. But Majuro, anyone will tell you, is not the Marshalls. And Laura has already lost much of its out-island charm.

The patient tourist might see the outer islands by riding one of the field-trip vessels, providing a week or two are available and the visitor wished to see all the islands on the ship's itinerary.

But there is an easier way. Arno, Majuro's eastern-lying neighbor is, point to point, only seven miles away. It classifies, in every respect, as an outer island as well as possessing such additional benefits such as proximity to district center, beautiful beaches and seclusion.

The Arno lagoon is still at work, forming what will eventually be three distinct lagoons. Along the lagoon's south side is the world's longest submerged coral reef, running the entire 24-mile length of Ine island. While this is quite a geological distinction, it looks like most coral reefs and is not worth a picture.

Bordering the lagoon are what have been called the world's longest, widest and most beautiful beaches. The fine, white sand slopes gently into the lagoon making swimming excellent. Likewise, the shelling is unsurpassed. Endless varieties of cowries, trocha, spider conch, augers and helmet shells can be found in abundance.

The fisherman will find Arno's waters rich with tuna, marlin, dolphin and numerous smaller fish. Arno's eastern edge extends into a warm tropical current that is populated year-round by vast schools of tuna and marlin. While the tuna are relatively easy to land with a hand-held line, the marlin require deep sea tackle and a good deal of stamina. (The tackle, for the most part, is not available in Majuro.) The reef fishing is excellent on either the ocean or lagoon side.

Formal accommodations on Arno are non-existent. The island visitor should bring at least minimal camping gear, food and water. The Marshallese, though, are famous for their hospitality and a visitor is likely to find food and lodging graciously offered in the villages. It should be kept in mind that food on an atoll is never plentiful even though you may be feasted. A gift of some canned meat, while never asked for, would be most welcome. On the numerous uninhabited islands, of course, the visitor is left completely to his own resources.

Arno, as most outer islands, is officially dry, so alcoholic beverages should be consumed—in the villages—with discretion if at all.

Perhaps Arno's most famous spot is the so-called "University of Love" on the eastern island of Langer. This institute, once one of many that taught various domestic skills to girls, was publicized by University of Hawaii anthropologist Leonard Mason. It is now run only on an informal basis.

Ironically, the biggest problem in seeing this outer island is getting across the seven miles of open ocean. From late spring to early winter, the sea is calm enough to cross in small outboards. The half-day trip in the tropical sun can be devastating, though. The less hearty might investigate one of the cabin-type boats that make occasional trips. These heavier boats must use the deep reef passes (at opposite ends of the two atolls) so the distance is increased to over sixty miles. Check at the Administration building concerning possible trips across. There are several small boats on Arno which might provide return passage for the visitor if desired.

The opulent explorer of islands might charter the *Mera*, a 50-foot sailing ketch recently remodeled and launched by three ex-PCVs. Cost is estimated to be around $150 a day, regardless of the distance covered.

A visit to Arno does require some effort and because of it, few attempt the trip. But even the mildly adventurous will find the effort rewarding. It is a rare experience for the rare tourist.

on the horizon

Tides and boat schedules permitting, future issues of the Micronesian Reporter will bring you words and pictures from Yap's little-visited "Neighbor Islands" as glimpsed on one of that district's fabulous long field trips . . . And a closeup of Ponape's progressive Saladak School . . . Some fresh departures (and a few old ones) for architecture in the Trust Territory . . . A Marshallese legend with a modern twist . . . An account of the administration's "new look" in Truk . . . A fond glimpse at the Beaches of Saipan . . . These and whatever other contributions our far-flung correspondents volley our way will be *On the Horizon* in 1969.

What do you think?

About tourism, Peace Corps, Guam U.S.A., Congress of Micronesia, Marshalls Weather Bureau project, military bases, dynamiting fish, hillbilly music, contract teachers, Bikini, Trust Territory government, taxes, airplane service, other districts, ghosts, "local doctors," Micronesia Arts Festival, kissing, independence, Micronesia Olympic Games, birth control, going to college, TESL, religion, drinking, politics, marriage, progress, dating, island living, movies, shipping service, food prices, the Micronesian pay scale, missionaries, typhoons, United Nations visiting missions, congressional tours, the Micronesian Reporter? . . . We like reading essays and so we're sponsoring an essay contest. We'll read an essay on almost anything and, if it's good, we'll publish it. We'll pay $50 for the best of the bunch, $25 for the second best and $10 for any others we use. We're inviting anyone who lives or has lived in Micronesia to send from five to ten typewritten pages of their thoughts on any one of the subjects above to us by March 15, 1969. Essays will be judged for their originality, clarity, and organization. We like reading essays. Let us hear from you soon. Send entries to: Essay Contest, Micronesian Reporter, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Saipan, Mariana Islands, 96950.